Autobiography of Andrew Dickson White, V2

Andrew Dickson White

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A great sorrow and disappointment. Court of Appeals decides the Fiske suit, June, 1888. Reasons for going abroad. Scotland revisited. Memorable sermon at St. Giles in Edinburgh. Cathedral towns revisited. Sermons at Lichfield. The House of Commons; scene between the Irish leaders and Mr. Balfour. A political meeting in Holborn. Excursions to Rugby; to the home of Gilbert White; to the graves of Gray, Thackeray, and others. A critic of Carlyle at Brighton. Cambridge; interesting papers regarding the American Revolution. Lord Aberdare's story of Frederick the Great and a British minister. Hermit life in London; work at the British Museum. Journey through Italy and Egypt with Willard Fiske; effect of Egyptian and other Eastern experiences on me; five weeks on the Nile; Brugsch Bey's account of his discovery of the royal mummies; my visit to Artin Pasha and the great Technical School of Cairo. Dinner with the Khedive; my curious blunder. American and English missionaries in

Cairo and Alexandria; Dr. Grant's lecture on the Egyptian Trinities. Mr. Nimr; bis scientific and other activities in Egypt. My enjoyment of Saracenic architecture. Revelation to me of the connection between Egyptian and Greek architecture. Disappointment in the work of missionaries in Mohammedan countries. Stay in Athens. Professor Waldstein. The American School of Archaeology. Excursions with Walker Fearne and Professor Mahaffy. A talk with the Greek prime minister. A function at the cathedral. Visit to Mars Hill on Good Friday. To Constantinople. Our minister, Mr. Straus. Discussions of art by Hamdi Bey and of literature by Sir William White. Revelations of history and architecture in Constantinople. St. Sophia. Return to Paris. The Exposition of 1889. The American "commission of experts"; its good and bad sides. Great improvement in American art. Sargent and Melchers. Tributes, in Paris, to Lafayette and Camille Desmoulins. Walks and talks with Senator Gibson; our journey together to Homburg and Belgium.

CHAPTER LV. MEXICO, CALIFORNIA, SCANDINAVIA, RUSSIA, ITALY, LONDON, AND BERLIN−1892−1897

My stay of two years in America. Lectures at the University of Pennsylvania. Archbishop Ryan's Latin pun. The Mohonk Conference and President Hayes. Excursion with Andrew Carnegie to Mexico, California, and Oregon. Meetings with Cornell students. Cathedral of Mexico. Our reception by President Porfirio Diaz and his ministers. Beauty of California in spring. Its two universities. My relations with Stanford; pleasure in this visit to it; character of its buildings; my lectures there. Visit to Salt Lake City. To the Chicago Exposition buildings. The University of Chicago and its work. My appointment as minister to St. Petersburg. My arrival there on November 4, 1892. A vacation visit to the Scandinavian countries. The University and Cathedral of Upsala. Journey through the Swedish canals and lakes. Gothenburg. Swedish system of dealing with the sale of intoxicating liquors; its happy results. Throndheim; cathedral; evidences of mediaeval piety and fraud. Impression made by Sweden and Norway New evolution of human folly in Norway. The Ethnographic Museum at Copenhagen. Moscow revisited. Muscovite ideas of trade. My visit to Tolstoi. Resignation of my legation at St. Petersburg. Italy revisited. Stay in Palermo The Church of St. Josaphat; identity of this saint with Buddha; my talk regarding him with the Commendatore Marzo. Visit to the Cathedral of Monreale. The media val idea of creation as revealed in its mosaics. The earthquake at Florence; our experiences of it; its effects in the town. Return to America. Conversation with Holman Hunt in London. Visits to sundry American universities; my addresses before their students; reasons for publicly discussing "The Problem of High Crime" in our country. The Venezuelan Commission. My appointment in May, 1897, as ambassador to Germany.

PART VII−MISCELLANEOUS RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER LVI. THE CARDIFF GIANT: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN FOLLY—1869−1870

Twofold characteristics of the central route from New York to Niagara. The lake country of western New York. The Onondaga Valley characteristics of its people; their agitation in the autumn of 1869. Discovery of the "petrified giant." My visit to it; my skepticism; its causes. Evolution of myth and legend. General joy in believing in the marvelous origin of the statue. Gradual growth of a skeptical view. Confirmation of suspicions. Desperate efforts to resist skepticism. Clear proofs of a swindle. Attempted revival of belief in it. Alexander McWhorter; he declares the statue a Phenician idol, and detects a Phenician inscription upon it. View of Dr. Schlottmann, Instructor in Hebrew at Leipsic. My answer to his inquiry. Be persists in his belief. Final acknowledgment and explanation of the whole thing as a swindle. Sundry later efforts to imitate it.

CHAPTER LVII. PLANS AND PROJECTS, EXECUTED AND UNEXECUTED—1838−1905

My early reverence for authors. Youthful tendency toward literary studies. Change in this respect during my stay at Yale. Difference between the Yale and Harvard spirit. Senator Wolcott's speech on this. Special influence of Parker and Carlyle upon my view of literature. My purpose in various writings. Preparations for lectures upon the French Revolution and for a book upon its causes; probabilities of this book at present. "Paper Money Inflation in France," etc. Course of lectures upon the history of Germany. Resultant plan of a book; form to be given it; reasons for this form; its present prospects. My discussion of sundry practical questions. Report as Commissioner at the Paris Exposition of 1878; resultant address on "The Provision for Higher Instruction in Subjects Bearing Directly on Public Affairs." Happy progress of our universities in this respect. Civil−service reform; speeches; article in the "North American Review." Address at Yale on "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth." Some points in the evolution of my "History of the Warfare of Science with

Theology." Projects formed during sundry vacation journeys in Europe. Lectures on the evolution of humanity in criminal law; growth of torture in penalty and procedure; collection of material on the, subject. Project of a small book to be called "The Warfare of Humanity with Unreason." Vague project during sundry stays at Florence of a history of that city; attractive points in such a history. Project of a Life of Father Paul Sarpi formed at Venice; its relinquishment; importance of such a biography. Plan for a study on the Life of St. Francis Xavier; beauty of his life; lesson taught by it regarding the evolution of myth −and legend. Project of a brief biography of Thomas Jefferson; partly carried out; how formed and why discarded. Bibliographical introduction to O'Connor Morris's short history of the French Revolution. Project of a longer general bibliography of modern bi story transferred to President Charles Kendall Adams. Project of book, "How Can Wealthy Americans Best Use Their Money"; Deed of such a book in the United States. Lectures given and articles projected on "The Problem of High Crime in the United States"; reasons for taking up this subject. Two projects of which I have dreamed; A brief History of the Middle Ages as an introduction to Modern History; desirable characteristics of such a book; beginnings made of it in my lectures: "A History of Civilization in Spain"; reasons for such a book; excellent material accessible: general characteristics of such a history; recommendation of this subject to historical scholars. Characteristics of American life in the latter half of the nineteenth century unfavorable to the carrying out of many extended projects. Distractions. An apologia pro vita mea.

PART VIII−RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

CHAPTER LVIII. EARLY IMPRESSIONS—1832−1851

Religious ideas of the settlers in central New York. The Protestant Episcopal Church; its relations to larger Christian bodies. Effects of revivalism in them. My father and mother. A soul escaped out of the thirteenth century into the nineteenth, Henry Gregory. My first recollections of religious worship; strong impressions upon me; good effects; some temporary evil effects. Syracuse. My early bigotry; check in it; reaction. Family influences. Influence of sundry sermons and occurrences. Baptismal regeneration. My feelings as expressed by Lord Bacon. The "Ursuline Manual" and its revelation. Effects of sectarian squabbles and Sunday−school zeal. Bishop DeLancey; his impressive personality. Effects of certain books. Life at a little sectarian college. Results of "Christian Evidences".

CHAPTER LIX. IN THE NEW ENGLAND ATMOSPHERE—1851−1853

Influence of New England Congregationalism at Yale. Butler's "Analogy." Revivals. Sermons and prayers in the college pulpit. Noble efforts of sundry professors, especially sermons of Horace Bushnell and President Woolsey. The recital of creeds. Effects of my historical reading. Injury done the American Church at that period by its support of slavery; notable exceptions to this. Samuel J. May. Beecher. Chapin. Theodore Parker. Influence of the latter upon me. Especial characteristics of Beecher as shown then and afterward. Chapin and his characteristics. Horace Greeley as a church−goer; strain upon his Universalism. Dr. Leonard Bacon. Bishop Alonzo Potter. Archbishops Bedini and Hughes; powerful sermon by the latter; Father Gavazzi's reply to it.

CHAPTER LX. IN THE EUROPEAN ATMOSPHERE—1853−1856

Student life in Europe. My susceptibility to religious architecture, music, and the nobler forms of ceremonial. Beauties of the Anglican service. Sundry experiences in European cathedrals and English university chapels. Archbishop Sumner. Bishop Wilberforce. My life in a Roman Catholic family in Paris. Noble work of the Archbishop of Paris. Sibour; his assassination. German Protestantism as seen in Berlin. Earnest character of Roman Catholic worship in central Germany. The Russo−Greek Church as seen in Russia; beauty of its service; its unfortunate influence on the people. Roman Catholicism in Italy; its wretched condition when I first saw it; irreverence of prelates at an Easter high mass in st. Peter's. Pius IX; effectiveness of the ceremonial in which he took part; Lord Odo Russell's reminiscence of him. A low mass at Pisa and its effect. An effort at proselytism in Rome; Father Cataldi. Condition of Rome at that time. Improvements since. Naples and "King Bomba"; Robert Dale Owen's statement to me. Catechism promoted by the Archbishop of Sorrento. Liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius; remark of a bystander to me. The doctrine of "intercession" illustrated. Erasmus's colloquy of "The Shipwreck." Moral condition of Naples. Influence of this Italian experience upon my religious views.

CHAPTER LXI. IN LATER YEARS—1856−1905

My relations with Professor Fisher at New Haven; his good influence. My interest in church work as a professor at the University of Michigan; am asked to select a rector; my success. Readings in ecclesiastical history; effect of these. Sale's Koran. Fra Paolo Sarpi's "History of the Council of Trent." Dean Stanley's "Eastern

Church." Bossuet, Spalding, Balmez, Buckle, Lecky, Draper, the Darwinian hypothesis. Special influence of Stanley's "Life of Arnold," Robertson's Sermons, and other works. Good influences from sundry Methodists. Exceptions taken by individuals to sundry Broad Church statements in my historical lectures; their favorable reception. Sobering effect upon me of "spiritualistic" fanaticism. My increasing reluctance to promote revolutionary changes in religion; my preference for evolutionary methods. Special experiences. The death−bed of a Hicksite Quaker. My toleration ideas embodied in the Cornell University Charter; successful working of these. Establishment of a university chapel and preachership; my selections of preachers; good effects of their sermons upon me. Effects of sundry Eastern experiences. Mohammedan worship at Cairo and elsewhere. The dervishes. Expulsion of young professors from the American Missionary College at Beyrout; noble efforts of one of tbem afterward. The Positivist Conventicle in London. The "Bible for Learners." Summing up of my experience. Worship—public and private; reasonableness of both. Recognition of spiritual as well as of physical laws. Recognition of an evolution in religious beliefs. Proper attitude of thinking men. Efforts for evolution rather than for revolution. Need of charity to all forms of religion but of steady resistance to clerical combinations for hampering scientific thought or controlling public education.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

CHAPTER XXXIII. AS MINISTER TO RUSSIA—1892−1894

During four years after my return from service as minister to Germany I devoted myself to the duties of the presidency at Cornell, and on resigning that position gave all time possible to study and travel, with reference to the book on which I was then engaged: "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

But in 1892 came a surprise. In the reminiscences of my political life I have given an account of a visit, with Theodore Roosevelt, Cabot Lodge, Sherman Rogers, and others, to President Harrison at the White House, and of some very plain talk, on both sides, relating to what we thought shortcomings of the administration in regard to reform in the civil service. Although President Harrison greatly impressed me at the time by the clearness and strength of his utterances, my last expectation in the world would have been of anything in the nature of an appointment from him. High officials do not generally think very well of people who comment unfavorably on their doings or give them unpleasant advice; this I had done, to the best of my ability, in addressing the President; and great, therefore, was my astonishment when, in 1892, he tendered me the post of minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg.

On my way I stopped in London, and saw various interesting people, but especially remember a luncheon with Lord Rothschild, with whom I had a very interesting talk about the treatment of the Jews in Russia. He seemed to feel deeply the persecution to which they were subjected,—speaking with much force regarding it, and insisting that their main crime was that they were sober, thoughtful, and thrifty; that as to the charge that they were preying upon the agricultural population, they preyed upon it as do the Quakers in England—by owning agricultural machines and letting them out; that as to the charge of usury, they were much less exacting than many Christians; and that the main effort upon public opinion there, such as it is, should be in the direction of preventing the making of more severe laws. He incidentally referred to the money power of Europe as against Russia, speaking of Alexander II as kind and just, but of Alexander III as really unacquainted with the great questions concerned, and under control of the church.

I confess that I am amazed, as I revise this chapter, to learn from apparently trustworthy sources that his bank is now making a vast loan to Russia—to enable her to renew her old treatment of Japan, China, Armenia, Finland, Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and her Jewish residents. I can think of nothing so sure to strengthen the anti−Semites throughout the world.

A few days later Sir Julian Goldschmidt came to me on the same subject, and he impressed me much more deeply than the head of the house of Rothschild had done. There was nothing of the ennobled millionaire about him; he seemed to me a gentleman from the heart outward. Presenting with much feeling the disabilities and hardships of the Jews in Russia, he dwelt upon the discriminations against them, especially in the matter of military fines; their gradual and final exclusion from professions; and the confiscation of their property at Moscow, where they had been forced to leave the city and therefore to realize on their whole estates at a few days' notice.

At Paris I also had some interesting conversations, regarding my new post, with the Vicomte de Vogue, the eminent academician, who has written so much that is interesting on Russia. Both he and Struve, the Russian minister at Washington, who had given me a letter to him, had married into the Annenkoff family; and I found his knowledge of Russia, owing to this fact as well as to his former diplomatic residence there, very suggestive. Another interesting episode was the funeral of Renan at the College de France, to which our minister, Mr. Coolidge, took me. Eloquent tributes were paid, and the whole ceremony was impressive after the French manner.

Dining with Mr. Coolidge, I found myself seated near the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld,—a charming American, the daughter of Mr. Mitchell, former senator from Oregon. The duke seemed to be a quiet, manly young officer, devoted to his duties in the army; but it was hard to realize in him the successor of the great duke, the friend of Washington and of Louis XVI, who showed himself so broad−minded during our War of Independence and the French Revolution.

At Berlin I met several of my old friends at the table of our minister, my friend of Yale days, William Walter Phelps—among these Virchow, Professor von Leyden, Paul Meyerheim, Carl Becker, and Theodor Barth; and at the Russian Embassy had an interesting talk with Count Shuvaloff, more especially on the Behring Sea question.

We agreed that the interests of the United States and Russia in the matter were identical.

On the 4th of November I arrived in St. Petersburg after an absence of thirty−seven years. Even in that country, where everything moves so slowly, there had clearly been changes; the most evident of these being the railway from the frontier. At my former visit the journey from Berlin had required nine days and nine nights of steady travel, mainly in a narrow post−coach; now it was easily done in one day and two nights in very comfortable cars. At that first visit the entire railway system of Russia, with the exception of the road from the capital to Gatshina only a few miles long, consisted of the line to Moscow; at this second visit the system had spread very largely over the empire, and was rapidly extending through Siberia and Northern China to the Pacific.

But the deadening influence of the whole Russian system was evident. Persons who clamor for governmental control of American railways should visit Germany, and above all Russia, to see how such control results. In Germany its defects are evident enough; people are made to travel in carriages which our main lines would not think of using, and with a lack of conveniences which with us would provoke a revolt; but the most amazing thing about this administration in Russia is to see how, after all this vast expenditure, the whole atmosphere of the country seems to paralyze energy. During my stay at St. Petersburg I traveled over the line between that city and Berlin six or eight times, and though there was usually but one express−train a day, I never saw more than twenty or thirty through passengers. When one bears in mind the fact that this road is the main artery connecting one hundred and twenty millions of people at one end with over two hundred millions at the other, this seems amazing; but still more so when one considers that in. the United States, with a population of, say, eighty millions in all, we have five great trunk−lines across the continent, each running large express−trains several times a day.

There was apparently little change as regards enterprise in Russia, whatever there might be as regarded facilities for travel. St. Petersburg had grown, of course. There were new streets in the suburbs, and where the old admiralty wharves had stood,—for the space of perhaps an eighth of a mile along the Neva,—fine buildings had been erected. But these were the only evident changes, the renowned Nevskii Prospekt remaining as formerly—a long line of stuccoed houses on either side, almost all poor in architecture; and the street itself the same unkempt, shabby, commonplace thoroughfare as of old. No new bridge had been built across the Neva for forty years. There was still but one permanent structure spanning the river, and the great stream of travel and traffic between the two parts of the city was dependent mainly on the bridges of boats, which, at the breaking of the ice in the spring, had sometimes to be withdrawn during many days.

A change had indeed been brought by the emancipation of the serfs, but there was little outward sign of it. The muzhik remained, to all appearance, what he was before: in fact, as our train drew into St. Petersburg, the peasants, with their sheepskin caftans, cropped hair, and stupid faces, brought back the old impressions so vividly that I seemed not to have been absent a week. The old atmosphere of repression was evident everywhere. I had begun my experience of it under Nicholas I, had seen a more liberal policy under Alexander II, but now found a recurrence of reaction, and everywhere a pressure which deadened all efforts at initiating a better condition of things.

But I soon found one change for the better. During my former stay under Nicholas I and Alexander II, the air was full of charges of swindling and cheatery against the main men at court. Now next to nothing of that sort was heard; it was evident that Alexander III, narrow and illiberal though he might be, was an honest man, and determined to end the sort of thing that had disgraced the reigns of his father and grandfather.

Having made the usual visit to the Foreign Office upon my arrival, I was accompanied three days later by the proper officials, Prince Soltykoff and M. de Koniar, on a special train to Gatchina, and there received by the Emperor. I found him—though much more reserved than his father—agreeable and straightforward. As he was averse to set speeches, we began at once a discussion on various questions interesting the two nations, and especially those arising out of the Behring Sea fisheries. He seemed to enter fully into the American view; characterizing the marauders in that sea as "ces poachers la"—using the English word, although our conversation was in French; and on my saying that the Russian and American interests in that question were identical, he not only acquiesced, but spoke at considerable length, and earnestly, in the same sense.

He alluded especially to the Chicago Exposition, spoke in praise of its general conception and plan, said that though in certain classes of objects of art it might not equal some of the European expositions, it would doubtless in very many specialties surpass all others; and on my expressing the hope that Russia would be fully represented, he responded heartily, declaring that to be his own wish.

Among the various subjects noted was one which was rather curious. In the anteroom I had found the Greek Archbishop of Warsaw arrayed in a purple robe and hat—the latter adorned with an exceedingly lustrous cross of diamonds, and, engaging in conversation with him, had learned that he had a few years before visited China as a missionary; his talk was that of a very intelligent man; and on my saying that one of our former American bishops, Dr. Boone, in preparing a Chinese edition of the Scriptures had found great difficulty in deciding upon a proper equivalent for the word "God," the archbishop answered, "That is quite natural, for the reason that the Chinese have really no conception of such a Being."

Toward the close of my interview with the Emperor, then, I referred to the archbishop, and congratulated the monarch on having so accomplished and devoted a prelate in his church. At this he said, "You speak Russian, then?" to which I answered in the negative. "But," he said, "how then could you talk with the archbishop?" I answered, "He spoke in French." The Emperor seemed greatly surprised at this, and well he might be, for the ecclesiastics in Russia seem the only exceptions to the rule that Russians speak French and other foreign languages better and more generally than do any other people.

This interview concluded, I was taken through a long series of apartments filled with tapestries, porcelain, carvings, portraits, and the like, to be received by the Empress. She was slight in figure, graceful, with a most kindly face and manner, and she put me at ease immediately, addressing me in English, and detaining me much longer than I had expected. She, too, spoke of the Chicago Exposition, saying that she had ordered some things of her own sent to it. She also referred very pleasantly to the Rev. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn, who had come over on one of the ships which brought supplies to the famine−stricken; and she dwelt upon sundry similarities and dissimilarities between our own country and Russia, discussing various matters of local interest, and was in every way cordial and kindly.

The impression made by the Emperor upon me at that time was deepened during my whole stay. He was evidently a strong character, but within very unfortunate limits—upright, devoted to his family, with a strong sense of his duty to his people and of his accountability to the Almighty. But more and more it became evident that his political and religious theories were narrow, and that the assassination of his father had thrown him back into the hands of reactionists. At court and elsewhere I often found myself looking at him and expressing my thoughts inwardly much as follows: "You are honest, true−hearted, with a deep sense of duty; but what a world of harm you are destined to do! With your immense physical frame and giant strength, you will last fifty years longer; you will try by main force to hold back the whole tide of Russian thought; and after you will come the deluge." There was nothing to indicate the fact that he was just at the close of his life.

At a later period I was presented to the heir to the throne, now the Emperor Nicholas II. He seemed a kindly young man; but one of his remarks amazed and disappointed me. During the previous year the famine, which had become chronic in large parts of Russia, had taken an acute form, and in its train had come typhus and cholera. It was, in fact, the same wide−spread and deadly combination of starvation and disease which similar causes produced so often in Western−Europe during the middle ages. From the United States had come large contributions of money and grain; and as, during the year after my arrival, there had been a recurrence of the famine, about forty thousand rubles more had been sent me from Philadelphia for distribution. I therefore spoke on the general subject to him, referring to the fact that he was president of the Imperial Relief Commission. He answered that since the crops of the last year there was no longer any suffering; that there was no famine worthy of mention; and that he was no longer giving attention to the subject. This was said in an offhand, easy−going way which appalled me. The simple fact was that the famine, though not so wide−spread, was more trying than during the year before; for it found the peasant population in Finland and in the central districts of the empire even less prepared to meet it. They had, during the previous winter, very generally eaten their draught−animals and burned everything not absolutely necessary for their own shelter; from Finland specimens of bread made largely of ferns had been brought me which it would seem a shame to give to horses or cattle; and yet his imperial highness the heir to the throne evidently knew nothing of all this.

In explanation, I was afterward told by a person who had known him intimately from his childhood, that, though courteous, his main characteristic was an absolute indifference to most persons and things about him, and that he never showed a spark of ambition of any sort. This was confirmed by what I afterward saw of him at court. He seemed to stand about listlessly, speaking in a good−natured way to this or that person when it was easier than not to do so; but, on the whole, indifferent to all which went on about him.

After his accession to the throne, one of the best judges in Europe, who had many opportunities to observe him closely, said to me, "He knows nothing of his empire or of his people; he never goes out of his house, if he can help it." This explains in some degree the insufficiency of his programme for the Peace Conference at The Hague and for the Japanese War, which, as I revise these lines, is bringing fearful disaster and disgrace upon Russia.

The representative of a foreign power in any European capital must be presented to the principal members of the reigning family, and so I paid my respects to the grand dukes and duchesses. The first and most interesting of these to me was the old Grand Duke Michael—the last surviving son of the first Nicholas. He was generally, and doubtless rightly, regarded as, next to his elder brother, Alexander II, the flower of the flock; and his reputation was evidently much enhanced by comparison with his brother next above him in age, the Grand Duke Nicholas. It was generally charged that the conduct of the latter during the Turkish campaign was not only unpatriotic, but inhuman. An army officer once speaking to me regarding the suffering of his soldiers at that time for want of shoes, I asked him where the shoes were, and he answered: "In the pockets of the Grand Duke Nicholas."

Michael was evidently different from his brother—not haughty and careless toward all other created beings; but kindly, and with a strong sense of duty. One thing touched me. I said to him that the last time I had seen him was when he reached St. Petersburg from the seat of the Crimean War in the spring of 1855, and drove from the railway to the palace in company with his brother Nicholas. Instantly the tears came into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. He answered: "Yes, that was sad indeed. My father"—meaning the first Emperor Nicholas—"telegraphed us that our mother was in very poor health, longed to see us, and insisted on our coming to her bedside. On our way home we learned of his death."

Of the younger generation of grand dukes,—the brothers of Alexander III,—the greatest impression was made upon me by Vladimir. He was apparently the strongest of all the sons of Alexander II, being of the great Romanoff breed—big, strong, muscular, like his brother the Emperor. He chatted pleasantly; and I remember that he referred to Mr. James Gordon Bennett—whom he had met on a yachting cruise—as "my friend."

Another of these big Romanoff grand dukes was Alexis, the grand admiral. He referred to his recollections of the United States with apparent pleasure, in spite of the wretched Catacazy imbroglio which hindered President Grant from showing him any hospitality at the White House, and which so vexed his father the Emperor Alexander II.

The ladies of the imperial family were very agreeable. A remark of one of them—a beautiful and cultivated woman, born a princess of one of the Saxon duchies—surprised me; for, when I happened to mention Dresden, she told me that her great desire had been to visit that capital of her own country, but that she had never been able to do so. She spoke of German literature, and as I mentioned receiving a letter the day before from Professor Georg Ebers, the historical novelist, she said: "You are happy indeed that you can meet such people; how I should like to know Ebers!" Such are the limitations of royalty.

Meantime, I made visits to my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, and found them interesting and agreeable—as it is the business of diplomatists to be. The dean was the German ambassador, General von Schweinitz, a man ideally fit for such a position—of wide experience, high character, and evidently strong and firm, though kindly. When ambassador at Vienna he had married the daughter of his colleague, the American minister, Mr. John Jay, an old friend and colleague of mine in the American Historical Association; and so came very pleasant relations between us. His plain, strong sense was of use to me in more than one difficult question.

The British ambassador was Sir Robert Morier. He, too, was a strong character, though lacking apparently in some of General von Schweinitz's more kindly qualities. He was big, roughish, and at times so brusque that he might almost be called brutal. When bullying was needed it was generally understood that he could do it con amore. A story was told of him which, whether exact or not, seemed to fit his character well. He had been, for a time, minister to Portugal; and, during one of his controversies with the Portuguese minister of foreign affairs, the latter, becoming exasperated, said to him: "Sir, it is evident that you were not born a Portuguese cavalier." Thereupon Morier replied: "No, thank God, I was not: if I had been, I would have killed myself on the breast of my mother."

And here, perhaps, is the most suitable place for mentioning a victory which Morier enabled Great Britain to obtain over the United States. It might be a humiliating story for me to tell, had not the fault so evidently arisen from the shortcomings of others. The time has come to reveal this piece of history, and I do so in the hope that it

may aid in bettering the condition in which the Congress of the United States has, thus far, left its diplomatic servants.

As already stated, the most important question with which I had to deal was that which had arisen in the Behring Sea. The United States possessed there a great and flourishing fur−seal industry, which was managed with care and was a source of large revenue to our government. The killing of the seals under the direction of those who had charge of the matter was done with the utmost care and discrimination on the Pribyloff Islands, to which these animals resorted in great numbers during the summer. It was not at all cruel, and was so conducted that the seal herd was fully maintained rather than diminished. But it is among the peculiarities of the seals that, each autumn, they migrate southward, returning each spring in large numbers along the Alaskan coast, and also that, while at the islands, the nursing mothers make long excursions to fishing−banks at distances of from one to two hundred miles. The return of these seal herds, and these food excursions, were taken advantage of by Canadian marauders, who slaughtered the animals, in the water, without regard to age or sex, in a way most cruel and wasteful; so that the seal herds were greatly diminished and in a fair way to extermination. Our government tried to prevent this and seized sundry marauding vessels; whereupon Great Britain felt obliged, evidently from political motives, to take up the cause of these Canadian poachers and to stand steadily by them. As a last resort, the government of the United States left the matter to arbitration, and in due time the tribunal began its sessions at Paris. Meantime, a British commission was, in 1891−1892, ordered to prepare the natural−history material for the British case before the tribunal; and it would be difficult to find a more misleading piece of work than their report. Sham scientific facts were supplied for the purposes of the British counsel at Paris. While I cannot believe that the authorities in London ordered or connived at this, it is simple justice to state, as a matter of fact, that, as afterward in the Venezuela case,[1] so in this, British agents were guilty of the sharpest of sharp practices. The Russian fur−seal islands having also suffered to a considerable extent from similar marauders, a British commission visited the Russian islands and took testimony of the Russian commandant in a manner grossly unfair. This commandant was an honest man, with good powers of observation and with considerable insight into the superficial facts of seal life, but without adequate scientific training; his knowledge of English was very imperfect, and the commission apparently led him to say and sign just what they wanted. He was somehow made to say just the things which were needed to help the British case, and not to say anything which could hurt it. So absurd were the misstatements to which he had thus been led to attach his name that the Russian Government ordered him to come all the way from the Russian islands on the coast of Siberia to St. Petersburg, there to be reexamined. It was an enormous journey—from the islands to Japan, from Japan to San Francisco, from San Francisco to New York, and thence to St. Petersburg. There, with the aid of a Russian expert, I had the satisfaction of putting questions to him; and, having found the larger part of his previous alleged testimony to be completely in conflict with his knowledge and opinions, I forwarded this new testimony to those in charge of the American case before the Paris tribunal, in the hope that it would place the whole matter in its true light. With it was also presented the concurring testimony taken by the American experts who had been sent to the Behring Sea. Those experts were Drs. Mendenhall and Merriam, scientists of the highest character, and their reports were, in every essential particular, afterward confirmed by another man of science, after study of the whole question in the islands and on the adjacent seas—Dr. Jordan, president of Stanford University, probably the highest authority in the United States—and, perhaps, in the world—regarding the questions at issue: a pupil and friend of Agassiz, a man utterly incapable of making a statement regarding any point in science which he did not fully believe, no matter what its political bearing might be.

[1] See my chapter on the Venezuela Commission for the trick attempted by British agents in the first British Blue Book on that subject.

And now to another feature of the case. Before leaving Washington for St. Petersburg, I had consulted with the Secretary of State and the leading persons in charge of our case, and on my way had talked with Count Shuvaloff, the Russian ambassador at Berlin; and all agreed that the interests of the United States and Russia in the matter of protecting the seals were identical. The only wonder was that, this fact being so clear, the Russian Foreign Office constantly held back from showing any active sympathy with the United States in our efforts to right this wrong done to both nations.

At my first presentation to the Emperor I found him, as already stated, of the same opinion as the Washington cabinet and Count Shuvaloff. He was thoroughly with us, was bitter against the Canadian marauders, agreed in

the most straightforward and earnest manner that the interests of Russia and the United States in this question were identical, and referred severely to the British encroachments upon both the nations in the northern seas.[2]

[2] See detailed account of this conversation previously given in this chapter.

All went smoothly until I took up the subject at the Russian Foreign Office. There I found difficulties, though at first I did not fully understand them. The Emperor Alexander III was dying at Livadia in the Crimea; M. de Giers, the minister of foreign affairs, a man of high character, was dying at Tzarskoye Selo; and in charge of his department was an under−secretary who had formerly, for a short time, represented Russia at Washington and had not been especially successful there. Associated with him was another under−secretary, who was in charge of the Asiatic division at the Russian Foreign Office. My case was strong, and I was quite willing to meet Sir Robert Morier in any fair argument regarding it. I had taken his measure on one or two occasions when he had discussed various questions in my presence; and had not the slightest fear that, in a fair presentation of the matter, he could carry his point against me. At various times we met pleasantly enough in the anterooms of the Foreign Office; but at that period our representative at the Russian court was simply a minister plenipotentiary and the British representative an ambassador, and as such he, of course, had precedence over me, with some adventitious advantages which I saw then, and others which I realized afterward. It was not long before it became clear that Sir Robert Morier had enormous "influence" with the above−named persons in charge of the Foreign Office, and, indeed, with Russian officials in general. They seemed not only to stand in awe of him, but to look toward him as "the eyes of a maiden to the hand of her mistress." I now began to understand the fact which had so long puzzled our State Department—namely, that Russia did not make common cause with us, though we were fighting her battles at the same time with our own. But I struggled on, seeing the officials frequently and doing the best that was possible.

Meantime, the arbitration tribunal was holding its sessions at Paris, and the American counsel were doing their best to secure justice for our country. The facts were on our side, and there seemed every reason to hope for a decision in our favor. A vital question was as to how extensive the closed zone for the seals about our islands should be. The United States showed that the nursing seals were killed by the Canadian poachers at a distance of from one to two hundred miles from the islands, and that killing ought not to be allowed within a zone of that radius; but, on the other hand, the effort of the British counsel was to make this zone as small as possible. They had even contended for a zone of only ten miles radius. But just at the nick of time Sir Robert Morier intervened at St. Petersburg. No one but himself and the temporary authorities of the Russian Foreign Office had, or could have had, any knowledge of his manoeuver. By the means which his government gave him power to exercise, he in some way secured privately, from the underlings above referred to as in temporary charge of the Foreign Office, an agreement with Great Britain which practically recognized a closed zone of only thirty miles radius about the Russian islands. This fact was telegraphed just at the proper moment to the British representatives before the tribunal; and, as one of the judges afterward told me, it came into the case like a bomb. It came so late that any adequate explanation of Russia's course was impossible, and its introduction at that time was strenuously objected to by our counsel; but the British lawyers thus got the fact fully before the tribunal, and the tribunal naturally felt that in granting us a sixty−mile radius—double that which Russia had asked of Great Britain for a similar purpose—it was making a generous provision. The conditions were practically the same at the American and Russian seal islands; yet the Russian officials in charge of the matter seemed entirely regardless of this fact, and, indeed, of Russian interests. After secret negotiation with Sir Robert, without the slightest hint to the American minister of their intended sacrifice of their "identical interest with the United States," they allowed this treachery to be sprung upon us. The sixty−mile limit was established by the tribunal, and it has proved utterly delusive. The result of this decision of the tribunal was that this great industry of ours was undermined, if not utterly destroyed; and that the United States were also mulcted to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars, besides the very great expense attending the presentation of her case to the tribunal.

I now come back to the main point which has caused me to bring up this matter in these reminiscences. How was it that Great Britain obtained this victory? To what was it due? The answer is simple: it was due to the fact that the whole matter at St. Petersburg was sure to be decided, not by argument, but by "influence." Sir Robert Morier had what in the Tammany vernacular is called a "pull." His government had given him, as its representative, all the means necessary to have his way in this and all other questions like it; whereas the American Government had never given its representative any such means or opportunities. The British

representative was an AMBASSADOR, and had a spacious, suitable, and well−furnished house in which he could entertain fitly and largely, and to which the highest Russian officials thought it an honor to be invited. The American representatives were simply MINISTERS; from time immemorial had never had such a house; had generally no adequate place for entertaining; had to live in apartments such as they might happen to find vacant in various parts of the town—sometimes in very poor quarters, sometimes in better; were obliged to furnish them at their own expense; had, therefore, never been able to obtain a tithe of that social influence, so powerful in Russia, which was exercised by the British Embassy.

More than this, the British ambassador had adequate means furnished him for exercising political influence. The American representatives had not; they had been stinted in every way. The British ambassador had a large staff of thoroughly trained secretaries and attaches, the very best of their kind,—well educated to begin with, thoroughly trained afterward,—serving as antennae for Great Britain in Russian society; and as the first secretary of his embassy he had no less a personage than Henry Howard, now Sir Henry Howard, minister at The Hague, one of the brightest, best−trained, and most experienced diplomatists in Europe. The American representative was at that time provided with only one secretary of legation, and he, though engaging and brilliant, a casual appointment who remained in the country only a few months. I had, indeed, secured a handsome and comfortable apartment, and entertained at dinner and otherwise the leading members of the Russian ministry and of the diplomatic corps, at a cost of more than double my salary; but the influence thus exercised was, of course, as nothing compared to that exercised by a diplomatist like Sir Robert Morier, who had every sort of resource at his command, who had been for perhaps forty years steadily in the service of his country, and had learned by long experience to know the men with whom he had to deal and the ways of getting at them. His power in St. Petersburg was felt in a multitude of ways: all officials at the Russian Foreign Office, from the highest to the lowest, naturally desired to be on good terms with him. They knew that his influence had become very great and that it was best to have his friendship; they loved especially to be invited to his dinners, and their families loved to be invited to his balls. He was a POWER. The question above referred to, of such importance to the United States, was not decided by argument, but simply by the weight of social and other influence, which counts so enormously in matters of this kind at all European capitals, and especially in Russia. This condition of things has since been modified by the change of the legation into an embassy; but, as no house has been provided, the old difficulty remains. The United States has not the least chance of success, and under her present shabby system never will have, in closely contested cases, with any of the great powers of the earth. They provide fitly for their representatives; the United States does not. The representatives of other powers, being thus provided for, are glad to remain at their posts and to devote themselves to getting a thorough mastery of everything connected with diplomatic business; American representatives, obliged, as a rule, to take up with uncomfortable quarters, finding their position not what it ought to be as compared with that of the representatives of other great powers, and obliged to expend much more than their salaries, are generally glad to resign after a brief term. Especially has this been the case in St. Petersburg. The terms of our representatives there have generally been very short. A few have stayed three or four years, but most have stayed much shorter terms. In one case a representative of the United States remained only three or four months, and in another only six weeks. So marked was this tendency that the Emperor once referred to it in a conversation with one of our representatives, saying that he hoped that this American diplomatist would remain longer than his predecessors had generally done.

The action of the Russian authorities in the Behring Sea question, which is directly traceable to the superior policy of Great Britain in maintaining a preponderating diplomatic, political, and social influence at the Russian capital, cost our government a sum which would have bought suitable houses in several capitals, and would have given to each American representative a proper staff of assistants. I have presented this matter with reluctance, though I feel not the slightest responsibility for my part in it. I do not think that any right−minded man can blame me for it, any more than, in the recent South African War, he could have blamed Lord Roberts, the British general, if the latter had been sent to the Transvaal with insufficient means, inadequate equipment, and an army far inferior in numbers to that of his enemy.

I am not at all in this matter "a man with a grievance"; for I knew what American representatives had to expect, and was not disappointed. My feeling is simply that of an American citizen whose official life is past, and who can look back dispassionately and tell the truth plainly.

This case is presented simply in the hope that it will do something to arouse thinking men in public life, and

especially in the Congress of the United States, to provide at least a suitable house or apartment for the American representative in each of the more important capitals of the world, as all other great powers and many of the lesser nations have done. If I can aid in bringing about this result, I care nothing for any personal criticism which may be brought upon me.

CHAPTER XXXIV. INTERCOURSE WITH RUSSIAN STATESMEN—1892−1894

To return to Sir Robert Morier. There had been some friction between his family and that of one of my predecessors, and this had for some time almost ended social intercourse between his embassy and our legation; but on my arrival I ignored this, and we established very satisfactory personal relations. He had held important positions in various parts of Europe, and had been closely associated with many of the most distinguished men of his own and other countries. Reading Grant Duff's "Memoirs," I find that Morier's bosom friend, of all men in the world, was Jowett, the late head of Oriel College at Oxford. But Sir Robert was at the close of his career; his triumph in the Behring Sea matter was his last. I met him shortly afterward at his last visit to the Winter Palace: with great effort he mounted the staircase, took his position at the head of the diplomatic circle, and, immediately after his conversation with the Emperor, excused himself and went home. This was the last time I ever saw him; he returned soon afterward to England and died. His successor, Sir Frank Lascelles, more recently my colleague at Berlin, is a very different character. His manner is winning, his experience large and interesting, his first post having been at Paris during the Commune, and his latest at Teheran. Our relations became, and have ever since remained, all that I could desire. He, too, in every post, is provided with all that is necessary for accomplishing the purposes of Great Britain, and will doubtless win great success for his country, though not in exactly the same way as his predecessor.

The French ambassador was the Comte de Montebello, evidently a man of ability, but with perhaps less of the engaging qualities than one generally expects in a French diplomatic representative. The Turkish ambassador, Husny Pasha, like most Turkish representatives whom I have met, had learned to make himself very agreeable; but his position was rather trying: he had fought in the Russo−Turkish War and had seen his country saved from the most abject humiliation, if not destruction, only at the last moment, by the Berlin Conference. His main vexation in St. Petersburg arose from the religious feeling of the Emperor. Every great official ceremony in Russia is prefaced, as a rule, by a church service; hence Husny was excluded, since he felt bound to wear the fez, and this the Emperor would not tolerate; though there was really no more harm in his wearing this simple head−gear in church than in a woman wearing her bonnet or a soldier wearing his helmet.

Interesting, too, was the Italian ambassador, Marochetti, son of the eminent sculptor, some of whose artistic ability he had inherited. He was fond of exercising this talent; but it was generally understood that his recall was finally due to the fact that his diplomatic work had suffered in consequence.

The Austrian ambassador, Count Wolkenstein, was, in many things, the most trustworthy of counselors; more than once, under trying circumstances, I found his advice precious; for he knew, apparently, in every court of Europe, the right man to approach, and the right way to approach him, on every conceivable subject.

Of the ministers plenipotentiary the Dutch representative, Van Stoetwegen, was the best counselor I found. He was shrewd, keen, and kindly; but his tongue was sharp—so much so that it finally brought about his recall. He made a remark one day which especially impressed me. I had said to him, "I have just sent a despatch to my government declaring my skepticism as to the probability of any war in Europe for a considerable time to come. When I arrived in Berlin eleven years ago all the knowing people said that a general European war must break out within a few months: in the spring they said it must come in the autumn; and in the autumn they said it must come in the spring. All these years have passed and there is still no sign of war. We hear the same prophecies daily, but I learned long since not to believe in them. War may come, but it seems to me more and more unlikely." He answered, "I think you are right. I advise my own government in the same sense. The fact is that war in these days is not what it once was; it is infinitely more dangerous from every point of view, and it becomes more and more so every day. Formerly a crowned head, when he thought himself aggrieved, or felt that he would enjoy a campaign, plunged into war gaily. If he succeeded, all was well; if not, he hauled off to repair damages,—very much as a pugilist would do after receiving a black eye in a fist fight,—and in a short time the losses were repaired and all went on as before. In these days the case is different: it is no longer a simple contest in the open, with the possibility of a black eye or, at most, of a severe bruise; it has become a matter of life and death to whole nations. Instead of being like a fist fight, it is like a combat between a lot of champions armed with poisoned daggers, and in a dark room; if once the struggle begins, no one knows how many will be drawn into it or who

will be alive at the end of it; the probabilities are that all will be injured terribly and several fatally. War in these days means the cropping up of a multitude of questions dangerous not only to statesmen but to monarchs, and even to society itself. Monarchs and statesmen know this well; and, no matter how truculent they may at times appear, they really dread war above all things."

One of my colleagues at St. Petersburg was interesting in a very different way from any of the others. This was Pasitch, the Servian minister. He was a man of fine presence and, judging from his conversation, of acute mind. He had some years before been sentenced to death for treason, but since that had been prime minister. Later he was again put on trial for his life at Belgrade, charged with being a partner in the conspiracy which resulted in the second attempt against the life of King Milan. His speech before his judges, recently published, was an effort worthy of a statesman, and carried the conviction to my mind that he was not guilty.[3]

[3] He was found guilty, but escaped death by a bitter humiliation: it was left for others to bring about Milan's assassination.

The representatives of the extreme Orient were both interesting personages, but the same difference prevailed there as elsewhere: the Chinese was a mandarin, able to speak only through an interpreter; the Japanese was trained in Western science, and able to speak fluently both Russian and French. His successor, whom I met at the Peace Conference of The Hague, spoke English admirably.

Among the secretaries and attaches, several were very interesting; and of these was the first British secretary Henry Howard, now Sir Henry Howard, minister at The Hague. He and his American wife were among the most delightful of associates. Another in this category was the Bavarian secretary, Baron Guttenberg, whom I often met later at Berlin. When I spoke to him about a visit I had made to Wurzburg, and the desecration of the magnificent old Romanesque cathedral there by plastering its whole interior over with nude angels, and substituting for the splendid old mediaeval carving Louis Quinze woodwork in white and gold, he said: "Yes; you are right; and it was a bishop of my family who did it."

As to Russian statesmen, I had the benefit of the fairly friendly spirit which has usually been shown toward the American representative in Russia by all in authority from the Emperor down. I do not mean by this that the contentions of the American Embassy are always met by speedy concessions, for among the most trying of all things in diplomatic dealings with that country are the long delays in all business; but a spirit is shown which, in the long run, serves the purpose of our representative as regards most questions.

It seems necessary here to give a special warning against putting any trust in the epigram which has long done duty as a piece of politico−ethnological wisdom: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." It would be quite as correct to say, "Scratch an American and you will find an Indian." The simple fact is that the Russian officials with whom foreigners have to do are men of experience, and, as a rule, much like those whom one finds in similar positions in other parts of Europe. A foreign representative has to meet on business, not merely the Russian minister of foreign affairs and the heads of departments in the Foreign Office, but various other members of the imperial cabinet, especially the ministers of finance, of war, of the navy, of the interior, of justice, as well as the chief municipal authorities of St. Petersburg; and I can say that many of these gentlemen, both as men and as officials, are the peers of men in similar positions in most other countries which I have known. Though they were at times tenacious in questions between their own people and ours, and though they held political doctrines very different from those we cherish, I am bound to say that most of them did so in a way which disarmed criticism. At the same time I must confess a conviction which has more and more grown upon me, that the popular view regarding the power, vigor, and foresight of Russian statesmen is ill−founded. And it must be added that Russian officials and their families are very susceptible to social influences: a foreign representative who entertains them frequently and well can secure far more for his country than one who trusts to argument alone. In no part of the world will a diplomatist more surely realize the truth embedded in Oxenstiern's famous utterance, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." When one sees what really strong men might do in Russia, what vast possibilities there are which year after year are utterly neglected, one cannot but think that the popular impression regarding the superiority of Russian statesmen is badly based. As a matter of fact, there has not been a statesman of the first class, of Russian birth, since Catherine the Great, and none of the second class unless Nesselrode and the Emperor Nicholas are to be excepted. To consider Prince Gortchakoff a great chancellor on account of his elaborate despatches is absurd. The noted epigram regarding him is doubtless just: "C'est un Narcisse qui se mire dans son encrier."

To call him a great statesman in the time of Cavour Bismarck, Lincoln, and Seward is preposterous. Whatever growth in civilization Russia has made in the last forty years has been mainly in spite of the men who have posed as her statesmen; the atmosphere of Russian autocracy is fatal to greatness in any form.

The emancipation of the serfs was due to a policy advocated by the first Nicholas and carried out under Alexander II; but it was made possible mainly by Miloutine, Samarine, Tcherkassky, and other subordinates, who never were allowed to approach the first rank as state servants. This is my own judgment, founded on observation and reading during half a century, and it is the quiet judgment of many who have had occasion to observe Russia longer and more carefully.

Next, as to the Foreign Office. Nearly a hundred years ago Napoleon compared Alexander I and those about him to "Greeks of the Lower Empire." That saying was repelled as a slander; but, ever since it was uttered, the Russian Foreign Office seems to have been laboring to deserve it. There are chancelleries in the world which, when they give promises, are believed and trusted. Who, in the light of the last fifty years, would claim that the Russian Foreign Office is among these? Its main reputation is for astuteness finally brought to naught; it has constantly been "too clever by half."

Take the loudly trumpeted peace proposals to the world made by Nicholas II. When the nations got together at The Hague to carry out the Czar's supposed purpose, it was found that all was haphazard; that no adequate studies had been made, no project prepared; in fact, that the Emperor's government had virtually done nothing showing any real intention to set a proper example. Nothing but the high character and abilities of M. de Martens and one or two of his associates saved the prestige of the Russian Foreign Office at that time. Had there been a man of real power in the chancellorship or in the ministry of foreign affairs, he would certainly have advised the Emperor to dismiss to useful employments, say, two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand troops, which he could have done without the slightest danger—thus showing that he was in earnest, crippling the war clique, and making the beginning of a great reform which all Europe would certainly have been glad to follow. But there was neither the wisdom nor the strength required to advise and carry through such a measure. Deference to the "military party" and petty fear of a loss of military prestige were all−controlling.

Take the army and the navy departments. In these, if anywhere, Russia has been thought strong. The main occupation of leading Russians for a hundred years has been, not the steady uplifting of the people in intellect and morals, not the vigorous development of natural resources, but preparations for war on land and sea. This has been virtually the one business of the main men of light and leading from the emperors and grand dukes down. Drill and parade have been apparently everything: the strengthening of the empire by the education of the people, and the building of industrial prosperity as a basis for a great army and navy, seem to have been virtually nothing. The results are now before the world for the third time since 1815.

An objector may remind me of the emancipation of the serfs. I do not deny the greatness and nobleness of Alexander II and the services of the men he then called to his aid; but I lived in Russia both before and since that reform, and feel obliged to testify that, thus far, its main purpose has been so thwarted by reactionaries that there is, as yet, little, if any, practical difference between the condition of the Russian peasant before and since obtaining his freedom.

Take the dealings with Finland. The whole thing is monstrous. It is both comedy and tragedy. Finland is by far the best−developed part of the empire; it stands on a higher plane than do the other provinces as regards every element of civilization; it has steadily been the most loyal of all the realms of the Czar. Nihilism and anarchism have never gained the slightest foothold; yet to−day there is nobody in the whole empire strong enough to prevent sundry bigots—military and ecclesiastical—leading the Emperor to violate his coronation oath; to make the simple presentation of a petition to him treasonable; to trample Finland under his feet; to wrong grievously and insult grossly its whole people; to banish and confiscate the property of its best men; to muzzle its press; to gag its legislators; and thus to lower the whole country to the level of the remainder of Russia.

During my stay in Russia at the time of the Crimean War, I had been interested in the Finnish peasants whom I saw serving on the gunboats. There was a sturdiness, heartiness, and loyalty about them which could not fail to elicit good−will; but during this second stay in Russia my sympathies with them were more especially enlisted. During the hot weather of the first summer my family were at the Finnish capital, Helsingfors, at the point where the Gulf of Finland opens into the Baltic. The whole people deeply interested me. Here was one of the most important universities of Europe, a noble public library, beautiful buildings, and throughout the whole town an

atmosphere of cleanliness and civilization far superior to that which one finds in any Russian city. Having been added to Russia by Alexander I under his most solemn pledges that it should retain its own constitutional government, it had done so up to the time of my stay; and the results were evident throughout the entire grand duchy. While in Russia there had been from time immemorial a debased currency, the currency of Finland was as good as gold; while in Russia all public matters bore the marks of arbitrary repression, in Finland one could see the results of enlightened discussion; while in Russia the peasant is but little, if any, above Asiatic barbarism, the Finnish peasant—simple, genuine—is clearly far better developed both morally and religiously. It is a grief to me in these latter days to see that the measures which were then feared have since been taken. There seems a determination to grind down Finland to a level with Russia in general. We heard, not long since, much sympathy expressed for the Boers in South Africa in their struggle against England; but infinitely more pathetic is the case of Finland. The little grand duchy has done what it could to save itself, but it recognizes the fact that its two millions of people are utterly powerless against the brute force of the one hundred and twenty millions of the Russian Empire. The struggle in South Africa meant, after all, that if worst came to worst, the Boers would, within a generation or two, enjoy a higher type of constitutional liberty than they ever could have developed under any republic they could have established; but Finland is now forced to give up her constitutional government and to come under the rule of brutal Russian satraps. These have already begun their work. All is to be "Russified": the constitutional bodies are to be virtually abolished; the university is to be brought down to the level of Dorpat—once so noted as a German university, now so worthless as a Russian university; for the simple Protestantism of the people is to be substituted the fetishism of the Russo−Greek Church. It is the saddest spectacle of our time. Previous emperors, however much they wished to do so, did not dare break their oaths to Finland; but the present weakling sovereign, in his indifference, carelessness, and absolute unfitness to rule, has allowed the dominant reactionary clique about him to accomplish its own good pleasure. I put on record here the prophecy that his dynasty, if not himself, will be punished for it. All history shows that no such crime has gone unpunished. It is a far greater crime than the partition of Poland; for Poland had brought her fate on herself, while Finland has been the most loyal part of the empire. Not even Moscow herself has been more thoroughly devoted to Russia and the reigning dynasty. The young monarch whose weakness has led to this fearful result will bring retribution upon himself and those who follow him. The Romanoffs will yet find that "there is a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." The house of Hapsburg and its satellites found this in the humiliating end of their reign in Italy; the house of Valois found it, after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in their own destruction; the Bourbons found it, after the driving out of the Huguenots and the useless wars of Louis XIV and XV, in the French Revolution which ended their dynasty. Both the Napoleons met their punishment after violating the rights of human nature. The people of the United States, after the Fugitive Slave Law, found their punishment in the Civil War, which cost nearly a million of lives and, when all is reckoned, ten thousand millions of treasure.

When I talked with this youth before he came to the throne, and saw how little he knew of his own empire,—how absolutely unaware he was that the famine was continuing for a second year in various important districts, there resounded in my ears, as so often at other times, the famous words of Oxenstiern to his son, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed."

Pity to say it, the European sovereign to whom Nicholas II can be most fully compared is Charles IX of France, under the influence of his family and men and women courtiers and priests, authorizing the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The punishment to be meted out to him and his house is sure.[4]

[4] The above was written before the Russian war with Japan and the assassinations of Bobrikoff, Plehve, and others were dreamed of. My prophecy seems likely to be realized far earlier than I had thought possible.

As I revise these lines, we see another exhibition of the same weakness and folly. The question between Russia and Japan could have been easily and satisfactorily settled in a morning talk by any two business men of average ability; but the dominant clique has forced on one of the most terrible wars in history, which bids fair to result in the greatest humiliation Russia has ever known.

The same thing may be said regarding Russia's dealings with the Baltic provinces. The "Russification" which has been going on there for some years is equally absurd, equally wicked, and sure to be equally disastrous.

The first Russian statesman with whom I had to do was the minister of foreign affairs, M. de Giers; but he was

dying. I saw him twice in retirement at Tzarskoye Selo, and came to respect him much. He spoke at length regarding the entente between Russia and France, and insisted that it was not in the interest of war but of peace. "Tell your government," he said, "that the closer the lines are drawn which bind Russia and France, the more strongly will Russian influence be used to hold back the French from war."

At another time he discoursed on the folly of war, and especially regarding the recent conflict between Russia and Turkey. He spoke of its wretched results, of the ingratitude which Russia had experienced from the peoples she had saved from the Turks, and finally, with extreme bitterness, of the vast sums of money wasted in it which could have been used in raising the condition of the Russian peasantry. He spoke with the conviction of a dying man, and I felt that he was sincere. At the same time I felt it a pity that under the Russian system there is no chance for such a man really to enforce his ideas. For one day he may be in the ascendancy with the autocrat; and the next, through the influence of grand dukes, women, priests, or courtiers, the very opposite ideas may become dominant.

The men with whom I had more directly to do at the Foreign Office were the acting minister, Shishkin, who had formerly been at Washington, and the head of the Asiatic department, Count Kapnist. They were agreeable in manner; but it soon became clear that, regarding the question of the Behring seal−fisheries, they were pursuing a policy of their own, totally distinct from the interests of the empire. Peter the Great would have beheaded both of them.

The strongest man among the Czar's immediate advisers was understood to be the finance minister, De Witte. There always seemed in him a certain sullen force. The story usually told of his rise in the world is curious. It is, in effect, that when the Emperor Alexander II and his family were wrecked in their special train at Borki, many of their attendants were killed; and the world generally, including the immediate survivors of the catastrophe, believed for some time that it was the result of a nihilist plot. There was, therefore, a general sweeping into prison of subordinat'e railway officials; and among these was De Witte, then in charge of a railway station. During the examinations which ensued he showed himself so clear−headed and straightforward that he attracted attention was promoted, put into the finance ministry, and finally advanced to the first place in it. His dealings with Russian finances have since shown great capacity: he has brought the empire out of the slough of depreciated currency and placed it firmly on a gold basis. I came especially to know him when he offered, through me, to the United States a loan of gold to enable us to tide over our difficulties with the currency question. He informed me that Russia had in her treasury many millions of rubles in American gold eagles, and that the Russian gold reserve then in the treasury was about six hundred millions of rubles.

The only result was that I was instructed to convey the thanks of the President to him, there being no law enabling us to take advantage of his offer. What he wished to do was to make a call loan, whereas our Washington Government could obtain gold only by issuing bonds.

I also met him in a very interesting way when I presented to him Rabbi Krauskopf of Philadelphia, who discussed the question of allowing sundry Israelites who were crowded into the western districts of the empire to be transferred to some of the less congested districts, on condition that funds for that purpose be furnished from their coreligionists in America. De Witte's discussion of the whole subject was liberal and statesmanlike. Unfortunately, there was, as I believe, a fundamental error in his general theory, which is the old Russian idea at the bottom of the autocracy—namely, that the State should own everything. More and more he went on extending government ownership to the railways, until the whole direction and management of them virtually centered in his office.

On this point he differed widely from his predecessor in the finance ministry, Wischniegradsky. I had met the latter years before, at the Paris Exposition, when he was at the head of the great technical school in Moscow, and found him instructive and interesting. Now I met him after his retirement from the finance ministry. Calling on him one day, I said: "You will probably build your trans−Siberian railway at a much less cost than we were able to build our first trans−continental railway; you will do it directly, by government funds, and so will probably not have to make so many rich men as we did." His answer impressed me strongly. He said: "As to a government building a railway more cheaply than private individuals, I decidedly doubt; but I would favor private individuals building it, even if the cost were greater. I like to see rich men made; they are what Russia most needs at this moment. What can capitalists do with their money? They can't eat it or drink it: they have to invest it in other enterprises; and such enterprises, to be remunerative, must meet the needs of the people. Capitalists are far more

likely to invest their money in useful enterprises, and to manage these investments well, than any finance minister can be, no matter how gifted."

That he was right the history of Russia is showing more and more every day. To return to M. de Witte, it seemed strange to most onlookers that the present Emperor threw him out of the finance ministry, in which he had so greatly distinguished himself, and shelved him in one of those bodies, such as the council of state or the senate, which exist mainly as harbors or shelters for dismissed functionaries. But really there was nothing singular about it. As regards the main body at court, from the grand dukes, the women, etc., down, he had committed the sin of which Turgot and Necker were guilty when they sought to save France but found that the women, princes, and favorites of poor Louis XVI's family were determined to dip their hands into the state treasury, and were too strong to be controlled. Ruin followed the dismissal of Turgot and Necker then, and seems to be following the dismissal of De Witte now: though as I revise this chapter word comes that the Emperor has recalled him.

No doubt Prince Khilkoff, who has come in as minister of internal communications since my departure from Russia, is also a strong man; but no functionary can take the place of a great body of individuals who invest their own money in public works throughout an entire nation.

There was also another statesman in a very different field whom I found exceedingly interesting,—a statesman who had gained a power in the empire second to no other save the Emperor himself, and had centered in himself more hatred than any other Russian of recent times,—the former Emperor's tutor and virtual minister as regards ecclesiastical affairs, Pobedonostzeff. His theories are the most reactionary of all developed in modern times; and his hand was then felt, and is still felt, in every part of the empire, enforcing those theories. Whatever may be thought of his wisdom, his patriotism is not to be doubted. Though I differ from him almost totally, few men have so greatly interested me, and one of the following chapters will be devoted to him.

But there were some other so−called statesmen toward whom I had a very different feeling. One of these was the minister of the interior. Nothing could be more delusive than his manner. He always seemed about to accede to the ideas of his interlocutor, but he had one fundamental idea of his own, and only one; and that was, evidently, never to do anything which he could possibly avoid. He always seemed to me a sort of great jellyfish, looking as if he had a mission to accomplish, but, on closer examination, proving to be without consistency, and slippery. His theory apparently was, "No act, no responsibility"; and throughout the Russian Empire this principle of action, or, rather, of inaction, appears to be very widely diffused.

I had one experience with this functionary, who, I am happy to say, has since been relieved of his position and shelved among the do−nothings of the Russian senate, which showed me what he was. Two American ladies of the best breeding and culture, and bearing the most satisfactory letters of introduction, had been staying in St. Petersburg, and had met, at my table and elsewhere, some of the most interesting people in Russian society. From St. Petersburg they had gone to Moscow; and, after a pleasant stay there, had left for Vienna by way of Warsaw. Returning home late at night, about a week afterward, I found an agonizing telegram from them, stating that they had been stopped at the Austrian frontier and sent back fifty miles to a dirty little Russian village; that their baggage had all gone on to Vienna; that, there being no banker in the little hamlet where they were, their letter of credit was good for nothing; that all this was due to the want of the most trivial of formalities in a passport; that they had obtained all the vises supposed to be needed at St. Petersburg and at Moscow; and that, though the American consul at Warsaw had declared these to be sufficient to take them out of the empire, they had been stopped by a petty Russian official because they had no vise from the Warsaw police.

Early next morning I went to the minister of the interior, presented the case to him, told him all about these ladies,—their high standing, the letters they had brought, the people they had met,—assured him that nothing could be further from possibility than the slightest tendency on their part toward any interference with the Russian Government, and asked him to send a telegram authorizing their departure. He was most profuse in his declarations of his willingness to help. Nothing in the world, apparently, would give him more pleasure; and, though there was a kind of atmosphere enveloping his talk which I did not quite like, I believed that the proper order would be given. But precious time went on, and again came telegrams from the ladies that nothing was done. Again I went to the minister to urge the matter upon his attention; again he assumed the same jellyfish condition, pleasing but evasive. Then I realized the situation; went at once to the prefect of St. Petersburg, General von Wahl, although it was not strictly within his domain; and he, a man of character and vigor, took the necessary measures and the ladies were released.

Like so many other persons whom I have known who came into Russia and were delighted with it during their whole stay, these ladies returned to America most bitter haters of the empire and of everything within it.

As to Von Wahl, who seemed to me one of the very best Russian officials I met, he has since met reward for his qualities: from the Czar a transfer to a provincial governorship, and from the anarchists a bullet which, though intended to kill him, only wounded him.

Many were the sufferers from this feature in Russian administration—this shirking of labor and responsibility. Among these was a gentleman belonging to one of the most honored Russian families, who was greatly devoted to fruit−culture, and sought to bring the products of his large estates in the south of Russia into Moscow and St. Petersburg. He told me that he had tried again and again, but the officials shrugged their shoulders and would not take the trouble; that finally he had induced them to give him a freight−car and to bring a load of fruit to St. Petersburg as soon as possible; but, though the journey ought to have taken only three or four days, it actually took several weeks; and, of course, all the fruit was spoiled. As I told him of the fruit−trains which bring the products of California across our continent and distribute them to the Atlantic ports, even enabling them to be found fresh in the markets of London, he almost shed tears. This was another result of state control of railways. As a matter of fact, there is far more and better fruit to be seen on the tables of artisans in most American towns, however small, than in the lordliest houses of Moscow and St. Petersburg; and this solely because in our country energetic men conduct transportation with some little ambition to win public approval and patronage, while in Russia a horde of state officials shirk labor and care as much as possible.

Still another sufferer was a very energetic man who had held sundry high positions, but was evidently much discouraged. He showed me specimens of various rich ores from different parts of the empire, but lamented that there was no one to take hold of the work of bringing out these riches. It was perfectly clear that with the minister of the interior at that time, as in sundry other departments, the great question was "how not to do it." Evidently this minister and functionaries like him felt that if great enterprises and industries were encouraged, they would become so large as to be difficult to manage; hence, that it would be more comfortable to keep things within as moderate compass as possible.

To this easy−going view of public duty there were a few notable exceptions. While De Witte was the most eminent of these, there was one who has since become sadly renowned, and who, as I revise these lines, has just perished by the hand of an assassin. This official was De Plehve, who, during my acquaintance with him, was only an undersecretary in the interior department, but was taking, apparently, all the important duties from his superior, M. Dournovo. At various times I met him to discuss the status of sundry American insurance companies in Russia, and was favorably impressed by his insight, vigor, and courtesy. It was, therefore, a surprise to me when, on becoming a full minister, he bloomed out as a most bitter, cruel, and evidently short−sighted reactionary. The world stood amazed at the murderous cruelties against the Jews at Kishineff, which he might easily have prevented; and nothing more cruel or short−sighted than his dealings with Finland has been known since Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes. I can only explain his course by supposing that he sought to win the favor of the reactionary faction which, up to the present time, has controlled the Czar, and thus to fight his way toward the highest power. He made of the most loyal and happy part of the empire the most disloyal and wretched; he pitted himself against the patriotism, the sense of justice, and all the highest interests and sentiments of the Finnish people; and he met his death at the hands of an avenger, who, in destroying the enemy of his country, has struck a fearful blow at his country's happiness.

While a thoughtful American must condemn much which he sees in Russia, there is one thing which he cannot but admire and contrast to the disadvantage of his own country; and this is the fact that Russia sets a high value upon its citizenship. Its value, whatever it may be, is the result of centuries of struggles, of long outpourings of blood and treasure; and Russians believe that it has been bought at too great a price and is in every way too precious to be lavished and hawked about as a thing of no value. On the other hand, when one sees how the citizenship of the United States, which ought to be a millionfold more precious than that of Russia, is conferred loosely upon tens of thousands of men absolutely unfit to exercise it,—whose exercise of it seems, at times, likely to destroy republican government; when one sees the power of conferring it granted to the least respectable class of officials at the behest of ward politicians, without proper safeguards and at times without any regard to the laws; when one sees it prostituted by men of the most unfit class,—and, indeed, of the predatory class,—who have left Europe just long enough to obtain it, and then left America in order to escape the duties both of their

native and their adopted country, and to avail themselves of the privileges of both citizenships without one thought of the duties of either, using them often in careers of scoundrelism,—one feels that Russia is nearer the true ideal in this respect than we are.

As a matter of fact, there is with us no petty joint−stock company in which an interest is not virtually held to be superior to this citizenship of ours for which such sacrifices have been made, and for which so many of our best men have laid down their lives. No stockholder in the pettiest manufacturing company dreams of admitting men to share in it unless they show their real fitness to be thus admitted; but admission to American citizenship is surrounded by no such safeguards: it has been cheapened and prostituted until many who formerly revered it have come to scoff at it. From this evil, at least, Russia is free.

CHAPTER XXXV. "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN" IN RUSSIA—1892−1894

Still another department which interested me was that known as the "Ministry of Public Enlightenment," its head being Count Delyanoff. He was certainly a man of culture; but the title of his department was a misnomer, for its duty was clearly to prevent enlightenment in the public at large. The Russian theory is, evidently, that a certain small number should be educated up to a certain point for the discharge of their special duties; but that, beyond this, anything like the general education of the people is to be discouraged; hence the Russian peasant is the most ignorant and helpless in Christendom.

There was evidently a disposition among very many of the most ardent Russians to make a merit of this imperfect civilization, and to cultivate hatred for any people whom they clearly saw possessing anything better: hence it came that, just as so many Frenchmen hate Great Britain, and so many in the backward, slipshod regions of our country hate New England, it was quite the fashion among large classes of Russians to hate everything German, and especially to detest the Baltic provinces.

One evening during my stay a young Russian at a social gathering of military and other officials voiced this feeling by saying, "I hope the time will soon come when we shall have cleared out all these Germans from the Russian service; they are the curse of the country." Thereupon a young American present, who was especially noted for his plain speaking, immediately answered, "How are you going to do it? I notice that, as a rule, you rarely give a position which really involves high responsibility to a Russian; you generally give it to a German. When the Emperor goes to the manoeuvers, does he dare trust his immediate surroundings to a Russian? Never; he intrusts them to General Richter, who is a Baltic−Province German. And when his Majesty is here in town does he dare trust his personal safety to a Russian? Not at all; he relies on Von Wahl, prefect of St. Petersburg, another German." And so this plain−spoken American youth went on with a full catalogue of leading Baltic−Province Germans in positions of the highest responsibility, finally saying, "You know as well as I that if the salvation of the Emperor depended on any one of you, and you should catch sight of a pretty woman, you would instantly forget your sovereign and run after her."

Richter and Von Wahl I knew, and they were certainly men whom one could respect,—thoughtful, earnest, devoted to duty. Whenever one saw the Emperor at a review, Richter was close at hand; whenever their Majesties were at the opera, or in any public place, there was Von Wahl with his eyes fastened upon them.

The young American might now add that when a man was needed to defend Port Arthur another German was chosen—Stoessel, whose heroism the whole world is now applauding, as it once applauded Todleben, the general of German birth who carried off the Russian laurels of the Crimean War.

One Russian official for whom there seemed to be deep and wide respect was Count Woronzoff−Daschkoff; and I think that our irrepressible American would have made an exception in his favor. Calling upon him one day regarding the distribution of American relief to famine−stricken peasants, I was much impressed by his straightforward honesty: he was generally credited with stopping the time−honored pilfering and plundering at the Winter Palace.

One of the most interesting of all the Russians I met was General Annenkoff. His brother−in−law, Struve, Russian minister at Washington, having given me a letter to him, our relations became somewhat close. He had greatly distinguished himself by building the trans−Caucasian railway, but his main feat had been the annexation of Bokhara. The story, as told me by a member of his family, is curious. While superintending his great force of men and pushing on the laying of the rails through the desert, his attention was suddenly called to some horsemen in the distance, riding toward him with all their might. On their arrival their leader was discovered to be a son of the Ameer of Bokhara. That potentate having just died, the other sons were trying to make their way to the throne by cutting each other's throats, but this one had thought it wise to flee to the Russians for safety. Annenkoff saw the point at once: with a large body of his cavalry he started immediately for Bokhara, his guest by his side; pushed his way through all obstacles; seated the young prince on the throne; and so made him a Russian satrap. I shall speak later of the visit of this prince to St. Petersburg. It was evident that Annenkoff, during my stay, was not in favor. It was said that he had been intrusted with large irrigation−works in order to give employment to

peasants during the famine, and that he had not managed them well; but it was clear that this was not the main difficulty: he was evidently thought too progressive and liberal, and in that seething caldron of intrigue which centers at the Winter Palace his ambitions had come to grief.

Another Russian who interested me was Glalkin Wraskoy. He was devoted, night and day, to improving the Russian prison system. That there was much need of such work was certain; but the fact that this personage in government employ was so devoted to improvements, and had called together in Russia a convention of men interested in the amelioration of prison systems, led me to think that the Russian Government is not so utterly and wilfully cruel in its prison arrangements as the Western world has been led to think.

Another interesting Russian was Count Orloff Davidoff; and on my meeting him, just after his return from the Chicago Exposition, at General Annenkoff's table, he entertained me with his experiences. On my asking him what was the most amusing thing he had seen in America, he answered that it was a "sacred concert," on Sunday, at a church in Colorado Springs, in which the music of Strauss's waltzes and Offenbach's comic songs were leading features, the audience taking them all very solemnly.

In the literary direction I found Prince John Galitzin's readings from French dramas delightful. As to historical studies, the most interesting man I found was Professor Demetrieff, who was brought to my house by Pobedonostzeff. I had been reading Billbassoff's "Life of the Empress Catherine"; and, on my asking some questions regarding it, the professor said that at the death of the Empress, her son, the Emperor Paul, intrusted the examination of her papers to Rostopchine, who, on going through them, found a casket containing letters and the like, which she had evidently considered especially precious, and among these a letter from Orloff, giving the details of the murder of her husband, Peter III, at Ropscha. The letter, in substance, stated that Orloff and his associates, having attempted to seize Peter, who was evidently on his way to St. Petersburg to imprison the Empress Catherine,—if not to put her to death,—the Emperor had resisted; and that finally, in the struggle, he had been killed. Professor Demetrieff then said that the Emperor Paul showed these papers to his sons Alexander and Nicholas, who afterward succeeded him on the throne, and expressed his devout thankfulness that the killing of Peter III was not intentional, and therefore that their grandmother was not a murderess.

This reminds me that, at my first visit to St. Petersburg, I often passed, during my walks, the old palace of Paul, and that there was one series of windows carefully barred: these belonging to the rooms in which the Emperor Paul himself was assassinated in order to protect the life of his son Alexander and of the family generally.

Another Russian, Prince Serge Wolkonsky, was certainly the most versatile man I have ever known: a playwright, an actor, an essayist, an orator, a lecturer, and admirable in each of these capacities. At a dinner given me, just before my departure from St. Petersburg, by the Russians who had taken part in the Chicago Exposition, I was somewhat troubled by the fact that the speeches of the various officials were in Russian, and that, as I so imperfectly understood them, I could not know what line to take when my own speech came; but presently the chairman, Minister Delyanoff, called upon young Prince Serge, who came forward very modestly and, in admirable English, gave a summary of the whole series of Russian speeches for my benefit, concluding with an excellent speech of his own. His speeches and addresses at Chicago were really remarkable; and, when he revisited America, his lectures on Russian literature at Cornell University, at Washington, and elsewhere, were worthy of the College de France. This young man could speak fluently and idiomatically, not only his own language, but English, French, German, Italian, and I know not how many other tongues.

To meet scientific men of note my wont was to visit the Latin Quarter; and there, at the house of Professor Woeikoff of St. Petersburg University, I met, at various times, a considerable body of those best worth knowing. One of those who made an especially strong impression upon me was Admiral Makharoff. Recently has come news of his death while commanding the Russian fleet at Port Arthur—his flag−ship, with nearly all on board, sunk by a torpedo. At court, in the university quarter, and later at Washington, I met him often, and rated him among the half−dozen best Russians I ever knew. Having won fame as a vigorous and skilful commander in the Turkish war, he was devoting himself to the scientific side of his profession. He had made a success of his colossal ice−breaker in various northern waters, and was now giving his main thoughts to the mapping out, on an immense scale, of all the oceans, as regards winds and currents. As explained by him, with quiet enthusiasm, it seemed likely to be one of the greatest triumphs of the inductive method since Lord Bacon. With Senator Semenoff and Prince Gregory Galitzin I had very interesting talks on their Asiatic travels, and was greatly

impressed by the simplicity and strength of Mendeleieff, who is certainly to−day one of two or three foremost living authorities in chemistry. Although men of science, unless they hold high official positions, are not to be seen at court, I was glad to find that there were some Russian nobles who appreciated them; and an admirable example of this was once shown at my own house. It was at a dinner, when there was present a young Russian of very high lineage; and I was in great doubt as to the question of precedence, this being a matter of grave import under the circumstances. At last my wife went to the nobleman himself and asked him frankly regarding it. His answer did him credit: he said, "I should be ashamed to take precedence here of a man like Mendeleieff, who is an honor to Russia in the eyes of the whole world; and I earnestly hope that he may be given the first place."

There were also various interesting women in St. Petersburg society, the reception afternoons of two of them being especially attractive: they were, indeed, in the nature of the French salons under the old regime.

One of these ladies—the Princess Wolkonsky—seemed to interest all men not absorbed in futilities; and the result was that one heard at her house the best men in St. Petersburg discussing the most interesting questions.

The other was the Austrian ambassadress, Countess Wolkenstein, whom I had slightly known, years before, as Countess Schleinitz, wife of the minister of the royal household at Berlin. On her afternoons one heard the best talk by the most interesting men; and it was at the salons of these two ladies that there took place the conversations which I have recorded in my "History of the Warfare of Science," showing the development of a legend regarding the miraculous cure of the Archbishop of St. Petersburg by Father Ivan of Cronstadt.

Another place which especially attracted me was the house of General Ignatieff, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, where, on account of his alleged want of scruples in bringing on the war with Russia, he received the nickname "Mentir Pasha." His wife was the daughter of Koutousoff, the main Russian opponent of Napoleon in 1812; and her accounts of Russia in her earlier days and of her life in Constantinople were at times fascinating.

I remember meeting at her house, on one occasion, the Princess Ourousoff, who told me that the Emperor Alexander had said to her, "I wish that every one could see Sardou's play 'Thermidor' and discover what revolution really is"; and that she had answered, "Revolutions are prepared long before they break out." That struck me as a very salutary bit of philosophy, which every Russian monarch would do well to ponder.

The young Princess Radzivill was also especially attractive. In one of her rooms hung a portrait of Balzac, taken just after death, and it was most striking. This led her to give me very interesting accounts of her aunt, Madame de Hanska, to whom Balzac wrote his famous letters, and whom he finally married. I met at her house another lady of high degree, to whom my original introduction had been somewhat curious. Dropping in one afternoon at the house of Henry Howard, the British first secretary, I met in the crowd a large lady, simply dressed, whom I had never seen before. Being presented to her, and not happening to catch her name, I still talked on, and found that she had traveled, first in Australia, then in California, thence across our continent to New York; and her accounts of what she had seen interested me greatly. But some little time afterward I met her again at the house of Princess Radzivill, and then found that she was the English Duchess of Buckingham. One day I had been talking with the Princess and her guest on the treasures of the Imperial Library, and especially the wonderful collection of autographs, among them the copy−book of Louis XIV when a child, which showed the pains taken to make him understand, even in his boyhood, that he was an irresponsible autocrat. On one of its pages the line to be copied ran as follows:

L'hommage est du aux Roys, ils font ce qu'il leur plaist.—LOUIS.

Under this the budding monarch had written the same words six times, with childish care to keep the strokes straight and the spaces regular. My account of this having led the princess to ask me to take her and her friend to the library and to show them some of these things, I gladly agreed, wrote the director, secured an appointment for a certain afternoon, and when the time came called for the ladies. But a curious contretemps arose. I had met, the day before, two bright American ladies, and on their asking me about the things best worth seeing, I had especially recommended them to visit the Imperial Library. On arriving at the door with the princess and the duchess, I was surprised to find that no preparations had been made to meet us,—in fact, that our coming seemed to be a matter of surprise; and a considerable time elapsed before the director and other officials came to us. Then I learned what the difficulty was. The two American ladies, in perfectly good faith, had visited the library a few hours before; and, on their saying that the American minister had recommended them to come, it had been taken for granted at once that THEY were the princess and the duchess, and they had been shown everything with almost regal honors, the officials never discovering the mistake until our arrival.

The American colony at St. Petersburg was very small. Interesting compatriots came from time to time on various errands, and I was glad to see them; but one whose visits were most heartily welcomed was a former consul, Mr. Prince, an original, shrewd "down−easter," and his reminiscences of some of my predecessors were full of interest to me.

One especially dwells in my mind. It had reference to a former senator of the United States who, about the year 1840, was sent to Russia as minister. There were various evidences in the archives of the legation that sobriety was not this gentleman's especial virtue, and among them very many copies of notes in which the minister, through the secretary of legation, excused himself from keeping engagements at the Foreign Office on the ground of "sudden indisposition."

Mr. Prince told me that one day this minister's valet, who was an Irishman, came to the consulate and said: "Oi 'll not stay wid his igsillincy anny longer; Oi 've done wid him."

"What 's the trouble now?' said Mr. Prince.

"Well," said the man, "this morning Oi thought it was toime to get his igsillincy out of bed, for he had been dhrunk about a week and in bed most of the toime; and so Oi went to him, and says Oi, gentle−loike, 'Would your igsillincy have a cup of coffee?' whin he rose up and shtruck me in the face. On that Oi took him by the collar, lifted him out of bed, took him acrass the room, showed him his ugly face in the glass, and Oi said to him, says Oi, 'Is thim the eyes of an invoy extraorr−rrdinarry and minister plinipotentiarry?' "

Among interesting reminders of my predecessors was a letter in the archives, written about the year 1832 by Mr. Buchanan, afterward senator, minister in London, Secretary of State, and President of the United States. It was a friendly missive to an official personage in our country, and went on somewhat as follows: "I feel almost ashamed to tell you that your letters to me, mine to you, and, indeed, everything that has come and gone between us by mail, has been read by other eyes than ours. This was true of your last letter to me, and, without doubt, it will be true of this letter. Can you imagine it? Think of the moral turpitude of a creature employed to break open private letters and to read them! Can you imagine work more degrading? What a dirty dog he must be! how despicable, indeed, he must seem to himself!" And so Mr. Buchanan went on until he wound up as follows: "Not only does this person read private letters, but he is a forger: he forges seals, and I regret to say that his imitation of the eagle on our legation seal is a VERY SORRY BIRD." Whether this dose had any salutary effect on the official concerned I never learned.

The troubles of an American representative at St. Petersburg are many, and they generally begin with the search for an apartment. It is very difficult indeed in that capital to find a properly furnished suite of rooms for a minister, and since the American representative has been made an ambassador this difficulty is greater than ever. In my own case, by especial luck and large outlay, I was able to surmount it; but many others had not been so fortunate, and the result had generally been that, whereas nearly every other power owned or held on long lease a house or apartment for its representative,—simple, decent, dignified, and known to the entire city,—the American representative had lived wherever circumstances compelled him:—sometimes on the ground−floor and sometimes in a sky−parlor, with the natural result that Russians could hardly regard the American Legation as on the same footing with that of other countries.

As I write, word comes that the present ambassador has been unable to find suitable quarters save at a rent higher than his entire salary; that the proprietors have combined, and agreed to stand by each other in holding their apartments at an enormous figure, their understanding being that Americans are rich and can be made to pay any price demanded. Nothing can be more short−sighted than the policy of our government in this respect, and I shall touch upon it again.

The diplomatic questions between the United States and Russia were many and troublesome; for, in addition to that regarding the Behring Sea fisheries, there were required additional interpretations of the Buchanan treaty as to the rights of Americans to hold real estate and to do business in Russia; arrangements for the participation of Russians in the Chicago Exposition; the protection of various American citizens of Russian birth, and especially of Israelites who had returned to Russia; care for the great American life−insurance interests in the empire; the adjustment of questions arising out of Russian religious relations with Alaska and the islands of the Northern Pacific; and last, but not least, the completion of the extradition treaty between the two nations by the incorporation of safeguards which would prevent its use against purely political offenders.

Especial attention to Israelite cases was also required. Some of these excited my deep sympathy; and, having

made a very careful study of the subject, I wrote to Secretary Gresham a despatch upon it in obedience to his special request. It was the longest despatch I have ever written; and, in my apology to the secretary for its length I stated that it was prepared with no expectation that he would find time to read it, but with the idea that it might be of use at the State Department for reference. In due time I received a very kind answer stating that he had read every word of it, and thanked me most heartily for—it. The whole subject is exceedingly difficult; but it is clear that Russia has made, and is making, a fearful mistake in her way of dealing with it. There are more Israelites in Russia than in all the remainder of the world; and they are crowded together, under most exasperating regulations, in a narrow district just inside her western frontier, mainly extending through what was formerly Poland, with the result that fanaticism—Christian on one side and Jewish on the other—has developed enormously. The Talmudic rabbis are there at their worst; and the consequences are evil, not only for Russia, but for our own country. The immigration which comes to us from these regions is among the very worst that we receive from any part of the world. It is, in fact, an immigration of the unfittest; and, although noble efforts have been made by patriotic Israelites in the United States to meet the difficulty, the results have been far from satisfactory.

There were, of course, the usual adventurous Americans in political difficulties, enterprising Americans in business difficulties, and pretended Americans attempting to secure immunity under the Stars and Stripes. The same ingenious efforts to prostitute American citizenship which I had seen during my former stay in Germany were just as constant in Russia. It was the same old story. Emigrants from the Russian Empire, most of them extremely undesirable, had gone to the United States; stayed just long enough to secure naturalization,—had, indeed, in some cases secured it fraudulently before they had stayed the full time; and then, having returned to Russia, were trying to exercise the rights and evade the duties of both countries.

Many of these cases were exceedingly vexatious; and so, indeed, were some which were better founded. The great difficulty of a representative of the United States in Russia is, first, that the law of the empire is so complicated that,—to use the words of King James regarding Bacon's "Novum Organum,"—"Like the Peace of God, it passeth all understanding." It is made up of codes in part obsolete or obsolescent; ukases and counter−ukases; imperial directions and counter−directions; ministerial orders and counter−orders; police regulations and counter−regulations; with no end of suspensions, modifications, and exceptions.

The second difficulty is the fact that the Buchanan treaty of 1832, which guaranteed, apparently, everything desirable to American citizens sojourning in the empire, has been gradually construed away until its tattered remnants are practically worthless. As the world has discovered, Russia's strong point is not adherence to her treaty promises.

In this respect there is a great difference between Russia and Germany. With the latter we have made careful treaties, the laws are well known, and the American representative feels solid ground beneath his feet; but in Russia there is practically nothing of the kind, and the representative must rely on the main principles of international law, common sense, and his own powers of persuasion.

A peculiar duty during my last stay in St. Petersburg was to watch the approach of cholera, especially on the Persian frontier. Admirable precautions had been taken for securing telegraphic information; and every day I received notices from the Foreign Office as a result, which I communicated to Washington. For ages Russia had relied on fetishes of various kinds to preserve her from great epidemics; but at last her leading officials had come to realize the necessity of applying modern science to the problem, and they did this well. In the city "sanitary columns" were established, made up of small squads of officials representing the medical and engineering professions and the police; these visited every nook and corner of the town, and, having extraordinary powers for the emergency, compelled even the most dirty people to keep their premises clean. Excellent hospitals and laboratories were established, and of these I learned much from a former Cornell student who held an important position in one of them. Coming to town three or four times a week from my summer cottage in Finland, I was struck by the precautions on the Finnish and other railways: notices of what was to be done to prevent cholera and to meet it were posted, in six different languages; disinfectants were made easily accessible; the seats and hangings in the railway−cars were covered with leather cloth frequently washed with disinfectants; and to the main trains a hospital−car was attached, while a temporary hospital, well equipped, was established at each main station. In spite of this, the number of cholera patients at St. Petersburg in the middle of July rose to a very high figure, and the number of deaths each day from cholera was about one hundred.

Of these victims the most eminent was Tschaikovsky, the composer, a man of genius and a most charming

character, to whom Mr. Andrew Carnegie had introduced me at New York. One evening at a dinner−party he poured out a goblet of water from a decanter on the table, drank it down, and next day was dead from Asiatic cholera. But, with this exception, the patients were, so far as I learned, almost entirely from the peasant class. Although boiled water was supplied for drinking purposes, and some public−spirited individuals went so far as to set out samovars and the means of supplying hot tea to peasant workmen, the answer of one of the muzhiks, when told that he ought to drink boiled water, indicated the peasant view: "If God had wished us to drink hot water, he would have heated the Neva."

CHAPTER XXXVI. MY RECOLLECTIONS OF POBEDONOSTZEFF—1892−1894

On arriving at St. Petersburg in 1892 to take charge of the American legation, there was one Russian whom I more desired to meet than any other—Constantine Pobedonostzeff. For some years various English and American reviews had been charging him with bigotry, cruelty, hypocrisy, and, indeed, with nearly every hateful form of political crime; but the fact remained that under Alexander III he was the most influential personage in the empire, and that, though bearing the title of "procurator−general of the Most Holy Synod," he was evidently no less powerful in civil than in ecclesiastical affairs.

As to his history, it was understood to be as follows: When the Grand Duke Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander II,—a young man of gentle characteristics, greatly resembling his father,—died upon the Riviera, the next heir to the throne was his brother Alexander, a stalwart, taciturn guardsman, respected by all who knew him for honesty and directness, but who, having never looked forward to the throne, had been brought up simply as a soldier, with few of the gifts and graces traditional among the heirs of the Russian monarchy since the days of Catherine.

Therefore it was that it became necessary to extemporize for this soldier a training which should fit him for the duties of the position so unexpectedly opened to him; and the man chosen as his tutor was a professor at Moscow, distinguished as a jurist and theologian,—a man of remarkable force of character, and devoted to Russian ideas as distinguished from those of Western Europe: Constantine Pobedonostzeff.

During the dark and stormy days toward the end of his career, Alexander II had called in as his main adviser General Loris−Melikoff, a man of Armenian descent, in whom was mingled with the shrewd characteristics of his race a sincere desire to give to Russia a policy and development in accordance with modern ideas.

The result the world knows well. The Emperor, having taken the advice of this and other councilors,—deeply patriotic men like Miloutine, Samarine, and Tcherkassky,—had freed the serfs within his empire (twenty millions in all); had sanctioned a vast scheme by which they were to arrive at the possession of landed property; had established local self−government in the various provinces of his empire; had improved the courts of law; had introduced Western ideas into legal procedure; had greatly mitigated the severities formerly exercised toward the Jews; and had made all ready to promulgate a constitution on his approaching birthday.

But this did not satisfy the nihilistic sect. What more they wanted it is hard to say. It is more than doubtful whether Russia even then had arrived at a stage of civilization when the institutions which Alexander II had already conceded could be adopted with profit; but the leaders of the anarchic movement, with their vague longings for fruit on the day the tree was planted, decreed the Emperor's death—the assassination of the greatest benefactor that Russia has ever known, one of the greatest that humanity has known. It was, perhaps, the most fearful crime ever committed against liberty and freedom; for it blasted the hopes and aspirations of over a hundred millions of people, and doubtless for many generations.

On this the sturdy young guardsman became the Emperor Alexander III. It is related by men conversant with Russian affairs that, at the first meeting of the imperial councilors, Loris−Melikoiff, believing that the young sovereign would be led by filial reverence to continue the liberal policy to which the father had devoted his life, made a speech taking this for granted, and that the majority of those present, including the Emperor, seemed in accord with him; when suddenly there arose a tall, gaunt, scholarly man, who at first very simply, but finally very eloquently, presented a different view. According to the chroniclers of the period, Pobedonostzeff told the Emperor that all so−called liberal measures, including the constitution, were a delusion; that, though such things might be suited to Western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been, from time immemorial, the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws, the ideas of the hundred and twenty millions of various races under the Russian scepter; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so called, had already shown itself an absurdity; that socialism, anarchism, and nihilism, with their plots and bombs, were appearing in all quarters; that murder was plotted against rulers of nations everywhere, the best of presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were

supposed to have taken the most complete hold; that the principle of authority in human government was to be saved; and that this principle existed as an effective force only in Russia.

This speech is said to have carried all before it. As its immediate result came the retirement of Loris−Melikoff, followed by his death not long afterward; the entrance of Pobedonostzeff among the most cherished councilors of the Emperor; the suppression of the constitution; the discouragement of every liberal tendency; and that fanatical reaction which has been in full force ever since.

This was the man whom I especially desired to see and to understand; and therefore it was that I was very glad to receive from the State Department instructions to consult with him regarding some rather delicate matters needing adjustment between the Greek Church and our authorities in Alaska, and also in relation to the representation of Russia at the Chicago Exposition.

I found him, as one of the great ministers of the crown, residing in a ministerial palace, but still retaining, in large measure, his old quality of professor. About him was a beautiful library, with every evidence of a love for art and literature. I had gone into his presence with many feelings of doubt. Against no one in Russia had charges so bitter been made in my hearing: it was universally insisted that he was responsible for the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Poland, of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces and in Finland, of the Stundists in Central Russia, and of the dissenting sects everywhere. He had been spoken of in the English reviews as the "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," and this epithet seemed to be generally accepted as fitting.

I found him a scholarly, kindly man, ready to discuss the business which I brought before him, and showing a wide interest in public affairs. There were few, if any, doctrines, either political or theological, which we held in common, but he seemed inclined to meet the wishes of our government as fully and fairly as he could; and thus was begun one of the most interesting acquaintances I have ever made.

His usual time of receiving his friends was on Sunday evening between nine and twelve; and very many such evenings I passed in his study, discussing with him, over glasses of fragrant Russian tea, every sort of question with the utmost freedom.

I soon found that his reasons for that course of action to which the world so generally objects are not so superficial as they are usually thought. The repressive policy which he has so earnestly adopted is based not merely upon his views as a theologian, but upon his convictions as a statesman. While, as a Russo−Greek churchman, he regards the established church of the empire as the form of Christianity most primitive and pure; and while he sees in its ritual, in its art, and in all the characteristics of its worship the nearest approach to his ideals, he looks at it also from the point of view of a statesman—as the greatest cementing power of the vast empire through which it is spread.

This being the case, he naturally opposes all other religious bodies in Russia as not merely inflicting injury upon Christianity, but as tending to the political disintegration of the empire. Never, in any of our conversations, did I hear him speak a harsh word of any other church or of any religious ideas opposed to his own; but it was clear that he regarded Protestants and dissident sects generally as but agents in the progress of disintegration which, in Western Europe, seemed approaching a crisis, and that he considered the Roman Catholic Church in Poland as practically a political machine managed by a hierarchy in deadly hostility to the Russian Empire and to Russian influence everywhere.

In discussing his own church, he never hesitated to speak plainly of its evident shortcomings. Unquestionably, one of the wishes nearest his heart is to reform the abuses which have grown up among its clergy, especially in their personal habits. Here, too, is a reason for any repressive policy which he may have exercised against other religious bodies. Everything that detracts from the established Russo−Greek Church detracts from the revenues of its clergy, and, as these are pitifully small, aids to keep the priests and their families in the low condition from which he is so earnestly endeavoring to raise them. As regards the severe policy inaugurated by Alexander III against the Jews of the empire, which Pobedonostzeff, more than any other man, is supposed to have inspired, he seemed to have no harsh feelings against Israelites as such; but his conduct seemed based upon a theory which, in various conversations, he presented with much force: namely, that Russia, having within its borders more Jews than exist in all the world besides, and having suffered greatly from these as from an organization really incapable of assimilation with the body politic, must pursue a repressive policy toward them and isolate them in order to protect its rural population.

While he was very civil in his expressions regarding the United States, he clearly considered all Western

civilization a failure. He seemed to anticipate, before long, a collapse in the systems and institutions of Western Europe. To him socialism and anarchism, with all they imply, were but symptoms of a wide−spread political and social disease—indications of an approaching catastrophe destined to end a civilization which, having rejected orthodoxy, had cast aside authority, given the force of law to the whimsies of illiterate majorities, and accepted, as the voice of God, the voice of unthinking mobs, blind to their own interests and utterly incapable of working out their own good. It was evident that he regarded Russia as representing among the nations the idea of Heaven−given and church−anointed authority, as the empire destined to save the principle of divine right and the rule of the fittest.

Revolutionary efforts in Russia he discussed calmly. Referring to Loris−Melikoff, the representative of the principles most strongly opposed to his own, no word of censure escaped him. The only evidence of deep feeling on this subject he ever showed in my presence was when he referred to the writings of a well−known Russian refugee in London, and said, "He is a murderer."

As to public instruction, he evidently held to the idea so thoroughly carried out in Russia: namely, that the upper class, which is to conduct the business of the state, should be highly educated, but that the mass of the people need no education beyond what will keep them contented in the humble station to which it has pleased God to call them. A very curious example of his conservatism I noted in his remarks regarding the droshkies of St. Petersburg. The droshky−drivers are Russian peasants, simple and, as a rule, pious; rarely failing to make the sign of the cross on passing a church or shrine, or at any other moment which seems to them solemn. They are possibly picturesque, but certainly dirty, in their clothing and in all their surroundings. A conveyance more wretched than the ordinary street−droshky of a Russian city could hardly be conceived, and measures had been proposed for improving this system; but he could see no use in them. The existing system was thoroughly Russian, and that was enough. It appealed to his conservatism. The droshky−drivers, with their Russian caps, their long hair and beards, their picturesque caftans, and their deferential demeanor, satisfied his esthetic sense.

What seemed to me a clash between his orthodox conservatism on one side, and his Russian pride on the other, I discovered on my return from a visit to Moscow, in which I had sundry walks and talks with Tolstoi. On my alluding to this, he showed some interest. It was clear that he was separated by a whole orb of thought from the great novelist, yet it was none the less evident that he took pride in him. He naturally considered Tolstoi as hopelessly wrong in all his fundamental ideas, and yet was himself too much of a man of letters not to recognize in his brilliant countryman one of the glories of Russia.

But the most curious—indeed, the most amazing—revelation of the man I found in his love for American literature. He is a wide reader; and, in the whole breadth of his reading, American authors were evidently among those he preferred. Of these his favorites were Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson. Curious, indeed, was it to learn that this "arch−persecutor," this "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire and without it, still reads, as his favorite author, the philosopher of Concord. He told me that the first book which he ever translated into Russian was Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; and of that he gave me the Latin original from which he made his translation, with a copy of the translation itself. But he also told me that the next book he translated was a volume of Emerson's "Essays," and he added that for years there had always lain open upon his study table a volume of Emerson's writings.

There is, thus clearly, a relation of his mind to the literature of the Western world very foreign to his feelings regarding Western religious ideas. This can be accounted for perhaps by his own character as a man of letters. That he has a distinct literary gift is certain. I have in my possession sundry articles of his, and especially a poem in manuscript, which show real poetic feeling and a marked power of expression. It is a curious fact that, though so addicted to English and American literature, he utterly refuses to converse in our language. His medium of communication with foreigners is always French. On my asking him why he would not use our language in conversation, he answered that he had learned it from books, and that his pronunciation of it would expose him to ridicule.

In various circles in St. Petersburg I heard him spoken of as a hypocrite, but a simple sense of justice compels me to declare this accusation unjust. He indeed retires into a convent for a portion of every year to join the monks in their austerities; but this practice is, I believe, the outgrowth of a deep religious feeling. On returning from one of these visits, he brought to my wife a large Easter egg of lacquered work, exquisitely illuminated. I have

examined, in various parts of Europe, beautiful specimens of the best periods of mediaeval art; but in no one of them have I found anything in the way of illumination more perfect than this which he brought from his monkish brethren. In nothing did he seem to unbend more than in his unfeigned love for religious art as it exists in Russia. He discussed with me one evening sundry photographs of the new religious paintings in the cathedral of Kieff in a spirit which revealed this feeling for religious art as one of the deepest characteristics of his nature.

He was evidently equally sensitive to the beauties of religious literature. Giving me various books containing the services of the Orthodox Church, he dwelt upon the beauty of the Slavonic version of the Psalms and upon the church hymnology.

The same esthetic side of his nature was evident at various great church ceremonies. It has happened to me to see Pius IX celebrate mass, both at the high altar of St. Peter's and in the Sistine Chapel, and to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week and of Easter at the Roman basilicas, and at the time it was hard to conceive anything of the kind more impressive; but I have never seen any church functions, on the whole, more imposing than the funeral service of the Emperor Nicholas during my first visit to Russia, and various imperial weddings, funerals, name−days, and the like, during my second visit. On such occasions Pobedonostzeff frequently came over from his position among the ministers of the crown to explain to us the significance of this or that feature in the ritual of music. It was plain that these things touched what was deepest in him; it must be confessed that his attachment to the church is sincere.

Nor were these impressions made upon me alone. It fell to my lot to present to him one of the most eminent journalists our country has produced—Charles A. Dana, a man who could discuss on even terms with any European statesman all the leading modern questions. Dana had been brought into close contact with many great men; but it was plain to see—what he afterward acknowledged to me—that he was very deeply impressed by this eminent Russian. The talk of two such men threw new light upon the characteristics of Pobedonostzeff, and strengthened my impression of his intellectual sincerity.

In regard to the relation of the Russo−Greek Church to other churches I spoke to him at various times, and found in him no personal feeling of dislike to them. The nearest approach to such a feeling appeared, greatly to my surprise, in sundry references to the Greek Church as it exists in Greece. In these he showed a spirit much like that which used to be common among High−church Episcopalians in speaking of Low−church "Evangelicals." Mindful of the earnest efforts made by the Anglican communion to come into closer relations with the Russian branch of the Eastern Church, I at various times broached that subject, and the glimpses I obtained of his feeling regarding it surprised me. Previously to these interviews I had supposed that the main difficulty in the way to friendly relations between these two branches of the church universal had its origin in the "filioque" clause of the Nicene Creed. As is well known, the Eastern Church adheres to that creed in its original form,—the form in which the Holy Ghost is represented as "proceeding from the Father,"—whereas the Western Church adopts the additional words, "and from the Son." That the Russo−Greek Church is very tenacious of its position in this respect, and considers the position of the Western Church—Catholic and Protestant—as savoring of blasphemy, is well known; and there was a curious evidence of this during my second stay in Russia. Twice during that time I heard the "Missa Solennis" of Beethoven. It was first given by a splendid choir in the great hall of the University of Helsingfors. That being in Finland, which is mainly Lutheran, the Creed was sung in its Western form. Naturally, on going to hear it given by a great choir at St. Petersburg, I was curious to know how this famous clause would be dealt with. In various parts of the audience were priests of the Russo−Greek faith, yet there were very many Lutherans and Calvinists, and I watched with some interest the approach of the passage containing the disputed words; but when we reached this it was wholly omitted. Any allusion to the "procession" was evidently forbidden. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, on my asking Pobedonostzeff,[5] as the representative of the Emperor in the Synod of the empire,—the highest assemblage in the church, and he the most influential man in it, really controlling archbishops and bishops throughout the empire,—whether the "filioque" clause is an insurmountable obstacle to union, he replied, "Not at all; that is simply a question of dialectics. But with whom are we to unite? Shall it be with the High−churchmen, the Broad−churchmen, or the Low−churchmen? These are three different bodies of men with distinctly different ideas of church order; indeed, with distinctly different creeds. Which of these is the Orthodox Church to regard as the representative of the Anglican communion?" I endeavored to show him that the union, if it took place at all, must be based on ideas and beliefs that underlie all these distinctions; but he still returned to his original proposition, which was that union is impossible until a more

distinct basis than any now attainable can be arrived at.

[5] I find, in a letter from Pobedonostzeff, that he spells his name as here printed.

I suggested to him a visit to Great Britain and his making the acquaintance of leading Englishmen; but to this he answered that at his time of life he had no leisure for such a recreation; that his duties absolutely forbade it.

In regard to relations with the Russo−Greek Church on our own continent, he seemed to speak with great pleasure of the treatment that sundry Russian bishops had received among us. He read me letters from a member of the Russo−Greek hierarchy, full of the kindliest expressions toward Americans, and especially acknowledging their friendly reception of him and of his ministrations. Both the archbishop in his letter, and Pobedonostzeff in his talk, were very much amused over the fact that the Americans, after extending various other courtesies to the archbishop, offered him cigars.

He discussed the possibility of introducing the "Holy Orthodox Church" into the United States, but always disclaimed all zeal in religious propagandism, saying that the church authorities had quite enough work to do in extending and fortifying the church throughout the Russian Empire. He said that the pagan tribes of the imperial dominions in Asia seemed more inclined to Mohammedanism than to Christianity, and gave as the probable reason the fact that the former faith is much the simpler of the two. He was evidently unable to grasp the idea of the Congress of Religions at the Chicago Exposition, and seemed inclined to take a mildly humorous view of it as one of the droll inventions of the time.

He appeared to hold our nation as a problem apart, and was, perhaps, too civil in his conversations with me to include it in the same condemnation with the nations of Western Europe which had, in his opinion, gone hopelessly wrong. He also seemed drawn to us by his admiration for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell. When Professor Norton's edition of Lowell's "Letters" came out, I at once took it to him. It evidently gave him great pleasure—perhaps because it revealed to him a very different civilization, life, and personality from anything to which he had been accustomed. Still, America seemed to be to him a sort of dreamland. He constantly returned to Russian affairs as to the great realities of the world. Discussing, as we often did, the condition and future of the wild tribes and nations within the Asiatic limits of the empire, he betrayed no desire either for crusades or for intrigues to convert them; he simply spoke of the legitimate influence of the church in civilizing them.

I recall a brilliant but denunciatory article, published in one of the English reviews some time since by a well−known nihilist, which contained, in the midst of various charges against the Russian statesman, a description of his smile, which was characterized as forbidding, and even ghastly. I watched for this smile with much interest, but it never came. A smile upon his face I have often seen; but it was a kindly smile, with no trace of anything ghastly or cruel in it.

He seemed to take pleasure in the society of his old professorial friends, and one of them he once brought to my table. This was a professor of history, deeply conversant with the affairs of the empire; and we discussed the character and career of Catherine II. The two men together brought out a mass of curious information, throwing a strange light into transactions which only the most recent historians are beginning to understand, among these the assassination of Czar Peter III, Catherine's husband. On one occasion when Pobedonostzeff was visiting me I tested his knowledge in regard to a matter of special interest, and obtained a new side−light upon his theory of the universe. There is at present on the island of Cronstadt, at the mouth of the Neva, a Russo−Greek priest, Father Ivan, who enjoys throughout the empire a vast reputation as a saintly worker of miracles. This priest has a very spiritual and kindly face; is known to receive vast sums for the poor, which he distributes among them while he himself remains in poverty; and is supposed not merely by members of the Russo−Greek Church, but by those of other religious bodies, to work frequent miracles of healing. I was assured by persons of the highest character—and those not only Russo−Greek churchmen, but Roman Catholics and Anglicans—that there could be no doubt as to the reality of these miracles, and various examples were given me. So great is Father Ivan's reputation in this respect that he is in constant demand in all parts of the empire, and was even summoned to Livadia during the last illness of the late Emperor. Whenever he appears in public great crowds surround him, seeking to touch the hem of his garment. His picture is to be seen with the portraits of the saints in vast numbers of Russian homes, from the palaces of the highest nobles to the cottages of the humblest peasants.

It happened to me on one occasion to have an experience which I have related elsewhere, but which is repeated here as throwing light on the ideas of the Russian statesman.

On my arrival in St. Petersburg my attention was at once aroused by the portraits of Father Ivan. They ranged

from photographs absolutely true to life, which revealed a plain, shrewd, kindly face, to those which were idealized until they bore a near resemblance to the conventional representations of Jesus of Nazareth.

One day, in one of the most brilliant reception−rooms of the Northern capital, the subject of Father Ivan's miracles having been introduced, a gentleman in very high social position, and entirely trustworthy, spoke as follows: "There is something very surprising about these miracles. I am slow to believe in them; but there is one of them which is overwhelming and absolutely true. The late Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Archbishop Isidore, loved quiet, and was very averse to anything which could possibly cause scandal. Hearing of the wonders wrought by Father Ivan, he summoned him to his presence and sternly commanded him to abstain from all the things which had given rise to these reported miracles, as sure to create scandal, and with this injunction dismissed him. Hardly had the priest left the room when the archbishop was struck with blindness, and he remained in this condition until the priest returned and restored his sight by intercessory prayer." When I asked the gentleman giving this account if he directly knew these facts, he replied that he was, of course, not present when the miracle was wrought; but that he had the facts immediately from persons who knew all the parties concerned, as well as all the circumstances of the case; and, indeed, that these circumstances were matter of general knowledge.

Sometime afterward, being at an afternoon reception in one of the greater embassies, I brought up the same subject, when an eminent general spoke as follows: "I am not inclined to believe in miracles,—in fact, am rather skeptical; but the proofs of those wrought by Father Ivan are overwhelming." He then went on to say that the late metropolitan archbishop was a man who loved quiet and disliked scandal; that on this account he had summoned Father Ivan to his palace, and ordered him to put an end to the conduct which had caused the reports concerning his miraculous powers; and then, with a wave of his arm, had dismissed him. The priest left the room, and from that moment the archbishop's arm was paralyzed; and it remained so until the penitent prelate summoned the priest again, by whose prayers the arm was restored to its former usefulness. There was present at the time another person besides myself who had heard the previous statement as to the blindness of the archbishop; and, on our both asking the general if he was sure that the archbishop's arm was paralyzed as stated, he declared that he could not doubt it, as he had the account directly from persons entirely trustworthy who were cognizant of all the facts.

Sometime later, meeting Pobedonostzeff, I asked him which of these stories was correct. He answered immediately, "Neither: in the discharge of my duties I saw the Archbishop Isidore constantly down to the last hours of his life, and no such event ever occurred. He was never paralyzed and never blind." But the great statesman and churchman then went on to say that, although this story was untrue, there were a multitude of others quite as remarkable in which he believed; and he gave me a number of legends showing that Father Ivan possessed supernatural knowledge and miraculous powers. These he unfolded to me with much detail, and with such an accent of conviction that we seemed surrounded by a mediaeval atmosphere in which signs and wonders were the most natural things in the world.

As to his action on politics since my leaving Russia, the power which he exercised over Alexander III has evidently been continued during the reign of the young Nicholas II. In spite of his eighty years, he seems to be, to−day, the leader of the reactionary party.

During the early weeks of The Hague Conference, Count Munster, in his frequent diatribes against its whole purpose, and especially against arbitration, was wont to insist that the whole thing was a scheme prepared by Pobedonostzeff to embarrass Germany; that, as Russia was always wretchedly unready with her army, The Hague Conference was simply a trick for gaining time against her rivals who kept up better military preparations. There may have been truth in part of this assertion; but the motive of the great Russian statesman in favoring the conference was probably not so much to gain time for the army as to gain money for the church. With his intense desire to increase the stipends of the Russian orthodox clergy, and thus to raise them somewhat above their present low condition, he must have groaned over the enormous sums spent by his government in the frequent changes in almost every item of expenditure for its vast army—changes made in times of profound peace, simply to show that Russia was keeping her army abreast of those of her sister nations. Hence came the expressed Russian desire to "keep people from inventing things." It has always seemed to me that, while the idea underlying the Peace Conference came originally from Jean de Bloch, there must have been powerful aid from Pobedonostzeff. So much of good—and, indeed, of great good —we may attribute to him as highly probable, if not certain.

But, on the other hand, there would seem to be equal reason for attributing to him, in these latter days, a

fearful mass of evil. To say nothing of the policy of Russia in Poland and elsewhere, her dealings with Finland thus far form one of the blackest spots on the history of the empire. Whether he originated this iniquity or not is uncertain; but when, in 1892, I first saw the new Russian cathedral rising on the heights above Helsingfors,—a structure vastly more imposing than any warranted by the small number of the "orthodox" in Finland,—with its architecture of the old Muscovite type, symbolical of fetishism, I could not but recognize his hand in it. It seemed clear to me that here was the beginning of religious aggression on the Lutheran Finlanders, which must logically be followed by political and military aggression; and, in view of his agency in this as in everything reactionary, I did not wonder at the attempt to assassinate him not long afterward.

During my recent stay in Germany he visited me at the Berlin Embassy. He was, as of old, apparently gentle, kindly, interested in literature, not interested to any great extent in current Western politics. This gentle, kindly manner of his brought back forcibly to my mind a remark of one of the most cultivated women I met in Russia, a princess of ancient lineage, who ardently desired reasonable reforms, and who, when I mentioned to her a report that Pobedonostzeff was weary of political life, and was about to retire from office in order to devote himself to literary pursuits, said: "Don't, I beg of you, tell me that; for I have always noticed that whenever such a report is circulated, it is followed by some new scheme of his, even more infernal than those preceding it."

So much for the man who, during the present reign, seems one of the main agents in holding Russian policy on the road to ruin. He is indeed a study. The descriptive epithet which clings to him—"the Torquemada of the nineteenth century"—he once discussed with me in no unkindly spirit; indeed, in as gentle a spirit as can well be conceived. His life furnishes a most interesting study in churchmanship, in statesmanship, and in human nature, and shows how some of the men most severely condemned by modern historians—great persecutors, inquisitors, and the like—may have based their actions on theories the world has little understood, and may have had as little conscious ferocity as their more tolerant neighbors.

CHAPTER XXXVII. WALKS AND TALES WITH TOLSTOI—MARCH, 1894

Revisiting Moscow after an absence of thirty−five years, the most surprising thing to me was that there had been so little change. With the exception of the new gallery of Russian art, and the bazaar opposite the sacred gate of the Kremlin, things seemed as I had left them just after the accession of Alexander II. There were the same unkempt streets; the same peasantry clad in sheepskins; the same troops of beggars, sturdy and dirty; the same squalid crowds crossing themselves before the images at the street corners; the same throngs of worshipers knocking their heads against the pavements of churches; and above all loomed, now as then, the tower of Ivan and the domes of St. Basil, gloomy, gaudy, and barbaric. Only one change had taken place which interested me: for the first time in the history of Russia, a man of world−wide fame in literature and thought was abiding there—Count Leo Tolstoi.

On the evening of my arrival I went with my secretary to his weekly reception. As we entered his house on the outskirts of the city, two servants in evening dress came forward, removed our fur coats, and opened the doors into the reception−room of the master. Then came a surprise. His living−room seemed the cabin of a Russian peasant. It was wainscoted almost rudely and furnished very simply; and there approached us a tall, gaunt Russian, unmistakably born to command, yet clad as a peasant, his hair thrown back over his ears on either side, his flowing blouse kept together by a leathern girdle, his high jack−boots completing the costume. This was Tolstoi.

Nothing could be more kindly than his greeting. While his dress was that of a peasant, his bearing was the very opposite; for, instead of the depressed, demure, hangdog expression of the average muzhik, his manner, though cordial, was dignified and impressive. Having given us a hearty welcome, he made us acquainted with various other guests. It was a singular assemblage. There were foreigners in evening dress, Moscow professors in any dress they liked, and a certain number of youth, evidently disciples, who, though clearly not of the peasant class, wore the peasant costume. I observed these with interest but certainly as long as they were under the spell of the master they communicated nothing worth preserving; they seemed to show "the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration."

The professors were much more engaging. The University of Moscow has in its teaching body several strong men, and some of these were present. One of them, whose department was philosophy, especially interested and encouraged me by assurances that the movement of Russian philosophy is "back to Kant." In the strange welter of whims and dreams which one finds in Russia, this was to me an unexpected evidence of healthful thought.

Naturally, I soon asked to be presented to the lady of the house, and the count escorted us through a series of rooms to a salon furnished much like any handsome apartment in Paris or St. Petersburg, where the countess, with other ladies, all in full evening dress, received us cordially. This sudden transition from the peasant cabin of the master to these sumptuous rooms of the mistress was startling; it seemed like scene−shifting at a theater.

After some friendly talk, all returned to the rooms of the master of the house, where tea was served at a long table from the bubbling brazen urn—the samovar; and though there were some twenty or thirty guests, nothing could be more informal. All was simple, kindly, and unrestrained.

My first question was upon the condition of the people. Our American legation had corresponded with Count Tolstoi and his family as to distributing a portion of the famine fund sent from the United States, hence this subject naturally arose at the outset. He said that the condition of the peasants was still very bad; that they had very generally eaten their draught−animals, burned portions of their buildings to keep life in their bodies, and reduced themselves to hopeless want. On my suggesting that the new commercial treaty with Germany might help matters, he thought that it would have but little effect, since only a small portion of the total product of Russian agriculture is consumed abroad. This led him to speak of some Americans and Englishmen who had visited the famine−stricken districts, and, while he referred kindly to them all, he seemed especially attracted by the Quaker John Bellows of Gloucester, England, the author of the wonderful little French dictionary. This led him to say that he sympathized with the Quakers in everything save their belief in property; that in this they were utterly illogical; that property presupposes force to protect it. I remarked that most American Quakers knew nothing of such force; that none of them had ever seen an American soldier, save during our Civil War, and that probably not one in

hundreds of them had ever seen a soldier at all. He answered, "But you forget the policeman." He evidently put policemen and soldiers in the same category—as using force to protect property, and therefore to be alike abhorred.

I found that to his disbelief in any right of ownership literary property formed no exception. He told me that, in his view, he had no right to receive money for the permission to print a book. To this I naturally answered that by carrying out this doctrine he would simply lavish large sums upon publishers in every country of Europe and America, many of them rich and some of them piratical; and that in my opinion he would do a much better thing by taking the full value of his copyrights and bestowing the proceeds upon the peasantry starving about him. To which he answered that it was a question of duty. To this I agreed, but remarked that beneath this lay the question what this duty really was. It was a pleasure to learn from another source that the countess took a different view of it, and that she had in some way secured the proceeds of his copyrights for their very large and interesting family. Light was thus thrown on Tolstoi's remark, made afterward, that women are not so self−sacrificing as men; that a man would sometimes sacrifice his family for an idea, but that a woman would not.

He then went on to express an interest in the Shakers, and especially in Frederick Evans. He had evidently formed an idea of them very unlike the reality; in fact, the Shaker his imagination had developed was as different from a Lebanon Shaker as an eagle from a duck, and his notion of their influence on American society was comical.

He spoke at some length regarding religion in Russia, evidently believing that its present dominant form is soon to pass away. I asked him how then he could account for the fact that while in other countries women are greatly in the majority at church services, in every Russian church the majority are men; and that during the thirty−five years since my last visit to Moscow this tendency had apparently increased. He answered, "All this is on the surface; there is much deeper thought below, and the great want of Russia is liberty to utter it." He then gave some examples to show this, among them the case of a gentleman and lady in St. Petersburg, whose children had been taken from them and given to Princess ——, their grandmother, because the latter is of the Orthodox Church and the former are not. I answered that I had seen the children; that their grandmother had told me that their mother was a screaming atheist with nihilistic tendencies, who had left her husband and was bringing up the children in a scandalous way,—teaching them to abjure God and curse the Czar; that their father had thought it his duty to give all his property away and work as a laborer; that therefore she—the grandmother—had secured an order from the Emperor empowering her to take charge of the children; that I had seen the children at their grandmother's house, and that they had seemed very happy. Tolstoi insisted that this statement by the grandmother was simply made to cover the fact that the children were taken from the mother because her belief was not of the orthodox pattern. My opinion is that Tolstoi was mistaken, at least as to the father; and that the father had been led to give away his property and work with his hands in obedience to the ideas so eloquently advocated by Tolstoi himself. Unlike his master, this gentleman appears not to have had the advantage of a wife who mitigated his ideas.

Tolstoi also referred to the difficulties which translators had found in securing publishers for his most recent book—"The Kingdom of God." On my assuring him that American publishers of high standing would certainly be glad to take it, he said that he had supposed the ideas in it so contrary to opinions dominant in America as to prevent its publication there.

Returning to the subject of religion in Russia, he referred to some curious incongruities; as, for example, the portrait of Socrates forming part of a religious picture in the Annunciation Church at the Kremlin. He said that evidently some monk, who had dipped into Plato, had thus placed Socrates among the precursors of Christ. I cited the reason assigned by Melanchthon for Christ's descent into hell—namely, the desire of the Redeemer to make himself known to Socrates, Plato, and the best of the ancient philosophers; and I compared this with Luther's idea, so characteristic of him, that Christ descended into hell in order to have a hand−to−hand grapple and wrestle with Satan. This led Tolstoi to give me a Russian legend of the descent into hell, which was that, when Christ arrived there, he found Satan forging chains, but that, at the approach of the Saviour, the walls of hell collapsed, and Satan found himself entangled in his own chains, and remained so for a thousand years.

In regard to the Jews, he said that he sympathized with them, but that the statements regarding the persecution of them were somewhat exaggerated. Kennan's statements regarding the treatment of prisoners in Siberia he thought overdrawn at times, but substantially true. He expressed his surprise that certain leading men in the

empire, whom he named, could believe that persecution and the forcible repression of thought would have any permanent effect at the end of the nineteenth century.

He then dwelt upon sundry evil conditions in Russia, on which my comment was that every country, of course, had its own grievous shortcomings; and I cited, as to America, the proverb: "No one knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it." At this he asked me about lynch law in the United States, and expressed his horror of it. I showed him that it was the inevitable result of a wretched laxity and sham humanity in the administration of our criminal law, which had led great bodies of people, more especially in the Southern and extreme Western parts of the country, to revert to natural justice and take the law into their own hands; and I cited Goldwin Smith's profound remark that "some American lynchings are proofs not so much of lawlessness as of a respect for law."

He asked me where, besides this, the shoe pinched in the United States. I told him that it pinched in various places, but that perhaps the worst pinch arises from the premature admission to full political rights of men who have been so benumbed and stunted intellectually and morally in other countries that their exercise of political rights in America is frequently an injury, not only to others, but to themselves. In proof of this I cited the case of the crowds whom I had seen some years before huddled together in New York tenement−houses, preyed upon by their liquor−selling landlords, their families perishing of typhoid and smallpox on account of the negligence and maladministration of the local politicians, but who, as a rule, were almost if not quite ready to mob and murder those of us who brought in a new health board and a better order of things; showing him that for years the very class of people who suffered most from the old, vile state of things did their best by their votes to keep in power the men who maintained it.

We then passed to the subject of the trans−Siberian Railway. In this he seemed interested, but in a vague way which added nothing to my knowledge.

Asking me regarding my former visit to Moscow, and learning that it was during the Crimean War, he said, "At that time I was in Sebastopol, and continued there as a soldier during the siege."

As to his relations with the imperial government at present, he said that he had been recently elected to a learned society in Moscow, but that the St. Petersburg government had interfered to stop the election; and he added that every morning, when he awoke, he wondered that he was not on his way to Siberia.

On my leaving him, both he and the countess invited me to meet them next day at the Tretiakof Museum of Russian Pictures; and accordingly, on the following afternoon, I met them at that greatest of all galleries devoted purely to Russian art. They were accompanied by several friends, among them a little knot of disciples—young men clad in simple peasant costume like that worn by the master. It was evident that he was an acknowledged lion at the old Russian capital, for as he led me about to see the pictures which he liked best, he was followed and stared at by many.

Pointing out to me some modern religious pictures in Byzantine style painted for the Cathedral of Kieff, he said, "They represent an effort as futile as trying to persuade chickens to reenter the egg−shells from which they have escaped." He next showed me two religious pictures; the first representing the meeting of Jesus and Pilate, when the latter asked, "What is truth?" Pilate was depicted as a rotund, jocose, cynical man of the world; Jesus, as a street preacher in sordid garments, with unkempt hair flowing over his haggard face,—a peasant fanatic brought in by the police. Tolstoi showed an especial interest in this picture; it seemed to reveal to him the real secret of that famous question and its answer; the question coming from the mighty of the earth, and the answer from the poor and oppressed.

The other picture represented the Crucifixion. It was painted in the most realistic manner possible; nothing was idealized; it was even more vividly realistic than Gebhardt's picture of the Lord's Supper, at Berlin; so that it at first repelled me, though it afterward exercised a certain fascination. That Tolstoi was deeply interested was clear. He stood for a time in silence, as if musing upon all that the sacrifice on Calvary had brought to the world. Other representations of similar scenes, in the conventional style of the older masters, he had passed without a glance; but this spectacle of the young Galilean peasant, with unattractive features, sordid garb, poverty−stricken companions, and repulsive surroundings, tortured to death for preaching the "kingdom of God" to the poor and down−trodden, seemed to hold him fast, and as he pointed out various features in the picture it became even more clear to me that sympathy with the peasant class, and a yearning to enter into their cares and sorrows, form the real groundwork of his life.

He then took me to a small picture of Jesus and his disciples leaving the upper room at Jerusalem after the Last Supper. This, too, was painted in the most realistic manner. The disciples, simple−minded fishermen, rude in features and dress, were plodding homeward, while Christ himself gazed at the stars and drew the attention of his nearest companions to some of the brightest. Tolstoi expressed especial admiration for this picture, saying that at times it affected him like beautiful music,—like music which draws tears, one can hardly tell why. It was more and more evident, as he lingered before this and other pictures embodying similar ideas, that sympathy for those struggling through poverty and want toward a better life is his master passion.

Among the pictures, not to be classed as religious, before which he thus lingered were those representing the arrest of a nihilist and the return of an exile from Siberia. Both were well painted, and both revealed the same characteristic—sympathy with the poor, even with criminals.

Some of the more famous historical pictures in the collection he thought exaggerated; especially those representing the fury of the Grand Duchess Sophia in her monastery prison, and the remorse of Ivan the Terrible after murdering his son.

To my surprise, he agreed with me, and even went beyond me, in rating landscape infinitely below religious and historical painting, saying that he cared for landscape−painting only as accessory to pictures revealing human life.

Among genre pictures, we halted before one representing a peasant family grouped about the mother, who, with a sacred picture laid upon her breast, after the Russian manner, was dying of famine. This also seemed deeply to impress him.

We stopped next before a picture of a lady of high birth brought before the authorities in order to be sent, evidently against her will, to a convent. I cited the similar story from Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi"; but, to my surprise, he seemed to know little of that most fascinating of historical romances. This led to a discussion in which he said he had once liked Walter Scott, but had not read anything of his for many years; and he seemed interested in my statement that although always an especial admirer of Scott, I had found it almost impossible to induce the younger generation to read him.

Stopping before a picture of Peter the Great's fatal conference with his son Alexis, in reply to my remark upon the marvel that a prince of such genius as Peter should have appeared at Moscow in the seventeenth century, he said that he did not admire Peter, that he was too cruel,—administering torture and death at times with his own hands.

We next halted before a picture representing the horrible execution of the Strelitzes. I said that "such pictures prove that the world does, after all, progress slowly, in spite of what pessimists say, and that in order to refute pessimists one has only to refer to the improvements in criminal law." To this he agreed cordially, and declared the abolition of torture in procedure and penalty to be one great gain, at any rate.

We spoke of the present condition of things in Europe, and I told him that at St. Petersburg the opinion very general among the more thoughtful members of the diplomatic corps was that war was not imminent; that the Czar, having himself seen the cruelties of war during the late struggle in the Balkans, had acquired an invincible repugnance to it. He acquiesced in this, but said that it seemed monstrous to him that the peace of the empire and of Europe should depend upon so slender a thread as the will of any one man.

Our next walk was taken across the river Moskwa, on the ice, to and through the Kremlin, and as we walked the conversation fell upon literature. As to French literature, he thought Maupassant the man of greatest talent, by far, in recent days, but that he was depraved and centered all his fiction in women. For Balzac, Tolstoi evidently preserved admiration, but he cared little, apparently, for Daudet, Zola, and their compeers.

As to American literature, he said that Tourgueneff had once told him that there was nothing in it worth reading; nothing new or original; that it was simply a copy of English literature. To this I replied that such criticism seemed to me very shallow; that American literature was, of course, largely a growth out of the parent stock of English literature, and must mainly be judged as such; that to ask in the highest American literature something absolutely different from English literature in general was like looking for oranges upon an apple−tree; that there had come new varieties in this growth, many of them original, and some beautiful; but that there was the same sap, the same life−current running through it all; and I compared the treatment of woman in all Anglo−Saxon literature, whether on one side of the Atlantic or the other, from Chaucer to Mark Twain, with the treatment of the same subject by French writers from Rabelais to Zola. To this he answered that in his opinion the

strength of American literature arises from the inherent Anglo−Saxon religious sentiment. He expressed a liking for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Whittier, but he seemed to have read at random, not knowing at all some of the best things. He spoke with admiration of Theodore Parker's writings, and seemed interested in my reminiscences of Parker and of his acquaintance with Russian affairs. He also revered and admired the character and work of William Lloyd Garrison. He had read Longfellow somewhat, but was evidently uncertain regarding Lowell,—confusing him, apparently, with some other author. Among contemporary writers he knew some of Howells's novels and liked them, but said: "Literature in the United States at present seems to be in the lowest trough of the sea between high waves." He dwelt on the flippant tone of American newspapers, and told me of an interviewer who came to him in behalf of an American journal, and wanted simply to know at what time he went to bed and rose, what he ate, and the like. He thought that people who cared to read such trivialities must be very feeble−minded, but he said that the European press is, on the whole, just as futile. On my attempting to draw from him some statement as to what part of American literature pleased him most, he said that he had read some publications of the New York and Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, and that he knew and liked the writings of Felix Adler. I then asked who, in the whole range of American literature, he thought the foremost. To this he made an answer which amazed me, as it would have astonished my countrymen. Indeed, did the eternal salvation of all our eighty millions depend upon some one of them guessing the person he named, we should all go to perdition together. That greatest of American writers was—Adin Ballou! Evidently, some of the philanthropic writings of that excellent Massachusetts country clergyman and religious communist had pleased him, and hence came the answer.

The next day he came over to my hotel and we went out for a stroll. As we passed along the streets I noticed especially what I had remarked during our previous walks, that Tolstoi had a large quantity of small Russian coins in his pockets; that this was evidently known to the swarms of beggars who infest the Kremlin and the public places generally; and that he always gave to them.

On my speaking of this, he said he thought that any one, when asked for money, ought to give it. Arguing against this doctrine, I said that in the United States there are virtually no beggars, and I might have gone on to discuss the subject from the politico−economical point of view, showing how such indiscriminate almsgiving in perpetual driblets is sure to create the absurd and immoral system which one sees throughout Russia,—hordes of men and women who are able to take care of themselves, and who ought to be far above beggary, cringing and whining to the passers−by for alms; but I had come to know the man well enough to feel sure that a politico−economical argument would slide off him like water from a duck's back, so I attempted to take him upon another side, and said: "In the United States there are virtually no beggars, though my countrymen are, I really believe, among the most charitable in the world." To this last statement he assented, referring in a general way to our shipments of provisions to aid the famine−stricken in Russia. "But," I added, "it is not our custom to give to beggars save in special emergencies." I then gave him an account of certain American church organizations which had established piles of fire−wood and therefore enabled any able−bodied tramp, by sawing or cutting some of it, to earn a good breakfast, a good dinner, and, if needed, a good bed, and showed him that Americans considered beggary not only a great source of pauperism, but as absolutely debasing to the beggar himself, in that it puts him in the attitude of a suppliant for that which, if he works as he ought, he can claim as his right; that to me the spectacle of Count Tolstoi virtually posing as a superior being, while his fellow−Russians came crouching and whining to him, was not at all edifying. To this view of the case he listened very civilly.

Incidentally I expressed wonder that he had not traveled more. He then spoke with some disapprobation of travel. He had lived abroad for a time, he said, and in St. Petersburg a few years, but the rest of his life had been spent mainly in Moscow and the interior of Russia. The more we talked together, the more it became clear that this last statement explained some of his main defects. Of all distinguished men that I have ever met, Tolstoi seems to me most in need of that enlargement of view and healthful modification of opinion which come from meeting men and comparing views with them in different lands and under different conditions. This need is all the greater because in Russia there is no opportunity to discuss really important questions. Among the whole one hundred and twenty millions of people there is no public body in which the discussion of large public questions is allowed; the press affords no real opportunity for discussion; indeed, it is more than doubtful whether such discussion would be allowed to any effective extent even in private correspondence or at one's own fireside.

I remember well that during my former stay in St. Petersburg, people who could talk English at their tables

generally did so in order that they might not betray themselves to any spy who might happen to be among their servants.

Still worse, no one, unless a member of the diplomatic corps or specially privileged, is allowed to read such books or newspapers as he chooses, so that even this access to the thoughts of others is denied to the very men who most need it.

Like so many other men of genius in Russia, then,—and Russia is fertile in such,—Tolstoi has had little opportunity to take part in any real discussion of leading topics; and the result is that his opinions have been developed without modification by any rational interchange of thought with other men. Under such circumstances any man, no matter how noble or gifted, having given birth to striking ideas, coddles and pets them until they become the full−grown, spoiled children of his brain. He can at last see neither spot nor blemish in them, and comes virtually to believe himself infallible. This characteristic I found in several other Russians of marked ability. Each had developed his theories for himself until he had become infatuated with them, and despised everything differing from them.

This is a main cause why sundry ghastly creeds, doctrines, and sects—religious, social, political, and philosophic—have been developed in Russia. One of these religious creeds favors the murder of new−born children in order to save their souls; another enjoins ghastly bodily mutilations for a similar purpose; others still would plunge the world in flames and blood for the difference of a phrase in a creed, or a vowel in a name, or a finger more or less in making the sign of the cross, or for this garment in a ritual, or that gesture in a ceremony.

In social creeds they have developed nihilism, which virtually assumes the right of an individual to sit in judgment upon the whole human race and condemn to death every other human being who may differ in opinion or position from this self−constituted judge.

In political creeds they have conceived the monarch as the all−powerful and irresponsible vicegerent of God, and all the world outside Russia as given over to Satan, for the reason that it has "rejected the divine principle of authority."

In various branches of philosophy they have developed doctrines which involve the rejection of the best to which man has attained in science, literature, and art, and a return to barbarism.

In the theory of life and duty they have devised a pessimistic process under which the human race would cease to exist.

Every one of these theories is the outcome of some original mind of more or less strength, discouraged, disheartened, and overwhelmed by the sorrows of Russian life; developing its ideas logically and without any possibility of adequate discussion with other men. This alone explains a fact which struck me forcibly—the fact that all Tolstoi's love of humanity, real though it certainly is, seems accompanied by a depreciation of the ideas, statements, and proposals of almost every other human being, and by virtual intolerance of all thought which seems in the slightest degree different from his own.

Arriving in the Kremlin, he took me to the Church of the Annunciation to see the portrait of Socrates in the religious picture of which he had spoken; but we were too late to enter, and so went to the Palace of the Synod, where we looked at the picture of the Trinity, which, by a device frequently used in street signs, represents, when looked at from one side, the suffering Christ, from the other the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and from the front the Almighty as an old man with a white beard. What Tolstoi thought of the doctrine thus illustrated came out in a subsequent conversation.

The next day he came again to my rooms and at once began speaking upon religion. He said that every man is religious and has in him a religion of his own; that religion results from the conception which a man forms of his relations to his fellow−men, and to the principle which in his opinion controls the universe; that there are three stages in religious development: first, the childhood of nations, when man thinks of the whole universe as created for him and centering in him; secondly, the maturity of nations, the time of national religions, when each nation believes that all true religion centers in it,—the Jews and the English, he said, being striking examples; and, finally, the perfected conception of nations, when man has the idea of fulfilling the will of the Supreme Power and considers himself an instrument for that purpose. He went on to say that in every religion there are two main elements, one of deception and one of devotion, and he asked me about the Mormons, some of whose books had interested him. He thought two thirds of their religion deception, but said that on the whole he preferred a religion which professed to have dug its sacred books out of the earth to one which pretended that they were let down

from heaven. On learning that I had visited Salt Lake City two years before, he spoke of the good reputation of the Mormons for chastity, and asked me to explain the hold of their religion upon women. I answered that Mormonism could hardly be judged by its results at present; that, as a whole, the Mormons are, no doubt, the most laborious and decent people in the State of Utah; but that this is their heroic period, when outside pressure keeps them firmly together and arouses their devotion; that the true test will come later, when there is less pressure and more knowledge, and when the young men who are now arising begin to ask questions, quarrel with each other, and split the whole body into sects and parties.

This led to questions in regard to American women generally, and he wished to know something of their condition and prospects. I explained some features of woman's condition among us, showing its evolution, first through the betterment of her legal status, and next through provision for her advanced education; but told him that so far as political rights are concerned, there had been very little practical advance in the entire East and South of the country during the last fifty years, and that even in the extreme Western States, where women have been given political rights and duties to some extent, the concessions have been wavering and doubtful.

At this, he took up his parable and said that women ought to have all other rights except political; that they are unfit to discharge political duties; that, indeed, one of the great difficulties of the world at present lies in their possession of far more consideration and control than they ought to have. "Go into the streets and bazaars," he said, "and you will see the vast majority of shops devoted to their necessities. In France everything centers in women, and women have complete control of life: all contemporary French literature shows this. Woman is not man's equal in the highest qualities; she is not so self−sacrificing as man. Men will, at times, sacrifice their families for an idea; women will not." On my demurring to this latter statement, he asked me if I ever knew a woman who loved other people's children as much as her own. I gladly answered in the negative, but cited Florence Nightingale, Sister Dora, and others, expressing my surprise at his assertion that women are incapable of making as complete sacrifices for any good cause as men. I pointed to the persecutions in the early church, when women showed themselves superior to men in suffering torture, degradation, and death in behalf of the new religion, and added similar instances from the history of witchcraft. To this he answered that in spite of all such history, women will not make sacrifices of their own interest for a good cause which does not strikingly appeal to their feelings, while men will do so; that he had known but two or three really self−sacrificing women in his life; and that these were unmarried. On my saying that observation had led me to a very different conclusion, his indictment took another form. He insisted that woman hangs upon the past; that public opinion progresses, but that women are prone to act on the opinion of yesterday or of last year; that women and womanish men take naturally to old absurdities, among which he mentioned the doctrines of the Trinity, "spiritism," and homeopathy. At this I expressed a belief that if, instead of educating women, as Bishop Dupanloup expressed it, "in the lap of the church (sur les genoux de l'eglise)," we educate them in the highest sense, in universities, they will develop more and more intellectually, and so become a controlling element in the formation of a better race; that, as strong men generally have strong mothers, the better education of woman physically, intellectually, and morally is the true way of bettering the race in general. In this idea he expressed his disbelief, and said that education would not change women; that women are illogical by nature. At this I cited an example showing that women can be exceedingly logical and close in argument, but he still adhered to his opinion. On my mentioning the name of George Eliot, he expressed a liking for her.

On our next walk, he took me to the funeral of one of his friends. He said that to look upon the dead should rather give pleasure than pain; that memento mori is a wise maxim, and looking upon the faces of the dead a good way of putting it in practice. I asked him if he had formed a theory as to a future life, and he said in substance that he had not; but that, as we came at birth from beyond the forms of space and time, so at death we returned whence we came. I said, "You use the word 'forms' in the Kantian sense?" "Yes," he said, "space and time have no reality."

We arrived just too late at the house of mourning. The dead man had been taken away; but many of those who had come to do him honor still lingered, and were evidently enjoying the "funeral baked meats." There were clear signs of a carousal. The friends who came out to meet us had, most of them, flushed faces, and one young man in military uniform, coming down the stairs, staggered and seemed likely to break his neck.

Tolstoi refused to go in, and, as we turned away, expressed disgust at the whole system, saying, as well he might, that it was utterly barbarous. He seemed despondent over it, and I tried to cheer him by showing how the

same custom of drinking strong liquors at funerals had, only a few generations since, prevailed in large districts of England and America, but that better ideas of living had swept it away.

On our way through the street, we passed a shrine at which a mob of peasants were adoring a sacred picture. He dwelt on the fetishism involved in this, and said that Jesus Christ would be infinitely surprised and pained were he to return to earth and see what men were worshiping in his name. He added a story of a converted pagan who, being asked how many gods he worshiped, said: "One, and I ate him this morning." At this I cited Browning's lines put into the mouth of the bishop who wished, from his tomb,

"To hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long."

I reminded him of his definition of religion given me on one of our previous walks, and he repeated it, declaring religion to be the feeling which man has regarding his relation to the universe, including his fellow−men, and to the power which governs all.

The afternoon was closed with a visit to a Raskolnik, or Old Believer, and of all our experiences this turned out to be the most curious. The Raskolniks, or Old Believers, compose that wide−spread sect which broke off from the main body of the Russian Church when the patriarch of Moscow, Nikon, in the seventeenth century attempted to remove various textual errors from the Bible and ceremonial books. These books had been copied and recopied during centuries until their condition had become monstrous. Through a mistake of some careless transcriber, even the name of Jesus had been travestied and had come to be spelled with two e's; the crudest absurdities had been copied into the test; important parts had become unintelligible; and the time had evidently arrived for a revision. Nikon saw this, and in good faith summoned scholars from Constantinople to prepare more correct editions; but these revised works met the fate which attends such revisions generally. The great body of the people were attached to the old forms; they preferred them, just as in these days the great body of English−speaking Protestants prefer the King James Bible to the Revised Version, even though the latter may convey to the reader more correctly what was dictated by the Holy Spirit. The feeling of the monks, especially, against Nikon's new version became virulent. They raised so strong an opposition among the people that an army had to be sent against them; at the siege of the Solovetsk Monastery the conflict was long and bloody, and as a result a large body of people and clergy broke off from the church. Of course the more these dissenters thought upon what Nikon had done, the more utterly evil he seemed; but this was not all. A large part of Russian religious duty, so far as the people are concerned, consists in making the sign of the cross on all occasions. Before Nikon's time this had been done rather carelessly, but, hoping to impress a religious lesson, he ordered it to be made with three extended fingers, thus reminding the faithful of the Trinity. At this the Raskolniks insisted that the sign of the cross ought to be made with two fingers, and out of this difference arose more bitterness than from all other causes put together. From that day to this the dissenters have insisted on enjoying the privilege of reading the old version with all its absurdities, of spelling the word Jesus with two e's, of crossing themselves with two fingers, and of cursing Nikon.

This particular Raskolnik, or Old Believer, to whom Tolstoi took me, was a Muscovite merchant of great wealth, living in a superb villa on the outskirts of the city, with a large park about it; the apartments, for size and beauty of decoration, fit for a royal palace—the ceilings covered with beautiful frescos, and the rooms full of statues and pictures by eminent artists, mainly Russian and French. He was a man of some education, possessed a large library, loved to entertain scientific men and to aid scientific effort, and managed to keep on good terms with his more fanatical coreligionists on one side and with the government on the other, so that in emergencies he was an efficient peacemaker between them. We found him a kindly, gentle old man, with long, white hair and beard, and he showed us with evident pleasure the principal statues and pictures, several of the former being by Antokolski, the greatest contemporary Russian sculptor. In the sumptuous dining−room, in which perhaps a hundred persons could sit at table, he drew our attention to some fine pictures of Italian scenes by Smieradsky, and, after passing through the other rooms, took us into a cabinet furnished with the rarest things to be found in the Oriental bazaars. Finally, he conducted us into his private chapel, where, on the iconostas,—the screen which, in accordance with the Greek ritual, stands before the altar,—the sacred images of the Saviour and various saints were represented somewhat differently from those in the Russo−Greek Church, especially in that they extended two fingers instead of three. To this difference I called his attention, and he at once began explaining it. Soon he grew warm, and finally fervid. Said he: "Why do we make the sign of the cross? We do it to commemorate the

crucifixion of our blessed Lord. What is commemorated at the crucifixion? The sacrifice of his two natures—the divine and the human. How do we make the sign? We make it with two fingers, thus"—accompanied by a gesture. "What does this represent? It represents what really occurred: the sacrifice of the divine and the human nature of our Lord. How do the Orthodox make it?" Here his voice began to rise. "They make it with three fingers"—and now his indignation burst all bounds, and with a tremendous gesture and almost a scream of wrath he declared: "and every time they make it they crucify afresh every one of the three persons of the holy and undivided Trinity."

The old man's voice, so gentle at first, had steadily risen during this catechism of his, in which he propounded the questions and recited the answers, until this last utterance came with an outcry of horror. The beginning of this catechism was given much after the manner of a boy reciting mechanically the pons asinorum, but the end was like the testimony of an ancient prophet against the sins which doomed Israel.

This last burst was evidently too much for Tolstoi. He said not a word in reply, but seemed wrapped in overpowering thought, and anxious to break away. We walked out with the old Raskolnik, and at the door I thanked him for his kindness; but even there, and all the way down the long walk through the park, Tolstoi remained silent. As we came into the road he suddenly turned to me and said almost fiercely, "That man is a hypocrite; he can't believe that; he is a shrewd, long−headed man; how can he believe such trash? Impossible!" At this I reminded him of Theodore Parker's distinction between men who believe and men who "believe that they believe," and said that possibly our Raskolnik was one of the latter. This changed the subject. He said that he had read Parker's biography, and liked it all save one thing, which was that he gave a pistol to a fugitive slave and advised him to defend himself. This Tolstoi condemned on the ground that we are not to resist evil. I told him of the advice I had given to Dobroluboff, a very winning Russian student at Cornell University, when he was returning to Russia to practise his profession as an engineer. That advice was that he should bear in mind Buckle's idea as to the agency of railways and telegraphs in extending better civilization, and devote himself to his profession of engineering, with the certainty that its ultimate result would be to aid in the enlightenment of the empire; but never, on any account, to conspire against the government; telling him that he might be sure that he could do far more for the advancement of Russian thought by building railways than by entering into any conspiracies whatever. Tolstoi said the advice was good, but that he would also have advised the young man to speak out his ideas, whatever they might be. He said that only in this way could any advance ever be made; that one main obstacle in human progress is the suppression of the real thoughts of men. I answered that all this had a fine sound; that it might do for Count Tolstoi; but that a young, scholarly engineer following it would soon find himself in a place where he could not promulgate his ideas,—guarded by Cossacks in some remote Siberian mine.

He spoke of young professors in the universities, of their difficulties, and of the risk to their positions if they spoke out at all. I asked him if there was any liberality or breadth of thought in the Russo−Greek Church. He answered that occasionally a priest had tried to unite broader thought with orthodox dogma, but that every such attempt had proved futile.

From Parker we passed to Lowell, and I again tried to find if he really knew anything of Lowell's writings. He evidently knew very little, and asked me what Lowell had written. He then said that he had no liking for verse, and he acquiesced in Carlyle's saying that nobody had ever said anything in verse which could not have been better said in prose.

A day or two later, on another of our walks, I asked him how and when, in his opinion, a decided advance in Russian liberty and civilization would be made. He answered that he thought it would come soon, and with great power. On my expressing the opinion that such progress would be the result of a long evolutionary process, with a series of actions and reactions, as heretofore in Russian history, he dissented, and said that the change for the better would come soon, suddenly, and with great force.

As we passed along the streets he was, as during our previous walks, approached by many beggars, to each of whom he gave as long as his money lasted. He said that he was accustomed to take a provision of copper money with him for this purpose on his walks, since he regarded it as a duty to give when asked, and he went on to say that he carried the idea so far that even if he knew the man wanted the money to buy brandy he would give it to him; but he added that he would do all in his power to induce the man to work and to cease drinking. I demurred strongly to all this, and extended the argument which I had made during our previous walk, telling him that by such giving he did two wrongs: first, to the beggar himself, since it led him to cringe and lie in order to obtain as a

favor that which, if he did his duty in working, he could claim as a right; and, secondly, to society by encouraging such a multitude to prey upon it who might be giving it aid and strength; and I again called his attention to the hordes of sturdy beggars in Moscow. He answered that the results of our actions in such cases are not the main thing, but the cultivation of proper feelings in the giver is first to be considered.

I then asked him about his manual labor. He said that his habit was to rise early and read or write until noon, then to take his luncheon and a short sleep, and after that to work in his garden or fields. He thought this good for him on every account, and herein we fully agreed.

On our return through the Kremlin, passing the heaps and rows of cannon taken from the French in 1812, I asked him if he still adhered to the low opinion of Napoleon expressed in "War and Peace." He said that he did, and more than ever since he had recently read a book on Napoleon's relations to women which showed that he took the lowest possible view of womankind. I then asked him if he still denied Napoleon's military genius. He answered that he certainly did; that he did not believe in the existence of any such thing as military genius; that he had never been able to understand what is meant by the term. I asked, "How then do you account for the amazing series of Napoleon's successes?" He answered, "By circumstances." I rejoined that such an explanation had the merit, at least, of being short and easy.

He then went on to say that battles are won by force of circumstances, by chance, by luck; and he quoted Suvaroff to this effect. He liked Lanfrey's "History of Napoleon" and Taine's book on the Empire, evidently because both are denunciatory of men and things he dislikes, but said that he did not believe in Thiers.

We came finally under the shade of the great tower and into the gateway through which Napoleon entered the Kremlin; and there we parted with a hearty good−bye.

The question has been asked me, at various times since, whether, in my opinion, Tolstoi is really sincere; and allusion has been made to a book published by a lady who claims to have been in close relations with his family, which would seem to reveal a theatrical element in his whole life. To this my answer has always been, and still is, that I believe him to be one of the most sincere and devoted men alive, a man of great genius and, at the same time, of very deep sympathy with his fellow−creatures.

Out of this character of his come his theories of art and literature; and, despite their faults, they seem to me more profound and far−reaching than any put forth by any other man in our time.

There is in them, for the current cant regarding art and literature, a sound, sturdy, hearty contempt which braces and strengthens one who reads or listens to him. It does one good to hear his quiet sarcasms against the whole fin−de−siecle business—the "impressionism," the "sensationalism," the vague futilities of every sort, the "great poets" wallowing in the mud of Paris, the "great musicians" making night hideous in German concert−halls, the "great painters" of various countries mixing their colors with as much filth as the police will allow. His keen thrusts at these incarnations of folly and obscenity in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and especially at those who seek to hide the poverty of their ideas in the obscurity of their phrases, encourage one to think that in the next generation the day of such pretenders will be done. His prophesying against "art for art's sake"; his denunciation of art which simply ministers to sensual pleasure; his ridicule of art which can be discerned only by "people of culture"; his love for art which has a sense, not only of its power, but of its obligations, which puts itself at the service of great and worthy ideas, which appeals to men as men—in this he is one of the best teachers of his time and of future times.

Yet here come in his unfortunate limitations. From his substitutions of assertion for inference, and from the inadequacy of his view regarding sundry growths in art, literature, and science, arises endless confusion.

For who will not be skeptical as to the value of any criticism by a man who pours contempt over the pictures of Puvis de Chavannes, stigmatizes one of Beethoven's purest creations as "corrupting," and calls Shakspere a "scribbler"!

Nothing can be more genuine than his manner: there is no posing, no orating, no phrase−making; a quiet earnestness pervades all his utterances. The great defect in him arises, as I have already said, from a peculiarity in the development of his opinions: namely, that during so large a part of his life he has been wont to discuss subjects with himself and not with other men; that he has, therefore, come to worship idols of his own creation, and often very unsubstantial idols, and to look with misgiving and distrust on the ideas of others. Very rarely during our conversations did I hear him speak with any real enthusiasm regarding any human being: his nearest approach to it was with reference to the writings of the Rev. Adin Ballou, when he declared him the foremost

literary character that America has produced. A result of all this is that when he is driven into a corner his logic becomes so subtle as to be imperceptible, and he is very likely to take refuge in paradoxes.

At times, as we walked together, he would pour forth a stream of reasoning so lucid, out of depths so profound and reach conclusions so cogent, that he seemed fairly inspired. At other times he would develop a line of argument so outworn, and arrive at conclusions so inane, that I could not but look into his face closely to see if he could be really in earnest; but it always bore that same expression—forbidding the slightest suspicion that he was uttering anything save that which he believed, at least for the time being.

As to the moral side, the stream of his thought was usually limpid, but at times it became turbid and his better ideas seemed to float on the surface as iridescent bubbles.

Had he lived in any other country, he would have been a power mighty and permanent in influencing its thought and in directing its policy; as it is, his thought will pass mainly as the confused, incoherent wail and cry of a giant struggling against the heavy adverse currents in that vast ocean of Russian life:

"The cry of some strong swimmer in his agony."

The evolution of Tolstoi's ideas has evidently been mainly determined by his environment. During two centuries Russia has been coming slowly out of the middle ages—indeed, out of perhaps the most cruel phases of mediaeval life. Her history is, in its details, discouraging; her daily life disheartening. Even the aspects of nature are to the last degree depressing: no mountains; no hills; no horizon; no variety in forests; a soil during a large part of the year frozen or parched; a people whose upper classes are mainly given up to pleasure and whose lower classes are sunk in fetishism; all their poetry and music in the minor key; old oppressions of every sort still lingering; no help in sight; and, to use their own cry, "God so high and the Czar so distant."

When, then, a great man arises in Russia, if he gives himself wholly to some well−defined purpose, looking to one high aim and rigidly excluding sight or thought of the ocean of sorrow about him, he may do great things. If he be Suvaroff or Skobeleff or Gourko he may win great battles; if he be Mendeleieff he may reach some epoch−making discovery in science; if he be Derjavine he may write a poem like the "Ode to God"; if he be Antokolsky he may carve statues like "Ivan the Terrible"; if he be Nesselrode he may hold all Europe enchained to the ideas of the autocrat; if he be Miloutine or Samarine or Tcherkassky he may devise vast plans like those which enabled Alexander II to free twenty millions of serfs and to secure means of subsistence for each of them; if he be Prince Khilkoff he may push railway systems over Europe to the extremes of Asia; if he be De Witte he may reform a vast financial system.

But when a strong genius in Russia throws himself into philanthropic speculations of an abstract sort, with no chance of discussing his theories until they are full−grown and have taken fast hold upon him,—if he be a man of science like Prince Kropotkin, one of the most gifted scientific thinkers of our time,—the result may be a wild revolt, not only against the whole system of his own country, but against civilization itself, and finally the adoption of the theory and practice of anarchism, which logically results in the destruction of the entire human race. Or, if he be an accomplished statesman and theologian like Pobedonostzeff, he may reason himself back into mediaeval methods, and endeavor to fetter all free thought and to crush out all forms of Christianity except the Russo−Greek creed and ritual. Or, if he be a man of the highest genius in literature, like Tolstoi, whose native kindliness holds him back from the extremes of nihilism, he may rear a fabric heaven−high, in which truths, errors, and paradoxes are piled up together until we have a new Tower of Babel. Then we may see this man of genius denouncing all science and commending what he calls "faith"; urging a return to a state of nature, which is simply Rousseau modified by misreadings of the New Testament; repudiating marriage, yet himself most happily married and the father of sixteen children; holding that aeschylus and Dante and Shakspere were not great in literature, and making Adin Ballou a literary idol; holding that Michelangelo and Raphael were not great in sculpture and painting, yet insisting on the greatness of sundry unknown artists who have painted brutally; holding that Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Wagner were not great in music, but that some unknown performer outside any healthful musical evolution has given us the music of the future; declaring Napoleon to have had no genius, but presenting Koutousoff as a military ideal; loathing science—that organized knowledge which has done more than all else to bring us out of mediaeval cruelty into a better world—and extolling a "faith" which has always been the most effective pretext for bloodshed and oppression.

The long, slow, every−day work of developing a better future for his countrymen is to be done by others far less gifted than Tolstoi. His paradoxes will be forgotten; but his devoted life, his noble thoughts, and his lofty

ideals will, as centuries roll on, more and more give life and light to the new Russia.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. OFFICIAL LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG−1892−1894

The difficulties of a stranger seeking information in Russia seem at times insurmountable. First of these is the government policy of suppressing news. Foreign journals come to ordinary subscribers with paragraphs and articles rubbed out with pumice or blotted out with ink; consequently our Russian friends were wont to visit the legation, seeking to read in our papers what had been erased in their own, and making the most amusing discoveries as to the stupidity of the official censorship: paragraphs perfectly harmless being frequently blotted out, and really serious attacks on the government unnoticed.

Very striking, as showing control over the newspaper press, was an occurrence during my first summer at Helsingfors. One day our family doctor came in, and reported a rumor that an iron−clad monitor had sunk, the night before, on its way across the gulf from Reval. Soon the story was found to be true. A squadron of three ships had started; had encountered a squall; and in the morning one of them—an old−fashioned iron−clad monitor—was nowhere to be seen. She had sunk with all on board. Considerable speculation concerning the matter arose, and sundry very guarded remarks were ventured to the effect that the authorities at Cronstadt would have been wiser had they not allowed the ship to go out in such a condition that the first squall would send her to the bottom. This discussion continued for about a week, when suddenly the proper authorities served notice upon the press that nothing more must be said on the subject.

This mandate was obeyed; the matter was instantly dropped; nothing more was said; and, a year or two afterward, on my inquiring of Admiral Makharoff whether anything had ever been discovered regarding the lost ship and its crew, he answered in the negative.

But more serious efforts than these were made to control thought. The censorship of books was even more strongly, and, if possible, more foolishly, exercised. At any of the great bookshops one could obtain, at once, the worst publications of the Paris press; but the really substantial and thoughtful books were carefully held back. The average Russian, in order to read most of these better works, must be specially authorized to do so.

I had a practical opportunity to see the system in operation. Being engaged on the final chapters of my book, and needing sundry scientific, philosophical, and religious treatises, such as can be bought freely in every city of Western Europe, I went to the principal bookseller in St. Petersburg, and was told that, by virtue of my diplomatic position, I could have them; but that, in order to do so, I must write an application, signing it with my own name, and that then he would sell them to me within a few days. This took place several times.

Still another difficulty is that, owing to lack of publicity, the truth can rarely be found as regards any burning question: in the prevailing atmosphere of secrecy and repression the simplest facts are often completely shut from the foreign observer.

Owing to the lack of public discussion, Russia is the classic ground of myth and legend. One sees myths and legends growing day by day. The legend regarding the cure of the Archbishop of St. Petersburg by Father Ivan of Cronstadt, which I have given in a previous chapter, is an example. The same growth of legend is seen with regard to every−day matters. For example, one meets half a dozen people at five−o'clock tea in a Russian house, and one of them says: "How badly the Emperor looked at court last night." Another says: "Yes; his liver is evidently out of order; he ought to go to Carlsbad." Another says: "I think that special pains ought to be taken with his food," etc., etc. People then scatter from this tea−table, and in a day or two one hears that sufficient precaution is not taken with the Emperor's food; that it would not be strange if some nihilist should seek to poison him. A day or two afterward one hears that a nihilist HAS endeavored to poison the Emperor. The legend grows, details appear here and there, and finally there come in the newspapers of Western Europe full and careful particulars of a thwarted plot to poison his Majesty.

Not the least of the embarrassments which beset an American minister in Russia is one which arose at various times during my stay, its source being the generous promptness of our people to take as gospel any story regarding Russian infringement of human rights. One or two cases will illustrate this.

During my second winter, despatches by mail and wire came to me thick and fast regarding the alleged banishment of an American citizen to Siberia for political reasons; and with these came petitions and remonstrances signed by hundreds of Americans of light and leading; also newspaper articles, many and bitter.

On making inquiries through the Russian departments of foreign affairs and of justice, I found the fact to be that this injured American had been, twenty years before, a Russian police agent in Poland; that he had stolen funds intrusted to him and had taken refuge in America; that, relying on the amnesty proclaimed at the accession of the late Emperor, he had returned to his old haunts; that he had been seized, because the amnesty did not apply to the category of criminals to which he belonged; that he had not been sent to Siberia; that there was no thought of sending him there; but that the authorities proposed to recover the money he had stolen if they could. Another case was typical: One day an excellent English clergyman came to me in great distress, stating that an American citizen was imprisoned in the city. I immediately had the man brought before a justice, heard his testimony and questioned him, publicly and privately. He swore before the court, and insisted to me in private, that he had never before been in Russia; that he was an American citizen born of a Swedish father and an Alaskan mother upon one of the Alaskan islands; and he showed a passport which he had obtained at Washington by making oath to that effect. On the other hand appeared certain officers of the Russian navy, in excellent standing, who swore that they knew the man perfectly to be a former employee of their engineering department and a deserter from a Russian ship of war in the port of St. Petersburg. It was also a somewhat significant fact that he spoke Russian much better than English, and that he seemed to have a knowledge of Russian affairs very remarkable for a man who had never been in Russia; but to account for this he insisted upon the statement as to his birth in Alaska. Appearances were certainly very strongly against him, and he was remanded to await more testimony in his favor; but the next thing I heard was that he had escaped, had arrived in New York, was posing as a martyr, had graciously granted interviews to various representatives of the press, and had thereby stimulated some very lurid editorials against the Russian Government.

Another case was that of a Russian who, having reached the United States, burdened the files of the State Department and of the legation with complaints against the American minister because that official did not send out the man's wife to him. The minister had, indeed, forwarded the necessary passports, but the difficulty was that the German authorities would not allow the woman to enter Germany without showing herself to be in possession of means sufficient to prevent her becoming a public charge; and these her husband could not, or would not, send, insisting that now that he was naturalized he had a right to have his wife brought to America.

I have no apology to make for the Russian system—far from it; but I would state, in the interest of international comity, that it is best for Americans not to be too prompt in believing all the stories of alleged sufferers from Russian despotism, and especially of those who wish to use their American citizenship simply in order to return to Russia and enjoy business advantages superior to those of their neighbors.

That there are many meritorious refugees cannot be denied; but any one who has looked over extradition papers, as I have been obliged to do, and seen people posing as Russian martyrs who are comfortably carrying on in New York the business of counterfeiting bank−notes, and unctuously thanking God in their letters for their success in the business, will be slow to join in the outcries of refugees of doubtful standing claiming to be suffering persecution on account of race, religion, or political opinion.

Nor are Russian−Americans the only persons who weary an American representative. One morning a card was brought in bearing an undoubted American name, and presently there followed it a tall raw−boned man with long flaxen hair, who began orating to me as follows: "Sir, you are an ambassador from the President of the United States; I am an ambassador from God Almighty. I am sent here to save the Emperor. He is a good man; he is followed up by bad men who seek his life; I can save him; I will be his cup−bearer; I WILL DRIVE HIS TEAM." This latter conception of the Emperor's means of locomotion struck me as naive, especially in view of the fact that near my house was an immense structure filled with magnificent horses for the Emperor and court—a veritable equine palace. "Yes," said my visitor; "I will drive the Emperor's team. I want you to introduce me to him immediately." My answer was that it was not so easy to secure a presentation to the Emperor, offhand; that considerable time would be necessary in any case. To this my visitor answered: "I must see him at once; I am invited to come by the Empress." On my asking when he received this invitation, he said that it was given him on board the steamer between New York and Hamburg, her Majesty and her children being the only other passengers besides himself in the second−class cabin. To this I said that there must certainly be some mistake; that her Majesty rarely, if ever, traveled on public lines of steamers; that if she had done so, she certainly would not have been a passenger in the second cabin. To this he answered that he was absolutely certain that it was the Empress who had given him the invitation and urged him to come and save the Emperor's life. On my asking him the date

of this invitation, he looked through his diary and found it. At this, sending for a file of the official newspaper of St. Petersburg, I showed him that on the day named her Majesty was receiving certain officials at the palace in St. Petersburg; whereat he made an answer which for the moment threw me completely off my balance. He said, "Sir, I have lived long enough not to believe everything I see in the newspapers."

I quieted him as best I could, but on returning to his hotel he indulged in some very boisterous conduct, one of the minor features of which was throwing water in the faces of the waiters; so that, fearing lest actions like this and his loud utterances regarding the Emperor and Empress might get him into trouble, I wrote a friendly letter to the prefect of St. Petersburg, stating the case, and asking that, if it was thought best to arrest the man, he should be placed in some comfortable retreat for the insane and be well cared for until I could communicate with his friends in America. Accordingly, a day or two afterward, a handsome carriage drove up to the door of his hotel, bearing two kindly gentlemen, who invited him to accompany them. Taking it for granted that he was to be escorted to the palace to meet his Majesty, he went without making any objections, and soon found himself in commodious rooms and most kindly treated.

It being discovered that he was an excellent pianist, a grand piano was supplied him; and he was very happy in his musical practice, and in the thought that he was lodged in the palace and would soon communicate his message to the Emperor. At various times I called upon him and found him convinced that his great mission would soon be accomplished; but after a week or ten days he began to have doubts, and said to me that he distrusted the Russians and would prefer to go on and deliver a message with which he was charged to the Emperor of China. On my showing him sundry difficulties, he said that at any rate there was one place where he would certainly be well received—Marlborough House in London; that he was sure the Prince of Wales would welcome him heartily. At last, means having been obtained from his friends, I sought to forward him from St. Petersburg; but, as no steamers thence would take a lunatic, I sent my private secretary with him to Helsingfors, and thence secured his passage to America.

A very curious feature in the case, as told me afterward by a gentleman who traveled in the same steamer, was that this American delighted the company day after day with his music, and that no one ever saw anything out of the way in his utterances or conduct. He seemed to have forgotten all about his great missions and to have become absorbed in his piano.

Among the things to which special and continued attention had to be given by the legation was the Chicago Exposition. I was naturally desirous to see it a success; indeed, it was my duty to do everything possible to promote it. The magnificent plans which the Chicago people had developed and were carrying out with such wonderful energy interested thinking Russians. But presently came endeavors which might easily have brought the whole enterprise into disrepute; for some of the crankish persons who always hang on the skirts of such enterprises had been allowed to use official stationery, and they had begun writing letters, and even instructions, to American diplomatic agents abroad.

The first of these which attracted my attention was one requesting me to ask the Empress to write a book in the shape of a "Report on Women's Work in Russia," careful instructions being given as to how and at what length she must write it.

A letter also came from one of these quasi−officials at Chicago, not requesting, but instructing, me to ask the Emperor to report to his bureau on the condition of the empire; funnily enough, this "instruction" was evidently one of several, and they had been ground out so carelessly that the one which I was instructed to deliver to the Emperor was addressed to the "King of Holland." It was thus made clear that this important personage at Chicago, who usurped the functions of the Secretary of State, had not even taken the trouble to find out that there was no such person as a "King of Holland," the personage whom he vaguely had in mind being, no doubt, the Queen Regent of the Netherlands.

Soon there followed another of these quasi−instructions, showing another type of crankishness. Beginning with the weighty statement that "the school−boys of every country are the future men of that country," it went on with a declaration that it had been decided to hold a convention of the school−children of the world at Chicago, in connection with the Exposition, and ended by instructing me to invite to its deliberations the school−children of Russia. Of course I took especial care not to communicate any of these things to any Russian: to have done so would have made the Exposition, instead of the admiration, the laughing−stock of the empire; but I wrote a letter to the assistant secretary of state, Mr. Quincy, who presently put an end to these vagaries.

One is greatly struck in Russia by the number of able and gifted men and women scattered through Russian society, and at the remarkable originality of some of them. The causes of this originality I touch in my chapter on Tolstoi.

It was a duty as well as a pleasure for me to keep up my acquaintance with persons worth knowing; and, while many of the visits thus made were perfunctory and tedious, some were especially gratifying. My rule was, after office hours in the afternoon, to get into the open sledge; to make my visits; and as a result, of course, to see and hear a vast deal of frivolity and futility, but, from time to time, more important things.

The entertainments given by wealthy Russian nobles to the diplomatic corps were by no means so frequent or so lavish as of old. Two reasons were assigned for this, one being the abolition of the serf system, which had impoverished the nobility, and the other the fact that the Emperor Alexander III had set the fashion of paying less attention to foreigners than had formerly been the custom.

The main hospitalities, so far as the Emperor and Empress were concerned, were the great festivities at the Winter Palace, beginning on the Russian New Year's day, which was twelve days later than ours. The scene was most brilliant. The vast halls were filled with civil and military officials from all parts of the empire, in the most gorgeous costumes, an especially striking effect being produced by the caftans, or long coats, of the various Cossack regiments, the armor and helmets of the Imperial Guards, and the old Russian costumes of the ladies. All of the latter, on this occasion, from the Empress down, wore these costumes: there was great variety in these; but their main features were the kakoshniks, or ornamental crowns, and the tunics in bright colors.

The next of these great ceremonies at the Winter Palace was the blessing of the waters upon the 8th of January. The diplomatic corps and other guests were allowed to take their places at the palace windows looking out over the Neva, and thence could see the entire procession, which, having gone down the ambassadors' staircase, appeared at a temple which had been erected over an opening in the ice of the river. The Emperor, the grand dukes, and the Archbishop of St. Petersburg, with his suffragan bishops, all took part in this ceremonial; and the music, which was selected from the anthems of Bortniansky, was very solemn and impressive.

During the winter came court balls, and, above all, the "palm balls." The latter were, in point of brilliancy, probably beyond anything in any court of modern times. After a reception, during which the Emperor and Empress passed along the diplomatic circle, speaking to the various members, dancing began, and was continued until about midnight; then the doors were flung open into other vast halls, which had been changed into palm−groves. The palms for this purpose are very large and beautiful, four series of them being kept in the conservatories for this special purpose, each series being used one winter and then allowed to rest for three winters before it is brought out again. Under these palms the supper−tables are placed, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand people sit at these as the guests of the Czar and Czarina. These entertainments seem carried to the extreme of luxury, their only defect being their splendid monotony: only civil, military, and diplomatic officials are present, and a new−comer finds much difficulty in remembering their names. There are said to be four hundred Princes Galitzin in the empire, and I personally knew three Counts Tolstoi who did not know each other; but the great drawback is the fact that all these entertainments are exactly alike, always the same thing: merely civil and military functionaries and their families; and for strangers no occupation save to dance, play cards, talk futilities, or simply stare.

The Berlin court, though by no means so brilliant at first sight and far smaller,—since the most I ever saw in any gathering in the Imperial Schloss at the German capital was about fifteen hundred,—was really much more attractive, its greater interest arising from the presence of persons distinguished in every field. While at St. Petersburg one meets only civil and military functionaries, at Berlin one meets not only these, but the most prominent men in politics, science, literature, art, and the higher ranges of agriculture, commerce, and manufacture. At St. Petersburg, when I wished to meet such men, who added to the peaceful glories of the empire, I went to their houses in the university quarter; at Berlin I met them also at court.

As to court episodes during my stay, one especially dwells in my memory. On arriving rather early one evening, I noticed a large, portly man, wearing the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and at once saw that he could be no other than Prince Victor Napoleon, the Bonaparte heir to the crown of France. Though he was far larger than the great Napoleon, and had the eyes of his mother, Princess Clothilde, his likeness to his father, Prince Napoleon ("Plon−Plon"), whom I had seen years before at Paris, was very marked. Presently his brother, who had just arrived from his regiment in the Caucasus, came up and began conversation with him. Both seemed

greatly vexed at something. On the arrival of the Italian ambassador, he naturally went up and spoke to the prince, who was the grandson of King Victor Emmanuel; but the curious thing was that the French ambassador, Count de Montebello, and the prince absolutely cut each other. Neither seemed to have the remotest idea that the other was in the room, and this in spite of the fact that the Montebellos are descended from Jean Lannes, the stable−boy whom Napoleon made a marshal of France and Duke of Montebello, thus founding the family to which the French ambassador belonged. The show of coolness on the part of the imperial family evidently vexed the French pretender. He was, indeed, allowed to enter the room behind the imperial train; but he was not permitted to sit at the imperial table, being relegated to a distant and very modest seat. I was informed that, though the Emperor could, and did, have the prince to dine with him in private, he felt obliged, in view of the relations between Russia and the French Republic, to carefully avoid any special recognition of him in public.

A far more brilliant visitor was the Ameer of Bokhara. I have already spoken of the way in which he was placed upon the throne by General Annenkof. He now came to visit the Czar as his suzerain, and with him came his eldest son and a number of his great men. The satrap himself was a singular combination of splendor and stoicism, wearing a gorgeous dress covered with enormous jewels, and observing the brilliant scenes about him with hardly ever a word. Even when he took his place at the table beside the Empress he was very uncommunicative. Facing the imperial table sat his great men; and their embarrassment was evident, one special source of it being clearly their small acquaintance with European table utensils. The Ameer brought to St. Petersburg splendid presents of gold and jewels, after the Oriental fashion, and also the heir to his throne, whom he left as a sort of hostage to be educated at the capital.

An eminent Russian who was in very close relations with the Ameer gave me some account of this young man. Although he was then perhaps fourteen or fifteen years of age, he was, as regards conduct, a mere baby, bursting out into loud boohooing the first time he was presented to the Emperor, and showing himself very immature in various ways. Curiously enough, when he was taken to the cadet school he was found to be unable to walk for any considerable distance. He had always been made to squat and be carried, and the first thing to be done toward making him a Russian officer was to train him in using his legs. He took an especial fancy to bicycles: in the park attached to the cadet school he became very proficient in the use of them; and, returning to Bokhara at his first vacation, he took with him, not only a bicycle for himself, but another for his brother. Shortly after his home−coming, the Ameer and court being assembled, he gave a display of his powers; but, to his great mortification, the Ameer was disgusted: the idea that the heir to the throne should be seen working his way in this fashion was contrary to all the ideas of that potentate, and he ordered the bicycles to be at once destroyed. But on the young man's return to St. Petersburg he bought another; resumed his exercises upon it; and will, no doubt, when he comes to the throne, introduce that form of locomotion into the Mohammedan regions of Northern Asia.

Among the greater displays of my final year were a wedding and a funeral. The former was that of the Emperor's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Xenia, at Peterhof. It was very brilliant, and was conducted after the usual Russian fashion, its most curious features being the leading of the couple about the altar and their drinking out of the same cup.

Coming from the ceremony in the chapel, we of the diplomatic corps found ourselves, at the foot of the great staircase, in a crush. But just at the side was a large door of plate−glass opening upon an outer gallery communicating with other parts of the palace; and standing guard at this door was one of the "Nubians" whom I had noticed, from time to time, at the Winter Palace—an enormous creature, very black, very glossy, with the most brilliant costume possible. I had heard much of these "Nubians," and had been given to understand that they had been brought from Central Africa by special command. At great assemblages in the imperial palaces, just before the doors were flung open for the entrance of the Majesties and their cortege, two great black hands were always to be seen put through the doors, ready to open them in an instant—the hands of two of these "Nubians." I had built up in my mind quite a structure of romance regarding them, and now found myself in the crush at the foot of the grand staircase near one of them. As I looked up at him he said to me, with deferential compassion, "If you please, sah, would n't you like to git out of de crowd, sah, through dis yere doah?" By his dialect he was evidently one of my own compatriots, and, though in a sort of daze at this discovery, I mechanically accepted his invitation; whereupon he opened the door, let us through, and kept back the crowd.

Splendid, too, in its way, was the funeral of the Grand Duchess Catherine at the Fortress Church. It was very impressive, almost as much so as the funeral of the Emperor Nicholas, which I had attended at the same place

nearly forty years before. The Emperor Alexander III, with his brothers, had followed the hearse and coffin on foot, and his Majesty was evidently greatly fatigued. Soon he retired to take rest, and then it was that we began to have the first suspicion of his fatal illness. Up to that time there had been skepticism. Very few had thought it possible that a man of such giant frame and strength could be seriously ill, but now there could be no doubt of it. Standing near him, I noticed his pallor and evident fatigue, and was not surprised that he twice left the place, in order, evidently, to secure rest. There was need of it. In the Russian Church the rule is that all must stand, and all of us stood from about ten in the morning until half−past one in the afternoon; but two high officials covered with gold lace and orders, bearing tapers by the side of the grand duchess's coffin, toppled over from exhaustion and were removed.

As to other spectacles, one of the most splendid was the midnight mass on Easter eve. At my former visit I had seen this at the Kazan Church; now we went to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. The ceremony was brilliant almost beyond conception, as in the old days; the music was heavenly; and, as the clocks struck twelve, the cannons of the fortress of Peter and Paul boomed forth, all the bells of the city began chiming, and a light, appearing at the extreme end of the church, seemed to run in all directions through the vast assemblage, and presently all seemed ablaze. Every person in the church was holding a taper, and within a few moments all of these had been lighted.

Most beautiful of all was the music at another of these Easter ceremonies, when the choristers, robed in white, came forth from the sanctuary and sang hymns by the side of the empty sepulcher under the dome.

The singing by the choirs in Russia is, in many respects, more beautiful than similar music in any other part of the world, save that of the cathedral choir of Berlin at its best. I have heard the Sistine, Pauline, and Lateran choirs at Rome; and they are certainly far inferior to these Russian singers. No instrumental music is allowed and no voices of women. The choristers are men and boys. There are several fine choirs in St. Petersburg, but three are famous: that of the Emperor at the Winter Palace Chapel, that of the Archbishop at the Cathedral of St. Isaac, and that of the Nevski Monastery. Occasionally there were concerts when all were combined, and nothing in its way could be more perfect.

Operatic music also receives careful attention. Enormous subsidies are given to secure the principal singers of Europe at the Italian, French, and German theaters; but the most lavish outlay is upon the national opera: it is considered a matter of patriotism to maintain it at the highest point possible. The Russian Opera House is an enormous structure, and the finest piece which I saw given there was Glinka's "Life for the Czar." Being written by a Russian, on a patriotic subject, and from an ultra−loyal point of view, everything had been done to mount it in the most superb way possible: never have I seen more wonderful scenic effects, the whole culminating in the return of one of the old fighting czars to the Kremlin after his struggle with the Poles. The stage was enormous and the procession magnificent. The personages in it were the counterparts, as regarded dress, of the persons they represented, exact copies having been made of the robes and ornaments of the old Muscovite boyards, as preserved in the Kremlin Museum; and at the close of this procession came a long line of horses, in the most superb trappings imaginable, attended by guards and outriders in liveries of barbaric splendor, and finally the imperial coach. We were enabled to catch sight of the Cossack guards on the front of it, when, just as the body of the coach was coming into view, down came the curtain. This was the result of a curious prohibition, enforced in all theaters in Russia: on no account is it permitted to represent the sacred person of any emperor upon the stage.

As to other music, very good concerts were occasionally given, the musicians being generally from Western Europe.

Very pleasant were sundry excursions, especially during the long summer twilight; and among these were serenade parties given by various members of the diplomatic corps. In a trim steam−yacht, and carrying singers with us, we sailed among the islands in the midnight hours, stopping, from time to time, to greet friends occupying cottages there.

As to excursions in the empire, I have already given, in my chapter on Tolstoi, some account of my second visit to Moscow; and a more complete account is reserved for a chapter on "Sundry Excursions and Experiences." The same may be said, also, regarding an excursion taken, during one of my vacations, in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

In 1893, a new administration having brought into power the party opposed to my own, I tendered to President Cleveland my resignation, and, in the full expectation that it would be accepted, gave up my apartment; but as, instead of an acceptance, there came a very kind indication of the President's confidence, good−will, and

preference for my continuance at my post, I remained in the service a year longer, occupying my odds and ends of time in finishing my book. Then, feeling the need of going elsewhere to revise it, I wrote the President, thanking him for his confidence and kindness, but making my resignation final, and naming the date when it would be absolutely necessary for me to leave Russia. A very kind letter from him was the result; the time I had named was accepted; and on the 1st of November, 1894, to my especial satisfaction, I was once more free from official duty.

CHAPTER XXXIX. AS MEMBER OF THE VENEZUELA COMMISSION—1895−1896

Early one morning, just at the end of 1895, as I was at work before the blazing fire in my library at the university, the winter storms howling outside, a card was brought in bearing the name of Mr. Hamlin, assistant secretary of the treasury of the United States. While I was wondering what, at that time of the year, could have brought a man from such important duties in Washington to the bleak hills of central New York, he entered, and soon made known his business, which was to tender me, on the part of President Cleveland, a position upon the commission which had been authorized by Congress to settle the boundary between the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana.

The whole matter had attracted great attention, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. The appointment of the commission was the result of a chain of circumstances very honorable to the President, to his Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, and to Congress. For years the Venezuelan government had been endeavoring to establish a frontier between its territory and that of its powerful neighbor, but without result; and meantime the British boundary seemed to be pushed more and more into the territory of the little Spanish−American republic. For years, too, Venezuela had appealed to the United States, and the United States had appealed to Great Britain. American secretaries of state and ambassadors at the Court of St. James had "trusted," and "regretted," and had "the honor to renew assurances of their most distinguished consideration"; but all in vain. At last the matter had been presented by Secretary Olney to the government of Lord Salisbury; and now, to Mr. Olney's main despatch on the subject, Lord Salisbury, after some months' delay, had returned an answer declining arbitration, and adding that international law did not recognize the Monroe Doctrine. This seemed even more than cool; for, when one remembered that the Monroe Doctrine was at first laid down with the approval of Great Britain, that it was glorified in Parliament and in the British press of 1823 and the years following, and that Great Britain had laid down policies in various parts of the earth, especially in the Mediterranean and in the far East, which she insisted that all other powers should respect without reference to any sanction by international law, this argument seemed almost insulting.

So it evidently seemed to Mr. Cleveland. Probably no man less inclined to demagogism or to a policy of adventure ever existed; but as he looked over the case his American instincts were evidently aroused. He saw then, what is clear to everybody now, that it was the time of all times for laying down, distinctly and decisively, the American doctrine on the subject. He did so, and in a message to Congress proposed that, since Great Britain would not intrust the finding of a boundary to arbitration, the United States should appoint commissioners to find what the proper boundary was, and then, having ascertained it, should support its sister American republic in maintaining it.

Of course the President was attacked from all sides most bitterly; even those called "the better element" in the Republican and Democratic parties, who had been his ardent supporters, now became his bitter enemies. He was charged with "demagogism" and "jingoism," but he kept sturdily on. Congress, including the great body of the Republicans, supported him; the people at large stood by him; and, as a result, a commission to determine the boundary was appointed and began its work in Washington, the commissioners being, in the order named by the President, David J. Brewer of Kansas, a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Chief Justice Alvey of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White of New York; F. R. Coudert, an eminent member of the New York bar; and Daniel C. Gilman of Maryland, President of Johns Hopkins University.

On our arrival in Washington there was much discouragement among us. We found ourselves in a jungle of geographical and legal questions, with no clue in sight leading anywhither. The rights of Great Britain had been derived in 1815, from the Netherlands; the rights of Venezuela had been derived, about 1820, from Spain; but to find the boundary separating the two in that vast territory, mainly unsettled, between the Orinoco and the Essequibo rivers, seemed impossible.

The original rights of the Netherlands had been derived from Spain by the treaty of Munster in 1648; and on examining that enormous document, which settled weighty questions in various parts of the world, after the life−and−death struggle, religious, political, and military, which had gone on for nearly eighty years, one little

clause arrested our attention: that, namely, in which the Spaniards, despite their bitter hatred of the Dutch, agreed that the latter might carry on warlike operations against "certain other people" with reference to territorial rights in America. These "certain other people" were not precisely indicated; and we hoped, by finding who they were, to get a clue to the fundamental facts of the case. Straightway two of our three lawyers, Mr. Justice Brewer and Mr. Coudert, grappled on this question, one of them taking the ground that these "other people" referred to were the Caribbean Indians who had lived just south of the mouth of the Orinoco, and had been friendly to the Dutch but implacable toward the Spaniards, and that their territory was to be considered as virtually Dutch, and, therefore, as having passed finally to England. But the other disputant insisted that it referred to the Brazilians and had no relation to the question with which we had to deal. During two whole sessions this ground was fought over in a legal way by these gentlemen, with great acumen, the rest of us hardly putting in a word.

At the beginning of the third session I ventured a remonstrance, saying that it was a historical, and not a legal, question; that it could not possibly be settled by legal argument; that the first thing to know was why the clause was inserted in the treaty, and that the next thing was to find, from the whole history leading up to it, who those "other persons" thus vaguely referred to and left by the Spaniards to the tender mercies of the Dutch might be; and I insisted that this, being a historical question, must be solved by historical experts. The commission acknowledged the justice of this; and on my nomination we called to our aid Mr. George Lincoln Burr, professor of history in Cornell University. It is not at all the very close friendship which has existed for so many years between us which prompts the assertion that, of all historical scholars I have ever known, he is among the very foremost, by his powers of research, his tenacity of memory, his almost preternatural accuracy, his ability to keep the whole field of investigation in his mind, and his fidelity to truth and justice. He was set at the problem, and given access to the libraries of Congress and of the State Department, as also to the large collections of books and maps which had been placed at the disposal of the commission. Of these the most important were those of Harvard University and the University of Wisconsin. Curious as it may seem, this latter institution, far in the interior of our country, possesses a large and most valuable collection of maps relating to the colonization history of South America. Within two weeks Professor Burr reported, and never did a report give more satisfaction. He had unraveled, historically, the whole mystery, and found that, the government of Brazil having played false to both Spaniards and Dutch, Spain had allowed the Netherlands to take vengeance for the vexations of both. We also had the exceedingly valuable services, as to maps and early colonization history, of Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, eminent both as historian and geographer, and of Professor Jameson of Brown University, who had also distinguished himself in these fields. Besides these, Mr. Marcus Baker of the United States Coast Survey aided us, from day to day, in mapping out any territories that we wished especially to study.

All this work was indispensable. At the very beginning of our sessions there had been laid before us the first of a series of British Blue Books on the whole subject; and, with all my admiration for the better things in British history, politics, and life, candor compels me to say that it was anything but creditable to the men immediately responsible for it. It made several statements that were absolutely baseless, and sought to rest them upon authorities which, when examined, were found not to bear in the slightest degree the interpretation put upon them. I must confess that nothing, save, perhaps, the conduct of British "experts" regarding the Behring Sea question, has ever come so near shaking my faith in "British fair play." Nor were the American commissioners alone in judging this document severely. Critics broke forth, even in the London "Times," denouncing it, until it was supplanted by another, which was fair and just.

I, of course, impute nothing to the leading British statesmen who had charge of the whole Venezuelan question. The culprits were, undoubtedly, sundry underlings whose zeal outran their honesty. They apparently thought that in the United States, which they probably considered as new, raw, and too much engaged in dollar−hunting to produce scholars, their citations from authorities more or less difficult of access would fail to be critically examined. But their conduct was soon exposed, and even their principals joined in repudiating some of their fundamental statements. Professor Burr was sent abroad, and at The Hague was able to draw treasures from the library and archives regarding the old Dutch occupation and to send a mass of important material for our deliberations. In London also he soon showed his qualities, and these were acknowledged even by some leading British geographers. The latter had at first seemed inclined to indulge in what a German might call "tendency" geography; but the clearness, earnestness, and honesty of our agent soon gained their respect, and, after that, the investigators of both sides worked harmoniously together. While the distinguished lawyers above named had

main charge of the legal questions, President Gilman, who had in his early life been professor of physical and general geography at Yale, was given charge of the whole matter of map−seeking and −making; and to me, with the others, was left the duty of studying and reporting upon the material as brought in. Taking up my residence at Washington, I applied myself earnestly to reading through masses of books, correspondence, and other documents, and studied maps until I felt as if I had lived in the country concerned and was personally acquainted with the Dutch governors on the Cuyuni and the Spanish monks on the Orinoco. As a result lines more or less tentative were prepared by each of us, Judge Brewer and myself agreeing very closely, and the others not being very distant from us at any important point. One former prime minister of Great Britain I learned, during this investigation, to respect greatly,—Lord Aberdeen, whom I well remembered as discredited and driven from power during my stay in Russia at the time of the Crimean War. He was wise enough in those days to disbelieve in war with Russia, and to desire a solution of the Turkish problem by peace, but was overruled, and the solution was attempted by a war most costly in blood and treasure, which was apparently successful, but really a failure. He was driven from his post with ignominy; and I well remembered seeing a very successful cartoon in "Punch" at that period, representing him, wearing coronet and mantle and fast asleep, at the helm of the ship of state, which was rolling in the trough of the sea and apparently about to founder.

Since that time his wisdom has, I think, been recognized; and I am now glad to acknowledge the fact that, of all the many British statesmen who dealt with the Venezuelan question, he was clearly the most just. The line he drew seemed to me the fairest possible. He did not attempt to grasp the mouth of the Orinoco, nor did he meander about choice gold−fields or valuable strategic points, seeking to include them. The Venezuelans themselves had shown willingness to accept his proposal; but alleged, as their reason for not doing so, that the British government had preached to them regarding their internal policy so offensively that self−respect forbade them to acquiesce in any part of it.

Toward this Aberdeen line we tended more and more; and in the sequel we heard, with very great satisfaction, that the Arbitration Tribunal at Paris had practically adopted this line, which we of the commission had virtually agreed upon. It need hardly be stated that, each side having at the beginning of the arbitration claimed the whole vast territory between the Orinoco and the Essequibo, neither was quite satisfied with the award. But I believe it to be thoroughly just, and that it forms a most striking testimony to the value of international arbitration in such questions, as a means, not only of preserving international peace, but of arriving at substantial justice.

Our deliberations and conclusions were, of course, kept secret. It was of the utmost importance that nothing should get out regarding them. Our sessions were delayed and greatly prolonged, partly on account of the amount of work to be done in studying the many questions involved, and partly because we hoped that, more and more, British opinion would tend to the submission of the whole question to the judgment of a proper international tribunal; and that Lord Salisbury, the prime minister, who, in his rather cynical, "Saturday−Review," high−Tory way, had scouted the idea of arbitration, would at last be brought to it. Of course, every thinking Englishman looked with uneasiness toward the possibility that a line might be laid down by the United States which it would feel obliged to maintain, and which would necessitate its supporting Venezuela, at all hazards, against Great Britain.

The statesmanship of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney finally triumphed. Most fortunately for both parties, Great Britain had at Washington a most eminent diplomatist, whose acquaintance I then made, but whom I afterward came to know, respect, and admire even more during the Peace Conference at The Hague—Sir Julian, afterward Lord, Pauncefote. His wise counsels prevailed; Lord Salisbury receded from his position; Great Britain agreed to arbitration; and the question entered into a new stage, which was finally ended by the award of the Arbitration Tribunal at Paris, presided over by M. de Martens of St. Petersburg, and having on its bench the chief justices of the two nations and two of the most eminent judges of their highest courts. It is with pride and satisfaction that I find their award agreeing, substantially, with the line which, after so much trouble, our own commission had worked out. Arbitration having been decided upon, our commission refrained from laying down a frontier−line, but reported a mass of material, some fourteen volumes in all, with an atlas containing about seventy−five maps, all of which formed a most valuable contribution to the material laid before the Court of Arbitration at Paris.

It was a happy solution of the whole question, and it was a triumph of American diplomacy in the cause of right and justice.

I may mention, in passing, one little matter which throws light upon a certain disgraceful system to which I

have had occasion to refer at various other times in these memoirs; and I do so now in the hope of keeping people thinking upon one of the most wretched abuses in the United States. I have said above that we were, of course, obliged to maintain the strictest secrecy. To have allowed our conclusions to get out would have thwarted the whole purpose of the investigation; but a person who claimed to represent one of the leading presses in Washington seemed to think that consideration of no special importance, and came to our rooms, virtually insisting on receiving information. Having been told that it could not be given him, he took his revenge by inserting a sensational paragraph in the papers regarding the extravagance of the commission. He informed the world that we were expending large sums of public money in costly furniture, in rich carpets, and especially in splendid silverware. The fact was that the rooms were furnished very simply, with plain office furniture, with cheap carpets, and with a safe for locking up the more precious documents intrusted to us and such papers as it was important to keep secret. The "silverware" consisted of two very plain plated jugs for ice−water; and I may add that after our adjournment the furniture was so wisely sold that very nearly the whole expenditure for it was returned into the treasury.

These details would be utterly trivial were it not that, with others which I have given in other places, they indicate that prostitution of the press to sensation−mongering which the American people should realize and reprove.

While I have not gone into minor details of our work, I have thought that thus much might be interesting. Of course, had these reminiscences been written earlier, this sketch of the interior history of the commission would have been omitted; but now, the award of the Paris tribunal having been made, there is no reason why secrecy should be longer maintained. Never, before that award, did any of us, I am sure, indicate to any person what our view as to the line between the possessions of Venezuela and Great Britain was; but now we may do so, and I feel that all concerned may be congratulated on the fact that two tribunals, each seeking to do justice, united on the same line, and that line virtually the same which one of the most just of British statesmen had approved many years before.

During this Venezuela work in Washington I made acquaintance with many leading men in politics; and among those who interested me most was Mr. Carlisle of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury. He had been member of Congress, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and senator, and was justly respected and admired. Perhaps the most peculiar tribute that I ever heard paid to a public man was given him once in the House of Representatives by my friend Mr. Hiscock, then representative, and afterward senator, from the State of New York. Seated by his side in the House, and noting the rulings of Mr. Carlisle as Speaker, I asked, "What sort of man is this Speaker of yours?" Mr. Hiscock answered, "As you know, he is one of the strongest of Democrats, and I am one of the strongest of Republicans; yet I will say this: that my imagination is not strong enough to conceive of his making an unfair ruling or doing an unfair thing against the party opposed to him in this House."

Mr. Carlisle's talents were of a very high order. His speeches carried great weight; and in the campaign which came on later between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, he, in my opinion, and indeed in the opinion, I think, of every leading public man, did a most honorable thing when he deliberately broke from his party, sacrificed, apparently, all hopes of political preferment, and opposed the regular Democratic candidate. His speech before the working−men of Chicago on the issues of that period was certainly one of the two most important delivered during the first McKinley campaign, the other being that of Carl Schurz.

Another man whom I saw from time to time during this period was the Vice−President, Mr. Stevenson. I first met him at a public dinner in New York, where we sat side by side; but we merely talked on generalities. But the next time I met him was at a dinner given by the Secretary of War, and there I found that he was one of the most admirable raconteurs I had ever met. After a series of admirable stories, one of the party said to me: "He could tell just as good stories as those for three weeks running and never repeat himself."

One of these stories by the Vice−President, if true, threw a curious light over the relations of President Lincoln with three men very distinguished in American annals. It was as follows: One day, shortly before the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, a visitor, finding Mr. Lincoln evidently in melancholy mood, said to him, "Mr. President, I am sorry to find you not feeling so well as at my last visit." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Yes, I am troubled. One day the best of our friends from the border States come in and insist that I shall not issue an Emancipation Proclamation, and that, if I do so, the border States will virtually cast in their lot with the Southern Confederacy. Another day, Charles Sumner, Thad Stevens, and Ben Wade come in and insist that if I do not issue

such a proclamation the North will be utterly discouraged and the Union wrecked,—and, by the way, these three men are coming in this very afternoon." At this moment his expression changed, his countenance lighted up, and he said to the visitor, who was from the West, "Mr. ——, did you ever go to a prairie school?" "No," said the visitor, "I never did." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I did, and it was a very poor school, and we were very poor folks,—too poor to have regular reading−books, and so we brought our Bibles and read from them. One morning the chapter was from the Book of Daniel, and a little boy who sat next me went all wrong in pronouncing the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The teacher had great difficulty in setting him right, and before he succeeded was obliged to scold the boy and cuff him for his stupidity. The nest verse came to me, and so the chapter went along down the class. Presently it started on its way back, and soon after I noticed that the little fellow began crying. On this I asked him, 'What's the matter with you?' and he answered, 'Don't you see? Them three miserable cusses are coming back to me again.' "

I also at that period made the acquaintance of Senator Gray of Delaware, who seemed to me ideally fitted for his position as a member of the Upper House in Congress. Speaker Reed also made a great impression upon me as a man of honesty, lucidity, and force. The Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, I saw frequently, and was always impressed by the sort of bulldog tenacity which had gained his victory over Lord Salisbury in the arbitration matter.

But to give even the most hasty sketch of the members of the Supreme Court, the cabinet, and of both houses of Congress whom I met would require more time than is at my disposal.

This stay in Washington I enjoyed much. Our capital city is becoming the seat of a refined hospitality which makes it more and more attractive. Time was, and that not very long since, when it was looked upon as a place of exile by diplomatists, and as repulsive by many of our citizens; but all that is of the past: the courtesy shown by its inhabitants is rapidly changing its reputation.

Perhaps, of all the social enjoyments of that time, the most attractive to me was an excursion of the American Geographical Society to Monticello, the final residence of President Jefferson. Years before, while visiting the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, I had been intensely interested in that creation of Mr. Jefferson and in the surroundings of his home; but the present occupant of Monticello, having been greatly annoyed by visitors, was understood to be reluctant to allow any stranger to enter the mansion, and I would not intrude upon him. But now house and grounds were freely thrown open, and upon a delightful day. The house itself was a beautiful adaptation of the architecture which had reached its best development at the time of Jefferson's stay in France; and the decorations, like those which I had noted years before in some of the rooms of the university, were of an exquisite Louis Seize character.

Jefferson's peculiarities, also, came out in various parts of the house. Perhaps the most singular was his bed, occupying the whole space of an archway between two rooms, one of which, on the left, served as a dressing−room for him, and the other, on the right, for Mrs. Jefferson; and, there being no communication between them save by a long circuit through various rooms, it was evident that the ex−President had made up his mind that he would not have his intimate belongings interfered with by any of the women of the household, not even by his wife.

But most attractive of all was the view through the valleys and over the neighboring hills as we sat at our picnic−tables on the lawn. Having read with care every line of Jefferson's letters ever published, and some writings of his which have never been printed, my imagination was vivid. It enabled me to see him walking through the rooms and over the estate, receiving distinguished guests under the portico, discussing with them at his dinner−table the great questions of the day, and promulgating his theories, some of which were so beneficent and others so noxious.

The only sad part of this visit was to note the destruction, by the fire not long before, of the columns in front of the rotunda of the university. I especially mourned over the calcined remains of their capitals, for into these Jefferson had really wrought his own heart. With a passion for the modern adaptation of classic architecture, he had poured the very essence of his artistic feelings into them. He longed to see every stroke which his foreign sculptors made upon them. Daily, according to the chronicle of the time, he rode over to see how they progressed, and, between his visits, frequently observed them through his telescope; and now all their work was but calcined limestone. Fortunately, the burning of the old historical buildings aroused public spirit; large sums of money were poured into the university treasury; and the work was in process which, it is to be hoped, will restore the former

beauty of the colonnade and largely increase the buildings and resources of the institution.

During my work upon the commission I learned to respect more and more the calm, steady, imperturbable character of Mr. Cleveland. Of course the sensational press howled continually, and the press which was considered especially enlightened and which had steadily supported him up to this period, was hardly less bitter; but he persevered. During the period taken by the commission for its work, both the American and British peoples had time for calm thought. Lord Salisbury, especially, had time to think better of it; and when he at last receded from his former haughty position and accepted arbitration, Mr. Cleveland and the State Department gained one of the most honorable victories in the history of American diplomacy.

CHAPTER XL. AS AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY—1897−1903

On the 1st of April, 1897, President McKinley nominated me ambassador to Berlin; and, the appointment having been duly confirmed by the Senate, I visited Washington to obtain instructions and make preparations. One of the most important of these preparations was the securing of a second secretary for the embassy. A long list of applicants for this position had appeared, several with strong backing from party magnates, cabinet officers, and senators; but, though all of them seemed excellent young men, very few had as yet any experience likely to be serviceable, and a look over the list suggested many misgivings. There was especially needed just then at Berlin a second secretary prepared to aid in disentangling sundry important questions already before the embassy. The first secretary, whom no person thought of displacing, was ideally fitted for his place—in fact, was fitted for any post in the diplomatic service; but a second secretary was needed to take, as an expert, a mass of work on questions relating to commerce and manufactures which were just then arising between the two nations in shapes new and even threatening.

While the whole matter was under advisement, there appeared a young man from Ohio, with no backing of any sort save his record. He had distinguished himself at one of our universities as a student in political economy and international law; had then taken a fellowship in the same field at another university; and had finally gone to Germany and there taken his degree, his graduating thesis being on "The Commercial and Diplomatic Relations between the United States and Germany." In preparing this he had been allowed to work up a mass of material in our embassy archives, and had afterward expanded his thesis into a book which had gained him credit. As the most serious questions between the two countries were commercial, he seemed a godsend; and, going to the President, I stated the matter fully. Though the young man was as far as possible from having any "pull" in the State from which he came, was not at all known either to the President or the Secretary of State or assistant secretary of state, all of whom came from Ohio, and was equally unknown to either of the Ohio senators or to any representative, and though nothing whatever was known of his party affiliations, the President, on hearing a statement of the case, ignored all pressure in favor of rival candidates, sent in his nomination to the Senate, and it was duly confirmed.

The next thing was the appointment of a military attache. The position is by no means a sinecure. Our government must always feel the importance of receiving the latest information as to the armies and navies of the great powers of the world; and therefore it is that, very wisely, it has attached military and naval experts to various leading embassies. It is important that these be not only thoroughly instructed and far−seeing, but gentlemen in the truest sense of the word; and I therefore presented a graduate of West Point who, having conducted an expedition in Alaska and served with his regiment on the Western plains most creditably, had done duty as military attache with me during my mission at St. Petersburg, and had proved himself, in every respect, admirable. Though he had no other supporter at the national capital, the Secretary of War, Governor Alger, granted my request, and he was appointed.

These matters, to many people apparently trivial, are here alluded to because it is so often charged that political considerations outweigh all others in such appointments, and because this charge was frequently made against President McKinley. The simple fact is that, with the multitude of nominations to be made, the appointing power cannot have personal knowledge of the applicants, and must ask the advice of persons who have known them and can, to some extent, be held responsible for them. In both the cases above referred to, political pressure of the strongest in favor of other candidates went for nothing against the ascertained interest of the public service

The Secretary of State at this time was Mr. John Sherman. I had known him somewhat during his career as senator and Secretary of the Treasury, and had for his character, abilities, and services the most profound respect. I now saw him often. He had become somewhat infirm, but his mind seemed still clear; whether at the State Department or in social circles his reminiscences of public men and affairs were always interesting, and one of these confirmed an opinion I have expressed in another chapter. One night, at a dinner−party, the discussion having fallen upon President Andrew Johnson, and some slighting remarks having been made regarding him by one of our company, Mr. Sherman, who had been one of President Johnson's strongest opponents, declared him a man of patriotic motives as well as of great ability, and insisted that the Republican party had made a great

mistake in attempting to impeach him. In the course of the conversation one of the foremost members of the House of Representatives, a man of the highest standing and character, stated that he had himself, when a young man, aided Mr. Johnson as secretary, and that he was convinced that the ex−President could write very little more than his signature. We had all heard the old story that after he had become of age his newly wedded wife had taught him the alphabet, but it was known to very few that he remained to the last so imperfectly equipped.

Of conversations with many other leading men of that period at Washington I remember that, at the house of my friend Dr. Hill, afterward assistant secretary of state, mention being made of the Blaine campaign, an eminent justice of the Supreme Court said that Mr. Blaine always insisted to the end of his life that he had lost the Presidency on account of the Rev. Dr. Burchard's famous alliteration, "Rum, Romanism, and rebellion," and that the whole was really a Democratic trick. Neither the judge nor any other person present believed that Mr. Blaine's opinion in this matter was well founded.

An important part of my business during this visit was to confer with the proper persons at Washington, including the German ambassador, Baron von Thielmann, regarding sundry troublesome questions between the United States and Germany. The addition to the American tariff of a duty against the sugar imports from every other country equivalent to the sugar bounty allowed manufactures in that country had led to special difficulties. It had been claimed by Germany that this additional duty was contrary to the most−favored−nation clause in our treaties; and, unfortunately, the decisions on our side had been conflicting, Mr. Gresham, Secretary of State under Mr. Cleveland, having allowed that the German contention was right, and his successor, Mr. Olney, having presented an elaborate argument to show that it was wrong. On this point, conversations, not only with the Secretary of State and the German ambassador, but with leading members of the committees of Congress having the tariff in charge, and especially with Mr. Allison and Mr. Aldrich of the Senate and Governor Dingley of the House, showed me that the case was complicated, the various interests somewhat excited against each other, and that my work in dealing with them was to be trying.

There were also several other questions no less difficult, those relating to the exportation of American products to Germany and the troubles already brewing in Samoa being especially prominent; so that it was with anything but an easy feeling that, on the 29th of May, I sailed from New York.

On the 12th of June I presented the President's letter of credence to the Emperor William II. The more important of my new relations to the sovereign had given me no misgivings; for during my stay in Berlin as minister, eighteen years before, I had found him very courteous, he being then the heir apparent; but with the ceremonial part it was otherwise, and to that I looked forward almost with dismay.

For, since my stay in Berlin, the legation had been raised to an embassy. It had been justly thought by various patriotic members of Congress that it was incompatible, either with the dignity or the interests of so great a nation as ours, to be represented simply by a minister plenipotentiary, who, when calling at the Foreign Office to transact business, might be obliged to wait for hours, and even until the next day, while representatives from much less important countries who ranked as ambassadors went in at once. The change was good, but in making it Congress took no thought of some things which ought to have been provided for. Of these I shall speak later; but as regards the presentation, the trying feature to me was that there was a great difference between this and any ceremonial which I had previously experienced, whether as commissioner at Santo Domingo and Paris, or as minister at Berlin and St. Petersburg. At the presentation of a minister plenipotentiary he goes in his own carriage to the palace at the time appointed; is ushered into the presence of the sovereign; delivers to him, with some simple speech, the autograph letter from the President; and then, after a kindly answer, all is finished. But an ambassador does not escape so easily. Under a fiction of international law he is regarded as the direct representative of the sovereign power of his country, and is treated in some sense as such. Therefore it was that, at the time appointed, a high personage of the court, in full uniform, appeared at my hotel accompanied by various other functionaries, with three court carriages, attendants, and outriders, deputed to conduct me to the palace. Having been escorted to the first of the carriages,—myself, in plain citizen's dress, on the back seat; my escort, in gorgeous uniform, facing me; and my secretaries and attaches in the other carriages,—we took up our march in solemn procession—carriages, outriders, and all—through the Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden. On either side was a gaping crowd; at the various corps de garde bodies of troops came out and presented arms; and on our arrival at the palace there was a presentation of arms and beating of drums which, for the moment, somewhat abashed me. It was an ordeal more picturesque than agreeable.

The reception by the Emperor was simple, courteous, and kindly. Neither of us made any set speech, but we discussed various questions, making reference to our former meeting and the changes which had occurred since. Among these changes I referred to the great improvement in Berlin, whereupon he said that he could not think the enormous growth of modern cities an advantage. My answer was that my reference was to the happy change in the architecture of Berlin rather than to its growth in population; that, during my first stay in the city, over forty years before, nearly all the main buildings were of brick and stucco, whereas there had now been a remarkable change from stucco to stone and to a much nobler style of architecture. We also discussed the standing of Germans in America and their relations to the United States. On my remarking that it was just eighteen years and one day since the first Emperor William had received me as minister in that same palace, he spoke of various things in the history of the intervening years; and then ensued an episode such as I had hardly expected. For just before leaving New York my old friend Frederick William Holls, after a dinner at his house on the Hudson, had given his guests examples of the music written by Frederick the Great, and one piece had especially interested us. It was a duet in which Mr. Holls played one part upon the organ, and his wife another upon the piano; and all of us were greatly impressed by the dignity and beauty of the whole. It had been brought to light and published by the present Emperor, and after the performance some one of the party remarked, in a jocose way, "You should express our thanks to his Majesty, when you meet him, for the pleasure which this music has given us." I thought nothing more of the subject until, just at the close of the conversation above referred to, it came into my mind; and on my mentioning it the Emperor showed at once a special interest, discussing the music from various points of view; and on my telling him that we were all surprised that it was not amateurish, but really profound in its harmonies and beautiful in its melodies, he dwelt upon the musical debt of Frederick the Great to Bach and the special influence of Bach upon him. This conversation recurred to me later, when the Emperor, in erecting the statue to Frederick the Great on the Avenue of Victory, placed on one side of it the bust of Marshal Schwerin, and on the other that of Johann Sebastian Bach, thus honoring the two men whom he considered most important during Frederick's reign.

After presenting my embassy secretaries and attaches, military and naval, I was conducted with them into the presence of the Empress, who won all our hearts by her kindly, unaffected greeting. On my recalling her entrance into Berlin as a bride, in her great glass coach, seventeen years before, on one of the coldest days I ever knew, she gave amusing details of her stately progress down the Linden on that occasion; and in response to my congratulations upon her six fine boys and her really charming little daughter, it was pleasant to see how

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

her eyes lighting up with pride and joy, and her conversation gladly turning to the children.

It may be added here that the present Empress seems to have broken the unfortunate spell which for about half a century hung over the queens and empresses of the house of Hohenzollern. I remember well that, among the Germans whom I knew in my Berlin−University days, all the sins of the period, political and religious, seemed to be traced to the influence of Queen Elizabeth, the consort of the reigning King Frederick William IV; and that, during my first official stay in the same capital as minister, a similar feeling was shown toward the Empress Augusta, in spite of her most kindly qualities and her devotion to every sort of charitable work; and that the crown princess, afterward the Empress Frederick, in spite of all her endowments of head and heart, was apparently more unpopular than either of her two predecessors. But the present Empress seems to have changed all this, and, doubtless, mainly by her devotion to her husband and her children, which apparently excludes from her mind all care for the great problems of the universe outside her family. So strong is this feeling of kindness toward her that it was comical to see, at one period during my stay, when she had been brought perilously near a most unpopular course of action, that everybody turned at once upon her agent in the matter, saying nothing about her, but belaboring him unmercifully, though he was one of the most attractive of men.

These presentations being finished, our return to the Kaiserhof Hotel was made with the same ceremony as that with which we had come to the palace, and happy was I when all was over.

Of the other official visits at this time, foremost in importance was that to the chancellor of the empire, Prince Hohenlohe. Although he was then nearly eighty years old and bent with age, his mind in discussing public matters was entirely clear. Various later conversations with him also come back to me—one, especially, at a dinner he gave at the chancellor's palace to President Harrison. On my recalling the fact that we were in the room where I had first dined with Bismarck, Prince Hohenlohe gave a series of reminiscences of his great predecessor, some of

them throwing a strong light upon his ideas and methods. On one occasion, at my own table, he spoke very thoughtfully on German characteristics, and one of his remarks surprised me: it was that the besetting sin of the Germans is envy (Neid); in which remark one may see a curious tribute to the tenacity of the race, since Tacitus justified a similar opinion. He seemed rather melancholy; but he had a way of saying pungent things very effectively, and one of these attributed to him became widely known. He was publicly advocating a hotly contested canal bill, when an opponent said, "You will find a solid rock in the way of this measure"; to which the chancellor rejoined, "We will then do with the rock as Moses did: we will smite it and get water for our canal."

As to the next visit of importance, I was especially glad to find at the Foreign Office the newly appointed minister, Baron (now Count) von Bulow. During the first part of my former stay, as minister, I had done business at the Foreign Office with his father, and found him in every respect a most congenial representative of the German Government. It now appeared that father and son were amazingly like each other, not only in personal manner, but in their mode of dealing with public affairs. With the multitude of trying questions which pressed upon me as ambassador during nearly six years, it hardly seems possible that I should be still alive were it not for the genial, hearty intercourse, at the Foreign Office and elsewhere, with Count von Bulow. Sundry German papers, indeed, attacked him as yielding to much to me, and sundry American papers attacked me for yielding too much to him; but both of us exerted ourselves to do the best possible, each for his own country, and at the same time to preserve peace and increase good feeling.

Interesting was it to me, from my first to my last days in Berlin, to watch him in the discharge of his great duties, especially in his dealings with hostile forces in Parliament. No contrast could be more marked than that between his manner and that of his great predecessor, the iron chancellor. To begin with, no personalities could be more unlike. In the place of an old man, big, rumbling, heavy, fiery, minatory, objurgatory, there now stood a young man, quiet, self−possessed, easy in speech, friendly in manner, "sweet reasonableness" apparently his main characteristic, bubbling at times with humor, quick to turn a laugh on a hostile bungler, but never cruel; prompt in returning a serious thrust, but never venomous. Many of his speeches were masterpieces in their way of handling opponents. An attack which Bismarck would have met with a bludgeon, Bulow parried with weapons infinitely lighter, but in some cases really more effective. A very good example was on an occasion when the old charge of "Byzantinism" was flung at the present regime, to which he replied, not by a historical excursus or political disquisition, but by humorously deprecating a comparison of the good, kindly, steady−going, hard−working old privy councilors and other state officials of Berlin with fanatics, conspirators, and assassins who played leading parts at Constantinople during the decline of the Eastern Empire. In the most stormy discussions I never saw him other than serene; under real provocation he remained kindly; more than one bitter opponent he disarmed with a retort; but there were no poisoned wounds. The German Parliament, left to itself, can hardly be a peaceful body. The lines of cleavage between parties are many, and some of them are old chasms of racial dislike and abysses of religious and social hate; but the appearance of the young chancellor at his desk seemed, even on the darkest days, to bring sunshine.

Occasionally, during my walks in the Thiergarten, I met him on his way to Parliament; and, no matter how pressing public business might be, he found time to extend his walk and prolong our discussions. On one of these walks I alluded to a hot debate of the day before and to his suavity under provocation, when he answered: "Old ——, many years ago, gave me two counsels, and I have always tried to mind them. These were: 'Never worry; never lose your temper.' "

A pet phrase among his critics is that he is a diplomatist and not a statesman. Like so many antitheses, this is misleading. It may be just to say that his methods are, in general, those of a diplomatist rather than of a statesman; but certain it is that in various debates of my time he showed high statesmanlike qualities, and notably at the beginning of the war with China and in sundry later contests with the agrarians and socialists. Even his much criticized remark during the imbroglio between Turkey and Greece, picturing Germany as laying down her flute and retiring from the "European Concert," which to many seemed mere persiflage, was the humorous presentation of a policy dictated by statesmanship. Nor were all his addresses merely light and humorous; at times, when some deep sentiment had been stirred, he was eloquent, rising to the height of great arguments and taking broad views.

No one claims that he is a Richelieu, a William Pitt, or a Cavour; but the work of such men is not what the German Empire just now requires. The man needed at present is the one who can keep things GOING, who can minimize differences, resist extremists, turn aside marplots, soothe doctrinaires, and thus give the good germs in

the empire a chance to grow. For this work it would be hard to imagine a better man than the present chancellor. His selection and retention by the Emperor prove that the present monarch has inherited two of the best qualities of his illustrious grandfather: skill in recognizing the right man and firmness in standing by him.

The next thing which an ambassador is expected to do, after visiting the great representatives of the empire, is to become acquainted with the official world in general.

But he must make acquaintance with these under his own roof. On his arrival he is expected to visit the Emperor and the princes of his family, the imperial chancellor, and the minister of foreign affairs, but all others are expected to visit him; hence the most pressing duty on my arrival was to secure a house, and, during three months following, all the time that I could possibly spare, and much that I ought not to have spared, was given to excursions into all parts of the city to find it. No house, no ambassador. A minister plenipotentiary can live during his first year in a hotel or in a very modest apartment; an ambassador cannot. He must have a spacious house fully furnished before he can really begin his duties; for, as above stated, one of the first of these duties is to make the acquaintance of the official world,—the ministers of the crown, the diplomatic corps, the members of the Imperial Parliament, the members of the Prussian legislature, the foremost men in the army and navy, and the leaders in public life generally,—and to this end he must give three very large receptions, at which all those personages visit him. This is a matter of which the court itself takes charge, so far as inviting and presenting the guests is concerned, high court officials being sent to stand by the side of the ambassador and ambassadress and make the introductions to them; but, as preliminary to all this, the first thing is to secure a residence fit for such receptions and for entertainments in connection with them.

Under the rules of European nations generally, these receptions must be held at the ambassador's permanent residence; but, unfortunately, such a thing as a large furnished apartment suitable for a foreign representative is rarely to be found in Berlin. In London and Paris such apartments are frequently offered, but in Berlin hardly ever. Every other nation which sends an ambassador to Berlin—and the same is true as regards the other large capitals of Europe—owns a suitable house, or at least holds a long lease of a commodious apartment; but, although President Cleveland especially recommended provision for such residence in one of his messages, nothing has yet been done by the American Congress, and the consequence is that every ambassador has to lose a great amount of valuable time, effort, and money in securing proper quarters, while his country loses much of its proper prestige and dignity by constant changes in the location of its embassy, and by the fact that the American representative is not infrequently obliged to take up his residence in unfit apartments and in an unsuitable part of the town.

After looking at dozens of houses, the choice was narrowed down to two; but, as one was nearly three miles from the center of the city, selection was made of the large apartment which I occupied during nearly four years, and which was bought from under my feet by one of the smallest governments in Europe as the residence for its minister. Immediately after my lease was signed there began a new series of troubles. Everything must be ready for the three receptions by the eighth day of January; and, being at the mercy of my landlord, I was at a great disadvantage. Though paying large rent for the apartment, I was obliged, at my own expense, to put it thoroughly in order, introducing electric light, perfecting heating apparatus, getting walls and floors in order, and doing a world of work which, under other circumstances, would have been done by the proprietor himself. As to furnishing, a peculiar difficulty arose. Berlin furnishers, as a rule, have only samples in stock, and a long time is required for completing sets. My former experience, when, as minister, I had been obliged to go through a similar ordeal, had shown me that the Berlin makers could never be relied upon to get the apartment furnished in time; and therefore it was that, having secured what was possible in Berlin, I was obliged to make large purchases at Dresden, London, and Paris, and to have the furniture from the last−named city hurried on to Berlin in special wadded cars, with attendants to put it in place. It was a labor and care to which no representative of the United States or of any other power ought to be subjected. The vexations and difficulties seemed unending; but at last carpenters, paper−hangers, electric−light men, furniture men, carpet−layers, upholsterers, and the like were driven from the house just five minutes before the chancellor of the empire arrived to open the first of these three official receptions. Happily they all went off well, and thereby began my acquaintance with the leaders in various departments of official life.

On my settling down to the business of the embassy, it appeared that the changes in public sentiment since my former stay as minister, eighteen years before, were great indeed. At that time German feeling was decidedly

friendly to the United States. The Germans had sided with us in our Civil War, and we had come out victorious; we had sided with them in their war of 1870−1871, and they had come out victorious. But all this was now changed. German feeling toward us had become generally adverse and, in some parts of the empire, bitterly hostile. The main cause of this was doubtless our protective policy. Our McKinley tariff, which was considered almost ruinous to German manufactures, had been succeeded by the Dingley tariff, which went still further; and as Germany, in the last forty years, had developed an amazing growth of manufactures, much bitterness resulted.

Besides this, our country was enabled, by its vast extent of arable land, as well as by its cheap conveyance and skilful handling of freights, to sweep into the German markets agricultural products of various sorts, especially meats, and to undersell the native German producers. This naturally vexed the landed proprietors, so that we finally had against us two of the great influential classes in the empire: the manufacturers and the landowners.

But this was not all. These real difficulties were greatly increased by fictitious causes of ill feeling. Sensational articles, letters, telegrams, caricatures, and the like, sent from America to Germany and from Germany to America, had become more and more exasperating, until, at the time of my arrival, there were in all Germany but two newspapers of real importance friendly to the United States. These two journals courageously stood up for fairness and justice, but all the others were more or less hostile, and some bitterly so. The one which, on account of its zeal in securing news, I read every morning was of the worst. During the Spanish War it was especially virulent, being full of statements and arguments to show that corruption was the main characteristic of our government, cowardice of our army and navy, and hypocrisy of our people. Very edifying were its quasi−philosophical articles; and one of these, showing the superiority of the Spanish women to their American sisters, especially as regards education, was a work of genius. The love of Spanish women for bull−fights was neatly glossed over, and various absurd charges against American women were put in the balance against it. A few sensational presses on our side were perhaps worse. Various newspapers in America repaid Teutonic hostility by copious insults directed at everything German, and this aroused the Germans yet more. One journal, very influential among the aristocratic and religious public of Northern Germany, regularly published letters of considerable literary merit from its American correspondent, in which every scandal which could be raked out of the gutters of the cities, every crime in the remotest villages, and all follies of individuals everywhere, were kneaded together into statements showing that our country was the lowest in the scale of human civilization. The tu−quoque argument might have been used by an American with much effect; for just about this period there were dragging along, in the Berlin and other city journals, accounts of German trials for fraud and worse, surpassing, in some respects, anything within my memory of American tribunals. The quantity of fig−leaves required in some of these trials was enormous; and, despite all precautions, some details which escaped into the press might well bring a blush to the most hardened American offender. It was both vexatious and comical to see the smug, Pharisaical way in which many journals ignored all these things, and held up their hands in horror at American shortcomings. Some trials, too, which at various times revealed the brutality of sundry military officers toward soldiers, were heartrending; and especially one or two duels, which occurred during my stay, presented features calculated to shock the toughest American rough−rider. But all this seemed not for a moment to withdraw the attention of our Teutonic censors from American folly and wickedness. One of the main charges constantly made was that in America there was a "Deutschen Hetze." Very many German papers had really persuaded themselves, and apparently had convinced a large part of the German people, that throughout our country there existed a hate, deep and acrid, of everything German and especially of German−Americans. The ingenuity of some German papers in supporting this thesis was wonderful. On one occasion a petty squabble in a Roman Catholic theological school in the United States between the more liberal element and a reactionary German priest, in which the latter came to grief, was displayed as an evidence that the American people were determined to drive out all German professors and to abjure German science. The doings of every scapegrace in an American university, of every silly woman in Chicago, of every blackguard in New York, of every snob at Newport, of every desperado in the Rocky Mountains, of every club loafer anywhere, were served up as typical examples of American life. The municipal governments of our country, and especially that of New York, were an exhaustless quarry from which specimens of every kind of scoundrelism were drawn and used in building up an ideal structure of American life; corruption, lawlessness, and barbarism being its most salient features.

Nor was this confined to the more ignorant. Men who stood high in the universities, men of the greatest amiability, who in former days had been the warmest friends of America, had now become our bitter opponents,

and some of their expressions seemed to point to eventual war.

Yet I doubt whether we have any right to complain of such attacks and misrepresentations. As a matter of fact, no nation washes so much of its dirty linen in the face of the whole world as does our own; and, what is worse, there is washed in our country, with much noise and perversity, a great deal of linen which is not dirty. Many demagogues and some "reformers" are always doing this. There is in America a certain class of excellent people who see nothing but the scum on the surface of the pot; nothing but the worst things thrown to the surface in the ebullition of American life. Or they may be compared to people who, with a Persian carpet before them, persist in looking at its seamy side, and finding nothing but odds and ends, imperfect joints, unsatisfactory combinations of color; the real pattern entirely escaping them. The shrill utterances of such men rise above the low hum of steady good work, and are taken in Germany as exact statements of the main facts in our national life.

Let me repeat here one example which I have given more than once elsewhere. Several years since, an effort was made to impeach the President of the United States. The current was strong, and most party leaders thought it best to go with it. Three senators of the United States sturdily refused, their leader being William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, who, believing the impeachment an attempt to introduce Spanish−American politics into our country, resolutely opposed it. The State convention of his party called upon him to vote for it, the national convention of the party took the same ground, his relatives and friends besought him to yield, but he stood firmly against the measure, and finally, by his example and his vote, defeated it. It was an example of Spartan fortitude, of Roman heroism, worthy to be chronicled by Plutarch. How was it chronicled? I happened to be traveling in Germany at the time, and naturally watched closely for the result of the impeachment proceedings. One morning I took up a German paper containing the news and read, "The impeachment has been defeated; three senators were bribed," and at the head of the list of bribed senators was the name of Fessenden! The time will come when his statue will commemorate his great example; let us hope that the time will also come when party spirit will not be allowed to disgrace our country by sending out to the world such monstrous calumnies.

As to attacks upon the United States, it is only fair to say that German publicists and newspaper writers were under much provocation. Some of the American correspondents then in Germany showed wonderful skill in malignant invention. My predecessors in the embassy had suffered much from this cause. One of them, whom I had known from his young manhood as a gentleman of refined tastes and quiet habits, utterly incapable of rudeness of any sort, was accused, in a sensational letter published in various American journals, of having become so noisy and boisterous at court that the Emperor was obliged to rebuke him. Various hints of a foul and scandalous character were sent over and published. I escaped more easily, but there were two or three examples which were both vexatious and amusing.

Shortly after my arrival at my post, letters and newspaper articles began coming deploring the conduct of the Germans toward me, expressing deep sympathy with me, exhorting me to "stand firm," declaring that the American people were behind me, etc., etc., all of which puzzled me greatly until I found that some correspondent had sent over a telegram to the effect that the feeling against America had become so bitter that the Emperor himself had been obliged to intervene and command the officials of his empire to present themselves at my official reception; and with this statement was coupled a declaration that I had made the most earnest remonstrance to the Imperial Government against such treatment. The simple fact was that the notice was in the stereotyped form always used when an ambassador arrives. On every such occasion the proper authorities notify all the persons concerned, giving the time of his receptions, and this was simply what was done in my case. On another occasion, telegrams were sent over to American papers stating that the first secretary of the embassy and myself, on visiting Parliament to hear an important debate, had been grossly insulted by various members. The fact was that we had been received by everybody with the utmost kindness; that various members had saluted us in the most friendly manner from the floor or had come into the diplomatic gallery to welcome us; and that there was not the slightest shadow of reason for the statement. As an example of the genius shown in some of these telegrams, another may be mentioned. A very charming American lady, niece of a member of Mr. McKinley's cabinet, having arrived on the Norwegian coast, her children were taken on board the yacht of the Emperor, who was then cruising in those regions; and later, on their arrival at Berlin, they with their father and mother were asked by him to the palace to meet his own wife and children. A few days afterward a telegram was published in America to the effect that the Emperor, in speaking to Mrs. White and myself regarding the children, had said that he was especially surprised, because he had always understood that American children were badly brought up and

had very bad manners. The simple fact was that, while he spoke of the children with praise, the rest of the story was merely a sensational invention. One of the marvels of American life is the toleration by decent fathers and mothers of sensational newspapers in their households. Of all the demoralizing influences upon our people, and especially upon our young people, they are the most steadily and pervasively degrading. Horace Greeley once published a tractate entitled, "New Themes for the Clergy," and I would suggest the evil influence of sensation newsmongering as a most fruitful theme for the exhortations of all American clergymen to their flocks, whether Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant. May we not hope, also, that Mr. Pulitzer's new College of Journalism will give careful attention to this subject?

As to public questions then demanding attention, the first which I now recall was a bit of international comedy, serving as a prelude to more important matters, and worth mentioning here only as showing a misconception very absurd, yet not without dangers.

One morning, as I had just sat down to my office work, there was ushered in, with due ceremony, a young gentleman of light color, Parisian to the tips of his fingers,—in accent, manner, and garb,—who was announced as the charge d'affaires of Haiti. He was evidently under deep concern, and was soon in the midst of a somewhat impassioned statement of his business.

It appeared that his government, like so many which had preceded it, after a joyous career of proclamations, revolutions, throat−cutting, confiscation, paper money, and loans, public and private, had at last met a check, and that in this instance the check had come in the shape of a German frigate which had dropped into the harbor of Port−au−Prince, run out its guns, and demanded redress of injuries and payment of debts to Germany and German subjects; and the charge, after dwelling upon the enormity of such a demand, pointed out the duty of the United States to oblige Germany to desist,—in short, to assert the Monroe Doctrine as he understood it.

The young diplomatist's statement interested me much; it brought back vividly to my mind the days when, as a commissioner from the United States, I landed at Port−au−Prince, observed the wreck and ruin caused by a recent revolution, experienced the beauties of a paper−money system carried out so logically that a market−basket full of currency was needed to buy a market−basket full of vegetables, visited the tombs of the presidents from which the bodies of their occupants had been torn and scattered, saw the ring to which President Salnave had recently been tied when the supporters of his successor had murdered him, and mused over the ruins of the presidential mansion, which had been torn in pieces by bombs from a patriotic vessel. My heart naturally warmed toward the representative of so much glory, and it seemed sad to quench his oratorical fire and fervor with a cold statement of fact. But my duty was plain: I assured him that neither the President whose name the famous "Doctrine" bears, nor the Secretary of State who devised it, nor the American people behind them, had any idea of protecting our sister republics in such conduct as that of which the Germans complained; and I concluded by fervently exhorting him to advise his government and people simply to—pay their debts.

It gave me pleasure to learn, somewhat later, that this very prosaic solution of the difficulty had been adopted.

I make haste to add that nothing which may be said here or elsewhere in these recollections regarding sundry equatorial governments has any reference to our sister republics of South America really worthy of the name. No countries were in my time more admirably represented at Berlin than the Argentine Republic, Chile, and Brazil. The first−named sent as its minister the most eminent living authority on international law; the second, a gentleman deeply respected for character and ability, whose household was one of the most beautiful and attractive I have ever known; and the third, a statesman and scholar worthy of the best traditions of his country.

As to more complicated international matters with which my embassy had to deal, the first to assume a virulent form was that of the Samoan Islands.

During the previous twenty−five years the United States, Germany, and Great Britain had seemed to develop equal claims in Samoa. There had been clashes from time to time, in which good sense had generally prevailed; but in one case a cyclone which destroyed the German and American vessels of war in the main port of the islands seemed providential in preventing a worse form of trouble.

But now the chronic difficulties became acute. In the consuls of the three powers what Bismarck used to call the furor consularis was developed to the highest degree. Yet this was not the worst. Under the Berlin agreement, made some years before, there was a German president of the municipality of Apia with ill−defined powers, and an American chief justice with powers in some respects enormous, and each of these naturally magnified his office at the expense of the other. To complete the elements of discord, there were two great native parties, each

supporting its candidate for kingship; and behind these, little spoken of, but really at the bottom of the main trouble, were missionaries,—English Wesleyans on one side, and French Roman Catholics on the other,—each desiring to save the souls of the natives, no matter at what sacrifice of their bodies.

This tea−pot soon began to boil violently. The old king having died, the question arose as to the succession. The power of appointing the successor having been in the most clear and definite terms bestowed by the treaty upon the chief justice, he named for the position Malietoa Tanu, a young chieftain who had been induced to call himself a Protestant; but on the other side was Mataafa, an old chief who years before had made much trouble, had been especially obnoxious to the Germans, and had been banished, but had been recently allowed to return on his taking oath that he would abstain from all political action, and would be true to his allegiance to the Malietoan kings. He had been induced to call himself a Catholic.

But hardly had he returned when, having apparently been absolved from his oath, he became the leader of a political party and insisted on his right to the kingship.

The result was a petty civil war which cost many lives. Nor was this all. A drunken Swiss having one day amused himself by breaking the windows of the American chief justice's court and no effective punishment having been administered by the German president of Apia, the Yankee chief justice took the matter into his own hands, and this Little Pedlington business set in motion sensation−mongers throughout the world. They exerted themselves to persuade the universe that war might, and indeed ought to, result between the three great nations concerned. On the arrival of the American Admiral Kautz, he simply and naturally supported the decree which the chief justice had made, in strict accordance with the treaty of Berlin, and was finally obliged to fire upon the insurgents. Now came a newspaper carnival: screams of wrath from the sensation press of Germany and yells of defiance from the sensation press of the United States.

It was fortunate, indeed, that at this period the American Secretary of State was Mr. John Hay and the German minister of foreign affairs Count von Bulow. Both at Washington and Berlin the light of plain common sense was gradually let into this jungle of half truths and whole falsehoods; the appointment of an excellent special commission, who supplanted all the officials in the islands by new men, solved various preliminary problems, so that finally a treaty was made between the three nations concerned which swept away the old vicious system, partitioned the islands between the United States and Germany, giving Great Britain indemnity elsewhere, and settled all the questions involved, as we may hope, forever.

Among my duties and pleasures during this period was attendance upon important debates in the Imperial Parliament. That body presents many features suggestive of thought. The arrangement under which the Senate, representing the various states of the empire, and the House, representing the people as a whole, sit face to face in joint deliberation, strikes an American as especially curious; but it seems to work well, and has one advantage in bringing the most eminent servants of the various states into direct personal relations with the rank and file from the country at large. The German Parliament has various good points. Some one has asserted that the United States Senate is as much better than the British House of Lords as the British House of Commons is better than the American House of Representatives. There is much to be said for this contention, and there are some points in which the German Parliament also struck me as an improvement upon our Lower House: they do less than we in committee, and more in the main assemblage; German members are more attentive to the work in hand, and spread−eagleism and speeches to the galleries which are tolerated at Washington are not tolerated at Berlin. On the other hand, the members at Berlin, not being paid for their services, absent themselves in such numbers that the lack of a sufficient deliberating body has been found, at times, a serious evil.

As to men prominent in debate, allusion has already been made to the chancellor, and various ministers of the crown might be added, of whom I should give the foremost place to the minister of the interior, Count Posadowski. His discussions of all matters touching his department, and, indeed, of some well outside it, were masterly. Save, perhaps, our own Senator John Sherman, I have never heard so USEFUL a speaker on fundamental questions of public business. As to the representatives, there were many well worth listening to; but the two who attracted most attention were Richter, the head of the "Progressist," or, as we should call it, the radical fraction, and Bebel, the main representative of the Socialists. Richter I had heard more than once in my old days, and had been impressed by his extensive knowledge of imperial finance, his wit and humor, his skill in making his points, and his strength in enforcing them. He was among the few still remaining after my long absence, and it was clear to me that he had not deteriorated,—that he had, indeed, mellowed in a way which made

him even more interesting than formerly. As to Bebel, though generally disappointing at first, he was quite sure, in every speech, to raise some point which put the conservatives on their mettle. His strongest characteristic seems to be his earnestness: the earnestness of a man who has himself known what the hardest struggle for existence is, and what it means to suffer for his opinions. His weakest point seems to be a tendency to exaggeration which provokes distrust; but, despite this, he has been a potent force as an irritant in drawing attention to the needs of the working−classes, and so in promoting that steady uplifting of their condition and prospects which is one of the most striking achievements of modern Germany.

Among the many other members interesting on various accounts was one to whom both Germans and Americans might well listen with respect—Herr Theodor Barth, editor of "Die Nation," a representative of the best traditions of the old National Liberal party. He seemed to me one of the very few Germans who really understood the United States. He had visited America more than once, and had remained long enough to get in touch with various leaders of American thought, and to penetrate below the mere surface of public affairs. Devoted as he was to his own fatherland, he seemed to feel intuitively the importance to both countries of accentuating permanent points of agreement rather than transient points of difference; hence it was that in his paper he steadily did us justice, and in Parliament was sure to repel any unmerited assault upon our national character and policy. He was clear and forcible, with, at times, a most effectively caustic utterance against unreason.

While the whole parliamentary body is suggestive to an American, the Parliament building is especially suggestive to a New−Yorker. This great edifice at Berlin is considerably larger on the ground than is the State Capitol at Albany. It is built of a very beautiful and durable stone, and, in spite of sundry criticisms on the dome in the center and the pavilions at the corners, is vastly superior, as a whole, to the Albany building. It is enriched in all parts, without and within, with sculpture recalling the historical glories of all parts of the empire and calculated to stir patriotic pride; it is beautified by paintings on a great scale by eminent artists; its interior fittings, in stone, marble, steel, bronze, and oak, are as beautiful and perfect as the art of the period has been able to make them; and the whole, despite minor architectural faults, is worthy of the nation. The building was completed and in use within ten years from the time of its beginning. The construction of the State−house at Albany, a building not so large, and containing to−day no work of art either in painting or sculpture worthy of notice, has dragged along during thirty years, and cost nearly four times as much as the Berlin edifice; the latter having demanded an outlay of a trifle over five million dollars, and the former considerably over twenty millions.

The German Parliament House, apart from slight defects, as a great architectural creation is in a style worthy of its purpose—a style which is preserved in all its parts; while that at Albany is, perhaps, the most curious jumble in the whole history of architecture,—the lower stories being Palladian; the stories above these being, if anything, Florentine; the summit being, if anything, French Renaissance; while, as regards the interior, the great west staircase, which is said to have cost half a million of dollars, is in the Richardsonesque style; the eastern staircase is in classic style; and a circular staircase in the interior is in the most flamboyant Gothic which could be got for money. To be sure, there are rooms at Albany on which precious Siena marble and Mexican onyx are lavished, but these are used so as to produce mainly the effect of an unintelligent desire to spend money.

While in or near the Berlin edifice there is commemoration by sculpture or painting of a multitude of meritorious public servants, there is nowhere in the whole building at Albany a statue or any fit remembrance of the two greatest governors in the history of the State, DeWitt Clinton and William H. Seward.

The whole thing plunges one into reflection. If that single building at Albany, which was estimated, upon plans carefully made by the best of architects, to cost five millions of dollars, and to be completed in four years, required over thirty years and an expenditure of over twenty millions, what is a great "barge canal" to cost, running through the whole length of the State, encountering enormous difficulties of every sort, estimated at the beginning to cost one hundred millions of dollars, but including no estimate for "land damages," "water damages," "personal damages," "unprecedented floods," "unforeseen obstacles," "quicksands," "changes of plan," etc., etc., which have played such a costly and corrupting part in the past history of our existing New York canals? And how many years will it take to complete it? This was the train of thought and this was its resultant query forced upon me whenever I looked upon the Parliament House at Berlin.

CHAPTER XLI. AMERICA, GERMANY, AND THE SPANISH WAR—1897−1903

During the early days of this second official stay of mine at Berlin, Russia had, in one way and another, secured an entrance into China for her trans−Siberian railway, and seemed to have taken permanent possession of the vast region extending from her own territory to the Pacific at Port Arthur. Germany followed this example, and, in avenging the murder of certain missionaries, took possession of the harbor of Kiao−Chau. Thereby other nations were stirred to do likewise,—England, France, and Italy beginning to move for extensions of territory or commercial advantages, until it looked much as if China was to be parceled out among the greater European powers, or at least held in commercial subjection, to the exclusion of those nations which had pursued a more dilatory policy.

Seeing this danger, our government instructed its representatives at the courts of the great powers to request them to join in a declaration in favor of an "open−door policy" in China, thus establishing virtually an international agreement that none of the powers obtaining concessions or controlling "spheres of influence" in that country should secure privileges infringing upon the equality of all nations in competing for Chinese trade. This policy was pushed with vigor by the Washington cabinet, and I was instructed to secure, if possible, the assent of the German Government, which, after various conferences at the Foreign Office and communications with the minister of foreign affairs, some more, some less, satisfactory, I was at last able to do. The assent was given very guardedly, but not the less effectively. Its terms were that Germany, having been from the first in favor of equal rights to all nations in the trade of China, would gladly acquiesce in the proposed declaration if the other powers concerned would do so.

The Emperor William himself was even more open and direct than his minister. At his dinner to the ambassadors in the spring of 1900, he spoke to me very fully on the subject, and, in a conversation which I have referred to elsewhere, assured me of his complete and hearty concurrence in the American policy, declaring, "We must stand together for the open door."

Finally, on the 9th of April, 1900, I had the satisfaction of sending to the German Foreign Office the proofs that all the other powers concerned, including Japan, had joined in the American declaration, and that the government of the United States considered this acquiescence to be full and final.

It was really a great service rendered to the world by Mr. McKinley and Secretary Hay; their action was farseeing, prompt, bold, and successful.

Yet another subject of contention was the exclusion of sundry American insurance companies from Germany, due in part to a policy of "protection," but also to that same distrust of certain American business methods which had given me much trouble in dealing with the same question at St. Petersburg. The discussions were long and tedious, but resulted in a sort of modus vivendi likely to lead to something better.

The American sugar duties were also a sore subject. Various writers in the German press and orators in public bodies continued to insist that America had violated the treaties; America insisted that she had not; and this trouble, becoming chronic, aggravated all others. The main efforts of Count von Bulow and myself were given to allaying inflammation by doses of common sense and poultices of good−will until common sense could assert its rights.

The everlasting meat question also went through various vexatious phases, giving rise to bitter articles in the newspapers, inflammatory speeches in Parliament, and measures in various parts of the empire which, while sometimes honest, were always injurious. American products which had been inspected in the United States and Hamburg were again broken into, inspected, and reinspected in various towns to which they were taken for retail, with the result that the packages were damaged or spoiled, and the costs of inspection and reinspection ate up all profits. I once used an illustration of this at the Foreign Office that seemed to produce some effect. It was the story of the Yankee showman who, having been very successful in our Northern and Middle States, took his show to the South, but when he returned had evidently been stripped of his money. Being asked regarding it, he said that his show had paid him well at first, but that on arriving in Texas the authorities of each little village insisted on holding an inquest over his Egyptian mummy, charging him coroner's fees for it, and that this had made him a bankrupt.

Speeches, bitter and long, were made on both sides of the Atlantic; the cable brought reports of drastic reprisals preparing in Washington; but finally a system was adopted to which the trade between the two countries has since been uneasily trying to adjust itself.

Then there was sprung upon us the fruit question. One morning came a storm of telegrams and letters stating that cargoes of American fruits had been stopped in the German harbors, under the charge that they contained injurious insects. The German authorities were of course honest in this procedure, though they were doubtless stimulated to it by sundry representatives of the land−owning class. Our beautiful fruits, especially those of California, had come to be very extensively used throughout the empire, and the German consumers had been growing more and more happy and the German producers more and more unhappy over this fact, when suddenly there came from the American side accounts of the scale−insects discovered on pears in California, and of severe measures taken by sundry other States of our Union to prohibit their importation. The result was a prohibition of our fruits in Germany, and this was carried so far that not only pears from California, but all other fruits, from all other parts of the country, were at first put under the ban; and not only fresh but dried and preserved fruits. As a matter of fact, there was no danger whatever from the scale−insect, so far as fruit was concerned. The creature never stirs from the spot on the pear to which it fastens itself, and therefore by no possibility can it be carried from the house where the fruit is consumed to the nurseries where trees are grown. We took pains to show the facts in the case; dealing fairly and openly with the German Government, allowing that the importation of scale−infested trees and shrubs might be dangerous, and making no objection to any fair measures regarding these. The Foreign Office was reasonable, and gradually the most vexatious of these prohibitions were removed.

But the war with Spain drew on, and animosities, so far as the press on both sides of the water was concerned, grew worse. Various newspapers in Germany charged our government with a wonderful assortment of high crimes and misdemeanors; but, happily, in their eagerness to cover us with obloquy, they frequently refuted each other. Thus they one day charged us with having prepared long beforehand to crush Spain and to rob her of her West Indian possessions, and the next day they charged us with plunging into war suddenly, recklessly, utterly careless of the consequences. One moment they insisted that American sailors belonged to a deteriorated race of mongrels, and could never stand against pure−blooded Spanish sailors; and the next moment, that we were crushing the noble navy of Spain by brute force. Various presses indulged in malignant prophecies: the Americans would find Spain a very hard nut to crack; Spanish soldiers would drive the American mongrels into the sea; when Cervera got out with his fleet, the American fleet would slink away; Spanish ships, being built under the safeguard of Spanish honor, must win the victory; American ships, built under a regime of corruption, would be found furnished with sham plating, sham guns, and sham supplies of every sort. It all reminded me of sundry prophecies we used to hear before our Civil War to the effect that, when the Northern and Southern armies came into the presence of each other, the Yankee soldiers would trade off their muskets to the foe.

Against President McKinley every sort of iniquity was charged. One day he was an idiot; another day, the most cunning of intriguers; at one moment, an overbearing tyrant anxious to rush into war; at another, a coward fearing war. It must be confessed that this was mainly drawn from the American partizan press; but it was, none the less, hard to bear.

In the meantime President McKinley, his cabinet, and the American diplomatic corps in Europe did everything in their power to prevent the war. Just as long as possible the President clearly considered that his main claim on posterity would be for maintaining peace against pressure and clamor. Under orders from the State Department I met at Paris my old friend General Woodford, who was on his way to Spain as minister of the United States, and General Porter, the American ambassador to France, our instructions being to confer regarding the best means of maintaining peace; and we all agreed that everything possible be done to allay the excitement in Spain; that no claims of a special sort, whether pecuniary or otherwise, should be urged until after the tension ceased; that every concession possible should be made to Spanish pride; and that, just as far as possible, everything should be avoided which could complicate the general issue with personal considerations. All of us knew that the greatest wish of the administration was to prevent the war, or, if that proved impossible, to delay it.

For years, in common with the great majority of American citizens, I had believed that the Spanish West Indies must break loose from Spain some day, but had hoped that the question might be adjourned until the middle or end of the twentieth century. For I knew well that the separation of Cuba from Spain would be followed, after no great length of time, by efforts for her annexation to the United States, and that if such

annexation of Cuba should ever occur, she must come in as a State; that there is no use in considering any other form of government for an outlying dominion so large and so near; that there is no other way of annexing a dependency so fully developed, and that, even if there were, the rivalry of political parties contending for electoral votes would be sure to insist on giving her statehood. I dreaded the addition to our country of a million and a half of citizens whose ability to govern themselves was exceedingly doubtful, to say nothing of helping to govern our Union on the mainland. The thought of senators and representatives to be chosen by such a constituency to reside at Washington and to legislate for the whole country, filled me with dismay. Especially was the admission of Cuba to statehood a fearful prospect just at that time, when we had so many difficult questions to meet in the exercise of the suffrage. I never could understand then, and cannot understand now, what Senator Morgan of Alabama, who once had the reputation of being the strongest representative from the South, could be thinking of when he was declaiming in the Senate, first in behalf of the "oppressed Cubans," and next in favor of measures which tended to add them to the United States, and so to create a vast commonwealth largely made up of negroes and mulattos accustomed to equality with the whites, almost within musket−shot of the negroes and mulattos of the South, from whom the constituents of Mr. Morgan were at that very moment withholding the right of suffrage. I could not see then, and I cannot see now, how he could possibly be blind to the fact that if Cuba ever becomes a State of our Union, she will soon begin to look with sympathy on those whom she will consider her "oppressed colored brethren" in the South; and that she will, just as inevitably, make common cause with them at Washington, and perhaps in some other places, and possibly not always by means so peaceful as orating under the roof of the Capitol.

Moreover, the nation had just escaped a terrible catastrophe at the last general election; the ignorant, careless, and perverse vote having gone almost solidly for a financial policy which would have wrecked us temporarily and disgraced us eternally. Time will, no doubt, develop a more conservative sentiment in the States where this vote for evil was cast; as civilization deepens and advances, better ideas will doubtless grow stronger; but it is sure that the addition of Cuba to the United States, if it ever comes, means the adding of a vast illiterate mass of voters to those who at that election showed themselves so dangerous.

On all these accounts I had felt very anxious to put off the whole Cuban question until our Republic should become so much larger and so much more mature that the addition of a few millions of Spanish−Americans would be of but small account in the total vote of the country.

Then, too, I had little sympathy with aspirations for what Spanish revolutionists call freedom, and no admiration at all for Central American republics. I had officially examined one of them thoroughly, had known much of others, and had no belief in the capacity of people for citizenship who prefer to carry on government by pronunciamtentos, who never acknowledge the rights of majorities, who are ready to start civil war on the slightest pretext, and who, when in power, exercise a despotism more persistent and cruel than any since Nero and Caligula. No Russian autocrat, claiming to govern by divine right, has ever dared to commit the high−handed cruelties which are common in sundry West Indian and equatorial republics. I felt that the great thing was to gain time before doing anything which might result in the admission of the millions trained under such influences into all the rights, privileges, and powers of American citizenship.

But there came the destruction of the Maine in the harbor of Havana, and thenceforward war was certain. The news was brought to me at a gala representation of the opera at Berlin, when, on invitation from the Emperor, the ambassadors were occupying a large box opposite his own. Hardly had the telegram announcing the catastrophe been placed in my hands when the Emperor entered, and on his addressing me I informed him of it. He was evidently shocked, and expressed a regret which, I fully believe, was deeply sincere. He instantly asked, with a piercing look, "Was the explosion from the outside?" My answer was that I hoped and believed that it was not; that it was probably an interior explosion. To my great regret, the official report afterward obliged me to change my mind on the subject; but I still feel that no Spanish officer or true Spaniard was concerned in the matter. It has been my good fortune to know many Spanish officers, and it is impossible for me to conceive one of their kind as having taken part in so frightful a piece of treachery; it has always seemed to be more likely that it was done by a party of wild local fanatics, the refuse of a West Indian seaport.

The Emperor remained firm in his first impression that the explosion was caused from the outside. Even before this was established by the official investigation, he had settled into that conclusion. On one occasion, when a large number of leading officers of the North Sea Squadron were dining with him, he asked their opinion

on this subject, and although the great majority—indeed, almost all present—then believed that the catastrophe had resulted from an interior explosion, he adhered to his belief that it was from an exterior attack.

On various occasions before that time I had met my colleague the Spanish ambassador, Senor Mendez y Vigo, and my relations with him had been exceedingly pleasant. Each of us had tried to keep up the hopes of the other that peace might be preserved, and down to the last moment I took great pains to convince him of what I knew to be the truth—that the policy of President McKinley was to prevent war. But I took no less pains to show him that Spain must aid the President by concessions to public opinion. My personal sympathies, too, were aroused in behalf of my colleague. He had passed the allotted threescore years and ten, was evidently in infirm health, had five sons in the Spanish army, and his son−in−law had recently been appointed minister at Washington.

Notice of the declaration of war came to me under circumstances somewhat embarrassing. On the 21st of April, 1898, began the festivities at Dresden on the seventieth birthday of King Albert of Saxony, which was also the twenty−fifth anniversary of his accession; and in view of the high character of the King and of the affection for him throughout Germany, and, indeed, throughout Europe, nearly every civilized power had sent its representatives to present its congratulations. In these the United States joined. Throughout our country are large numbers of Saxons, who, while thoroughly loyal to our Republic, cherish a kindly and even affectionate feeling toward their former King and Queen. Moreover, there was a special reason. For many years Dresden had been a center in which very many American families congregated for the purpose of educating their children, especially in the German language and literature, in music, and in the fine arts; no court in Europe had been so courteous to Americans properly introduced, and in various ways the sovereigns had personally shown their good feeling toward our countrymen.

It was in view of this that the Secretary of State instructed me to present an autograph letter of congratulation from the President to the King, and on the 20th of April I proceeded to Dresden, with the embassy secretaries and attaches, for this purpose. About midnight between the 20th and 21st there came a loud and persistent knocking at my door in the hotel, and there soon entered a telegraph messenger with an enormously long despatch in cipher. Hardly had I set the secretaries at work upon it than other telegrams began to come, and a large part of the night was given to deciphering them. They announced the declaration of war and instructed me to convey to the various parties interested the usual notices regarding war measures: blockade, prohibitions, exemptions, regulations, and the like.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, court carriages having taken us over to the palace, we were going up the grand staircase in full force when who should appear at the top, on his way down, but the Spanish ambassador with his suite! Both of us were, of course, embarrassed. No doubt he felt, as I did, that it would have been more agreeable just then to meet the representative of any other power than of that with which war had just been declared; but I put out my hand and addressed him, if not so cordially as usual, at least in a kindly way; he reciprocated the greeting, and our embarrassment was at least lessened. Of course, during the continuation of the war, our relations lacked their former cordiality, but we remained personally friendly.

In my brief speech on delivering President McKinley's letter I tendered to the King and Queen the President's congratulations, with thanks for the courtesies which had been shown to my countrymen. This was not the first occasion on which I had discharged this latter duty, for, at a formal presentation to these sovereigns some time before, I had taken pains to show that we were not unmindful of their kindness to our compatriots. The festivities which followed were interesting. There were dinners with high state officials, gala opera, and historical representations, given by the city of Dresden, of a very beautiful character. On these occasions I met various eminent personages, among others the Emperor of Austria and his prime minister, Count Goluchowsky, both of whom discussed current international topics with clearness and force; and I also had rather an interesting conversation with the papal nuncio at Munich, more recently in Paris, Lorenzelli, with reference to various measures looking to the possible abridgment of the war.

On the third day of the festivities came a great review, and a sight somewhat rare. To greet the King there were present the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Austria, and various minor German sovereigns, each of whom had in the Saxon army a regiment nominally his own, and led it past the Saxon monarch, saluting him as he reviewed it. The two Emperors certainly discharged this duty in a very handsome, chivalric sort of way. In the evening came a great dinner at the palace, at which the King and Queen presided. The only speech on the occasion was one of congratulation made by the Emperor of Austria, and it was very creditable to him, being to

all appearance extemporaneous, yet well worded, quiet, dignified, and manly. The ceremonies closed on Sunday with a grand "Te Deum" at the palace church, in the presence of all the majesties,—the joy expressed by the music being duly accentuated by cannon outside.

I may say, before closing this subject, that Thomas Jefferson's famous letter to Governor Langdon, describing royal personages as he knew them while minister to France before the French Revolution, no longer applies. The events which followed the Revolution taught the crowned heads of Europe that they could no longer indulge in the good old Bourbon, Hapsburg, and Braganza idleness and stupidity. Modern European sovereigns, almost without exception, work for their living, and work hard. Few business men go through a more severe training, or a longer and harder day of steady work, than do most of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe. This fact especially struck me on my presentation, about this time, to one of the best of the minor monarchs, the King of Wurtemberg. I found him a hearty, strong, active−minded man—the sort of man whom we in America would call "level−headed" and "a worker." Learning that I had once passed a winter in Stuttgart, he detained me long with a most interesting account of the improvements which had been made in the city since my visit, and showed public spirit of a sort very different from that which animated the minor potentates of Germany in the last century. The same may be said of the Grand Duke of Baden, who, in a long conversation, impressed me as a gentleman of large and just views, understanding the problems of his time and thoroughly in sympathy with the best men and movements.

Republican as I am, this acknowledgment must be made. The historical lessons of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the pressure of democracy, are obliging the monarchs of Europe to fit themselves for their duties wisely and to discharge them intelligently. But this is true only of certain ruling houses. There seems to be a "survival of the fittest." At various periods in my life I have also had occasion to observe with some care various pretenders to European thrones, among them the husband of Queen Isabella of Spain; Prince Napoleon Victor, the heir to the Napoleonic throne; the Duke of Orleans; Don Carlos, the representative of the Spanish Bourbons; with sundry others; and it would be hard to conceive persons more utterly unfit or futile.

As to the conduct of Germany during our war with Spain, while the press, with two or three exceptions, was anything but friendly, and while a large majority of the people were hostile to us on account of the natural sympathy with a small power battling against a larger one, the course of the Imperial Government, especially of the Foreign Office under Count von Bulow and Baron von Richthofen, was all that could be desired. Indeed, they went so far on one occasion as almost to alarm us. The American consul at Hamburg having notified me by telephone that a Spanish vessel, supposed to be loaded with arms for use against us in Cuba, was about to leave that port, I hastened to the Foreign Office and urged that vigorous steps be taken, with the result that the vessel, which in the meantime had left Hamburg, was overhauled and searched at the mouth of the Elbe. The German Government might easily have pleaded, in answer to my request, that the American Government had generally shown itself opposed to any such interference with the shipments of small arms to belligerents, and had contended that it was not obliged to search vessels to find such contraband of war, but that this duty was incumbent upon the belligerent nation concerned. This evidence of the fairness of Germany I took pains to make known, and in my address at the American celebration in Leipsic on the Fourth of July declared my belief that the hostility of the German people and press at large was only temporary, and that the old good relations would be restored. Knowing that my speech would be widely quoted in the German press, I took even more pains to show the reasons why we could bide our time and trust to the magnanimity of the German people. Of one thing I then and always reminded my hearers—namely, that during our Civil War, when our national existence was trembling in the balance and our foreign friends were few, the German press and people were steadily on our side.

The occasion was indeed a peculiar one. On the morning of the Fourth, when we had all assembled, bad news came. Certain German presses had been very prompt to patch together all sorts of accounts of American defeats, and to present them in the most unpleasant way possible; but while we were seated at table in the evening came a despatch announcing the annihilation of the Spanish fleet in Cuban waters, and this put us all in good humor. One circumstance may serve to show the bitterness at heart among Americans at this period. On entering the dining−hall with our consul, I noticed two things: first, that the hall was profusely decorated in a way I had never seen before and had never expected to see—namely, by intertwined American and British flags; and, secondly, that there was not a German flag in the room. I immediately sent for the proprietor and told him that I would not sit down to dinner until a German flag was brought in. He at first thought it impossible to supply the want, but, on

my insisting, a large flag was at last found. This was speedily given a place of honor among the interior decorations of our hall, and all then went on satisfactorily.

As the war with Spain progressed, various causes of difficulty arose between Germany and the United States, but I feel bound to say that the German Government continued to act toward us with justice. The sensational press, indeed, continued its work on both sides of the Atlantic. On our side it took pains to secure and publish stories of insults by the German Admiral Diederichs to the American Admiral Dewey, and to develop various legends regarding these two commanders. As a matter of fact, each of the two admirals, when their relations first began in Manila, was doubtless rather stiff and on his guard against the other; but these feelings soon yielded to different sentiments.

The foolish utterances of various individuals, spread by sundry American papers, were heartily echoed in the German press, the most noted among these being an alleged after−dinner speech by an American officer at a New York club, and a Congressional speech in which the person who made it declared that "the United States, having whipped Spain, ought now to whip Germany." Still, the thinking men intrusted with the relations between the two countries labored on, though at times there must have recurred to us a sense of the divine inspiration of Schiller's words, "Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain."

Of course the task of the embassy in protecting American citizens abroad was especially increased in those times of commotion. At such periods the number of ways in which American citizens, native or naturalized, can get into trouble seems infinite; and here, too, even from the first moment of my arrival in Berlin as ambassador, I saw evidences of the same evil which had struck me during my previous missions in Berlin and St. Petersburg—namely, the constant and ingenious efforts to prostitute American citizenship. Among the manifold duties of an ambassador is the granting of passports. The great majority of those who ask for them are entitled to them; but there are always a considerable number of persons who, having left Europe just in time to escape military service, have stayed in America just long enough to acquire American citizenship, and then, having returned to their native country, seek to enjoy the advantages of both countries while discharging the duties of neither. Even worse were the cases of the descendants of such so−called Americans, most of them born in Europe and not able even to speak the English language; worst of all were the cases of sundry Russians—sometimes stigmatized as "predatory Hebrews"—who, having left Russia and gone to America, had stayed just long enough to acquire citizenship, and then returned and settled in the eastern part of Germany, as near the Russian frontier as possible. These were naturally regarded as fraudulent interlopers by both the German and Russian authorities, and much trouble resulted. Some of them led a life hardly outside the limits of criminality; but they never hesitated on this account to insist on their claims to American protection. When they were reminded that American citizenship was conferred upon them, not that they might shirk its duties and misuse its advantages in the land of their birth, but that they might enjoy it and discharge its duties in the land of their adoption, they scouted the idea and insisted on their right, as American citizens, to live where they pleased. Their communications to the embassy were, almost without exception, in German, Russian, or Polish; very few of them wrote or even spoke English, and very many of them could neither read nor write in any language. For the hard−working immigrant, whether Jew or Gentile, who comes to our country and casts in his lot with us, to take his share not only of privilege but of duty, I have the fullest respect and sympathy, and have always been glad to intervene in his favor; but intervention in behalf of those fraudulent pretenders I always felt to be a galling burden.

Fortunately the rules of the State Department have been of late years strengthened to meet this evil, and it has finally become our practice to inform such people that if they return to America they can receive a passport for that purpose; but that unless they show a clear intention of returning, they cannot. Very many of them persist in their applications in spite of this, and one case became famous both at the State Department and at the embassy. Three Russians of the class referred to had emigrated with their families to America, and, after the usual manner, stayed just long enough to acquire citizenship, and had then returned to Germany. One of them committed a crime and disappeared; the other two went to the extreme eastern frontier of Prussia and settled there. Again and again the Prussian Government notified us that under the right exercised by every nation, and especially by our own, these "undesirable intruders" must leave Prussian territory or be expelled. Finally we discovered at the embassy that a secret arrangement had been made between Germany and Russia which obliged each to return the undesirable emigrants of the other. This seemed to put the two families in great danger of being returned to Russia; and, sooner than risk a new international trouble, a proposal was made to them, through the embassy, to

pay their expenses back to America; but they utterly refused to leave, and continued to burrow in the wretched suburbs of one of the German cities nearest the Russian border. Reams of correspondence ensued—all to no purpose; a special messenger was sent to influence them—all in vain: they persisted in living just as near Russia as possible, and in calling themselves American, though not one of them spoke English.

From time to time appeared in our own country attacks against the various American embassies and legations abroad for not protecting such American citizens, and a very common feature of these articles was an unfavorable comparison between the United States and England: it being claimed that Great Britain protects her citizens everywhere, while the United States does not. This statement is most misleading. Great Britain, while she is renowned for protecting her subjects throughout the world, —bringing the resources of her fleet, if need be, to aid them,—makes an exception as regards her adopted citizens in the land of their birth. The person who, having been naturalized in Great Britain, goes back to the country of his birth, does so at his or her own risk. The British Government considers itself, under such circumstances, entirely absolved from the duty of giving protection. The simple fact is that the United States goes much further in protecting adopted citizens than does any other country, and it is only rank demagogism which can find fault because some of our thinking statesmen do not wish to see American citizenship prostituted by persons utterly unfit to receive it, who frequently use it fraudulently, and who, as many cases prove, are quite ready to renounce it and take up their old allegiance if they can gain advantage thereby.

Another general duty of the embassy was to smooth the way for the large number of young men and women who came over as students. This duty was especially pleasing to me now, as it had been during my life as minister in Berlin twenty years before. At that time women were not admitted to the universities; but now large numbers were in attendance. The university authorities showed themselves very courteous, and, when there was any doubt as to the standing of the institution from which a candidate for admission came, allowed me to pass upon the question and accepted my certificate. Almost without exception, I found these candidates excellent; but there were some exceptions. The applicants were usually persons who had been graduated from some one of our own institutions; but, from time to time, persons who had merely passed a freshman year in some little American college came abroad, anxious to secure the glory of going at once into a German university. Certificates for such candidates I declined to sign. To do so would have been an abuse sure to lead the German authorities finally to reject the great mass of American students: far better for applicants to secure the best advantages possible in their own country, and then to supplement their study at home by proper work abroad.

In sketches of my former mission to Berlin I have mentioned various applications, some of them psychological curiosities; these I found continuing, though with variations. Some compatriots expected me to forward to the Emperor begging letters, or letters suggesting to him new ideas, unaware that myriads of such letters are constantly sent which never reach him, and which even his secretaries never think of reading. Others sent books, not knowing the rule prevailing among crowned heads, never to accept a PUBLISHED book, and not realizing that if this rule were broken, not one book in a thousand would get beyond the office of his general secretary. Others sent medicine which they wished him to recommend; and one gentleman was very persistent in endeavoring to secure his Majesty's decision on a wager.

Then there were singers or performers on wind or string instruments wishing to sing or play before him, sculptors and painters wishing him to visit their studios, and writers of music wishing him to order their compositions to be brought out at the Royal Opera.

All these requests culminated in two, wherein the gentle reader will see a mixture of comic and pathetic. The first was from a person (not an American) who wished my good offices in enabling her to obtain a commission for a brilliant marriage,—she having in reserve, as she assured me, a real Italian duke whom, for a consideration, she would secure for an American heiress. The other, which was from an eminently respectable source, urged me to induce the imperial authorities to station in the United States a young German officer with whom an American young lady had fallen in love. And these proposals I was expected to further, in spite of the fact that the rules for American representatives abroad forbid all special pleading of any kind in favor of individual interests or enterprises, without special instructions from the State Department. Discouraging was it to find that in spite of the elaborate statement prepared by me during my former residence, which had been freely circulated during twenty years, there were still the usual number of people persuaded that enormous fortunes were awaiting them somewhere in Germany.

One application, from a truly disinterested man, was grounded in nobler motives. This was an effort made by an eminent Polish scholar and patriot to wrest American citizenship for political purposes. He had been an instructor at various Russian and German universities had shown in some of his books extraordinary ability, had gained the friendship of several eminent scholars in Great Britain and on the Continent, and was finally settled at one of the most influential seats of learning in Austrian Poland. He was a most attractive man, wide in his knowledge, charming in his manner; but not of this world. Having drawn crowds to his university lectures, he suddenly attacked the Emperor Franz Josef, who, more than any other, had befriended his compatriots; was therefore obliged to flee from his post; and now came to Berlin, proposing seriously that I should at once make him an American citizen, and thus, as he supposed, enable him to go back to his university and, in revolutionary speeches, bid defiance to Austria, Russia, and Germany. Great was his disappointment when he learned that, in order to acquire citizenship, he would be obliged to go to the United States and remain there five years. As he was trying to nerve himself for this sacrifice, I presented some serious considerations to him. Knowing him to be a man of honor, I asked him how he could reconcile it with his sense of veracity to assume the rights of American citizenship with no intention to discharge its duties. This somewhat startled him. Then, from a more immediately practical point of view, I showed that, even if he acquired American citizenship, and could reconcile his conscience to break the virtual pledge he had made in order to obtain it, the government of Austria, and, indeed, all other governments, would still have a full right, under the simplest principles of international law, to forbid his entrance into their territories, or to turn him out after he had entered,—the right of expelling undesirable emigrants being constantly exercised, even by the United States. This amazed him. He had absolutely persuaded himself that I could, by some sleight of hand, transform him into an American citizen; that he could then at once begin attempts to reestablish the fine old Polish anarchy in Austria, Russia, and Germany; and that no one of these nations would dare interfere with him. It was absurd but pathetic. My advice to him was to go back to his lecture−room and labor to raise the character of the younger generation of Poles, in the hope that Poland might do what Scotland had done—rise by sound mental and moral training from the condition of a conquered and even oppressed part of a great empire to a controlling position in it. This advice was, of course, in vain, and he is now building air−castles amid the fogs of London.

In my life at Berlin as ambassador there was a tinge of sadness. Great changes had taken place since my student days in that city, and even since my later stay as minister. A new race of men had come upon the stage in public affairs, in the university, and in literary circles. Gone was the old Emperor William, gone also was the Emperor Frederick, and Bismarck and Moltke and a host of others who had given dignity and interest to the great assemblages at the capital. Gone, too, from the university were Lepsius, Helmholtz, Curtius, Hoffmann, Gneist, Du Bois−Reymond, and Treitschke, all of whom, in the old days, had been my guests and friends. The main exceptions seemed to be in the art world. The number of my artist friends during my stay as minister had been large, and every one of them was living when I returned as ambassador; the reason, of course, being that when men distinguish themselves in art at all, they do so at an earlier age than do high functionaries of state and professors in the universities. It was a great pleasure to find Adolf Menzel, Ludwig Knaus, Carl Beeker, Anton von Werner, and Paul Meyerheim, though grown gray in their beautiful ministry, still daily at work in their studios.

Three only of my friends of the older generation in the Berlin faculty remained; and as I revise these lines the world is laying tributes upon the grave of the last of them—Theodor Mommsen. With him my relations were so peculiar that they may deserve some mention.

During my earlier stays in Berlin he had always seemed especially friendly to the United States, and it was therefore with regret that on my return I found him in this respect greatly changed: he had become a severe critic of nearly everything American; his earlier expectations had evidently been disappointed; we clearly appeared to him big, braggart, noisy, false to our principles, unworthy of our opportunities. These feelings of his became even more marked as the Spanish−American War drew on. Whenever we met, and most often at a charming house which both of us frequented, he showed himself more and more bitter, so that finally our paths separated. There comes back to me vividly one evening when I sought to turn off a sharp comment of his upon some recent American news by saying: "You must give a young nation like ours more time." On this he exclaimed: "You cannot plead the baby act any longer. More time! You have HAD time; you are already three hundred years old!" Having sought in vain to impress on him the fact that the policy of our country is determined not wholly by the

older elements in its civilization, but very largely by newer commonwealths which must require time to develop a policy satisfactory to sedate judges, he burst into a tirade from which I took refuge in a totally different discussion.

Some days later came another evidence of his feeling. Meeting an eminent leader in political, and especially in journalistic, circles, I was shown the corrected proofsheets of an "interview" on the conduct of the United States toward Spain, given by Mommsen. It was even more acrid than his previous utterances, and exhibited sharply and at great length our alleged sins and shortcomings. Certainly a representative of the American people was not bound to make supplication, in such a matter, even to so eminent a scholar and leader of thought, and my comment was simply as follows: "I have no request to make in the premises—of Mommsen or of anybody. The article will of course have no effect on the war; of that there can be but one result: the triumph of the United States and the liberation of the Spanish islands of the West Indies; but may there not be some considerations of a very different order as regards Mommsen himself? Why not ask him, simply, where his friends are; his readers, his old students, his disciples? Why not ask him whether he finds fewer clouds over the policy of Spain than over that of the United States; of which country, despite all its faults, he has most hope; and for which, in his heart, he has the greater feeling of brotherhood?"

How far this answer influenced him I know not, but the article was never published; and thenceforth there seemed some revival of the older kindly feeling. At my own table and elsewhere he more than once became, in a measure, like the Mommsen of old. One utterance of his amused me much. My wife happening, in a talk with him, to speak of a certain personage as "hardly an ideal man," he retorted: "Madam, is it possible that you have been married some years and still believe in the ideal man?"

His old better feeling toward America came out especially when I next called upon him with congratulations upon his birthday—his last, alas! But heartiest of all was he during the dinner given at my departure. My speech was long,—over an hour,—for I had a message to deliver, and was determined to give it—a message which I hoped might impress upon my great audience reasons for a friendly judgment of my country. As I began, Mommsen came to my side—just back of me, his hand at his ear, listening intently. There the old man stood from the first word to the last, and on my conclusion he grasped me heartily with both hands—a demonstration rare indeed with him. It was our last greeting in this world.

Would that there were space to dwell upon those in the present generation of professors who honored me with their friendship; but one is especially suggested here, since he was selected to make a farewell address on the occasion above referred to—Adolf Harnack. At various times I had heard him discourse profoundly and brilliantly at the university, but came to know him best at the bicentenary of the Berlin Academy, when he had just added to the long list of his published works his history of the academy, in four quarto volumes: a wonderful work, whether considered from an historical, psychological, or philosophical point of view. His address on that occasion was masterly, and his conversation at various social functions instructive and pithy. I remember in one of them, especially, his delineation of the characteristics and services of Leibnitz, who was one of the founders of the Royal Academy, and it was perfection in that kind of conversation which is worthy of men claiming to possess immortal souls: for it brought out, especially, examples of Leibnitz's amazing forethought as to European policy, which seemed at times like divinely inspired prophecies. He also gave me a number of interesting things which he had noted in his studies of Frederick the Great. Some of them I had found already in my own reading, but one of them I did not remember, and it was both comical and characteristic. A rural Protestant pastor sent a petition to the King presenting a grievance and asking redress. It was to the effect that his church was on one side of a river in Silesia, and that a younger pastor, whose church was on the opposite side, was drawing all his parishioners away from him. On the back of the petition Frederick simply wrote, "Tell him to go and preach on the other side of the river: that will drive his people back again."

Hearing Harnack and his leading colleagues in discourse at the university or academy, or in private, whether in their loftier or lighter moods, one could understand why the University of Berlin, though one of the youngest, is the foremost among the universities of the world.

CHAPTER XLII. AMERICA, GERMANY, AND THE CHINESE WAR—1899−1902

An interesting event of this period was the appearance in Berlin of ex−President and Mrs. Harrison. The President had but recently finished his long and wearisome work before the Venezuela Arbitration Tribunal at Paris, and was very happy in the consciousness of duty accomplished and liberty obtained. Marks of high distinction were shown them. The sovereigns invited them to attend the festivities at Potsdam in honor of the Queen and Queen Mother of Holland, who were then staying there, and treated them not only with respect, but with cordiality. The Emperor conversed long with the President on various matters of public interest: on noted Americans whom he had met, on the growth of our fleet, on recent events in our history, and the like, characteristically ending with a discussion of the superb music which we had been hearing; and at the supper which followed insisted that Mrs. Harrison should sit at his side, the Empress giving a similar invitation to Mr. Harrison. At a later period a dinner was given to the ex−President by the chancellor of the empire, Prince Hohenlohe, at which a number of the leading personages in the empire were present; and it was a pleasure to show my own respect for the former chief magistrate by a reception which was attended by about two hundred of our American colony, and a dinner at which he and Mrs. Harrison made the acquaintance of leading representative Germans in various fields.

In another chapter of these memoirs I have spoken of President Harrison as of cold and, at times, abrupt manners; but the absence of these characteristics during his stay in Berlin, and afterward in New York, made it clear to me that the cold exterior which I had noted in him at Washington, especially when Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lodge, and sundry others of us urged upon him an extension of the classified civil service, was adopted as a means of preventing encroachments upon the time necessary for his daily duties. He now appeared in a very different light, his discussion of men and events showing not only earnest thought and deep penetration, but a rich vein of humor; his whole bearing being simple, kindly, and dignified.

During the winter of 1899−1900 came an addition to my experiences of what American representatives abroad have to expect under our present happy−go−lucky provision for the diplomatic service. As already stated, on arriving in Berlin, I had great difficulty in obtaining any fitting quarters, but at last secured a large and suitable apartment in an excellent part of the city, its only disadvantage being that my guests had to plod up seventy−five steps in order to reach it. Having been obliged to make large outlays for suitable fittings, extensive repairs, and furniture throughout, I found that more than the entire salary of my first year had been thus sunk; but I congratulated myself that I had at least obtained a residence good, comfortable, and suitable. To be sure, it was inferior to that of any other ambassador, but I had fitted it up so that it was considered creditable. Suddenly, about two years afterward, without a word of warning, came notice from the proprietor that my lease was void—that he had sold the house, and that I must leave it; so that it looked as if the American Embassy would, at an early day, be turned into the street. This was trying indeed. It was at the beginning of the social season, and interfered greatly with my duties of every sort. And there cropped out a feeling, among all conversant with the case, which I cannot say was conducive to respect for the wisdom of those who give laws to our country.

But, happily, I had insisted on inserting in the lease a clause which seemed to make it doubtful whether the proprietor could turn me out so easily and speedily. Under German law it was a very precarious reliance, but on this I took my stand, and at last, thanks mainly to the kindness of my colleague who succeeded me as a tenant, made a compromise under which I was enabled to retain the apartment for something over a year longer.

It may be interesting for an American who has a proper feeling regarding the position of his country abroad to know that the purchaser of the entire house—not only of the floor which I had occupied, but of the similar apartment beneath, as well as that on the ground floor—was the little Grand Duchy of Baden, which in this way provided for its minister, secretaries, and others connected with its legation in the German capital.

On the theory of line upon line and precept upon precept, I again call attention, NOT to the wrong done ME by this American policy, or rather want of policy,—for I knew in coming what I had to expect,—but to the injury thus done to the PROPER STANDING OF OUR COUNTRY BEFORE THE OTHER NATIONS OF THE WORLD. Again I insist that, in its own interest, a government like ours ought, in every capital where it is

represented, to possess or to hold on long lease a house or apartment suitable to its representative and creditable to itself.

Early in the spring of 1900 came an event of some historical interest. On the 19th of March and the two days following was celebrated the two−hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy of Sciences. The Emperor, as well as the Academy, had determined to make it a great occasion, and the result was a series of very brilliant pageants. These began by a solemn reception of the delegates from all parts of the world in the great hall of the palace, my duty being to represent the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and my colleagues being Professors White and Wolf of Harvard, who had been sent by the American Academy of Sciences. The scene was very striking, all the delegates, except those from America and Switzerland, being in the costumes of the organizations they represented; most were picturesque, and some had a very mediaeval appearance; those from the ancient universities of Wurzburg and Prague, especially, looking as if they had just stepped out of an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century. At the time named for the beginning of the festival the Emperor entered, announced by the blare of trumpets, preceded by ministers bearing the sword, standard, and great seal, and by generals bearing the crown, scepter, and orb. He was surrounded by the highest officials of the kingdom and empire, and having taken his seat on the throne, there came majestic music preluding sundry orations and lists of honors conferred on eminent men of science in all parts of the world, among whom I was glad to note Professors Gibbs of Yale, James of Harvard, and Rowland of Johns Hopkins.

The Emperor's speech was characteristic. It showed that his heart was in the matter; that he felt a just pride in the achievements of German science, and was determined that no efforts of his should be wanting to increase and extend them. After the close of the function, which was made in the same stately way as its beginning, my colleagues drove home with me, and one of them said, "Well, I am an American and a republican, but when I am in a monarchy I like to see a thing of this kind done in the most magnificent way possible, as it was this morning." A day or two afterward, at the dinner given to the ambassadors by the Emperor, I told him this story. He laughed heartily, and then said: "Your friend is right: if a man is to be a monarch, let him be a monarch; Dom Pedro of Brazil tried to be something else, and it did not turn out well."

Impressive in a different way were the ceremonies attendant upon the coming of age of the German crown prince, on the 6th of May, 1900. To do honor to the occasion, the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria−Hungary had sent word that he would be present, and for many days the whole city seemed mainly devoted to decorating its buildings and streets for his visit; the culmination of the whole being at the Pariser Platz, in front of the Brandenburg Gate, where a triumphal arch and obelisks were erected, with other decorations, patriotic and complimentary. On the morning of the 4th he arrived, and, entering the city at the side of the German Emperor, each in the proper uniform of the other, he was received by the burgomaster and town council of Berlin with a most cordial speech, and then, passing on through the Linden, which was showily decorated, he was enthusiastically greeted everywhere. No doubt this greeting was thoroughly sincere, since all good Germans look upon Franz Josef as their truest ally.

Next evening there was a "gala" performance at the Royal Opera, the play presented being, of all things in the world, Auber's "Bronze Horse," which is a farcical Chinese fairy tale set to very light and pleasing music. The stage setting was gorgeous, but the audience was still more so, delegates from all the greater powers of the world being present, including the heirs to the British and Italian thrones, the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and a multitude of other scions of royalty. One feature was comical. Near me sat His Excellency the Chinese minister, surrounded by his secretaries and attaches, all apparently delighted; and on my asking him, through his interpreter, how he liked it, he said, "Very much; this shows the Europeans that in China we know how to amuse ourselves." Of the fact that it was a rather highly charged caricature of Chinese officialdom he seemed either really or diplomatically unconscious.

On the following morning I was received in audience by the German Emperor, bringing to him a warm message of congratulation from President McKinley; and when His Majesty had replied very cordially, he introduced me to the crown prince standing at his side, to whom I gave the President's best wishes. Then came, in the chapel of the palace, an impressive religious service, the address by Dr. Dryander being eloquent, and the music, by the cathedral choir and, at times, by a great military orchestra, both far above us in the dome, beautiful. At its close the crown prince came forward, stood before the altar, where I had seen his parents married twenty years before, and the oath of allegiance, which was quite long, having been read to him by the colonel of his

regiment, he repeated it, word for word, and made his solemn pledge, lifting one hand and grasping the imperial standard with the other. Then, after receiving affectionate embraces from his father and mother, he was congratulated by the sovereigns and royal personages. The ambassadors and ministers having been then received by the Emperor and Empress, the young prince came along the line and spoke to each of us in a very unaffected and manly way. He was at that time somewhat taller than his father, with an intelligent and pleasant face, and is likely, I should say, to do well in his great position, though not possessing, probably, anything like his father's varied gifts and graces.

In the evening came a dinner in the White Hall of the palace to several hundred guests, including the Emperor of Austria−Hungary, the King of Saxony, and other visiting personages, with the heads of the diplomatic missions, and the leading personages of the empire; and near the close of it the Emperor William arose and made an excellent speech, to all appearance extemporaneous. The answer by the Emperor of Austria−Hungary was read by him, and was sensible and appropriate.

That this visit did much to strengthen the ties which bind the two monarchies was shown not merely by hurrahs in the streets and dithyrambic utterances in the newspapers, but by a mass of other testimony. One curious thing was the great care everywhere taken in the decorations to honor the crown and flag of Hungary equally with that of Austria, and this, as was shown by the Hungarian journals, had an excellent effect. By this meeting, no doubt, the Triple Alliance was somewhat strengthened, and the chances for continued peace increased, at least during the lifetime of the Emperor Franz Josef. As to what will follow his death all is dark. His successor is one of the least suitable of men,—unprepossessing, and even forbidding, in every respect. Brought up by the Jesuits, he is distrusted by a vast mass of the best people in the empire, Catholic and Protestant. A devout Catholic they would be glad to take, but a Jesuit pupil they dread, for they know too well what such have brought upon the empire hitherto, and, indeed, upon every kingdom which has allowed them in its councils. His previous career has not been edifying, and there is no reason to expect any change in him. The Emperor Franz Josef is probably as thoroughly beloved by his subjects as any sovereign in history has ever been. His great misfortunes—fearful defeats in the wars with France and Germany, the suicide of his only son, the assassination of his wife, and family troubles in more recent times—have thrown about him an atmosphere of romantic sympathy; while love for his kindly qualities is mingled with respect for his plain common sense. During his stay in Berlin I met him a second time. At my first presentation at Dresden, two years before, there was little opportunity for extended conversation; but he now spoke quite at length and in a manner which showed him to be observant of the world's affairs even in remote regions. He discussed the recent increase of our army, the progress of our war in the Philippines, and the extension of American enterprise in various parts of the world, in a way which was not at all perfunctory, but evidently the result of large information and careful observation. His empire, which is a seething caldron of hates, racial, religious, political, and local, is held together by love and respect for him; but when he dies this personal tie which unites all these different races, parties, and localities will disappear, and in place of it will come the man who by force of untoward circumstances is to be his successor, and this is anything but a pleasing prospect to an Austro−Hungarian, or, indeed, to any thoughtful observer of human affairs.

Interesting to me at this period was a visit from representatives of the "Kriegerverein"—German−Americans who had formerly fought in the war between Germany and France, who had since become American citizens, and who were now revisiting their native land. They were a very manly body, evidently taking pride in the American flag which they carried, and also in the part they had played in Germany. Replying to a friendly address by their commanding officer, I took up some current American fallacies regarding Germany and Germans, encouraged my hearers to stand firm against sensational efforts to make trouble between the two countries, urged them to keep their children in knowledge of the German language and in touch with German civilization, while bringing them up as thoroughly loyal Americans, reminding them that every American who is interested in German history or literature or science or art is an additional link in the chain which binds together the two nations. The speech was of a very offhand sort; but it seemed to strike deep and speed far, for it evoked most kindly letters of congratulation and thanks from various parts of Germany and the United States.

The most striking episode in the history of the world during these years was the revolution in China. The first event which startled mankind was the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister at Peking, a man of remarkable abilities and accomplishments, who was thought sure to rise high among diplomatists, and who had especially attracted American friendships by his marriage with an American lady. The impression created by this

calamity was made all the greater by the fact that, in the absence of further news from the Chinese capital, there was reason to fear that the whole diplomatic corps, with their families, might be murdered. American action in the entanglements which followed was prompt and successful, and thinking men everywhere soon saw it to be so. Toward the end of July, 1900, being about to go to America for the summer, I took leave of Count von Bulow at the Foreign Office, and, on coming out, met one of my colleagues, who, although representing one of the lesser European powers, was well known as exceedingly shrewd and far−sighted. He said: "I congratulate you on the course pursued by your government during this fearful Chinese imbroglio. Other powers have made haste to jump into war; your admiral at Tientsin seems the only one who has kept his head; other governments have treated representatives of the Chinese Empire as hostile, and, in doing so, have cut themselves off from all direct influence on the Peking Government; the government at Washington has taken an opposite course, has considered the troubles as, prima facie, the work of insurrectionists, has insisted on claiming friendship with the constituted authorities in China, and, in view of this friendship, has insisted on being kept in communication with its representative at the Chinese capital, the result being that your government has been allowed to communicate with its representative, and has thereby gained the information and issued the orders which have saved the entire diplomatic corps, as well as the forces of the different powers now in Peking."

It was one of those contemporary testimonies to the skill of Mr. McKinley and Secretary Hay which indicate the verdict of history.

Our later policy was equally sound. It was to prevent any further territorial encroachments on China by foreign powers, and to secure the opening of the empire on equal terms to the commerce of the entire world. On the other hand, the German Government, exasperated by the murder of its minister at Peking, was at first inclined to go beyond this, and a speech of the Emperor to his troops as they were leaving Germany for the seat of war was hastily construed to mean that they were to carry out a policy of extermination and confiscation. Even after the first natural outburst of indignation against the Chinese, it looked as if the ultimatum presented by the powers would include demands which could never be met, and would entangle all the powers in a long and tedious war, leading, perhaps, to a worse catastrophe. Quietly but vigorously, from first to last, the American policy was urged by Mr. Conger, American minister at Peking, and by other representatives of our government abroad; and it was a happy morning for me when, after efforts many and long continued, I received at the Berlin Foreign Office the assurance that Germany would not consider the earlier conditions presented by the powers to the Chinese Government as "irrevocable." My constant contention, during interviews at the Foreign Office, had been that the United States desired as anxiously to see the main miscreants punished as did any other nation, but that it was of no use to demand, upon members of the imperial family, and upon generals in command of great armies, extreme penalties which the Chinese Government was not strong enough to inflict, or indemnities which it was not rich enough to pay; that our aim was not quixotic but practical, and that, in advocating steadily the "open door" policy, we were laboring quite as much for all other powers as for ourselves. Of course we were charged in various quarters with cold−bloodedness, and with merely seeking to promote our own interest in trade; but the Japanese, who could understand the question better than the Western powers, steadily adhered to our policy, and more and more, in its main lines, it proved to be correct.

On the Fourth of July, 1900, came the celebration of our national independence at Leipsic, and being asked to respond to the first regular toast, and, having at my former visit dwelt especially upon the Presidency, my theme now became the character and services of the President himself, and it was a pleasure to find that my statement was received by the German press in a way that showed a reaction from previous injustice.

During August and September preceding the political campaign which resulted in Mr. McKinley's reelection I was in the United States. It was the hottest summer in very many years, and certainly, within my whole experience, there had been no torrid heat like that during my visits to Washington. Nearly every one seemed prostrated by it. Upon arriving at the Arlington Hotel, I found two old friends unnerved by the temperature, one of them not daring to risk a sunstroke by going to the train which would take him to his home in Chicago Retiring to one's room at night, even in the best−situated hotels, was like entering an oven. The leading official persons were generally absent, and those who remained seemed hardly capable of doing business. But there was one exception. Going to the White House to pay my respects to the President, I found him the one man in Washington perfectly cool, serene, and unaffected by the burning heat or by the pressure of public affairs. Although matters in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines in China, and in the political campaign then going on must have been constantly in

his mind, he had plenty of time, seemed to take trouble about nothing, and kept me in his office for a full hour, discussing calmly the various phases of the situation as they were affected by matters in Germany.

His discussion of public affairs showed the same quiet insight and strength which I had recognized in him when we first met, in 1884, as delegates at the Chicago National Convention. One thing during this Washington interview struck me especially: I asked him if he was to make any addresses during the campaign; he answered: "No; several of my friends have urged me to do so, but I shall not. I intend to return to what seems to me the better policy of the earlier Presidents: the American people have my administration before them; they have ample material for judging it, and with them I shall silently leave the whole matter." He said this in a perfectly simple, quiet way, which showed that he meant what he said. At the time I regretted his decision; but it soon became clear that he was right.

At the beginning of the year 1901 came the two−hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Prussian kingdom. Representatives of the other governments of the world appeared at court in full force; and, under instructions from the President, I tendered his congratulations and best wishes to the monarch, as follows:

May it please Your Majesty: I am instructed by the President to present his hearty congratulations on this two−hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Kingdom of Prussia, and, with his congratulations, his best wishes for Your Majesty's health and happiness, as well as the health and happiness of the Royal Family, and his earnest hopes for the continued prosperity of Your Majesty's Kingdom and Empire.

At the same time I feel fully authorized to present similar congratulations and good wishes from the whole people of the United States. The ties between the two nations, instead of being weakened by time, have constantly grown stronger. As regards material interests they are bound together by an enormous commerce, growing greatly every year: as regards deeper sentiments, no man acquainted with American History forgets that the House of Hohenzollern was one of the first European powers to recognize American Independence; and that it was Frederick the Great who made that first treaty,—a landmark in the history of International Law,—the only fault of which was that the world was not far enough advanced to appreciate it. We also remember that Germany was the only foreign country which showed decided sympathy for us during our Civil War—the second struggle for our national existence.

I also feel fully authorized, in view of Your Majesty's interest in everything that ministers to the highest interests of civilization, to express thanks for service which the broad policy of Germany has rendered the United States in throwing open to American scholars its Universities, its Technical Schools, its conservatories of Art, its Museums, and its Libraries. Every University and advanced school of learning in the United States recognizes the fact that Germany has been our main foreign teacher, as regards the higher ranges of Science, Literature, and Art, and I may be allowed to remind Your Majesty, that while Great Britain is justly revered by us as our mother country Germany is beginning to hold to us a similar relation, not only as the fatherland of a vast number of American citizens, but as one of the main sources of the intellectual culture spread by our universities and schools for advanced learning.

Allow me, then, sir, to renew the best wishes of the President and people of the United States, with their hopes that ever blessing may attend Your Majesty, the House of Hohenzollern the Kingdom of Prussia, and the German Empire.

The Emperor in his reply spoke very cordially of the President's special telegram, which he had received that morning, and then gave earnest utterance to his belief that the time is coming when the three great peoples of Germanic descent will stand firmly together in all the great questions of the world.

The religious ceremonies in the Palace Chapel, with magnificent music; the banquet, which included pertinent speeches from the monarchs; and the gala representation at the opera all passed off well: but, perhaps, that which will dwell longest in my memory took place at the last. The performance consisted of two pieces: one a poem glorifying Prussia, recited with music; the other a play, in four acts, with long, musical interludes, deifying the great Elector and the house of Hohenzollern. Though splendid in scenic setting and brilliant in presentation it was very long, and the ambassadors' box was crowded and hot. In the midst of it all the French ambassador, the Marquis de Noailles, one of the most suave courteous, and placid of men, quietly said to me, with inimitable gravity, "What a bore this must be to those who understand German! (Comme ca doit etre ennuyeux a ceux qui correprennent l'Allexnand!)" This sudden revelation of a lower depth of boredom—from one who could not understand a word of the play—was worthy of his ancestors in the days of Saint−Simon and Dangeau.

During the following summer two great sorrows befell me and mine, but there is nothing to be here chronicled save that in this, as in previous trials, I took refuge in work which seemed to be worthy. The diplomatic service in summer is not usually exacting, especially when one has, as I had, thoroughly loyal and judicious embassy secretaries. As in a former bereavement I had turned to a study of the character and services of John of Portugal and his great successors in the age of discovery, so now I turned to Fra Paolo Sarpi and the good fight he fought for Venice and humanity. To my large collection of books on the subject, made mainly in Italy, I added much from the old book−shops of Germany, and with these revised my Venetian studies. An old dream of mine had been to bring out a small book on Fra Paolo: now I sought, more modestly, to prepare an essay.[6] The work was good for me. Contemplation of that noblest of the three great Italians between the Renaissance and the Resurrection of Italy did something to lift me above sorrow; reading his words, uttered so calmly in all the storm and stress of his time, soothed me. Viewed from my work−table on the island of Rugen, the world became less dark as I thought upon this hero of three centuries ago.

[6] This essay has since been published in the "Atlantic Monthly" of January and February, 1904.

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FRA PAOLO SARPI.

I.

A thoughtful historian tells us that, between the fourteenth century and the nineteenth, Italy produced three great men. As the first of these, he names Machiavelli, who, he says, "taught the world to understand political despotism and to hate it;" as the second, he names Sarpi who "taught the world after what manner the Holy Spirit guides the Councils of the Church;" and as the third, Galileo, who "taught the world what dogmatic theology is worth when it can be tested by science."

I purpose now to present the second of these. As a MAN, he was by far the greatest of the three and, in various respects, the most interesting, for he not only threw a bright light into the most important general council of the Church and revealed to Christendom the methods which there prevailed,—in a book which remains one of the half−dozen classic histories of the world,—but he fought the most bitter fight for humanity against the papacy ever known in any Latin nation, and won a victory by which the whole world has profited ever since. Moreover, he was one of the two foremost Italian statesmen since the Middle Ages, the other being Cavour.

He was born at Venice in 1552, and it may concern those who care to note the subtle interweaving of the warp and woof of history that the birth year of this most resourceful foe that Jesuitism ever had was the death year of St. Francis Xavier, the noblest of Jesuit apostles.

It may also interest those who study the more evident evolution of cause and effect in human affairs to note that, like most strong men, he had a strong mother; that while his father was a poor shopkeeper who did little and died young, his mother was wise and serene.

From his earliest boyhood, he showed striking gifts and characteristics. He never forgot a face once seen, could take in the main contents of a page at a glance, spoke little, rarely ate meat, and, until his last years, never drank wine.

Brought up, after the death of his father, first by his uncle, a priest, and then by Capella, a Servite monk, in something better than the usual priestly fashion, he became known, while yet in his boyhood, as a theological prodigy. Disputations in his youth, especially one at Mantua, where, after the manner of the time, he successfully defended several hundred theses against all comers, attracted wide attention, so that the Bishop gave him a professorship, and the Duke, who, like some other crowned heads of those days,—notably Henry VIII. and James I.,—liked to dabble in theology, made him a court theologian. But the duties of this position were uncongenial: a flippant duke, fond of putting questions which the wisest theologian could not answer, and laying out work which the young scholar evidently thought futile, apparently wearied him. He returned to the convent of the Servites at

Venice, and became, after a few years' novitiate, a friar, changing, at the same time, his name; so that, having been baptized Peter, he now became Paul.

His career soon seemed to reveal another and underlying cause of his return: he evidently felt the same impulse which stirred his contemporaries, Lord Bacon and Galileo; for he began devoting himself to the whole range of scientific and philosophical studies, especially to mathematics, physics, astronomy, anatomy, and physiology. In these he became known as an authority, and before long was recognized as such through out Europe. It is claimed, and it is not improbable, that he anticipated Harvey in discovering the circulation of the blood, and that he was the forerunner of noted discoveries in magnetism. Unfortunately the loss of the great mass of his papers by the fire which destroyed his convent in 1769 forbids any full estimate of his work; but it is certain that among those who sought his opinion and advice were such great discoverers as Acquapendente, Galileo, Torricelli, and Gilbert of Colchester, and that every one of these referred to him as an equal, and indeed as a master. It seems also established that it was he who first discovered the valves of the veins, that he made known the most beautiful function of the iris,—its contractility,—and that various surmises of his regarding heat, light, and sound have since been developed into scientific truths. It is altogether likely that, had he not been drawn from scientific pursuits by his duties as a statesman, he would have ranked among the greater investigators and discoverers, not only of Italy, but of the world.

He also studied political and social problems, and he arrived at one conclusion which, though now trite, was then novel,—the opinion that the aim of punishment should not be vengeance, but reformation. In these days and in this country, where one of the most serious of evils is undue lenity to crime, this opinion may be imputed to him as a fault; but in those days, when torture was the main method in procedure and in penalty, his declaration was honorable both to his head and heart.

With all his devotion to books, he found time to study men. Even at school, he had seemed to discern those who would win control. They discerned something in him also; so that close relations were formed between him and such leaders as Contarini and Morosini, with whom he afterwards stood side by side in great emergencies.

Important missions were entrusted to him. Five times he visited Rome to adjust perplexing differences between the papal power and various interests at Venice. He was rapidly advanced through most of the higher offices in his order, and in these he gave a series of decisions which won the respect of all entitled to form an opinion.

Naturally he was thought of for high place in the Church, and was twice presented for a bishopric; but each time he was rejected at Rome,—partly from family claims of less worthy candidates, partly from suspicions regarding his orthodoxy. It was objected that he did not find the whole doctrine of the Trinity in the first verse of Genesis, that he corresponded with eminent heretics of England and Germany, that he was not averse to reforms, that, in short, he was not inclined to wallow in the slime from which had crawled forth such huge incarnations of evil as John XXIII., Julius II., Sixtus IV., and Alexander VI.

His orthodox detractors have been wont to represent him as seeking vengeance for his non−promotion; but his after career showed amply that personal grievances had little effect upon him. It is indeed not unlikely that when he saw bishoprics for which he knew himself well fitted given as sops to poor creatures utterly unfit in morals or intellect, he may have had doubts regarding the part taken by the Almighty in selecting them; but he was reticent, and kept on with his work. In his cell at Santa Fosca, he quietly and steadily devoted himself to his cherished studies; but he continued to study more than books or inanimate nature. He was neither a bookworm nor a pedant. On his various missions he met and discoursed with churchmen and statesmen concerned in the greatest transactions of his time, notably at Mantua with Oliva, secretary of one of the greatest ecclesiastics at the Council of Trent; at Milan with Cardinal Borromeo, by far the noblest of all who sat in that assemblage during its eighteen years; in Rome and elsewhere with Arnauld Ferrier, who had been French Ambassador at the Council, Cardinal Severina, head of the Inquisition, Castagna, afterward Pope Urban VII., and Cardinal Bellarmine, afterward Sarpi's strongest and noblest opponent.

Nor was this all. He was not content with books or conversations; steadily he went on collecting, collating, and testing original documents bearing upon the great events of his time. The result of all this the world was to see later.

He had arrived at middle life and won wide recognition as a scholar, scientific investigator, and jurist, when there came the supreme moment of a struggle which had involved Europe for centuries,—a struggle interesting

not only the Italy and Europe of those days, but universal humanity for all time.

During the period following the fall of the Roman Empire of the West there had been evolved the temporal power of the Roman Bishop. It had many vicissitudes. Sometimes, as in the days of St. Leo and St. Gregory, it based its claims upon noble assertions of right and justice, and sometimes, as in the hands of pontiffs like Innocent VIII. and Paul V., it sought to force its way by fanaticism. Sometimes it strengthened its authority by real services to humanity, and sometimes by such monstrous frauds as the Forged Decretals. Sometimes, as under Popes like Gregory VII. and Innocent III., it laid claim to the mastership of the world, and sometimes, as with the majority of the pontiffs during the two centuries before the Reformation, it became mainly the appanage of a party or faction or family.

Throughout all this history, there appeared in the Church two great currents of efficient thought. On one side had been developed a theocratic theory, giving the papacy a power supreme in temporal as well as in spiritual matters throughout the world. Leaders in this during the Middle Ages were St. Thomas Aquinas and the Dominicans; leaders in Sarpi's days were the Jesuits, represented especially in the treatises of Bellarmine at Rome and in the speeches of Laynez at the Council of Trent.[1]

[1] This has been admirably shown by N. R. F. Brown in his Taylorian Lecture, pages 229−234, in volume for 1889−99.

But another theory, hostile to the despotism of the Church over the State, had been developed through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance;—it had been strengthened mainly by the utterances of such men as Dante, aegidio Colonna, John of Paris, Ockham, Marsilio of Padua, and Laurentius Valla. Sarpi ranged himself with the latter of these forces. Though deeply religious, he recognized the God−given right of earthly governments to discharge their duties independent of church control.

Among the many centres of this struggle was Venice. She was splendidly religious—as religion was then understood. She was made so by her whole environment. From the beginning she had been a seafaring power, and seafaring men, from their constant wrestle with dangers ill understood, are prone to seek and find supernatural forces. Nor was this all. Later, when she had become rich, powerful, luxurious, licentious, and refractory to the priesthood, her most powerful citizens felt a need of atoning for their many sins by splendid religious foundations. So her people came to live in an atmosphere of religious observance, and the bloom and fruitage of their religious hopes and fears are seen in the whole history of Venetian art,—from the rude sculptures of Torcello and the naive mosaics of San Marco to the glowing altarpieces and ceilings of John Bellini, Titian, and Tintoretto and the illuminations of the Grimani Psalter. No class in Venice rose above this environment. Doges and Senators were as susceptible to it as were the humblest fishermen on the Lido. In every one of those glorious frescoes in the corridors and halls of the Ducal Palace which commemorate the victories of the Republic, the triumphant Doge or Admiral or General is seen on his knees making acknowledgment of the divine assistance. On every Venetian sequin, from the days when Venice was a power throughout the earth to that fatal year when the young Bonaparte tossed the Republic over to the House of Austria, the Doge, crowned and robed, kneels humbly before the Saviour, the Virgin, or St. Mark. In that vast Hall of the Five Hundred, the most sumptuous room in the world, there is spread above the heads of the Doge and Senators and Councilors, as an incentive to the discharge of their duties on earth, a representation of the blessed in Heaven.

From highest to lowest, the Venetians lived, moved, and had their being in this religious environment, and, had their Republic been loosely governed, its external policy would have been largely swayed by this all−pervading religious feeling, and would have become the plaything of the Roman Court. But a democracy has never been maintained save by the delegation of great powers to its chosen leaders. It was the remark of one of the foremost American Democrats of the nineteenth century, a man who received the highest honors which his party could bestow, that the Constitution of the United States was made, not to promote Democracy, but to check it. This statement is true, and it is as true of the Venetian Constitution as of the American.[1]

[1] See Horatio Seymour's noted article in the North American Review.

But while both the republics recognized the necessity of curbing Democracy, the difference between the means employed was world−wide. The founders of the American Republic gave vast powers and responsibilities to a president and unheard−of authority to a supreme court; in the Venetian Republic the Doge was gradually stripped of power, but there was evolved the mysterious and unlimited authority of the Senate and Council of Ten.

In these sat the foremost Venetians, thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit of their time; but, religious as

they were, they were men of the world, trained in the polities of all Europe and especially of Italy.

In a striking passage, Guizot has shown how the Crusaders who went to the Orient by way of Italy and saw the papacy near at hand came back skeptics. This same influence shaped the statesmen of Venice. The Venetian Ambassadors were the foremost in Europe. Their Relations are still studied as the clearest, shrewdest, and wisest statements regarding the men and events in Europe at their time. All were noted for skill; but the most skillful were kept on duty at Rome. There was the source of danger. The Doges, Senators, and controlling Councilors had, as a rule, served in these embassies, and they had formed lucid judgments as to Italian courts in general and as to the Roman Court in particular. No men had known the Popes and the Curia more thoroughly. They had seen Innocent VIII. buy the papacy for money. They had been at the Vatican when Alexander VI. had won renown as a secret murderer. They had seen, close at hand, the merciless cruelty of Julius II. They had carefully noted the crimes of Sixtus IV., which culminated in the assassination of Julian de' Medici beneath the dome of Florence at the moment the Host was uplifted. They had sat near Leo X. while he enjoyed the obscenities of the Calandria and the Mandragora,—plays which, in the most corrupt of modern cities, would, in our day, be stopped by the police. No wonder that, in one of their dispatches, they speak of Rome as "the cloaca of the world."[1]

[1] For Sixtus IV. and his career, with the tragedy in the Cathedral of Florence see Villari's Life of Machiavelli, English Edition, vol. ii. pp. 341, 342. For the passages in the dispatches referred to, vide ibid. vol. i. p. 198.

Naturally, then, while their religion showed itself in wonderful monuments of every sort, their practical sense was shown by a steady opposition to papal encroachments.

Of this combination of zeal for religion with hostility to ecclesiasticism we have striking examples throughout the history of the Republic. While, in every other European state, cardinals, bishops, priests, and monks were given leading parts in civil administration and, in some states, a monopoly of civil honors, the Republic of Venice not only excluded all ecclesiastics from such posts, but, in cases which touched church interests, she excluded even the relatives of ecclesiastics. When church authority decreed that commerce should not be maintained with infidels and heretics, the Venetian merchants continued to deal with Turks, Pagans, Germans, Englishmen, and Dutchmen as before. When the Church decreed that the taking of interest for money was sin, and great theologians published in Venice some of their mightiest treatises demonstrating this view from Holy Scripture and the Fathers, the Venetians continued borrowing and lending money on usance. When efforts were made to enforce that tremendous instrument for the consolidation of papal power, the bull In Coena Domini, Venice evaded and even defied it. When the Church frowned upon anatomical dissections, the Venetians allowed Andreas Vesalius to make such dissections at their University of Padua. When Sixtus V., the strongest of all the Popes, had brought all his powers, temporal and spiritual, to bear against Henry IV. of France as an excommunicated heretic, and seemed ready to hurl the thunderbolts of the Church against any power which should recognize him, the Venetian Republic not only recognized him, but treated his Ambassador with especial courtesy. When the other Catholic powers, save France, yielded to papal mandates and sent no representatives to the coronation of James I. of England, Venice was there represented. When Pope after Pope issued endless diatribes against the horrors of toleration, the Venetians steadily tolerated in their several sorts of worship Jews and Greeks, Mohammedans and Armenians, with Protestants of every sort who came to them on business. When the Roman Index forbade the publication of most important works of leading authors, Venice demanded and obtained for her printers rights which were elsewhere denied.

As to the religious restrictions which touched trade, the Venetians in the public councils, and indeed the people at large, had come to know perfectly what the papal theory meant,—with some of its promoters, fanaticism, but with the controlling power at Rome, revenue, revenue to be derived from retailing dispensations to infringe the holy rules.

This peculiar antithesis—nowhere more striking than at Venice, on the one side, religious fears and hopes; on the other, keen insight into the ways of ecclesiasticism—led to peculiar compromises. The bankers who had taken interest upon money, the merchants who had traded with Moslems and heretics, in their last hours frequently thought it best to perfect their title to salvation by turning over large estates to the Church. Under the sway of this feeling, and especially of the terrors infused by priests at deathbeds, mortmain had become in Venice, as in many other parts of the world, one of the most serious of evils. Thus it was that the clergy came to possess between one fourth and one third of the whole territory of the Republic, and in its Bergamo district more than one half; and all

this was exempt from taxation. Hence it was that the Venetian Senate found it necessary to devise a legal cheek which should make such absorption of estates by the Church more and more difficult.

There was a second cause of trouble. In that religious atmosphere of Venice, monastic orders of every sort grew luxuriantly, not only absorbing more and more land to be held by the dead hand, thus escaping the public burdens, but ever absorbing more and more men and women, and thus depriving the state of any healthy and normal service from them. Here, too, the Senate thought it best to interpose a check: it insisted that all new structures for religious orders must be authorized by the State.

Yet another question flamed forth. Of the monks of every sort swarming through the city, many were luxurious and some were criminal. On these last, the Venetian Senate determined to lay its hands, and in the first years of the seventeenth century all these questions, and various other matters distasteful to the Vatican, culminated in the seizure and imprisonment of two ecclesiastics charged with various high crimes,—among these rape and murder.

There had just come to the papal throne Camillo Borghese, Paul V.,—strong, bold, determined, with the highest possible theory of his duties and of his position. In view of his duty toward himself, he lavished the treasures of the faithful upon his family, until it became the richest which had yet risen in Rome; in view of his duty toward the Church, he built superbly, and an evidence of the spirit in which he wrought is his name, in enormous letters, still spread across the facade of St. Peter's. As to his position, he accepted fully the theories and practices of his boldest predecessors, and in this he had good warrant; for St. Thomas Aquinas and Bellarmine had furnished him with convincing arguments that he was divinely authorized to rule the civil powers of Italy and of the world.[1]

[1] For details of these cases of the two monks, see Pascolato. Fra Paolo Sarpi, Milano, 1893, pp. 126−128. For the Borghese avarice, see Ranke's Popes, vol. iii. pp. 9−20. For the development of Pope Paul's theory of government, see Ranke, vol. ii. p. 345, and note in which Bellarmine's doctrine is cited textually; also Bellarmine's Selbstbiographie, herausgegeben von Dollinger und Rensch Bonn, 1887. pp. 181, et seq.

Moreover there was, in his pride, something akin to fanaticism. He had been elected by one of those sudden movements, as well known in American caucuses as in papal conclaves, when, after a deadlock, all the old candidates are thrown over, and the choice suddenly falls on a new man. The cynical observer may point to this as showing that the laws governing elections, under such circumstances, are the same, whether in party caucuses or in church councils; but Paul, in this case, saw the direct intervention of the Almighty, and his disposition to magnify his office was vastly increased thereby. He was especially strenuous, and one of his earliest public acts was to send to the gallows a poor author, who, in an unpublished work, had spoken severely regarding one of Paul's predecessors.

The Venetian laws checking mortmain, taxing church property, and requiring the sanction of the Republic before the erection of new churches and monasteries greatly angered him; but the crowning vexation was the seizure of the two clerics. This aroused him fully. He at once sent orders that they be delivered up to him, that apology be made for the past and guarantees given for the future, and notice was served that, in case the Republic did not speedily obey these orders, the Pope would excommunicate its leaders and lay an interdict upon its people. It was indeed a serious contingency. For many years the new Pope had been known as a hard, pedantic ecclesiastical lawyer, and now that he had arrived at the supreme power, he had evidently determined to enforce the high mediaeval supremacy of the Church over the State. Everything betokened his success. In France he had broken down all opposition to the decrees of the Council of Trent. In Naples, when a magistrate had refused to disobey the civil law at the bidding of priests, and the viceroy had supported the magistrate, Pope Paul had forced the viceroy and magistrate to comply with his will by threats of excommunication. In every part of Italy,—in Malta, in Savoy, in Parma, in Lucca, in Genoa,—and finally even in Spain, he had pettifogged, bullied, threatened, until his opponents had given way. Everywhere he was triumphant; and while he was in the mood which such a succession of triumphs would give he turned toward Venice.[1]

[1] For letters showing the craven submission of Philip III. of Spain at this time, see Cornet, Paolo V. e la Republica Veneta, Vienna, 1859, p. 285.

There was little indeed to encourage the Venetians to resist; for, while the interests of other European powers were largely the same as theirs, current political intrigues seemed likely to bring Spain and even France into a league with the Vatican.

To a people so devoted to commerce, yet so religious, the threat of an interdict was serious indeed. All church services were to cease; the people at large, no matter how faithful, were to be as brute beasts,—not to be legally married, —not to be consoled by the sacraments, —not to be shriven, and virtually not to be buried; other Christian peoples were to be forbidden all dealings with them, under pain of excommunication; their commerce was to be delivered over to the tender mercies of any and every other nation; their merchant ships to be as corsairs; their cargoes, the legitimate prey of all Christendom; and their people, on sea and land, to be held as enemies of the human race. To this was added, throughout the whole mass of the people, a vague sense of awful penalties awaiting them in the next world. Despite all this, the Republic persisted in asserting its right.

Just at this moment came a diplomatic passage between Pope and Senate like a farce before a tragedy, and it has historical significance, as showing what resourceful old heads were at the service of either side. The Doge Grimani having died, the Vatican thought to score a point by promptly sending notice through its Nuncio to Venice that no new election of a Doge could take place if forbidden by the Pope, and that, until the Senate had become obedient to the papacy, no such election would be sanctioned. But the Senate, having through its own Ambassador received a useful hint, was quite equal to the occasion. It at once declined to receive this or any dispatch from the Pope on the plea, made with redundant courtesy and cordiality, that, there being no Doge, there was no person in Venice great enough to open it. They next as politely declined to admit the papal Nuncio on the ground that there was nobody worthy to receive him. Then they proceeded to elect a Doge who could receive both Nuncio and message,—a sturdy opponent of the Vatican pretensions, Leonardo Donato.

The Senate now gave itself entirely to considering ways and means of warding off the threatened catastrophe. Its first step was to consult Sarpi. His answer was prompt and pithy. He advised two things: first, to prevent, at all hazards, any publication of the papal bulls in Venice or any obedience to them; secondly, to hold in readiness for use at any moment an appeal to a future Council of the Church.

Of these two methods, the first would naturally seem by far the more difficult. So it was not in reality. In the letter which Sarpi presented to the Doge, he devoted less than four lines to the first and more than fourteen pages to the second. As to the first remedy, severe as it was and bristling with difficulties, it was, as he claimed, a simple, natural, straightforward use of police power. As to the second, the appeal to a future Council was to the Vatican as a red flag to a bull. The very use of it involved excommunication. To harden and strengthen the Doge and Senate in order that they might consider it as an ultimate possibility, Sarpi was obliged to show from the Scriptures, the Fathers, the Councils, the early Popes, that the appeal to a Council was a matter of right. With wonderful breadth of knowledge and clearness of statement he made his points and answered objections. To this day, his letter remains a masterpiece.[1]

[1] For Sarpi's advice to the Doge, see Bianchi Giovini, vol. i. pp. 216, et seq. The document is given fully in the Lettere di F. P. S., Firenze, 1863, vol. i. pp. 17, et seq.; also in Machi, Storia del Consiglio dei Dieci, cap. xxiv., where the bull of excommunication is also given.

The Republic utterly refused to yield, and now, in 1606, Pope Paul launched his excommunication and interdict. In meeting them, the Senate took the course laid down by Sarpi. The papal Nuncio was notified that the Senate would receive no paper from the Pope; all ecclesiasties, from the Patriarch down to the lowest monk, were forbidden, under the penalties of high treason, to make public or even to receive any paper whatever from the Vatican; additional guards were placed at the city gates, with orders to search every wandering friar or other suspicious person who might, by any possibility, bring in a forbidden missive; a special patrol was kept, night and day, to prevent any posting of the forbidden notices on walls or houses; any person receiving or finding one was to take it immediately to the authorities, under the severest penalties, and any person found concealing such documents was to be punished by death.

At first some of the clergy were refractory. The head of the whole church establishment of Venice, the Patriarch himself, gave signs of resistance; but the Senate at once silenced him. Sundry other bishops and high ecclesiastics made a show of opposition; and they were placed in confinement. One of them seeming reluctant to conduct the usual church service, the Senate sent an executioner to erect a gibbet before his door. Another, having asked that he be allowed to await some intimation from the Holy Spirit, received answer that the Senate had already received directions from the Holy Spirit to hang any person resisting their decree. The three religious orders which had showed most opposition—Jesuits, Theatins, and Capuchins—were in a semi−polite manner virtually expelled from the Republic.[2]

[2] For interesting details regarding the departure of the Jesuits, see Cornet, Paolo V. e la Republica Veneta, pp. 277−279.

Not the least curious among the results of this state of things was the war of pamphlets. From Rome, Bologna, and other centres of thought, even from Paris and Frankfort, polemic tractates rained upon the Republic. The vast majority of their authors were on the side of the Vatican, and of this majority the leaders were the two cardinals so eminent in learning and logic, Bellarmine and Baronius; but, single−handed, Sarpi was, by general consent, a match for the whole opposing force.[3]

[3] In the library of Cornell University are no less than nine quartos filled with selected examples of these polemics on both sides.

Of all the weapons then used, the most effective throughout Europe was the solemn protest drawn by Sarpi and issued by the Doge. It was addressed nominally to the Venetian ecclesiastics, but really to Christendom, and both as to matter and manner it was Father Paul at his best. It was weighty, lucid, pungent, and deeply in earnest,—in every part asserting fidelity to the Church and loyalty to the papacy, but setting completely at naught the main claim of Pope Paul: the Doge solemnly declaring himself "a prince who, in temporal matters, recognizes no superior save the Divine Majesty."

The victory of the friar soon began to be recognized far and near. Men called him by the name afterward so generally given him,—the "terribile frate." The Vatican seemed paralyzed. None of its measures availed, and it was hurt, rather than helped, by its efforts to pester and annoy Venice at various capitals. At Rome, it burned Father Paul's books and declared him excommunicated; it even sought to punish his printer by putting into the Index not only all works that he had ever printed, but all that he might ever print. At Vienna, the papal Nuncio thought to score a point by declaring that he would not attend a certain religious function in case the Venetian Ambassador should appear; whereupon the Venetian announced that he had taken physic and regretted that he could not be present,—whereat all Europe laughed.

Judicious friends in various European cabinets now urged both parties to recede or to compromise. France and Spain both proffered their good offices. The offer of France was finally accepted, and the French Ambassador was kept running between the Ducal Palace and the Vatican until people began laughing at him also. The emissaries of His Holiness begged hard that, at least, appearances might be saved; that the Republic would undo some of its measures before the interdict was removed, or at least would seem to do so, and especially that it would withdraw its refusals before the Pope withdrew his penalties. All in vain. The Venetians insisted that they had committed no crime and had nothing to retract. The Vatican then urged that the Senate should consent to receive absolution for its resistance to the Pope's authority. This the Senate steadily refused; it insisted, "Let His Holiness put things as before, and we will put things as before; as to his absolution, we do not need it or want it; to receive it would be to acknowledge that we have been in the wrong." Even the last poor sop of all was refused: the Senate would have no great "function" to celebrate the termination of the interdict; they would not even go to the mass which Cardinal Joyeuse celebrated on that occasion. The only appearance of concession which the Republic made was to give up the two ecclesiastics to the French Ambassador as a matter of courtesy to the French king; and when this was done, the Ambassador delivered them to the Pope; but Venice especially reserved all the rights she had exercised. All the essential demands of the papacy were refused, and thus was forever ended the papal power of laying an interdict upon a city or a people. From that incubus, Christendom, thanks to Father Paul and to Venice, was at last and forever free.

The Vatican did, indeed, try hard to keep its old claim in being. A few years after its defeat by Fra Paolo, it endeavored to reassert in Spain the same authority which had been so humbly acknowledged there a few years before. It was doubtless felt that this most pious of all countries, which had previously been so docile, and which had stood steadily by the Vatican against Venice in the recent struggle, would again set an example of submission. Never was there a greater mistake: the Vatican received from Spanish piety a humiliating refusal.

Next it tried the old weapons against the little government at Turin. For many generations the House of Savoy had been dutifully submissive to religious control; nowhere out of Spain had heresy been treated more cruelly; yet here, too, the Vatican claim was spurned. But the final humiliation took place some years later under Urban VIII.,—the same pontiff who wrecked papal infallibility on Galileo's telescope. He tried to enforce his will on the state of Lucca, which, in the days of Pope Paul, had submitted to the Vatican decrees abjectly; but that little republic now seized the weapons which Sarpi had devised, and drove the papal forces out of the field: the papal

excommunication was, even by this petty government, annulled in Venetian fashion and even less respectfully.[1]

[1] The proofs—and from Catholic sources—that it was the Pope who condemned Galileo's doctrine of the earth's movement about the sun, and not merely the Congregation of the Index, the present writer has given in his History of the Warfare of Science with Theology, vol. i. chap. iii.

Thus the world learned how weak the Vatican hold had become. Even Pope Paul learned it, and, from being the most strenuous of modern pontiffs, he became one of the most moderate in everything save in the enrichment of his family. Thus ended the last serious effort to coerce a people by an interdict, and so, one might suppose, would end the work of Father Paul. Not so. There was to come a second chapter in his biography, more instructive, perhaps, than the first,—a chapter which has lasted until our own day. A. D. White.

{February, 1904, number DLVI.} II.

The Venetian Republic showed itself duly grateful to Sarpi. The Senate offered him splendid presents and entitled him "Theologian of Venice." The presents he refused, but the title with its duty, which was mainly to guard the Republic against the encroachments of the Vatican, he accepted, and his life in the monastery of Santa Fosca went on quietly, simply, laboriously, as before. The hatred now felt for him at Rome was unbounded. It corresponded to the gratitude at Venice. Every one saw his danger, and he well knew it. Potentates were then wont to send assassins on long errands, and the arm of the Vatican was especially far−reaching and merciless. It was the period when Pius V, the Pope whom the Church afterwards proclaimed a saint, commissioned an assassin to murder Queen Elizabeth.[1]

[1] This statement formerly led to violent denials by ultramontane champions; but in 1870 it was made by Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic, one of the most learned of modern historians, and when it was angrily denied, he quietly cited the official life of Pope Pius in the Acta Sanctorum, published by the highest church authority. This was final; denial ceased, and the statement is no longer questioned. For other proofs in the line of Lord Acton's citation, see Bellarmine's Selbstbiographie, cited in a previous article, pp. 306, et seq.

But there was in Father Paul a trust in Providence akin to fatalism. Again and again he was warned, and among those who are said to have advised him to be on his guard against papal assassins was no less a personage than his greatest controversial enemy,—Cardinal Bellarmine. It was believed by Sarpi's friends that Bellarmine's Scotch ideas of duty to humanity prevailed over his Roman ideas of fealty to the Vatican, and we may rejoice in the hope that his nobler qualities did really assert themselves against the casuistry of his brother prelates which sanctioned assassination.

These warnings were soon seen to be well founded. On a pleasant evening in October, 1607, a carefully laid trap was sprung. Returning from his day's work at the Ducal Palace, Father Paul, just as he had crossed the little bridge of Santa Fosca before reaching his convent, was met by five assassins. Two of his usual attendants had been drawn off by the outburst of a fire in the neighborhood; the other two were old men who proved useless. The place was well chosen. The descent from the bridge was so narrow that all three were obliged to march in single file, and just at this point these ruffians from Rome sprang upon him in the dusk, separated him from his companions, and gave him, in a moment, fifteen dagger thrusts, two in his throat and one—a fearful gash —on the side of his head, and then, convinced that they had killed him, escaped to their boats, only a few paces distant.

The victim lingered long in the hospital, but his sound constitution and abstemious habits stood him in good stead. Very important among the qualities which restored him to health were his optimism and cheerfulness. An early manifestation of the first of these was seen when, on regaining consciousness, he called for the stiletto which had been drawn from the main wound and, running his fingers along the blade, said cheerily to his friends, "It is not filed." What this meant, any one knows who has seen in various European collections the daggers dating from the "ages of faith" cunningly filed or grooved to hold poison.[1]

[1] There is a remarkable example of a beautiful dagger, grooved to contain poison, in the imperial collection of arms at Vienna.

As an example of the second of these qualities, we may take his well−known reply when, to the surgeon dressing the wound made by the "style" or stiletto, —who spoke of its "extravagance," rudeness, and yet ineffectiveness,—Fra Paolo quietly answered that in these characteristics could be recognized the style of the Roman Curia.

Meantime the assassins had found their way back to Rome, and were welcomed with open arms; but it is some comfort to know that later, when such conscience as there was throughout Italy and Europe showed intense

disgust at the proceeding, the Roman Court treated them coldly and even severely.

The Republic continued in every way to show Sarpi its sympathy and gratitude. It made him many splendid offer, which he refused; but two gifts he accepted. One was full permission to explore the Venetian archives, and the other was a little doorway, cut through the garden wall of his monastery, enabling him to reach his gondola without going through the narrow and tortuous path he had formerly taken on his daily journey to the public offices. This humble portal still remains. Beneath few triumphal arches has there ever passed as great or as noble a conqueror.[2]

[2] The present writer has examined with care the spot where the attack was made, and found that never was a scoundrelly plot better conceived or more fiendishly executed. He also visited what was remaining of the convent in April, 1902, and found the little door as serviceable as when it was made.

Efforts were also made to cajole him,—to induce him to visit Rome, with fine promises of recognition and honor, and with solemn assurances that no harm should come to him; but he was too wise to yield. Only a few years previously he had seen Giordano Bruno lured to Rome and burned alive on the Campo dei Fiori. He had seen his friend and correspondent, Fra Fulgentio Manfredi, yield to similar allurements and accept a safe conduct to Rome, which, though it solemnly guaranteed him against harm, proved as worthless as that of John Huss at the Council of Constance; the Inquisition torturing him to death on the spot where, six years earlier, it had burned Bruno. He had seen his friend, the Archdeacon Ribetti, drawn within the clutch of the Vatican, only to die of "a most painful colic" immediately after dining with a confidential chamberlain of the Pope, and, had he lived a few months longer, he would have seen his friend and confidant, Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, to whom he had entrusted a copy of his most important work, enticed to Rome and put to death by the Inquisition. Though the Vatican exercised a strong fascination over its enemies, against Father Paul it was powerless; he never yielded to it, but kept the even tenor of his way.[3]

[3] A copy of Manfredi's "safe conduct" is given by Castellani, Lettere Inedite di F. P. S., p. 12, note. Nothing could be more explicit.

In the dispatches which now passed, comedy was mingled with tragedy. Very unctuous was the expression by His Holiness of his apprehensions regarding "dangers to the salvation" and of his "fears for the souls" of the Venetian Senators, if they persisted in asserting their own control of their own state. Hardly less touching were the fears expressed by the good Oratorian, Cardinal Baronius, that "a judgment might be brought upon the Republic" if it declined to let the Vatican have its way. But these expressions were not likely to prevail with men who had dealt with Machiavelli.

Uncompromising as ever, Father Paul continued to write letters and publish treatises which clenched more and more firmly into the mind of Venice and of Europe the political doctrine of which he was the apostle,—the doctrine that the State is rightfully independent of the Church,—and throughout the Christian world he was recognized as victor.

Nothing could exceed the bitterness of the attacks upon him, though some of them, at this day, provoke a smile. While efforts were made to discredit him among scholars by spurious writings or by interpolations in genuine writings, efforts equally ingenious were made to arouse popular hostility. One of these was a painting which represented him writhing amid the flames of hell, with a legend stating, as a reason for his punishment, that he had opposed the Holy Father.

Now it was indeed, in the midst of ferocious attacks upon his reputation and cunning attempts upon his life, that he entered a new and most effective period of activity. For years, as the adviser of Venice, he had studied, both as a historian and as a statesman, the greatest questions which concerned his country, and especially those which related to the persistent efforts of the Vatican to encroach upon Venetian self−government. The results of these studies he had embodied in reports which had shaped the course of the Republic; and now, his learning and powers of thought being brought to bear upon the policy of Europe in general, as affected by similar papal encroachments, he began publishing a series of treatises, which at once attracted general attention.[1]

[1] For the extent to which these attacks were carried, see the large number in the Sarpi collection at the Cornell University Library, especially volume ix.

First of these, in 1608, came his work on the Interdict. Clearly and concisely it revealed the nature of the recent struggle, the baselessness of the Vatican claims, and the solidarity of interest between Venice and all other European states regarding the question therein settled. This work of his as a historian clenched his work as a

statesman; from that day forward no nation has even been seriously threatened with an interdict.

Subsidiary works followed rapidly from his pen, strengthening the civil power against the clerical; but in 1610 came a treatise, which marked an epoch, —his History of Ecclesiastical Benefices.[2] In this he dealt with a problem which had become very serious, not only in Venice, but in every European state, showed the process by which vast treasures had been taken from the control of the civil power and heaped up for ecclesiastical pomp and intrigue, pointed out special wrongs done by the system to the Church as well as the State, and advocated a reform which should restore this wealth to better uses. His arguments spread widely and sank deep, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe, and the nineteenth century has seen them applied effectively in every European country within the Roman obedience.

[2] The old English translation of this book, published in 1736 at Westminster, is by no means a very rare book, and it affords the general reader perhaps the most accessible means of understanding Fra Paolo's simplicity, thoroughness, and vigor.

In 1611 he published his work on the Inquisition at Venice, presenting historical arguments against the uses which ecclesiasticism, under papal guidance, had made of that tribunal. These arguments spread far, and developed throughout Europe those views of the Inquisition which finally led to its destruction. Minor treatises followed, dealing with state questions arising between the Vatican and Venice, each treatise—thoroughly well reasoned and convincing—having a strong effect on the discussion of similar public questions in every other European nation.

In 1613 came two books of a high order, each marking an epoch. The first of these was upon the Right of Sanctuary, and in it Sarpi led the way, which all modern states have followed, out of the old, vicious system of sanctioning crime by sheltering criminals. The cogency of his argument and the value of its application gained for him an especial tribute by the best authority on such questions whom Europe had seen,—Hugo Grotius.

Closely connected with this work was that upon the Immunity of the Clergy. Both this and the previous work were in the same order of ideas, and the second fastened into the European mind the reasons why no state can depend upon the Church for the punishment of clerical criminals. His argument was a triumphant vindication of Venice in her struggle with Paul V on this point; but it was more than that. It became the practical guide of all modern states. Its arguments dissipated the last efforts throughout Europe to make a distinction, in criminal matters, between the priestly caste and the world in general.

Among lesser treatises which followed is one which has done much to shape modern policy regarding public instruction. This was his book upon the Education given by the Jesuits. One idea which it enforced sank deep into the minds of all thoughtful men,—his statement that Jesuit maxims develop "sons disobedient to their parents, citizens unfaithful to their country, and subjects undutiful to their sovereign." Jesuit education has indeed been maintained, and evidences of it may be seen in various European countries. The traveler in Italy constantly sees in the larger Italian towns long lines of young men and boys, sallow, thin, and listless, walking two and two, with priests at each end of the coffle. These are students taking their exercise, and an American or Englishman marvels as he remembers the playing fields of his own country. Youth are thus brought up as milksops, to be graduated as scape−graces. The strong men who control public affairs, who lead men and originate measures in the open, are not bred in Jesuit forcing−houses. Even the Jesuits themselves have acknowledged this, and perhaps the strongest of all arguments supplementary to those given by Father Paul were uttered by Padre Curci, eminent in his day as a Jesuit gladiator, but who realized finally the impossibility of accomplishing great things with men moulded by Jesuit methods.

All these works took strong hold upon European thought. Leading men in all parts of Europe recognized Sarpi as both a great statesman and a great historian. Among his English friends were such men as Lord Bacon and Sir Henry Wotton; and his praises have been sounded by Grotius, by Gibbon, by Hallam, and by Macaulay. Strong, lucid, these works of Father Paul have always been especially attractive to those who rejoice in the leadership of a master mind.

But in 1619 came the most important of all,—a service to humanity hardly less striking than that which he had rendered in his battle against the Interdict,—his history of the Council of Trent.

His close relations to so many of the foremost men of his day and his long study in public archives and private libraries bore fruit in this work, which takes rank among the few great, enduring historical treatises of the world. Throughout, it is vigorous and witty, but at the same time profound; everywhere it bears evidences of truthfulness

and is pervaded by sobriety of judgment. Its pictures of the efforts or threats by representatives of various great powers to break away from the papacy and establish national churches; its presentation of the arguments of anti−papal orators on one side and of Laynez and his satellites on the other; its display of acts and revelations of pretexts; its penetration into the whole network of intrigue, and its thorough discussion of underlying principles,—all are masterly.

Though the name of the author was concealed in an anagram, the book was felt, by the Vatican party, to be a blow which only one man could have dealt, and the worst blow which the party had received since its author had defeated the Interdict at Venice. Efforts were made, by outcries and calumnies, to discredit the work, and they have been continued from that day to this, but in vain. That there must be some gaps and many imperfections in it is certain; but its general character is beyond the reach of ultramontane weapons. The blow was felt to be so heavy that the Jesuit Pallavicini was empowered to write a history of the Council to counterbalance it, and his work was well done; but Ranke, the most unprejudiced of judges, comparing the two, assigns the palm to Father Paul. His book was immediately spread throughout Europe; but of all the translations, perhaps the most noteworthy was the English. Sarpi had entrusted a copy of the original to his friend, Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, and he, having taken refuge in England, had it translated there, the authorship being ascribed on the title−page to "Pietro Soave Polano." This English translation was, in vigor and pith, worthy of the original. In it can be discerned, as clearly as in the original, that atmosphere of intrigue and brutal assertion of power by which the Roman Curia, after packing the Council with petty Italian bishops, bade defiance to the Catholic world. This translation, more than all else, has enabled the English−speaking peoples to understand what was meant by the Italian historian when he said that Father Paul "taught the world how the Holy Spirit guides the Great Councils of the Church." It remains cogent down to this day; after reading it one feels that such guidance might equally be claimed for Tammany Hall.

Although Father Paul never acknowledged the authorship of the history of the Council of Trent, and although his original copy, prepared for the press, with his latest corrections, still remains buried in the archives at Venice, the whole world knew that he alone could have written it.

But during all these years, while elaborating opinions on the weightiest matters of state for the Venetian Senate, and sending out this series of books which so powerfully influenced the attitude of his own and after generations toward the Vatican, he was working with great effect in yet another field. With the possible exception of Voltaire, he was the most vigorous and influential letter−writer during the three hundred years which separated Erasmus from Thomas Jefferson. Voltaire certainly spread his work over a larger field, lighted it with more wit, and gained by it more brilliant victories; but as regards accurate historical knowledge, close acquaintance with statesmen, familiarity with the best and worst which statesmen could do, sober judgment and cogent argument, the great Venetian was his superior. Curiously enough, Sarpi resembles the American statesman more closely than either of the Europeans. Both he and Jefferson had the intense practical interest of statesmen, not only in the welfare of their own countries, but in all the political and religious problems of their times. Both were keenly alive to progress in the physical sciences, wherever made. Both were wont to throw a light veil of humor over very serious discussions. Both could use, with great effect, curt, caustic description: Jefferson's letter to Governor Langdon satirizing the crowned heads of Europe, as he had seen them, has a worthy pendant in Fra Paolo's pictures of sundry representatives of the Vatican. In both these writers was a deep earnestness which, at times, showed itself in prophetic utterances. The amazing prophecy of Jefferson against American slavery, beginning with the words, "I tremble when I remember that God is just," which, in the light of our civil war, seems divinely inspired, is paralleled by some of Sarpi's utterances against the unmoral tendencies of Jesuitism and Ultramontanism; and these too seem divinely inspired as one reads them in the light of what has happened since in Spain, in Sicily, in Naples, in Poland, in Ireland, and in sundry South American republics.

The range of Sarpi's friendly relations was amazing. They embraced statesmen, churchmen, scholars, scientific investigators, diplomatists in every part of Europe, and among these Galileo and Lord Bacon, Grotius and Mornay, Salmasius and Casaubon, De Thou and Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Bedell and Vossius, with a great number of others of nearly equal rank. Unfortunately the greater part of his correspondence has perished. In the two small volumes collected by Polidori, and in the small additional volume of letters to Simon Contarini, Venetian Ambassador at Rome, unearthed a few years since in the Venetian archives by Castellani, we have all that is known. It is but a small fraction of his epistolary work, but it enables us to form a clear opinion. The letters

are well worthy of the man who wrote the history of the Council of Trent and the protest of Venice against the Interdict.

It is true that there has been derived from these letters, by his open enemies on one side and his defenders of a rather sickly conscientious sort on the other, one charge against him: this is based on his famous declaration, "I utter falsehood never, but the truth not to every one." ("La falsita non dico mai mai, ma la verita non a ogniuno.")[1] Considering his vast responsibilities as a statesman and the terrible dangers which beset him as a theologian; that in the first of these capacities the least misstep might wreck the great cause which he supported, and that in the second such a misstep might easily bring him to the torture chamber and the stake, normally healthful minds will doubtless agree that the criticism upon these words is more Pharisaic than wholesome.

[1] For this famous utterance, see notes of conversations given by Christoph, Burggraf von Dohna, in July, 1608, in Briefe und Acten zur Geschichte des Dreissigjahrigen Krieges, Munchen, 1874, p. 79.

Sarpi was now spoken of, more than ever, both among friends and foes, as the "terribile frate." Terrible to the main enemies of Venice he indeed was, and the machinations of his opponents grew more and more serious. Efforts to assassinate him, to poison him, to discredit him, to lure him to Rome, or at least within reach of the Inquisition, became almost frantic; but all in vain. He still continued his quiet life at the monastery of Santa Fosca, publishing from time to time discussions of questions important for Venice and for Europe, working steadily in the public service until his last hours. In spite of his excommunication and of his friendships with many of the most earnest Protestants of Europe, he remained a son of the church in which he was born. His life was shaped in accordance with its general precepts, and every day he heard mass. So his career quietly ran on until, in 1623, he met death calmly, without fear, in full reliance upon the divine justice and mercy. His last words were a prayer for Venice.

He had fought the good fight. He had won it for Venice and for humanity. For all this, the Republic had, in his later years, tried to show her gratitude, and he had quietly and firmly refused the main gifts proposed to him. But now came a new outburst of grateful feeling. The Republic sent notice of his death to other powers of Europe through its Ambassadors in the terms usual at the death of royal personages; in every way, it showed its appreciation of his character and services, and it crowned all by voting him a public monument.

Hardly was the decree known, when the Vatican authorities sent notice that, should any monument be erected to Sarpi, they would anew and publicly declare him excommunicate as a heretic. At this, the Venetian Senate hesitated, waited, delayed. Whenever afterwards the idea of carrying out the decree for the monument was revived, there set in a storm of opposition from Rome. Hatred of the terrible friar's memory seemed to grow more and more bitter. Even rest in the grave was denied him. The church where he was buried having been demolished, the question arose as to the disposition of his bones. To bury them in sacred ground outside the old convent would arouse a storm of ecclesiastical hostility, with the certainty of their dispersion and desecration; it seemed impossible to secure them from priestly hatred: therefore it was that his friends took them from place to place, sometimes concealing them in the wall of a church here, sometimes beneath the pavement of a church there, and for a time keeping them in a simple wooden box at the Ducal Library. The place where his remains rested became, to most Venetians, unknown. All that remained to remind the world of his work was his portrait in the Ducal Library, showing the great gash made by the Vatican assassins.

Time went on, and generations came which seemed to forget him. Still worse, generation after generation came, carefully trained by clerical teachers to misunderstand and hate him. But these teachers went too far; for, in 1771, nearly one hundred and fifty years after his death, the monk Vaerini gathered together, in a pretended biography, all the scurrilities which could be imagined, and endeavored to bury the memory of the great patriot beneath them. This was too much. The old Venetian spirit, which had so long lain dormant, now asserted itself: Vaerini was imprisoned and his book suppressed.

A quarter of a century later the Republic fell under the rule of Austria, and Austria's most time−honored agency in keeping down subject populations has always been the priesthood. Again Father Paul's memory was virtually proscribed, and in 1803 another desperate attempt was made to cover him with infamy. In that year appeared a book entitled The Secret History of the Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi, and it contained not only his pretended biography, but what claimed to be Sarpi's own letters and other documents showing him to be an adept in scoundrelism and hypocrisy. Its editor was the archpriest Ferrara of Mantua; but on the title−page appeared, as the name of its author, Fontanini, Archbishop of Ancira, a greatly respected prelate who had died nearly seventy

years before, and there was also stamped, not only upon the preliminary, but upon the final page of the work, the approval of the Austrian government. To this was added a pious motto from St. Augustine, and the approval of Pius VII was distinctly implied, since the work was never placed upon the Index, and could not have been published at Venice, stamped as it was and registered with the privileges of the University, without the consent of the Vatican.

The memory of Father Paul seemed likely now to be overwhelmed. There was no longer a Republic of Venice to guard the noble traditions of his life and service. The book was recommended and spread far and wide by preachers and confessors.

But at last came a day of judgment. The director of the Venetian archives discovered and had the courage to announce that the work was a pious fraud of the vilest type; that it was never written by Fontanini, but that it was simply made up out of the old scurrilous work of Vaerini, suppressed over thirty years before. As to the correspondence served up as supplementary to the biography, it was concocted from letters already published, with the addition of Jesuitical interpolations and of forgeries.[1] Now came the inevitable reaction, and with it the inevitable increase of hatred for Austrian rule and the inevitable question, how, if the Pope is the infallible teacher of the world in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, could he virtually approve this book, and why did he not, by virtue of his divine inerrancy, detect the fraud and place its condemnation upon the Index. The only lasting effect of the book, then, was to revive the memory of Father Paul's great deeds and to arouse Venetian pride in them. The fearful scar on his face in the portrait spoke more eloquently than ever, and so it was that, early in the nineteenth century, many men of influence joined in proposing a suitable and final interment for the poor bones, which had seven times been buried and reburied, and which had so long been kept in the sordid box at the Ducal Library. The one fitting place of burial was the cemetery of San Michele. To that beautiful island, so near the heart of Venice, had, for many years, been borne the remains of leading Venetians. There, too, in more recent days, have been laid to rest many of other lands widely respected and beloved.

[1] For a full and fair statement of the researches which exposed this pious fraud, see Castellani, Prefect of the Library of St. Mark, preface to his Lettere Inedite di F. P. S., p. xvii. For methods used in interpolating or modifying passages in Sarpi's writings, see Bianchi Giovini, Biografia di Sarpi, Zurigo, 1847, vol. ii. pp. 135, et seq.

But the same persistent hatred which, in our own day, grudged and delayed due honors at the tombs of Copernicus and Galileo among Catholics, and of Humboldt among Protestants, was still bitter against the great Venetian scholar and statesman. It could not be forgotten that he had wrested from the Vatican the most terrible of its weapons. But patriotic pride was strong, and finally a compromise was made: it was arranged that Sarpi should be buried and honored at his burial as an eminent man of science, and that no word should be spoken of his main services to the Republic and to the world. On this condition he was buried with simple honors.

Soon, however, began another chapter of hatred. There came a pope who added personal to official hostility. Gregory XVI, who in his earlier days had been abbot of the monastery of San Michele, was indignant that the friar who had thwarted the papacy should lie buried in the convent which he himself had formerly ruled, and this feeling took shape, first, in violent speeches at Rome, and next, in brutal acts at Venice. The monks broke and removed the simple stone placed over the remains of Father Paul, and when it was replaced, they persisted in defacing and breaking it, and were only prevented from dragging out his bones, dishonoring them and casting them into the lagoon, by the weight of the massive, strong, well−anchored sarcophagus, which the wise foresight of his admirers had provided for them. At three different visits to Venice, the present writer sought the spot where they were laid, and in vain. At the second of these visits, he found the Patriarch of Venice, under whose rule various outrages upon Sarpi's memory had been perpetrated, pontificating gorgeously about the Grand Piazza; but at his next visit there had come a change. The monks had disappeared. Their insults to the illustrious dead had been stopped by laws which expelled them from their convent, and there, little removed from each other in the vestibule and aisle of the great church, were the tombs of Father Paul and of the late Patriarch side by side; the great patriot's simple gravestone was now allowed to rest unbroken.

Better even than this was the reaction provoked by these outbursts of ecclesiastical hatred. It was felt, in Venice, throughout Italy, and indeed throughout the world, that the old decree for a monument should now be made good. The first steps were hesitating. First, a bust of Father Paul was placed among those of great Venetians in the court of the Ducal Palace; but the inscription upon it was timid and double−tongued. Another bust was

placed on the Pincian Hill at Rome, among those of the most renowned sons of Italy. This was not enough: a suitable monument must be erected. Yet it was delayed, timid men deprecating the hostility of the Roman Court. At last, under the new Italian monarchy, the patriotic movement became irresistible, and the same impulse which erected the splendid statue to Giordano Bruno on the Piazza dei Fiori at Rome,—on the very spot where he was burned,—and which adorned it with the medallions of eight other martyrs to ecclesiastical hatred, erected in 1892, two hundred and seventy years after it had been decreed, a statue, hardly less imposing, to Paolo Sarpi, on the Piazza Santa Fosca at Venice, where he had been left for dead by the Vatican assassins. There it stands, noble and serene,—a monument of patriotism and right reason, a worthy tribute to one who, among intellectual prostitutes and solemnly constituted impostors, stood forth as a true man, the greatest of his time,—one of the greatest of all times,—an honor to Venice, to Italy, and to humanity. Andrew D. White.

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Then came the death of the Empress Frederick. Even during her tragic struggle with Bismarck, and the unpopularity which beset her during my former official term at Berlin, she had been kind to me and mine. At my presentation to her in those days, at Potsdam, when she stood by the side of her husband, afterward the most beloved of emperors since Marcus Aurelius, she evidently exerted herself to make the interview pleasant to me. She talked of American art and the Colorado pictures of Moran, which she had seen and admired; of German art and the Madonna painted by Knaus for the Russian Empress, which Miss Wolfe had given the Metropolitan Museum at New York; and in reply to my congratulations upon a recent successful public speech of her eldest son, a student at Bonn, she had dwelt, in a motherly way, upon the difficulties which environ a future sovereign at a great university. In more recent days, and especially during the years before her death, she had been, at her table in Berlin and at her castle of Kronberg, especially courteous. There comes back to me pleasantly a kindly retort of hers. I had spoken to her of a portrait of George III which had interested me at the old castle of Homburg nearly forty years before. It had been sent to his daughter, the Landgravine of Hesse−Homburg, who had evidently wished to see her father's face as it had really become; for it represented the King, not in the gold−laced uniform, not in the trim wig not in the jauntily tied queue of his official portraits and statues, but as he was: in confinement, wretched and demented; in a slouching gown, with a face sad beyond expression; his long, white hair falling about it and over it; of all portraits in the world, save that, at Florence, of Charles V in his old age, the saddest. So, the conversation drifting upon George III and upon the old feeling between the United States and Great Britain, now so happily changed, I happened to say, "It is a remembrance of mine, now hard to realize, that I was brought up to ABHOR the memory of George III." At this she smiled and answered, "That was very unjust; for I was brought up to ADORE the memory of Washington." Then she spoke at length regarding the feeling of her father and mother toward the United States during our Civil War, saying that again and again she had heard her father argue to her mother, Queen Victoria, for the Union and against slavery. She discussed current matters of world politics with the strength of a statesman; yet nothing could be more womanly in the highest sense. On my saying that I hoped to see the day when Germany, Great Britain, and the United States would stand together in guarding the peace of the world, she threw up her hands and replied, "Heaven grant it; but you forget Japan." The funeral at Potsdam dwells in my mind as worthy of her. There were, indeed, pomp and splendor, but subdued, as was befitting; and while the foreign representatives stood beside her coffin, the Emperor spoke to me, very simply and kindly, of his sorrow and of mine. Then, to the sound of funeral music and muffled church bells, he, with the King of Great Britain and members of their immediate family just behind the funeral car, the ambassadors accompanying them, and a long procession following, walked slowly along the broad avenue through that beautiful forest, until, in the Church of Peace, she was laid by the side of her husband, Emperor Frederick the Noble.

CHAPTER XLIII. BERLIN, YALE, OXFORD, AND ST. ANDREWS—1901−1903

Darkest of all hours during my embassy was that which brought news of the assassination of President McKinley. It was on the very day after his great speech at Buffalo had gained for him the admiration and good will of the world. Then came a week of anxiety—of hope alternating with fear; I not hopeful: for there came back to me memories of President Garfield's assassination during my former official stay in Berlin, and of our hope against hope during his struggle for life: all brought to naught. Late in the evening of September 14 came news of the President's death—opening a new depth of sadness; for I had come not merely to revere him as a patriot and admire him as a statesman, but to love him as a man. Few days have seemed more overcast than that Sunday when, at the little American chapel in Berlin, our colony held a simple service of mourning, the imperial minister of foreign affairs and other representatives of the government having quietly come to us. The feeling of the German people—awe, sadness, and even sympathy—was real. Formerly they had disliked and distrusted the President as the author of the protective policy which had cost their industries so dear; but now, after his declaration favoring reciprocity,—with his full recognition of the brotherhood of nations,—and in view of this calamity, so sudden, so distressing, there had come a revulsion of feeling.

To see one whom I so honored, and who had formerly been so greatly misrepresented, at last recognized as a great and true man was, at least, a solace.

At this period came the culmination of a curious episode in my official career. During the war in China the Chinese minister at Berlin, Lu−Hai−Houan, feeling himself cut off from relations with the government to which he was accredited, and, indeed, with all the other powers of Europe, had come at various times to me, and with him, fortunately, came his embassy counselor, Dr. Kreyer, whom I had previously known at Berlin and St. Petersburg as a thoughtful man, deeply anxious for the welfare of China, and appreciative of the United States, where he had received his education. The minister was a kindly old mandarin of high rank, genial, gentle, evidently struggling hard against the depression caused by the misfortunes of his country, and seeking some little light, if, perchance, any was to be obtained. In his visits to me, and at my return visits to him, the whole condition of things in China was freely and fully discussed, and never have I exerted myself more to give useful advice. First, I insisted upon the necessity of amends for the fearful wrong done by China to other nations, and then presented my view of the best way of developing in his country a civilization strong enough to resist hostile forces, exterior and interior. As to dealings with the Christian missionaries, against whom he showed no fanatical spirit, but who, as he thought, had misunderstood China and done much harm, I sought to show him that the presumption was in their favor, but that if the Chinese Government ultimately came to the decision that their stay in China was incompatible with the safety of the nation, its course was simple: that on no account was it to kill or injure any of them or of their converts; that while, in my view, it would be wise to arrange for their continuance in China under proper regulation, still, that if they must be expelled, it should be done in the most kindly and considerate way, and with due indemnity for any losses to which they might be subjected. Of course, there was no denying that, under the simplest principles of international law, China has the right at any moment to shut its doors against, or to expel, any people whatever whom it may consider dangerous or injurious—this power being constantly exercised by all the other nations of the earth, and by none more than by the American Government, as so many Chinese seeking entrance to our ports have discovered; but again and again I warned him that this, if it were ever done at all, must be done without harshness and with proper indemnities, and that any return to the cruelties of the past would probably end in the dividing up of maritime China among the great powers of the world. As to the building up of the nation, I laid stress on the establishment of institutions for technical instruction; and took pains to call his attention to what had been done in the United States and by various European governments in this respect. He seemed favorably impressed by this, but dwelt on what he considered the fanaticism of sundry Chinese supporters of technical education against the old Chinese classical instruction. Here I suggested to him a system which might save what was good in the old mode of instruction: namely, the continuance of the best of the old classical training, but giving also high rank to modern studies.

We also talked over the beginning of a better development of the Chinese army and navy, of better systems of taxation, and of the nations from which good examples and competent instruction might be drawn in these various

fields. Curious was his suggestion of a possible amalgamation of Chinese moral views with the religious creeds of the western world. He observed that Christianity seemed to be weak, mainly, on the moral side, and he suggested, at some length, a combination of the Christian religion with the Confucian morality. Interesting was it to hear him, as a Confucian, dwell on the services which might thus be rendered to civilization. There was a simple, kindly shrewdness in the man, and a personal dignity which was proof against the terrible misfortunes which had beset his country. Again and again he visited me, always wishing to discuss some new phase of the questions at issue. I could only hope that, as he was about to return to China, some of the ideas brought out in our conversations might prove fruitful. One result of the relation thus formed was that when Prince Chun, the brother of the Emperor of China, came to make apology before the throne of the Emperor William, he called upon me. Unfortunately I was out, but, returning his visit, I met him, and, what was more to the purpose, the dignitaries of his suite, some of whom interested me much; and I was glad of a chance, through them, to impress some of the ideas brought out in my previous conversations with the minister. I cannot say that I indulged in any strong hopes as regards the prince himself; but, noting the counselors who surrounded him, and their handling of the questions at issue, I formed more hope for the conservation of China as a great and beneficent power than I had ever had before.

To this succeeded an episode of a very different sort. For some time Mr. Andrew Carnegie had done me the honor to listen to advice of mine regarding some of his intended benefactions in Scotland, the United States, and elsewhere. I saw and felt the great possibilities for good involved when so noble a heart, so shrewd a head, so generous a hand had command of one of the most colossal fortunes ever at the disposal of a human being; and the bright purposes and plans revealed in his letters shone through the clouds of that mournful summer. So it was that, on my journey to America, made necessary by the sudden death of my son, I accepted Mr. Carnegie's invitation to visit him at his castle of Skibo in the extreme north of Scotland. Very striking, during the two days' journey from London to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Bonar, were the evidences of mourning for President McKinley in every city, village, and hamlet. It seemed natural that, in the large towns and on great public buildings, flags at half−mast and in mourning should show a sense of the calamity which had befallen a sister nation; but what appealed to me most were the draped and half−masted flags on the towers of the little country churches and cottages. Never before in the history of any two countries had such evidences of brotherly feeling been shown. Thank God! brotherly feeling had conquered demagogism.

The visit to Mr. Carnegie helped to give a new current to my thoughts. The attractions of his wonderful domain forty thousand acres, with every variety of scenery,—ocean, forest, moor, and mountain,—the household with its quaint Scotch usages—the piper in full tartan solemnly going his rounds at dawn, and the music of the organ swelling, morning and evening, through the castle from the great hall—all helped to give me new strength. There was also good company: Frederic Harrison, thoughtful and brilliant, whom I had before known only by his books and a brief correspondence; Archdeacon Sinclair of London, worthy, by his scholarly accomplishments, of his descent from the friend of Washington; and others who did much to aid our hosts in making life at the castle beautiful. Going thence to America, I found time to cooperate with my old friend, President Gilman, in securing data for Mr. Carnegie, especially at Washington, in view of his plan of a national institution for the higher scientific research.

It was a sad home−coming; but these occupations and especially a visit to New Haven at the bicentennial celebration of Yale aided to cheer me. This last was indeed a noteworthy commemoration. There had come to me, in connection with it, perhaps the greatest honor of my life: an invitation to deliver one of the main addresses; but it had been received at the time of my deepest depression, and I had declined it, but with no less gratitude that the authorities of my Alma Mater had thought me worthy of that service. In so doing, I sacrificed much; for there was one subject which, under other circumstances, I would gladly have developed at such a time and before such an audience. But as I listened to the admirable address given by my old college mate, Mr. Justice Brewer, when the honors of the university were conferred upon the President, the Secretary of State, and so many distinguished representatives from all parts of the world, it was a satisfaction to me, after all, that I could enjoy it quietly, with no sense of responsibility, and could, indeed, rest and be thankful.

As to my own personal history, there came at this time an event which could not but please me: the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin chose me as one of its foreign honorary members. It was a tribute of the sort for which I cared most, especially because it brought me into closer relations with leaders in science and literature

whom I had so long admired.

To finish the chronicle of that period, I may add that, on my return from America, being invited to Potsdam for the purpose, I gave the Emperor the very hearty message which the President had sent him, and that, during this interview and the family dinner which followed it, he spoke most appreciatively and intelligently of the President, of the recent victory for good government in the city of New York, of the skill shown by Americans in great works of public utility, and especially of the remarkable advances in the development of our navy.

One part of this conversation had a lighter cast. At the close of that portion of the communication from the President which referred to various public affairs came a characteristic touch in the shape of an invitation to hunt in the Rocky Mountain regions: it was the simple message of one healthy, hearty, vigorous hunter to another, and was to the effect that the President especially envied the Emperor for having shot a whale, but that if his Majesty would come to America he should have the best possible opportunity to add to his trophies a Rocky Mountain lion, and that he would thus be the first monarch to kill a lion since Tiglath−Pileser, whose exploit is shown on the old monuments of Assyria. The hearty way in which the message was received showed that it would have been gladly accepted had that been possible.

On New Year's day of 1902 began the sixth year of my official stay at Berlin. At his reception of the ambassadors the Emperor was very cordial, spoke most heartily regarding President Roosevelt, and asked me to forward his request that the President's daughter might be allowed to christen the imperial yacht then building in America. In due time this request was granted, and as the special representative of the sovereign at its launching he named his brother—Prince Henry. No man in the empire could have been more fitly chosen. His career as chief admiral of the German navy had prepared him to profit by such a journey, and his winning manners assured him a hearty welcome.

My more serious duties were now relieved by sundry festivities, and of these was a dinner on the night of the prince's departure from Berlin, given to the American Embassy by the Emperor, who justly hoped and believed that the proposed expedition would strengthen good feeling between the two countries. After dinner we all sat in the smoking−room of the old Schloss until midnight, and various pleasant features of the conversation dwell in my memory—particularly the Emperor's discussions of Mark Twain and other American humorists; but perhaps the most curious was his amusement over a cutting from an American newspaper—a printed recipe for an American concoction known as "Hohenzollern punch," said to be in readiness for the prince on his arrival. The number of intoxicants, and the ingenuity of their combination, as his Majesty read the list aloud, were amazing; it was a terrific brew, which only a very tough seaman could expect to survive.

But as we all took leave of the prince at the station afterward, there were in my heart and mind serious misgivings. I knew well that, though the great mass of the American people were sure to give him a hearty welcome, there were scattered along his route many fanatics, and, most virulent of all, those who had just then been angered by the doings of sundry Prussian underlings in Poland. I must confess to uneasiness during his whole stay in America, and among the bright days of my life was that on which the news came that he was on board a German liner and on his return.

One feature of that evening is perhaps more worthy of record. After the departure of the prince, the Emperor's conversation took a more serious turn, and as we walked toward his carriage he said, "My brother's mission has no political character whatever, save in one contingency: If the efforts made in certain parts of Europe to show that the German Government sought to bring about a European combination against the United States during your Spanish war are persisted in, I have authorized him to lay before the President certain papers which will put that slander at rest forever." As it turned out, there was little need of this, since the course both of the Emperor and his government was otherwise amply vindicated.

The main matter of public business during the first months of the year was the Russian occupation of Manchuria, regarding which our government took a very earnest part, instructing me to press the matter upon the attention of the German Government, and to follow it up with especial care. Besides this, it was my duty to urge a fitting representation of Germany at the approaching St. Louis Exposition. Regarding this there were difficulties. The Germans very generally avowed themselves exposition−weary (Ausstellungsmude); and no wonder, for exposition had succeeded exposition, now in this country, now in that, and then in various American cities, each anxious to outdo the other, until all foreign governments were well−nigh tired out. But the St. Louis Exposition encountered an adverse feeling much more serious than any caused by fatigue,—the American system of high

protection having led the Germans to distrust all our expositions, whether at New Orleans, Chicago, Buffalo, or St. Louis, and to feel that there was really nothing in these for Germany; that, in fact, German manufacturing interests would be better served by avoiding them than by taking part in them. Still, by earnest presentation of the matter at the Foreign Office and to the Emperor, I was able to secure a promise that German art should be well represented.

In March, a lull having come in public business as well as in social duty, I started on my usual excursion to Italy, its most interesting feature being my sixth stay in Venice. Ten days in that fascinating city were almost entirely devoted to increasing my knowledge of Fra Paolo Sarpi. Various previous visits had familiarized me with the main events in his wonderful career; but I now met with two pieces of especially good fortune. First, I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Robertson, an ardent admirer of Father Paul, and author of an excellent biography of him; and, next, I was able to add to my own material a mass of rare books and manuscripts relating to the great Venetian. Most interesting was my visit, in company with Dr. Robertson, to the remains of Father Paul's old monastery, where we found what no one, up to our time, seems to have discovered—the little door which the Venetian Senate caused to be made in the walls of the monastery garden, at Father Paul's request, in order that he might reach his gondola at once, and not be again exposed to assassins like those sent by Pope Paul V, who had attacked him and left him, to all appearances dead, in the little street near the monastery.

Returning to Berlin, the usual round of duty was resumed; but there seems nothing worthy to be chronicled, save possibly the visit of the Shah of Persia and the Crown Prince of Siam. Both were seen in all their glory at the gala opera given in their honor; but the Persian ruler appeared to little advantage, for he was obliged to retire before the close of the representation. He was evidently prematurely old and worn out. The feature of this social function which especially dwells in my memory was a very interesting talk with the Emperor regarding the kindness shown his brother by the American people, at the close of which he presented me to his guest, the Crown Princess of Saxony. She was especially kindly and pleasing, discussing various topics with heartiness and simplicity; and it was a vast surprise to me when, a few months later, she became the heroine of perhaps the most astonishing escapade in the modern history of royalty.

As to matters of business, there came one which especially rejoiced me. Mr. Carnegie having established the institution for research which bears his name at Washington, with an endowment of ten million dollars, and named me among the trustees, my old friend Dr. Gilman had later been chosen President of the new institution, and now arrived in Berlin to study the best that Germans were doing as regards research in science. Our excursions to various institutions interested me greatly; both the men we met and things we saw were full of instruction to us, and of all public duties I have had to discharge, I recall none with more profit and pleasure. One thing in this matter struck me as never before—the quiet wisdom and foresight with which the various German governments prepare to profit by the best which science can be made to yield them in every field.

Upon these duties followed others of a very different sort. On the 19th of June died King Albert of Saxony, and in view of his high character and of the many kindnesses he had shown to Americans, I was instructed to attend his funeral at Dresden as a special representative of the President. The whole ceremonial was interesting; there being in it not only a survival of various mediaeval procedures, but many elements of solemnity and beauty; and the funeral, which took place at the court church in the evening, was especially impressive. Before the high altar stood the catafalque; in front of it, the crown, scepter, orb, and other emblems of royalty; and at its summit, the coffin containing the body of the King. Around this structure were ranged lines of soldiers and pages in picturesque uniforms and bearing torches. Facing these were the seats for the majesties, including the new King, who had at his right the Emperor of Austria, and at his left the German Emperor, while next these were the seats of foreign ambassadors and other representatives. Of all present, the one who seemed least in accord with his surroundings was the nephew of the old and the son of the new King, Prince Max, who was dressed simply as a priest, his plain black gown in striking contrast with the gorgeous uniforms of the other princes immediately about him. The only disconcerting feature was the sermon. It was given by one of the priests attached to the court church, and he evidently considered this an occasion to be made much of; for instead of fifteen minutes, as had been expected, his sermon lasted an hour and twenty minutes, much to the discomfort of the crowd of officials, who were obliged to remain standing from beginning to end, and especially to the chagrin of the two Emperors, whose special trains and time−tables, as well as the railway arrangements for the general public, were thereby seriously deranged.

But all fatigues were compensated by the music. The court choir of Dresden is famous, and for this occasion splendid additions had been made both to it and to the orchestra; nothing in its way could be more impressive, and as a climax came the last honors to the departed King, when, amid the music of an especially beautiful chorus, the booming of artillery in the neighboring square, and the tolling of the bells of the city on all sides, the royal coffin slowly sank into the vaults below.

On the following morning I was received by the new King. He seemed a man of sound sense, and likely to make a good constitutional sovereign. Our talk was simply upon the relations of the two countries, during which I took pains to bespeak for my countrymen sojourning at Dresden the same kindnesses which the deceased King had shown them.

During the summer a study of some of the most important industries at the Dusseldorf Exposition proved useful; but somewhat later other excursions had a more direct personal interest; for within a few hours of each other came two unexpected communications: one from the president of Yale University, commissioning me to represent my Alma Mater at the tercentenary of the Bodleian at Oxford; the other from the University of St. Andrews, inviting me to the installation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie as lord rector of that institution; and both these I accepted.

The celebration at Oxford was in every way interesting to me; but I may say frankly that of all things which gave me pleasure, the foremost was the speech of presentation, in the Sheldonian Theatre, when the doctorate of civil law was conferred upon me. The first feature in this speech, assigning the reasons for conferring the degree, was a most kindly reference to my part in establishing the Arbitration Tribunal at the International Conference of The Hague; and this, of course, was gratifying. But the second half of the speech touched me more nearly; for it was a friendly appreciation of my book regarding the historical relations between science and theology in Christendom. This was a surprise indeed! Years before, when writing this book, I had said to myself, "This ends all prospect of friendly recognition of any work I may ever do, so far as the universities and academies of the world are concerned. But so be it; what I believe I will say." And now, suddenly, unexpectedly, came recognition and commendation in that great and ancient center of religious thought and sentiment, once so reactionary, where, within my memory, even a man like Edward Everett was harshly treated for his inability to accept the shibboleths of orthodoxy.

This reviving of old and beginning of new friendships, with the hearty hospitality lavished upon us from all sides, left delightful remembrances. Several times, during the previous fifty years, I had visited Oxford and been cordially welcomed; but this greeting surpassed all others.

There was, indeed, one slight mishap. Being called upon to speak in behalf of the guests at the great dinner in Christ Church Hall, I endeavored to make a point which I thought new and perhaps usefully suggestive. Having referred to the increasing number of international congresses, expositions, conferences, academic commemorations, anniversaries, and the like, I dwelt briefly on their agency in generating friendships between men of influence in different countries, and therefore in maintaining international good will; and then especially urged, as the pith and point of my speech, that such agencies had recently been made potent for peace as never before. In support of this view, I called attention to the fact that the Peace Conference at The Hague had not only established an arbitration tribunal for PREVENTING war, but had gained the adhesion of all nations concerned to a number of arrangements, such as international "Commissions of Inquiry," the system of "Seconding Powers," and the like, for DELAYING war, thus securing time during which better international feelings could assert themselves, and reasonable men on either side could work together to bring in the sober second thought; that thereby the friendships promoted by these international festivities had been given, as never before, time to assert themselves as an effective force for peace against jingo orators, yellow presses, and hot−heads generally; and finally, in view of this increased efficiency of such gatherings in promoting peace, I urged that they might well be multiplied on both sides of the Atlantic, and that as many delegates as possible should be sent to them.

"A poor thing, but mine own." Alas! next day, in the press, I was reported as simply uttering the truism that such gatherings increase the peaceful feeling of nations; and so the main point of my little speech was lost. But it was a slight matter, and of all my visits to Oxford, this will remain in my memory as the most delightful.[7]

[7] The full speech has since been published in the "Yale Alumni Weekly."

The visit to St. Andrews was also happy. After the principal of the university had conferred the doctorate of laws upon several of the guests, including Mr. Choate, the American ambassador at London, and myself, Mr.

Carnegie gave his rectorial address. It was decidedly original, its main feature being an argument in behalf of a friendly union of the United States and Great Britain in their political and commercial policy, and for a similar union between the Continental European nations for the protection of their industries and for the promotion of universal peace, with a summons to the German Emperor to put himself at the head of the latter. It was prepared with skill and delivered with force. Very amusing were the attempts of the great body of students to throw the speaker off his guard by comments, questions, and chaff. I learned later that, more than once, orators has thus been entrapped or entangled, and that on one occasion an address had been completely wrecked by such interruptions; but Mr. Carnegie's Scotch−Yankee wit carried him through triumphantly: he met all these efforts with equanimity and good humor, and soon had the audience completely on his side.

Returning to Berlin, there came preparations for closing my connection with the embassy. I had long before decided that on my seventieth birthday I would cease to hold any official position whatever. Pursuant to that resolution, my resignation had been sent to the President, with the statement that it must be considered final. In return came the kindest possible letters from him and from the Secretary of State; both of them attributing a value to my services much beyond anything I would dare claim.

On my birthday came a new outburst of kindness. From all parts of Europe and America arrived letters and telegrams, while from the Americans in various parts of Germany—especially from the Berlin colony—came a superbly engrossed address, and with it a succession of kindly visitors representing all ranks in Berlin society. One or two of these testimonials I may be pardoned for especially mentioning. Some time after the letter from President Roosevelt above mentioned, there had come from him a second epistle, containing a sealed envelop on which were inscribed the words: "To be opened on your seventieth birthday." Being duly opened on the morning of that day, it was found to be even more heartily appreciative than his former letter, and the same was found to be true of a second letter by the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay; so that I add these to the treasures to be handed down to my grandchildren.

Shortly afterward came a letter from the chancellor of the empire, most kindly appreciative. It will be placed, with those above referred to, at the close of this chapter.

Especially noteworthy also was the farewell dinner given me at the Kaiserhof by the German−American Association. Never had I seen so many Germans eminent in politics, diplomacy, literature, science, art, education, and commerce assembled on any single occasion. Hearty speeches were made by the minister of the interior, Count Posadowsky, who presided, and by Professor Harnack of the university, who had been selected to present the congratulations of my entertainers. I replied at length, and as in previous speeches during my career, both as minister and ambassador, I had endeavored to present to my countrymen at home and abroad the claims of Germany upon American good will, I now endeavored to reveal to the great body of thinking Germans some of the deeper characteristics and qualities of the American people; my purpose being in this, as in previous speeches, to bring about a better understanding between the two nations.

The Emperor being absent in England, my departure from Berlin was delayed somewhat beyond the time I had fixed; but on the 27th of November came my final day in office. In the morning my wife and myself were received in special audience by both the sovereigns, who afterward welcomed us at their table. Both showed unaffected cordiality. The Emperor discussed with me various interesting questions in a most friendly spirit, and, on my taking leave, placed in my hands what is known as the "Great Gold Medal for Art and Science," saying that he did this at the request of his advisers in those fields, and adding assurances of his own which greatly increased the value of the gift. Later in the day came a superb vase from the royal manufactory of porcelain, bearing his portrait and cipher, as a token of personal good will.

On the same evening was the American Thanksgiving dinner, with farewells to and from the American colony, and during the following days farewell gatherings at the houses of the dean of the ambassadors, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, and the chancellor of the empire; finally, on the evening of December 5, with hearty good−byes at the station from a great concourse of my diplomatic colleagues and other old friends, we left Berlin.

Our first settlement was at a pretty villa at Alassio, on the Italian Riviera; and here, in March, 1903, looking over my garden, a mass of bloom, shaded by palms and orange−trees in full bearing, and upon the Mediterranean beyond, I settled down to record these recollections of my life—making excursions now and then into interesting parts of Italy.

As to these later journeys, one, being out of the beaten track, may be worth mentioning. It was an excursion in the islands of Elba and Corsica. Though anything but a devotee of Napoleon, I could not but be interested in that little empire of his on the Italian coast, and especially in the town house, country−seat, and garden where he planned the return to Europe which led to the final catastrophe.

More interesting still was the visit to Corsica and, especially, to Ajaccio. There the traveler stands before the altar where Napoleon's father and mother were married, at the font where he was baptized, in the rooms where he was born, played with his brothers during his boyhood, and developed various scoundrelisms during his young manhood: the furniture and surroundings being as they were when he knew them.

Just around the corner from the house in which the Bonapartes lived was the more stately residence of the more aristocratic family of Pozzo di Borgo. It interested me as the nest in which was reared that early playmate and rival of Napoleon, who afterward became his most virulent, persistent, and successful enemy, who pursued him through his whole career as a hound pursues a wolf, and who at last aided most effectively in bringing him down.

After exhausting the attractions of Ajaccio, we drove up a broad, well−paved avenue, gradually rising and curving until, at a distance of six or seven miles, it ended at the country−seat of this same family of Pozzo di Borgo, far up among the mountains. There, on a plateau commanding an amazing view, and in the midst of a superb park, we found the rural retreat of the family; but, to our surprise, not a castle, not a villa, not like any other building for a similar purpose in Italy or anywhere else in the world, but a Parisian town house, recently erected in the style of the Valois period, with Mansard roof. As we approached it, I was struck by architectural details even more at variance with the surroundings than was the general style of the building: all its exterior decoration presenting the features of a pavilion from the old Tuileries at Paris; and in the garden hard by we found battered and blackened fragments of pilasters, shown by the emblems and ciphers upon them to have come from that part of the Tuileries once inhabited by Napoleon. The family being absent, we were allowed to roam through the house, and there found the statues, paintings, tapestries, books, and papers of Napoleon's arch−enemy, the great Pozzo di Borgo himself, all of them more or less connected with the great struggle. There, too, in the library were collected the decorations bestowed upon him by all the sovereigns of Europe for his successful zeal in hunting down the common enemy—"the Corsican Ogre." The palace, inside and out, is a monument to the most famous of Corsican vendettas.

My two winters at Alassio after leaving Berlin, though filled with deferred work, were restful. During a visit to America in 1903, I joined my class at Yale in celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, giving there a public address entitled "A Patriotic Investment." The main purpose of this address was to promote the establishment of Professorships of Comparative Legislation in our leading universities. I could not think then, and cannot think now, of any endowment likely to be more speedily and happily fruitful in good to the whole country. In the spring of 1904 I returned to my old house on the grounds of Cornell University, and there, with my family, old associates, and new friends about me, have devoted myself to various matters long delayed, and especially to writing sundry articles in the "Atlantic Monthly," the "Century Magazine," and various other periodicals, and to the discharge of my duties as a Trustee of Cornell and as a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution and a Trustee of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. It is, of course, the last of my life, but I count myself happy in living to see so much of good accomplished and so much promise of good in every worthy field of human effort throughout our country and indeed throughout the world.

Following are the letters referred to in this chapter.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK,

August 5, 1902. MY DEAR AMBASSADOR WHITE:

It is with real regret that I accept your resignation, for I speak what is merely a self−evident truth when I say that we shall have to look with some apprehension to what your successor does, whoever that successor may be, lest he fall short of the standard you have set.

It is a very great thing for a man to be able to feel, as you will feel when on your seventieth birthday you prepare to leave the Embassy, that you have been able to serve your country as it has been served by but a very limited number of people in your generation. You have done much for it in word and in deed. You have adhered to a lofty ideal and yet have been absolutely practical and, therefore, efficient, so that you are a perpetual example

to young men how to avoid alike the Scylla of indifference and the Charybdis of efficiency for the wrong....

With regards and warm respect and admiration,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
Ambassador to Germany,
Berlin, Germany.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.
OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK, September 15, 1902
MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

Will you read the inclosed on your seventieth birthday? I have sealed it so you can break the seal then. Faithfully yours, (Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
U. S. Ambassador,
Berlin, Germany.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.
OYSTER BAY, September 15, 1902.
MY DEAR MR. AMBASSADOR:

On the day you open this you will be seventy years old. I cannot forbear writing you a line to express the obligation which all the American people are under to you. As a diplomat you have come in that class whose foremost exponents are Benjamin Franklin and Charles Francis Adams, and which numbers also in its ranks men like Morris, Livingston, and Pinckney. As a politician, as a publicist, and as a college president you have served your country as only a limited number of men are able to serve it. You have taught by precept, and you have taught by practice. We are all of us better because you have lived and worked, and I send you now not merely my warmest well−wishes and congratulations, but thanks from all our people for all that you have done for us in the past. Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE,
U. S. Ambassador,
Berlin, Germany.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE. NEWBURY, N. H.,
August 3, 1902.
DEAR MR. WHITE:

I have received your very kind letter of the 21st July, which is the first intimation I have had of your intention to resign your post of ambassador to Germany. I am sorry to hear the country is to lose your services in the place you have filled with such distinguished ability and dignity. It is a great thing to say—as it is simple truth to say it—that you have, during your residence in Berlin, increased the respect felt for America not only in Germany but in all Europe. You have thus rendered a great public service,—independent of all the details of your valuable work. The man is indeed fortunate who can go through a long career without blame, and how much more fortunate if he adds great achievement to blamelessness. You have the singular felicity of having been always a fighting man, and having gone through life without a wound.

I congratulate you most on your physical and mental ability to enjoy the rest you have chosen and earned....

My wife joins me in cordial regards to Mrs. White, and I am always,

Faithfully yours, (Signed) JOHN HAY.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
November 7, 1902.
DEAR MR. WHITE:

I cannot let the day pass without sending you a word of cordial congratulation on the beginning of what I hope will be the most delightful part of your life. Browning long ago sang, "The best is yet to be," and, certainly, if

world−wide fame troops of friends, a consciousness of well−spent years, and a great career filled with righteous achievement are constituents of happiness, you have everything that the heart of man could wish.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) JOHN HAY.

His Excellency ANDREW D. WHITE, etc., etc., etc.

FROM THE CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

Wilhelm Str. 77.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR:

On the occasion of this memorable day, I beg to send you my best wishes. May God grant you perfect health and happiness. Be assured that I always shall remember the excellent relations which have joined us during so many years, and accept the assurance of the highest esteem and respect of your most affectionate BULOW. 7 Nov. 1902.

CHAPTER XLIV. MY RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM II—1879−1903

At various times since my leaving the Berlin Embassy various friends have said to me, "Why not give us something definite regarding the German Emperor?" And on my pleading sundry difficulties and objections, some of my advisers have recalled many excellent precedents, both American and foreign, and others have cited the dictum, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know."

The latter argument has some force with me. Much ill feeling between the United States and Germany has had its root in misunderstandings; and, as one of the things nearest my heart since my student days has been a closer moral and intellectual relation between the two countries, there is, perhaps, a reason for throwing into these misunderstandings some light from my own experience.

My first recollections of the present Emperor date from the beginning of my stay as minister at Berlin, in 1879. The official presentations to the Emperor and Empress of that period having been made, there came in regular order those to the crown prince and princess, and on my way to them there fell into my hands a newspaper account of the unveiling of the monument to the eminent painter Cornelius, at Dusseldorf, the main personage in the ceremony being the young Prince William, then a student at Bonn. His speech was given at some length, and it impressed me. There was a certain reality of conviction and aspiration in it which seemed to me so radically different from the perfunctory utterances usual on such occasions that, at the close of the official interview with his father and mother, I alluded to it. Their response touched me. There came at once a kindly smile upon the father's face, and a glad sparkle into the mother's eyes: pleasing was it to hear her, while showing satisfaction and pride, speak of her anxiety before the good news came, and of the embarrassments in the way of her son at his first public address on an occasion of such importance; no less pleasing was it to note the father's happy acquiescence: there was in it all a revelation of simple home feeling and of wholesome home ties which clearly indicated something different from the family relations in sundry royal houses depicted by court chroniclers.

Not long afterward the young prince appeared at some of the court festivities, and I had many opportunities to observe him. He seemed sprightly, with a certain exuberance of manner in meeting his friends which was not unpleasing; but it was noticeable that his hearty salutations were by no means confined to men and women of his own age; he was respectful to old men, and that is always a good sign; it could be easily seen, too, that while he especially sought the celebrities of the Franco−Prussian War, he took pains to show respect to men eminent in science, literature, and art. There seemed a healthy, hearty life in him well befitting a young man of his position and prospects: very different was he from the heir to the throne in another country, whom I had occasion to observe at similar functions, and who seemed to regard the whole human race with indifference.

Making the usual visits in Berlin society, I found that people qualified to judge had a good opinion of his abilities; and not infrequent were prophecies that the young man would some day really accomplish something.

My first opportunity to converse with him came at his marriage, when a special reception was given by him and his bride to the diplomatic corps. He spoke at considerable length on American topics—on railways, steamers, public works, on Americans whom he had met, and of the things he most wished to see on our side the water; altogether he seemed to be broad−minded, alert, with a quick sense of humor, and yet with a certain solidity of judgment beneath it all.

After my departure from Berlin there flitted over to America conflicting accounts of him, and during the short reign of his father there was considerable growth of myth and legend to his disadvantage. Any attempt to distil the truth from it all would be futile; suffice it that both in Germany and Great Britain careful statements by excellent authorities on both sides have convinced me that in all that trying crisis the young man's course was dictated by a manly sense of duty.

The first thing after his accession which really struck me as a revelation of his character was his dismissal of Bismarck. By vast numbers of people this was thought the act of an exultant young ruler eager to escape all restraint, and this opinion was considerably promoted in English−speaking countries by an ephemeral cause: Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch" entitled "Dropping the Pilot." As most people who read this will remember, the iron chancellor was therein represented as an old, weatherbeaten pilot, in storm−coat and sou'wester, plodding heavily down the gangway at the side of a great ship; while far above him, leaning over the bulwarks, was the young

Emperor, jaunty, with a satisfied smirk, and wearing his crown. There was in that little drawing a spark of genius, and it sped far; probably no other cartoon in "Punch" ever produced so deep an effect, save, possibly, that which appeared during the Crimean War with the legend "General February turned Traitor"; it went everywhere, appealing to deep sentiment in human hearts.

And yet, to me—admiring Bismarck as the greatest German since Luther, but reflecting upon the vast interests involved—this act was a proof that the young monarch was a stronger man than any one had supposed him to be. Certainly this dismissal must have caused him much regret; all his previous life had shown that he admired Bismarck—almost adored him. It gave evidence of a deep purpose and a strong will. Louis XIV had gained great credit after the death of Mazarin by declaring his intention of ruling alone—of taking into his own hands the vast work begun by Richelieu; but that was the merest nothing compared to this. This was, apparently, as if Louis XIII, immediately after the triumphs of Richelieu, had dismissed him and declared his purpose of henceforth being his own prime minister. The young Emperor had found himself at the parting of the ways, and had deliberately chosen the right path, and this in spite of almost universal outcries at home and abroad. The OLD Emperor William could let Bismarck have his way to any extent: when his chancellor sulked he could drive to the palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, pat his old servant on the back, chaff him, scold him, laugh at him, and set him going again, and no one thought less of the old monarch on that account. But for the YOUNG Emperor William to do this would be fatal; it would class him at once among the rois fatneants—the mere figureheads—"the solemnly constituted impostors," and in this lay not merely dangers to the young monarch, but to his dynasty and to the empire.

His recognition of this fact was, and is, to me a proof that the favorable judgments of him which I had heard expressed in Berlin were well founded.

But this decision did much to render him unpopular in the United States, and various other reports which flitted over increased the unfavorable feeling. There came reports of his speeches to young recruits, in which, to put it mildly, there was preached a very high theory of the royal and imperial prerogative, and a very exacting theory of the duty of the subject. Little account was taken by distant observers of the fundamental facts in the case; namely, that Germany, being a nation with no natural frontiers, with hostile military nations on all sides, and with serious intestine tendencies to anarchy, must, if she is to live, have the best possible military organization and a central power strong to curb all the forces of the empire, and quick to hurl them. Moreover, these speeches, which seemed so absurd to the average American, hardly astonished any one who had lived long in Germany, and especially in Prussia. The doctrines laid down by the young monarch to the recruits were, after all, only what they had heard a thousand times from pulpit and school desk, and are a logical result of Prussian history and geography. Something, too, must be allowed to a young man gifted, energetic, suddenly brought into so responsible a position, looking into and beyond his empire, seeing hostile nations north, south, east, and west, with elements of unreason fermenting within its own borders, and feeling that the only reliance of his country is in the good right arms of its people, in their power of striking heavily and quickly, and in unquestioning obedience to authority.

In the history of American opinion at this time there was one comical episode. The strongholds of opinion among us friendly to Germany have been, for the last sixty years, our universities and colleges, in so many of which are professors and tutors who, having studied in Germany, have brought back a certain love for the German fatherland. To them there came in those days a curious tractate by a little−known German professor—one of the most curious satires in human history. To all appearance it was simply a biographical study of the young Roman emperor Caligula. It displayed the advantages he had derived from a brave and pious imperial ancestry, and especially from his devout and gifted father; it showed his natural gifts and acquired graces, his versatility, his growing restlessness, his manifold ambitions, his contempt of wise counsel, the dismissal of his most eminent minister, his carelessness of thoughtful opinion, his meddling in anything and everything, his displays in the theater and in the temples of the gods, his growth—until the world recognized him simply as a beast of prey, a monster. The whole narrative was so managed that the young prince who had just come to the German throne seemed the exact counterpart of the youthful Roman monarch—down to the cruel stage of his career; THAT was left to anticipation. The parallels and resemblances between the two were arranged with consummate skill, and whenever there was a passage which seemed to present an exact chronicle of some well−known saying or doing of the modern ruler there would follow an asterisk with a reference to a passage in Tacitus or Suetonius or Dion

Cassius or other eminent authority exactly warranting the statement. This piece of historical jugglery ran speedily through thirty editions, while from all parts of Germany came refutations and counter−refutations by scores, all tending to increase its notoriety. Making a short tour through Germany at that period, and stopping in a bookseller's shop at Munich to get a copy of this treatise, I was shown a pile of pamphlets which it had called out, at least a foot high. Comically enough, its author could not be held responsible for it, since the name of the young Emperor William was never mentioned; all it claimed to give or did give was the life of Caligula, and certainly there was no crime in writing a condemnatory history of him or any other imperial miscreant who died nearly two thousand years ago. In the American colleges and universities this tractate doubtless made good friends of Germany uneasy, and it even shocked some excellent men who knew much of Roman history and little of mankind; but gradually common sense resumed its sway. As men began to think they began to realize that the modern German Empire resembles in no particular that debased and corrupt mass with which the imperial Roman wretches had to do, and that the new German sovereign, in all his characteristics and tendencies is radically a different being from any one of the crazy beasts of prey who held the imperial power during the decline of Rome.

Sundry epigrams had also come over to us; among others, the characterization of the three German Emperors: the first William as "Der greise Kaiser," the Emperor Frederick as "Der weise Kaiser," and the second William as "Der Reise Kaiser"; and there were unpleasant murmurs regarding sundry trials for petty treason. But at the same time there was evident, in the midst of American jokes at the young Emperor's expense, a growing feeling that there was something in him; that, at any rate, he was not a fat−witted, Jesuit−ridden, mistress−led monarch of the old Bourbon or Hapsburg sort; that he had "go" in him—some fine impulses, evidently; and here and there a quotation from a speech showed insight into the conditions of the present world and aspiration for its betterment.

In another chapter I have given a general sketch of the conversation at my first presentation to him as ambassador; it strengthened in my mind the impression already formed,—that he was not a monarch of the old pattern. The talk was not conventional; he was evidently fond of discoursing upon architecture, sculpture, and music, but not less gifted in discussing current political questions, and in various conversations afterward this fact was observable. Conventional talk was reduced to a minimum; the slightest hint was enough to start a line of remark worth listening to.

Opportunities for conversation were many. Besides the usual "functions" of various sorts, there were interviews by special appointment, and in these the young monarch was neither backward in presenting his ideas nor slow in developing them. The range of subjects which interested him seemed unlimited, but there were some which he evidently preferred: of these were all things relating to ships and shipping, and one of the first subjects which came up in conversations between us was the books of Captain Mahan, which he discussed very intelligently, awarding great praise to their author, and saying that he required all his naval officers to read them.

Another subject in order was art in all its developments. During the first years of my stay he was erecting the thirty−two historical groups on the Avenue of Victory in the Thiergarten, near my house. My walks took me frequently by them, and they interested me, not merely by their execution, but by their historical purpose, commemorating as they do the services of his predecessors, and of the strongest men who made their reigns significant during nearly a thousand years. He was always ready to discuss these works at length, whether from the artistic, historical, or educational point of view. Not only to me, but to my wife he insisted on their value as a means of arousing intelligent patriotism in children and youth. He dwelt with pride on the large number of gifted sculptors in his realm, and his comments on their work were worth listening to. He himself has artistic gifts which in his earlier days were shown by at least one specimen of his work as a painter in the Berlin Annual Exhibition; and in the window of a silversmith's shop on the Linden I once saw a prize cup for a yacht contest showing much skill in invention and beauty in form, while near it hung the pencil drawing for it in his own hand.

His knowledge of music and love for it have been referred to elsewhere in these chapters. Noteworthy was it that his feeling was not at all for music of a thin, showy sort; he seemed to be touched by none of the prevailing fashions, but to cherish a profound love for the really great things in music. This was often shown, as, for example, at the concert at Potsdam to which he invited President and Mrs. Harrison, and in his comments upon the pieces then executed. But the most striking evidence of it was the music in the Royal Chapel. It has been given me to hear more than once the best music of the Sistine Pauline, and Lateran choirs at Rome, of the three great choirs at St. Petersburg, of the chorus at Bayreuth, and of other well−known assemblages under high musical direction; but the cathedral choir at Berlin, in its best efforts, surpassed any of these, and the music, both

instrumental and choral, which reverberates under the dome of the imperial chapel at the great anniversaries there celebrated is nowhere excelled. For operatic music of the usual sort he seemed to care little. If a gala opera was to be given, the chances were that he would order the performance of some piece of more historical than musical interest. Hence, doubtless, it was that during my whole stay the opera at Dresden surpassed decidedly that at Berlin, while in the higher realms of music Berlin remained unequaled.

Dramatic art is another field in which he takes an enlightened interest: he has great reason for doing so, both as a statesman and as a man.

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life which has touched public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others, to supplement our existing American civilization: from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theater; and from any European country, save Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities.

As to the second of these desired contributions, ten years in Germany at various periods during an epoch covering now nearly half a century have convinced me that her theater, next after her religious inheritance, gives the best stimulus and sustenance to the better aspirations of her people. Through it, and above all by Schiller, the Kantian ethics have been brought into the thinking of the average man and woman; and not only Schiller, but Lessing, Goethe, Gutzkow, and a long line of others have given an atmosphere in which ennobling ideals bloom for the German youth, during season after season, as if in the regular course of nature. The dramatic presentation, even in the smallest towns, is, as a rule, good; the theater and its surroundings are, in the main, free from the abuses and miseries of the stage in English−speaking lands, and, above all, from that all−pervading lubricity and pornographic stench which have made the French theater of the last half of the nineteenth century a main cause in the decadence of the French people. In most German towns of importance one finds the drama a part of the daily life of its citizens—ennobling in its higher ranges, and in its influence clean and wholesome.

It may be added that in no city of any English−speaking country is Shakspere presented so fully, so well, and to such large and appreciative audiences as in Berlin. All this, and more, the Emperor knows, and he acts upon his knowledge. Interesting was it at various times to see him sitting with his older children at the theater, evidently awakening their interest in dramatic masterpieces; and among these occasions there come back to me, especially, the evenings when he thus sat, evidently discussing with them the thought and action in Shakspere's "Julius Caesar" and "Coriolanus," as presented on the stage before us. I could well imagine his comments on the venom of demagogues, on the despotism of mobs, on the weaknesses of strong men, and on the need, in great emergencies, of a central purpose and firm control. His view of the true character and mission of the theater he has given at various times, and one of his talks with the actors in the Royal Theater, shortly after my arrival, may be noted as typical. In it occur passages like the following: "When I came into the government, ten years ago, . . . I was convinced that this theater, under the guidance of the monarch, should, like the school and the university, have as its mission the development of the rising generation, the promotion of the highest intellectual good in our German fatherland, and the ennobling of our people in mind and character.... I beg of you that you continue to stand by me, each in his own way and place, serving the spirit of idealism, and waging war against materialism and all un−German corruptions of the stage."

After various utterances showing his steady purpose in the same direction, there came out, in one of the later years of my stay, sundry remarks of his showing a new phase of the same thought, as follows: "The theater should not only be an important factor in education and in the promotion of morals, but it should also present incarnations of elegance, of beauty, of the highest conceptions of art; it should not discourage us with sad pictures of the past, with bitter awakenings from illusions, but be purified, elevated, strengthened for presenting the ideal. . . . Our ordinary life gives us every day the most mournful realities, and the modern authors whose pleasure it is to bring these before us upon the stage have accepted an unhealthy mission and accomplish a discouraging work."

In his desire to see the theater aid in developing German ideals and in enriching German life, he has promoted presentations of the great episodes and personages in German history. Some of these, by Wildenbruch and Lauff, permeated with veins of true poetry, are attractive and ennobling. Of course not all were entirely successful. I recall one which glorified especially a great epoch in the history of the house of Hohenzollern, the comical effect of which on one of my diplomatic colleagues I have mentioned elsewhere; but this, so far as my experience goes, was an exception.

There seems much reason for the Emperor's strenuous endeavors in this field. The German theater still

remains more wholesome than that of any other country, but I feel bound to say that, since my earlier acquaintance with it, from 1854 to 1856 and from 1879 to 1881, there has come some deterioration, and this is especially shown in various dramas which have been held up as triumphs. In these, an inoculation from the French drama seems to have resulted in destruction of the nobler characteristics of the German stage. One detects the cant of Dumas, fils, but not his genius; and, when this cant is mingled with German pessimism, it becomes at times unspeakably repulsive. The zeal for this new drama seems to me a fad, and rather a slimy fad. With all my heart I wish the Emperor success in his effort to keep the German stage upon the higher planes.

Another subject which came up from time to time was that of archaelogical investigation. Once, in connection with some talk on German railway enterprises in Asia Minor, I touched upon his great opportunities to make his reign illustrious by services to science in that region. He entered into the subject heartily; it was at once evident that he was awake to its possibilities, and he soon showed me much more than I knew before of what had been done and was doing, but pointed out special difficulties in approaching, at present, some most attractive fields of investigation.

Interesting also were his views on education, and more than once the conversation touched this ground. As to his own academic training, there is ample testimony that he appreciated the main classical authors whom he read in the gymnasium at Cassel; but it was refreshing to hear and to read various utterances of his against gerund−grinding and pedantry. He recognizes the fact that the worst enemies of classical instruction in Germany, as, indeed, elsewhere, have been they of its own household, and he has stated this view as vigorously as did Sydney Smith in England and Francis Wayland in America. Whenever he dwelt on this subject the views which he presented at such length to the Educational Commission were wont to come out with force and piquancy.

On one occasion our discussion turned upon physical education, and especially upon the value to students of boating. As an old Yale boating man, a member of the first crew which ever sent a challenge to Harvard, and one who had occasion in the administration of an American university to consider this form of exercise from various standpoints, I may say that his view of its merits and his way of promoting it seemed to me thoroughly sensible.

From time to time some mention from me of city improvements observed during my daily walks led to an interesting discussion. The city of Berlin is wonderfully well governed, and exhibits all those triumphs of modern municipal skill and devotion which are so conspicuously absent, as a rule, from our American cities. While his capital preserves its self−governing powers, it is clear that he purposes to have his full say as to everything within his jurisdiction. There were various examples of this, and one of them especially interested me: the renovation of the Thiergarten. This great park, virtually a gift of the Hohenzollern monarchs, which once lay upon the borders of the city, but is now in the very heart of it, had gradually fallen far short of what it should have been. Even during my earlier stays in Berlin it was understood that some of his predecessors, and especially his father, had desired to change its copse−like and swampy character and give it more of the features of a stately park, but that popular opposition to any such change had always shown itself too bitter and uncompromising. This seemed a great pity, for while there were some fine trees, a great majority of them were so crowded together that there was no chance of broad, free growth either for trees or for shrubbery. There was nothing of that exquisitely beautiful play, upon expanses of green turf, of light and shade through wide−expanded boughs and broad masses of foliage, which gives such delight in any of the finer English or American parks. Down to about half a dozen years since it had apparently been thought best not to interfere, and even when attention was called to the dark, swampy characteristics of much of the Thiergarten, the answer was that it was best to humor the Berliners; but about the beginning of my recent stay the young Emperor intervened with decision and force, his work was thorough, and as my windows looked out over one corner of this field of his operations, their progress interested me, and they were alluded to from time to time in our conversations. Interesting was it to note that his energy was all−sufficient; the Berliners seemed to regard his activity as Arabs regard a sand−storm,—as predestined and irresistible,—and the universal verdict now justifies his course, both on sanitary and artistic grounds.

The same thing may be said, on the whole, of the influence he has exerted on the great adornments of his capital city. The position and character of various monuments on which he has impressed his ideas, and the laying out and decoration of sundry streets and parks, do credit not merely to his artistic sense, but to his foresight.

This prompt yet wise intervention, actuated by a public spirit not only strong but intelligent, is seen, in various other parts of the empire, in the preservation and restoration of its architectural glories. When he announced to me at Potsdam his intention to present specimens representative of German architecture and sculpture to the

Germanic Museum at Harvard, he showed, in enumerating and discussing the restorations at Marienburg and Naumburg, the bas−reliefs at Halberstadt, the masks and statues of Andreas Schluter at Berlin, and the Renaissance and rococo work at Lubeck and Danzig, a knowledge and appreciation worthy of a trained architect and archaeologist.

As to his feeling for literature, his addresses on various occasions show amply that he has read to good purpose, not only in the best authors of his own, but of other countries. While there is not the slightest tinge of pedantry in his speeches or talk, there crop out in them evidences of a curious breadth and universality in his reading. His line of reading for amusement was touched when, at the close of an hour of serious official business, an illustration of mine from Rudyard Kipling led him to recall many of that author's most striking situations, into which he entered with great zest; and at various other times he cited sayings of Mark Twain which he seemed especially to enjoy. Here it may be mentioned that one may note the same breadth in his love for art; for not only does he rejoice in the higher achievements of architecture, sculpture, and painting, but he takes pleasure in lighter work, and an American may note that he is greatly interested in the popular illustrations of Gibson.

I once asked some of the leading people nearest him how he found time to observe so wide a range, and received answer that it was as much a marvel to them as to me; he himself once told me that he found much time for reading during his hunting excursions.

Nor does he make excursions into various fields of knowledge by books alone. Any noteworthy discovery or gain in any leading field of thought or effort attracts his attention at once, and must be presented to him by some one who ranks among its foremost exponents.

But here it should be especially noted that, active and original as the Emperor is, he is not, and never has been, caught by FADS either in art, science, literature, or in any other field of human activity. The great artists who cannot draw or paint, and who, therefore, despise those who can and are glorified by those who cannot; the great composers who can give us neither harmony nor melody, and therefore have a fanatical following among those who labor under like disabilities; the great writers who are unable to attain strength, lucidity, or beauty, and therefore secure praise for profundity and occult wisdom,—none of these influence him. In these, as in other things, the Hohenzollern sanity asserts itself. He recognizes the fact that normal and healthy progress is by an evolution of the better out of the good, and that the true function of genius in every field is to promote some phase of this evolution either by aiding to create a better environment, or by getting sight of higher ideals.

As to his manner, it is in ordinary intercourse simple, natural, kindly, and direct, and on great public occasions dignified without the slightest approach to pomposity. I have known scores of our excellent fellow−citizens in little offices who were infinitely more assuming. It was once said of a certain United States senator that "one must climb a ladder to speak with him"; no one would dream of making any assertion of this sort regarding the present ruler of the Prussian Kingdom and German Empire.

But it would be unjust to suppose that minor gifts and acquirements form the whole of his character; they are but a part of its garb. He is certainly developing the characteristics of a successful ruler of men and the solid qualities of a statesman. It was my fortune, from time to time, to hear him discuss at some length current political questions; and his views were presented with knowledge, clearness, and force. There was nothing at all flighty in any of his statements or arguments. There is evidently in him a large fund of that Hohenzollern common sense which has so often happily modified German, and even European, politics. He recognizes, of course, as his ancestors generally have done, that his is a military monarchy, and that Germany is and must remain a besieged camp; hence his close attention to the army and navy. Every one of our embassy military attaches expressed to me his surprise at the efficiency of his inspections of troops, of his discrimination between things essential and not essential, and of his insight into current military questions. Even more striking testimony was given to me by our naval attaches as to his minute knowledge not only of his own navy, but of the navies of other powers, and especially as to the capabilities of various classes of ships and, indeed, of individual vessels. One thoroughly capable of judging told me that he doubted whether there was any admiral in our service who knew more about every American ship of any importance than does the Kaiser. It has been said that his devotion to the German navy is a whim. That view can hardly command respect among those who have noted his labor for years upon its development, and his utterances regarding its connection with the future of his empire. As a simple matter of fact, he recognizes the triumphs of German commercial enterprises, and sees in them a guarantee for the extension of German power and for a glory more permanent than any likely to be obtained by military operations in these

times. When any candid American studies what has been done, or, rather, what has NOT been done, in his own country, with its immense seacoast and its many harbors on two oceans, to build up a great merchant navy, and compares it with what has been accomplished during the last fifty years by the steady, earnest, honest enterprise of Germany, with merely its little strip of coast on a northern inland sea, and with only the Hanseatic ports as a basis, he may well have searchings of heart. The "Shipping Trust" seems to be the main outcome of our activity, and lines of the finest steamers running to all parts of the world the outcome of theirs. There is a history here which we may well ponder; the young Emperor has not only thought but acted upon it.

As to yet broader work, the crucial test of a ruler is his ability to select MEN, to stand by them when he has selected them, and to decide wisely how far the plans which he has thought out, and they have thought out, can be fused into a policy worthy of his country. Judged by this test, the young monarch would seem worthy of his position; the men he has called to the various ministries are remarkably fit for their places, several of them showing very high capacity, and some of them genius.

As to his relation to the legislative bodies, it is sometimes claimed that he has lost much by his too early and open proclamation of his decisions, intentions, and wishes; and it can hardly be denied that something must be pardoned to the ardor of his patriotic desire to develop the empire in all its activities; but, after all due allowance has been made, there remains undeniable evidence of his statesmanlike ability to impress his views upon the national and state legislatures. A leading member of one of the parliamentary groups, very frequently in opposition to government measures, said to me: "After all, it is impossible for us to resist him; he knows Germany so well, and his heart is so thoroughly in his proposals, that he is sure to gain his points sooner or later."

An essential element of strength in this respect is his acquaintance with men and things in every part of his empire. Evidences of this were frequent in his public letters and telegrams to cities, towns, groups, and individuals. Nor was it "meddling and muddling." If any fine thing was done in any part of the empire, he seemed the first to take notice of it. Typical of his breadth of view were the cases of various ship captains and others who showed heroism in remote parts of the world, his telegram of hearty approval being usually the first thing they received on coming within reach of it, and substantial evidence of his gratitude meeting them later.

On the other hand, as to his faculty for minute observation and prompt action upon it: a captain of one of the great liners between Hamburg and New York told me that when his ship was ready to sail the Emperor came on board, looked it over, and after approving various arrangements said dryly, "Captain, I should think you were too old a sailor to let people give square corners to your tables." The captain quietly acted upon this hint; and when, many months later, the Kaiser revisited the ship, he said, "Well, captain, I am glad to see that you have rounded the corners of your tables."

He is certainly a working man. The record of each of his days at Berlin or Potsdam, as given in the press, shows that every hour, from dawn to long after dusk, brings its duties—duties demanding wide observation, close study, concentration of thought, and decision. Nor is his attention bounded by German interests. He is a keen student of the world at large. At various interviews there was ample evidence of his close observation of the present President of the United States, and of appreciation of his doings and qualities; so, too, when the struggle for decent government in New York was going on, he showed an intelligent interest in Mr. Seth Low; and in various other American matters there was recognition of the value of any important stroke of good work done by our countrymen.

As to his view of international questions, two of the opportunities above referred to especially occur to me here.

The first of these was during the troubles in Crete between the Greeks and the Turks. As I talked one evening with one of my colleagues who represented a power especially interested in the matter, the Emperor came up and at once entered into the discussion. He stated the position of various powers in relation to it, and suggested a line of conduct. There was straightforward good sense in his whole contention, a refreshing absence of conventionalities, and a very clear insight into the realities of the question, with a shrewd forecast of the result. More interesting to me was another conversation, in the spring of 1899. As the time drew near for the sessions of the Peace Conference at The Hague, I was making preparations for leaving Berlin to take up my duty in that body, when one morning there appeared at the embassy a special messenger from the Emperor requesting me to come to the palace. My reception was hearty, and he plunged at once into the general subject by remarking, "What the conference will most need is good common sense; and I have sent Count Munster, my ambassador at Paris,

because he has lots of it." With this preface, he went very fully into the questions likely to come before the conference, speaking regarding the attitude of the United States and the various powers of Europe and Asia with a frankness, fullness, and pungency which at times rather startled me. On the relations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain he was especially full. Very suggestive also were his remarks regarding questions in the far East, and especially on the part likely to be played by Japan and China—the interests of various powers in these questions being presented in various aspects, some of them decidedly original and suggestive. While there were points on which we could hardly agree, there were some suggestions which proved to be of especial value, and to one of them is due the fact that on most questions the German delegates at The Hague stood by the Americans, and that on the most important question of all they finally, after a wide divergence from our view, made common cause with Great Britain and the United States. I regret that the time has not come when it is permissible to give his conversation in detail; it treated a multitude of current topics, and even burning questions, with statesmanlike breadth, and at the same time with the shrewdness of a man of the world. There were in it sundry personal touches which interested me; among others, a statement regarding Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, and a reference to sundry doings and sayings of his own which had been misrepresented, especially in England. One point in this was especially curious. He said, "Some people find fault with me for traveling so much; but this is part of my business: I try to know my empire and my people, to see for myself what they need and what is going on, what is doing and who are doing it. It is my duty also to know men and countries outside the empire. I am not like ——," naming a sovereign well known in history, "who never stirred out of the house if he could help it, and so let men and things go on as they pleased."

This union of breadth and minuteness in his view of his empire and of the world is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic. It may be safely said that, at any given moment, he knows directly, or will shortly know, the person and work of every man in his empire who is really taking the lead in anything worthy of special study or close attention. The German court is considered very exclusive, but one constantly saw at its assemblages men noted in worthy fields from every part of Germany and, indeed, of Europe. Herein is a great difference between the German and Russian courts. If, during my official life at St. Petersburg, I wished to make the acquaintance of a man noted in science, literature, or art, he must be found at professorial gatherings across the Neva. He rarely, if ever, appeared in the throng of military and civil officials at the Winter Palace. But at Berlin such men took an honored place at the court among those whom the ruler sought out and was glad to converse with.

As to the world outside the empire, I doubt whether any other sovereign equals him in personal acquaintance with leaders in every field of worthy activity. It was interesting from time to time to look over the official lists of his guests at breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, or supper, or at military exercises, or at the theater; for they usually embraced men noted in civil, ecclesiastical, or military affairs, in literature, science, art, commerce, or industry from every nation. One class was conspicuous by its absence at all such gatherings, large or small; namely, the MERELY rich. Rich men there were, but they were always men who had done something of marked value to their country or to mankind; for the mere "fatty tumors" of the financial world he evidently cared nothing.

A special characteristic in the German ruler is independence of thought. This quality should not be confounded, as it often is, with mere offhand decision based upon prejudices or whimsies. One example, which I have given elsewhere, may be here referred to as showing that his rapid judgments are based upon clear insight: his OWN insight, and not that of others. On my giving him news of the destruction of the Maine at Havana, he at once asked me whether the explosion was from the outside; and from first to last, against the opinions of his admirals and captains, insisted that it must have been so.

He is certainly, in the opinion of all who know him, impulsive—indeed, a very large proportion of his acts which strike the attention of the world seem the result of impulse; but, as a rule, it will be found that beneath these impulses is a calm judgment. Even when this seems not to be the case, they are likely to appeal all the more strongly to humanity at large. Typical was his impulsive proposal to make up to the Regent of Bavaria the art appropriation denied by sundry unpatriotic bigots. Its immediate result was a temporary triumph for the common enemy, but it certainly drew to the Emperor the hearts of an immense number of people, not only inside, but outside his empire; and, in the long run, it will doubtless be found to have wrought powerfully for right reason. As an example of an utterance of his which to many might seem to be the result of a momentary impulse, but which reveals sober contemplation of problems looming large before the United States as well as Germany, I might cite a remark made last year to an American eminent in public affairs. He said, "You in America may do what you

please, but I will not suffer capitalists in Germany to suck the life out of the workingmen and then fling them like squeezed lemon−skins into the gutter."

Any one who runs through the printed volume of his speeches will see that he is fertile in ideas on many subjects, and knows how to impress them upon his audiences. His voice and manner are good, and at times there are evidences of deep feeling, showing the man beneath the garb of the sovereign. This was especially the case in his speech at the coming of age of his son. The audience was noteworthy, there being present the Austrian Emperor, members of all the great ruling houses of Europe the foremost men in contemporary German history, and the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers—an audience representing wide differences in points of view and in lines of thought, yet no one of them could fail to be impressed by sundry references to the significance of the occasion.

Even the most rapid sketch of the Emperor would be inadequate without some reference to his religious views. It is curious to note that while Frederick the Great is one of the gods of his idolatry, the two monarchs are separated by a whole orb of thought in their religious theories and feelings. While a philosophical observer may see in this the result of careful training in view of the evident interests of the monarchy in these days, he must none the less acknowledge the reality and depth of those feelings in the present sovereign. No one who has observed his conduct and utterances, and especially no one who has read his sermon and prayer on the deck of one of his war−ships just at the beginning of the Chinese war, can doubt that there is in his thinking a genuine substratum of religious feeling. It is true that at times one is reminded of the remark made to an American ecclesiastic by an eminent German theological professor regarding that tough old monarch, Frederick William I; namely, that while he was deeply religious, his religion was "of an Old Testament type." Of course, the religion of the present Emperor is of a type vastly higher than that of his ancestor, whose harshness to the youth who afterward became the great Frederick has been depicted in the "Memoirs" of the Margravine of Bayreuth; but there remains clearly in the religion of the present Emperor a certain "Old Testament" character—a feeling of direct reliance upon the Almighty, a consciousness of his own part in guiding a chosen people, and a readiness, if need be, to smite the Philistines. One phase of this feeling appears in the music at the great anniversaries, when the leading men of the empire are brought together beneath the dome of the Palace Church. The anthems executed by the bands and choirs, and the great chorals sung by the congregation, breathe anything but the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount; they seem rather to echo the grim old battle−hymns of the Thirty Years' War and the war in the Netherlands.

And yet it must be said that there goes with this a remarkable feeling of justice to his subjects of other confessions than his own, and a still more remarkable breadth of view as regards the relations of modern science to what is generally held as orthodox theology. The fearlessness with which he recently summoned Professor Delitzsch to unfold to him and to his family and court the newly revealed relations of Assyrian research to biblical study, which gave such alarm in highly orthodox circles, and his fairness in estimating these researches, certainly revealed breadth of mind as well as trust in what he considered the fundamental verities of religion.

A good example of the curious union, in his mind, of religious feeling, tolerance, and shrewd policy is shown in various dealings with his Roman Catholic subjects.

Of course he is not ignorant that his very existence as King of Prussia and German Emperor is a thorn in the side of the Roman Curia; he knows, as every thinking German knows, that, with the possible exception of the British monarchy, no other is so hated by the Vatican monsignori as his own. He is perfectly aware of the part taken in that quarter against his country and dynasty at all times, and especially during the recent wars; and yet all this seems not to influence him in the slightest as regards justice to his Roman Catholic subjects. He does indeed, resist the return of the Jesuits into the empire,—his keen insight forbids him to imitate the policy of Frederick the Great in this respect,—but his dealings with the Roman Catholic Church at large show not merely wisdom but kindliness. If he felt bound to resist, and did successfully resist, the efforts of Cardinal Rampolla to undermine German rule and influence in Alsace and Lorraine, there was a quiet fairness and justice in his action which showed a vast deal of tolerant wisdom. His visits to the old Abbey of Laach, his former relations with its young abbot, his settlement of a vexed question by the transfer of the abbot to the bishopric of Metz, his bringing of a loyal German into episcopal power at Strasburg, his recent treatment of the prince bishop of Breslau and the archbishop of Cologne, all show a wise breadth of view. Perhaps one of the brightest diplomatic strokes in his career was his dealing with a Vatican question during his journey in the East. For years there had been growing up

in world politics the theory that France, no matter how she may deal with monks and nuns and ultramontane efforts within her own immediate boundaries, is their protector in all the world beside, and especially in the Holy Land. The relation of this theory to the Crimean War, fifty years ago, is one of the curious things of history, and from that day to this it has seemed to be hardening more and more into a fixed policy—even into something like a doctrine of international law. Interesting was it, then, to see the Emperor, on his visit to the Sultan, knock the ground from under the feet of all this doctrine by securing for the Roman Catholic interest at Jerusalem what the French had never been able to obtain—the piece of ground at the Holy City, so long coveted by pious Catholics, whereon, according to tradition, once stood the lodging of the Virgin Mary. This the Emperor quietly obtained of the Sultan, and, after assisting at the dedication of a Lutheran church at Jerusalem, he telegraphed to the Pope and to other representatives of the older church that he had made a gift of this sacred site to those who had so long and so ardently desired it.

Considerable criticism has been made on the score of his evident appreciation of his position, and his theory of his relation to it; but when his point of view is cited, one perhaps appreciates it more justly. I have already shown this point of view in the account of the part taken by him at the two−hundredth anniversary of the Royal Academy, and of his remark, afterward, contrasting his theory of monarchy with that of Dom Pedro of Brazil. Jocose as was the manner of it, it throws light upon his idea of his duty in the state. While a constitutional monarch, he is not so in the British sense. British constitutional monarchy is made possible by the "silver streak"; but around the German Empire, as every German feels in his heart, is no "silver streak." This fact should be constantly borne in mind by those who care really to understand the conditions of national existence on the continent of Europe. Herein lies the answer to one charge that has been so often made against the German Emperor—of undue solicitude regarding his official and personal position, as shown in sundry petty treason trials. The simple fact is that German public opinion, embodied in German law, has arrived at the conclusion that it is not best to allow the head of the state to be the sport of every crank or blackguard who can wield a pen or pencil. The American view, which allowed Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley to be attacked in all the moods and tenses of vituperation, and to be artistically portrayed as tyrants, drunkards, clowns, beasts of prey, and reptiles, has not yet been received into German modes of thought. Luther said that he "would not suffer any man to treat the Gospel as a sow treats a sack of oats"; and that seems to be the feeling inherent in the German mind regarding the treatment of those who represent the majesty of the nation.

And here a word regarding the relation of Kaiser and people. In one of the letters to John Adams written by Thomas Jefferson as they both were approaching the close of life, the founder of American democracy declared that he had foreseen the failure of French popular rule, and had therefore favored in France, democrat though he was, a constitutional monarchy. Had Jefferson lived in our time, he would doubtless have arrived at a similar conclusion regarding Germany, for he would have taken account of the difference between a country like ours, with no long period of history which had given to dominant political ideas a religious character,—a country stretching from ocean to ocean, with no neighbors to make us afraid, —and a country like Germany, with an ancient historic head, with no natural frontiers, and beset on every side by enemies; and Jefferson would doubtless have taken account also of the fact that, were the matter submitted to popular vote, the present sovereign, with his present powers, would be the choice of an overwhelming majority of the German people. The German imperial system, like our own American republican system, is the result of an evolution during many generations—an evolution which has produced the present government, decided its character, fixed its form, allotted its powers, and decided on the men at the head of it; and this fact an American, no matter how devoted to republicanism and democracy in his own country, may well acknowledge to be as fixed in the political as in the physical world.

Of course some very bitter charges have been made against him as regards Germany, the main one being that he does not love parliamentary government and has, at various times, infringed upon the constitution of the empire.

As to loving parliamentary government, he would probably say that he cannot regard a system as final which, while attaching to the front of the chariot of progress a full team to pull it forward, attaches another team to the rear to pull it backward. But whatever his theory, he has in practice done his best to promote the efficiency of parliamentary government, and to increase respect for it in his kingdom of Prussia, by naming as life members of the Senate sundry men of the highest character and of immense value in the discussion of the most important questions. Two of these, appointed during my stay, I knew and admired. The first, Professor Gustav Schmoller,

formerly rector of the University of Berlin, is one of the leading economists of the world, who has shown genius in studying and exhibiting the practical needs of the German people, and in discerning the best solutions of similar problems throughout the world—profound, eloquent, conciliatory, sure to be of immense value as a senator. The second, Professor Slaby, director of the great technical institution of Germany at Charlottenburg, is one of the leading authorities of the world on everything that pertains to the applications of electricity, a great administrator, a wise counselor on questions pertaining to the German educational system. Neither of these men orates, but both are admirable speakers, and are sure to be of incalculable value. I name them simply as types: others were appointed, equally distinguished in other fields. If, then, the Emperor is blamed for not liking parliamentary and party government, it is only fair to say that he has taken the surest way to give it strength and credit.

As to the alleged violations of the German constitution, the same, in a far higher degree, were charged against Kaiser William I and Bismarck,—and these charges were true,—but it is also true that thereby those men saved and built up their country. As a matter of fact, the intuitive sense as well as the reflective powers of Germans seem to show them that the real dangers to their country come from a very different quarter—from men who promote hatreds of race, class, and religion within the empire, and historic international hatreds without it.

So, too, various charges have been made against the Emperor as regards the United States. From time to time there came, during my stay, statements in sundry American newspapers, some belligerent, some lacrymose, regarding his attitude toward our country. It seemed to be taken for granted by many good people during our Spanish War that the Emperor was personally against us. It is not unlikely that he may have felt sympathy for that forlorn, widowed Queen Regent of Spain, making so desperate a struggle to save the kingdom for her young son; if so, he but shared a feeling common to a very large part of humanity, for certainly there have been few more pathetic situations; but that he really cared anything for the success of Spain is exceedingly doubtful. The Hohenzollern common sense in him must have been for years vexed at the folly and fatuity of Spanish policy. He probably inherits the feeling of his father, who, when visiting the late Spanish monarch some years before his death, showed a most kindly personal feeling toward Spain and its ruler, and an intense interest in various phases of art developed in the Spanish peninsula; but, in his diary, let fall remarks which show his feeling toward the whole existing Spanish system. One of these I recall especially. Passing a noted Spanish town, he remarks: "Here are ten churches, twenty monasteries, and not a single school." No Hohenzollern is likely to waste much sympathy on a nation which brings on its fate by preferring monasticism to education; and never during the Spanish War did he or his government, to my knowledge, show the slightest leaning toward our enemies. Certain it is that when sundry hysterical publicists and meddlesome statesmen of the Continent proposed measures against what they thought the dangerous encroachments of our Republic, he quietly, but resolutely and effectually, put his foot upon them.

Another complaint sometimes heard in America really amounts to this: that the Emperor is pushing German interests in all parts of the world, and is not giving himself much trouble about the interests of other countries. There is truth in this, but the complainants evidently never stop to consider that every thinking man in every nation would despise him were it otherwise.

Yet another grievance, a little time since, was that, apparently with his approval, his ships of war handled sundry Venezuelans with decided roughness. This was true enough and ought to warm every honest man's heart.

The main facts in the case were these: a petty equatorial "republic," after a long series of revolutions,—one hundred and four in seventy years, Lord Lansdowne tells us, —was enjoying peace and the beginnings of prosperity. Thanks to the United States, it had received from an international tribunal the territory to which it was entitled, was free from disturbance at home or annoyance abroad, and was under a regular government sanctioned by its people. Suddenly, an individual started another so−called "revolution." He was the champion of no reform, principle, or idea; he simply represented the greed of himself and a pack of confederates whose ideal was that of a gang of burglars. With their aid he killed, plundered, or terrorized until he got control of the government—or, rather, became himself the government. Under the name of a "republic" he erected a despotism and usurped powers such as no Russian autocrat would dare claim. Like the men of his sort who so often afflict republics in the equatorial regions of South America, he had no hesitation in confiscating the property and taking the lives, not only of such of his fellow−citizens as he thought dangerous to himself, but also of those whom he thought likely to become so. He made the public treasury his own, and doubtless prepared the way, as so many other patriots of his sort in such "republics" have done, for retirement into a palace at Paris, with ample funds for enjoying the

pleasures of that capital, after he, like so many others, shall have been, in turn, kicked out of his country by some new bandit stronger than he.

So far so good. If the citizens of Venezuela like or permit that sort of thing, outside nations have no call to interfere; but this petty despot, having robbed, maltreated, and even murdered citizens of his own country, proceeded to maltreat and rob citizens of other countries and, among them, those of the German Empire. He was at first asked in diplomatic fashion to desist and to make amends, but for such appeals he simply showed contempt. His purpose was evidently to plunder all German subjects within his reach, and to cheat all German creditors beyond his reach. At this the German Government, as every government in similar circumstances is bound to do, demanded redress and sent ships to enforce the demand. This was perfectly legitimate; but immediately there arose in the United States an outcry against a "violation of the Monroe Doctrine." As a matter of fact, the Monroe Doctrine was no more concerned in the matter than was the doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints; but there was enough to start an outcry against Germany, and so it began to spread. The Germans were careful to observe the best precedents in international law, yet every step they took was exhibited in sundry American papers as a menace to the United States. There was no more menace to the United States than to the planet Saturn. The conduct of the German Government was in the interest of the United States as well as of every other decent government. Finally, the soldiers in a Venezuelan fort wantonly fired upon a German war vessel—whereupon the commander of the ship, acting entirely in accordance, not only with international law, but with natural right, defended himself, and knocked the fort about the ears of those who occupied it, thus giving the creatures who directed them a lesson which ought to rejoice every thinking American. At this the storm on paper against Germany, both in America and Great Britain, broke out with renewed violence, and there was more talk about dangers to the Monroe Doctrine. As one who, at The Hague Conference, was able to do something for recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by European powers, and who, as a member of the Venezuelan Commission, did what was possible to secure justice to Venezuela, I take this opportunity to express the opinion that the time has come for plain speaking in this matter. Even with those of us who believe in the Monroe Doctrine there begins to arise a question as to which are nearest the interests and the hearts of Americans,—the sort of "dumb driven cattle" who allow themselves to be governed by such men as now control Venezuela, or the people of Germany and other civilized parts of Europe, as well as those of the better South American republics, like Chile, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and others, whose interests, aspirations, ideals, and feelings are so much more closely akin to our own.

Occasionally, too, there have arisen plaintive declarations that the Emperor does not love the United States or admire its institutions. As to that I never saw or heard of anything showing dislike to our country; but, after all, he is a free man, and there is nothing in international law or international comity requiring him to love the United States; it is sufficient that he respects what is respectable in our government and people, and we may fairly allow to him his opinion on sundry noxious and nauseous developments among us which we hope may prove temporary. As to admiring our institutions, he is probably not fascinated by our lax administration of criminal justice, which leaves at large more unpunished criminals, and especially murderers, than are to be found in any other part of the civilized world, save, possibly, some districts of lower Italy and Sicily. He probably does not admire Tammany Hall or the Philadelphia Ring, and has his own opinion of cities which submit to such tyranny; quite likely he has not been favorably impressed by the reckless waste and sordid jobbery recently revealed at St. Louis and Minneapolis; it is exceedingly doubtful whether he admires some of the speeches on national affairs made for the "Buncombe district" and the galleries; but that he admires and respects the men in the United States who do things worth doing, and say things worth saying; that he takes a deep interest in those features of our policy, or achievements of our people, which are to our credit; that he enjoys the best of our literature; that he respects every true American soldier and sailor, every American statesman or scholar or writer or worker of any sort who really accomplishes anything for our country, is certain.

To sum up his position in contemporary history: As the German nation is the result of an evolution of individual and national character in obedience to resistless inner forces and to its environment, so out of the medley of imperial and royal Hohenstaufens, Hapsburgs, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Guelphs, and the like, have arisen, as by a survival of the fittest, the Hohenzollerns. These have given to the world various strong types, and especially such as the Great Elector, Frederick II, and William I. Mainly under them and under men trained or selected by them, Germany, from a great confused mass of warriors and thinkers and workers, militant at

cross−purposes, wearing themselves out in vain struggles, and preyed upon by malevolent neighbors, has become a great power in arms, in art, in science, in literature; a fortress of high thought; a guardian of civilization; the natural ally of every nation which seeks the better development of humanity. And the young monarch who is now at its head—original, yet studious of the great men and deeds of the past; brave, yet conciliatory; never allowing the mail−clad fist to become unnerved, but none the less devoted to the conquests of peace; standing firmly on realities, but with a steady vision of ideals—seems likely to add a new name to the list of those who, as leaders of Germany, have advanced the world.

CHAPTER XLV. AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: I—1899

On the 24th of August, 1898, the Russian Government proposed, in the name of the Emperor Nicholas II, a conference which should seek to arrest the constantly increasing development of armaments and thus contribute to a durable peace; and on the 11th of January, 1899, his minister of foreign affairs, Count Mouravieff, having received favorable answers to this proposal, sent forth a circular indicating the Russian view as to subjects of discussion. As to the place of meeting, there were obvious reasons why it should not be the capital of one of the greater powers. As to Switzerland, the number of anarchists and nihilists who had taken refuge there, and the murder of the Empress of Austria by one of them shortly before, at Geneva, in broad daylight, had thrown discredit over the ability of the Swiss Government to guarantee safety to the conference; the Russian Government therefore proposed that its sessions be held at The Hague, and this being agreed to, the opening was fixed for the 18th of May.

From the first there was a misunderstanding throughout the world as to what the Emperor Nicholas really proposed. Far and near it was taken for granted that he desired a general disarmament, and this legend spread rapidly. As a matter of fact, this was neither his proposal nor his purpose; the measures he suggested being designed "to put an end to the constantly increasing development of armaments."

At the outset I was skeptical as to the whole matter. What I had seen of the Emperor Nicholas during my stay in Russia had not encouraged me to expect that he would have the breadth of view or the strength of purpose to carry out the vast reforms which thinking men hoped for. I recalled our conversation at my reception as minister, when, to my amazement, he showed himself entirely ignorant of the starving condition of the peasantry throughout large districts in the very heart of the empire.[8] That he was a kindly man, wishing in a languid way the good of his country, could not be doubted; but the indifference to everything about him evident in all his actions, his lack of force even in the simplest efforts for the improvement of his people, and, above all, his yielding to the worst elements in his treatment of the Baltic provinces and Finland, did not encourage me to believe that he would lead a movement against the enormous power of the military party in his vast empire. On this account, when the American newspapers prophesied that I was to be one of the delegates, my feelings were strongly against accepting any such post. But in due time the tender of it came in a way very different from anything I had anticipated: President McKinley cabled a personal request that I accept a position on the delegation, and private letters from very dear friends, in whose good judgment I had confidence, gave excellent reasons for my doing so. At the same time came the names of my colleagues, and this led me to feel that the delegation was to be placed on a higher plane than I had expected. In the order named by the President, they were as follows: Andrew D. White; Seth Low, President of Columbia University; Stanford Newel, Minister at The Hague; Captain Mahan, of the United States navy; Captain Crozier, of the army; and the Hon. Frederick W. Holls as secretary. In view of all this, I accepted.

[8] See account of this conversation in "My Mission to Russia," Chapter XXXIII, pp. 9−10.

Soon came evidences of an interest in the conference more earnest and wide−spread than anything I had dreamed. Books, documents, letters, wise and unwise, thoughtful and crankish, shrewd and childish, poured in upon me; in all classes of society there seemed fermenting a mixture of hope and doubt; even the German Emperor apparently felt it, for shortly there came an invitation to the palace, and on my arrival I found that the subject uppermost in his mind was the approaching conference. Of our conversation, as well as of some other interviews at this period, I speak elsewhere.

On the 16th of May I left Berlin, and arrived late in the evening at The Hague. As every day's doings were entered in my diary, it seems best to give an account of this part of my life in the shape of extracts from it.

May 17, 1899.

This morning, on going out of our hotel, the Oude Doelen, I found that since my former visit, thirty−five years ago, there had been little apparent change. It is the same old town, quiet, picturesque, full of historical monuments and art treasures. This hotel and the neighboring streets had been decorated with the flags of various nations, including our own, and crowds were assembled under our windows and in the public places. The hotel is in one of

the most attractive parts of the city architecturally and historically, and is itself interesting from both points of view. It has been a hostelry ever since the middle ages, and over the main entrance a tablet indicates rebuilding in 1625. Connected with it by interior passages are a number of buildings which were once private residences, and one of the largest and best of these has been engaged for us. Fortunately the present Secretary of State, John Hay, has been in the diplomatic service; and when I wrote him, some weeks ago, on the importance of proper quarters being secured for us, he entered heartily into the matter, giving full powers to the minister here to do whatever was necessary, subject to my approval. The result is that we are quite as well provided for as any other delegation at the conference.

In the afternoon our delegation met at the house of the American minister and was duly organized. Although named by the President first in the list of delegates, I preferred to leave the matter of the chairmanship entirely to my associates, and they now unanimously elected me as their President.

The instructions from the State Department were then read. These were, in effect, as follows:

The first article of the Russian proposals, relating to the non−augmentation of land and sea forces, is so inapplicable to the United States at present that it is deemed advisable to leave the initiative, upon this subject, to the representatives of those powers to which it may properly apply.

As regards the articles relating to the non−employment of new firearms, explosives, and other destructive agencies, the restricted use of the existing instruments of destruction, and the prohibition of certain contrivances employed in naval warfare, it seems to the department that they are lacking in practicability and that the discussion of these articles would probably provoke divergency rather than unanimity of view. The secretary goes on to say that "it is doubtful if wars will be diminished by rendering them less destructive, for it is the plain lesson of history that the periods of peace have been longer protracted as the cost and destructiveness of war have increased. The expediency of restraining the inventive genius of our people in the direction of devising means of defense is by no means clear, and, considering the temptations to which men and nations may be exposed in a time of conflict, it is doubtful if an international agreement of this nature would prove effective."

As to the fifth, sixth, and seventh articles, aiming, in the interest of humanity, to succor those who by the chance of battle have been rendered helpless, to alleviate their sufferings, and to insure the safety of those whose mission is purely one of peace and beneficence, we are instructed that any practicable proposals should receive our earnest support.

On the eighth article, which proposes the wider extension of "good offices, mediation, and arbitration," the secretary dwells with much force, and finally says: "The proposal of the conference promises to offer an opportunity thus far unequaled in the history of the world for initiating a series of negotiations that may lead to important practical results." The delegation is therefore enjoined to propose, at an opportune moment, a plan for an International Tribunal of Arbitration which is annexed to the instructions, and to use their influence in the conference to procure the adoption of its substance.

And, finally, we are instructed to propose to the conference the principle of extending to strictly private property at sea the immunity from destruction or capture by belligerent powers analogous to that which such property already enjoys on land, and to endeavor to have this principle incorporated in the permanent law of civilized nations. A well−drawn historical resume of the relations of the United States to the question of arbitration thus far is added, and a historical summary of the action of the United States, hitherto, regarding the exemption of private property at sea from seizure during war.

The document of most immediate importance is the plan furnished us for international arbitration. Its main features are as follows:

First, a tribunal "composed of judges chosen, on account of their personal integrity and learning in international law, by a majority of the members of the highest court now existing in each of the adhering states, one from each sovereign state participating in the treaty, who shall hold office until their successors are appointed by the same body."

Secondly, the tribunal to meet for organization not later than six months after the treaty shall have been ratified by nine powers; to organize itself as a permanent court, with such officers as may be found necessary, and to fix its own place of session and rules of procedure.

The third article provides that "the contracting nations will mutually agree to submit to the international tribunal all questions of disagreement between them, excepting such as may relate to or involve their political

independence or territorial integrity."

The fifth article runs as follows: "A bench of judges for each particular case shall consist of not fewer than three nor more than seven, as may be deemed expedient, appointed by the unanimous consent of the tribunal, and shall not include any member who is either a native, subject, or citizen of the state whose interests are in litigation in the case."

The sixth article provides that the general expenses of the tribunal be divided equally among the adherent powers; but that those arising from each particular case be provided for as may be directed by the tribunal; also that non−adherent states may bring their cases before it, on condition of the mutual agreement that the state against which judgment shall be found shall pay, in addition to the judgment, the expenses of the adjudication.

The seventh article makes provision for an appeal, within three months after the notification of the decision, upon presentation of evidence that the judgment contains a substantial error of fact or law.

The eighth and final article provides that the treaty shall become operative when nine sovereign states, whereof at least six shall have taken part in the conference of The Hague, shall have ratified its provisions.

It turns out that ours is the only delegation which has anything like a full and carefully adjusted plan for a court of arbitration. The English delegation, though evidently exceedingly desirous that a system of arbitration be adopted, has come without anything definitely drawn. The Russians have a scheme; but, so far as can be learned, there is no provision in it for a permanent court.

In the evening there was a general assemblage of the members of the conference at a reception given by Jonkheer van Karnebeek, formerly Dutch minister of foreign affairs, and now first delegate from the Netherlands to the conference. It was very brilliant, and I made many interesting acquaintances; but, probably, since the world began, never has so large a body come together in a spirit of more hopeless skepticism as to any good result. Though no one gives loud utterance to this feeling, it is none the less deep. Of course, among all these delegates acquainted with public men and measures in Europe, there is considerable distrust of the intentions of Russia; and, naturally, the weakness of the Russian Emperor is well understood, though all are reticent regarding it. The only open utterances are those attributed to one or two of the older European diplomatists, who lament being sent on an errand which they fear is to be fruitless. One of these is said to have bewailed this mission as a sad ending to his public services, and to have declared that as he had led a long life of devotion to his country and to its sovereign, his family might well look upon his career as honorable; but that now he is probably doomed to crown it with an open failure.

May 18.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the conference held its open session at the "House in the Wood." The building is most interesting, presenting as it does the art and general ideas of two hundred and fifty years ago; it is full of historical associations, and the groves and gardens about it are delightful. The walls and dome of the great central hall are covered with immense paintings in the style of Rubens, mainly by his pupils; and, of these, one over the front entrance represents Peace descending from heaven, bearing various symbols and, apparently, entering the hall. To this M. de Beaufort, our honorary president, the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs, made a graceful allusion in his opening speech, expressing the hope that Peace, having entered the hall, would go forth bearing blessings to the world. Another representation, which covers one immense wall, is a glorification of various princes of Orange: it is in full front of me, as I sit, the Peace fresco being visible at my left, and a lovely view of the gardens, and of the water beyond, through the windows at my right.

The "House in the Wood" was built early in the seventeenth century by a princess of the house of Orange, the grandmother of William III of England. The central hall under the dome, above referred to, is now filled up with seats and desks, covered with green cloth, very neat and practical, and mainly arranged like those in an English college chapel. Good fortune has given me one of the two best seats in the house; it being directly in front of the secretaries, who are arranged in a semicircle just below the desk of the president; at my left are the other members of our delegation, and facing me, across the central aisle, is Count Munster, at the head of the German delegation. This piece of good luck comes from the fact that we are seated in the alphabetical order of our countries, beginning with Allemagne, continuing with Amerique, and so on down the alphabet.

The other large rooms on the main floor are exceedingly handsome, with superb Japanese and Chinese hangings, wrought about the middle of the last century to fit the spaces they occupy; on all sides are the most perfect specimens of Japanese and Chinese bronzes, ivory carvings, lacquer−work, and the like: these rooms are

given up to the committees into which the whole body is divided. Up−stairs is a dining−hall in which the Dutch Government serves, every working−day, a most bounteous lunch to us all, and at this there is much opportunity for informal discussion. Near the main hall is a sumptuous saloon, hung round with interesting portraits, one of them being an admirable likeness of Motley the historian, who was a great favorite of the late Queen, and frequently her guest in this palace.

Our first session was very interesting; the speech by the honorary president, M. de Beaufort, above referred to, was in every way admirable, and that by the president, M. de Staal, thoroughly good. The latter is the Russian ambassador to London; I had already met him in St. Petersburg, and found him interesting and agreeable. He is, no doubt, one of the foremost diplomatists of this epoch; but he is evidently without much knowledge of parliamentary procedure. Congratulatory telegrams were received from the Emperor of Russia and the Queen of the Netherlands and duly answered.

May 19.

At eleven in the morning, in one of the large rooms of the hotel, the presidents of delegations met to decide on a plan of organization and work; and, sitting among them, I first began to have some hopes of a good result. Still, at the outset, the prospect was much beclouded. Though a very considerable number of the foremost statesmen in Europe were present, our deliberations appeared, for a time, a hopeless chaos: the unfamiliarity of our president, Baron de Staal, with parliamentary usages seemed likely to become embarrassing; but sundry statesmen, more experienced in such matters, began drawing together, and were soon elaborating a scheme to be presented to the entire conference. It divided all the subjects named in the Mouravieff circular among three great committees, the most important being that on "Arbitration." The choice of representatives on these from our delegation was made, and an ex−officio membership of all three falls to me.

In the course of the day I met and talked with various interesting men, among them Count Nigra, formerly Cavour's private secretary and ambassador at the court of Napoleon III, where he accomplished so much for Italian unity; Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington; and M. Bernaert, president of the Belgian Chamber. In the evening, at a reception given by the minister of foreign affairs, M. de Beaufort, I made further acquaintances and had instructive conversations.

In addition to the strict duties of the conference, there is, of course, a mass of social business, with no end of visits, calls, and special meetings, to say nothing of social functions, on a large scale, at the houses of sundry ministers and officials; but these, of course, have their practical uses.

The Dutch Government is showing itself princely in various ways, making every provision for our comfort and enjoyment.

In general, I am considerably encouraged. The skeptical feeling with which we came together seems now passing away; the recent speech of the Emperor William at Wiesbaden has aroused new hopes of a fairly good chance for arbitration, and it looks as if the promise made me just before I left Berlin by Baron von Bulow, that the German delegation should cooperate thoroughly with our own, is to be redeemed. That delegation assures us that it is instructed to stand by us as far as possible on all the principal questions. It forms a really fine body, its head being Count Munster, whom I have already found very agreeable at Berlin and Paris, and its main authority in the law of nations being Professor Zorn, of the University of Konigsberg; but, curiously enough, as if by a whim, the next man on its list is Professor Baron von Stengel of Munich, who has written a book AGAINST arbitration; and next to him comes Colonel Schwartzhoff, said to be a man of remarkable ability in military matters, but strongly prejudiced against the Russian proposals.

As to arbitration, we cannot make it compulsory, as so many very good people wish; it is clear that no power here would agree to that; but even to provide regular machinery for arbitration, constantly in the sight of all nations, and always ready for use, would be a great gain.

As to disarmament, it is clear that nothing effective can be done at present. The Geneva rules for the better care of the wounded on land will certainly be improved and extended to warfare on sea, and the laws of war will doubtless be improved and given stronger sanction.

Whether we can get our proposals as to private property on the high seas before the conference is uncertain; but I think we can. Our hopes are based upon the fact that they seem admissible under one heading of the Mouravieff circular. There is, of course, a determination on the part of leading members to exclude rigorously everything not provided for in the original programme, and this is only right; for, otherwise, we might spend years

in fruitless discussion. The Armenians, for example, are pressing us to make a strong declaration in their behalf. Poland is also here with proposals even more inflammatory; so are the Finlanders; and so are the South African Boers. Their proposals, if admitted, would simply be bombshells sure to blow all the leading nations of Europe out of the conference and bring everything to naught. Already pessimists outside are prophesying that on account of these questions we are doomed to utter failure.

The peace people of all nations, including our own, are here in great force. I have accepted an invitation from one of them to lunch with a party of like mind, including Baroness von Suttner, who has written a brilliant book, "Die Waffen Nieder," of which the moral is that all nations shall immediately throw down their arms. Mr. Stead is also here, vigorous as usual, full of curious information, and abounding in suggestions.

There was a report, on our arriving, that the Triple Alliance representatives are instructed to do everything to bring the conference into discredit, but this is now denied. It is said that their programme is changed, and things look like it. On the whole, though no one is sanguine, there is more hope.

May 21.

In the morning went with Dr. Holls to a Whitsunday service at the great old church here. There was a crowd, impressive chorals, and a sermon at least an hour long. At our request, we were given admirable places in the organ−loft, and sat at the side of the organist as he managed that noble instrument. It was sublime. After the closing voluntary Holls played remarkably well

To me the most striking feature in the service was a very earnest prayer made by the clergyman for the conference. During the afternoon we also visited the old prison near the Vijver, where the De Witts and other eminent prisoners of state were confined, and in front of which the former were torn in pieces by the mob. Sadly interesting was a collection of instruments of torture, which had the effect of making me better satisfied with our own times than I sometimes am.

In the evening, with our minister, Mr. Newel, and the Dean of Ely, his guest, to an exceedingly pleasant "tea" at the house of Baroness Gravensteen, and met a number of interesting people, among them a kindly old gentleman who began diplomatic life as a British attache at Washington in the days of Webster and Clay, and gave me interesting accounts of them.

The queer letters and crankish proposals which come in every day are amazing. I have just added to my collection of diplomatic curiosities a letter from the editor of a Democratic paper in southern Illinois, addressed to me as ambassador at Mayence, which he evidently takes to be the capital of Germany, asking me to look after a great party of Western newspaper men who are to go up the Rhine this summer and make a brief stay in the above−named capital of the empire. I also receive very many letters of introduction, which of course make large demands upon my time. The number of epistles, also, which come in from public meetings in large and small American towns is very great, some evidently representing no persons other than the writers. As I write the above, I open mechanically a letter from a peace meeting assembled in Ledyard, Connecticut, composed of "Rogerine Quakers"; but what a "Rogerine Quaker" is I know not. Some of these letters are touching, and some have a comic side. A very good one comes from May Wright Sewall; would that all the others were as thoughtful!

It goes without saying that the Quakers are out in full force. We have been answering by cable some of the most important communications sent us from America; the others we shall try to acknowledge by mail, though they are so numerous that I begin to despair of this. If these good people only knew how all this distracts us from the work which we have at heart as much as they, we should get considerably more time to think upon the problems before us.

May 22.

In the afternoon came M. de Bloch, the great publicist, who has written four enormous volumes on war in modern times, summaries of which, in the newspapers, are said to have converted the young Emperor Nicholas to peace ideas, and to have been the real cause of his calling the conference together. I found him interesting, full of ideas, and devoted most earnestly to a theory that militarism is gradually impoverishing all modern states, and that the next European war will pauperize most of them.

Just afterward Count Welsersheimb, president of the Austrian delegation, called, and was very anxious to know the line we are to take. I told him frankly that we are instructed to present a plan of arbitration, and to urge a resolution in favor of exempting private property, not contraband of war, from seizure on the high seas; that we are ready to go to the full length in improving the laws of war, and in extending the Geneva rules to maritime

warfare; but that we look on the question of reducing armaments as relating wholly to Europe, no part of it being applicable to the United States.

As he seemed strongly in favor of our contention regarding private property on the high seas, but fearful that Russia and England, under a strict construction of the rules, would not permit the subject to be introduced, I pointed out to him certain clauses in the Mouravieff circular which showed that it was entirely admissible.

May 23.

In the morning came a meeting of the American delegation on the subject of telegraphing Washington for further instructions. We find that some of the details in our present instructions are likely to wreck our proposals, and there is a fear among us that, by following too closely the plan laid down for us at Washington, we may run full in the face of the Monroe Doctrine. It is indeed, a question whether our people will be willing to have matters of difference between South American States, or between the United States and a South American State, or between European and South American States, submitted to an arbitration in which a majority of the judges are subjects of European powers. Various drafts of a telegram were made, but the whole matter went over.

At ten the heads of delegations met and considered a plan of organizing the various committees, and the list was read. Each of the three great committees to which the subjects mentioned in the Mouravieff circular are assigned was given a president, vice−president, and two honorary presidents. The first of these committees is to take charge of the preliminary discussion of those articles in the Mouravieff circular concerning the non−augmentation of armies and the limitation in the use of new explosives and of especially destructive weapons. The second committee has for its subject the discussion of humanitarian reforms—namely, the adaptation of the stipulations of the Convention of Geneva of 1864 to maritime warfare, the neutralization of vessels charged with saving the wounded during maritime combats, and the revision of the declaration concerning customs of war elaborated in 1874 by the Conference of Brussels, which has never yet been ratified. The third committee has charge of the subject of arbitration, mediation, and the like.

The president of the first committee is M. Bernaert, a leading statesman of Belgium, who has made a most excellent impression on me from the first; and the two honorary presidents are Count Munster, German ambassador at Paris, and myself.

The president of the second committee is M. de Martens, the eminent Russian authority on international law; and the two honorary presidents, Count Welsersheimb of Austria−Hungary, and the Duke of Tetuan from Spain.

The third committee receives as its president M. Leon Bourgeois, who has held various eminent positions in France; the honorary presidents being Count Nigra, the Italian ambassador at Vienna, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington.

There was much discussion and considerable difference of opinion on many points, but the main breeze sprang up regarding the publicity of our doings. An admirable speech was made by Baron de Bildt, who is a son of my former Swedish colleague at Berlin, has held various important positions at Washington and elsewhere, has written an admirable history of Queen Christina of Sweden, and is now minister plenipotentiary at Rome. He spoke earnestly in favor of considerable latitude in communications to the press from the authorities of the conference; but the prevailing opinion, especially of the older men, even of those from constitutional states, seemed to second the idea of Russia,—that communications to the press should be reduced to a minimum, comprising merely the external affairs of the conference. I am persuaded that this view will get us into trouble; but it cannot be helped at present.

May 24.

As was to be expected, there has begun some reaction from the hopes indulged shortly after the conference came together. At our arrival there was general skepticism; shortly afterward, and especially when the organization of the arbitration committee was seen to be so good, there came a great growth of hope; now comes the usual falling back of many. But I trust that this will not be permanent. Yesterday there was some talk which, though quiet, was none the less bitter, to the effect that the purpose of Russia in calling the conference is only to secure time for strengthening her armaments; that she was never increasing her forces at a greater rate, especially in the southwestern part of the empire and in the Caucasus, and never intriguing more vigorously in all directions. To one who stated this to me my answer simply was that bad faith to this extent on the part of Russia is most unlikely, if not impossible; that it would hand down the Emperor and his advisers to the eternal execration and contempt of mankind; and that, in any case, our duty is clear: to go on and do the best we can; to perfect plans for

a permanent tribunal of arbitration; and to take measures for diminishing cruelty and suffering in war.

Meeting Count Munster, who, after M. de Staal, is very generally considered the most important personage here, we discussed the subject of arbitration. To my great regret, I found him entirely opposed to it, or, at least, entirely opposed to any well−developed plan. He did not say that he would oppose a moderate plan for voluntary arbitration, but he insisted that arbitration must be injurious to Germany; that Germany is prepared for war as no other country is or can be; that she can mobilize her army in ten days; and that neither France, Russia, nor any other power can do this. Arbitration, he said, would simply give rival powers time to put themselves in readiness, and would therefore be a great disadvantage to Germany.

Later came another disappointment. M. de Martens, having read the memorandum which I left with him yesterday on the subject of exempting private property, not contraband of war, from seizure upon the high seas called, and insisted that it would be impossible, under any just construction of the Mouravieff programme, to bring the subject before the second committee as we had hoped to do; that Russia would feel obliged to oppose its introduction; and that Great Britain, France, and Italy, to say nothing of other powers, would do the same. This was rather trying, for I had especially desired to press this long−desired improvement in international law; and I showed him how persistent the United States had been as regards this subject throughout our whole history, how earnest the President and his cabinet are in pressing it now, and how our delegation are bound, under our instructions, to bring it before the conference. I insisted that we should at least have the opportunity to present it, even if it were afterward declared out of order. To this he demurred, saying that he feared it would arouse unpleasant debate. I then suggested that the paper be publicly submitted to our whole body for special reference to a future conference, and this he took into consideration. Under other circumstances, I would have made a struggle in the committee and, indeed, in the open session of the full conference; but it is clear that what we are sent here for is, above all, to devise some scheme of arbitration, and that anything which comes in the way of this, by provoking ill−feeling or prolonging discussion on other points, will diminish our chances of obtaining what the whole world so earnestly desires.

During the day our American delegation held two sessions; and, as a result, a telegram of considerable length to the State Department was elaborated, asking permission to substitute a new section in our original instructions regarding an arbitration tribunal, and to be allowed liberty to make changes in minor points, as the development of opinion in the conference may demand. The substitute which we suggested referred especially to the clash between the original instructions and the Monroe Doctrine. I was very reluctant to send the despatch; but, on the whole, it seemed best, and it was adopted unanimously.

In the afternoon, at five, the presidents of all the delegations went to the palace, by appointment, and were presented to the young Queen and to the Queen−mother. The former is exceedingly modest, pretty, and pleasant; and as she came into the room, about which were ranged that line of solemn, elderly men, it seemed almost pathetic. She was evidently timid, and it was, at first, hard work for her; but she got along well with Count Munster, and when she came to me I soon brought the conversation upon the subject of the "House in the Wood" by thanking her for the pains her government had taken in providing so beautiful a place for us. This new topic seemed to please her, and we had quite a long talk upon it; she speaking of her visits to the park, for skating and the like, and I dwelling on the beauty of the works of art and the views in the park. Then the delegates, going to the apartments of the Queen−mother, went through a similar formality with her. She is very stout, but fine−looking, with a kindly face and manner. Both mother and daughter spoke, with perfect ease, Dutch, French, German English, and how many other languages I know not. The young Queen was very simply dressed, like any other young lady of seventeen, except that she had a triple row of large pearls about her neck. In the evening, at 9.30, the entire delegations were received at a great presentation and ball. The music was very fine, but the most interesting thing to me was the fact that, as the palace was built under Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, the main rooms were in the most thoroughgoing style Empire, not only in their decorations, but in their furniture and accessories,—clocks, vases, candelabra, and the like. I have never seen that style, formerly so despised, but now so fashionable, developed as fully.

After the presentation I met Sir John Fisher, one of the English delegates, an admiral in the British navy, and found him very intelligent. He said that he was thoroughly for peace, and had every reason to be so, since he knew something of the horrors of war. It appears that in one of the recent struggles in China he went ashore with eleven hundred men and returned with only about five hundred; but, to my regret, I found him using the same

argument as regards the sea that Count Munster had made regarding the land. He said that the navy of Great Britain was and would remain in a state of complete preparation for war; that a vast deal depended on prompt action by the navy; and that the truce afforded by arbitration proceedings would give other powers time, which they would otherwise not have, to put themselves into complete readiness. He seemed uncertain whether it was best for Great Britain, under these circumstances, to support a thoroughgoing plan of arbitration; but, on the whole, seemed inclined to try it to some extent. Clearly what Great Britain wants is a permanent system of arbitration with the United States; but she does not care much, I think, for such a provision as regards other powers.

There is considerable curiosity among leading members to know what the United States really intends to do; and during the day Sir Julian Pauncefote and others have called to talk over the general subject.

The London "Times" gives quite correctly a conversation of mine, of rather an optimistic nature, as to the possibilities and probabilities of arbitration, and the improvement of the customs of war; but in another quarter matters have not gone so well: the "Corriere della Sera" of Milan publishes a circumstantial interview with me, which has been copied extensively in the European press, to the effect that I have declared my belief in the adoption of compulsory arbitration and disarmament. This is a grotesque misstatement. I have never dreamed of saying anything of the kind; in fact, have constantly said the contrary; and, what is more, I have never been interviewed by the correspondent of that or of any other Continental paper.

CHAPTER XLVI. AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE—II

May 25. This morning a leading delegate of one of the great European powers called and gave me a very interesting account of the situation as he sees it.

He stated that the Russian representatives, on arriving here, gave out that they were not prepared with any plan for a definite tribunal of arbitration; but that shortly afterward there appeared some discrepancy on this point between the statements of the various members of their delegation; and that they now propose a system of arbitration, mediation, and examination into any cause of difficulty between nations.

In the evening our secretary spoke of the matter to M. de Staal, the president of the Russian delegation and of the conference, and was told that this plan would, within a day or two, be printed and laid before the whole body.

This is a favorable sign. More and more it looks as if the great majority of us are beginning to see the necessity of some scheme of arbitration embracing a court and definite, well−contrived accessories.

The above−mentioned discrepancy between various statements of the Russians leads me to think that what Count Munster told me some days since may have some truth in it—namely, that Pobedonostzeff, whom I knew well, when minister to Russia, as the strongest man of moral, religious, and social questions in that country, is really the author of the documents that were originally given to the world as emanating from the Russian Foreign Office, and that he has now added to them this definite scheme for arbitration. Remembering our old conversations, in which he dwelt upon the great need of money in order to increase the stipends of the Russian clergy, and so improve their moral as well as religious condition, I can understand easily that he may have greatly at heart a plan which would save a portion of the enormous expenditure of Russia on war, and enable him to do more for the improvement of the church.

Dined at the British legation with the minister, my old friend of St. Petersburg days, Sir Henry Howard, De Martens, the real head of the Russian delegation, being of the party, and had a long talk with the latter about Russia and Russians. He told me that Pobedonostzeff is now becoming old and infirm, and it appears that there has been a sort of cleaning out of the Foreign Office and the Ministry of the Interior—a procedure which was certainly needed in my time.

Later in the evening we went to a reception by Baron van Hardenbroek, the grand chamberlain, where I met various interesting persons, especially M. Descamps, the eminent Belgian delegate, who, in the fervor of his speech yesterday morning, upset his inkstand and lavished its contents on his neighbors. He is a devotee of arbitration, and is preparing a summary for the committee intrusted with that subject. There seemed to be, in discussing the matter with various delegates at this reception, a general feeling of encouragement.

During the day Mr. Loeher, a Berlin sculptor, called, and carried me off to see his plan of a great statue of "Peace" which he hopes to induce the Emperor Nicholas to erect in Paris. It seems to me well conceived, all except the main figure, which I could not induce myself to like. In the anxiety of the sculptor to avoid any more female figures, and to embody virile aspirations for peace, he has placed this main figure at the summit of the monument in something like a long pea−jacket, with an insufficient mantle at the back, and a crown upon its head.

The number of people with plans, schemes, notions, nostrums, whimsies of all sorts, who press upon us and try to take our time, is enormous; and when to this is added the pest of interviewers and photographers, life becomes serious indeed.

May 26.

At two the committee on arbitration met, and, as it is the largest of all, its session was held in the main hall under the dome. The Russian plan was presented, and was found to embrace three distinct features:

First, elements of a plan of mediation; secondly, a plan for international arbitration; thirdly, a plan for the international examination of questions arising between powers, such examination being conducted by persons chosen by each of the contestants. This last is a new feature and is known as a commission internationale d'enquete.

The project for a plan of arbitration submits a number of minor matters to compulsory arbitration, but the

main mass of differences to voluntary arbitration.

But there was no definite proposal for a tribunal, and there was an evident feeling of disappointment, which was presently voiced by Sir Julian Pauncefote, who, in the sort of plain, dogged way of a man who does not purpose to lose what he came for, presented a resolution looking definitely to the establishment, here and now, of an international tribunal of arbitration. After some discussion, the whole was referred to a subcommittee, to put this and any other proposals submitted into shape for discussion by the main committee. In the course of the morning the American delegation received an answer to its telegram to the State Department, which was all that could be desired, since it left us virtually free to take the course which circumstances might authorize, in view of the main object to be attained. But it came too late to enable us to elaborate a plan for the meeting above referred to, and I obtained permission from the president, M. Leon Bourgeois, to defer the presentation of our scheme until about the middle of next week.

Just before the session of the main committee, at which the Russian plan was received, I had a long and very interesting talk with Mr. van Karnebeek, one of the leading statesmen of the Netherlands, a former minister of foreign affairs, and the present chief of the Dutch delegation in the conference. He seems clear−headed and farsighted, and his belief is that the conference will really do something of value for arbitration. He says that men who arrived here apparently indifferent have now become interested, and that amour propre, if nothing else, will lead them to elaborate something likely to be useful. He went at considerable length into the value of an international tribunal, even if it does nothing more than keep nations mindful of the fact that there is some way, other than war, of settling disputes.

A delegate also informed me that in talking with M. de Staal the latter declared that in his opinion the present conference is only the first of a series, and that it is quite likely that another will be held next winter or next spring.

In the evening I made the acquaintance of Mr. Marshall, a newspaper correspondent, who is here preparing some magazine articles on The Hague and the conference. He is a very interesting man on various accounts, and especially at present, since he has but just returned from the Cuban campaign, where he was fearfully wounded, receiving two shots which carried away parts of the vertebral column, a bullet being left in his body. He seems very cheerful, though obliged to get about on crutches.

May 27.

In the morning, calls from various people urging all kinds of schemes for arbitration and various other good things for the human race, including considerable advantages, in many cases, for themselves.

Best of all, by far, was John Bellows of Gloucester, our old Quaker friend at St. Petersburg, whom I was exceedingly glad to take by the hand: he, at least, is a thoroughly good man—sincere, honest, earnest, and blessed with good sense.

The number of documents, printed and written, coming in upon us is still enormous. Many are virtually sermons displaying the evils of war, the blessings of peace, and the necessity of falling back upon the Bible. Considering the fact that our earlier sacred books indicate approval by the Almighty of some of the most bloodthirsty peoples and most cruel wars ever known, such a recommendation seems lacking in "actuality."

This morning we had another visit from Sir Julian Pauncefote, president of the British delegation, and discussed with him an amalgamation of the Russian, British, and American proposals for an arbitration tribunal. He finds himself, as we all do, agreeably surprised by the Russian document, which, inadequate as it is, shows ability in devising a permanent scheme both for mediation and arbitration.

During the day President Low, who had been asked by our delegation to bring the various proposals agreed to by us into definite shape, made his report; it was thoroughly well done, and, with some slight changes, was adopted as the basis for our final project of an arbitration scheme. We are all to meet on Monday, the 29th, for a study of it.

In the evening to the concert given to the conference by the burgomaster and city council. It was very fine, and the audience was large and brilliant. There was music by Tschaikovsky, Grieg, and Wagner, some of which was good, but most of it seemed to me noisy and tending nowhither; happily, in the midst of it came two noble pieces, one by Beethoven and the other by Mozart, which gave a delightful relief.

May 28.

Drove with Dr. Holls to Delft, five miles, and attended service at the "New Church." The building was noble,

but the service seemed very crude and dismal, nearly the whole of it consisting of two long sermons separated by hymns, and all unspeakably dreary.

Afterward we saw the tombs of William of Orange and Grotius, and they stirred many thoughts. I visited them first nearly forty years ago, with three persons very dear to me, all of whom are now passed away. More than ever it is clear to me that of all books ever written—not claiming divine inspiration—the great work of Grotius on "War and Peace" has been of most benefit to mankind. Our work here, at the end of the nineteenth century, is the direct result of his, at the beginning of the seventeenth.

Afterward to the Prinzenhof, visiting the place where William of Orange was assassinated. Was glad to see the new statue of Grotius in front of the church where he lies buried.

May 29.

In the morning President Low and myself walked, and talked over various proposals for arbitration, especially our own. It looks much as if we can amalgamate the Russian, British, and original American plans into a good arrangement for a tribunal. We also discussed a scheme for the selection, by disagreeing nations, of "seconding powers," who, before the beginning of hostilities, or even after, shall attempt to settle difficulties between powers, or, if unsuccessful, to stop them as soon after war begins as the honor of the nations concerned may allow. The Germans greatly favor this plan, since it resembles their tribunal of honor (Ehrengericht); it was originally suggested to us by our secretary, Dr. Holls.

In the evening, at six, the American delegation met. We had before us type−written copies of our whole arbitration project as elaborated in our previous sessions, and sundry changes having been made, most of them verbal, the whole, after considerable discussion, was adopted.

At ten I left, via Hook of Holland and Harwich, for London, arriving about ten the next morning, and attending to various matters of business. It was fortunate for me that I could have for this purpose an almost complete lull in our proceedings, the first and second committees of the conference being at work on technical matters, and the third not meeting until next Monday.

In the evening I went to the Lyceum Theatre, saw Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in Sardou's "Robespierre," and for the first time in my life was woefully disappointed in them. The play is wretchedly conceived, and it amazes me that Sardou, who wrote "Thermidor," which is as admirable as "Robespierre" is miserable could ever have attached his name to such a piece.

For the wretchedness of its form there is, no doubt, some excuse in the fact that it has been done into English, and doubtless cut, pieced, and altered to suit the Lyceum audiences; but when one compares the conspiracy part of it with a properly conceived drama in which a conspiracy is developed, like Schiller's "Fiesco," the difference is enormously in favor of the latter. As literature the play in its English dress is below contempt.

As to its historical contents, Sardou resorts to an expedient which, although quite French in its character, brings the whole thing down to a lower level than anything in which I had ever seen Irving before. The center of interest is a young royalist who, having been present with his mother and sister at the roll−call of the condemned and the harrowing scenes resulting therefrom, rushes forth, determined to assassinate Robespierre, but is discovered by the latter to be his long−lost illegitimate son, and then occur a series of mystifications suited only to the lowest boulevard melodrama.

As to the action of the piece, the only thing that showed Irving's great ability was the scene in the forest of Montmorency, where, as Robespierre, he reveals at one moment, in his talk with the English envoy, his ambition, his overestimate of himself, his suspicion of everybody and everything, his willingness to be cruel to any extent in order to baffle possible enemies; and then, next moment, on the arrival of his young friends, boys and girls, the sentimental, Rousseau side of his character. This transition was very striking. The changes in the expression of Irving's face were marvelous—as wonderful as those in his Louis XI; but that was very nearly all. In everything else, Coquelin, as I had seen him in Sardou's "Thermidor," was infinitely better.

Besides this, the piece was, in general, grotesquely unhistorical. It exhibits Robespierre's colleagues in the Committee of Public Safety as noisy and dirty street blackguards. Now, bad as they were, they were not at all of that species, nor did their deliberations take place in the manner depicted. Billaud−Varennes is represented as a drunken vagabond sitting on a table at the committee and declaiming. He was not this at all, nor was Tallien, vile as he was, anything like the blackguard shown in this piece.

The final scene, in which Robespierre is brought under accusation by the Convention, was vastly inferior to

the same thing in "Thermidor"; and, what was worse, instead of paraphrasing or translating the speeches of Billaud−Varennes, Tallien, and Robespierre, which he might have found in the "Moniteur," Sardou, or rather Irving, makes the leading characters yell harangues very much of the sort which would be made in a meeting of drunken dock laborers to−day. Irving's part in this was not at all well done. The unhistorical details now came thick and fast, among them his putting his head down on the table of the tribune as a sign of exhaustion, and then, at the close, shooting himself in front of the tribunal. If he did shoot himself, which is doubtful, it was neither at that time nor in that place.

But, worst of all, the character of Robespierre was made far too melodramatic, and was utterly unworthy of Irving, whom, in all his other pieces, I have vastly admired. He completely misconceives his hero. Instead of representing him as, from first to last, a shallow Rousseau sentimentalist, with the proper mixture of vanity, suspicion, and cruelty, he puts into him a great deal too much of the ruffian, which was not at all in Robespierre's character.

The most striking scene in the whole was the roll−call at the prison. This was perhaps better than that in Sardou's "Thermidor," and the tableaux were decidedly better.

The scene at the "Festival of the Supreme Being" was also very striking, and in many respects historical; but, unless I am greatly mistaken, the performance referred to did not take place as represented, but in the garden directly in front of the Tuileries. The family scene at the house of Duplay the carpenter was exceedingly well managed; old Duplay, smoking his pipe, listening to his daughters playing on a spinet and singing sentimental songs of the Rousseau period, was perfect. The old carpenter and his family evidently felt that the golden age had at last arrived; that humanity was at the end of its troubles; and that the world was indebted for it all to their lodger Robespierre, who sat in the midst of them reading, writing, and enjoying the coddling and applause lavished upon him. And he and they were to go to the guillotine within a week!

Incidentally there came a little touch worthy of Sardou; for, as Robespierre reads his letters, he finds one from his brother, in which he speaks of a young soldier and revolutionist of ability whose acquaintance he has just made, whom he very much likes, and whose republicanism he thoroughly indorses—one Buonaparte. This might have occurred, and very likely did occur, very much as shown on the stage; for one of the charges which nearly cost Bonaparte his life on the Ninth Thermidor was that he was on friendly terms with the younger Robespierre, who was executed with his more famous brother.

On the whole, the play was very disappointing. It would certainly have been hissed at the Porte St. Martin, and probably at any other Paris theater.

June 1.

Having left London last evening, I arrived at The Hague early this morning and found, to my great satisfaction, that the subcommittee of the third committee had unanimously adopted the American plan of "seconding powers," and that our whole general plan of arbitration will be to−day in print and translated into French for presentation. I also find that Sir Julian Pauncefote's arbitration project has admirable points.

The first article in Sir Julian's proposal states that, with the desire to facilitate immediate recourse to arbitration by nations which may fail to adjust by diplomatic negotiations differences arising between them, the signatory powers agree to organize a permanent tribunal of international arbitration, accessible at all times, to be governed by a code, provided by this conference, so far as applicable and consistent with any special stipulations agreed to between the contesting parties.

Its second provision is the establishment of a permanent central office, where the records of the tribunal shall be preserved and its official business transacted, with a permanent secretary, archivist, and suitable staff, who shall reside on the spot. This office shall make arrangements for the assembling of the tribunal, at the request of contesting parties.

Its third provision is that each of the signatory powers shall transmit the names of two persons who shall be recognized in their own country as jurists or publicists of high character and fitness, and who shall be qualified to act as judges. These persons shall be members of the tribunal, and a list of their names shall be recorded in the central office. In case of death or retirement of any one of these, the vacancy shall be filled up by new appointment.

Its fourth provision is that any of the signatory powers desiring to have recourse to the tribunal for the settlement of differences shall make known such desire to the secretary of the central office, who shall thereupon

furnish the powers concerned with a list of the members of the tribunal, from which such powers may select such number of judges as they may think best. The powers concerned may also, if they think fit, adjoin to these judges any other person, although his name may not appear on the list. The persons so selected shall constitute the tribunal for the purpose of such arbitration, and shall assemble at such date as may be most convenient for the litigants.

The tribunal shall ordinarily hold its sessions at ——; but it shall have power to fix its place of session elsewhere, and to change the same from time to time, as circumstances may suggest.

The fifth provision is that any power, even though not represented in the present conference, may have recourse to the tribunal on such terms as may be prescribed by the regulations.

Provision sixth: The government of ——is charged by the signatory powers, on their behalf, as soon as possible after the conclusion of this convention, to name a permanent council of administration, at ——, composed of five members and a secretary. This council shall organize and establish the central office, which shall be under its control and direction. It shall make such rules and regulations as may be necessary for the office; it shall dispose of all questions that may arise in relation to the working of the tribunal, or which may be referred to it by the central office; it shall make all subordinate appointments, may suspend or dismiss all employees, and shall fix their salaries and control their expenditure. This council shall select its president, who shall have a casting−vote. The remuneration of the members shall be fixed from time to time by accord between the signatory powers.

Provision seventh: The signatory powers agree to share among them the expenses pertaining to the administration of the central office and the council of administration; but the expenses incident to every arbitration, including the remuneration of the arbiters, shall be equally borne by the contesting powers.

From a theoretical point of view, I prefer to this our American plan of a tribunal permanently in session: the judges, in every particular case, to be selected from this. Thus would be provided a court of any odd number between three and nine, as the contesting powers may desire. But from the practical point of view, even though the Russian plan of requiring the signatory powers to send to the tribunal a multitude of smaller matters, such as those connected with the postal service, etc., is carried out, the great danger is that such a court, sitting constantly as we propose, would, for some years, have very little to do, and that soon we should have demagogues and feather−brained "reformers" ridiculing them as "useless," "eating their heads off," and "doing nothing"; that then demagogic appeals might lead one nation after another to withdraw from an arrangement involving large expense apparently useless; and in view of this latter difficulty I am much inclined to think that we may, under our amended instructions, agree to support, in its essential features as above given, the British proposal, and, with some reservations, the code proposed by the Russians.

Among the things named by the Russians as subjects which the agreeing powers must submit to arbitration, are those relating to river navigation and international canals; and this, in view of our present difficulties in Alaska and in the matter of the Isthmus Canal, we can hardly agree to. During the morning Sir Julian came in and talked over our plan of arbitration as well as his own and that submitted by Russia. He said that he had seen M. de Staal, and that it was agreed between them that the latter should send Sir Julian, at the first moment possible, an amalgamation of the Russian and British plans, and this Sir Julian promised that he would bring to us, giving us a chance to insert any features from our own plan which, in our judgment, might be important. He seemed much encouraged, as we all are.

Returning to our rooms, I found Count Munster. As usual, he was very interesting; and, after discussing sundry features of the Russian plan, he told one or two rather good stories. He said that during his stay in St Petersburg as minister, early in the reign of Alexander II, he had a very serious quarrel with Prince Gortchakoff the minister of foreign affairs, who afterward became the famous chancellor of the empire.

Count Munster had received one day from a professor at Gottingen a letter stating that a young German savant, traveling for scientific purposes in Russia, had been seized and treated as a prisoner, without any proper cause whatever; that, while he was engaged in his peaceful botanizing, a police officer, who was taking a gang of criminals to Siberia, had come along, and one of his prisoners having escaped, this officer, in order to avoid censure, had seized the young savant, quietly clapped the number of the missing man on his back, put him in with the gang of prisoners, and carried him off along with the rest; so that he was now held as a convict in Siberia. The count put the letter in his pocket, thinking that he might have an opportunity to use it, and a day or two afterward

his chance came. Walking on the quay, he met the Emperor (Alexander II), who greeted him heartily, and said, "Let me walk with you." After walking and talking some time, the count told the story of the young German, whereupon the Emperor asked for proofs of its truth. At this Munster pulled the letter out of his pocket; and, both having seated themselves on a bench at the side of the walk, the Emperor read it. On finishing it, the Emperor said: "Such a thing as this can happen only in Russia." That very afternoon he sent a special police squad, post−haste, all the way to Siberia, ordering them to find the young German and bring him back to St. Petersburg.

Next day Count Munster called at the Foreign Office on current business, when Gortchakoff came at him in a great rage, asking him by what right he communicated directly with the Emperor; and insisting that he had no business to give a letter directly to the Emperor, that it ought to have gone through the Foreign Office. Gortchakoff reproached the count bitterly for this departure from elementary diplomatic etiquette. At this Munster replied: "I gave the letter to the Emperor because he asked me for it, and I did not give it to you because I knew perfectly well that you would pigeonhole it and the Emperor would never hear of it. I concede much in making any answer at all to your talk, which seems to me of a sort not usual between gentlemen." At this Gortchakoff was much milder, and finally almost obsequious, becoming apparently one of Munster's devoted friends, evidently thinking that, as Munster had gained the confidence of the Emperor, he was a man to be cultivated.

The sequel to the story was also interesting. The policemen, after their long journey to Siberia, found the young German and brought him to St. Petersburg, where the Emperor received him very cordially and gave him twenty thousand rubles as an indemnity for the wrong done him. The young savant told Munster that he had not been badly treated, that he had been assigned a very pleasant little cottage, and had perfect freedom to pursue his scientific researches.

On my talking with the count about certain Russian abuses, and maintaining that Russia, at least in court circles, had improved greatly under Alexander III as regarded corruption, he said that he feared she was now going back, and he then repeated a remark made by the old Grand Duke Michael, brother of Alexander II, who said that if any Russian were intrusted with the official care of a canary he would immediately set up and maintain a coach and pair out of it.

At six o'clock our American delegation met and heard reports, especially from Captain Mahan and Captain Crozier, with reference to the doings in the subcommittees. Captain Mahan reported that he had voted against forbidding asphyxiating bombs, etc., evidently with the idea that such a provision would prove to be rather harmful than helpful to the cause of peace.

Captain Crozier reported that his subcommittee of committee No. 2 had, at its recent meeting, tried to take up the exemption of private property from seizure on the high seas in time of war, but had been declared out of order by the chairman, De Martens, the leading Russian delegate, who seems determined to prevent the subject coming before the conference. The question before our American delegation now was, Shall we try to push this American proposal before the subcommittee of the second committee, or before the entire conference at a later period? and the general opinion was in favor of the latter course. It was not thought best to delay the arbitration plan by its introduction at present.

In the evening dined with Minister Newel, and had a very interesting talk with Van Karnebeek, who had already favorably impressed me by his clear−headedness and straightforwardness; also with Messrs. Asser, member of the Dutch Council of State, and Rahusen, member of the Upper Chamber of the States General, both of whom are influential delegates.

All three of these men spoke strongly in favor of our plan for the exemption of private property on the high seas, Van Karnebeek with especial earnestness. He said that, looking merely at the material interests of the Netherlands, he might very well favor the retention of the present system, since his country is little likely to go into war, and is certain to profit by the carrying trade in case of any conflict between the great powers; that, of course, under such circumstances, a large amount of commerce would come to Holland as a neutral power; but that it was a question of right and of a proper development of international law, and that he, as well as the two other gentlemen above named, was very earnestly in favor of joint action by the powers who are in favor of our proposal. He thought that the important thing just now is to secure the cooperation of Germany, which seems to be at the parting of the ways, and undecided which to take.

In the course of the evening one of my European colleagues, who is especially familiar with the inner history of the calling of the conference, told me that the reason why Professor Stengel was made a delegate was not that

he wrote the book in praise of war and depreciating arbitration, which caused his appointment to be so unfavorably commented upon, but because, as an eminent professor of international law, he represented Bavaria; and that as Bavaria, though represented at St. Petersburg, was not invited, it was thought very essential that a well−known man from that kingdom should be put into the general German delegation.

On my asking why Brazil, though represented at St. Petersburg, was not invited, he answered that Brazil was invited, but showed no desire to be represented. On my asking him if he supposed this was because other South American powers were not invited, he said that he thought not; that it was rather its own indifference and carelessness, arising from the present unfortunate state of government in that country. On my saying that the Emperor Dom Pedro, in his time, would have taken the opportunity to send a strong delegation, he said: "Yes, he certainly would have done so; but the present government is a poor sort of thing."

I also had a talk with one of the most eminent publicists of the Netherlands, on the questions dividing parties in this country, telling him that I found it hard to understand the line of cleavage between them. He answered that it is, in the main, a line between religious conservatives and liberals; the conservatives embracing the Roman Catholics and high orthodox Protestants, and the liberals those of more advanced opinions. He said that socialism plays no great part in Holland; that the number of its representatives is very small compared with that in many European states; that the questions on which parties divide are mainly those in which clerical ideas are more or less prominent; that the liberal party, if it keeps together, is much the stronger party of the two, but that it suffers greatly from its cliques and factions.

On returning home after dinner, I found a cipher despatch from the Secretary of State informing us that President McKinley thinks that our American commission ought not to urge any proposal for "seconding powers"; that he fears lest it may block the way of the arbitration proposals. This shows that imperfect reports have reached the President and his cabinet. The fact is that the proposal of "seconding powers" was warmly welcomed by the subcommittee when it was presented; that the members very generally telegraphed home to their governments, and at once received orders to support it; that it was passed by a unanimous vote of the subcommittee; and that its strongest advocates were the men who are most in favor of an arbitration plan. So far from injuring the prospects of arbitration, it has increased them; it is very generally spoken of as a victory for our delegation, and has increased respect for our country, and for anything we may hereafter present.

June 2.

This morning we sent a cipher telegram to the Secretary of State, embodying the facts above stated.

The shoals of telegrams, reports of proceedings of societies, hortatory letters, crankish proposals, and peace pamphlets from America continue. One of the telegrams which came late last night was pathetic; it declared that three millions of Christian Endeavorers bade us "Godspeed," etc., etc.

During the morning De Martens, Low, Holls, and myself had a very thoroughgoing discussion of the Russian, British, and American arbitration plans. We found the eminent Russian under very curious misapprehensions regarding some minor points, one of them being that he had mistaken the signification of our word "publicist"; and we were especially surprised to find his use of the French word "publiciste" so broad that it would include M. Henri Rochefort, Mr. Stead, or any newspaper writer; and he was quite as surprised to find that with us it would include only such men as Grotius, Wheaton, Calvo, and himself.

After a long and intricate discussion we separated on very good terms, having made, I think, decided progress toward fusing all three arbitration plans into one which shall embody the merits of all.

One difficulty we found, of which neither our State Department nor ourselves had been fully aware. Our original plan required that the judges for the arbitration tribunal should be nominated by the highest courts of the respective nations; but De Martens showed us that Russia has no highest court in our sense of the word. Then, too, there is Austria−Hungary, which has two supreme courts of equal authority. This clause, therefore, we arranged to alter, though providing that the original might stand as regards countries possessing supreme courts.

At lunch we had Baron de Bildt, Swedish minister at Rome and chief of the Swedish delegation at the conference, and Baron de Bille, Danish minister at London and chief delegate from Denmark. De Bille declared himself averse to a permanent tribunal to be in constant session, on the ground that, having so little to do, it would be in danger of becoming an object of derision to the press and peoples of the world.

We were all glad to find, upon the arrival of the London "Times," that our arbitration project seemed to be receiving extensive approval, and various telegrams from America during the day indicated the same thing.

It looks more and more as if we are to accomplish something. The only thing in sight calculated to throw a cloud over the future is the attitude of the German press against the whole business here; the most virulent in its attacks being the high Lutheran conservative—and religious!—journal in Berlin, the "Kreuz−Zeitung." Still, it is pleasant to see that eminent newspaper find, for a time, some other object of denunciation than the United States.

June 3.

In the afternoon drove to Scheveningen and took tea with Count Munster and his daughter. He was somewhat pessimistic, as usual, but came out very strongly in favor of the American view as regards exemption of private property on the high seas. Whether this is really because Germany would derive profit from it, or because she thinks this question a serviceable entering wedge between the United States and Great Britain, there is no telling at present. I am sorry to say that our hopes regarding it are to be dashed, so far as the present conference is concerned. Sundry newspaper letters and articles in the "Times" show clearly that the English Government is strongly opposed to dealing with it here and now; and as France and Russia take the same position, there is no hope for any action, save such as we can take to keep the subject alive and to secure attention to it by some future conference.

CHAPTER XLVII. AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: III—1899

June 4.

We have just had an experience which "adds to the gaiety of nations." Some days since, representatives of what is called "the Young Turkish party" appeared and asked to be heard. They received, generally, the cold shoulder, mainly because the internal condition of Turkey is not one of the things which the conference was asked to discuss; but also because there is a suspicion that these "Young Turks" are enabled to live in luxury at Paris by blackmailing the Sultan, and that their zeal for reform becomes fervid whenever their funds run low, and cools whenever a remittance comes from the Bosphorus. But at last some of us decided to give them a hearing, informally; the main object being to get rid of them. At the time appointed, the delegation appeared in evening dress, and, having been ushered into the room, the spokesman began as follows, very impressively:

"Your Excellencies, ve are ze Young Turkeys."

This was too much for most of us, and I think that, during our whole stay at The Hague thus far, we have never undertaken anything more difficult, physically, than to keep our faces straight during the harangue which followed.

Later, we went with nearly all the other members of the conference to Haarlem, in a special train, by invitation of the burgomaster and town council, to the "Fete Hippique" and the "Fete des Fleurs." We were treated very well indeed, refreshments being served on the grand stand during the performances, which consisted of hurdle races, etc., for which I cared nothing, followed by a procession of peasants in old chaises of various periods, and in the costumes of the various provinces of the Netherlands, which interested me much. The whole closed with a long train of fine equipages superbly decorated with flowers.

Discussing the question of the immunity of private property, not contraband of war, on the high seas, I find that the main argument which our opponents are now using is that, even if the principle were conceded, new and troublesome questions would arise as to what really constitutes contraband of war; that ships themselves would undoubtedly be considered as contraband, since they can be used in conveying troops, coal, supplies, etc.

June 5.

Having given up the morning of the 5th mainly to work on plans of arbitration, mediation, and the like, I went to the meeting, at the "House in the Wood," of the third great committee of the conference—namely, that on arbitration.

The session went off satisfactorily, our duty being to pass upon the report from the subcommittee which had put the various propositions into shape for our discussion. The report was admirably presented by M. Descamps, and, after considerable discussion of details, was adopted in all essential features. The matters thus discussed and accepted for presentation to the conference as a whole related:

(1) To a plan for tendering "good offices."

(2) To a plan for examining into international differences.

(3) To the "special mediation" plan.

The last was exceedingly well received, and our delegation has obtained much credit for it. It is the plan of allowing any two nations drifting into war to appoint "seconding nations," who, like "seconds" in a duel, shall attempt to avert the conflict; and, if this be unsuccessful, shall continue acting in the same capacity, and endeavor to arrest the conflict at the earliest moment possible.

Very general good feeling was shown, and much encouragement derived from the fact that these preliminary matters could be dealt with in so amicable and business−like a spirit.

Before the meeting I took a long walk in the garden back of the palace with various gentlemen, among them Mr. van Karnebeek, who discussed admirably with me the question of the exemption of private property from seizure on the high seas. He agreed with me that even if the extreme doctrine now contended for—namely, that which makes ships, coal, provisions, and very nearly everything else, contraband—be pressed, still a first step, such as the exemption of private property from seizure, would be none the less wise, leaving the subordinate questions to be dealt with as they arise.

I afterward called with Dr. Holls at the house of the burgomaster of The Hague, and thanked him for his kindness in tendering us the concert last Saturday, and for various other marks of consideration.

On the whole, matters continue to look encouraging as regards both mediation and arbitration.

June 6.

In the morning Sir Julian Pauncefote called, and again went over certain details in the American, British, and Russian plans of arbitration, discussing some matters to be stricken out and others to be inserted. He declared his readiness to strike out a feature of his plan to which from the first, I have felt a very great objection—namely, that which, after the tribunal is constituted, allows the contesting parties to call into it and mix with it persons simply chosen by the contestants ad hoc. This seems to me a dilution of the idea of a permanent tribunal, and a means of delay and of complications which may prove unfortunate. It would certainly be said that if the contestants were to be allowed to name two or more judges from outside the tribunal, they might just as well nominate all, and thus save the expense attendant upon a regularly constituted international court chosen by the various governments.

Later in the day I wrote a private letter to the Secretary of State suggesting that our American delegation be authorized to lay a wreath of silver and gold upon the tomb of Grotius at Delft, not only as a tribute to the man who set in motion the ideas which, nearly three hundred years later, have led to the assembling of this conference, but as an indication of our gratitude to the Netherlands Government for its hospitality and the admirable provision it has made for our work here, and also as a sign of good−will toward the older governments of the world on the occasion of their first meeting with delegates from the new world, in a conference treating of matters most important to all nations.

In the evening to Mr. van Karnebeek's reception, and there met Mr. Raffalovitch, one of the Russian secretaries of the conference, who, as councilor of the Russian Empire and corresponding member of the French Institute, has a European reputation, and urged him to aid in striking out the clause in the plan which admits judges other than those of the court. My hope is that it will disappear in the subcommittee and not come up in the general meeting of the third great committee.

June 8.

The American delegation in the afternoon discussed at length the proposals relating to the Brussels Conference rules for the more humane carrying on of war. Considerable difference of opinion has arisen in the section of the conference in which the preliminary debates are held, and Captain Crozier, our representative, has been in some doubt as to the ground to be taken between these opposing views. On one side are those who think it best to go at considerable length into more or less minute restrictions upon the conduct of invaders and invaded. On the other side, M. Bernaert of Belgium, one of the two most eminent men from that country, and others, take the ground that it would be better to leave the whole matter to the general development of humanity in international law. M. de Martens insists that now is the time to settle the matter, rather than leave it to individuals who, in time of war, are likely to be more or less exasperated by accounts of atrocities and to have no adequate time for deciding upon a policy. After considerable discussion by our delegation, the whole matter went over.

In the evening to a great reception at the house of Sir Henry Howard, British minister at this court. It was very brilliant, and the whole afforded an example of John Bull's good sense in providing for his representatives abroad, and enabling them to exercise a social influence on the communities where they are stationed, which rapidly becomes a political influence with the governments to which they are accredited. Sir Henry is provided with a large, attractive house, means to entertain amply, and has been kept in the service long enough to know everybody and to become experienced in the right way of getting at the men he wishes to influence, and of doing the things his government needs to have done. Throughout the whole world this is John Bull's wise way of doing things. At every capital I have visited, including Washington, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Rome, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, the British representative is a man who has been selected with reference to his fitness, kept in the service long enough to give him useful experience, and provided with a good, commodious house and the means to exercise social and, therefore, political influence. The result is that, although, in every country in the world, orators and editors are always howling at John Bull, he everywhere has his way: to use our vernacular, he "gets there," and can laugh in his sleeve at the speeches against him in public bodies, and at the diatribes against him in newspapers. The men who are loudest in such attacks are generally the most delighted to put their legs under the British ambassador's mahogany, or to take their daughters to his receptions and balls, and then quietly to follow the general line of conduct which he favors.

June 9.

In the morning an interesting visit from M. de Staal, president of the conference. We discussed arbitration plans, Brussels rules and Geneva rules, and, finally, our social debts to the Dutch authorities.

As to the general prospects of arbitration, he expressed the belief that we can, by amalgamating the British, Russian, and American plans, produce a good result

During the day, many members of the conference having gone to Rotterdam to see the welcoming of the Queen in that city, I took up, with especial care, the Brussels rules for the conduct of war, and the amendments of them now proposed in the conference, some of which have provoked considerable debate. The more I read the proposals now made, the more admirable most of them seem to be, and the more it seems to me that we ought, with a few exceptions, to adopt them. Great Britain declines to sanction them as part of international law, but still agrees to adopt them as a general basis for her conduct in time of war; and even this would be a good thing for us, if we cannot induce our government to go to the length of making them fully binding.

At six o'clock Dr. Holls, who represents us upon the subcommittee on arbitration, came in with most discouraging news. It now appears that the German Emperor is determined to oppose the whole scheme of arbitration, and will have nothing to do with any plan for a regular tribunal, whether as given in the British or the American scheme. This news comes from various sources, and is confirmed by the fact that, in the subcommittee, one of the German delegates, Professor Zorn of Konigsberg, who had become very earnest in behalf of arbitration, now says that he may not be able to vote for it. There are also signs that the German Emperor is influencing the minds of his allies—the sovereigns of Austria, Italy, Turkey, and Roumania—leading them to oppose it.

Curiously enough, in spite of this, Count Nigra, the Italian ambassador at Vienna and head of the Italian delegation, made a vigorous speech showing the importance of the work in which the committee is engaged, urging that the plan be perfected, and seeming to indicate that he will go on with the representatives who favor it. This, coming from perhaps the most earnest ally of Germany, is noteworthy.

At the close of the session Sir Julian Pauncefote informed Dr. Holls that he was about to telegraph his government regarding the undoubted efforts of the German Emperor upon the sovereigns above named, and I decided to cable our State Department, informing them fully as to this change in the condition of affairs.

At eight went to the dinner of our minister, Mr. Newel and found there three ambassadors, De Staal, Munster, and Pauncefote, as well as M. Leon Bourgeois, president of the French delegation; Sir Henry Howard, the British minister; Baron de Bildt, the Swedish minister; and some leading Netherlands statesmen. Had a long talk with M. de Staal and with Sir Julian Pauncefote regarding the state of things revealed this afternoon in the subcommittee on arbitration. M. de Staal has called a meeting of the heads of delegations for Saturday afternoon. Both he and Sir Julian are evidently much vexed by the unfortunate turn things have taken. The latter feels, as I do, that the only thing to be done is to go on and make the plan for arbitration as perfect as possible, letting those of the powers who are willing to do so sign it. I assured him and De Staal that we of the United States would stand by them to the last in the matter.

Late in the evening went to a reception of M. de Beaufort, the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs, and discussed current matters with various people, among them Count Nigra, whom I thanked for his eloquent speech in the afternoon, and Baron de Bildt, who feels as I do, that the right thing for us is to go on, no matter who falls away.

June 10.

This morning I gave to studies of the various reports sent in from the subcommittees, especially those on arbitration and on the Brussels Conference rules. Both have intensely interested me, my main attention being, of course, centered on the former; but the Brussels rules seem to me of much greater importance now than at first, and my hope is that we shall not only devise a good working plan of arbitration, but greatly humanize the laws of war.

At four o'clock in the afternoon met the four other ambassadors and two or three other heads of delegations, at the rooms of M. de Staal, to discuss the question of relaxing the rules of secrecy as regards the proceedings of committees, etc. The whole original Russian plan of maintaining absolute secrecy has collapsed, just as the representatives from constitutional countries in the beginning said it would. Every day there are published minute accounts in Dutch, French, and English journals which show that, in some way, their representatives obtain

enough information to enable them, with such additional things as they can imagine, to make readable reports. The result is that various gentlemen in the conference who formerly favored a policy of complete secrecy find themselves credited with speeches which they did not make, and which they dislike to be considered capable of making.

After a great deal of talk, it was decided to authorize the chairman of each committee to give to the press complete reports, so far as possible, keeping in the background the part taken by individuals.

At six the American delegation met, and the subject of our instructions regarding the presentation of the American view of the immunity of private property on the high seas in time of war was taken up. It was decided to ask some of the leading supporters of this view to meet us at luncheon at 12.30 on Monday, in order to discuss the best way of overcoming the Russian plan of suppressing the matter, and to concert means for getting the whole subject before the full conference.

June 11.

Instead of going to hear the Bishop of Hereford preach on "Peace," I walked with Dr. Holls to Scheveningen, four miles, to work off a nervous headache and to invite Count Munster to our luncheon on Monday, when we purpose to take counsel together regarding private property on the high seas. He accepted, but was out of humor with nearly all the proceedings of the conference. He is more than ever opposed to arbitration, and declares that, in view of the original Russian programme under which we were called to meet, we have no right to take it up at all, since it was not mentioned. He was decidedly pessimistic regarding the continuance of the sessions, asking me when I thought it would all end; and on my answering that I had not the slightest idea, he said that he was entirely in the dark on the subject; that nobody could tell how long it would last, or how it would break off.

June 12.

At half−past twelve came our American luncheon to Count Munster, Mr. van Karnebeek, and Baron de Bildt, each of whom is at the head of his delegation,—our purpose being to discuss with them the best manner of getting the subject of immunity of private property at sea, not contraband, before the conference, these gentlemen being especially devoted to such a measure.

All went off very well, full interchange of views took place, and the general opinion was that the best way would be for us, as the only delegation instructed on the subject, to draw up a formal memorial asking that the question be brought before the conference, and sending this to M. de Staal as our president.

Curious things came out during our conversation Baron de Bildt informed me that, strongly as he favored the measure, and prepared as he was to vote for it, he should have to be very careful in discussing it publicly, since his instructions were to avoid, just as far as possible, any clash between the opinions expressed by the Swedish representatives and those of the great powers. Never before have I so thoroughly realized the difficult position which the lesser powers in Europe hold as regards really serious questions.

More surprising was the conversation of Count Munster, he being on one side of me and Mr. van Karnebeek on the other. Bearing in mind that the Emperor William during his long talk with me just before I left Berlin in referring to the approaching Peace Congress had said that he was sending Count Munster because what the conference would most need would be "common sense," and because, in his opinion, Count Munster had "lots of it," some of the count's utterances astonished me. He now came out, as he did the day before in his talk with me, utterly against arbitration, declaring it a "humbug," and that we had no right to consider it, since it was not mentioned in the first proposals from Russia, etc., etc.

A little later, something having been said about telegraphs and telephones, he expressed his belief that they are a curse as regards the relations between nations; that they interfere with diplomacy, and do more harm than good. This did not especially surprise me, for I had heard the same opinions uttered by others; but what did surprise me greatly was to hear him say, when the subject of bacteria and microbes was casually mentioned, that they were "all a modern humbug."

It is clear that, with all his fine qualities,—and he is really a splendid specimen of an old−fashioned German nobleman devoted to the diplomatic service of his country, —he is saturated with the ideas of fifty years ago.

Returning from a drive to Scheveningen with Major Burbank of the United States army, I sketched the first part of a draft for a letter from our delegation to M. de Staal, and at our meeting at six presented it, when it met with general approval. President Low had also sketched a draft which it was thought could be worked very well into the one which I had offered, and so we two were made a subcommittee to prepare the letter in full.

June 13.

This morning come more disquieting statements regarding Germany. There seems no longer any doubt that the German Emperor is opposing arbitration, and, indeed, the whole work of the conference, and that he will insist on his main allies, Austria and Italy, going with him. Count Nigra, who is personally devoted to arbitration, allowed this in talking with Dr. Holls; and the German delegates—all of whom, with the exception of Count Munster, are favorably inclined to a good arbitration plan—show that they are disappointed.

I had learned from a high imperial official, before I left Berlin, that the Emperor considered arbitration as derogatory to his sovereignty, and I was also well aware, from his conversation, that he was by no means in love with the conference idea; but, in view of his speech at Wiesbaden, and the petitions which had come in to him from Bavaria, I had hoped that he had experienced a "change of heart."

Possibly he might have changed his opinion had not Count Munster been here, reporting to him constantly against every step taken by the conference.

There seems danger of a catastrophe. Those of us who are faithful to arbitration plans will go on and do the best we can; but there is no telling what stumbling−blocks Germany and her allies may put in our way; and, of course, the whole result, without their final agreement, will seem to the world a failure and, perhaps, a farce.

The immediate results will be that the Russian Emperor will become an idol of the "plain people" throughout the world, the German Emperor will be bitterly hated, and the socialists, who form the most dreaded party on the continent of Europe, will be furnished with a thoroughly effective weapon against their rulers.

Some days since I said to a leading diplomatist here, "The ministers of the German Emperor ought to tell him that, should he oppose arbitration, there will be concentrated upon him an amount of hatred which no minister ought to allow a sovereign to incur." To this he answered, "That is true; but there is not a minister in Germany who dares tell him."

June 14.

This noon our delegation gave a breakfast to sundry members of the conference who are especially interested in an effective plan of arbitration, the principal of these being Count Nigra from Italy; Count Welsersheimb, first delegate of Austria; M. Descamps of Belgium; Baron d'Estournelles of France; and M. Asser of the Netherlands. After some preliminary talk, I read to them the proposal, which Sir Julian had handed me in the morning, for the purpose of obviating the objection to the council of administration in charge of the court of arbitration here in The Hague, which was an important feature of his original plan, but which had been generally rejected as involving expensive machinery. His proposal now is that, instead of a council specially appointed and salaried to watch over and provide for the necessities of the court, such council shall simply be made up of the ministers of sundry powers residing here,—thus doing away entirely with the trouble and expense of a special council.

This I amended by adding the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs as ex−officio president, there being various reasons for this, and among these the fact that, without some such provision, the Netherlands would have no representative in the council.

The plan and my amendment were well received, and I trust that our full and friendly discussion of these and various matters connected with them will produce a good effect in the committees.

Count Nigra expressed himself to me as personally most earnestly in favor of arbitration, but it was clear that his position was complicated by the relations of his country to Germany as one of the Triple Alliance; and the same difficulty was observable in the case of Count Welsersheimb, the representative of Austria, the third ally in the combination of which Germany is the head.

In the course of our breakfast, Baron d'Estournelles made a statement which I think impressed every person present. It was that, as he was leaving Paris, Jaures, the famous socialist, whom he knows well, said to him, "Go on; do all you can at The Hague, but you will labor in vain: you can accomplish nothing there, your schemes will fail, and we shall triumph," or words to that effect. So clear an indication as this of the effect which a failure of the conference to produce a good scheme of arbitration will have in promoting the designs of the great international socialist and anarchist combinations cannot fail to impress every thinking man.

Dined in the evening with the French minister at this court, and very pleasantly. There were present M. Leon Bourgeois, the French first delegate, and the first delegates from Japan, China, Mexico, and Turkey, with subordinate delegates from other countries. Sitting next the lady at the right of the host, I found her to be the wife of the premier, M. Piersoon, minister of finance, and very agreeable. I took in to dinner Madame Behrends, wife

of the Russian charge, evidently a very thoughtful and accomplished woman, who was born, as she told me, of English parents in the city of New York when her father and mother were on their way to England. I found her very interesting, and her discussions of Russia, as well as of England and the Netherlands, especially good.

In the smoking−room I had a long talk with M. Leon Bourgeois, who, according to the papers, is likely to be appointed minister of foreign affairs in the new French cabinet. He dwelt upon the difficulties of any plan for a tribunal, but seemed ready to do what he could for the compromise plan, which is all that, during some time past, we have hoped to adopt.

June 15.

Early this morning Count Munster called, wishing to see me especially, and at once plunged into the question of the immunity of private property from seizure on the high seas. He said that he had just received instructions from his government to join us heartily in bringing the question before the conference; that his government, much as it inclines to favor the principle, could not yet see its way to commit itself fully; that its action must, of course, depend upon the conduct of other powers in the matter, as foreshadowed by discussions in the conference, but that he was to aid us in bringing it up.

I told him I was now preparing a draft of a memorial to the conference giving the reasons why the subject ought to be submitted, and that he should have it as soon as completed.

This matter being for the time disposed of, we took up the state of the arbitration question, and the consequences of opposition by Germany and her two allies to every feasible plan.

He was very much in earnest, and declared especially against compulsory arbitration. To this I answered that the plan thus far adopted contemplated entirely voluntary arbitration, with the exception that an obligatory system was agreed upon as regards sundry petty matters in which arbitration would assist all the states concerned; and that if he disliked this latter feature, but would agree to the others, we would go with him in striking it out, though we should vastly prefer to retain it.

He said, "Yes; you have already stricken out part of it in the interest of the United States," referring to the features concerning the Monroe Doctrine, the regulation of canals, rivers, etc.

"Very true," I answered; "and if there are any special features which affect unfavorably German policy or interests, move to strike them out, and we will heartily support you."

He then dwelt in his usual manner on his special hobby, which is that modern nations are taking an entirely false route in preventing the settlement of their difficulties by trained diplomatists, and intrusting them to arbitration by men inexperienced in international matters, who really cannot be unprejudiced or uninfluenced; and he spoke with especial contempt of the plan for creating a bureau, composed, as he said, of university professors and the like, to carry on the machinery of the tribunal.

Here I happened to have a trump card. I showed him Sir Julian Pauncefote's plan to substitute a council composed of all the ministers of the signatory powers residing at The Hague, with my amendment making the Dutch minister of foreign affairs its president. This he read and said he liked it; in fact, it seemed to remove a mass of prejudice from his mind.

I then spoke very earnestly to him—more so than ever before—about the present condition of affairs. I told him that the counselors in whom the Emperor trusted—such men as himself and the principal advisers of his Majesty—ought never to allow their young sovereign to be exposed to the mass of hatred, obloquy, and opposition which would converge upon him from all nations in case he became known to the whole world as the sovereign who had broken down the conference and brought to naught the plan of arbitration. I took the liberty of telling him what the Emperor said to me regarding the count himself—namely, that what the conference was most likely to need was good common sense, and that he was sending Count Munster because he possessed that. This seemed to please him, and I then went on to say that he of all men ought to prevent, by all means, placing the young Emperor in such a position. I dwelt on the gifts and graces of the young sovereign, expressed my feeling of admiration for his noble ambitions, for his abilities, for the statesmanship he had recently shown, for his grasp of public affairs, and for his way of conciliating all classes, and then dwelt on the pity of making such a monarch an object of hatred in all parts of the world.

He seemed impressed by this, but said the calling of the conference was simply a political trick—the most detestable trick ever practised. It was done, he said mainly to embarrass Germany, to glorify the young Russian Emperor, and to put Germany and nations which Russia dislikes into a false position. To this I answered, "If this

be the case, why not trump the Russian trick? or, as the poker−players say, 'Go them one better,' take them at their word, support a good tribunal of arbitration more efficient even than the Russians have dared to propose; let your sovereign throw himself heartily into the movement and become a recognized leader and power here; we will all support him, and to him will come the credit of it.

"Then, in addition to this, support us as far as you can as regards the immunity of private property on the high seas, and thus you will gain another great point; for, owing to her relations to France, Russia has not dared commit herself to this principle as otherwise she doubtless would have done, but, on the contrary, has opposed any consideration of it by the conference.

"Next, let attention be called to the fact—and we will gladly aid in making the world fully aware of it—that Germany, through you, has constantly urged the greatest publicity of our proceedings, while certain other powers have insisted on secrecy until secrecy has utterly broken down, and then have made the least concession possible. In this way you will come out of the conference triumphant, and the German Emperor will be looked upon as, after all, the arbiter of Europe. Everybody knows that France has never wished arbitration, and that Russian statesmen are really, at heart, none too ardent for it. Come forward, then, and make the matter thoroughly your own; and, having done this, maintain your present attitude strongly as regards the two other matters above named,—that is, the immunity from seizure of private property on the high seas, and the throwing open of our proceedings,—and the honors of the whole conference is yours."

He seemed impressed by all this, and took a different tone from any which has been noted in him since we came together. I then asked him if he had heard Baron d'Estournelles's story. He said that he had not. I told it to him, as given in my diary yesterday; and said, "You see there what the failure to obtain a result which is really so much longed for by all the peoples of the world will do to promote the designs of the socialistic forces which are so powerful in all parts of the Continent, and nowhere more so than in Germany and the nations allied with her."

This, too, seemed to impress him. I then went on to say, "This is not all. By opposing arbitration, you not only put a club into the hands of socialists, anarchists, and all the other anti−social forces, but you alienate the substantial middle class and the great body of religious people in all nations. You have no conception of the depth of feeling on this subject which exists in my own country, to say nothing of others; and if Germany stands in the way, the distrust of her which Americans have felt, and which as minister and ambassador at Berlin I have labored so hard to dispel, will be infinitely increased. It will render more and more difficult the maintenance of proper relations between the two countries. Your sovereign will be looked upon as the enemy of all nations, and will be exposed to every sort of attack and calumny, while the young Emperor of Russia will become a popular idol throughout the world, since he will represent to the popular mind, and even to the minds of great bodies of thinking and religious people, the effort to prevent war and to solve public questions as much as possible without bloodshed; while the Emperor of Germany will represent to their minds the desire to solve all great questions by force. Mind, I don't say this is a just view: I only say that it is the view sure to be taken, and that by resisting arbitration here you are playing the game of Russia, as you yourself have stated it—that is, you are giving Russia the moral support of the whole world at the expense of the neighboring powers, and above all of Germany."

I then took up an argument which, it is understood, has had much influence with the Emperor,—namely, that arbitration must be in derogation of his sovereignty,—and asked, "How can any such derogation be possible? Your sovereign would submit only such questions to the arbitration tribunal as he thought best; and, more than all that, you have already committed yourselves to the principle. You are aware that Bismarck submitted the question of the Caroline Islands for arbitration to the Pope, and the first Emperor William consented to act as arbiter between the United States and Great Britain in the matter of the American northwestern boundary. How could arbitration affect the true position of the sovereign? Take, for example, matters as they now stand between Germany and the United States. There is a vast mass of petty questions which constantly trouble the relations between the two countries. These little questions embitter debates, whether in your Reichstag on one hand, or in our Congress on the other, and make the position of the Berlin and Washington governments especially difficult. The American papers attack me because I yield too much to Germany, the German papers attack Von Bulow because he yields too much to America, and these little questions remain. If Von Bulow and I were allowed to sit down and settle them, we could do so at short notice; but behind him stands the Reichstag, and behind our Secretary of State and myself stands the American Congress."

I referred to such questions as the tonnage dues, the additional tariff on bounty−promoted sugar, Samoa, the

most−favored−nation clause, in treaties between Germany and the United States, in relation to the same clause in sundry treaties between the United States and other powers, and said, "What a blessing it would be if all these questions, of which both governments are tired, and which make the more important questions constantly arising between the two countries so difficult to settle, could be sent at once to a tribunal and decided one way or the other! In themselves they amount to little. It is not at all unlikely that most of them—possibly all of them—would be decided in favor of Germany; but the United States would acquiesce at once in the decision by a tribunal such as is proposed. And this is just what would take place between Germany and other nations. A mass of vexatious questions would be settled by the tribunal, and the sovereign and his government would thus be relieved from parliamentary chicanery based, not upon knowledge, but upon party tactics or personal grudges or inherited prejudices."

He seemed now more inclined to give weight to these considerations, and will, I hope, urge his government to take a better view than that which for some time past has seemed to be indicated by the conduct of its representatives here.

In the afternoon I went to the five−o'clock tea of the Baroness d'Estournelles, found a great crowd there, including the leading delegates, and all anxious as to the conduct of Germany. Meeting the Baroness von Suttner who has been writing such earnest books in behalf of peace, I urged her to write with all her might to influence public prints in Austria, Italy, and Germany in behalf of arbitration, telling her that we are just arriving at the parting of the ways, and that everything possible must be done now, or all may be lost. To this she responded very heartily, and I have no doubt will use her pen with much effect.

In the evening went to a great reception at the house of the Austrian ambassador, M. Okolicsanyi. There was a crush. Had a long talk with Mr. Stead, telling him D'Estournelles's story, and urging him to use it in every way to show what a boon the failure of arbitration would be to the anti−social forces in all parts of Europe.

In the intervals during the day I busied myself in completing the memorial to the conference regarding the immunity from seizure of private property at sea. If we cannot secure it now, we must at least pave the way for its admission by a future international conference.

CHAPTER XLVIII. AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: IV—1899

June 16. This morning Count Munster called and seemed much excited by the fact that he had received a despatch from Berlin in which the German Government—which, of course, means the Emperor—had strongly and finally declared against everything like an arbitration tribunal. He was clearly disconcerted by this too literal acceptance of his own earlier views, and said that he had sent to M. de Staal insisting that the meeting of the subcommittee on arbitration, which had been appointed for this day (Friday), should be adjourned on some pretext until next Monday; "for," said he, "if the session takes place to−day, Zorn must make the declaration in behalf of Germany which these new instructions order him to make, and that would be a misfortune." I was very glad to see this evidence of change of heart in the count, and immediately joined him in securing the adjournment he desired. The meeting of the subcommittee has therefore been deferred, the reason assigned, as I understand, being that Baron d'Estournelles is too much occupied to be present at the time first named. Later Count Munster told me that he had decided to send Professor Zorn to Berlin at once in order to lay the whole matter before the Foreign Office and induce the authorities to modify the instructions. I approved this course strongly, whereupon he suggested that I should do something to the same purpose, and this finally ended in the agreement that Holls should go with Zorn.

In view of the fact that Von Bulow had agreed that the German delegates should stand side by side with us in the conference, I immediately prepared a letter of introduction and a personal letter to Bulow for Holls to take, and he started about five in the afternoon. This latter is as follows:

(Copy.) (Personal.)

June 16, 1899 DEAR BARON VON BULOW:

I trust that, in view of the kindly relations which exist between us, succeeding as they do similar relations begun twenty years ago with your honored father, you will allow me to write you informally, but fully and frankly, regarding the interests of both our governments in the peace conference. The relations between your delegates and ours have, from the first, been of the kindest; your assurances on this point have been thoroughly carried out. But we seem now to be at "the parting of the ways," and on the greatest question submitted to us,—the greatest, as I believe, that any conference or any congress has taken up in our time,—namely, the provision for a tribunal of arbitration.

It is generally said here that Germany is opposed to the whole thing, that she is utterly hostile to anything like arbitration, and that she will do all in her power, either alone or through her allies, to thwart every feasible plan of providing for a tribunal which shall give some hope to the world of settling some of the many difficulties between nations otherwise than by bloodshed.

No rational man here expects all wars to be ended by anything done here; no one proposes to submit to any such tribunal questions involving the honor of any nation or the inviolability of its territory, or any of those things which nations feel instinctively must be reserved for their own decision. Nor does any thinking man here propose obligatory arbitration in any case, save, possibly, in sundry petty matters where such arbitration would be a help to the ordinary administration of all governments; and, even as to these, they can be left out of the scheme if your government seriously desires it.

The great thing is that there be a provision made or easily calling together a court of arbitration which shall be seen of all nations, indicate a sincere desire to promote peace, and, in some measure, relieve the various peoples of the fear which so heavily oppresses them all—the dread of an outburst of war at any moment.

I note that it has been believed by many that the motives of Russia in proposing this conference were none too good,—indeed, that they were possibly perfidious; but, even if this be granted, how does this affect the conduct of Germany? Should it not rather lead Germany to go forward boldly and thoughtfully, to accept the championship of the idea of arbitration, and to take the lead in the whole business here?

Germany, if she will do this, will certainly stand before the whole world as the leading power of Europe; for she can then say to the whole world that she has taken the proposal of Russia au serieux; has supported a thoroughly good plan of arbitration; has done what Russia and France have not been willing to do,—favored the

presentation to the conference of a plan providing for the immunity of private property from seizure on the high seas during war,—and that while, as regards the proceedings of the conference, Russia has wished secrecy, Germany has steadily, from the first, promoted frankness and openness.

With these three points in your favor, you can stand before the whole world as the great Continental power which has stood up f or peace as neither Russia nor France has been able to do. On the other hand, if you do not do this, if you put a stumbling−block in the way of arbitration, what results? The other powers will go on and create as good a tribunal as possible, and whatever failure may come will be imputed to Germany and to its Emperor. In any case, whether failure or success may come, the Emperor of Russia will be hailed in all parts of the world as a deliverer and, virtually, as a saint, while there will be a wide−spread outburst of hatred against the German Emperor.

And this will come not alone from the anti−social forces which are hoping that the conference may fail, in order that thereby they may have a new weapon in their hands, but it will also come from the middle and substantial classes of other nations.

It is sure to make the relations between Germany and the United States, which have been of late improving infinitely more bitter than they have ever before been and it is no less sure to provoke the most bitter hatred of the German monarchy in nearly all other nations.

Should his advisers permit so noble and so gifted a sovereign to incur this political storm of obloquy, this convergence of hatred upon him? Should a ruler of such noble ambitions and such admirable powers be exposed to this? I fully believe that he should not, and that his advisers should beg him not to place himself before the world as the antagonist of a plan to which millions upon millions in all parts of the world are devoted.

From the United States come evidences of a feeling wide−spread and deep on this subject beyond anything I have ever known. This very morning I received a prayer set forth by the most conservative of all Protestant religious bodies—namely, the American branch of the Anglican Church—to be said in all churches, begging the Almighty to favor the work of the peace conference; and this is what is going on in various other American churches, and in vast numbers of households. Something of the same sort is true in Great Britain and, perhaps in many parts of the Continent.

Granted that expectations are overwrought, still this fact indicates that here is a feeling which cannot be disregarded.

Moreover, to my certain knowledge, within a month, a leading socialist in France has boasted to one of the members of this conference that it would end in failure; that the monarchs and governments of Europe do not wish to diminish bloodshed; that they would refuse to yield to the desire of the peoples for peace, and that by the resentment thus aroused a new path to victory would be open to socialism.

Grant, too, that this is overstated, still such a declaration is significant.

I know it has been said that arbitration is derogatory to sovereignty. I really fail to see how this can be said in Germany. Germany has already submitted a great political question between herself and Spain to arbitration, and the Emperor William I was himself the arbiter between the United States and Great Britain in the matter of our northwestern boundary.

Bear in mind again that it is only VOLUNTARY arbitration that is proposed, and that it will always rest with the German Emperor to decide what questions he will submit to the tribunal and what he will not.

It has also been said that arbitration proceedings would give the enemies of Germany time to put themselves in readiness for war; but if this be feared in any emergency, the Emperor and his government are always free to mobilize the German army at once.

As you are aware, what is seriously proposed here now, in the way of arbitration, is not a tribunal constantly in session, but a system under which each of the signatory powers shall be free to choose, for a limited time, from an international court, say two or more judges who can go to The Hague if their services are required, but to be paid only while actually in session here; such payment to be made by the litigating parties.

As to the machinery, the plan is that there shall be a dignified body composed of the diplomatic representatives of the various signatory powers, to sit at The Hague, presided over by the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs, and to select and to control such secretaries and officers as may be necessary for the ordinary conduct of affairs.

Such council would receive notice from powers having differences with each other which are willing to

submit the questions between them to a court, and would then give notice to the judges selected by the parties. The whole of the present plan, except some subordinate features of little account, which can easily be stricken out, is voluntary. There is nothing whatever obligatory about it. Every signatory power is free to resort to such a tribunal or not, as it may think best. Surely a concession like this may well be made to the deep and wide sentiment throughout the world in favor of some possible means of settling controversies between nations other than by bloodshed.

Pardon me for earnestly pressing upon you these facts and considerations. I beg that you will not consider me as going beyond my province. I present them to you as man to man, not only in the interest of good relations between Germany and the United States, but of interests common to all the great nations of the earth,—of their common interest in giving something like satisfaction to a desire so earnest and wide−spread as that which has been shown in all parts of the world for arbitration.

I remain, dear Baron von Bulow, Most respectfully and sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) ANDREW D. WHITE.

P. S. Think how easily, if some such tribunal existed, your government and mine could refer to it the whole mass of minor questions which our respective parliamentary bodies have got control of, and entangled in all sorts of petty prejudices and demagogical utterances; for instance, Samoa, the tonnage dues, the sugar−bounty question, the most−favored−nation clause, etc., etc., which keep the two countries constantly at loggerheads. Do you not see that submission of such questions to such a tribunal as is now proposed, so far from being derogatory to sovereignty, really relieves the sovereign and the Foreign Office of the most vexatious fetters and limitations of parliamentarianism. It is not at all unlikely that such a court would decide in your favor; and if so, every thoughtful American would say, "Well and good; it appears that, in spite of all the speeches in Congress, we were wrong." And the matter would then be ended with the good−will of all parties. (Sgd.) A.D.W.

It is indeed a crisis in the history of the conference, and perhaps in the history of Germany. I can only hope that Bulow will give careful attention to the considerations which Munster and myself press upon him.

Later in the day Sir Julian Pauncefote called, evidently much vexed that the sitting of the subcommittee had been deferred, and even more vexed since he had learned from De Staal the real reason. He declared that he was opposed to stringing out the conference much longer; that the subcommittee could get along perfectly well without Dr. Zorn; that if Germany did not wish to come in, she could keep out; etc., etc. He seemed to forget that Germany's going out means the departure of Austria and Italy, to say nothing of one or two minor powers, and therefore the bringing to naught of the conference. I did not think it best to say anything about Molls's departure, but soothed him as much as I could by dwelling on the success of his proposal that the permanent council here shall be composed of the resident diplomatic representatives.

The other members of our commission, and especially President Low, were at first very much opposed to Dr. Holls's going, on the ground that it might be considered an interference in a matter pertaining to Germany; but I persisted in sending him, agreeing to take all the responsibility, and declaring that he should go simply as a messenger from me, as the American ambassador at Berlin, to the imperial minister of foreign affairs.

June 17.

The morning was given largely to completing my draft of our memorial to the conference regarding the immunity of private property in time of war from seizure on the high seas.

In the afternoon drove to Scheveningen to make sundry official visits, and in the evening to the great festival given by the Netherlands Government to the conference.

Its first feature was a series of tableaux representing some of the most famous pictures in the Dutch galleries the most successful of all being Rembrandt's "Night Watch." Jan Steen's "Wedding Party" was also very beautiful. Then came peasant dances given, in the midst of the great hall, by persons in the costumes of all the different provinces. These were characteristic and interesting, some of them being wonderfully quaint.

The violinist of the late King, Johannes Wolff, played some solos in a masterly way.

The music by the great military band, especially the hymn of William of Nassau and the Dutch and Russian national anthems, was splendidly rendered, and the old Dutch provincial music played in connection with the dances and tableaux was also noteworthy.

It was an exceedingly brilliant assemblage, and the whole festival from first to last a decided success.

June 18, Sunday.

Went to Leyden to attend service at St. Peter's. Both the church and its monuments are interesting. Visited also the church of St. Pancras, a remarkable specimen of Gothic architecture, and looked upon the tomb of Van der Werf, the brave burgomaster who defended the town against the Spaniards during the siege.

At the university I was much interested in the public hall where degrees are conferred, and above all in the many portraits of distinguished professors. Lingered next in the botanical gardens back of the university, which are very beautiful.

Then to the Museum of Antiquities, which is remarkably rich in Egyptian and other monuments. Roman art is also very fully represented.

Thence home, and, on arriving, found, of all men in the world, Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of our House of Representatives. Mr. Newel, our minister, took us both for a drive to Scheveningen, and Mr. Reed's conversation was exceedingly interesting; he is well read in history and, apparently, in every field of English literature. There is a bigness, a heartiness, a shrewdness, and a genuineness about him which greatly attract me.

June 19.

Called on M. de Staal to show him Holls's telegram from Berlin, which is encouraging. De Staal thinks that we may have to give up the tenth section of the arbitration plan, which includes obligatory arbitration in sundry minor matters; but while I shall be very sorry to see this done, we ought to make the sacrifice if it will hold Germany, Italy, and Austria to us.

A little later received a hearty telegram from the Secretary of State authorizing our ordering the wreath of silver and gold and placing it on the tomb of Grotius. Telegraphed and wrote Major Allen at Berlin full directions on the subject. I am determined that the tribute shall be worthy of our country, of its object, and of the occasion.

In the afternoon took Speaker Reed, with his wife and daughter, through the "House in the Wood," afterward through the grounds, which are more beautiful than ever, and then to Delft, where we visited the tombs of William the Silent and Grotius, and finally the house in which William was assassinated. It was even more interesting to me than during either of my former visits, and was evidently quite as interesting to Mr. Reed.

At six attended a long meeting of the American delegation, which elaborated the final draft of our communication to M. de Staal on the immunity of private property on the high seas. Various passages were stricken out, some of them—and, indeed, one of the best—in deference to the ideas of Captain Mahan, who, though he is willing, under instructions from the government, to join in presenting the memorial, does not wish to sign anything which can possibly be regarded as indicating a personal belief in the establishment of such immunity. His is the natural view of a sailor; but the argument with which he supports it does not at all convince me. It is that during war we should do everything possible to weaken and worry the adversary, in order that he may be the sooner ready for peace; but this argument proves too much, since it would oblige us, if logically carried out, to go back to the marauding and atrocities of the Thirty Years' War.

June 20.

Went to the session of one of the committees at the "House in the Wood," and showed Mr. van Karnebeek our private−property memorial, which he read, and on which he heartily complimented us.

I then made known to him our proposal to lay a wreath on the tomb of Grotius, and with this he seemed exceedingly pleased, saying that the minister of foreign affairs, M. de Beaufort, would be especially delighted, since he is devoted to the memory of Grotius, and delivered the historical address when the statue in front of the great church at Delft was unveiled

A little later submitted the memorial; as previously agreed upon, to Count Munster, who also approved it.

Holls telegraphs me from Berlin that he has been admirably received by the chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, and by Baron von Bulow, and that he is leaving for Hamburg to see the Emperor.

At four P.M. to a meeting of the full conference to receive report on improvements and extension of the Red Cross rules, etc. This was adopted in a happy−go−lucky unparliamentary way, for the eminent diplomatist who presides over the conference still betrays a Russian lack of acquaintance with parliamentary proceedings. So begins the first full movement of the conference in the right direction; and it is a good beginning.

Walked home through the beautiful avenues of the park with Mr. van Karnebeek and Baron d'Estournelles, who is also a charming man. He has been a minister plenipotentiary, but is now a member of the French Chamber of Deputies and of the conference.

June 21.

Early in the morning received a report from Holls, who arrived from Hamburg late last night. His talks with Bulow and Prince Hohenlohe had been most encouraging. Bulow has sent to the Emperor my long private letter to himself, earnestly urging the acceptance by Germany of our plan of arbitration. Prince Hohenlohe seems to have entered most cordially into our ideas, giving Holls a card which would admit him to the Emperor, and telegraphing a request that his Majesty see him. But the Emperor was still upon his yacht, at sea, and Holls could stay no longer. Bulow is trying to make an appointment for him to meet the Emperor at the close of the week.

Early in the afternoon went with Minister Newel and Mr. Low to call on M. de Beaufort regarding plans for the Grotius celebration, on July 4, at Delft. It was in general decided that we should have the ceremony in the great church at eleven o 'clock, with sundry speeches, and that at half−past twelve the American delegation should give a luncheon to all the invited guests in the town hall opposite.

Holls tells me that last night, at the dinner of the president of the Austrian delegation, he met Munster, who said to him, "I can get along with Hohenlohe, and also with Bulow, but not with those d—d lawyers in the Foreign Office" ("Mit Hohenlohe kann tch auskommen, mit Bulow auch, aber mit diesen verdammten Juristen im Auswartigen Amt, nicht").

June 22.

Up at four o'clock and at ten attended a session of the first section at the "House in the Wood." Very interesting were the discussions regarding bullets and asphyxiating bombs. As to the former, Sir John Ardagh of the British delegation repelled earnestly the charges made regarding the British bullets used in India, and offered to substitute for the original proposal one which certainly would be much more effective in preventing unnecessary suffering and death; but the Russians seemed glad to score a point against Great Britain, and Sir John's proposal was voted down, its only support being derived from our own delegation. Captain Crozier, our military delegate, took an active part in supporting Sir John Ardagh, but the majority against us was overwhelming.

As to asphyxiating bombs, Captain Mahan spoke at length against the provision to forbid them: his ground being that not the slightest thing had yet been done looking to such an invention; that, even if there had been, their use would not be so bad as the use of torpedoes against ships of war; that asphyxiating men by means of deleterious gases was no worse than asphyxiating them with water; indeed, that the former was the less dangerous of the two, since the gases used might simply incapacitate men for a short time, while the blowing up of a ship of war means death to all or nearly all of those upon it.

To this it was answered—and, as it seemed to me, with force—that asphyxiating bombs might be used against towns for the destruction of vast numbers of non−combatants, including women and children, while torpedoes at sea are used only against the military and naval forces of the enemy. The original proposal was carried by a unanimous vote, save ours. I am not satisfied with our attitude on this question; but what can a layman do when he has against him the foremost contemporary military and naval experts? My hope is that the United States will yet stand with the majority on the record.

I stated afterward in a bantering way to Captain Mahan, as well as others, that while I could not support any of the arguments that had been made in favor of allowing asphyxiating bombs, there was one which somewhat appealed to me—namely, that the dread of them might do something to prevent the rush of the rural population to the cities, and the aggregation of the poorer classes in them, which is one of the most threatening things to modern society, and also a second argument that such bombs would bring home to warlike stay−at−home orators and writers the realities of war.

At noon received the French translation of our memorial to De Staal, but found it very imperfect throughout, and in some parts absolutely inadmissible; so I worked with Baron de Bildt, president of the Swedish delegation here, all the afternoon in revising it.

At six the American delegation met and chose me for their orator at the approaching Grotius festival at Delft. I naturally feel proud to discharge a duty of this kind, and can put my heart into it, for Grotius has long been to me almost an object of idolatry, and his main works a subject of earnest study. There are few men in history whom I so deeply venerate. Twenty years ago, when minister at Berlin, I sent an eminent American artist to Holland and secured admirable copies of the two best portraits of the great man. One of these now hangs in the Law Library of Cornell University, and the other over my work−table at the Berlin Embassy.

June 23.

At work all the morning on letters and revising final draft of memorial on immunity of private property at sea, and lunched afterward at the "House in the Wood" to talk it over with Baron de Bildt.

At the same table met M. de Martens, who has just returned by night to his work here, after presiding a day or two over the Venezuela arbitration tribunal at Paris. He told me that Sir Richard Webster, in opening the case, is to speak for sixteen days, and De Martens added that he himself had read our entire Venezuelan report, as well as the other documents on the subject which form quite a large library. And yet we do not include men like him in "the working−classes"!

In the evening to a reception at the house of M. de Beaufort, minister of foreign affairs, and was cordially greeted by him and his wife, both promising that they would accept our invitation to Delft. I took in to the buffet the wife of the present Dutch prime minister, who also expressed great interest in our proposal, and declared her intention of being present.

Count Zanini, the Italian minister and delegate here, gave me a comical account of two speeches in the session of the first section this morning; one being by a delegate from Persia, Mirza Riza Khan, who is minister at St. Petersburg. His Persian Excellency waxed eloquent over the noble qualities of the Emperor of Russia, and especially over his sincerity as shown by the fact that when his Excellency tumbled from his horse at a review, his Majesty sent twice to inquire after his health. The whole effect upon the conference was to provoke roars of laughter.

But the great matter of the day was the news, which has not yet been made public, that Prince Hohenlohe, the German chancellor, has come out strongly for the arbitration tribunal, and has sent instructions here accordingly. This is a great gain, and seems to remove one of the worst stumbling−blocks. But we will have to pay for this removal, probably, by giving up section 10 of the present plan, which includes a system of obligatory arbitration in various minor matters,—a system which would be of use to the world in many ways. While the American delegation, as stated in my letter which Holls took to Bulow, and which has been forwarded to the Emperor, will aid in throwing out of the arbitration plan everything of an obligatory nature, if Germany insists upon it, I learn that the Dutch Government is much opposed to this concession, and may publicly protest against it.

A curious part of the means used in bringing about this change of opinion was the pastoral letter, elsewhere referred to, issued by the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Texas, calling for prayers throughout the State for the success of the conference in its efforts to diminish the horrors of war. This pastoral letter, to which I referred in my letter to Minister von Bulow, I intrusted to Holls, authorizing him to use it as he thought fit. He showed it to Prince Hohenlohe, and the latter, although a Roman Catholic, was evidently affected by it, and especially by the depth and extent of the longing for peace which it showed. It is perhaps an interesting example of an indirect "answer to prayer," since it undoubtedly strengthened the feelings in the prince chancellor's mind which led him to favor arbitration.

June 24.

Sent to M. de Staal, as president of the conference, the memorial relating to the exemption of private property, not contraband of war, from capture on the high seas. Devoted the morning to blocking out my Grotius address, and afterward drove with Holls to Delft to look over the ground for our Fourth−of−July festival. The town hall is interesting and contains, among other portraits, one which is evidently a good likeness of Grotius; the only difficulty is that, for our intended luncheon, the rooms, though beautiful, seem inadequate.

Thence to the church, and after looking over that part of it near the monuments, with reference to the Grotius ceremony, went into the organ−loft with the organist. There I listened for nearly an hour while he and Holls played finely on that noble instrument; and as I sat and looked down over the church and upon the distant monuments, the old historic scenes of four hundred years ago came up before me, with memories almost overpowering of my first visit thirty−five years ago. And all then with me are now dead.

June 25.

At nine in the morning off with Holls to Rotterdam, and on arriving took the tram through the city to the steamboat wharf, going thence by steamer to Dort. Arrived, just before the close of service, at the great church where various sessions of the synod were held. The organ was very fine; the choir−stalls, where those wretched theologians wrangled through so many sessions and did so much harm to their own country and others, were the only other fine things in the church, and they were much dilapidated. I could not but reflect bitterly on the monstrous evils provoked by these men who sat so long there spinning a monstrous theology to be substituted for

the teachings of Christ himself.

Thence back to The Hague and to Scheveningen, and talked over conference matters with Count Munster. Received telegrams from Count von Bulow in answer to mine congratulating him on his promotion, also one from Baron von Mumm, the German minister at Luxemburg, who goes temporarily to Washington.

June 26.

At work all the morning on my Grotius address Lunched at the "House in the Wood," and walked to town with sundry delegates. In the afternoon went to a "tea" at the house of Madame Boreel and met a number of charming people; but the great attraction was the house, which is that formerly occupied by John De Witt—that from which he went to prison and to assassination. Here also Motley lived, and I was shown the room in which a large part of his history was written, and where Queen Sophia used to discuss Dutch events and personages with him.

The house is beautiful, spacious, and most charmingly decorated, many of the ornaments and paintings having been placed there in the time of De Witt.

June 27.

At all sorts of work during the morning, and then, on invitation of President Low, went with the other members of the delegation to Haarlem, where we saw the wonderful portraits by Frans Hals, which impressed me more than ever, and heard the great organ. It has been rebuilt since I was there thirty−five years ago; but it is still the same great clumsy machine, and very poorly played,—that is, with no spirit, and without any effort to exhibit anything beyond the ordinary effects for which any little church organ would do as well.

In the evening dined with Count Zanini, the Italian minister and delegate, and discussed French matters with Baron d'Estournelles. He represents the best type of French diplomatist, and is in every way attractive.

Afterward to Mr. van Karnebeek's reception, meeting various people in a semi−satisfactory way.

June 29.

In the morning, in order to work off the beginnings of a headache, I went to Rotterdam and walked until noon about the streets and places, recalling my former visit, which came very vividly before me as I gazed upon the statue of Erasmus, and thought upon his life here. No man in history has had more persistent injustice done him. If my life were long enough I would gladly use my great collection of Erasmiana in illustrating his services to the world. To say nothing of other things, the modern "Higher Criticism" has its roots in his work.

June 30.

Engaged on the final revision of my Grotius speech, and on various documents.

At noon to the "House in the Wood" for lunch, and afterward took a walk in the grounds with Beldiman, the Roumanian delegate, who explained to me the trouble in Switzerland over the vote on the Red Cross Conference.

It appears that whereas Switzerland initiated the Red Cross movement, has ever since cherished it, and has been urged by Italy and other powers to take still further practical measures for it, the Dutch delegation recently interposed, secured for one of their number the presidency of the special conference, and thus threw out my Berlin colleague, Colonel Roth, who had been previously asked to take the position and had accepted it, with the result that the whole matter has been taken out of the hands of Switzerland, where it justly belonged, and put under the care of the Netherlands. This has provoked much ill feeling in Switzerland, and there is especial astonishment at the fact that when Beldiman moved an amendment undoing this unjust arrangement it was, by some misunderstanding lost, and that therefore there has been perpetuated what seems much like an injustice against Switzerland. I promised to exert myself to have the matter rectified so far as the American delegation was concerned, and later was successful in doing so.

In the evening dined at Minister Newel's. Sat between Minister Okolicsanyi of the Austrian delegation, and Count Welsersheimb, the chairman of that delegation, and had interesting talks with them, with the Duke of Tetuan, and others. It appears that the Duke, who is a very charming, kindly man, has, like myself, a passion both for cathedral architecture and for organ music; he dwelt much upon Burgos, which he called the gem of Spanish cathedrals.

Thence to the final reception at the house of M. de Beaufort, minister of foreign affairs, who showed me a contemporary portrait of Grotius which displays the traits observable in the copies which Burleigh painted for me twenty years ago at Amsterdam and Leyden. Talked with Sir Julian Pauncefote regarding the Swiss matter; he had abstained from voting for the reason that he had no instructions in the premises.

July 2.

In the morning Major Allen, military attache of our embassy at Berlin, arrived, bringing the Grotius wreath. Under Secretary Hay's permission, I had given to one of the best Berlin silversmiths virtually carte blanche, and the result is most satisfactory. The wreath is very large, being made up, on one side, of a laurel branch with leaves of frosted silver and berries of gold, and, on the other, of an oak branch with silver leaves and gold acorns, both boughs being tied together at the bottom by a large knot of ribbon in silver gilded, bearing the arms of the Netherlands and the United States on enameled shields, and an inscription as follows:

To the Memory of HUGO GROTIUS;
In Reverence and Gratitude,
From the United States of America;
On the Occasion of the International Peace Conference
of The Hague.
July 4th, 1899.

It is a superb piece of work, and its ebony case, with silver clasps, and bearing a silver shield with suitable inscription, is also perfect: the whole thing attracts most favorable attention.

CHAPTER XLIX. AS PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF THE HAGUE: V—1899

July 4.

On this day the American delegation invited their colleagues to celebrate our national anniversary at the tomb of Grotius, first in the great church, and afterward in the town hall of Delft. Speeches were made by the minister of foreign affairs of the Netherlands De Beaufort; by their first delegate, Van Karnebeek; by Mr. Asser, one of their leading jurists; by the burgomaster of Delft; and by Baron de Bildt, chairman of the Swedish delegation and minister at Rome, who read a telegram from the King of Sweden referring to Grotius's relations to the Swedish diplomatic service; as well as by President Low of Columbia University and myself: the duty being intrusted to me of laying the wreath upon Grotius's tomb and making the address with reference to it. As all the addresses are to be printed, I shall give no more attention to them here. A very large audience was present, embracing the ambassadors and principal members of the conference, the Netherlands ministers of state, professors from the various universities of the Netherlands, and a large body of other invited guests.

The music of the chimes, of the organ, and of the royal choir of one hundred voices was very fine; and, although the day was stormy, with a high wind and driving rain, everything went off well.

After the exercises in the church, our delegation gave a breakfast, which was very satisfactory. About three hundred and fifty persons sat down to the tables at the town hall, and one hundred other guests, including the musicians, at the leading restaurant in the place. In the afternoon the Americans gathered at the reception given by our minister, Mr. Newel, and his wife, and in the evening there was a large attendance at an "American concert" given by the orchestra at the great hall in Scheveningen.

July 5.

Early in the morning to the second committee of the conference, where I spoke in behalf of the Beldiman resolution, doing justice to Switzerland as regards the continuance of the Red Cross interests in Swiss hands; and on going to a vote we were successful.

Then, the question of a proper dealing with our memorial regarding the immunity of private property on the high seas coming up, I spoke in favor of referring it to the general conference, and gave the reasons why it should not simply be dropped out as not coming within the subjects contemplated in the call to the conference. Though my speech was in French, it went off better than I expected.

In the afternoon, at the full conference, the same subject came up; and then, after a preface in French, asking permission to speak in English, I made my speech, which, probably, three quarters of all the delegates understood, but, at my request, a summary of it was afterward given in French by Mr. van Karnebeek.

The occasion of this speech was my seconding the motion, made in a very friendly manner by M. de Martens, to refer the matter to a future conference; but I went into the merits of the general subject to show its claims upon the various nations, etc., etc., though not, of course, as fully as I would have done had the matter been fully under discussion. My speech was very well received, and will, I hope, aid in keeping the subject alive.

In the afternoon drove to Ryswyck, to the house of M. Cornets de Groot, the living representative of the Grotius family. The house and grounds were very pleasant, but the great attraction was a collection of relics of Grotius, including many manuscripts from his own hand, —among these a catechism for his children, written in the prison of Loewenstein; with official documents, signed and sealed, connected with the public transactions of his time; also letters which passed between him and Oxenstiern, the great Swedish chancellor, some in Latin and some in other languages; besides sundry poems. There were also a multitude of portraits, engravings, and documents relating to Olden−Barneveld and others of Grotius's contemporaries.

The De Groot family gave us a most hearty reception, introducing their little girl, who is the latest−born descendant of Grotius, and showing us various household relics of their great ancestor, including cups, glasses, and the like. Mr. De Groot also gave me some curious information regarding him which I did not before possess; and, among other things, told me that when Grotius's body was transferred, shortly after his death, from Rostock to Delft, the coffin containing it was stoned by a mob at Rotterdam; also that at the unveiling of the statue of Grotius in front of the church at Delft, a few years ago, the high−church Calvinists would not allow the children

from their church schools to join the other children in singing hymns. The old bitterness of the extreme Calvinistic party toward their great compatriot was thus still exhibited, and the remark was made at the time, by a member of it, that the statue was perfectly true to life, since "its back was turned toward the church"; to which a reply was made that "Grotius's face in the statue, like his living face, was steadily turned toward justice." This latter remark had reference to the fact that a court is held in the city hall, toward which the statue is turned.

In the evening to a dinner given by Mr. Piersoon, minister of finance and prime minister of the Netherlands, to our delegation and to his colleagues of the Dutch ministry. Everything passed off well, Mr. Piersoon proposing a toast to the health of the President of the United States, to which I replied in a toast to the Queen of the Netherlands. In the course of his speech Mr. Piersoon thanked us for our tribute to Grotius, and showed really deep feeling on the subject. There is no doubt that we have struck a responsive chord in the hearts of all liberal and thoughtful men and women of the Netherlands; from every quarter come evidences of this.

A remark of his, regarding arbitration, especially pleased us. He said that the arbitration plan, as it had come from the great committee, was like a baby:—apparently helpless, and of very little value, unable to do much, and requiring careful nursing; but that it had one great merit:—IT WOULD GROW.

This I believe to be a very accurate statement of the situation. The general feeling of the conference becomes better and better. More and more the old skepticism has departed, and in place of it has come a strong ambition to have a share in what we are beginning to believe may be a most honorable contribution to the peace of the world. I have never taken part in more earnest discussions than those which during the last two weeks have occupied us, and especially those relating to arbitration.

I think I may say, without assuming too much, that our Grotius celebration has been a contribution of some value to this growth of earnestness. It has, if I am not greatly mistaken, revealed to the conference, still more clearly than before, the fact that it is a historical body intrusted with a matter of vast importance and difficulty, and that we shall be judged in history with reference to this fact.

July 6.

At 5.30 P.M. off in special train with the entire conference to Amsterdam. On arriving, we found a long train of court carriages which took us to the palace, the houses on each side throughout the entire distance being decorated with flags and banners, and the streets crowded with men, women, and children. We were indeed a brave show, since all of us, except the members of our American delegation, wore gorgeous uniforms with no end of ribbons, stars, and insignia of various offices and orders.

On reaching our destination, we were received by the Queen and Queen−mother, and shortly afterward went in to dinner. With the possible exception of a lord mayor's feast at the Guildhall, it was the most imposing thing of the kind that I have ever seen. The great banqueting−hall, dating from the glorious days of the Dutch Republic, is probably the largest and most sumptuous in continental Europe, and the table furniture, decorations, and dinner were worthy of it. About two hundred and fifty persons, including all the members of the conference and the higher officials of the kingdom, sat down, the Queen and Queen−mother at the head of the table, and about them the ambassadors and presidents of delegations. My own place, being very near the Majesties, gave me an excellent opportunity to see and hear everything. Toward the close of the banquet the young Queen arose and addressed us, so easily and naturally that I should have supposed her speech extemporaneous had I not seen her consulting her manuscript just before rising. Her manner was perfect, and her voice so clear as to be heard by every one in the hall. Everything considered, it was a remarkable effort for a young lady of seventeen. At its close an excellent reply was made by our president, M. de Staal; and soon afterward, when we had passed into the great gallery, there came an even more striking exhibition of the powers of her youthful Majesty, for she conversed with every member of the conference, and with the utmost ease and simplicity. To me she returned thanks for the Grotius tribute, and in very cordial terms, as did later also the Queen−mother; and I cannot but believe that they were sincere, since, three months later, at the festival given them at Potsdam, they both renewed their acknowledgments in a cordial way which showed that their patriotic hearts were pleased. Various leading men of the Netherlands and of the conference also thanked us, and one of them said, "You Americans have taught us a lesson; for, instead of a mere display of fireworks to the rabble of a single city, or a ball or concert to a few officials, you have, in this solemn recognition of Grotius, paid the highest compliment possible to the entire people of the Netherlands, past, present, and to come."

July 7.

In the morning to the great hall of the "House in the Wood," where the "editing committee" (comite de redaction) reported to the third committee of the conference the whole arbitration plan. It struck me most favorably, —indeed, it surprised me, though I have kept watch of every step. I am convinced that it is better than any of the plans originally submitted, not excepting our own. It will certainly be a gain to the world.

At the close of the session we adjourned until Monday, the 17th, in order that the delegates may get instructions from their various governments regarding the signing of the protocols, agreements, etc.

July 8.

In the evening dined with M. de Mier, the Mexican minister at Paris and delegate here, and had a very interesting talk with M. Raffalovitch, to whom I spoke plainly regarding the only road to disarmament. I told him that he must know as well as any one that there is a vague dread throughout Europe of the enormous growth of Russia, and that he must acknowledge that, whether just or not, it is perfectly natural. He acquiesced in this, and I then went on to say that the Emperor Nicholas had before him an opportunity to do more good and make a nobler reputation than any other czar had ever done, not excepting Alexander II with his emancipation of the serfs; that I had thought very seriously of writing, at the close of the conference, to M. Pobedonostzeff, presenting to him the reasons why Russia might well make a practical beginning of disarmament by dismissing to their homes, or placing on public works, say two hundred thousand of her soldiers; that this would leave her all the soldiers she needs, and more; that he must know, as everybody knows, that no other power dreams of attacking Russia or dares to do so; that there would be no disadvantage in such a dismissal of troops to peaceful avocations, but every advantage; and that if it were done the result would be that, in less than forty years, Russia would become, by this husbanding of her resources, the most powerful nation on the eastern continent, and able to carry out any just policy which she might desire. I might have added that one advantage of such a reduction would certainly be less inclination by the war party at St. Petersburg to plunge into military adventures. (Had Russia thus reduced her army she would never have sunk into the condition in which she finds herself now (1905), as I revise these lines. Instead of sending Alexeieff to make war, she would have allowed De Witte to make peace—peace on a basis of justice to Japan, and a winter access to the Pacific, under proper safeguards, for herself.)

Raffalovitch seemed to acquiesce fully in my view, except as to the number of soldiers to be released, saying that fifty or sixty thousand would do perfectly well as showing that Russia is in earnest.

He is one of the younger men of Russia, but has very decided ability, and this he has shown not only in his secretaryship of the conference, but in several of his works on financial and other public questions published in Paris, which have secured for him a corresponding membership of the French Institute.

It is absolutely clear in my mind that, if anything is to be done toward disarmament, a practical beginning must be made by the Czar; but the unfortunate thing is that with, no doubt, fairly good intentions, he is weak and ill informed. The dreadful mistake he is making in violating the oath sworn by his predecessors and himself to Finland is the result of this weakness and ignorance; and should he attempt to diminish his overgrown army he would, in all probability, be overborne by the military people about him, and by petty difficulties which they would suggest, or, if necessary, create. It must be confessed that there is one danger in any attempted disarmament, and this is that the military clique might, to prevent it, plunge the empire into a war.

The Emperor is surrounded mainly by inferior men. Under the shade of autocracy men of independent strength rarely flourish. Indeed, I find that the opinion regarding Russian statesmen which I formed in Russia is confirmed by old diplomatists, of the best judgment, whom I meet here. One of them said to me the other day: "There is no greater twaddle than all the talk about far−seeing purposes and measures by Russian statesmen. They are generally weak, influenced by minor, and especially by personal, considerations, and inferior to most men in similar positions in the other great governments of Europe. The chancellor, Prince Gortchakoff, of whom so much has been said, was a weak, vain man, whom Bismarck found it generally very easy to deal with."

As to my own experience, I think many of those whom I saw were far from the best of their kind with whom I have had to do. I have never imagined a human being in the position of minister of the interior of a great nation so utterly futile as the person who held that place at St. Petersburg in my time; and the same may be said of several others whom I met there in high places. There are a few strong men, and, unfortunately, Pobedonostzeff is one of them. Luckily, De Witte, the minister of finance, is another.

July 10.

The evil which I dreaded, as regards the formation of public opinion in relation to the work of our conference,

is becoming realized. The London "Spectator," just received, contains a most disheartening article, "The Peace Conference a Failure," with an additional article, more fully developed, to the same effect. Nothing could be more unjust; but, on account of the "Spectator's" "moderation," it will greatly influence public opinion, and doubtless prevent, to some extent, the calling of future conferences needed to develop the good work done in this. Fortunately the correspondent of the "Times" gives a better example, and shows, in his excellent letters, what has been accomplished here. The "New York Herald," also, is thus far taking the right view, and maintaining it with some earnestness.

July 17.

This morning, at ten, to the "House in the Wood" to hear Mr. van Karnebeek's report on disarmament, checking invention, etc., before the session of committee No. 1. It was strongly attacked, and was left in shreds: the whole subject is evidently too immature and complicated to be dealt with during the present conference.

In the afternoon came up an especially interesting matter in the session of the arbitration committee, the occasion being a report of the subcommittee. Among the points which most interested us as Americans was a provision for an appeal from the decision of the arbitration tribunal on the discovery of new facts.

De Martens of Russia spoke with great force against such right of appeal, and others took ground with him. Holls really distinguished himself by a telling speech on the other side—which is the American side, that feature having been present in our original instructions; Messrs. Asser and Karnebeek both spoke for it effectively, and the final decision was virtually in our favor, for Mr. Asser's compromise was adopted, which really gives us the case.

The Siamese representatives requested that the time during which an appeal might be allowed should be six instead of three months, which we had named; but it was finally made a matter of adjustment between the parties.

July 18.

The American delegation met at ten, when a cable message from the State Department was read authorizing us to sign the protocol.

July 19.

Field day in the arbitration committee. A decided sensation was produced by vigorous speeches by my Berlin colleague, Beldiman, of the Roumanian delegation, and by Servian, Greek, and other delegates, against the provision for commissions d'enquete,—De Martens, Descamps, and others making vigorous speeches in behalf of them. It looked as if the Balkan states were likely to withdraw from the conference if the commission d'enquete feature was insisted upon: they are evidently afraid that such "examining commissions" may be sent within their boundaries by some of their big neighbors—Russia, for example—to spy out the land and start intrigues. The whole matter was put over.

In the evening to Count Munster's dinner at Scheveningen, and had a very interesting talk on conference matters with Sir Julian Pauncefote, finding that in most things we shall be able to stand together as the crisis approaches.

July 20.

For several days past I have been preparing a possible speech to be made in signing the protocol, etc., which, if not used for that purpose, may be published, and, perhaps, aid in keeping public opinion in the right line as regards the work of the conference after it has closed.

In the afternoon to the "House in the Wood," the committee on arbitration meeting again. More speeches were made by the Bulgarians and Servians, who are still up in arms, fearing that the commissionn d'enquete means intervention by the great states in their affairs. Speeches to allay their fears were made by Count Nigra, Dr. Zorn, Holls, and Leon Bourgeois. Zorn spoke in German with excellent effect, as did Holls in English; Nigra was really impressive; and Bourgeois, from the chair, gave us a specimen of first−rate French oratory. He made a most earnest appeal to the delegates of the Balkan states, showing them that by such a system of arbitration as is now proposed the lesser powers would be the very first to profit, and he appealed to their loyalty to humanity. The speech was greatly and justly applauded.

The Balkan delegates are gradually and gracefully yielding.

July 21.

In the morning to the "House in the Wood," where a plenary session of the conference was held. It was a field day on explosive, flattening and expanding bullets, etc. Our Captain Crozier, who evidently knows more about the

subject than anybody else here, urged a declaration of the principle that balls should be not more deadly or cruel than is absolutely necessary to put soldiers hors de combat; but the committee had reported a resolution which, Crozier insists, opens the door to worse missiles than those at present used. Many and earnest speeches were made. I made a short speech, moving to refer the matter back to the committee, with instructions to harmonize and combine the two ideas in one article—that is, the idea which the article now expresses, and Crozier's idea of stating the general principle to which the bullets should conform—namely, that of not making a wound more cruel than necessary; but the amendment was lost.

July 22.

Sir Julian Pauncefote called to discuss with us the signing of the Acte Final. There seems to be general doubt as to what is the best manner of signing the conventions, declarations, etc., and all remains in the air.

In the morning the American delegation met and Captain Mahan threw in a bomb regarding article 27, which requires that when any two parties to the conference are drifting into war, the other powers should consider it a duty (devoir) to remind them of the arbitration tribunal, etc. He thinks that this infringes the American doctrine of not entangling ourselves in the affairs of foreign states, and will prevent the ratification of the convention by the United States Senate. This aroused earnest debate, Captain Mahan insisting upon the omission of the word "devoir," and Dr. Holls defending the article as reported by the subcommittee, of which he is a member, and contending that the peculiar interests of America could be protected by a reservation. Finally, the delegation voted to insist upon the insertion of the qualifying words, "autant que les circonstances permettent," but this decision was afterward abandoned.

July 23.

Met at our Minister Newel's supper Sir Henry Howard, who told me that the present Dutch ministry, with Piersoon at its head and De Beaufort as minister of foreign affairs, is in a very bad way; that its "subserviency to Italy," in opposition to the demands of the Vatican for admittance into the conference, and its difficulties with the socialists and others, arising from the police measures taken against Armenian, Finnish, New Turkish, and other orators who have wished to come here and make the conference and the city a bear−garden , have led both the extreme parties—that is, the solid Roman Catholic party on one side, and the pretended votaries of liberty on the other—to hate the ministry equally. He thinks that they will join hands and oust the ministry just as soon as the conference is over.

Some allowance is to be made for the fact that Sir Henry is a Roman Catholic: while generally liberal, he evidently looks at many questions from the point of view of his church.[9]

[9] As it turned out, he was right: the ministry was ousted, but not so soon as he expected, for the catastrophe did not arrive until about two years later. Then came in a coalition of high Calvinists and Roman Catholics which brought in the Kuyper ministry.

July 24.

For some days—in fact, ever since Captain Mahan on the 22d called attention to article 27 of the arbitration convention as likely to be considered an infringement of the Monroe Doctrine—our American delegation has been greatly perplexed. We have been trying to induce the French, who proposed article 27, and who are as much attached to it as is a hen to her one chick, to give it up, or, at least, to allow a limiting or explanatory clause to be placed with it. Various clauses of this sort have been proposed. The article itself makes it the duty of the other signatory powers, when any two nations are evidently drifting toward war, to remind these two nations that the arbitration tribunal is open to them. Nothing can be more simple and natural; but we fear lest, when the convention comes up for ratification in the United States Senate, some over−sensitive patriot may seek to defeat it by insisting that it is really a violation of time−honored American policy at home and abroad—the policy of not entangling ourselves in the affairs of foreign nations, on one side, and of not allowing them to interfere in our affairs, on the other.

At twelve this day our delegation gave a large luncheon at the Oude Doelen—among those present being Ambassadors De Staal, Count Nigra, and Sir Julian Pauncefote, Bourgeois, Karnebeek, Basily, Baron d'Estournelles, Baron de Bildt, and others—to discuss means of getting out of the above−mentioned difficulty. A most earnest effort was made to induce the French to allow some such modification as has been put into other articles—namely, the words, "autant que possible," or some limiting clause to the same effect; but neither Bourgeois nor D'Estournelles, representing France, would think of it for a moment. Bourgeois, as the head of the

French delegation, spoke again and again, at great length. Among other things, he gave us a very long disquisition on the meaning of "devoir" as it stands in the article—a disquisition which showed that the Jesuits are not the only skilful casuists in the world.

I then presented my project of a declaration of the American doctrine to be made by us on signing. It had been scratched off with a pencil in the morning, hastily; but it was well received by Bourgeois, D'Estournelles, and all the others.

Later we held a meeting of our own delegation, when, to my project of a declaration stating that nothing contained in any part of the convention signed here should be considered as requiring us to intrude, mingle, or entangle ourselves in European politics or internal affairs, Low made an excellent addition to the effect that nothing should be considered to require any abandonment of the traditional attitude of the United States toward questions purely American; and, with slight verbal changes, this combination was adopted.

July 25.

All night long I have been tossing about in my bed and thinking of our declaration of the Monroe Doctrine to be brought before the conference to−day. We all fear that the conference will not receive it, or will insist on our signing without it or not signing at all.

On my way to The Hague from Scheveningen I met M. Descamps, the eminent professor of international law in the University of Louvain, and the leading delegate in the conference as regards intricate legal questions connected with the arbitration plan. He thought that our best way out of the difficulty was absolutely to insist on a clause limiting the devoir imposed by article 27, and to force it to a vote. He declared that, in spite of the French, it would certainly be carried. This I doubt. M. Descamps knows, perhaps, more of international law than of the temper of his associates.

In the afternoon to the "House in the Wood," where the "Final Act" was read. This is a statement of what has been done, summed up in the form of three conventions, with sundry declarations, voeux, etc. We had taken pains to see a number of the leading delegates, and all, in their anxiety to save the main features of the arbitration plan, agreed that they would not oppose our declaration. It was therefore placed in the hands of Raffalovitch, the Russian secretary, who stood close beside the president, and as soon as the "Final Act" had been recited he read this declaration of ours. This was then brought before the conference in plenary session by M. de Staal, and the conference was asked whether any one bad any objection, or anything to say regarding it. There was a pause of about a minute, which seemed to me about an hour. Not a word was said,—in fact, there was dead silence,—and so our declaration embodying a reservation in favor of the Monroe Doctrine was duly recorded and became part of the proceedings.

Rarely in my life have I had such a feeling of deep relief; for, during some days past, it has looked as if the arbitration project, so far as the United States is concerned, would be wrecked on that wretched little article 27.

I had before me notes of a speech carefully prepared, stating our reasons and replying to objections, to be used in case we were attacked, but it was not needed. In the evening I was asked by Mr. Lavino, the correspondent of the London "Times," to put the gist of it into an "interview" for the great newspaper which he serves, and to this I consented; for, during the proceedings this afternoon in the conference, Sir Julian Pauncefote showed great uneasiness. He was very anxious that we should withdraw the declaration altogether, and said, "It will be charged against you that you propose to evade your duties while using the treaty to promote your interests"; but I held firm and pressed the matter, with the result above stated. I feared that he would object in open conference; but his loyalty to arbitration evidently deterred him. However, he returned to the charge privately, and I then promised to make a public statement of our reasons for the declaration, and this seemed to ease his mind. The result was a recasting of my proposed speech, and this Mr. Lavino threw into the form of a long telegram to the "Times."

July 26.

At ten to a meeting of our American delegation, when another bombshell was thrown among us—nothing less than the question whether the Pope is to be allowed to become one of the signatory powers; and this question has now taken a very acute form. Italy is, of course, utterly opposed to it, and Great Britain will not sign if any besides those agreed upon by the signatory powers are allowed to come in hereafter, her motive being, no doubt, to avoid trouble in regard to the Transvaal.

Mr. Low stated that in the great committee the prevailing opinion seemed to be that the signatory powers had made a sort of partnership, and that no new partners could be added without the consent of all. This is the natural

ground, and entirely tenable.

I would have been glad to add the additional requirement that no power should be admitted which would not make arbitration reciprocal—that is, no power which, while aiding to arbitrate for others, would not accept arbitration between itself and another power. This would, of course, exclude the Vatican; for, while it desires to judge others, it will allow no interests of its own, not even the most worldly and trivial, to be submitted to any earthly tribunal.

The question now came up in our American delegation as to signing the three conventions in the Acte Final—namely, those relating to arbitration, to the extension of the Geneva rules, and to the laws and customs of war. We voted to sign the first, to send the second to Washington without recommendation, and to send the third with a recommendation that it be there signed. The reason for sending the second to Washington without recommendation is that Captain Mahan feels that, in its present condition, it may bring on worse evils than it prevents. He especially and, I think, justly objects to allowing neutral hospital ships to take on board the wounded and shipwrecked in a naval action, with power to throw around them the safeguards of neutrality and carry them off to a neutral port whence they can again regain their own homes and resume their status as combatants.

The reason for submitting the third to Washington, with a recommendation to sign it there, is that considerable work will be required in conforming our laws of war to the standard proposed by the conference, and that it is best that the Washington authorities look it over carefully.

I was very anxious to sign all three conventions, but the first is the great one, and I yielded my views on the last two.

The powers are to have until the 31st of December, if they wish it, before signing.

July 27.

Early in the morning to a meeting of our American delegation, Mr. van Karnebeek being present. We agreed to sign the arbitration convention, attaching to our signatures a reservation embodying our declaration of July 25 regarding the maintenance of our American policy—the Monroe Doctrine. A telegram was received from the State Department approving of this declaration. The imbroglio regarding the forcing of the Pope into the midst of the signatory powers continues. The ultramontanes are pushing on various delegates, especially sundry Austrians and Belgians, who depend on clerical support for their political existence, and, in some cases, for their daily bread; and the result is that M. Descamps, one of the most eminent international lawyers in Europe, who has rendered great services during the conference, but who holds a professorship at the University of Louvain, and can hold it not one moment longer than the Jesuits allow him, is making a great display of feeling on the subject. Italy, of course, continues to take the strongest ground against the proposal to admit his Holiness as an Italian sovereign.

Our position is, as was well stated in the great committee by Mr. Low, that the contracting parties must all consent before a new party can come in; and this under one of the simplest principles of law. We ought also to add that any power thus admitted shall not only consent to arbitrate on others, but to be arbitrated upon. This, of course, the Vatican monsignori will never do. They would see all Europe deluged in blood before they would submit the pettiest question between the kingdom of Italy and themselves to arbitration by lay powers. All other things are held by them utterly subordinate to the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, though they must know that if it were restored to him to−morrow he could not hold it. He would be overthrown by a revolution within a month, even with all the troops which France or Austria could send to support him; and then we should have the old miserable state of things again in Italy, with bloodshed, oppression, and exactions such as took place throughout the first half of this century, and, indeed, while I was in Italy, under the old papal authority, in 1856.

In the afternoon to the "House in the Wood" to go over documents preliminary to signing the "Final Act."

July 28.

In the afternoon in plenary session of the conference, hearing the final reports as to forms of signing, etc.

To−day appears in the London "Times" the interview which its correspondent had with me yesterday. It develops the reasons for our declaration, and seems to give general satisfaction. Sir Julian Pauncefote told Holls that he liked it much.

The committee on forms of the "Final Act," etc., has at last, under pressure of all sorts, agreed that the question of admitting non−signatory powers shall be decided by the signatory powers, hereafter, through the ordinary medium of diplomatic correspondence. This is unfortunate for some of the South American republics,

but it will probably in some way inure to the benefit of the Vatican monsignori.

July 29.

The last and culminating day of the conference.

In the morning the entire body gathered in the great hall of the "House in the Wood," and each delegation was summoned thence to sign the protocol, conventions, and declarations. These were laid out on a long table in the dining−room of the palace, which is adorned with very remarkable paintings of mythological subjects imitating bas−reliefs.

All these documents had the places for each signature prepared beforehand, and our seals, in wax, already placed upon the pages adjoining the place where each signature was to be. At the request of the Foreign Office authorities for my seal, I had sent a day or two beforehand the seal ring which Goldwin Smith gave me at the founding of Cornell University. It is an ancient carnelian intaglio which he obtained in Rome, and bears upon its face, exquisitely engraved, a Winged Victory. This seal I used during my entire connection with Cornell University, and also as a member of the Electoral College of the State of New York at General Grant's second election, when, at the request of the president of that body, Governor Woodford, it was used in sealing certificates of the election, which were sent, according to law, to certain high officials of our government.

I affixed my signature to the arbitration convention, writing in, as agreed, the proviso that our signatures were subject to the Monroe Doctrine declaration made in open session of the conference on July 25. The other members of the American delegation then signed in proper order. But the two other conventions we left unsigned. It was with deep regret that I turned away from these; but the majority of the delegation had decreed it, and it was difficult to see what other course we could pursue. I trust that the Washington authorities will rectify the matter by signing them both.

We also affixed our signatures to the first of the "declarations."

At three P.M. came the formal closing of the conference. M. de Staal made an excellent speech, as did Mr. van Karnebeek and M. de Beaufort, the Netherlands minister of foreign affairs. To these Count Munster, the presiding delegate from Germany, replied in French, and apparently extemporaneously. It must have been pain and grief to him, for he was obliged to speak respectfully, in the first place, of the conference, which for some weeks he had affected to despise; and, secondly, of arbitration and the other measures proposed, which, at least during all the first part of the conference, he had denounced as a trick and a humbug; and, finally, he had to speak respectfully of M. de Staal, to whom he has steadily shown decided dislike. He did the whole quite well, all things considered; but showed his feelings clearly, as regarded M. de Staal, by adding to praise of him greater praise for Mr. van Karnebeek, who has been the main managing man in the conference in behalf of the Netherlands Government.

Then to the hotel and began work on the draft of a report, regarding the whole work of the conference, to the State Department. I was especially embarrassed by the fact that the wording of it must be suited to the scruples of my colleague, Captain Mahan. He is a man of the highest character and of great ability, whom I respect and greatly like; but, as an old naval officer, wedded to the views generally entertained by older members of the naval and military service, he has had very little, if any, sympathy with the main purposes of the conference, and has not hesitated to declare his disbelief in some of the measures which we were especially instructed to press. In his books he is on record against the immunity of private property at sea, and in drawing up our memorial to the conference regarding this latter matter, in making my speech with reference to it in the conference, and in preparing our report to the State Department, I have been embarrassed by this fact. It was important to have unanimity, and it could not be had, so far as he was concerned, without toning down the whole thing, and, indeed, leaving out much that in my judgment the documents emanating from us on the subject ought to contain. So now, in regard to arbitration, as well as the other measures finally adopted, his feelings must be considered. Still, his views have been an excellent tonic; they have effectively prevented any lapse into sentimentality. When he speaks the millennium fades and this stern, severe, actual world appears.

I worked until late at night, and then went to Scheveningen almost in despair.

July 30.

Returned to The Hague early in the morning, and went on again with the report, working steadily through the day upon it. For the first time in my life I have thus made Sunday a day of work. Although I have no conscientious scruples on the subject, it was bred into me in my childhood and boyhood that Sunday should be

kept free from all manner of work; and so thoroughly was this rule inculcated that I have borne it in mind ever since, often resisting very pressing temptation to depart from it.

But to−day there was no alternative, and the whole time until five o'clock in the afternoon was given to getting my draft ready.

At five P.M. the American delegation came together, and, to my surprise, received my report with every appearance of satisfaction. Mr. Low indicated some places which, in his opinion, needed modification; and to this I heartily agreed, for they were generally places where I was myself in doubt.

My draft having thus been presented, I turned it over to Mr. Low, who agreed to bring it to−morrow morning with such modifications, omissions, and additions as seemed best to him. The old proverb, " 'T is always darkest just before daylight," seems exemplified in the affairs of to−day, since the kind reception given to my draft of the report, and the satisfaction expressed regarding it, form a most happy and unexpected sequel to my wretched distrust regarding the whole matter last night.

July 31.

The American delegation met at eleven in the morning and discussed my draft. Mr. Low's modifications and additions were not many and were mainly good. But he omitted some things which I would have preferred to retain: these being in the nature of a plea in behalf of arbitration, or, rather, an exhibition of the advantages which have been secured for it by the conference; but, between his doubts and Captain Mahan's opposition, I did not care to contest the matter, and several pages were left out.

At six in the afternoon came the last meeting of our delegation. The reports, duly engrossed,—namely, the special reports, signed by Captain Mahan and Captain Crozier, from the first and second committees of the conference; the special report made by myself, Mr. Low, and Dr. Holls as members of the third committee; and the general report covering our whole work, drawn almost entirely by me, but signed by all the members of the commission,—were presented, re−read, and signed, after which the delegation adjourned, sine die.

August 1.

After some little preliminary work on matters connected with the winding up of our commission, went with my private secretary, Mr. Vickery, to Amsterdam, visiting the old church, the palace, the Zoological Gardens, etc. Thence to Gouda and saw the stained−glass windows in the old church there, which I have so long desired to study.

August 3.

At 8.30 left The Hague and went by rail, via Cologne and Ehreinbreitstein, to Homburg, arriving in the evening.

August 5.

This morning resumed my duties as ambassador at Berlin.

There was one proceeding at the final meeting of the conference which I have omitted, but which really ought to find a place in this diary. Just before the final speeches, to the amazement of all and almost to the stupefaction of many, the president, M. de Staal, handed to the secretary, without comment, a paper which the latter began to read. It turned out to be a correspondence which had taken place, just before the conference, between the Queen of the Netherlands and the Pope.

The Queen's letter—written, of course, by her ministers, in the desire to placate the Catholic party, which holds the balance of power in the Netherlands—dwelt most respectfully on the high functions of his Holiness, etc., etc., indicating, if not saying, that it was not the fault of her government that he was not invited to join in the conference.

The answer from the Pope was a masterpiece of Vatican skill. In it he referred to what he claimed was his natural position as a peacemaker on earth, dwelling strongly on this point.

The reading of these papers was received in silence, and not a word was publicly said afterward regarding them, though in various quarters there was very deep feeling. It was felt that the Dutch Government had taken this means of forestalling local Dutch opposition, and that it was a purely local matter of political partizanship that ought never to have been intruded upon a conference of the whole world.

I had no feeling of this sort, for it seemed to me well enough that the facts should be presented; but a leading representative of one of the great Catholic powers, who drove home with us, was of a different mind. This eminent diplomatist from one of the strongest Catholic countries, and himself a Catholic, spoke in substance as

follows: "The Vatican has always been, and is to−day, a storm−center. The Pope and his advisers have never hesitated to urge on war, no matter how bloody, when the slightest of their ordinary worldly purposes could be served by it. The great religious wars of Europe were entirely stirred up and egged on by them; and, as everybody knows, the Pope did everything to prevent the signing of the treaty of Munster, which put an end to the dreadful Thirty Years' War, even going so far as to declare the oaths taken by the plenipotentiaries at that congress of no effect.

"All through the middle ages and at the Renaissance period the Popes kept Italy in turmoil and bloodshed for their own family and territorial advantages, and they kept all Europe in turmoil, for two centuries after the Reformation,—in fact, just as long as they could,—in the wars of religion. They did everything they could to stir up the war between Austria and Prussia in 1866, thinking that Austria, a Catholic power, was sure to win; and then everything possible to stir up the war of France against Prussia in 1870 in order to accomplish the same purpose of checking German Protestantism; and now they are doing all they can to arouse hatred, even to deluge Italy in blood, in the vain attempt to recover the temporal power, though they must know that they could not hold it for any length of time even if they should obtain it.

"They pretend to be anxious to 'save souls,' and especially to love Poland and Ireland; but they have for years used those countries as mere pawns in their game with Russia and Great Britain, and would sell every Catholic soul they contain to the Greek and English churches if they could thereby secure the active aid of those two governments against Italy. They have obliged the Italian youth to choose between patriotism and Christianity, and the result is that the best of these have become atheists. Their whole policy is based on stirring up hatred and promoting conflicts from which they hope to draw worldly advantage.

"In view of all this, one stands amazed at the cool statements of the Vatican letter."

These were the words of an eminent Roman Catholic representative of a Roman Catholic power, and to them I have nothing to add.

In looking back calmly over the proceedings of the conference, I feel absolutely convinced that it has accomplished a great work for the world.

The mere assembling of such a body for such a purpose was a distinct gain; but vastly more important is the positive outcome of its labors.

First of these is the plan of arbitration. It provides a court definitely constituted; a place of meeting easily accessible; a council for summoning it always in session; guarantees for perfect independence; and a suitable procedure.

Closely connected with this is the provision for "international commissions of inquiry," which cannot fail to do much in clearing up issues likely to lead to war between nations. Thus we may hope, when there is danger of war, for something better than that which the world has hitherto heard—the clamor of interested parties and the shrieks of sensation newspapers. The natural result will be, as in the Venezuelan difficulty between the United States and Great Britain, that when a commission of this sort has been set at work to ascertain the facts, the howling of partizans and screaming of sensation−mongers will cease, and the finding of the commission be calmly awaited.

So, too, the plans adopted for mediation can hardly fail to aid in keeping off war. The plans for "special mediation" and "seconding powers," which emanated entirely from the American delegation, and which were adopted unanimously by the great committee and by the conference, seem likely to prove in some cases an effective means of preventing hostilities, and even of arresting them after they have begun. Had it been in operation during our recent war with Spain, it would probably have closed it immediately after the loss of Cervera's fleet, and would have saved many lives and much treasure.

Secondly, the extension of the Geneva rules, hitherto adopted for war on land, to war also on the sea is a distinct gain in the cause of mercy.

Thirdly, the amelioration and more careful definition of the laws of war must aid powerfully in that evolution of mercy and right reason which has been going on for hundreds of years, and especially since the great work of Grotius.

In addition to these gains may well be mentioned the declarations, expressions of opinion, and utterance of wishes for continued study and persevering effort to make the instrumentalities of war less cruel and destructive.

It has been said not infrequently that the conference missed a great opportunity when it made the resort to

arbitration voluntary and not obligatory. Such an objection can come only from those who have never duly considered the problem concerned. Obligatory arbitration between states is indeed possible in various petty matters, but in many great matters absolutely impossible. While a few nations were willing to accept it in regard to these minor matters,—as, for example, postal or monetary difficulties and the like,—not a single power was willing to bind itself by a hard−and−fast rule to submit all questions to it—and least of all the United States.

The reason is very simple: to do so would be to increase the chances of war and to enlarge standing armies throughout the world. Obligatory arbitration on all questions would enable any power, at any moment, to bring before the tribunal any other power against which it has, or thinks it has, a grievance. Greece might thus summon Turkey; France might summon Germany; the Papacy, Italy; England, Russia; China, Japan; Spain, the United States, regarding matters in which the deepest of human feelings—questions of religion, questions of race, questions even of national existence—are concerned. To enforce the decisions of a tribunal in such cases would require armies compared to which those of the present day are a mere bagatelle, and plunge the world into a sea of troubles compared to which those now existing are as nothing. What has been done is to provide a way, always ready and easily accessible, by which nations can settle most of their difficulties with each other. Hitherto, securing a court of arbitration has involved first the education of public opinion in two nations; next, the action of two national legislatures; then the making of a treaty; then the careful selection of judges on both sides; then delays by the jurists thus chosen in disposing of engagements and duties to which they are already pledged−all these matters requiring much labor and long time; and this just when speedy action is most necessary to arrest the development of international anger. Under the system of arbitration now presented, the court can be brought into session at short notice—easily, as regards most nations, within a few weeks, at the farthest. When to these advantages are added the provisions for delaying war and for improving the laws of war, the calm judgment of mankind will, I fully believe, decide that the conference has done a work of value to the world.

There is also another gain—incidental, but of real and permanent value; and this is the inevitable development of the Law of Nations by the decisions of such a court of arbitration composed of the most eminent jurists from all countries. Thus far it has been evolved from the writings of scholars often conflicting, from the decisions of national courts biased by local patriotism, from the practices of various powers, on land and sea, more in obedience to their interests than to their sense of justice; but now we may hope for the growth of a great body of international law under the best conditions possible, and ever more and more in obedience to the great impulse given by Grotius in the direction of right reason and mercy.

CHAPTER L. HINTS FOR REFORMS IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

In view of a connection with the diplomatic service of the United States begun nearly fifty years ago and resumed at various posts and periods since, I have frequently been asked for my opinion of it, as compared with that of other nations, and also what measures I would suggest for its improvement. Hitherto this question has somewhat embarrassed me: answering it fully might have seemed to involve a plea for my own interests; so that, while I have pointed out, in public lectures and in letters to men of influence, sundry improvements, I have not hitherto thought it best to go fully into the subject.

But what I now say will not see the light until my diplomatic career is finished forever, and I may claim to speak now for what seems to me the good of the service and of the country. I shall make neither personal complaint of the past nor personal plea for the future. As to the past, my experience showed me years ago what I had to expect if I continued in the service—insufficient salary, unfit quarters, inadequate means of discharging my duties, and many other difficulties which ought not to have existed, but which I knew to exist when I took office, and of which I have therefore no right to complain. As to the future, I can speak all the more clearly and earnestly because even my enemies, if I have any, must confess that nothing which is now to be done can inure to my personal benefit.

As to the present condition, then, of our diplomatic service, it seems to me a mixture of good and evil. It is by no means so bad as it once was, and by no means so good as it ought to be and as it could very easily be made. There has been great improvement in it since the days of the Civil War. The diplomatic service of no other country, probably, was so disfigured by eminently unworthy members as was our own during the quarter of a century preceding the inauguration of President Lincoln, and, indeed, during a part of the Lincoln administration itself.

During one presidential term previous to that time our ministers at three of the most important centers of Europe were making unedifying spectacles of themselves, whenever it was possible for them to do so, before the courts to which they were accredited. On one occasion of court festivity, one of them, in a gorgeous uniform such as American ministers formerly wore, ran howling through the mud in the streets of St. Petersburg, the high personages of the empire looking out upon him from the windows of the Winter Palace. Sundry other performances of his, to which I have referred in the account of my Russian mission, were quite as discreditable.

Another American representative, stationed at Berlin during that same period, disgraced his country by notorious drunkenness; and though some of our countrymen at that capital sought to keep him sober for his first presentation to the King, they were unsuccessful. Happily, his wild conduct did not culminate abroad; for a murder which he committed in a drunken fit did not occur until after his return to our country. A third American representative at that period published regularly, in his home newspaper, such scurrilous letters regarding the authorities of the country to which he was accredited, his colleagues in the diplomatic service, and, indeed, the country itself, that, according to common report, his early return home was caused by his desire to escape the consequences. These were the worst, but there were others utterly unfit,—men who not only spoke no other language used in diplomatic intercourse, but could not even speak with fairly grammatical decency their own. As to the early days of Mr. Lincoln's administration, there is a well−authenticated story that, a gentleman having expostulated with the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, for sending to a very important diplomatic post a man whose conduct was the reverse of exemplary, Mr. Seward replied, "Sir, some persons are sent abroad because they are needed abroad, and some are sent because they are NOT wanted at home."

It is a great pleasure to note that since the war both of the political parties have greatly improved in this respect, and that the standard of diplomatic appointments has become much higher. It is a duty as well as a pleasure to acknowledge here that no President of the United States has ever taken more pains to make the diplomatic and consular services what they should be than a representative of the party to which I have always been opposed—President Cleveland. Especially encouraging is the fact that public opinion has become sensitive on this subject, and that the only recent case of gross misconduct by an American minister in foreign parts was immediately followed by his recall.

And it ought also to be said, even regarding our diplomatic system in the past, that sundry sneers of the

pessimists do our country wrong. It is certain that no other country has been steadily represented in Great Britain by a series of more distinguished citizens than has our own,—beginning with John Adams, and including the gentleman who at present holds the position of ambassador to the Court of St. James. Much may also be said to the credit of our embassies and legations generally at the leading capitals of Europe. As to unfortunate exceptions, those who are acquainted with diplomatists in different parts of the world know that, whatever may have been the failings of the United States in this respect, she has not been the only nation which has made mistakes in selecting foreign representatives.

Our service at the present day is, in some respects, excellent; but it is badly organized, insufficiently provided for, and, as a rule, has not the standing which every patriotic American should wish for it.

I have frequently received letters from bright, active−minded young men stating that they were desirous of fitting themselves for a diplomatic career, and asking advice regarding the best way of doing so; but I have felt obliged to warn every one of them that, strictly speaking, there is no American diplomatic service; that there is no guarantee of employment to them, even if they fit themselves admirably; no security in their tenure of office, even if they were appointed; and little, if any, probability of their promotion, however excellent their record. Moreover, I have felt obliged to tell them that the service, such as it is, especially as regards ambassadors and ministers, is a service with a property qualification; that it is not a democratic service resting upon merit, but an aristocratic service resting largely upon wealth,—a very important—indeed, essential—qualification for it being that any American who serves as ambassador must, as a rule, be able to expend, in addition to his salary, at least from twelve to twenty thousand dollars a year, and that the demands upon ministers plenipotentiary are but little less.

And yet, if Congress would seriously give attention to the matter, calling before a proper committee those of its own members, and others, who are well acquainted with the necessities of the service, and would take common−sense advice, it could easily be made one of the best, and quite possibly the best, in the world. The most essential and desirable improvements which I would present are as follows:

I. As regards the first and highest grade in the diplomatic service, that of ambassadors, I would have at least one half their whole number appointed from those who have distinguished themselves as ministers plenipotentiary, and the remaining posts filled, as at present, from those who, in public life or in other important fields, have won recognition at home as men fit to maintain the character and represent the interests of their country abroad.

II. As regards the second grade in the service,—namely, that of ministers plenipotentiary,—I would observe the same rule as in appointing ambassadors, having at least a majority of these at the leading capitals appointed from such as shall have especially distinguished themselves at the less important capitals, and a majority of the ministers plenipotentiary at these less important capitals appointed from those who shall have distinguished themselves as ministers resident, or as secretaries of embassy or of legation.

III. As to the third grade in our service, that of ministers resident, I would observe the general rule above suggested for the appointment of ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary; that is, I would appoint a majority of them from among those who shall have rendered most distinguished service as first secretaries of embassy or of legation. When once appointed I would have them advanced, for distinguished service, from the less to the more important capitals, and, so far as possible, from the ranks of ministers resident to those of ministers plenipotentiary.

IV. As to the lower or special or temporary grades, whether that of diplomatic agent or special charge d'affaires or commissioner, I would have appointments made from the diplomatic or consular service, or from public life in general, or from fitting men in private life, as the President or the Secretary of State might think the most conducive to the public interest.

V. I would have two grades of secretaries of legation, and three grades of secretaries of embassy. I would have the lowest grade of secretaries appointed on the recommendation of the Secretary of State from those who have shown themselves, on due examination, best qualified in certain leading subjects, such as international law, the common law, the civil law, the history of treaties, and general modern history, political economy, a speaking knowledge of French, and a reading knowledge of at least one other foreign language. I would make the examination in all the above subjects strict, and would oblige the Secretary of State to make his selection of secretaries of legation from the men thus presented. But, in view of the importance of various personal qualifications which fit men to influence their fellow−men, and which cannot be ascertained wholly by

examination, I would leave the Secretary of State full liberty of choice among those who have honorably passed the examinations above required. The men thus selected and approved I would have appointed as secretaries of lower grades,—that is, third secretaries of embassy and second secretaries of legation,—and these, when once appointed, should be promoted, for good service, to the higher secretaryships of embassy and legation, and from the less to the more important capitals, under such rules as the State Department might find most conducive to the efficiency of the service. No secretaries of any grade should thereafter be appointed who had not passed the examinations required for the lowest grade of secretaries as above provided; but all who had already been in the service during two years should be eligible for promotion, without any further examination, from whatever post they might be occupying.

VI. I would attach to every embassy three secretaries, to every legation two, and to every post of minister resident at least one.

One of the thoroughly wise arrangements of every British embassy or legation—an arrangement which has gone for much in Great Britain's remarkable series of diplomatic successes throughout the world—is to be seen in her maintaining at every capital a full number of secretaries and attaches, who serve not only in keeping the current office work in the highest efficiency, but who become, as it were, the ANTENNAE of the ambassador or minister—additional eyes and ears to ascertain what is going on among those most influential in public affairs. Every embassy or legation thus equipped serves also as an actual and practical training−school for the service.

VII. I would appoint each attache from the ranks of those especially recommended, and certified to in writing by leading authorities in the department to which he is expected to supply information: as, for example, for military attaches, the War Department; for naval attaches, the Navy Department; for financial attaches, the Treasury Department; for commercial attaches, the Department of Commerce; for agricultural attaches, the Department of Agriculture; but always subject to the approval of the Secretary of State as regards sundry qualifications hinted at above, which can better be ascertained by an interview than by an examination.

I would have a goodly number of attaches of these various sorts, and, in our more important embassies, one representing each of the departments above named. Every attache, if fit for his place, would be worth far more than his cost to our government, for he would not only add to the influence of the embassy or legation, but decidedly to its efficiency. As a rule, all of them could also be made of real use after the conclusion of their foreign careers: some by returning to the army or navy and bringing their knowledge to bear on those branches of the service; some by taking duty in the various departments at Washington, and aiding to keep our government abreast of the best practice in other countries; some by becoming professors in universities and colleges, and thus aiding to disseminate useful information; some by becoming writers for the press, thus giving us, instead of loose guesses and haphazard notions, information and suggestions based upon close knowledge of important problems and of their solution in countries other than our own

From these arrangements I feel warranted in expecting a very great improvement in our diplomatic service. Thus formed, it would become, in its main features, like the military and naval services, and, indeed, in its essential characteristics as to appointment and promotion, like any well−organized manufacturing or commercial establishment. It would absolutely require ascertained knowledge and fitness in the lowest grades, and would give promotion for good service from first to last. Yet it would not be a cast−iron system: a certain number of men who had shown decided fitness in various high public offices, or in important branches of public or private business, could be appointed, whenever the public interest should seem to require it, as ministers resident, ministers plenipotentiary, and ambassadors, without having gone through examination or regular promotion.

But the system now proposed, while thus allowing the frequent bringing in of new and capable men from public life at home, requires that a large proportion of each grade above that of secretary, save a very small number of diplomatic agents, commissioners, and the like, shall be appointed from those thoroughly trained for the service, and that all secretaries, without exception, shall be thoroughly trained and fitted. Scope would thus be given to the activity of both sorts of men, and the whole system made sufficiently elastic to meet all necessities.

In the service thus organized, the class of ambassadors and ministers fitted by knowledge of public affairs at home for important negotiations, but unacquainted with diplomatic life or foreign usages and languages, would be greatly strengthened by secretaries who had passed through a regular course of training and experience. An American diplomatic representative without diplomatic experience, on reaching his post, whether as ambassador or minister, would not find—as was once largely the case—secretaries as new as himself to diplomatic business,

but men thoroughly prepared to aid him in the multitude of minor matters, ignorance of which might very likely cripple him as regards very important business: secretaries so experienced as to be able to set him in the way of knowing, at any court, who are the men of real power, and who mere parasites and pretenders, what relations are to be cultivated and what avoided, which are the real channels of influence, and which mere illusions leading nowhither. On the other hand, the secretaries thoroughly trained would doubtless, in their conversation with a man fresh from public affairs at home, learn many things of use to them.

Thus, too, what is of great importance throughout the entire service, every ambassador, minister plenipotentiary, or minister resident would possess, or easily command, large experience of various men in various countries. At the same time, each would be under most powerful incentives to perfect his training, widen his acquaintance, and deepen his knowledge—incentives which, under the old system,—which we may hope is now passing away,—with its lack of appointment for ascertained fitness, lack of promotion for good service, and lack of any certainty of tenure, do not exist.

The system of promotion for merit throughout the service is no mere experiment; the good sense of all the leading nations in the world, except our own, has adopted it, and it works well. In our own service the old system works badly; excellent men, both in its higher and lower grades, have been frequently crippled by want of proper experience or aid. We have, indeed, several admirable secretaries—some of them fit to be ambassadors or ministers, but all laboring under conditions the most depressing —such as obtain in no good business enterprise. During my stay as minister at St. Petersburg, the secretary of legation, a man ideally fitted for the post, insisted on resigning. On my endeavoring to retain him, he answered as follows: "I have been over twelve years in the American diplomatic service as secretary; I have seen the secretaries here, from all other countries, steadily promoted until all of them still remaining in the service are in higher posts, several of them ministers, and some ambassadors. I remain as I was at the beginning, with no promotion, and no probability of any. I feel that, as a rule, my present colleagues, as well as most officials with whom I have to do, seeing that I have not been advanced, look upon me as a failure. They cannot be made to understand how a man who has served so long as secretary has been denied promotion for any reason save inefficiency. I can no longer submit to be thus looked down upon, and I must resign."

While thus having a system of promotion based upon efficiency, I would retain during good behavior, up to a certain age, the men who have done thoroughly well in the service. Clearly, when we secure an admirable man,—recognized as such in all parts of the world,—like Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Townsend Harris, Mr. Washburne, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Phelps, and others who have now passed away, not to speak of many now living, we should keep him at his post as long as he is efficient, without regard to his politics. This is the course taken very generally by other great nations, and especially by our sister republic of Great Britain (for Great Britain is simply a republic with a monarchical figurehead lingering along on good behavior): she retains her representatives in these positions, and promotes them without any regard to their party relations. During my first official residence at Berlin, although the home government at London was of the Conservative party, it retained at the German capital, as ambassador, Lord Ampthill, a Liberal; and, as first secretary, Sir John Walsham, a Tory. From every point of view, the long continuance in diplomatic positions of the most capable men would be of great advantage to our country.

But, as the very first thing to be done, whether our diplomatic service remains as at present or be improved, I would urge, as a condition precedent to any thoroughly good service, that there be in each of the greater capitals of the world at which we have a representative, a suitable embassy or legation building or apartment, owned or leased for a term of years by the American Government Every other great power, and many of the smaller nations, have provided such quarters for their representatives, and some years ago President Cleveland recommended to Congress a similar policy. Under the present system the head of an American embassy or mission abroad is at a wretched disadvantage. In many capitals he finds it at times impossible to secure a proper furnished apartment; and, in some, very difficult to find any suitable apartment at all, whether furnished or unfurnished. Even if he finds proper rooms, they are frequently in an unfit quarter of the town, remote from the residences of his colleagues, from the public offices, from everybody and everything related to his work. His term of office being generally short, he is usually considered a rather undesirable tenant, and is charged accordingly. Besides this, the fitting and furnishing of such an apartment is a very great burden, both as regards trouble and expense. I have twice thus fitted and furnished a large apartment in Berlin, and in each case this represented an expenditure of

more than the salary for the first year. Within my own knowledge, two American ministers abroad have impoverished their families by expenditures of this kind. But this is not the worst. The most serious result of the existing system concerns our country. I have elsewhere shown how, in one very important international question at St. Petersburg, our mistaken policy in this respect once cost the United States a sum which would have forever put that embassy, and, indeed, many others besides, on the very best footing. If an American ambassador is to exercise a really strong influence for the United States as against other nations he must be properly provided for as regards his residence and support,—not provided for, indeed, so largely as some representatives of other nations; for I neither propose nor desire that the American representative shall imitate the pomp of certain ambassadors of the greater European powers. But he ought to be enabled to live respectably, and to discharge his duties efficiently. There should be, in this respect, what Thomas Jefferson acknowledged in the Declaration of Independence as a duty,—"a decent regard for the opinions of mankind." The present condition of things is frequently humiliating. In the greater capitals of Europe the general public know the British, French, Austrian, Italian, and all other important embassies or legations, except that of our country. The American embassy or legation has no settled home, is sometimes in one quarter of the town, sometimes in another, sometimes almost in an attic, sometimes almost in a cellar, generally inadequate in its accommodations, and frequently unfortunate in its surroundings. Both my official terms at St. Petersburg showed me that one secret of the great success of British diplomacy, in all parts of the world, is that especial pains are taken regarding this point, and that, consequently, every British embassy is the center of a wide−spread social influence which counts for very much indeed in her political influence. The United States, as perhaps the wealthiest nation in existence,—a nation far−reaching in the exercise of its foreign policy, with vast and increasing commercial and other interests throughout the world,—should, in all substantial matters, be equally well provided for. Take our recent relations with Turkey. We have insisted on the payment of an indemnity for the destruction of American property, and we have constantly a vast number of Americans of the very best sort, and especially our missionaries, who have to be protected throughout the whole of that vast empire. Each of the other great powers provides its representative at Constantinople with a residence honorable, suitable, and within a proper inclosure for its protection; but the American minister lives anywhere and everywhere,—in such premises, over shops and warehouses, as can be secured,—and he is liable, in case of trouble between the two nations, to suffer personal violence and to have his house sacked by a Turkish mob. No foreign people, and least of all an Oriental people, can highly respect a diplomatic representative who, by his surroundings, seems not to be respected by his own people. The American Government can easily afford the expenditure needed to provide proper houses or apartments for its entire diplomatic corps, but it can hardly afford NOT to provide these. Full provision for them would not burden any American citizen to the amount of the half of a Boston biscuit. Leaving matters in their present condition is, in the long run, far more costly. I once had occasion to consider this matter in the light of economy, and found that the cost of the whole diplomatic service of the United States during an entire year was only equal to the expenditure in one of our recent wars during four hours; so that if any member of the diplomatic service should delay a declaration of war merely for the space of a day, he would defray the cost of the service for about six years.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, by his admirable diplomatic dealing with the British Foreign Office at the crisis of our Civil War, prevented the coming out of the later Confederate cruisers to prey upon our commerce, and, in all probability, thus averted a quarrel with Great Britain which would have lengthened our Civil War by many years, and doubtless have cost us hundreds of millions.

General Woodford, our recent minister at Madrid, undoubtedly delayed our war with Spain for several months, and skilful diplomatic intervention brought that war to a speedy close just as soon as our military and naval successes made it possible.

The cases are also many where our diplomatic representatives have quieted ill feelings which would have done great harm to our commerce. These facts show that the diplomatic service may well be called "The Cheap Defense of Nations."

When, in addition to this, an American recalls such priceless services to civilization, and to the commerce of our country and of the world, as those rendered by Mr. Townsend Harris while American minister in Japan, the undoubted saving through a long series of years of many lives and much property by our ministers in such outlying parts of the world as Turkey and China, the promotion of American commercial and other interests, and the securing of information which has been precious to innumerable American enterprises, it seems incontestable

that our diplomatic service ought not to be left in its present slipshod condition. It ought to be put on the best and most effective footing possible, so that everywhere the men we send forth to support and advance the manifold interests of our country shall be thoroughly well equipped and provided for. To this end the permanent possession of a suitable house or apartment in every capital is the foremost and most elementary of necessities.

And while such a provision is the first thing, it would be wise to add, as other nations do, a moderate allowance for furniture, and for keeping the embassy or legation properly cared for during the interim between the departure of one representative and the arrival of another.

If this were done, the prestige of the American name and the effectiveness of the service would be vastly improved, and diplomatic posts would be no longer so onerous and, indeed, ruinous as they have been to some of the best men we have sent abroad.

And in order fully to free my mind I will add that, while the provision for a proper embassy or legation building is the first of all things necessary, it might also be well to increase somewhat the salaries of our representatives abroad. These may seem large even at present; but the cost of living has greatly increased since they were fixed, and the special financial demands upon an ambassador or minister at any of the most important posts are always far beyond the present salary. It is utterly impossible for an American diplomatic representative to do his duty upon the salary now given, even while living on the most moderate scale known in the diplomatic corps. To attempt to do so would deprive him of all opportunity to exercise that friendly, personal, social influence which is so important an element in his success.

To sum up my suggestions as to this part of the subject, I should say: First, that, as a rule, there should be provided at each diplomatic post where the United States has a representative a spacious and suitable house, either bought by our government or taken on a long lease; and that there should be a small appropriation each year for maintaining it as regards furniture, care, etc. Secondly, that American representatives of the highest grade—namely, ambassadors—should have a salary of at least $25,000 a year; and that diplomatic representatives of lower grade should have their salaries raised in the same proportion. Thirdly, that an additional number of secretaries and attaches should be provided in the manner and for the reasons above recommended.

If the carrying out of these reforms should require an appropriation to the diplomatic service fifty per cent. higher than it now is,—which is an amount greater than would really be required by all the expenditures I propose, including interest upon the purchase money of appropriate quarters for our representatives abroad,—the total additional cost to each citizen of the United States would be less than half a cent each year.

The first result of these and other reforms which I have indicated, beginning with what is of the very first importance,—provision for a proper house or apartment in every capital,—would certainly be increased respect for the United States and increased effectiveness of its foreign representatives.

As to the other reforms, such as suitable requirements for secretaryships, and proper promotion throughout the whole service, they would vastly increase its attractiveness, in all its grades, to the very men whom the country most needs. They would open to young men in our universities and colleges a most honorable career, leading such institutions to establish courses of instruction with reference to such a service—courses which were established long since in Germany, but which have arrived nearest perfection in two of our sister republics—at the University of Zurich in Switzerland, and in the ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris.

It seems certain that a diplomatic service established and maintained in the manner here indicated would not only vastly increase the prestige and influence of the United States among her sister nations, but, purely from a commercial point of view, would amply repay us. To have in diplomatic positions at the various capitals men thoroughly well fitted not only as regards character and intellect, but also as regards experience and acquaintance, and to have them so provided for as to become the social equals of their colleagues, would be, from every point of view, of the greatest advantage to our country materially and politically, and would give strength to our policy throughout the world.

And, finally, to a matter worth mentioning only because it has at sundry times and in divers manners been comically argued and curiously misrepresented—the question as to a diplomatic uniform.

As regards any principle involved, I have never been able to see any reason, a priori, why, if we have a uniform for our military service and another for our naval service, we may not have one for our diplomatic service. It has, indeed, been asserted by sundry orators dear to the galleries, as well as by various "funny−column" men, that such a uniform is that of a lackey; but this assertion loses force when one reflects on the solemn fact that

"plain evening dress," which these partizans of Jeffersonian simplicity laud and magnify, and which is the only alternative to a uniform, is worn by table−waiters the world over.

Yet, having conceded so much, truth compels me to add that, having myself never worn anything save "plain evening dress" at any court to which I have been accredited, or at any function which I have attended, I have never been able to discover the slightest disadvantage to my country or myself from that fact.

Colleagues of mine, clad in resplendent uniforms, have, indeed, on more than one occasion congratulated me on being allowed a more simple and comfortable costume; and though such expressions are, of course, to be taken with some grains of allowance, I have congratulated myself with the deepest sincerity on my freedom from what seems to me a most tiresome yoke.

The discussion of a question of such vast importance—to the censors above referred to—would be inadequate were mention not made of a stumbling−block which does not seem to have been adequately considered by those who propose a return to the earlier practice of our Republic —and this is, that the uniform is, at any European court, but a poor thing unless it bears some evidence of distinguished service, in the shape of stars, crosses, ribbons, and the like. A British ambassador, or minister plenipotentiary, in official uniform, but without the ribbon or star of the Bath or other honorable order, would appear to little advantage indeed. A representative of the French Republic would certainly prefer to wear the plainest dress rather than the most splendid uniform unadorned by the insignia of the Legion of Honor, and, in a general way, the same may be said of the representatives of all nations which approve the wearing of a diplomatic uniform.

But our own Republic bestows no such "decorations," and allows none of its representatives, during their term of office, to receive them; so that, if put into uniform, these representatives must appear to the great mass of beholders as really of inferior quality, undistinguished by any adornments which indicate good service.

All this difficulty our present practice avoids. The American ambassador, or minister, is known at once by the fact that he alone wears plain evening dress; and this fact, as well as the absence of decorations, being recognized as in simple conformity with the ideas and customs of his country, rather adds to his prestige than diminishes it, as far as I have been able to discover. Perhaps the well−known case of Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna is in point. In the midst of the throng of his colleagues, all of them most gorgeously arrayed in uniforms, stars, and decorations of every sort, he appeared in the simplest evening attire; and the attention of Metternich being called to this fact, that much experienced, infinitely bespangled statesman answered, "Ma foi! il est bien distingue."

Of course we ought to give due weight to the example set by Benjamin Franklin when presented to Louis XVI, and the fact that his simple shoe−strings nearly threw the court chamberlains into fainting−fits, and that his plain dress had an enormous influence on public opinion; but, alas! we have also to take account of the statement by an eminent critic to the effect that Franklin, at his previous presentation to Louis XV, had worn court dress, and that he wore similar gorgeous attire at various other public functions, with the inference that he was prevented from doing so, when received by Louis XVI, only by the fact that somehow his court dress was inaccessible.[10]

[10] See Sainte−Beuve, "Causeries du Lundi," Vol. VII, Article of November 29, 1852.

All these facts, conflicting, but more or less pertinent, being duly considered, I would have the rule regarding dress remain as it is, save in the rare cases when the sovereign of a country, at some special function, requests some modification of it. In such case the Secretary of State might, one would suppose, be allowed to grant a dispensation from the ordinary rule without any danger to American liberty.

For the more profound considerations which this vast subject suggests, the judicious reader may well consult "Sartor Resartus."

PART VI
SUNDRY JOURNEYS AND EXPERIENCES

CHAPTER LI. EARLIER EXCURSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES—1838−1875

From my boyhood I have been fond of travel, and at times this fondness has been of great use to me. My constitution, though never robust, has thus far proved elastic, and whenever I have at last felt decidedly the worse for overwork or care, the best of all medicines has been an excursion, longer or shorter, in our own country or in some other. Thus it has happened that, besides journeys into nearly every part of the United States, and official residences in Russia, France, Germany, and the West Indies, I have made frequent visits to Europe—among them ten or twelve to Italy, and even more to Germany, France, and England, besides excursions into the Scandinavian countries, Egypt, Greece, and Turkey. To most of these I have alluded in other chapters; but there are a few remaining possibly worthy of note.

The first of these journeys was taken when I went with my father and mother from the little country town where we then lived to Syracuse, Buffalo, and Niagara. This must have been in 1838, when I was about six years of age. Every step of it interested me keenly. Like the shop−girl in Emile Souvestre's story, who journeyed from Paris to St. Cloud, I was "amazed to find the world so large." Syracuse, which now has about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, had then, perhaps, five thousand; the railways which were afterward consolidated into the New York Central were not yet built, and we traveled mainly upon the canal, though at times over wretchedly muddy roads. Niagara made a great impression upon me, and Buffalo, with its steamers, seemed as great then as London seems now.

Four years later, in 1842, I was taken to the hills of middle Massachusetts to visit my great−grandfather and great−grandmother, and thence to Boston, where Faneuil Hall, the Bunker Hill Monument, Harvard College, and Mount Auburn greatly impressed me. Returning home, we came by steamer through the Sound to the city of New York, and stayed at a hotel near Trinity Church, which was then a little south of the central part of the city. On another visit, somewhat later, we were lodged at the Astor House, near the City Hall, which was then at the very center of everything, and thence took excursions far northward into the uttermost parts of the city, and even beyond it, to see the newly erected Grace Church and the reservoir at Forty−second Street, which were among the wonders of the town. Most of all was I impressed by the service in the newly erected Trinity Church. The idea uppermost in my mind was that here was a building which was to last for hundreds of years, and that the figures in the storied windows above the altar would look down upon new generations of worshipers, centuries after I, with all those living, should have passed away. My feeling for religious music was then, as since, very deep; and the organ of Trinity gave satisfaction to this feeling; the tremulous ground−tone of the great pedal diapasons thrilling me through and through.

At this period, about 1843, began my visits with the family to Saratoga. My grandfather, years before, had derived benefit from its waters, and the tradition of this, as well as the fact that my father there met socially his business correspondents from different parts of the State, led to our going year after year. Drinking the waters, taking life easily upon the piazzas of the great hotels festooned with Virginia creepers, and driving to the lake, formed then, as now, the main occupations of the day. But there was then one thing which has now ceased: in many of the greater hotels public prayers were held every evening, some eminent clergyman officiating; and a leader in these services was David Leavitt, a famous New York bank president, shrewd, but pious. Now and then, as the political campaigns drew on, we had speeches from eminent statesmen; and I give in the chapters on "My Religion" reminiscences of speeches on religious subjects made by Archbishop Hughes and Father Gavazzi. An occasional visit from Washington Irving or Senator (afterward President) Buchanan, as well as other men of light and leading, aroused my tendencies toward hero−worship; but perhaps the event most vividly stamped into my memory was the parade of Mme. Jumel. One afternoon at that period she appeared in the streets of Saratoga in an open coach−and−four, her horses ridden by gaily dressed postilions. This was regarded by very many visitors as an affront not merely to good morals, but to patriotism, for she had the fame of having been in relations, more intimate than edifying, with Aaron Burr, who was widely considered as a traitor to his country as well as the murderer of Alexander Hamilton; and on the second day of her parade, another carriage, with four horses and postilions, in all respects like her own, followed her wherever she went and sometimes crossed her path: but this carriage contained an enormous negro, black and glossy, a porter at one of the hotels, dressed in the height of

fashion, who very gravely rose and doffed his hat to the applauding multitudes on either side of the way. Mme. Jumel and her friends were, of course, furious; and it was said that her postilions would in future be armed with pistols and directed to fire upon the rival equipage should it again get in their way. But no catastrophe occurred; Mme. Jumel took one or two more drives, and that was the end of it.

In my college days, from 1849 to 1853, going to and from New Haven, I frequently passed through New York, and the progress of the city northward since my earlier visits was shown by the fact that the best hotel nearest the center of business had become first the Irving House, just at the upper end of the City Hall Park, and later the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan hotels, some distance up Broadway. Staying in 1853 at a hotel looking out upon what was to be Madison Square, I noticed that all north of that was comparatively vacant, save here and there a few houses and churches.

Going abroad shortly afterward, I gave three years to my attacheship and student life in Europe, traveling across the continent to St. Petersburg and back, as well as through Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy, all of which were then under the old regime of disunion and despotism. To these journeys I refer elsewhere.

Interesting to me, after my return home, were visits to Chicago in 1858 and at various times afterward. At my first visits the city was wretchedly unkempt. Workmen were raising its grade, and their mode of doing this was remarkable. Under lines of brick and stone houses, in street after street, screws were placed; and, large forces of men working at these, the vast buildings went up steadily. My first stay was at the Tremont House, then a famous hostelry; and during the whole of my visit the enormous establishment, several stories in height, was going on as usual, though it was all open beneath and rising in the air perceptibly every day. Years afterward, when Mr. George Pullman had become deservedly one of the powers of Chicago, he gave me a dinner, at which I had the pleasure of meeting a large number of the most energetic and distinguished men of the city. Being asked by a guest as to the time when I first visited Chicago, I stated the facts above given, when my interlocutor remarked, "Yes, and if you had gone down into the cellar beneath the Tremont House you would have found our host working at one of the jack−screws." I had already an admiration for Mr. Pullman; for he had told me of his creation of the Pullman cars, and had shown me through the beautiful artisan town which bears his name; but by this remark my respect for him was greatly augmented.

My first visit to the upper Mississippi left an indelible impression on my mind. No description of that vast volume of water slowly moving before my eyes ever seemed at all adequate until, years afterward, I read Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," and his account of the scene when his hero awakes on a raft floating down the great river struck a responsive chord in my heart. It was the first description that ever answered at all to the picture in my mind. Very interesting to me were sundry later excursions to Boston, generally on university or other business. At one of these I purchased the library of President Sparks for the university, and, staying some days, had the pleasure of meeting many noted men—among them Mr. Josiah Quincy, whose reminiscences were to me very interesting, his accounts of conversations with John Adams perhaps more so than anything else. At various clubs I met most charming people, the most engrossing of these being Arthur Gilman, the architect: then, and at other times, I sat up with him late into the night,—once, indeed, the entire night,—listening to his flow of quaint wit and humor. The range of his powers was perhaps best shown in a repetition of what he claimed to be the debate in the city council of Boston on his plans for a new city hall, which were afterward adopted. The speeches in Irish brogue, Teutonic Jargon, and down−east Yankee dialect, with utterances interposed here and there by solemnly priggish members, were inimitable. His pet antipathy seemed to be the bishop of the diocese, Dr. Eastburn. Stories were told to the effect that Gilman, early in life, had desired to take orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but that the bishop refused to ordain him, on the ground that he lacked the requisite discretion. Hence, perhaps his zeal in preaching what he claimed to be the bishop's sermons. Dr. Eastburn was much given to amplification, and Gilman always insisted that he had heard him once, when preaching on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, discuss the prayer of Dives in torments for a drop of water, as follows: "To this, my brethren, under the circumstances entirely natural, but, at the same time, no less completely inadmissible request, the aged patriarch replied."

The bishop, who enjoyed a reputation for eloquence, was wont to draw his lungs full of air at frequent periods during his discourses, thus keeping his voice strong, as skilful elocutionists advise; and on one very warm summer afternoon, according to Gilman's account, a little boy in the congregation, son of one of the most distinguished laymen in the diocese, becoming very uneasy and begging his mother to allow him to go home, she had quieted

him several times by assuring him that the bishop would soon be through, when, just at one of the most impressive passages, the bishop having drawn in his breath as usual, the little boy screamed so as to be heard throughout the church, "No, he won't stop, mama; no, he won't stop; don't you see he has just blowed hisself up again?"

Gilman also told us a story of the bishop's catechizing the children in a Boston church, when, having taken the scriptural account of Jonah and carried the prophet into the whale's belly, he asked very impressively, "And now, children, how do you suppose that Jonah felt?" Whereupon little Sohier, son of the noted lawyer, piped out, "Down in the mouth, sir." Gilman insisted that the bishop was exceeding wroth, and complained to the boy's father, who was unable to conceal from the bishop his delight at his son's answer.

At one visit or another, mainly during the years of my connection with Cornell University, I met at Boston, pleasantly, the men who were then most distinguished in American literature. One of these, who interested me especially, was Ticknor, author of the "History of Spanish Literature." Longfellow always seemed to me a most lovely being, whether at Nahant or at Cambridge. Lowell was wonderfully brilliant as well as kindly, and Edward Everett Hale delightful. It was the time of Hale's short stories in the "Atlantic Monthly," which seem to me the best ever written. Oliver Wendell Holmes I met so rarely that I have little memory of his brilliant conversation. Emerson I met then and at other times,—once, especially, in a railway train during one of his Western lecture tours; he was then reading the first volume of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," and, on my asking him how he liked it, instead of showing his usual devotion to the author, he burst forth into a stream of protests against Carlyle's "everlasting scolding at Dryasdust." A man who was as much overrated then as he is underrated now was Whipple, the essayist; he was always bright, and often suggestive; but too reliant upon a style which is now out of date,—frequently summoning "alliteration's artful aid," and resorting to other devices, fashionable then, but now discarded. Perhaps the best of all his sentences was the one on the three great statesmen of that period, to the effect that Webster was INductive, Calhoun DEductive, and Clay SEductive; which was not only well stated but true. Very vividly comes back to me a supper−party given early in 1875 at the house of James T. Fields, in celebration of Bayard Taylor's birthday. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Fields and Taylor were present Richard H. Dana, eminent in law and letters; Cranch, then known both as a painter and poet; Mr. Osgood; and myself. Taylor recited, as I had heard him do at other times, from the productions of the Georgia poet, Chivers, and especially from the "Eonx of Ruby." Chivers, according to Taylor's showing, had become infatuated with Poe, and adorned his verses with every sort of beautiful word which he could coin, the result being as nonsensical a medley as was ever known. Earlier in the evening, Taylor, Fields, and myself had each of us been giving a lecture, and this led Taylor to speak of a recent experience of his while holding forth in one of the smaller towns of Massachusetts. The chairman of the lecture committee, being seated beside him on the platform, and wishing to entertain him with edifying conversation while the audience was coming in remarked that they had had rather a trying experience during the lecture of the week before. On Taylor's asking what it was, the chairman answered: "The lecturer was seized by a virago on the stage." He meant vertigo. Dana told good stories of old Dr. Osgood of Medford, whose hatred of Democracy was shown not only in his well−known reading of Governor Gerry's proclamation, but in his bitter sermon at the election of Thomas Jefferson. At this some one gave a story regarding our contemporary Dr. Osgood, the eminent Unitarian clergyman, who, toward the end of his life, had gone into the Protestant Episcopal Church. I had known him as a man of much ability and power, but with a rather extraordinary way of asserting himself and patronizing people. He had recently died, and a legend had arisen that, on his arrival in the New Jerusalem, being presented to St. Paul, he said: "Sir, I have derived both profit and pleasure from your writings, and have commended them to my congregation."

Our host, Fields, was especially delightful. He gave reminiscences of his stay with Tennyson on the Isle of Wight—among others, of taking a walk with him one dark evening when, suddenly, the great poet fell on his knees, and seeming to burrow in the grass called out gutturally and gruffly: "Man, get down on your marrow−bones; here are violets." Fields also gave reminiscences of Charles Sumner, showing the great senator's utter lack of any sense of humor, and among them a story of his summoning his office−boy to his presence on the eve of the Fourth of July and addressing him on this wise: "Patrick, to−morrow is the natal day of our Republic; it is a day for public rejoicing, a time of patriotic festivity. You need not come to the office; go out and rejoice with our fellow−citizens that your lot is cast in so happy a country. Here are fifty cents; I advise you to pass the day at the cemetery of Mount Auburn."

Very interesting to me were sundry excursions in the Southern States, the first as far back as 1864. After attending the Baltimore Convention which renominated Mr. Lincoln, and paying my respects to him at Washington, as stated in my political reminiscences, I went somewhat later to Richmond. Libby Prison had a sad interest for me, as for many at that time, and on all sides was seen the havoc of war; but perhaps the most curious feature of my stay was a visit to the house which had served as the White House of the Confederacy—the dwelling of Jefferson Davis, for, just as I entered the door I met one of the arch antislavery men of New England, Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven. Both of us were happy at the outcome of the war, but it was with a very solemn sort of joy that we thus met in such a place. I seemed to hear, as so often in the South of that day, and, indeed, in the North also, that fearful prophecy of Thomas Jefferson—when speaking of slavery in the Southern States—beginning with the words, "I tremble when I remember that God is just." Halting at Gettysburg on my return northward, I found marks of the terrible contest of the previous year still vivid. For miles, in all directions, on the roads and through the fields, were fragments of shell, of cannon, of harness, of clothing, and equipments of every sort. The trees, especially those near the great centers of the struggle, where the cemetery now is, were gashed and torn in trunk and branches, and here and there were to be seen fragments of human bodies which, having been too hastily buried, had been washed out by the rains.

About ten years later,—February, 1875,—being much worn with labor and care at the university, I made a short stay in the more Southern States, my first stop being at Washington, where I passed an interesting evening at the Executive Mansion with President Grant, who was as simple and cordial in manner as ever. The next day I left Washington for Richmond and the far South, and on the morning following was aroused at one of the way−stations by hearing negroes singing in a neighboring car. They were happy at the prospect of breakfast, but a curious preliminary was that each came out upon the platform, and, taking a currycomb which was hung up for the purpose, curried himself, much as an ostler administers that treatment to a horse—every negro grasping in his turn the large wooden handle and pulling the iron teeth through his plentiful wool.

Stopping next at Columbia in South Carolina, I saw flagrant examples of carpet−bag rule; but of those in the State−house I have already spoken. Here was a focus of Southern feeling; and at the State University, which was charmingly situated, and altogether a most fitting home for scholars and thinkers, I was taken into the library where formerly stood the bust of Francis Lieber, once a professor in the institution. Never had the South a wiser or better friend. In after years I knew, loved, and respected him. No man with a deeper knowledge of free institutions, or with greater love for them, has ever lived in our country; but when the news came to his old university, where he had been so greatly admired, that he was true to the Union, his marble bust was torn from its place, dishonored, and destroyed. There could be no better illustration of Bishop Butler's idea of "a possible insanity of States."

On Sunday, having been taken by one of the professors in the university to a Protestant Episcopal church for colored people, of which he was rector, I was surprised at the light color and real beauty of many of the women present: nowhere, save in Jamaica, had I seen people of mixed races so attractive. In Charleston there were on all sides ruins, due not only to the Civil War, but to the more recent fire and earthquake. It all seemed as if the vengeance of Heaven had been wrought upon the city. My sympathies were deeply enlisted; I felt no anger over the past, no exultation. I was taken to a home for Confederate orphans and to another for widows, and in both were pointed out to me members of families, now hopelessly destitute, who before the war lived in luxury. In no city, at home or abroad, have I ever seen a line of stately mansions which seemed more fitting abodes for wealth and culture than those upon the esplanade at Charleston; in the days gone by a noble hospitality had centered there, but all was now silent and distressed.

On the 4th of March we arrived in Florida and found it fascinating. Never before had I been farther south upon the mainland of the United States than Charleston, and never had I seen anything of this region, save when the frigate bearing the Santo Domingo Commission touched at Key West. Among the most characteristic things at Jacksonville was a large church belonging to the negro Baptists, who were evidently the leading sect. The church was large, but unfinished, and a main feature of every service was passing the hat for contributions. The services were singular indeed. There was one old negro pastor who, though he could read little if at all, had schooled himself to look into the Bible while reciting parts of chapters, and to keep his eyes upon the pages of his hymnal while repeating the hymns; and a very weighty function was the reading of notices of every sort of social gathering, especial prominence being given to meetings of fire−engine companies. The number of Northern

visitors was very large, and it was evident that the negro managers of the congregation felt the importance of keeping on good terms with all of them without regard to party; for, on one occasion, as the pastor was giving these notices, slowly deciphering them, with the aid of a younger minister, and reading them mechanically, he began as follows: "Dere will be a meetin' of de Republikins of dis ward"—and instantly a number of the brethren started to their feet, and put up their hands with a long "Hu−u−u−sh!" The preacher was greatly embarrassed and passed on immediately to "There will be a meeting of No. 2 Fire Company," etc., etc. Most hearty of all was the singing, in which the whole congregation joined loudly and with voices clear and silvery. After the services were over there came regularly what was called the "sperritual part." Some one of the more gifted singers—of whom, perhaps, the most satisfactory was a young colored man in a black velvet coat and a brilliant red tie—came forward, stood before the pulpit, and began a long solo—as a rule, with scores of verses. One was on the creation, another on the flood, each verse paraphrasing the scriptural account; and the refrain, in which the whole congregation joined, was as follows:

"Ole Pharaoh he got law−s−t—
Got law−s−t, got law−s−t—
Ole Pharaoh he got drownded
In the Re−e−e−e−d Sea."

But soon came a song which amazed me. It was totally different in character from any of the others, and was called "The Seven Glories of Mary." One of the verses ran as follows:

"An' de berry next glory dat Mary she had,
It was de glory of sebben—
It was dat her Son Jesus he tolled de bells of hebben;"

and then, as at the end of each verse, came from the whole congregation the refrain:

"Oh, trials an' tribulashuns!
I'm gwine to quit dis world."

Next day I sent for the singer and asked him where he had learned his songs. His answer was, "Boss, I made 'em up myself." To this I answered, "Quite likely, some of them; but not 'The Seven Glories of Mary.' " He thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, boss, you 're right; dat song I brought down from ole Virginny." It was as I had thought. The song was an old Christmas carol, evidently brought from England in Colonial times; and the negroes, having substituted here and there a word or a phrase which struck them as finer than the original had preserved it.

Strange, indeed, were the devotions of this great congregation. Occasionally some old plantation negro, gray−headed and worn with labor, would rise and lead in the prayers with a real inspiration, pouring out his whole heart, with all its hopes and sorrows. Never have I heard more pathetic supplications. More than once I have seen tears streaming from the eyes of the Northern visitors, and then, almost in a moment, the same faces wreathed in smiles at some farce in giving out the notices or in taking up the collections.

A charming episode in this Florida stay was an excursion up the St. John's River, through beautiful semi−tropical vegetation. But one thing was exceedingly vexatious. On the deck of the steamer were various tourists who enjoyed themselves by shooting the beautiful birds and interesting saurians of the region—mere wanton killing, with never any stop to pick up the bodies of these creatures. It reminded me of the old wastefulness in the North,—the exhaustive fishing of the rivers and streams, especially the trout−streams; the killing of deer by hundreds; and the wanton extermination of the buffalo. Wonderful to me were the great springs of the region—springs so large that the little steamer could make its way to them and upon them, so that from the deck we could look far, far down into the depths as through clear crystal. Most interesting of the people I met were Professor and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who were passing the winter in their house at Mandarin near by, and invited us to visit them. Theirs was a happy−go−lucky sort of life, in a simple cottage surrounded by great orange orchards, beyond which was a fringe of palmettos. On the morning after our arrival, Mrs. Stowe came in and said, "Well, we shall have dinner." To which I said, "Of course we shall." "No," said she, "not 'of course,' for when I awoke this morning there was nothing for dinner in the house, and no prospect of anything in the village; but, taking my walk, I met a negro with a magnificent wild turkey which he had just shot, and that we will have." Just before dinner, our hostess and I walked out into the orange orchard and there picked from the trees a large market−basket full of the most beautiful oranges ever seen,—large, sweet, and juicy; and these, embedded deftly

by her in a great mass of rich green leaves, glorified the table during the discussion of the turkey, and became our dessert. Never was there a more sumptuous dinner, and never better talk. Mrs. Stowe was at her best, and the Doctor abounded in quaint citations from French memoirs, of which he was an indefatigable reader.

On the way North I stopped again at Charleston, visiting Drayton Hall, a fine old mansion dating from 1740, but never completed, surrounded by beautiful gardens filled with great azaleas in full bloom, the most gorgeous I have ever seen in any part of the world; but a cloud seemed to rise over it all when we were told that, except in winter, remaining on the island was for white people certain death. In all this journey through the South I added much to my library regarding Secession and the Civil War; accumulating newspapers, tracts, and books which became the nucleus of the large Civil War collection at Cornell. Then, too, there were talks with people on the train and in the hotels, sometimes profitable and sometimes amusing. As to the feeling between the whites and the negroes, a former master said to me, "My old niggers will do anything I wish except cast their ballots for me; they will give me anything they have in this world except their votes; they would starve themselves for me, but they won't vote for me." Among myriads of stories I heard one which seemed to argue more philosophic power in the negro than many suppose him to possess. A young planter at one of the Southern watering−places appeared every day terribly bitten by mosquitos, so that, finally, some of the guests said to his negro body−servant, "Bob, why don't you take pains to protect your master with mosquito curtains?" To which the negro answered, "No use in it, sah; de fact is, sah, dat in de night−time Mars Tom is too drunk to care for de skeeters, and in de daytime de skeeters is too drunk to care for Mars Tom." There was also a revelation of negro religious feeling in a story told me regarding "Thad" Stevens. Mr. Stevens was in his day, on many accounts, the most powerful member of the House of Representatives—at times a very stern mentor to Mr. Lincoln, and to President Johnson a terror. I remember him as rough and of acrid humor, but with a sort of rugged power. The story was that one day, while at dinner, he heard at the sideboard the crash of a platter, and immediately, in a fury, called out, with a bitter oath, "Well, you idiot ————, what have you broken now?" To which the negro woman answered, "Bress de good Lord, it ain't de third commandmunt."

There were various other journeys on American soil, and among them a very delightful summer stay, in 1884, at Nantucket; but of all the impressions upon me at that period perhaps the strongest was made by a piece of crass absurdity not unusual in a certain stratum of American society. Making an excursion with my friend President Gilman from Nantucket to the United States Fisheries Station at Woods Hole, we stopped overnight at Martha's Vineyard, a beautiful little island which has now become a sort of saints' rest where, during the summer, a certain class of pious New Englanders of the less intellectual type crowd themselves into little cottages and enjoy a permanent camp−meeting. Never, except, perhaps, among the dervishes of Cairo, have I seen any religion more repulsive. On the evening of our arrival, Gilman and I went into the large skating−rink where a German band was blowing its best, and a large concourse of young men and women from the various pious families of the place were disporting themselves. Dancing was not allowed them, and so, with their arms around each other's waists, they were executing various gyrations on roller−skates to the sound of this music. Presently, as I sat rather listlessly looking on, I was struck by a peculiar change in the tune. Gilman, too, seemed in a way paralyzed by it; and, turning to him, I said, "Tell me what that music is." Then he came out of his daze and said, "Great heavens! it is 'Nearer, my God, to Thee'—played as a waltz!" So it was. The whole thing, to any proper religious, moral, or esthetic sense, was ghastly. These pious young men and women, who, on no account, were allowed to dance, were going through something far more indecent than any dancing I had ever seen, and to music which was a travesty of one of the most sacred of Christian compositions. I have long regarded camp−meetings as among the worst influences to which our rural youth are subjected—Joe Miller jokes in the pulpit, hysterics in the pews, with an atmosphere often blasphemous and sometimes erotic. A devoted country clergyman doing his simple duty—trying to lift his congregation to better views of life, partaking their joys and alleviating their sorrows, often a martyr to meddlesome deacons or to pompous trustees, and his wife a prey to the whimsical wives of opinionated pew−owners—such a man I deeply revere; but the longer I live the more I am convinced that the professional revivalist and the sensation preacher are necessarily and normally foes both to religion and to civilization.

CHAPTER LII. ENGLAND REVISITED—1885

In 1885, having resigned the presidency at Cornell, after twenty years of service, I went to Europe; my main purpose being to leave my successor untrammeled as to any changes which he might see fit to make. He was an old friend and student of mine whom, when the trustees had asked me to nominate a man to follow me I had named as the best man I knew for the work to be done; but, warm as were the relations between us, I made up my mind that it was best to leave him an entirely free hand for at least a year.

Crossing the ocean, I had the close companionship of Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown"), and he was at his best. Among the stories he told was one of Browning. The poet one morning, hearing a noise in the street before his house, went to his window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinamen in gorgeous costumes who were just leaving their carriages to mount his steps. Presently they were announced as the Chinese minister at the Court of St. James and his suite. A solemn presentation having taken place, Browning said to the interpreter, "May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of his Excellency's visit?" The interpreter replied, "His Excellency is a poet in his own country." Thereupon the two poets shook hands heartily. Browning then said, "May I ask to what branch of poetry his Excellency devotes himself?" to which the interpreter answered, "His Excellency devotes himself to poetical enigmas." At this Browning, recognizing fully the comic element in the situation, extended his hand most cordially, saying, "His Excellency is thrice welcome, he is a brother, indeed."

The month of October was passed in the southwest of England, and there dwell in my mind recollections of Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and Bristol; but, above all, of a stay with the historian Freeman at Wells. The whole life of that charming cathedral town and its neighborhood was delightful. Freeman's kindness opened all doors to us. The bishop, Lord Arthur Hervey, showed us kindly hospitality at his grand old castle, which we had entered by a drawbridge over the moat. Of especial interest to me was a portrait of one of his predecessors—dear old Bishop Ken, whose morning and evening hymns are among the most beautiful ties between England and the United States. In the evening, dining with the magistrates and lawyers, I heard good stories, among them some characterizing various eminent members of the profession, and of these I especially remember one at the expense of the late Lord Chancellors Westbury and Cranworth. Lord Cranworth, after the amalgamation of law and equity, was for some time in the habit of going to sit with the new judges in order to familiarize himself with the reformed practice, whereupon some one asked Lord Westbury, "Why does 'Cranny' go to sit with the judges?" to which Westbury answered, "Doubtless from a childish fear of being alone in the dark."

Next day I was invited to sit with the squires in the Court of Quarter Sessions, and was greatly interested in their mode of administering justice. There was a firmness, but at the same time a straightforward common sense about it all which greatly pleased me. A visit to Wells Cathedral with Freeman was in its way ideal; for never in all my studies of mediaeval buildings have I had so good a guide. But perhaps the most curious experience of our stay was an attendance upon a political meeting at Glastonbury, in the Gladstonian interest. The first speech was made by the candidate, Sir Hugh Davey; and in his anxiety to propitiate his hearers he began by addressing them as men whose ancestors had for centuries shown their devotion to free principles, and had especially given proof of this by hanging the last Abbot of Glastonbury at the old tower above the town. But, shortly afterward, when Freeman began his speech, it was evident that his love of historical truth and his devotion to church principles would not permit him to pass this part of Davey's harangue unnoticed. Referring then respectfully to his candidate for Parliament, Freeman went on to say in substance that his distinguished friend was in error; that the last Abbot of Glastonbury was not a traitor, but a martyr—a martyr to liberty, and a victim of that arch−enemy of liberty, Henry VIII. Any one who had heard Freeman in America as a lecturer would have been amazed at his ability as a political speaker. As a lecturer, trying to be eloquent while reading a manuscript, he was generally ineffective and sometimes comical,—worse even than the general run of lecturers in the German universities, and that is saying much; but as a public speaker he was excellent—so much so that, congratulating him afterward, and bearing in mind the fact that he had been formerly defeated for Parliament, I assured him that if he would come to America and make speeches like that, we would most certainly put him in Congress and keep him there.

Toward the end of October we went on to Exeter, and there, at Heavitree Church, heard Bishop Bickersteth preach admirably, meeting him afterward at our luncheon with the vicar, and taking supper with him at the

episcopal palace. He was perhaps best known in America as the author of the poem, "Yesterday, To−day, and Forever"; and of this he gave me a copy, remarking that every year he received from the American publisher a check for fifty pounds, though there was no copyright requiring any payment whatever. In his study he showed me a copy of "The Book Annexed," which presented the enrichments and emendations which a number of devout scholars and thinkers were endeavoring to make in the Prayer−book of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, and he spoke with enthusiasm of these additions, which, alas! have never yet been adopted.

Next came a visit to Torquay, where Kent's Cavern, with its prehistoric relics, interested me vastly. Looking at them, there could be no particle of doubt regarding the enormous antiquity of the human race. There were to be seen the evidences of man's existence scattered among the remains of animals long ago extinct—animals which must have lived before geological changes which took place ages on ages ago. Mixed with remains of fire and human implements and human bones were to be seen not only bones of the hairy mammoth and cave−bear, woolly rhinoceros and reindeer, which could have been deposited there only in a time of arctic cold, but bones of the hyena, hippopotamus, saber−toothed tiger, and the like, which could have been deposited only when the climate was torrid. The conjunction of these remains clearly showed that man had lived in England early enough and long enough to pass through times of arctic cold, and times of torrid heat; times when great glaciers stretched far down into England and, indeed, into the Continent, and times when England had a land connection with the European continent, and the European continent with Africa, allowing tropical animals to migrate freely from Africa to the middle regions of England.

The change wrought by such discoveries as these, not only in England, but in Belgium, France, and elsewhere, as regards our knowledge of the antiquity of the human race and the character of the creation process, is one of the great things of our epoch.[11]

[11] I have discussed this more fully in my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Vol. I, chap. vi.

Thence we visited various cathedral towns, being shown delightful hospitality everywhere. There remains vividly in my memory a visit to Worcester, where the dean, Lord Alwyn Compton, now Bishop of Ely, went over the cathedral with us, and showed us much kindness afterward at the deanery—a mediaeval structure, from the great window of which we looked over the Severn and the famous Cromwellian battle−field.

Salisbury we found beautiful as of old; then to Brighton and to "The Bungalow" of Halliwell−Phillips the Shaksperian scholar, and never have I seen a more quaint habitation. On the height above the town Phillips had brought together a number of portable wooden houses, and connected them with corridors and passages until all together formed a sort of labyrinth; the only clue being in the names of the corridors, all being chosen from Shakspere, and each being enriched with Shaksperian quotations appropriate and pithy. At his table during our stay we met various interesting guests, one of whom suggested the idea regarding the secret of Carlyle's cynicism and pessimism to which reference is made in my "Warfare of Science." Next came visits to various country houses, all delightful, and then a stay at Oxford, to which I was reinitiated by James Bryce; and for two weeks it was a round of interesting visits, breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners with the men best worth knowing at the various colleges. Interesting was a visit to All Souls College, which, having been founded as a place where sundry "clerks" should pray for the souls of those killed at the battle of Crecy, had, as Sir William Anson, its present head, showed me, begun at last doing good work after four hundred years of uselessness. In the chapel was shown me the restored reredos, which was of great size, extending from floor to ceiling, taking the place of the chancel window usual in churches, and made up of niches filled with statues of saints. As the heads of all the earlier statues had been knocked off during the fanatical period, there had been substituted, during the recent restoration, new statues of saints bearing the heads of noted scholars and others connected with the college, among which Max Muller once pointed out to me his own, and a very good likeness it was. Interesting to me were Bryce's rooms at Oriel, for they were those in which John Henry Newman had lived: at that hearth was warmed into life the Oxford Movement. At one of the Oriel dinners, Bryce spoke of the changes at Oxford within his memory as enormous, saying that perhaps the greatest of these was the preference given to laymen over clergymen as heads of colleges. An example of this was the president of Magdalen. I had met him not many years before in Switzerland, as a young man, and now he had become the head of this great college, one of the foremost in the university. This impressed me all the more because my memory suggested a comparison between him and the president at my first visit, thirty years before: Warren, the present president, being an active−minded layman

hardly over thirty, and his predecessor, Routh, a doctor of divinity, who was then in his hundredth year. It was curious to see that, while this change had been made to lay control, various relics of clerical dominance were still in evidence, and, among these, the surplice worn by Bryce, a member of Parliament, when he read the lessons from the lectern in Oriel chapel. At another dinner I was struck by a remark of his, that our problems in America seemed to him simple and easy compared with those of England; but as I revise these recollections, twenty years later, and think of the questions presented by our acquisitions in the West Indies and in the Philippine and Hawaiian islands, as well as the negro problem in the South and Bryanism in the North, to say nothing of the development of the Monroe Doctrine and the growth of socialistic theories, the query comes into my mind as to what he would think to−day.

November 9, 1885.

Dining at All Souls with Professor Dicey, I met Professor Gardiner, the historian, whom I greatly liked; his lecture on "Ideas in English History," which I had heard in the afternoon, was suggestive, thorough, and interesting: he is evidently one of the historians whose work will last. In the hall I noted Lord Salisbury's portrait in the place of honor.

Tuesday, November 10.

Breakfasting at Oriel with Bryce, I met Broderick, warden of Merton, and there was an interesting political discussion. Bryce thought Chamberlain had alarmed the well−to−do classes, but trusted to Gladstone to bring matters around right, and, apropos of some recent occurrences, remarked upon the amazing depth of spite revealed in the blackballing at clubs. Took lunch at Balliol, where the discussion upon general and American history was interesting. Dined with Bryce at Oriel, and, the discussion falling upon English and American politics, sundry remarks of Fowler, president of Corpus Christi College, were pungent. He evidently thinks bitterly of political corruption in America, and I find this feeling everywhere here; politely concealed, of course, but none the less painful. I could only say that the contents of the caldron should not be judged from the scum thrown to the surface. In the evening to Professor Freeman's and met Mr. Hunt, known as a writer and an examiner in history. He complained bitterly of the cramming system, as so many do; thought that Jowett had done great harm by promoting it, and that the main work now done is for position in the honor list,—cram by tutors being everything and lectures nothing.

Wednesday, November 11.

Took luncheon with Fowler, president of Corpus Christi, a most delightful and open−minded man. I have enjoyed no one here more, few so much. We discussed the teaching of ethics, he lamenting the coming in of Hegelianism, which seems mainly used by sophists in upholding outworn dogmas. Afterward we took a long stroll together, discussing as we walked his admirable little book on "Progress in Morals"; I suggesting some additions from my own experience in America. In the afternoon came Professor Freeman's lecture on Constantine. It was a worthy presentation of a great subject, but there were fewer than ten members of the university present, and only two of these remained until the close. In the evening I dined at Balliol, and, the conversation falling upon the eminent master of the college, Jowett, and his friendship with Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford, and Freeman, a budding cynic recalled the verses:

"I go first; my name is Jowett;
I am the Master of Balliol College;
Whatever's worth knowing, be sure that I know it;
Whatever I don't know is not knowledge."[12]

[12] This is given differently in Tuckwell's reminiscences.

Whereupon some one cited a line from an Oxford satire: "Stubbs butters Freeman, and Freeman butters Stubbs"; at which I could only say that Jowett, Stubbs, and Freeman had seemed to me, in my intercourse with them, anything but dogmatic, pragmatic, or unctuous.

November 13.

In the morning breakfasted with Bryce and a dozen or more graduates and undergraduates in the common room at Oriel, and was delighted with the relations between instructors and instructed then shown. Nothing could be better. The discussion turning upon Froude, who had evidently fascinated many of the younger men by his style, Bryce was particularly severe against him for his carelessness as to truth. This reminded me of a remark made to me by Moncure Conway, I think, that Froude had begun with the career of a novelist, for which he had

decided gifts; that Carlyle had then made him think this sort of work unworthy, urging him to write history; and that Froude had carried into historical writing the characteristics of a romance−writer. In the afternoon to a beautiful concert in the great hall of Christ Church. A curious sort of accommodation in quasi−boxes was provided by pushing the dining−tables to the sides of the room and placing the audience in chairs upon them and in front of them; it seemed to me more serviceable than cleanly. In the evening dined at Lincoln College with the rector, Dr. Merry, who was very agreeable and entertaining, giving interesting accounts of his predecessor, Mark Pattison, and of Wilberforce when Bishop of Oxford. One of the guests, a fellow of New College, told me that some fifty years ago an American, being entertained there showed the college dons how to make mint−julep, or something of the sort, and then sent them a large silver cup with the condition that it should be filled with this American drink every year on the anniversary of the donor's visit, and that this is regularly done. This pious donor must have been, I think, "Nat" Willis.

Sunday, November 15.

Lunched with Johnson, fellow of Merton, and met my old friend Mlle. Blaze du Bury. Her comments, from the point of view of a brilliant young Frenchwoman, on all she saw about her at Oxford were pungent and suggestive. In the evening heard the Archbishop of York Thompson, preach at St. Mary's. He urged the students to consecrate themselves by their example to the maintenance of a better standard of morality; but, despite his strength and force, the sermon seemed heavy and perfunctory.

November 16.

To Windsor with a party of friends, and as we had a special permit to see a large number of rooms and curious objects not usually shown, the visit was very interesting. Sadly suggestive was Gordon's Bible, every page having its margins covered with annotations in his own hand: it was brought from Khartoum after his murder, presented by his sister to the Queen, and is now preserved in an exquisitely wrought silver casket.

Tuesday, November 18.

Visited Somerville Hall for women, which shows a vast advance over Oxford as I formerly knew it. To think that its creation honors the memory of a woman who attained her high scientific knowledge in spite of every discouragement, and who, when she had attained it, was denounced outrageously from the pulpit of York Minster for it! Dined at Merton College with the warden, Hon. George Broderick, in the hall, which has been most beautifully restored by Sir Gilbert Scott. When will the founders of our American colleges and universities understand the vast educational value of surroundings like these, and especially of a "hall" in which students meet every day, beneath storied windows and the busts and portraits of the most eminent men in the history of science, literature, and public service?

In answer to the question whether in American universities there was anything like the association between instructors and students in England, I spoke of the evolution of our fraternity houses as likely to bring about something of the sort. The fraternal relation between teachers and taught is certainly the best thing in the English universities, and covers a multitude of sins. If I were a great millionaire I would establish in our greater universities a score or so of self−governing colleges, each with comfortable lodging−rooms and studies and with its own library and dining−hall. In the common room, after dinner, I sat next Professor Wallace, whose book on Kant I had read. He thinks the system of ethics really predominant in England is modified Kantianism.

November 19.

To Mortimer, near Reading, on a visit to Sir Paul Hunter, who once visited me at Cornell. Extracts from my diary of this visit are as follows:

November 20.

To Bearwood, the seat of John Walter, M.P., proprietor of the "Times," and for the first time in my life saw a fox hunt, with the meet, the huntsmen in red coats, and all the rest of it.

November 21.

Visited the old Abbey Church at Reading with Sir Paul, and in the evening met various interesting people at dinner, among them Sir John Mowbray, M.P. for Oxford and Mr. Walter.

Sunday, November 22.

After morning service in the beautiful parish church which, with its schools, was the gift of Mr. Benyon, several of us took a walk to Silchester, with its ruins of an old Roman bath, on the Duke of Wellington's estate. In the evening Mr. Walter, who usually appears so reticent and quiet, opened himself to me quite freely, speaking

very earnestly regarding the unfortunate turn which the question between Catholics and Protestants has taken in England under pressure from the Vatican, especially as regards marriages, and illustrating his view by some most suggestive newspaper cuttings. He also gave me what he claimed was the true story of Earl Russell's conduct in letting out the Confederate cruisers against us during the Civil War, attributing it to the fact that an underling charged with preventing it went suddenly mad, so that the matter did not receive early attention. But this did not modify my opinion of Earl Russell. Thank Heaven, he lived until he saw Great Britain made to pay heavily for his obstinacy. Pity that he did not live to see the present restoration of good feeling between the two countries; esto perrpetua (1905).

Monday, November 23.

In the afternoon drove to "Bramshill," the magnificent seat of Sir William Cope; after all, there has never been any domestic architecture so noble as the Elizabethan and Jacobean. In the evening to a Tory meeting, Sir John Mowbray presiding; his opening speech astounded me. Presenting the claims of his party, he said that the Tories were not only the authors of extended suffrage under Lord Beaconsfield, but that they ought also to have the credit of free trade in grain, since Sir Robert Peel had supported the bill for the repeal of the corn laws. Remembering the treatment which Sir Robert Peel received from Disraeli and the Tory party for this very act, it seemed to me that Sir John's speech was the coolest thing I had ever heard in my life. It was taken in good part, however. In America I am quite sure that such a speech would have been considered an insult to the audience.

November 24.

To Cambridge, where I met a number of old friends, including Dr. Waldstein, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and Sedley Taylor, fellow of Trinity; and in the evening dined at King's College with the former and a number of interesting men, including Westcott, the eminent New Testament scholar (since Bishop of Durham).

November 26.

Dined at Trinity College with Sedley Taylor and others, and thence to the Politico−Economic Association to hear a discussion upon cooperation in production; those taking the principal part in the meeting being sundry leading men among the professors and fellows devoted to political economy. During the day I called on Robertson Smith, the eminent biblical critic, who, having been thrown out of the Free Church of Scotland for revealing sundry truths in biblical criticism a dozen years too soon, has been received into a far better place at Cambridge.

November 27.

Had a delightful hour during the morning in King's College chapel with Bradshaw, the librarian of the university—a most accomplished man. He has a passion for church architecture, and his discussions of the wonderful stained windows of the chapel were very interesting. The evening service at King's College was most beautiful: nothing could be more perfect than the antiphonal rendering of the Psalms by the two choirs and the great organ. More and more I am impressed by the EDUCATIONAL value of such things.

November 28.

During the greater part of the day in the library of Trinity College with Sedley Taylor. Years before, I had explored its treasures with Aldis Wright, but there were new things to fascinate me. Dining at King's College with Waldstein, met Professor Seeley, author of the "Life of Stein," a book which, ever since its appearance, has been an object of my admiration.

November 29.

In the morning, at King's College chapel, I was greatly struck by the acoustic properties of this immense building; for, having seated myself near the door at the west end, I distinctly heard every word of the prayer for the church militant as it was recited before the altar at the other end. Afterward, at Oscar Browning's rooms, looked over a multitude of interesting documents, including British official reports from New York during our War of the Revolution; and in the evening, at Waldstein's rooms, met Sir Henry Maine and discussed with him his book on "Popular Government." He interested me greatly, and I pointed out to him some things which, in my opinion, he might well dwell more strongly upon in future editions, and among these the popularity of the veto power in the United States, as shown in its extension by recent legislation of various States to items of supply bills.

At noon to luncheon at Christ's College with Professor Robertson Smith, the Scotch heretic. This was the Cambridge home of Milton and Darwin, interesting memorials of whom were shown me. Among the guests was

Dr. Creighton, professor of ecclesiastical history. The early part of Creighton's book on the "History of the Papacy During the Reformation Period" had especially interested me, and I now enjoyed greatly his knowledge of Italian matters. He discussed Tomasini's book on Machiavelli, and sundry new Italian books on the relations of the Popes and Fra Paolo Sarpi.

November 30.

Took tea at St. Mary's Hall with Sir Henry Maine, and continued our discussion on his "Popular Government," which, while opposed to democracy, pays a great tribute to the Constitution of the United States. Dined with Professor Creighton; met various interesting people, and discussed with him and Mrs. Creighton sundry points in English history, especially the career of Archbishop Laud; my opinion of Macaulay's injustice being confirmed thereby.

December 11.

Went in the morning with Sedley Taylor and Professor Stuart, M.P., an old friend of former visits, and inspected the mechanical laboratory and workshops. There were about seventy university men, more or less, engaged in these, and it was interesting to see English Cambridge adopting the same line which we have already taken at Cornell against so much opposition, and surprising to find the Cambridge equipment far inferior to that of Cornell. Afterward visited the polling booths for an election which was going on, and noted the extraordinary precautions against any interference with the secrecy of the ballot. Also to the Cavendish physical laboratory, which, like the mechanical laboratory, was far inferior in equipment to ours at Cornell. In the evening to the Greek play,—the "Eumenides" of aeschylus,—which was wonderfully well done. The Athena, Miss Case of Girton College, was superb; the Apollo imposing; the Orestes a good actor; and the music very effective. I found myself seated next Andrew Lang, so well known for his literary activity in various fields; and on speaking to him of the evident delights of life at Cambridge and Oxford, I found that he had outlived his enthusiasm on that subject.

December 2.

In the morning took a charming walk through St. Peter's, Queen's, and other colleges, enjoying their quiet interior courts, their halls and cloisters, the bridges across the Cam, and the walks beyond. Then to a lecture by Professor Seeley on "Forces of Government in History." It was admirably clear, though, in parts, perhaps too subtle. As to England he summed all up by saying that its present system was simply revolution at any moment. Walking home with him afterward, I asked why, if his statement were correct, it did not realize the old ideal in France—namely, that of "La revolution en permanence." At luncheon with Waldstein at King's College we found Lord Lytton, recently governor−general of India, known to literature as "Owen Meredith," with Lady Lytton; also Sir William Anson, provost of All Souls; as well as the Athena of last evening, Miss Case; the Orestes, the Apollo, Sir Henry Maine, and others. I was amused at the difference between Lord Lytton's way of greeting me and his treatment of Sir William Anson. When I was introduced, he at once took me by the hand, and began talking very cordially and openly; but when his eminent countryman was introduced, each eyed the other as if in suspicion, did not shake hands, bowed very coldly, and said nothing beyond muttering some one of the usual formulas. It was a curious example of the shyness of Englishmen in meeting each other, and of their want of shyness in meeting men from other countries. At table Lord Lytton spoke regarding the annexation of Burmah, likely to be accomplished by the dethronement of the king, Theebaw; said that it ought to have been accomplished long ago, and that the delay of action in the premises was due to English timidity. Both he and Lady Lytton were very agreeable. He gave an interesting account of a native drama performed before him in India at the command of one of the great princes, though speaking of it as "deadly dull." Speaking of difficulties in learning idioms, he told the story of a German professor who, priding himself on his thorough knowledge of English idioms, said, "We must, as you English say, take ze cow by ze corns." At this some one rejoined with the story of the learned baboo in India who spoke of something as "magnificent, soul−inspiring, and tip−top." As another example of baboo English was mentioned the inscription upon one of the show−cases in an exhibition in India: "All the goods in this case are for sale, but they cannot be removed until after the day of judgment."

In the evening met the Historical Club at Oscar Browning's rooms, and heard an admirable paper by Professor Seeley on "Bourbon Family Compacts." He said that the fact of their existence was not fully established until Ranke mentioned them, and that he, Seeley, then examined the English Foreign Office records and found them. He spoke of them as refuting the arguments of Macaulay and others as to the folly of supposing that different

branches of the same family on different thrones are likely to coalesce. Oscar Browning then read a paper on the flight of Louis XVI to Varennes. It was elaborate, and based on close study and personal observation. Browning had even taken measurements of the distance over which King Louis passed on that fatal night, with the result that he proved Carlyle's account to be entirely inaccurate, and his indictment against Louis XVI based upon it to be absurd. So far from the King having lumbered along slowly through the night in Mme. Korf's coach because he had not the force of character to make his driver go rapidly, Browning found that the journey was made in remarkably quick time.

December 3.

Breakfasting with Sedley Taylor, I met Professor Stuart, M.P., who thinks a great liberal, peaceful revolution in the English constitution will be accomplished within the next fifty years. Thence walked with Taylor to Newnham College, where we were very kindly received by Miss Gladstone, daughter of the prime minister, and shown all about the place. We were also cordially received by Miss Clough, and made the acquaintance of two American girls, one from New Jersey and the other from California. Much progress had been made since my former visit under the guidance of Professor and Mrs. Fawcett. Thence to Jesus College chapel and saw William Morris's stained glass, which is the most beautiful modern work of the kind known to me.

December 4.

Visited St. John's, St. Peter's, and other colleges; in the afternoon saw the eight−oared boats come down the river in fine style; and in the evening went to the annual "audit dinner" at Trinity College, the number of visitors in the magnificent hall being very large. I found myself between the vice−master, Trotter, and Professor Humphrey, the distinguished surgeon. The latter thought Vienna had shot ahead of Berlin in surgery, though he considered Billroth too venturesome, and praised recent American works on surgery, but thought England was still keeping the lead. At the close of the dinner came a curious custom. Two servants approached the vice−master at the head of the first table, laid down upon it a narrow roll of linen, and then the guests rolled this along by pushing it from either side until, when it had reached the other end, a strip of smooth linen was left along the middle of the whole table. Then a great silver dish, with ladles on either side, and containing some sort of fragrant fluid, was set in front of the vice−master, upon the narrow strip of linen which had formed the roll, and the same thing was repeated at each of the other tables. The vice−master having then filled a large glass at his side from the dish, and I, at his suggestion, having done the same, the great dish was pushed down the table to guest after guest, each following our example. Waiting to see what was to follow, I presently observed a gentleman near me dipping his napkin into his glass and vigorously scrubbing his face and neck with it, evidently to cool himself off after dinner; this was repeated with more or less thoroughness by others present; and then came a musical grace after meat—the non nobis, Domine —wonderfully given by the choir. In the combination room, afterward, I met most agreeably Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., a nephew of Macaulay, who has written an admirable biography of his uncle.

December 6.

Dined at Trinity College as the guest of Aldis Wright, and met a number of interesting men, among them Mahaffy, the eminent professor of Greek at Trinity College, Dublin. Both he and Wright told excellent stories. Among those of the latter was one of a Scotchwoman who, on being informed of the change made by the revisers in the Lord's Prayer,—namely, "and deliver us from the evil one,"—said, "I doot he'll be sair uplifted." Mahaffy gave droll accounts of Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. One of these had as its hero a country clergyman who came to ask Whately for a living which had just become vacant. The archbishop, thinking to have a little fun with his guest, said, "Of course, first of all, I must know what your church politics are: are you an attitudinarian, a latitudinarian, or a platitudinarian?" To which the parson replied, "Thank God, your Grace, I am not an Arian at all at all, if that's what ye mane." The point of this lay in the fact that among the charges constantly made by the High−church party against Whately was that of secret Unitarianism. But the reply so amused Whately that he bestowed the living on the old parson at once. Mahaffy also said that when Archbishop Trench, who was a man exceedingly mindful of the proprieties of life, arrived in Dublin he assured Mahaffy that he intended to follow in all things the example of his eminent predecessor, whereupon Mahaffy answered, "Should your Grace do so, you will in summer frequently sit in your shirt sleeves on the chains in front of your palace, swinging to and fro, and smoking a long pipe."

Some one capped this with a story that, on a visitor once telling Whately how a friend of his in a remote part

of Ireland had such confidence in the people about him that he never locked his doors, the archbishop quietly replied, "Some fine morning, when your friend wakes, he will find that he is the only spoon left in the house."

December 7.

For several days visiting attractive places in London. Of most interest to me were talks with Lecky, the historian. He especially lamented Goldwin Smith's expatriation, and referred to his admirable style, though regretting his lack of continuity in historical work. Though an Irishman devoted most heartily to Ireland, Lecky thought Gladstone's home rule policy suicidal. On my telling him of Oscar Browning's study of Louis XVI's flight to Varennes, he stood up for Carlyle's general accuracy. He liked Sir Henry Maine's book, but was surprised at so much praise for "The Federalist," since he thought Story's "Commentaries" much better. He thought Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" showed too much fondness for very large generalizations. He liked Hildreth's "History of the United States" better than Bancroft's, and I argued against this view. He praised Buckle's style, and when I asked him regarding his own "Eighteenth Century," he said it was to be longer than he had expected. As to his "European Morals," he said that it must be recast before it could be continued. Returning to the subject of home rule in Ireland, he said it was sure to lead to religious persecution and confiscation. He speaks in a very low, gentle voice, is tall and awkward, but has a very kind face, and pleases me greatly. During my stay in London I did some work in the British Museum on subjects which interested me, and at a visit to Maskelyne and Cooke's great temple of jugglery in Piccadilly saw a display which set me thinking. Few miracle−mongers have ever performed any feats so wonderful as those there accomplished; the men and women who take such pleasure in attributing spiritual and supernatural origin to the cheap jugglery of "mediums" should see this performance.

CHAPTER LIII. FRANCE, ITALY, AND SWITZERLAND—1886−1887

New Year's day of 1886 found my wife and myself again in Paris; and, during our stay of nearly a fortnight there, we met various interesting persons—among them Mr. McLane, the American minister at that post, whom I had last seen, over thirty years before, when we crossed the ocean together—he then going as minister to China, and I as attache to St. Petersburg. His discussions both of American and French politics were interesting; but a far more suggestive talker was Mme. Blaze de Bury. Though a Frenchwoman, she was said to be a daughter of Lord Brougham; his portrait hung above her chair in the salon, and she certainly showed a versatility worthy of the famous philosopher and statesman, of whom it was said, when he was appointed chancellor, that if he only knew a little law he would know a little of everything. She apparently knew not only everything, but everybody, and abounded in revelations and prophecies.

On the way from Paris to the Riviera we encountered at Lyons very cold weather, and, giving my wraps to my wife, I hurried out into the station in the evening, bought of a news−vender a mass of old newspapers, and, having swathed myself in these, went through the night comfortably, although our coupe was exposed to a most piercing wind.

Arriving at Cannes, we found James Bryce of the English Parliament, Baron George von Bunsen of the German Parliament, and Lord Acton (since professor of history at the University of Cambridge), all interesting men, but the latter peculiarly so: the nearest approach to omniscience I have ever seen, with the possible exception of Theodore Parker. Another person who especially attracted me was Sir Charles Murray, formerly British minister at Lisbon and Dresden. His first wife was an American,—Miss Wadsworth of Geneseo,—and he had traveled much in America—once through the Adirondacks with Governor Seymour of New York, of whom he spoke most kindly. Discussing the Eastern Question, he said that any nation, except Russia, might have Constantinople; he gave reminiscences of old King John of Saxony, who was very scholarly, but the last man in the world to be a king. Most charming of all were his reminiscences of Talleyrand. The best things during my stay were my walks and talks with Lord Acton, who was full of information at first hand regarding Gladstone and other leaders both in England and on the Continent. Although a Roman Catholic, he spoke highly of Fraser, late Anglican Bishop of Manchester. As to Americans, he had known Charles Sumner in America, but had not formed a high opinion of him, evidently thinking that the senator orated too much; he had with him a large collection of books, selected, doubtless, from his two large libraries, in London and in the Tyrol, and with this he astonished one as does a juggler who, from a single small bottle, pours out any kind of wine demanded. For example, one day, Bunsen, Bryce, and myself being with him, the first−named said something regarding a curious philological tract by Bernays, put forth when Bunsen was a student at Gottingen, but now entirely out of print. At this Lord Acton went to one of his shelves, took down this rare tract, and handed it to us. So, too, during one of our walks, the talk happening to fall upon one of my heroes, Fra Paolo Sarpi, I asked how it was that, while in the old church on the Lagoon at Venice I had at three different visits sought Sarpi's grave in vain, I had at the last visit found it just where I had looked for it before. At this he gave me a most interesting account of the opposition of Pope Gregory XVI—who, before his elevation to the papacy, had been abbot of the monastery —to Sarpi's burial within its sacred precincts, and of the compromise under which his burial was allowed. This compromise was that his bones, which had so long been kept in the ducal library to protect them from clerical hatred, might be buried in the church on the island, provided Sarpi were, during the ceremonies, honored simply as the discoverer of the circulation of the blood,—which he probably was not,—and not honored as the greatest statesman of Venice—which he certainly was. This, as I then supposed, closed the subject; but in the afternoon a servant came over, bringing me from Lord Acton a most interesting collection of original manuscripts relating to Sarpi,—a large part of them being the correspondence between the papal authorities and the Venetians who had wished to give Sarpi's bones decent burial, over half a century before. I now found that the reason why I had not discovered the grave was that the monks, as long as they were allowed control, had persisted in breaking up the tablet bearing the inscription; that they could not disturb the bones for the reason that Sarpi's admirers had inclosed them in a large and strong iron box, anchoring it so that it was very difficult to remove; but that since the death of the late patriarch and the abolition of monkish power the inscription over the grave had been allowed to remain

undisturbed.

During another of our morning walks the discussion having fallen on witchcraft persecution, Lord Acton called in the afternoon and brought me an interesting addition to my collection of curious books on that subject—a volume by Christian Thomasius.

On another of our excursions I asked him regarding the Congregation of the Index at Rome, and its procedure. To this he answered that individuals or commissions are appointed to examine special works and reports thereupon to the Congregation, which then allows or condemns them, as may seem best; and I marveled much when, in the afternoon of that day, he sent me specimens of such original reports on various books.

He agreed with me that the papal condemnation of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" was a mistake as a matter of policy—as great a mistake, indeed, as hundreds and thousands of other condemnations had been. Of Pope Leo XIII he spoke with respect, giving me an account of the very liberal concessions made by him at the Vatican library, so that it is now freely opened to Protestants, whereas it was formerly kept closely shut. At a later period this was confirmed to me by Dr. Philip Schaff, the eminent Protestant church historian, who told me that formerly at the Vatican library he was only allowed, as a special favor, to look at the famous Codex, with an attendant watching him every moment; whereas after Pope Leo XIII came into control he was permitted to study the Codex and take notes from it at his ease.

In another of his walks Lord Acton discussed Gladstone, whom he greatly admired, but pointed out some curious peculiarities in the great statesman and churchman, —among these, that he worshiped the memory of Archbishop Laud and detested the memory of William III.

Very interesting were sundry little dinners on Saturday evenings at the Cercle Nautique, at which I found not only Lord Acton, but Sir Henry Keating, a retired English judge; General Palfrey, who had distinguished himself in our Civil War; and a few other good talkers. At one of these dinners Sir Henry started the question: "Who was the greatest man that ever lived?" Lord Acton gave very interesting arguments in favor of Napoleon, while I did my best in favor of Caesar; my argument being that the system which Caesar founded maintained the Roman Empire during nearly fifteen hundred years after his death; that its fundamental ideas and features have remained effective in various great nations until the present day; and that they have in our own century shown themselves more vigorous than ever. Lord Acton insisted that we have no means of knowing the processes of Caesar's mind; that we know the mode of thinking of only two ancients, Socrates and Cicero; that possibly, if we knew more of Shakspere's mental processes, the preeminence might be claimed for him, but that we know nothing of them save from his writings; while we know Napoleon's thoroughly from the vast collections of memoirs, state papers, orders, conversations, etc., as well as in his amazing dealings with the problems of his time; that the scope and power of Napoleon's mental processes seem almost preternatural and of this he gave various remarkable proofs. He argued that considerations of moral character and aims, as elements in greatness, must be left out of such a discussion; that the intellectual processes and their results were all that we could really estimate in comparing men. Sir Henry Keating observed that his father, an officer in the British army, was vastly impressed by the sight of Napoleon at St. Helena; whereupon Lord Acton remarked that Thiers acknowledged to Guizot, who told Lord Acton, that Napoleon was "un scelerat." That seemed to me a rather strong word to be used by a man who had done so much to revive the Napoleonic legend Lord Acton also quoted a well−authenticated story—vouched for by two persons whom he named, one of them being the Count de Flahaut, who was present and heard the remark—that when the imperial guards broke at Waterloo, Napoleon said, "It has always been so since Crecy."

Toward the end of February we went on to Florence, and there met, frequently, Villari, the historian; Mantegazzi; and other leading Florentines. Mention being made of the Jesuit Father Curci, who had rebelled against what he considered the fatal influence of Jesuitism on the papacy, Villari thought him too scholastic to have any real influence. Of Settembrini he spoke highly as a noble character and valuable critic, though with no permanent place in Italian literature. He excused the tardiness of Italians in putting up statues to Giordano Bruno and Fra Paolo Sarpi, since they had so many other recent statues to put up. As I look back upon this conversation, it is a pleasure to remember that I have lived to see both these statues—that of Bruno, on the place in Rome where he was burned alive, and that of Sarpi, on the place in Venice where the assassins sent by Pope Paul V left him for dead.

Early in March we arrived in Naples, going piously through the old sights we had seen several times before. Revisiting Amalfi, I saw the archbishop pontificating at the cathedral: he was the finest−looking prelate I ever

saw, reminding me amazingly of my old professor, Silliman of Yale. Then, during the stay of some weeks in Sorrento, I took as an Italian teacher a charming old padre, who read his mass every morning in one of the churches and devoted the rest of the day to literature. He was at heart liberal, and it was from him that I received a copy of the famous "Politico−Philosophical Catechism," adopted by Archbishop Apuzzo of Sorrento, than which, probably, nothing more defiant of moral principles was ever written. The archbishop had been made by "King Bomba" tutor to his son, and no wonder that the young man was finally kicked ignominiously off his throne, and his country annexed to the Italian kingdom. This catechism, written years before by the elder Leopardi, but adopted and promoted by the archbishop, was devoted to maintaining the righteousness of all that system of extreme despotism, oath−breaking, defiance of national sentiment, and violations of ordinary decency, which had made the kingdom of Naples a byword during so many generations. Therein patriotism was proved to be a delusion; popular education an absurdity; observance of the monarch's sworn word opposition to divine law; a constitution a mere plaything in the monarch's hands; the Bible is steadily quoted in behalf of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong"; and all this with a mixture of cynicism and unctuousness which makes this catechism one of the most remarkable political works of modern times.

At this time I made an interesting acquaintance with Francis Galton, the eminent English authority on heredity. Discussing dreams, he told me a story of a lady who said that she knew that dreams came true; for she dreamed once that the number 3 drew a prize in the lottery, and again that the number 8 drew it; and so, she said, "I multiplied them together, 3 X 8 = 27, bought a ticket bearing the latter number, and won the prize."

Very interesting were my meetings with Marion Crawford, the author. Nothing could be more delightful than his villa and surroundings, and his accounts of Italian life were fascinating, as one would expect after reading his novels. Another new acquaintance was Mr. Mayall, an English microscopist; he gave me accounts of his visit to the Louvre with Herbert Spencer, who, after looking steadily at the "Immaculate Conception" of Murillo, said "I cannot like a painted figure that has no visible means of support."

On my return northward I visited the most famous of Christian monasteries,—the cradle of the Benedictine order,—Monte Cassino, and there met a young English novice, who introduced me to various Benedictine fathers, especially sundry Germans who were decorating with Byzantine figures the lower story, near the altar of St. Benedict. At dinner the young man agreed with me that it might be well to have a Benedictine college at Oxford, but thought that any college established there must be controlled by the Jesuit order. He professed respect for the Jesuits, but evidently with some mistrust of their methods. On my asking if he thought he could bear the severe rule of his order, especially that of rising about four o'clock in the morning and retiring early in the evening, he answered that formerly he feared that he could not, but that now he believed he could. On my tentative suggestion that he come and establish a Benedictine convent on Cayuga Lake, he told me that he should probably be sent to Scotland.

The renowned old monastery seems to be mindful of its best traditions, for it has established within its walls an admirably equipped printing−house, in which I was able to secure for Cornell University copies of various books by learned Benedictines—some of them, by the beauty of their workmanship, well worthy to be placed beside the illuminated manuscripts which formerly came from the Scriptoria.

At Rome I was taken about by Lanciani, the eminent archaeologist in control of the excavations, who showed me beautiful things newly discovered and now kept in temporary rooms near the Capitol. To my surprise, he told me that there is absolutely no authentic bust of Cicero dating from his time; but this was afterward denied by Story, the American sculptor, who pointed out to me a cast of one in his studio. Story spoke gloomily of the condition of Italy, saying that formerly there were no taxes, but that now the taxes are crushing. He added that the greatest mistake made by the present Pope was that, during the cholera at Naples, he remained in Rome, while King Humbert went immediately to that city, visited the hospitals, cheered the cholera−stricken, comforted them, and supplied their wants.

On Easter Sunday I saw Cardinal Howard celebrate high mass in St. Peter's. He had been an English guardsman, was magnificently dressed, and was the very ideal of a proud prelate. The audience in the immediate neighborhood of the altar were none too reverential, and in other parts of the church were walking about and talking as if in a market; all of this irreverence reminding me of the high mass which I had seen celebrated by Pope Pius IX at the same altar on Easter day of 1856.

Calling on the former prime minister, Minghetti, who had been an associate of Cavour, I found him very

interesting, as was also Sambuy, senator of the kingdom and syndic of Turin, who was with him. Minghetti said that the Italian school system was not yet satisfactory, though young men are doing well in advanced scientific, mathematical, historical, and economic studies. On my speaking of a statistical map in my possession which revealed the enormous percentage of persons who can neither read nor write in those parts of Italy most directly under the influence of the church, he said that matters were slowly improving under the new regime. He spoke with respect of Leo XIII, saying that he was not so bitter in his utterances against Italy as Pius IX had been. Discussing Bismarck and Cavour, he said that both were eminently practical, but that Cavour adhered to certain principles, such as free trade, freedom of the church, and the like, whereas Bismarck was wont to take up any principle which would serve his temporary purpose. Minghetti hoped much, eventually, from Cavour's idea of toleration, and spoke with praise of the checks put by the American Constitution on unbridled democracy, whereupon I quoted to him the remark of Governor Seymour in New York, the most eminent of recent Democratic candidates for the Presidency, to the effect that the merit of our Constitution is not that it promotes democracy, but that it checks it. Minghetti spoke of Sir Henry Maine's book on "Free Government" with much praise; in spite of its anti−democratic tendencies, it had evidently raised his opinion of the American Constitution. He also praised American scientific progress. Sambuy said that the present growth of the city of Rome is especially detested by the clergy, since it is making the city too large for them to control; that their bitterness is not to be wondered at, since they clearly see that, no matter what may happen,—even if the kingdom of Italy were to be destroyed to−morrow,—it would be absolutely impossible for the old regime of Pope, cardinals, and priests ever again to govern the city; that with this increase of the population, and its long exercise of political power, the resumption of temporal power by the Pope is an utter impossibility; that even if revolution or anarchy came, the people would never again take refuge under the papacy.

Very interesting were sundry gatherings at the rooms of Story, the sculptor. Meeting there the Brazilian minister at the papal court, I was amazed by his statements regarding the rules restricting intercourse between diplomatists accredited to the Vatican and those accredited to the Quirinal; he said that although the minister from his country to the Quirinal was one of his best friends, he was not allowed to accept an invitation from him.

The American minister, Judge Stallo of Cincinnati, seemed to me an admirable man, in spite of the stories circulated by various hostile cliques. At the house of the British ambassador Stallo spoke in a very interesting way of Cardinal Hohenlohe as far above his fellows and capable of making a great pope. The political difficulties in Italy, he said, were very great, and, greatest of all, in Naples and Sicily. Dining with him, I met my old friend Hoffmann, rector of the University of Berlin, and a number of eminent Italian men of science, senators, and others.

At the house of Dr. Nevin, rector of the American Episcopal church, I met the Dutch minister, who corroborated my opinion that the British parliamentary system generally works badly in the Continental countries, since it causes constantly recurring changes in ministers, and prevents any proper continuity of state action, and he naturally alluded to the condition of things in France as an example.

Among other interesting people, I met the abbot of St. Paul Outside the Walls, to whom Lord Acton, in response to my question as to whether there was such a thing as a "learned Benedictine" extant, had given me a letter of introduction. The good abbot turned out to be an Irishman with some of the more interesting peculiarities of his race; but his conversation was more vivid than illuminating. He had reviewed various books for the Congregation of the Index, one of these, a book which I had just bought, being on "The Architecture of St. John Lateran." He held a position in the Propaganda, and I was greatly struck by his minute knowledge of affairs in the United States. The question being then undecided as to whether a new bishopric for central New York was to be established at Utica or Syracuse, he discussed both places with much minute knowledge of their claims and of the people residing in them. I put in the best word I could for Syracuse, feeling that if a bishopric was to be established, that was the proper place for it; and afterward I had the satisfaction of learning that the bishop had been placed there. The abbot had known Secretary Seward and liked him.

Leaving Rome in May, we made visits of deep interest to Assisi, Perugia, Orvieto, and other historic towns and, arriving at Florence again, saw something of society in that city. Count de Gubernatis, the eminent scholar, who had just returned from India, was eloquent in praise of the Taj Mahal, which, of all buildings in the world, is the one I most desire to see. He thinks that the stories regarding juggling in India have been marvelously developed by transmission from East to West; that growing the mango, of which so much is said, is a very poor

trick, as is also the crushing, killing, and restoration to life of a boy under a basket; that these marvels are not at all what the stories report them to be; that it is simply another case of the rapid growth of legends by transmission. He said that hatred for England remains deep in India, and that caste spirit is very little altered, his own servant, even when very thirsty, not daring to drink from a bottle which his master had touched.

Dining with Count Ressi at his noble villa on the slope toward Fiesole, I noted various delicious Italian wines upon the table, but the champagne was what is known as "Pleasant Valley Catawba," from Lake Keuka in western New York, which the count, during his journey to Niagara, had found so good that he had shipped a quantity of it to Florence.

A very interesting man I found in the Marquis Alfieri Sostegno, vice−president of the Senate,—a man noted for his high character and his writings. He is the founder of the new "School for Political and Social Studies," and gave me much information regarding it. His family is of mediaeval origin, but he is a liberal of the Cavour sort. Preferring constitutional monarchy, but thinking democracy inevitable, he asks, "Shall it be a democracy like that of France, excluding all really leading men from power, or a democracy influenced directly by its best men?" In his school he has attempted to train young men in the practical knowledge needed in public affairs, and hopes thus to prepare them for the inevitable future. This college has encountered much opposition from the local universities, but is making its way.

Another man of the grand old Italian sort was Peruzzi, syndic of Florence, a former associate of Cavour, and one of the leading men of Italy. Calling for me with two other senators, he took me to his country villa, which has been in the possession of the family for over four hundred years, and there I dined with a very distinguished company. Everything was large and patriarchal, but simple. The discussions, both at table and afterward, as we sat upon the terrace with its wonderful outlook over one of the richest parts of Tuscany, mainly related to Italian matters. All seemed hopeful of a reasonable solution of the clerical difficulty. Most interesting was his wife, Donna Emilia, well known for her brilliant powers of discussion and her beautiful qualities as a hostess both at the Peruzzi palace in Florence and in this villa, where one meets men of light and leading from every part of the world.

From Florence we went on to the Italian lakes, staying especially at Baveno, Lugano, and Cadenabbia. Especially interesting to me were the scenes depicted in the first part of Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi." An eminent Italian told me at this time that Manzoni never forgave himself for his humorous delineations of the priest Don Abbondio, who figures in these scenes after a somewhat undignified fashion. Interesting also was a visit to the tomb of Rosmini, with its portrait−statue by Vela, in the monastery looking over the most beautiful part of the Lago Maggiore. Thence by the St. Gotthard to Zurich, where we visited my old colleague, Colonel Roth, the Swiss minister at Berlin. Very simple and charming was his family life at Teufen. In the library I noticed a curious shield, and upon it several swords, each with an inscription; and, on my asking regarding them, I was told that they were the official swords of Colonel Roth's great−grandfather, grandfather, father, and himself, each of whom had been Landamman of the canton. He told me that as Landamman he presided from time to time over a popular assembly of several thousand people; that it was a republic such as Rousseau advocated,—all the people coming together and voting, by "yes" and "no" and showing of hands, on the proposals of the Landamman and his council. Driving through the canton, I found that, while none of the people were rich, few were very poor, and that the Catholic was much behind the Protestant part in thrift and prosperity.

My love for historical studies interested me greatly in a visit to the Abbey of St. Gall. The mediaeval buildings are virtually gone, and a mass of rococo constructions have taken their place. Gone, too, in the main, is the famous library of the middle ages; but the eminent historian and archivist, Henne Am Rhyn, showed me the ancient catalogue dating from the days of Charlemagne, and one or two of the old manuscripts referred to in it, which have done duty for more than a thousand years. Then followed my second visit to the Engadine, reached by two days' driving in the mountains from Coire; and during my stay at St. Moritz I made the acquaintance of many interesting people,—among them Admiral Irvine of the British navy. Speaking of the then recent sinking of the Cunarder Oregon, he expressed the opinion that a squadron of seven−hundred−ton vessels with beaks could best defend a harbor from ironclads; and in support of this contention he cited an experience of his own as showing the efficiency of the beak in naval warfare. A few years before he had anchored in the Piraeus, his ship, an ironclad, having a beak projecting from the bow, of course under water. Noticing a Greek brig nearing him, he made signals to her to keep well off; but the captain of the brig, resenting this interference, and keeping straight on,

endeavored to pass, at a distance which, no doubt, seemed to him perfectly safe, in front of the bows of the ironclad. The admiral said that not the slightest shock was felt on board his own vessel; but the brig sank almost immediately. She had barely grazed the end of the beak. At another time the admiral spoke of the advance of the British fleet, in which he held a command, upon Constantinople in 1878. The British Government supposed that the Turks had virtually gone over to the Russians, and the first order was to take the Turkish fortresses at Constantinople immediately; but this order was afterward withdrawn, and the matter at issue was settled in the ensuing European conference.

It was a pleasure to find at this Alpine resort my old friend Story the sculptor. He gave us a comical account of the presentation at the Vatican of Mr. George Peabody by Mr. Winthrop of Boston. Referring to Mr. Peabody's munificence to various institutions for aiding the needy, and especially orphans, Mr. Winthrop, in a pleasant vein, presented his friend to Pope Pius IX as a gentleman who, though unmarried, had hundreds of children; whereupon the Pope, taking him literally, held up his hands and answered, "Fi donc! fi donc!"

Our stay at St. Moritz was ended by a severe snowstorm early in August. That was too much. I had left America mainly to escape snow; my traveling all this distance was certainly not for the purpose of finding it again; and so, having hugged the stove for a day or two, I decided to return to a milder climate. Passing by Vevey, we visited our friends the Brunnows at their beautiful villa on the shore of Lake Leman, where my old president at the University of Michigan, Dr. Tappan, had died, and it was with a melancholy satisfaction that I visited his grave in the cemetery hard by.

Stopping at Geneva over Sunday, I observed at the Cathedral of St. Peter, Calvin's old church, that the sermon and service carefully steered clear of the slightest Trinitarian formula, as did the churches in Switzerland generally. Considering that Calvin had burned Servetus in that very city for his disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity, this omission would seem enough to make that stern reformer turn in his grave. Returning to Paris, I again met Lecky, who was making a short visit to the French capital; and, as we were breakfasting together Mme. Blaze de Bury being present, our conversation fell on Parisian mobs. She insisted that the studied inaction of the papal nuncio during the Commune caused the murder of Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who was hated by the extreme clerical party on account of his coolness toward infallibility and sundry other dogmas advocated by the Jesuits. Lecky thought Lord Acton's old article in the "North British Review" the best statement yet made on the St. Bartholomew massacre The discussion having veered toward the Jewish question, which was even then rising, Lecky said that Shakspere probably never saw a Jew—that Jews were not allowed in England in his time, the only exceptions being Queen Elizabeth's physician and, perhaps, a few others.

During the latter part of September I started on an architectural tour through the east of France, and was more than ever fascinated by the beauty of all I found at Soissons, Laon, Chalons, Troyes, and Rheims, the cathedral at the latter place seeming even more grand than when I last saw it. I have never been able to decide finally which is the more noble—Amiens or Rheims; my temporary decision being generally in favor of that one of the two which I have seen last. But I found iniquity triumphant: the "restorers" had been at work, and had apparently done their worst. A great scaffolding covered the superb rose−window of the west front, perhaps the finest of its kind in Christendom, and, in a little book published by one of the canons, I soon learned the reason. It appears that the architect superintending the "restoration" had dug a deep well at one corner of one of the massive towers for the purpose of inspecting the foundations; that he had forgotten to fill this well; and that, during the winter, the water from the roofs, having come down into it and frozen, had upheaved the tower at one corner, with the result of crumbling and cracking this immense window adjacent.

At Troyes it was hardly better. It is a city which probably never had sixty thousand inhabitants, and yet here are four of the most magnificent architectural monuments in Europe. But the work wrought upon them under the pretext of "restoration" was no less atrocious than that upon the cathedral at Rheims, and of this I have given an example elsewhere.[13]

[13] See Chapter XXI.

Continuing my way homeward, I stopped a few days in London. From my diary I select an account of the sermon preached in one of the principal churches of the city by Dr. Temple,—then bishop of London, but later archbishop of Canterbury,—before the lord mayor, lady mayoress, and other notable people. The sermon was a striking exhibition of plain common sense, without one particle of what is generally known as spirituality. The text was, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and the argument simply was that the congregation worshiping in

that old church had received all its privileges from contributions made centuries before, and that it was now their duty, in their turn, to contribute money for new congregations constantly arising in the new population of London. Of spiritual gifts to be acknowledged nothing was said. In the afternoon took tea with Lecky, and on my referring to Earl Russell, he spoke of him as wonderful in getting at the center of an argument. Of Carlyle he said that he knew him in his last days intimately, often walking with him; but that his mind failed him sadly; that the last thing Lecky read him was a selection from Burns's letters; and that Carlyle, when left to himself, often toned down his harsh judgments of men. At his funeral, in Scotland, Lecky was present, and, judging from his account, it was one of the most dismal things ever known. Speaking of America, Lecky said that Carlyle was really deeply attached to Emerson; and he added that Dean Stanley, on his return from America, told him that the best things he found there were the private libraries, and the worst the newspapers. Lecky thought Americans more prone to give themselves up to a purely literary life than are the English, and cited Prescott, Irving, and others. He spoke of "The Club," of which he is a member. It is that to which Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith belonged; its members dine together every fortnight; one black ball excludes. Speaking of Gladstone, he thought that he had greatly declined as a speaker of late years, and that no one had had such power in clouding truth and obscuring a fact.

Returning to America, I again settled in my old quarters at Cornell University, hoping to devote myself quietly to the work I had in hand. My old home on the campus had an especial charm for me, and I had begun to take up the occupations to which I purposed to devote the rest of my life, when there came upon me the greatest of all calamities—the loss of her who had been for thirty years my main inspiration and support in all difficulties, cares, and trials. For the time all was lost. In all calamities hitherto I had taken refuge in work; but now there seemed no motive for work, and at last, for a complete change of scene, I returned to Europe, determined to give myself to the preparation of my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

CHAPTER LIV. EGYPT, GREECE, AND TURKEY—1888−1889

While under the influence of the greatest sorrow that has ever darkened my life, there came to me a calamity of a less painful sort, yet one of the most trying that I have ever known. A long course of mistaken university policy, which I had done my best to change, and the consequences of which I had especially exerted myself to avert, at last bore its evil fruit. On the 13th of June, 1888, I was present at the session of the Court of Appeals at Saratoga, and there heard the argument in the suit brought to prevent the institution from taking nearly two millions of dollars bequeathed by Mrs. Willard Fiske. I had looked forward to the development of the great library for which it provided as the culminating event in my administration, and, indeed, as the beginning of a better era in American scholarship. Never in the history of the United States had so splendid a bequest been made for such a purpose. But as I heard the argument I was satisfied that our cause was lost,—and simply from the want of effective champions; that this great opportunity for the institution which I loved better than my life had passed from us during my lifetime, at least; and then it was that I determined to break from my surroundings for a time, and to seek new scenes which might do something to change the current of my thoughts.

At the end of June, taking with me my nephew, a bright and active college youth, I sailed for Glasgow, and, revisiting the scenes made beautiful to me by Walter Scott, I was at last able to think of something beside the sorrow and disappointment which had beset me. Memorable to me still is a sermon heard at the old Church of St. Giles, in Edinburgh. The text was, "He wist not that his face shone," and the argument, while broad and liberal, was deeply religious. One thought struck me forcibly. The preacher likened theological controversies to storms on the coast which result only in heaps of sand, while he compared religious influences to the dew and gentle rains which beautify the earth and fructify it.

Healing in their influences upon me were visits to the cathedral towns between Edinburgh and London. The atmosphere of Durham, York, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, aided to lift me out of my depression. In each I stayed long enough to attend the cathedral service and to enjoy the architecture, the music, and my recollections of previous visits. At Lichfield Cathedral I heard Bach's "Easter Hymn" given beautifully,—and it was needed to make up for the sermon of a colonial bishop who, having returned to England after a long stay in his remote diocese, was fearfully depressed by the liberal tendencies of English theology. His discourse was one long diatribe against the tendency in England toward broad−churchmanship. One passage had rather a comical effect. He told, pathetically, the story of a servant−girl waiting on the table of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who, after hearing the clergymen present dealing somewhat freely with the doctrine of the Trinity, rushed out into the passage and recited loudly the Nicene Creed to strengthen her faith. I, too, felt the need of doing something to strengthen mine after this tirade, and fortunately strolled across the meadows to the little Church of St. Chad, and there took part in a lovely "Flower Service," ended by a very sweet, kindly sermon to the children from the fatherly old rector of the parish. Nothing could be better in its way, and it took the taste of the morning sermon out of my mouth.

Of various experiences in London, the one of most interest to me was a visit to the House of Commons, where the Irish Home Rulers were attempting to bait Mr. Balfour, the government leader. One after another they arose and attacked him bitterly in all the moods and tenses, with alleged facts, insinuations, and denunciations. Nothing could be better than his way of taking it all. He sat quietly, looking at his enemies with a placid smile, and then, when they were fully done, rose, and before he had spoken five minutes his reply had the effect of a musket−shot upon a bubble. It was evident that these patriots were hardly taken seriously even by their own side, and, in fact, did not take themselves seriously. I then realized as never before the real reasons why the oratorical and other demonstrations of Irish leaders have accomplished so little for their country.

A Liberal political meeting in Holborn also interested me. The main speaker was the son of the Marquis of Northampton, Earl Compton, who was standing for Parliament. His speech was all good, but its best point was his answer to a man in the crowd who asked him if he was prepared to vote for the abolition of the House of Lords. That would seem a trying question to the heir of a marquisate; but he answered instantly and calmly: "As to the House of Lords, better try first to mend it, and, if we cannot mend it, end it."

He was followed by a Home Ruler, Father McFadden, whose speech, being simply anti−British rant from end

to end, must have cost many votes; and I was not surprised when, a day or two afterward, his bishop recalled him to Ireland.

Very pleasing to me were sundry excursions. At Rugby I was intensely interested in the scenes of Arnold's activity. He had exercised a great influence over my own life, and a new inspiration came amid the scenes so familiar to him, and especially in the chapel where he preached.

Visiting some old friends in Hampshire, I drove with them to Selborne, stood by the grave of Gilbert White, and sat in his charming old house in that beautiful place of pilgrimage.

Most soothing in its effect upon me was a visit to Stoke Pogis churchyard and the grave of Thomas Gray. The "Elegy" has never since my boyhood lost its hold upon me, and my feelings of love for its author were deepened as I read the inscription placed by him upon his mother's monument:

"The tender mother of many children, only one of whom had the misfortune to survive her."

A Sunday afternoon in Kensal Green cemetery, with a visit to the graves of Thackeray, Thomas Hood, and Leigh Hunt, roused thoughts on many things.

Somewhat later, revisiting Mr. Halliwell−Phillips's "Bungalow" at Brighton, I met at his table the most bitter and yet one of the most just of all critics of Carlyle whom I have ever known. He spoke especially of Carlyle's treatment of his main historical authorities,—many of them admirable and excellent men,—and dwelt on the fact that Carlyle, having used the results of the life−work of these scholars, then enjoyed pouring contempt and ridicule over them; he also referred to Carlyle's address to the Scotch students, in which he told them to study the patents of nobility for the deeds which made the nobility of England great, but did not reveal to them the fact that the expressions in these patents were stereotyped, and the same, during many years, for men of the most different qualities and services.

Running up to Cambridge for a day or two, and dining with Oscar Browning at King's College, I afterward saw at his rooms a collection of intensely interesting papers, and, among others, reports of British spies during the Revolutionary War in America. Very curious, among these, was a letter from the British minister at Berlin in those days, who detailed a burglary which he had caused in that capital in order to obtain the papers of the American envoy and copies of American despatches. The correspondence also showed that Frederick the Great was much vexed at the whole matter; that the British ministry at home thought their envoy too enterprising; that he came near resigning; but that the whole matter finally blew over. This was brought back to me somewhat later at a dinner of the Royal Historical Society, where the president, Lord Aberdare, recalled a story bearing on this matter. It was that Frederick the Great and the British minister at his court greatly disliked each other, and that on their meeting one day the old King asked, "Who is this Hyder Ali who is making you British so much trouble in India?" to which the bold Briton answered: "Sire, he is only an old tyrant who, after robbing his neighbors, is now falling into his dotage" ("Sire, ce n'est qu'un vieux tyran qui, apres avoir pille ses voisins, commence a radoter").

Having made with my nephew a rapid excursion on the Continent, up the Rhine, and as far as Munich, I returned to see him off on his return journey to America, and then settled down for several weeks in London. It was in the early autumn, Parliament had adjourned, most people of note had left town, and I was left to myself as completely as if I had been in the depths of a forest. Looking out over Trafalgar Square from my pleasant rooms at Morley's Hotel, with all the hurry and bustle of a great city going on beneath my window, I was simply a hermit, and now found myself able to resume the work which for so many years had occupied my leisure. At the British Museum I enjoyed the wonderful opportunities there given for investigation; and there, too, I found an admirable helper in certain lines of work—my friend Professor Hudson, since of Stanford University, California.

The only place where I was at all in touch with the outside world was at the Athenaeum Club; but the main attraction there was the library.

Now came a sudden change in all my plans. My health having weakened somewhat under the influence of this rather sedentary life in the London fog, I consulted two eminent physicians, Sir Andrew Clarke and Sir Morell Mackenzie, and each advised and even urged me to pass the winter in Egypt. Shortly came a letter from my friend Professor Willard Fiske, at Florence saying that he would be glad to go with me. This was indeed a piece of good fortune, for he had visited Egypt again and again, and was not only the best of guides, but the most charming of companions. My decision was instantly taken, and, having finished one or two chapters of my book, I left London and, by the way of the St Gotthard, soon reached Florence. Thence to Rome, Naples, and, after a charming drive, to Castellammare, Sorrento, Amalfi, and Salerno, whence we went by rail to Brindisi, and thence to Alexandria,

where we arrived on the 1st of January, 1889.

Now came a new chapter in my life. This journey in the East, especially in Egypt and Greece, marked a new epoch in my thinking. I became more and more impressed with the continuity of historical causes, and realized more and more how easily and naturally have grown the myths and legends which have delayed the unbiased observation of human events and the scientific investigation of natural laws. On a Nile boat for many weeks, with scholars of high character, and with an excellent library about me, I found not only a refuge from trouble and sorrow, but a portal to new and most fascinating studies.

Nor was it only the life of old Egypt which interested me: the scenes in modern Eastern life also gave a needed change in my environment. At Cairo, in the bazaar in contact with the daily life, which seemed like a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights," and also in the modern part of the city, in contact with the newer life of Egypt among English and Egyptian functionaries, there was constant stimulus to fruitful trains of thought.

For our journey of five weeks upon the Nile we had what was called a "special steamer," the Sethi; and for our companions, some fourteen Americans and English—all on friendly terms. Every day came new subjects of thought, and nearly every waking moment came some new stimulus to observation and reflection.

Deeply impressed on my mind is the account given me by Brugsch Bey, assistant director of the Egyptian Museum, of the amazing find of antiquities two or three years before—perhaps the most startling discovery ever made in archaeology. It was on this wise. The museum authorities had for some time noted that tourists coming down the river were bringing remarkably beautiful specimens of ancient workmanship; and this led to a suspicion that the Arabs about the first cataract had discovered a new tomb. For a long time nothing definite could be found; but, at last, vigorous measures having been taken,—measures which Brugsch Bey did not explain, but which I could easily understand to be the time−honored method of tying up the principal functionaries of the region to their palm−trees and whipping them until they confessed,—the discovery was revealed, and Brugsch Bey, having gone up the Nile to the place indicated, was taken to what appeared to be a well; and, having been let down into it by ropes, found himself in a sort of artificial cavern, not beautified and adorned like the royal tombs of that region, but roughly hewn in the rock. It was filled with sarcophagi, and at first sight of them he was almost paralyzed. For they bore the names of several among the most eminent early sovereigns and members of sovereign families of the greatest days of Egypt. The first idea which took hold of Brugsch's mind while stunned by this revelation was that he was dreaming; but, having soon convinced himself that he was awake, he then thought that he must be in some state of hallucination after death—that he had suddenly lost his life, and that his soul was wandering amid shadows. But this, too, he soon found unlikely. Then came over him a sense of the reality and importance of the discovery too oppressive to be borne. He could stay in the cavern no longer; and, having gone to the entrance of the well and signaled to the men above, he was drawn up, and, arriving at the surface, gasped out a command to them all to leave him. He then sat down in the desert to secure the calm required for further thought; and, finally, having become more composed, returned to the work, and the mummies of Rameses the Great and of the other royal personages were taken from their temporary home, carried down the river, and placed in the museum at Cairo.

Another experience was of a very different sort. I had passed a day with the Egyptian minister of public instruction, Artin Pasha, at the great technical school of Cairo, which, under the charge of an eminent French engineer, is training admirably a considerable number of Egyptians in various arts applied to industry; and at luncheon, I had noticed on the wall a portrait of the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, representing him as most commanding in manner—over six feet in height, and in a gorgeous uniform. On the evening of that day I went to dine with the Khedive, and, entering the reception−rooms, found a large assemblage, and was welcomed by a kindly little man with a pleasant face, and in the plainest of uniforms, who, as I supposed, was the prime minister, Riaz Pasha. His greeting was cordial, and we were soon in close conversation, I giving him especially the impressions made upon me by the school, asking questions and making suggestions. He entered very heartily into it all, and detained me long, I wondering constantly where the Khedive might be. Presently, the great doors having been flung open and dinner announced, each gentleman hastened to the lady assigned him, and all marched out together, my thought being, "This is the Oriental way of entertaining strangers; we shall, no doubt, find the sovereign on his throne at the table." But, to my amazement, the first place at the table was taken by the unassuming little man with whom I had been talking so freely. At first I was somewhat abashed, though the mistake was a very natural one. The fact was that I had been completely under the impression made upon me by

the idealized portrait of the Khedive at the technical school, and the thought had never entered my mind that the real Khedive might be physically far inferior to the ideal. But no harm was done; for, after dinner, he came to me again and renewed the conversation with especial cordiality. I also had a long talk with the real Riaz, and found him intelligent and broad−minded. One thing he said amused me. It was that he especially liked to welcome Americans, because they were not seeking to exploit the country.

In Cairo and Alexandria I enjoyed meeting the American and English missionaries,—among them my old Yale friend Dr. Henry Jessup, who has for so many years rendered admirable services at Beyrout; but the most noteworthy thing was a lecture which I heard from Dr. Grant, an eminent Presbyterian physician connected with the mission. It was on the subject of the Egyptian Trinities. The doctor explained them, as well as the Trimurtis of India, by expressing his belief that when the Almighty came down in the cool of the day to refresh himself by walking and talking with Adam in the garden of Eden, he revealed to the man he had made some of the great mysteries of the divine existence, and that these had "leaked out" to men who took them into other countries, and there taught them!

I also found at Cairo another especially interesting man of a very different sort, an Armenian, Mr. Nimr; and, on visiting him, was amazed to find in his library a large collection of English and French books, scientific and literary—among them the "New York Scientific Monthly" containing my own articles, which he had done me the honor to read. I found that he had been, at an earlier period, a professor at the college established by the American Protestant missionaries at Beyrout; but that he and several others who had come to adopt the Darwinian hypothesis were on that account turned out of their situations, and that he had taken refuge in Cairo where he was publishing, in Arabic, a daily newspaper a weekly literary magazine, and a monthly scientific journal. I was much struck by one remark of his—which was, that he was doing his best to promote the interests of Freemasonry in the East, as the only means of bringing Christians and Mohammedans together under the same roof for mutual help, with the feeling that they were children of the same God. He told me that the worst opposition he had met came from a very excellent Protestant missionary, who had publicly insisted that the God worshiped by the Mohammedans was not the God worshiped by Christians. This reminded me of a sermon which one of my friends heard in Strasburg Cathedral in which a priest, reproving his Catholic hearers for entering into any relations with Protestants, especially opposed the idea that they worshiped the same God, and insisted that the God of the Catholics and the God of the Protestants are two different beings.

Among the things which gave me a real enjoyment at this period, and aided to revive my interest in the world about me, was the Saracenic architecture of Cairo and its neighborhood. Nothing could be, in its way, more beautiful. I had never before realized how much beauty is obtainable under the limitations of Mohammedanism; the exquisite tracery and fretwork of the Saracenic period were a constant joy to me, and happily, as there had been no "restorers," everything remained as it had left the hands of the men of genius who created it.

In this older architecture a thousand things interested me; but the greatest effect was produced by the tombs at Beni Hassan, as showing the historical linking together of human ideas both in art and science—the development of one period out of another. Up to the time of my seeing them I had supposed that the Doric architecture of Greece, and especially the Doric column, was of Greek creation; now I saw the proof that it was evolved out of an earlier form upon the lower Nile, which had itself, doubtless, been developed out of forms yet earlier.

At one thing I was especially surprised. I found that, excellent as are our missionaries in those regions, their work has not at all been what those who send them have supposed. No Mohammedan converts are made. Indeed, should the good missionaries at Cairo wake up some fine morning in the spacious quarters for which they are so largely indebted to the late Khedive Ismail, and find that they had converted a Mohammedan, they would be filled with consternation. They would possibly be driven from the country. The real Mohammedan cannot be converted. There were, indeed, a few persons, here and there, claiming to be converted Jews or Mohammedans; but we were always warned against them, even by Christians, as far less trustworthy than those who were true to their original faith. Whatever good is done by the missionaries is done through their schools, to which come many children of the Copts, with perhaps a certain number of Mohammedans desirous of learning English; and the greatest of American missionary successes is doubtless Robert College at Constantinople, which has certainly done a very noble work among the more gifted young men of the Christian populations in the Turkish Empire.

Several times I attended service in the United Presbyterian church at Cairo, and found it hard, unattractive, and little likely to influence any considerable number of persons, whether Mohammedan or Christian. It was

evident that the preachers, as a rule, were entirely out of the current of modern theological and religious thought, and that even the best and noblest of them represented ideas no longer held by their leading coreligionists in the countries from which they came.

After a stay of three months in Egypt, we left Alexandria for Athens, where I enjoyed, during a considerable stay, the advantages of the library at the American School of Archaeology, and the companionship of my friend Professor Waldstein, now of Cambridge University. Very delightful also were excursions with my old Yale companion, Walker Fearne, our minister in Greece, and his charming family, to the Acropolis, the Theater of Dionysus, the Bay of Salamis, Megara, and other places of interest. An especial advantage we had in the companionship of Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin, whose comments on all these places were most suggestive.

Very interesting to me was an interview with Tricoupis, the prime minister of the kingdom. His talk on the condition of things in Greece was that of a broad−minded statesman. Speaking of the relations of the Greek Church to the state, he said that the church had kept the language and the nationality of the people alive during the Turkish occupation, but that, in spite of its services, it had never been allowed to domineer over the country politically; he dwelt on the importance of pushing railway communications into Europe, and lamented the obstacles thrown in their way by Turkey. His reminiscences of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Dallas, whom he had formerly known at the Court of St. James during his stay as minister in London, were especially interesting.

The most important "function" I saw was the solemn "Te Deum" at the cathedral on the anniversary of Greek independence, the King, Queen, and court being present, but I was less impressed by their devotion than by the irreverence of a considerable part of the audience, who, at the close of the service, walked about in the church with their hats on their heads. As to the priests who swarmed about us in their Byzantine costumes and long hair, I was reminded of a sententious Moslem remark regarding them: "Much hair, little brains."

On Good Friday I visited Mars Hill and mused for an hour over what has come from the sermon once preached there.

Toward the end of April we left the Piraeus, and, after passing through the aegean on a most beautiful day, arrived in Constantinople, where I made the acquaintance of Mr. Straus, our minister at that capital. Thus began a friendship which I have ever since greatly prized. Mr. Straus introduced me to two of the most interesting men I have ever met; the first of these being Hamdi Bey, director of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. Meeting him at Mr. Straus's table and in his own house, I heard him discuss sundry questions relating to modern art—better, in some respects, than any other person I have ever known. Never have I heard more admirably discriminating judgments upon various modern schools of painting than those which he then gave me.

The other person to whom Mr. Straus introduced me was the British ambassador, Sir William White, who was very hospitable, and revealed to me much in life and literature. One thing especially surprised me—namely, that though a Roman Catholic, he had a great admiration for Renan's writings, of which he was a constant reader. Here, too, I renewed my acquaintance with various members of the diplomatic corps whom I had met elsewhere. Curious was an evening visit to the Russian Embassy, Mrs. Straus being carried in a sedan−chair, her husband walking beside her in evening dress at one door, I at the other, and a kavass, with drawn sword, marching at the head of the procession.

While the Mohammedan history revealed in Constantinople gave me frequent subjects of thought, I was more constantly carried back to the Byzantine period. For there was the Church of St. Sophia! No edifice has ever impressed me more; indeed, in many respects, none has ever impressed me so much. Bearing in mind its origin, its history, and its architecture, it is doubtless the most interesting church in the world. Though smaller than St. Peter's at Rome, it is vastly more impressive. Taking into account the view as one enters, embracing the lofty vaults retreating on all sides, the arches springing above our heads, and, crowning all, the dome, which opens fully upon the sight immediately upon passing the door way, it is certainly the most overpowering of Christian churches. Gibbon's pictures thronged upon me, and very vividly, as I visited the ground where formerly stood the Great Circus, and noted the remains of monuments where the "Blues" and "Greens" convulsed the city with their bloody faction fights, and where squabbling Christian sects prepared the way for that Turkish dominion which has now burdened this weary earth for more than five hundred years.

From Constantinople, by Buda−Pesth, Vienna, Munich, Ulm, and Frankfort−on−the−Main, to Paris, stopping in each of these cities, mainly for book−hunting. At Munich I spent considerable time in the Royal Library, where

various rare works relating to the bearing of theology on civilization were placed at my disposal; and at Frankfort added largely to my library—especially monographs on Egypt and illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages.

At Paris the Exposition of 1889 was in full blast. As to the American exhibit, there were some things to be lamented. Our "commission of experts" was in part remarkably well chosen; among them being a number of the best men in their departments that America has produced; but, on the other hand, there were some who had evidently been foisted upon the President by politicians in remote States—so−called "experts," yet as unfit as it is possible to conceive any human beings to be. One of these, who was responsible for one of the most important American departments, was utterly helpless. Day in and day out, he sat in a kind of daze at the American headquarters, doing nothing—indeed, evidently incapable of doing anything. One or two of his associates, as well as sundry Frenchmen, asked me to aid in getting his department into some order; and this, though greatly pressed for time, I did,—devoting to the task several days which I could ill afford.

Very happy was I over one improvement which the United States had made since the former exposition, at which I had myself been a commissioner. Then all lamented and apologized for the condition of the American Art Gallery; now there was no need either of lamentation or apology, for there, in all their beauty, were portraits by Sargent, and Gari Melchers's picture of "A Communion Day in Holland"—the latter touching the deep places of the human heart. As I was sitting before it one day, an English gentleman came with his wife and sat beside me. Presently I heard him say: "Of all the pictures in the entire exposition, this takes the strongest hold upon me." Many other American pictures were also objects of pride to us. I found our minister, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, very hospitable, and at his house became acquainted with various interesting Americans. At President Carnot's reception at the palace of the Elysee I also met several personages worth knowing, and among them, to my great satisfaction, Senator John Sherman.

During this stay in Paris I took part in two commemorations. First came the Fourth of July, when, in obedience to the old custom which I had known so well in my student days, the American colony visited the cemetery of the Rue Picpus and laid wreaths upon the tomb of Lafayette,—the American band performing a dirge, and our marines on duty firing a farewell volley. It was in every way a warm and hearty tribute. A week later was the unveiling of the statue of Camille Desmoulins in the garden of the Palais Royal,—this being the one−hundredth anniversary of the day on which, in that garden,—and, indeed, on that spot, before the Cafe Foy,—he had roused the mob which destroyed the Bastille and begun the whirlwind which finally swept away so much and so many, including himself and his beloved Lucille. Poor Camille, orating, gesticulating, and looking for a new heaven and a new earth, was one of the little great men so important at the beginning of revolutions and so insignificant afterward. It was evident that, in spite of the old legends regarding him, the French had ceased to care for him; I was surprised at the small number present, and at the languid interest even of these.

Among my most delightful reminiscences of this period are my walks and talks with my old Yale and Paris student friend of nearly forty years before, Randall Gibson, who, having been a general in the Confederate service, was now a United States senator from Louisiana. Revisiting our old haunts, especially the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, St. Sulpice, and other monuments of the Latin Quarter, we spoke much of days gone by, he giving me most interesting reminiscences of our Civil War period as seen from the Southern side. One or two of the things he told me are especially fastened in my mind. The first was that as he sat with other officers over the camp−fire night after night, discussing the war and their hopes regarding the future, all agreed that when the Confederacy obtained its independence there should be no "right of secession" in it. But what interested me most was the fact that he, a Democratic senator of the United, States, absolutely detested Thomas Jefferson, and, above all things, for the reason that he considered Jefferson the real source of the extreme doctrine of State sovereignty. Gibson was a typical Kentucky Whig who, in the Civil War, went with the South from the force of family connections, friendships, social relations, and the like, but who remained, in his heart of hearts, from first to last, deeply attached to the Union.

Leaving Paris, we went together to Homburg, and there met Mr. Henry S. Sanford, our minister at Belgium during the Civil War, one of Secretary Seward's foremost agents on the European continent at that period. His accounts of matters at that time, especially of the doings of sundry emissaries of the United States, were all of them interesting, and some of them exceedingly amusing. At Homburg, too, I found my successor in the legation at Berlin, Mr. Pendleton, who, though his mind remained clear, was slowly dying of paralysis.

Thence with Gibson and Sanford down the Rhine to Mr. Sanford's country−seat in Belgium. It was a most

beautiful place, a lordly chateau, superbly built, fitted, and furnished, ample for the accommodation of a score of guests, and yet the rent he paid for it was but six hundred dollars a year. It had been built by a prince at such cost that he himself could not afford to live in it, and was obliged to rent it for what he could get. Thence we made our way to London and New York.

CHAPTER LV. MEXICO, CALIFORNIA, SCANDINAVIA, RUSSIA, ITALY, LONDON, AND BERLIN—1892−1897

Arriving at New York in the autumn of 1889, I was soon settled at my accustomed work in the university,—devoting myself to new chapters of my book and to sundry courses of lectures. Early in the following year I began a course before the University of Pennsylvania; and my stay in Philadelphia was rendered very agreeable by various new acquaintances. Interesting to me was the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Ryan. Dining in his company, I referred admiringly to his cathedral, which I had recently visited, but spoke of what seemed to me the defective mode of placing the dome upon the building; whereupon he made one of the most tolerable Latin puns I have ever heard, saying that during the construction of both the nave and the dome his predecessors were hampered by lack of money,—that, in fact, they were greatly troubled by the res angustae domi. Interesting also was attendance upon the conference at Lake Mohonk, which brought together a large body of leading men from all parts of the country to discuss the best methods of dealing with questions relating to the freedmen and Indians. The president of the conference, Mr. Hayes, formerly President of the United States, I had known well in former days, when I served under him as minister to Germany, and the high opinion I had then formed of him was increased as I heard him discuss the main questions before the conference. It was the fashion at one time among blackguards and cynics of both parties to sneer at him, and this, doubtless, produced some effect on the popular mind; but nothing could be more unjust: rarely have I met a man in our own or any other country who has impressed me more by the qualities which a true American should most desire in a President of the United States; he had what our country needs most in our public men—sobriety of judgment united to the power of calm, strong statement.

The two following years, 1890−1891, were passed mainly at Cornell, though with excursions to various other institutions where I had been asked to give addresses or lectures; but in February of 1892, having been invited to lecture at Stanford University in California, I accepted an invitation from Mr. Andrew Carnegie to become one of the guests going in his car to the Pacific coast by way of Mexico. Our party of eight, provided with cook, servants, and every comfort, traveled altogether more than twelve thousand miles—first through the Central and Southern States of the Union, thence to the city of Mexico and beyond, then by a series of zigzag excursions from lower California to the northern limits of Oregon and Washington, and finally through the Rocky Mountains and the canons of Colorado to Salt Lake City and Denver. Thence my companions went East and I returned alone to Stanford to give my lectures. During this long excursion I met many men who greatly interested me, and especially old students of mine whom I found everywhere doing manfully the work for which Cornell had aided to fit them. Never have I felt more fully repaid for any labor and care I have ever given to the founding and development of the university. Arriving in the city of Mexico, I said to myself, "Here certainly I shall not meet any more of my old Cornellians"; but hardly was I settled in my room when a card came up from one of them, and I soon learned that he was doing honor to the Sibley College of the university by superintending the erection of the largest printing−press which had ever been brought into Mexico. The Mexican capital interested me greatly. The cathedral, which, up to that time, I had supposed to be in a debased rococo style, I found to be of a simple, noble Renaissance character, and of real dignity. Being presented to the President, Porfirio Diaz, I was greatly impressed by his quiet strength and self−possession, and then understood for the first time what had wrought so beneficent a change in his country. His ministers also impressed me favorably, though they were evidently overshadowed by so great a personality. One detail struck me as curious: the room in which the President received us at the palace was hung round with satin draperies stamped with the crown and cipher of his predecessor—the ill−fated Emperor Maximilian.

California was a great revelation to me. We arrived just at the full outburst of spring, and seemed to have alighted upon a new planet. Strong and good men I found there, building up every sort of worthy enterprise, and especially their two noble universities, one of which was almost entirely officered by Cornell graduates. To this institution I was attached by a special tie. At various times the founders, Governor and Mrs. Stanford, had consulted me on problems arising in its development; they had twice visited me at Cornell for the purpose of more full discussion, and at the latter of the two visits had urged me to accept its presidency. This I had felt obliged to

decline. I said to them that the best years of my life had been devoted to building up two universities,—Michigan and Cornell,—and that not all the treasures of the Pacific coast would tempt me to begin with another; that this feeling was not due to a wish to evade any duty, but to a conviction that my work of that sort was done, and that there were others who could continue it far better than I. It was after this conversation that, on their asking whether there was any one suitable within my acquaintance, I answered, "Go to the University of Indiana; there you will find the president, an old student of mine, David Starr Jordan, one of the leading scientific men of the country, possessed of a most charming power of literary expression, with a remarkable ability in organization, and blessed with good, sound sense. Call him." They took my advice, called Dr. Jordan, and I found him at the university. My three weeks' stay interested me more and more. Evening after evening I walked through the cloisters of the great quadrangle, admiring the solidity, beauty, and admirable arrangement of the buildings, and enjoying their lovely surroundings and the whole charm of that California atmosphere.

The buildings, in simplicity, beauty, and fitness, far surpassed any others which had at that time been erected for university purposes in the United States; and I feel sure that when the entire plan is carried out, not even Oxford or Cambridge will have anything more beautiful. President Jordan had more than fulfilled my prophecies, and it was an inspiration to see at their daily work the faculty he had called together. The students also greatly interested me. When it was first noised abroad that Senator Stanford was to found a new university in California, sundry Eastern men took a sneering tone and said, "What will it find to do? The young men on the Pacific coast who are as yet fit to receive the advantages of a university are very few; the State University of California at Berkeley is already languishing for want of students." The weakness of these views is seen in the fact that, at this hour, each of these universities has nearly three thousand undergraduates. The erection of Stanford has given an impetus to the State University, and both are doing noble work, not only for the Pacific coast, but for the whole country. One of the most noteworthy things in the history of American university education thus far is the fact that the university buildings erected by boards of trustees in all parts of the country have, almost without exception, proved to be mere jumbles of mean materials in incongruous styles; but to this rule there have been, mainly, two noble exceptions: one in the buildings of the University of Virginia, planned and executed under the eye of Thomas Jefferson, and the other in these buildings at Palo Alto, planned and executed under the direction of Governor and Mrs. Stanford. These two groups, one in Virginia and one in California, with, perhaps, the new university buildings at Philadelphia and Chicago, are almost the only homes of learning in the United States which are really satisfactory from an architectural point of view.

The "City of the Saints," which I saw on my way, had much interest for me. I collected while there everything possible in the way of publications bearing on Mormonism, beginning with a copy of the original edition of the "Book of Mormon"; but nothing that I could find in any of these publications indicated any considerable intellectual development, as yet.

More encouraging was a rapid visit, on my way home, to the Chicago Exposition buildings, which, though not yet fully completed, were very beautiful; and still more pleasure came from a visit to the new University of Chicago, which was evidently beginning a most important work for American civilization. Its whole plan is remarkably well conceived, and with the means that it is rapidly accumulating, due to the public spirit of its main benefactor and a multitude of others hardly second to him in the importance of their gifts, it cannot fail to exercise a great influence, especially throughout the Northwestern States. First of all, it will do much to lift the city in which it stands out of its crude materialism into something higher and better. It is a pleasure to note that its buildings are worthy of it: they seem likely to form a fourth in the series of fit homes for great centers of advanced education in the United States,—Virginia, Stanford, and the University of Pennsylvania being the others.

Having returned to Cornell, I went on quietly with my work until autumn, when, to my surprise, I received notice that the President had appointed me minister to St. Petersburg; and on the 4th of November I arrived at my post in that capital. Of my experience as minister I have spoken elsewhere, but have given no account of two journeys which interested me at that period. The first of these was in the Scandinavian countries. The voyage of a day and night across the Baltic through the Aland Islands was like a dream, the northern twilight making night more beautiful than day, and the approach to the Swedish capital being, next to the approaches to Constantinople and to New York, the most beautiful I know.

Very instructive to me was a visit to Upsala—especially to the university and cathedral. As to the former, the

"Codex of Ulfilas," in the library, which I had long desired to see, especially interested me; and visits to the houses of the various "nations" showed me that out of the social needs of Swedish students in the middle ages had been developed something closely akin to the fraternity houses which similar needs have developed in our time at American universities. The cathedral, containing the remains of Gustavus Vasa and Linnaeus, was fruitful in suggestions. By a curious coincidence I was at that time finishing my chapter entitled "From Creation to Evolution," and had been paying special attention to the ancient and mediaeval conceptions of the creation of the world as a work done by an individual in human form, laboring with his hands during six days, and taking needed rest on the seventh; and here I found, at the side entrance of the cathedral, a delightfully naive mediaeval representation of the whole process,—a series of medallions representing the Almighty toiling like an artisan on each of the six days and reposing, evidently very weary, on the seventh.

The journey across Sweden, through the canals and lakes, was very restful. At Christiania Mr. Gade, the American consul, who had served our country so long and so honorably in that city, took me under his guidance during various interesting excursions about the fiords. At Gothenburg I took pains to obtain information regarding their system of dealing with the sale of intoxicating liquors, and became satisfied that it is, on the whole, the best solution of the problem ever obtained. The whole old system of saloons, gin−shops, and the like, with their allurements to the drinking of adulterated alcohol, had been swept away, and in its place the government had given to a corporation the privilege of selling pure liquors in a restricted number of decent shops, under carefully devised limitations. First, the liquors must be fully tested for purity; secondly, none could be sold to persons already under the influence of drink; thirdly, no intoxicant could be sold without something to eat with it, the effects of alcohol upon the system being thus mitigated. These and other restrictions had reduced the drink evil, as I was assured, to a minimum. But the most far−reaching provision in the whole system was that the company which enjoyed the monopoly of this trade was not allowed to declare a dividend greater than, I believe, six per cent.; everything realized above this going into the public treasury, mainly for charitable purposes. The result of this restriction of profits was that no person employed in selling ardent spirits was under the slightest temptation to attract customers. Each of these sellers was a salaried official and knew that his place depended on his adhering to the law which forbade him to sell to any person already under the influence of liquor, or to do anything to increase his sales; and the whole motive for making men drunkards was thus taken away.

I was assured by both the American and British consuls, as well as by most reputable citizens, that this system had greatly diminished intemperance. Unfortunately, since that time, fanatics have obtained control, and have passed an entirely "prohibitory" law, with the result, as I understand, that the community is now discovering that prohibition does not prohibit, and that the worst kinds of liquors are again sold by men whose main motive is to sell as much as possible.

The most attractive feature in my visit to Norway was Throndheim. With my passion for Gothic architecture, the beautiful little cathedral, which the authorities were restoring Judiciously, was a delight, and it was all the more interesting as containing one of those curiosities of human civilization which have now become rare. In one corner of the edifice is a "holy well," the pilgrimages to which in the middle ages were, no doubt, a main source of the wealth of the establishment. The attendant shows, in the stonework close to the well, the end of a tube coming from the upper part of the cathedral; and through this tube pious monks in the middle ages no doubt spoke oracular words calculated to enhance the authority of the saint presiding over the place. It was the same sort of thing which one sees in the Temple of Isis at Pompeii, and the zeal which created it was no doubt the same that to−day originates the sacred fire which always comes down from heaven on Easter day into the Greek church at Jerusalem, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius in the cathedral at Naples, and sundry camp−meeting utterances and actions in the United States.

Sweden and Norway struck me as possessing, in some respects, the most satisfactory civilization of modern times. With a monarchical figurehead, they are really a republic. Here is no overbearing plutocracy, no squalid poverty, an excellent system of education, liberal and practical, from the local school to the university, a population, to all appearance, healthy, thrifty, and comfortable.

And yet here, as in other parts of the world, the resources of human folly are illimitable. A large party in Norway urges secession from Sweden, and both remain divided from Denmark, though the three are, to all intents and purposes, of the same race, religion, language, and early historical traditions. And close beside them looms up, more and more portentous, the Russian colossus, which, having trampled Swedish Finland under its feet, is

looking across the Scandinavian peninsula toward the good harbors of Norway, just opposite Great Britain. Russia has declared the right of her one hundred and twenty millions of people to an ice−free port on the Pacific; why shall she not assert, with equal cogency, the right of these millions to an ice−free port on the Atlantic? Why should not these millions own a railway across Scandinavia, and a suitable territory along the line; and then, logically, all the territory north, and as much as she needs of the territory south of the line? The northern and, to some extent, the middle regions of Norway and Sweden would thus come under the sway of a czar in St. Petersburg, represented by some governor−general like those who have been trying to show to the Scandinavians of Finland that newspapers are useless, petitions inadmissible, constitutions a fetish, banishment a blessing, and the use of their native language a superfluity. The only sad thing in this fair prospect is that it is not the objurgatory Bjornson, the philosophic Ibsen, and the impulsive Nansen, with their compatriots, now groaning under what they are pleased to call "Swedish tyranny," who would enjoy this Russian liberty, but their children, and their children's children.

At Copenhagen I was especially attracted by the Ethnographic Museum, which, by its display of the gradual uplifting of Scandinavian humanity from prehistoric times, has so strongly aided in enforcing on the world the scientific doctrine of the "rise of man," and in bringing to naught the theological doctrine of the "fall of man."

A short stay at Moscow added to my Russian points of view, it being my second visit after an interval of nearly forty years. Although the city had spread largely, there was very little evidence of real progress: everywhere were filth, fetishism, beggary, and reaction. The monument to Alexander II, the great emancipator, stood in the Kremlin, half finished; it has since, I am glad to learn, been completed; but this has only been after long and slothful delays, and the statue in St. Petersburg has not even been begun. It is well understood that one cause of this delay has been the reluctance of the reactionary leaders in the empire to glorify so radical a movement as the emancipation of the serfs.

I had one curious experience of Muscovite ideas of trade. Moscow is one of the main centers for the manufacture of the church bells in which the Russian peasant takes such delight; and, being much interested in campanology, I visited several of the principal foundries, and was delighted with the size and workmanship of many specimens. Walking one morning to the Kremlin, I saw at the agency of one of these establishments a bell weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, most exquisitely wrought, and such a beautiful example of the best that Russians can do in this respect that I went in and asked the price of it. The price being named, I said that I would take it. Thereupon consternation was evident in the establishment, and presently the head of the concern said to me that they were not sure that they wished to sell it. But I said, "You HAVE sold it; I asked you what your price was, you told me, and I have bought it." To this he demurred, and finally refused altogether to sell it. On going out, my guide informed me that I had made a mistake; that I was myself the cause of the whole trouble; that if I had offered half the price named for the bell I should have secured it for two thirds; but that, as I had offered the entire price, the people in the shop had jumped to the conclusion that it must be worth more than they had supposed, that I had detected values in it which they had not realized, and that it was their duty to make me pay more for it than the price they had asked. The result was that, a few weeks afterward, a compromise having been made, I bought it and sent it to the library of Cornell University, where it is now both useful and ornamental.

The most interesting feature of this stay in Moscow was my intercourse with Tolstoi, and to this I have devoted a separate chapter.[14]

[14] See Chapter XXXVII.

One more experience may be noted. In coming and going on the Moscow railway I found, as in other parts of Europe, that governmental control of railways does not at all mean better accommodations or lower fares than when such works are under individual control. The prices for travel, as well as for sleeping−berths, were much higher on these lines, owned by the government, than on any of our main trunk−lines in America, which are controlled by private corporations, and the accommodations were never of a high order, and sometimes intolerable.

During this stay in Russia my sympathies were enlisted for Finland; but on this subject I have spoken fully elsewhere.[15]

[15] See Chapter XXXIV.

Having resigned my position at St. Petersburg in October of 1894, the first use I made of my liberty was to go with my family to Italy for the winter; and several months were passed at Florence, where I revised and finished

the book which had been preparing during twenty years. Then came a rapid run to Rome and through southern Italy, my old haunts at Castellammare, Sorrento, and Amalfi being revisited, and sundry new excursions made. Among these last was one to Palermo, where I visited the Church of St. Josaphat. This edifice greatly interested me as a Christian church erected in honor of a Christian saint who was none other than Buddha. The manner in which the founder of that great world−religion which preceded our own was converted into a Christian saint and solemnly proclaimed as such by a long series of popes, from Sixtus V to Pius IX, inclusive, by virtue of their infallibility in all matters relating to faith and morals, is one of the most curious and instructive things in all history.[16]

[16] A full account of this conversion of Buddha (Bodisat) into St. Josaphat is given, with authorities, etc. in my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Vol. II, pp. 381 et seq.

At first I had some difficulty in finding this church; but, finally, having made the acquaintance of an eminent scholar, the Commendatore Marzo, canon of the Cappella Palatina and director of the National Library at Palermo he kindly took me to the place. Over the entrance were the words, "Divo Josaphat"; within, occupying one of the places of highest honor, was an altar to the saint, and above it a statue representing him as a young prince wearing a crown and holding a crucifix. By permission of the authorities I was allowed to send a photographer, who took a negative for me. A remark of the Commendatore Marzo upon the subject pleased me much. When, one day, after showing me the treasures of his great library, he was dining with me, and I pressed him for particulars regarding St. Josaphat, he answered, "He cannot be the Jehoshaphat of the Old Testament, for he is represented as a very young man, and contemplating a crucifix: e molto misterioso." It was, after all, not so very mysterious; for in these later days, now that the "Life of Barlaam and Josaphat," which dates from monks of the sixth or seventh century, has been compared with the "Life of Buddha," certainly written before the Christian era, the constant coincidence in details, and even in phrases, puts it beyond the slightest doubt that St. Josaphat and Buddha are one and the same person.

Very suggestive to thought was a visit to the wonderful cathedral of Monreale, above Palermo; for here, at this southern extreme of Europe, I found a conception of the Almighty as an enlarged human being, subject to human weakness, identical with that shown in the sculptures upon the cathedral of Upsala, at the extreme north of Europe. The whole interior of Monreale Cathedral is covered with a vast sheet of mosaics dating from about the twelfth century, and in one series of these, representing the creation, the Almighty is shown as working, day after day, like an artisan, and finally, on the seventh day, as "resting,"—seated in almost the exact attitude of the "weary Mercury" of classic sculpture, with a marked expression of fatigue upon his countenance and in the whole disposition of his body.[17]

[17] I have given a more full discussion of this subject in my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," Vol. I, p. 3.

During this journey, having revisited Orvieto, Perugia, and Assisi, I returned to Florence, and again enjoyed the society of my old friends, Professor Willard Fiske, Professor Villari, with his accomplished wife, and Judge Stallo, former minister of the United States in Rome.

The great event of this stay was an earthquake. Seated on a pleasant April evening in my rooms at the house built by Adolphus Trollope, near the Piazza dell' Independenza, I heard what seemed at first the rising of a storm; then the rushing of a mighty wind; then, as it grew stronger, apparently the gallop of a corps of cavalry in the neighboring avenue; but, almost instantly, it seemed to change into the onrush of a corps of artillery, and, a moment later, to strike the house, lifting its foundations as if by some mighty hand, and swaying it to and fro, everything creaking, groaning, rattling, and seeming likely to fall in upon us. This movement to and fro, with crashing and screaming inside and outside the house, continued, as it seemed to me, about twenty minutes—as a matter of fact, it lasted hardly seven seconds; but certainly it was the longest seven seconds I have ever known. At the first uplift of the seismic wave my wife and I rose from our seats, I saying, "Stand perfectly still." Thenceforward, not a word was uttered by either of us until all was over; but many thoughts came,—the dominant feeling being a sense of our helplessness in the presence of the great powers of nature. Neither of us had any hope of escaping alive; but we calmly accepted the inevitable, thinking each moment would be, the last. As I look back, our resignation and perfect quiet still surprise me. That room, at the corner of the Villino Trollope, which an ill−founded legend makes the place where George Eliot wrote "Romola," is to me sacred, as the place where we two passed "from death unto life."

Nearly all that night we remained near the doors of the house, ready to escape any new shocks; but only one or two came, and those very light. Crowds of the population remained out of doors, many dwellers in hotels taking refuge in carriages and cabs, and staying in them through the night.

Next morning I walked forth to find what had happened,—first to the cathedral, to see if anything was left of Giotto's tower and Brunelleschi's dome, and, to my great joy, found them standing; but, as I entered the vast building, I saw one of the enormous iron bars which take the thrust of the wide arches of the nave pulled apart and broken as if it had been pack−thread; there were also a few cracks in one of the piers supporting the dome, but all else was as before.

At the Palazzo Strozzi a crowd of people were examining sundry crevices which had been made in its mighty walls: and at various villas in the neighborhood, especially those on the road to San Miniato, I found that the damage had been much worse. A part of the tower of one villa, occupied by an English lady of literary distinction, had been thrown down, crashing directly through one of the upper rooms, but causing no loss of life; the villa of Judge Stallo, at the Porta Romana, was so wrecked that he was obliged to leave it; and in the house of another friend a heavy German stove on the upper floor, having been thrown over, had come down through the ceiling of the main parlor, crashing through the grand piano, and thence into the cellar, without injury to any person. One of the professors whom I afterward met told me that he was giving a dinner−party when, suddenly, the house was lifted and shaken to and fro, the chandeliers swinging, broken glass crashing, and the ladies screaming, and, in a moment, a portion of the outer wall gave way, but fortunately fell outward, so that the guests scrambled forth over the ruins, and passed the night in the garden. Perhaps the worst damage was wrought at the Convent of the Certosa, where some of the beautiful old work was irreparably injured.

It was very difficult next morning to get any real information from the newspapers. They claimed that but three persons lost their lives in the city: it was clearly thought best to minimize the damage done, lest the stream of travel might be scared away. I remarked at the time that we should never know fully what had occurred until we received the American papers; and, curiously enough, several weeks afterward a Californian showed me a very full and minute account of the whole calamity, with careful details, given in the telegraphic reports of a San Francisco newspaper on the very morning after the earthquake.

On the way to America I passed a short time, during the month of June, in London, meeting various interesting people, a most pleasant occasion to me being a dinner given by Mr. Bayard, the American minister, at which I met my classmate Wayne MacVeagh, formerly attorney−general of the United States, minister to Constantinople and ambassador to Rome, full, as usual, of interesting reminiscence and witty suggestion. Very interesting also to me was a talk with Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent pre−Raphaelite artist. He told me much of Tennyson dwelling upon his morbid fear that people would stare at him. He also gave an account of his meeting with Ruskin at Venice, when Ruskin took Hunt to task for not having come to see him more frequently in London; to which Hunt replied that, for one reason, he was very busy, and that, for another, he did not wish to be classed with the toadies who swarmed about Ruskin. Whereupon Ruskin said that Hunt was right regarding the character of most of the people about him. Hunt also spoke of the ill treatment of his beautiful picture, "The Light of the World." From him, or from another source about that time, I learned that formerly the Keble College people had made much of it; but that, some one having interpreted the rays passing through the different openings of the lantern in Christ's hand as typifying truth shining through different religious conceptions, the owners of the picture distrusted it, and had recently refused to allow its exhibition in London.

It surprised me to find Holman Hunt so absorbed in his own art that he apparently knew next to nothing about that of other European masters,—nothing of Puvis de Chavannes at Paris; nothing of Menzel, Knaus, and Werner at Berlin.

Having returned to America, I was soon settled in my old homestead at Cornell,—as I supposed for the rest of my life. Very delightful to me during this as well as other sojourns at Cornell after my presidency were sundry visits to American universities at which I was asked to read papers or make addresses. Of these I may mention Harvard, Yale, and the State universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, at each of which I addressed bodies of students on subjects which seemed to me important, among these "The Diplomatic Service of the United States," "Democracy and Education," "Evolution vs. Revolution in Politics," and "The Problem of High Crime in the United States." To me, as an American citizen earnestly desiring a noble future for my country, it was one of the greatest of pleasures to look into the faces of those large audiences of vigorous young men and women, and,

above all, at the State universities of the West, which are to act so powerfully through so many channels of influence in this new century. The last of the subjects above−named interested me painfully, and I was asked to present it to large general audiences, and not infrequently to the congregations of churches. I had become convinced that looseness in the administration of our criminal law is one of the more serious dangers to American society, and my earlier studies in this field were strengthened by my observations in the communities I had visited during the long journey through our Southern and Pacific States, to which I have just referred. Of this I shall speak later.

Returning to Washington in February of 1897, I joined the Venezuela Commission in presenting its report to the President and Secretary of State, and so ended my duties under the administration of Mr. Cleveland. Of my connection with the political campaign of 1896 I have spoken elsewhere. In May of 1897, having been appointed by President McKinley ambassador to Berlin, I sailed for Europe, and my journeys since that time have consisted mainly of excursions to interesting historical localities in Germany, with several short vacations in the principal towns of northern Italy, upon the Riviera, and in America.

PART VII
MISCELLANEOUS RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER LVI. THE CARDIFF GIANT: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN FOLLY—1869−1870

The traveler from New York to Niagara by the northern route is generally disappointed in the second half of his journey. During the earlier hours of the day, moving rapidly up the valleys, first of the Hudson and next of the Mohawk, he passes through a succession of landscapes striking or pleasing, and of places interesting from their relations to the French and Revolutionary wars. But, arriving at the middle point of his journey,—the head waters of the Mohawk,—a disenchantment begins. Thenceforward he passes through a country tame, monotonous, and with cities and villages as uninteresting in their appearance as in their names; the latter being taken, apparently without rhyme or reason, from the classical dictionary or the school geography.

And yet, during all that second half of his excursion, he is passing almost within musket−shot of one of the most beautiful regions of the Northern States,—the lake country of central and western New York.

It is made up of a succession of valleys running from south to north, and lying generally side by side, each with a beauty of its own. Some, like the Oneida and the Genesee, are broad expanses under thorough cultivation; others, like the Cayuga and Seneca, show sheets of water long and wide, their shores sometimes indented with glens and gorges, and sometimes rising with pleasant slopes to the wooded hills; in others still, as the Cazenovia, Skaneateles, Owasco, Keuka, and Canandaigua, smaller lakes are set, like gems, among vineyards and groves; and in others shimmering streams go winding through corn−fields and orchards fringed by the forest.

Of this last sort is the Onondaga valley. It lies just at the center of the State, and, although it has at its northern entrance the most thriving city between New York and Buffalo, it preserves a remarkable character of peaceful beauty.

It is also interesting historically. Here was the seat—the "long house"—of the Onondagas, the central tribe of the Iroquois; here, from time immemorial, were held the councils which decided on a warlike or peaceful policy for their great confederation; hither, in the seventeenth century, came the Jesuits, and among them some who stand high on the roll of martyrs; hither, toward the end of the eighteenth century, came Chateaubriand, who has given in his memoirs his melancholy musings on the shores of Onondaga Lake, and his conversation with the chief sachem of the Onondaga tribe; hither, in the early years of this century, came the companion of Alexis de Tocqueville, Gustave de Beaumont, who has given in his letters the thoughts aroused within him in this region, made sacred to him by the sorrows of refugees from the French Revolution.

It is a land of peace. The remnant of the Indians live quietly upon their reservation, Christians and pagans uniting harmoniously, on broad−church principles, in the celebration of Christmas and in the sacrifice of the white dog to the Great Spirit.

The surrounding farmers devote themselves in peace to their vocation. A noted academy, which has sent out many of their children to take high places in their own and other States, stands in the heart of the valley, and little red school−houses are suitably scattered. Clinging to the hills on either side are hamlets like Onondaga, Pompey, and Otisco, which in summer remind one of the villages upon the lesser slopes of the Apennines. It would be hard to find a more typical American population of the best sort—the sort which made Thomas Jefferson believe in democracy. It is largely of New England ancestry, with a free admixture of the better sort of more recent immigrants. It was my good fortune, during several years, to know many of these dwellers in the valley, and perhaps I am prejudiced in their favor by the fact that in my early days they listened very leniently to my political and literary addresses, and twice sent me to the Senate of the State with a large majority.

But truth, even more than friendship, compels this tribute to their merits. Good influences have long been at work among them: in the little cemetery near the valley church is the grave of one of their early pastors,—a quiet scholar,—the Rev. Caleb Alexander, who edited the first edition of the Greek Testament ever published in the United States.

I have known one of these farmers, week after week during the storms of a hard winter, drive four miles to borrow a volume of Scott's novels, and, what is better, drive four miles each week to return it. They are a people who read and think, and who can be relied on, in the long run, to take the sensible view of any question.

They have done more than read and think. They took a leading part in raising regiments and batteries for the

Civil War, and their stalwart sons went valiantly forth as volunteers. The Onondaga regiments distinguished themselves on many a hard−fought field; they learned what war was like at Bull Run, and used their knowledge to good purpose at Lookout Mountain, Five Forks, and Gettysburg. Typical is the fact that one of these regiments was led by a valley schoolmaster,—a man who, having been shot through the body, reported dead, and honored with a public commemoration at which eulogies were delivered by various persons, including myself, lived to command a brigade, to take part in the "Battle of the Clouds," where he received a second wound, and to receive a third wound during the march with Sherman to the sea.

Best of all, after the war the surviving soldiers returned, went on with their accustomed vocations, and all was quiet as before.

But in the autumn[18] of 1869 this peaceful region was in commotion from one end to the other. Strange reports echoed from farm to farm. It was noised abroad that a great stone statue or petrified giant had been dug up near the little hamlet of Cardiff, almost at the southern extremity of the valley; and soon, despite the fact that the crops were not yet gathered in, and the elections not yet over, men and women and children were hurrying from Syracuse and from the farm−houses along the valley to the scene of the great discovery.

[18] October 16.

I had been absent in a distant State for some weeks, and, on my return to Syracuse, meeting one of the most substantial citizens, a highly respected deacon in the Presbyterian Church, formerly a county judge, I asked him, in a jocose way, about the new object of interest, fully expecting that he would join me in a laugh over the whole matter; but, to my surprise, he became at once very solemn. He said, "I assure you that this is no laughing matter; it is a very serious thing, indeed; there is no question that an amazing discovery has been made, and I advise you to go down and see what you think of it."

Next morning, my brother and myself were speeding, after a fast trotter in a light buggy, through the valley to the scene of the discovery; and as we went we saw more and more, on every side, evidences of enormous popular interest. The roads were crowded with buggies, carriages, and even omnibuses from the city, and with lumber−wagons from the farms—all laden with passengers. In about two hours we arrived at the Newell farm, and found a gathering which at first sight seemed like a county fair. In the midst was a tent, and a crowd was pressing for admission. Entering, we saw a large pit or grave, and, at the bottom of it, perhaps five feet below the surface, an enormous figure, apparently of Onondaga gray limestone. It was a stone giant, with massive features, the whole body nude, the limbs contracted as if in agony. It had a color as if it had lain long in the earth, and over its surface were minute punctures, like pores. An especial appearance of great age was given it by deep grooves and channels in its under side, apparently worn by the water which flowed in streams through the earth and along the rock on which the figure rested. Lying in its grave, with the subdued light from the roof of the tent falling upon it, and with the limbs contorted as if in a death struggle, it produced a most weird effect. An air of great solemnity pervaded the place. Visitors hardly spoke above a whisper.

Coming out, I asked some questions, and was told that the farmer who lived there had discovered the figure when digging a well. Being asked my opinion, my answer was that the whole matter was undoubtedly a hoax; that there was no reason why the farmer should dig a well in the spot where the figure was found; that it was convenient neither to the house nor to the barn; that there was already a good spring and a stream of water running conveniently to both; that, as to the figure itself, it certainly could not have been carved by any prehistoric race, since no part of it showed the characteristics of any such early work; that, rude as it was, it betrayed the qualities of a modern performance of a low order.

Nor could it be a fossilized human being; in this all scientific observers of any note agreed. There was ample evidence, to one who had seen much sculpture, that it was carved, and that the man who carved it, though by no means possessed of genius or talent, had seen casts, engravings, or photographs of noted sculptures. The figure, in size, in massiveness, in the drawing up of the limbs, and in its roughened surface, vaguely reminded one of Michelangelo's "Night and Morning." Of course, the difference between this crude figure and those great Medicean statues was infinite; and yet it seemed to me that the man who had carved this figure must have received a hint from those.

It was also clear that the figure was neither intended to be considered as an idol nor as a monumental statue. There was no pedestal of any sort on which it could stand, and the disposition of the limbs and their contortions were not such as any sculptor would dream of in a figure to be set up for adoration. That it was intended to be

taken as a fossilized giant was indicated by the fact that it was made as nearly like a human being as the limited powers of the stone−carver permitted, and that it was covered with minute imitations of pores.

Therefore it was that, in spite of all scientific reasons to the contrary, the work was very generally accepted as a petrified human being of colossal size, and became known as "the Cardiff Giant."

One thing seemed to argue strongly in favor of its antiquity, and I felt bound to confess, to those who asked my opinion, that it puzzled me. This was the fact that the surface water flowing beneath it in its grave seemed to have deeply grooved and channeled it on the under side. Now the Onondaga gray limestone is hard and substantial, and on that very account used in the locks upon the canals: for the running of surface water to wear such channels in it would require centuries.

Against the opinion that the figure was a hoax various arguments were used. It was insisted, first, that the farmer had not the ability to devise such a fraud; secondly, that he had not the means to execute it; third, that his family had lived there steadily for many years, and were ready to declare under oath that they had never seen it, and had known nothing of it until it was accidentally discovered; fourth, that the neighbors had never seen or heard of it; fifth, that it was preposterous to suppose that such a mass of stone could have been brought and buried in the place without some one finding it out; sixth, that the grooves and channels worn in it by the surface water proved its vast antiquity.

To these considerations others were soon added. Especially interesting was it to observe the evolution of myth and legend. Within a week after the discovery, full−blown statements appeared to the effect that the neighboring Indians had abundant traditions of giants who formerly roamed over the hills of Onondaga; and, finally, the circumstantial story was evolved that an Onondaga squaw had declared, "in an impressive manner," that the statue "is undoubtedly the petrified body of a gigantic Indian prophet who flourished many centuries ago and foretold the coming of the palefaces, and who, just before his own death, said to those about him that their descendants would see him again."[19] To this were added the reflections of many good people who found it an edifying confirmation of the biblical text, "There were giants in those days." There was, indeed, an undercurrent of skepticism among the harder heads in the valley, but the prevailing opinion in the region at large was more and more in favor of the idea that the object was a fossilized human being—a giant of "those days." Such was the rush to see the figure that the admission receipts were very large; it was even stated that they amounted to five per cent. upon three millions of dollars, and soon came active men from the neighboring region who proposed to purchase the figure and exhibit it through the country. A leading spirit in this "syndicate" deserves mention. He was a horse−dealer in a large way and banker in a small way from a village in the next county,—a man keen and shrewd, but merciful and kindly, who had fought his way up from abject poverty, and whose fundamental principle, as he asserted it, was "Do unto others as they would like to do unto you, and—DO IT FUST."[20] A joint−stock concern was formed with a considerable capital, and an eminent show man, "Colonel" Wood, employed to exploit the wonder.

[19] See "The Cardiff Giant Humbug," Fort Dodge, Iowa, 1870, p. 13.

[20] For a picture, both amusing and pathetic, of the doings of this man, and also of life in the central New York villages, see "David Harum," a novel by E. N. Westcott, New York, 1898.

A week after my first visit I again went to the place, by invitation. In the crowd on that day were many men of light and leading from neighboring towns,—among them some who made pretensions to scientific knowledge. The figure, lying in its grave, deeply impressed all; and as a party of us came away, a very excellent doctor of divinity, pastor of one of the largest churches in Syracuse, said very impressively, "Is it not strange that any human being, after seeing this wonderfully preserved figure, can deny the evidence of his senses, and refuse to believe, what is so evidently the fact, that we have here a fossilized human being, perhaps one of the giants mentioned in Scripture?"

Another visitor, a bright−looking lady, was heard to declare, "Nothing in the world can ever make me believe that he was not once a living being. Why, you can see the veins in his legs."[21]

[21] See Letter of Hon. Galusha Parsons in the Fort Dodge Pamphlet.

Another prominent clergyman declared with ex cathedra emphasis: "This is not a thing contrived of man, but is the face of one who lived on the earth, the very image and child of God."[22] And a writer in one of the most important daily papers of the region dwelt on the "majestic simplicity and grandeur of the figure," and added, "It is not unsafe to affirm that ninety−nine out of every hundred persons who have seen this wonder have become

immediately and instantly impressed with the idea that they were in the presence of an object not made by mortal hands.... No piece of sculpture ever produced the awe inspired by this blackened form.... I venture to affirm that no living sculptor can be produced who will say that the figure was conceived and executed by any human being."[23]

[22] See Mr. Stockbridge's article in the "Popular Science Monthly," June, 1878.

[23] See "The American Goliath," Syracuse, 1869, p. 16.

The current of belief ran more and more strongly, and soon embraced a large number of really thoughtful people. A week or two after my first visit came a deputation of regents of the State University from Albany, including especially Dr. Woolworth, the secretary, a man of large educational experience, and no less a personage in the scientific world than Dr. James Hall, the State geologist, perhaps the most eminent American paleontologist of that period.

On their arrival at Syracuse in the evening, I met them at their hotel and discussed with them the subject which so interested us all, urging them especially to be cautious, and stating that a mistake might prove very injurious to the reputation of the regents, and to the proper standing of scientific men and methods in the State; that if the matter should turn out to be a fraud, and such eminent authorities should be found to have committed themselves to it, there would be a guffaw from one end of the country to the other at the expense of the men intrusted by the State with its scientific and educational interests. To this the gentlemen assented, and next day they went to Cardiff. They came; they saw; and they narrowly escaped being conquered. Luckily they did not give their sanction to the idea that the statue was a petrifaction, but Professor Hall was induced to say: "To all appearance, the statue lay upon the gravel when the deposition of the fine silt or soil began, upon the surface of which the forests have grown for succeeding generations. Altogether it is the most remarkable object brought to light in this country, and, although not dating back to the stone age, is, nevertheless, deserving of the attention of archaeologists."[24]

[24] See his letter of October 23, 1869, in the Syracuse papers.

At no period of my life have I ever been more discouraged as regards the possibility of making right reason prevail among men.

As a refrain to every argument there seemed to go jeering and sneering through my brain Schiller's famous line:

"Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain."[25]

[25] "Mit der Dummheit kampfen Gotter selbst vergebens." Jungfrau von Orleans, Act III, scene 6.

There seemed no possibility even of SUSPENDING the judgment of the great majority who saw the statue. As a rule, they insisted on believing it a "petrified giant," and those who did not dwelt on its perfections as an ancient statue. They saw in it a whole catalogue of fine qualities; and one writer went into such extreme ecstatics that he suddenly realized the fact, and ended by saying, "but this is rather too high−flown, so I had better conclude." As a matter of fact, the work was wretchedly defective in proportion and features; in every characteristic of sculpture it showed itself the work simply of an inferior stone−carver.

Dr. Boynton, a local lecturer on scientific subjects, gave it the highest praise as a work of art, and attributed it to early Jesuit missionaries who had come into that region about two hundred years before. Another gentleman, who united the character of a deservedly beloved pastor and an inspiring popular lecturer on various scientific topics, developed this Boynton theory. He attributed the statue to "a trained sculptor . . . who had noble original powers; for none but such could have formed and wrought out the conception of that stately head, with its calm smile so full of mingled sweetness and strength." This writer then ventured the query, "Was it not, as Dr. Boynton suggests, some one from that French colony, . . . some one with a righteous soul sighing over the lost civilization of Europe, weary of swamp and forest and fort, who, finding this block by the side of the stream, solaced the weary days of exile with pouring out his thought upon the stone?"[26] Although the most eminent sculptor in the State had utterly refused to pronounce the figure anything beyond a poor piece of carving, these strains of admiration and adoration continued.

[26] See the Syracuse daily papers as above.

There was evidently a "joy in believing" in the marvel, and this was increased by the peculiarly American superstition that the correctness of a belief is decided by the number of people who can be induced to adopt it—that truth is a matter of majorities. The current of credulity seemed irresistible.

Shortly afterward the statue was raised from its grave taken to Syracuse and to various other cities, especially to the city of New York, and in each place exhibited as a show.

As already stated, there was but one thing in the figure, as I had seen it, which puzzled me, and that was the grooving of the under side, apparently by currents of water, which, as the statue appeared to be of our Onondaga gray limestone, would require very many years. But one day one of the cool−headed skeptics of the valley, an old schoolmate of mine, came to me, and with an air of great solemnity took from his pocket an object which he carefully unrolled from its wrappings, and said, "There is a piece of the giant. Careful guard has been kept from the first in order to prevent people touching it; but I have managed to get a piece of it, and here it is." I took it in my hand, and the matter was made clear in an instant. The stone was not our hard Onondaga gray limestone, but soft, easily marked with the finger−nail, and, on testing it with an acid, I found it, not hard carbonate of lime, but a soft, friable sulphate of lime—a form of gypsum, which must have been brought from some other part of the country.

A healthful skepticism now began to assert its rights. Professor Marsh of Yale appeared upon the scene. Fortunately, he was not only one of the most eminent of living paleontologists, but, unlike most who had given an opinion, he really knew something of sculpture, for he had been familiar with the best galleries of the Old World. He examined the statue and said, "It is of very recent origin, and a most decided humbug.... Very short exposure of the statue would suffice to obliterate all trace of tool−marks, and also to roughen the polished surfaces, but these are still quite perfect, and hence the giant must have been very recently buried.... I am surprised that any scientific observers should not have at once detected the unmistakable evidence against its antiquity."[27]

[27] See Professor Marsh's letter in the "Syracuse Daily Journal," November 30, 1869.

Various suspicious circumstances presently became known. It was found that Farmer Newell had just remitted to a man named Hull, at some place in the West, several thousand dollars, the result of admission fees to the booth containing the figure, and that nothing had come in return. Thinking men in the neighborhood reasoned that as Newell had never been in condition to owe any human being such an amount of money, and had received nothing in return for it, his correspondent had, not unlikely, something to do with the statue.

These suspicions were soon confirmed. The neighboring farmers, who, in their quiet way, kept their eyes open, noted a tall, lank individual who frequently visited the place and seemed to exercise complete control over Farmer Newell. Soon it was learned that this stranger was the man Hull,—Newell's brother−in−law,—the same to whom the latter had made the large remittance of admission money. One day, two or three farmers from a distance, visiting the place for the first time and seeing Hull, said, "Why, that is the man who brought the big box down the valley." On being asked what they meant, they said that, being one evening in a tavern on the valley turnpike some miles south of Cardiff, they had noticed under the tavern shed a wagon bearing an enormous box; and when they met Hull in the bar−room and asked about it, he said that it was some tobacco−cutting machinery which he was bringing to Syracuse. Other farmers, who had seen the box and talked with Hull at different places on the road between Binghamton and Cardiff, made similar statements. It was then ascertained that no such box had passed the toll−gates between Cardiff and Syracuse, and proofs of the swindle began to mature.

But skepticism was not well received. Vested interests had accrued, a considerable number of people, most of them very good people, had taken stock in the new enterprise, and anything which discredited it was unwelcome to them.

It was not at all that these excellent people wished to countenance an imposture, but it had become so entwined with their beliefs and their interests that at last they came to abhor any doubts regarding it. A pamphlet, "The American Goliath," was now issued in behalf of the wonder. On its title−page it claimed to give the "History of the Discovery, and the Opinions of Scientific Men thereon." The tone of the book was moderate, but its tendency was evident. Only letters and newspaper articles exciting curiosity or favoring the genuineness of the statue were admitted; adverse testimony, like that of Professor Marsh, was carefully excluded.

Before long the matter entered into a comical phase. Barnum, King of Showmen, attempted to purchase the "giant," but in vain. He then had a copy made so nearly resembling the original that no one, save, possibly, an expert, could distinguish between them. This new statue was also exhibited as "the Cardiff Giant," and thenceforward the credit of the discovery waned.

The catastrophe now approached rapidly, and soon affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois established the fact that the figure was made at Fort Dodge, in Iowa, of a great block of gypsum there found; that

this block was transported by land to the nearest railway station, Boone, which was about forty−five miles distant; that on the way the wagon conveying it broke down, and that as no other could be found strong enough to bear the whole weight, a portion of the block was cut off; that, thus diminished, it was taken to Chicago, where a German stone−carver gave it final shape; that, as it had been shortened, he was obliged to draw up the lower limbs, thus giving it a strikingly contracted and agonized appearance; that the under side of the figure was grooved and channeled in order that it should appear to be wasted by age; that it was then dotted or pitted over with minute pores by means of a leaden mallet faced with steel needles; that it was stained with some preparation which gave it an appearance of great age; that it was then shipped to a place near Binghamton, New York, and finally brought to Cardiff and there buried. It was further stated that Hull, in order to secure his brother−in−law, Farmer Newell, as his confederate in burying the statue, had sworn him to secrecy; and, in order that the family might testify that they had never heard or seen anything of the statue until it had been unearthed, he had sent them away on a little excursion covering the time when it was brought and buried. All these facts were established by affidavits from men of high character in Iowa and Illinois, by the sworn testimony of various Onondaga farmers and men of business, and, finally, by the admissions and even boasts of Hull himself.

Against this tide of truth the good people who had pinned their faith to the statue—those who had vested interests in it, and those who had rashly given solemn opinions in favor of it—struggled for a time desperately. A writer in the "Syracuse Journal" expressed a sort of regretful wonder and shame that "the public are asked to overthrow the sworn testimony of sustained witnesses corroborated by the highest scientific authority"—the only sworn witness being Farmer Newell, whose testimony was not at all conclusive, and the highest scientific authority being an eminent local dentist who, early in his life, had given popular chemical lectures, and who had now invested money in the enterprise.

The same writer referred also with awe to "the men of sense, property, and character who own the giant and receive whatever revenue arises from its exhibition"; and the argument culminated in the oracular declaration that "the operations of water as testified and interpreted by science cannot create falsehood."[28]

[28] See letter of "X" in the "Syracuse Journal," republished in the Fort Dodge Pamphlet, pp. 15 and 16.

But all this pathetic eloquence was in vain. Hull, the inventor of the statue, having realized more money from it than he expected, and being sharp enough to see that its day was done, was evidently bursting with the desire to avert scorn from himself by bringing the laugh upon others, and especially upon certain clergymen, whom, as we shall see hereafter, he greatly disliked. He now acknowledged that the whole thing was a swindle, and gave details of the way in which he came to embark in it. He avowed that the idea was suggested to him by a discussion with a Methodist revivalist in Iowa; that, being himself a skeptic in religious matters, he had flung at his antagonist "those remarkable stories in the Bible about giants"; that, observing how readily the revivalist and those with him took up the cudgels for the giants, it then and there occurred to him that, since so many people found pleasure in believing such things, he would have a statue carved out of stone which he had found in Iowa and pass it off on them as a petrified giant. In a later conversation he said that one thing which decided him was that the stone had in it dark−colored bluish streaks which resembled in appearance the veins of the human body. The evolution of the whole affair thus became clear, simple, and natural.

Up to this time, Hull's remarkable cunning had never availed him much. He had made various petty inventions, but had realized very little from them; he had then made some combinations as regarded the internal−revenue laws referring to the manufacture and sale of tobacco, and these had only brought him into trouble with the courts; but now, when the boundless resources of human credulity were suddenly revealed to him by the revivalist, he determined to exploit them. This evolution of his ideas strikingly resembles that through which the mind of a worthless, shiftless, tricky creature in western New York—Joseph Smith—must have passed forty years before, when he dug up "the golden plates" of the "Book of Mormon," and found plenty of excellent people who rejoiced in believing that the Rev. Mr. Spalding's biblical novel was a new revelation from the Almighty.

The whole matter was thus fully laid open, and it might have been reasonably expected that thenceforward no human being would insist that the stone figure was anything but a swindling hoax.

Not so. In the Divinity School of Yale College, about the middle of the century, was a solemn, quiet, semi−jocose, semi−melancholic resident graduate—Alexander McWhorter. I knew him well. He had embarked in various matters which had not turned out satisfactorily. Hot water, ecclesiastical and social, seemed his favorite

element.[29] He was generally believed to secure most of his sleep during the day, and to do most of his work during the night; a favorite object of his study being Hebrew. Various strange things had appeared from his pen, and, most curious of all, a little book entitled, "Yahveh Christ," in which he had endeavored to demonstrate that the doctrine of the Trinity was to be found entangled in the consonants out of which former scholars made the word "Jehovah," and more recent scholars "Yahveh"; that this word, in fact, proved the doctrine of the Trinity.[30]

[29] The main evidence of this is to be found in "Truth Stranger Than Fiction: A Narrative of Recent Transactions involving Inquiries in Regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth, and Justice, which Obtains in a Distinguished American University," by Catherine E. Beecher, New York, 1850.

[30] See "Yahveh Christ, or the Memorial Name," by A. McWhorter, Boston, 1857.

He now brought his intellect to bear upon "the Cardiff Giant," and soon produced an amazing theory, developing it at length in a careful article.[31]

[31] See McWhorter, "Tammuz and the Mound−builders," in the "Galaxy," July, 1872.

This theory was simply that the figure discovered at Cardiff was a Phenician idol; and Mr. McWhorter published, as the climax to all his proofs, the facsimile and translation of an inscription which he had discovered upon the figure—a "Phenician inscription," which he thought could leave no doubt in the mind of any person open to conviction.

That the whole thing had been confessed a swindle by all who took part in it, with full details as to its origin and development, seemed to him not worthy of the slightest mention. Regardless of all the facts in the case, he showed a pathetic devotion to his theory, and allowed his imagination the fullest play. He found, first of all, an inscription of thirteen letters, "introduced by a large cross or star−the Assyrian index of the Deity." Before the last word of the inscription he found carved "a flower which he regarded as consecrated to the particular deity Tammuz, and at both ends of the inscription a serpent monogram and symbol of Baal."

This inscription he assumed as an evident fact, though no other human being had ever been able to see it. Even Professor White, M.D., of the Yale Medical School, with the best intentions in the world, was unable to find it. Dr. White was certainly not inclined to superficiality or skepticism. With "achromatic glasses which magnified forty−five diameters" he examined the "pinholes" which covered the figure, and declared that "the beautiful finish of every pore or pinhole appeared to me strongly opposed to the idea that the statue was of modern workmanship." He also thought he saw the markings which Mr. McWhorter conjectured might be an inscription, and said in a letter, "though I saw no recent tool−marks, I saw evidences of design in the form and arrangement of the markings, which suggested the idea of an inscription." And, finally, having made these concessions, he ends his long letter with the very guarded statement that, "though not fully DECIDED, I INCLINE TO THE OPINION that the Onondaga statue is of ancient origin."[32]

[32] The italics are as in the original.

But this mild statement did not daunt Mr. McWhorter. Having calmly pronounced Dr. White "in error," he proceeded with sublime disregard of every other human being. He found that the statue "belongs to the winged or 'cherubim' type"; that "down the left side of the figure are seen the outlines of folded wings—even the separate feathers being clearly distinguishable"; that "the left side of the head is inexpressibly noble and majestic," and "conforms remarkably to the type of the head of the mound−builders"; that "the left arm terminates in what appears to be a huge extended lion's paw"; that "the dual idea expressed in the head is carried out in the figure"; that "in the wonderfully artistic mouth of the divine side we find a suggestion of that of the Greek Apollo." Mr. McWhorter also found other things that no other human being was ever able to discern, and among them "a crescent−shaped wound upon the left side," "traces of ancient coloring" in all parts of the statue, and evidences that the minute pores were made by "borers." He lays great stress on an "ancient medal" found in Onondaga, which he thinks belongs "to the era of the mound−builders," and on which he finds a "circle inclosing an equilateral cross, both cross and circle, like the wheel of Ezekiel, being full of small circles or eyes." As a matter of fact, this "ancient medal" was an English penny, which a street gamin of Syracuse said that he had found near the statue, and the "equilateral cross" was simply the usual cross of St. George. Mr. McWhorter thinks the circle inclosing the cross denotes the "world soul," and in a dissertation of about twenty pages he discourses upon "Baal," "Tammuz," "King Hiram of Tyre," the "ships of Tarshish," the "Eluli," and "Atlas," with plentiful arguments drawn from a multitude of authorities, and among them Sanchoniathon, Ezekiel, Plato, Dr. Dollinger,

Isaiah, Melanchthon, Lenormant, Humboldt, Sir John Lubbock, and Don Domingo Juarros,—finally satisfying himself that the statue was "brought over by a colony of Phenicians," possibly several hundred years before Christ.[33]

[33] See the "Galaxy" article, as above, passim.

With the modesty of a true scholar he says, "Whether the final battle at Onondaga . . . occurred before or after this event we cannot tell"; but, resuming confidence, he says, "we only know that at some distant period the great statue, brought in a 'ship of Tarshish' across the sea of Atl, was lightly covered with twigs and flowers and these with gravel." The deliberations of the Pickwick Club over "Bill Stubbs, His Mark" pale before this; and Dickens in his most expansive moods never conceived anything more funny than the long, solemn discussion between the erratic Hebrew scholar and the eminent medical professor at New Haven over the "pores" of the statue, which one of them thought "the work of minute animals," which the other thought "elaborate Phenician workmanship," which both thought exquisite, and which the maker of the statue had already confessed that he had made by rudely striking the statue with a mallet faced with needles.

Mr. McWhorter's new theory made no great stir in the United States, though some, doubtless, took comfort in it; but it found one very eminent convert across the ocean, and in a place where we might least have expected him. Some ten years after the events above sketched while residing at Berlin as minister of the United States, I one day received from an American student at the University of Halle a letter stating that he had been requested by no less a personage than the eminent Dr Schlottmann, instructor in Hebrew in the theological school of that university,—the successor of Gesenius in that branch of instruction,—to write me for information regarding the Phenician statue described by the Rev Alexander McWhorter.

In reply, I detailed to him the main points in the history of the case, as it has been given in this chapter, adding, as against the Phenician theory, that nothing in the nature of Phenician remains had ever been found within the borders of the United States, and that if they had been found, this remote valley, three hundred miles from the sea, barred from the coast by mountain−ranges, forests, and savage tribes, could never have been the place chosen by Phenician navigators for such a deposit; that the figure itself was clearly not a work of early art, but a crude development by an uncultured stone−cutter out of his remembrance of things in modern sculpture; and that the inscription was purely the creation of Mr. McWhorter's imagination.

In his acknowledgment, my correspondent said that I had left no doubt in his mind as to the fact that the giant was a swindle; but that he had communicated my letter to the eminent Dr. Schlottmann, that the latter avowed that I had not convinced him, and that he still believed the Cardiff figure to be a Phenician statue bearing a most important inscription.

One man emerged from this chapter in the history of human folly supremely happy: this was Hull, the inventor of the "giant." He had at last made some money, had gained a reputation for "smartness," and, what probably pleased him best of all, had revenged himself upon the Rev. Mr. Turk of Ackley, Iowa, who by lung−power had worsted him in the argument as to the giants mentioned in Scripture.

So elate was he that he shortly set about devising another "petrified man" which would defy the world. It was of clay baked in a furnace, contained human bones, and was provided with "a tail and legs of the ape type"; and this he caused to be buried and discovered in Colorado. This time he claimed to have the aid of one of his former foes—the great Barnum; and all went well until his old enemy, Professor Marsh of Yale, appeared and blasted the whole enterprise by a few minutes of scientific observation and common−sense discourse.

Others tried to imitate Hull, and in 1876 one—William Buddock of Thornton, St. Clair County, Michigan—manufactured a small effigy in cement, and in due time brought about the discovery of it. But, though several country clergymen used it to strengthen their arguments as to the literal, prosaic correctness of Genesis, it proved a failure. Finally, in 1889, twenty years after "the Cardiff Giant" was devised, a "petrified man" was found near Bathurst in Australia, brought to Sydney, and exhibited. The result was, in some measure, the same as in the case of the American fraud. Excellent people found comfort in believing, and sundry pseudo−scientific men of a cheap sort thought it best to pander to this sentiment; but a well−trained geologist pointed out the absurdity of the popular theory, and finally the police finished the matter by securing evidences of fraud.[34]

[34] For the Ruddock discovery see Dr. G.A. Stockwell in the "Popular Science Monthly" for June, 1878. For the Australian fraud see the London "Times" of August 2, 1889.

To close these annals, I may add that recently the inventor of "the Cardiff Giant," Hull, being at the age of

seventy−six years, apparently in his last illness, and anxious for the glory in history which comes from successful achievement, again gave to the press a full account of his part in the affair, confirming what he had previously stated, showing how he planned it, executed it and realized a goodly sum for it; how Barnum wished to purchase it from him; and how, above all, he had his joke at the expense of those who, though they had managed to overcome him in argument, had finally been rendered ridiculous in the sight of the whole country.[35]

[35] For Hull's "Final Statement" see the "Ithaca Daily Journal," January 4, 1898.

CHAPTER LVII. PLANS AND PROJECTS, EXECUTED AND UNEXECUTED—1838−1905

Among those who especially attracted my youthful admiration were authors, whether of books or of articles in the magazines. When one of these personages was pointed out to me, he seemed of far greater stature than the men about him. This feeling was especially developed in the atmosphere of our household, where scholars and writers were held in especial reverence, and was afterward increased by my studies. This led me at Yale to take, at first, much interest in general literature, and, as a result, I had some youthful successes as a writer of essays and as one of the editors of the "Yale Literary Magazine"; but although it was an era of great writers, —the culmination of the Victorian epoch,—my love for literature as literature gradually diminished, and in place of it came in my young manhood a love of historical and other studies to which literature was, to my mind, merely subsidiary. With this, no doubt, the prevailing atmosphere of Yale had much to do. There was between Yale and Harvard, at that time, a great difference as regarded literary culture. Living immediately about Harvard were most of the leading American authors, and this fact greatly influenced that university; at Yale less was made of literature as such, and more was made of it as a means to an end—as ancillary in the discussion of various militant political questions. Yale had writers strong, vigorous, and acute: of such were Woolsey, Porter, Bacon, and Bushnell, some of whom,—and, above all, the last,—had they devoted themselves to pure literature, would have gained lasting fame; but their interest in the questions of the day was controlling, and literature, in its ordinary sense, was secondary.

Harvard undoubtedly had the greater influence on leading American thinkers throughout the nation, but much less direct influence on the people at large outside of Massachusetts. The direct influence of Yale on affairs throughout the United States was far greater; it was felt in all parts of the country and in every sort of enterprise. Many years after my graduation I attended a meeting of the Yale alumni at Washington, where a Western senator, on taking the chair, gave an offhand statement of the difference between the two universities. "Gentlemen," said the senator, "we all know what Harvard does. She fits men admirably for life in Boston and its immediate neighborhood; they see little outside of eastern Massachusetts and nothing outside of New England; in Boston clubs they are delightful; elsewhere they are intolerable. And we also know what Yale does: she sends her graduates out into all parts of the land, for every sort of good work, in town and country, even to the remotest borders of the nation. Wherever you find a Yale man you find a man who is in touch with his fellow−citizens; who appreciates them and is appreciated by them; who is doing a man's work and is honored for doing it."

This humorous overstatement indicates to some extent the real difference between the spirit of the two universities: the influence of Harvard being greater through the men it trained to lead American thought from Boston as a center; the influence of Yale being greater through its graduates who were joining in the world's work in all its varied forms. Yet, curiously enough, it was the utterance of a Harvard man which perhaps did most in my young manhood to make me unduly depreciate literary work. I was in deep sympathy with Theodore Parker, both in politics and religion, and when he poured contempt over a certain class of ineffective people as "weak and literary," something of his feeling took possession of me. Then, too, I was much under the influence of Thomas Carlyle: his preachments, hortatory and objurgatory, witty and querulous, that men should defer work in literature until they really have some worthy message to deliver, had a strong effect upon me. While I greatly admired men like Lowell and Whittier, who brought exquisite literary gifts to bear powerfully on the struggle against slavery, persons devoted wholly to literary work seemed to me akin to sugar−bakers and confectionery−makers. I now know that this view was very inadequate; but it was then in full force. It seemed to me more and more absurd that a man with an alleged immortal soul, at such a time as the middle of the nineteenth century, should devote himself, as I then thought, to amusing weakish young men and women by the balancing of phrases or the jingling of verses.

Therefore it was that, after leaving Yale, whatever I wrote had some distinct purpose, with little, if any, care as to form. I was greatly stirred against the encroachments of slavery in the Territories, had also become deeply interested in university education, and most of my thinking and writing was devoted to these subjects; though, at times, I took up the cudgels in behalf of various militant ideas that seemed to need support. The lecture on

"Cathedral Builders and Mediaeval Sculptors," given in the Yale chapel after my return from Europe, often repeated afterward in various parts of the country, and widely circulated by extracts in newspapers, though apparently an exception to the rule, was not really so. It aimed to show the educational value of an ethical element in art. So, too, my article in the "New Englander" on "Glimpses of Universal History" had as its object the better development of historical studies in our universities. My articles in the "Atlantic Monthly"—on "Jefferson and Slavery," on "The Statesmanship of Richelieu," and on "The Development and Overthrow of Serfdom in Russia"—all had a bearing on the dominant question of slavery, and the same was true of my Phi Beta Kappa address at Yale on "The Greatest Foe of Modern States." Whatever I wrote during the Civil War, and especially my pamphlet published in London as a reply to the "American Diary" of the London "Times" correspondent, Dr. Russell, had a similar character. The feeling grew upon me that life in the United States during the middle of the nineteenth century was altogether too earnest for devotion to pure literature. The same feeling pervaded my lectures at the University of Michigan, my effort being by means of the lessons of history to set young men at thinking upon the great political problems of our time. The first course of these lectures was upon the French Revolution. Work with reference to it had been a labor of love. During my student life in Paris, and at various other times, I had devoted much time to the study of this subject, had visited nearly all the places most closely connected with it not only in Paris but throughout France, had meditated upon the noble beginnings of the Revolution in the Palace and Tennis−court and Church of St. Louis at Versailles; at Lyons, upon the fusillades; at Nantes, upon the noyades; at the Abbaye, the Carmelite monastery, the Barriere du Trone, and the cemetery of the Rue Piepus in Paris, upon the Red Terror; at Nimes and Avignon and in La Vendee, upon the White Terror; had collected, in all parts of France, masses of books, manuscripts, public documents and illustrated material on the whole struggle: full sets of the leading newspapers of the Revolutionary period, more than seven thousand pamphlets, reports, speeches, and other fugitive publications, with masses of paper money, caricatures, broadsides, and the like, thus forming my library on the Revolution, which has since been added to that of Cornell University. Based upon these documents and books were my lectures on the general history of France and on the Revolution and Empire. Out of this came finally a shorter series of lectures upon which I took especial pains—namely, the "History of the Causes of the French Revolution." This part of the whole course interested me most as revealing the strength and weakness of democracies and throwing light upon many problems which our own republic must endeavor to solve; and I gave it not only at Cornell, but at Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania, Stanford, Tulane, and Washington. It still remains in manuscript: whether it will ever be published is uncertain. Should my life be somewhat extended, I hope to throw it into the form of a small volume; but, at my present age and with the work now upon me, the realization of this plan is doubtful. Still, in any case, there is to me one great consolation: my collection of books aided the former professor of modern history at Cornell, Mr. Morse Stevens, in preparing what is unquestionably the best history of the French Revolution in the English language. Nor has the collection been without other uses. Upon it was based my pamphlet on "Paper Money Inflation in France: How It Came, What It Brought, and How It Ended," and this, being circulated widely as a campaign document during two different periods of financial delusion, did, I hope, something to set some controlling men into fruitful trains of thought on one of the most important issues ever presented to the American people.

Another course of lectures also paved the way possibly for a book. I have already told how, during my college life and even previously, I became fascinated with the history of the Protestant Reformation. This led to further studies, and among the first courses in history prepared during my professorship at the University of Michigan was one upon the "Revival of Learning" and the "Reformation in Germany." This course was developed later until it was brought down to our own times; its continuance being especially favored by my stay in Germany, first as a student and later as minister of the United States. Most of my spare time at these periods was given to this subject, and in the preparation of these lectures I conceived the plan of a book bearing some such name as "The Building of the German Empire," or "The Evolution of Modern Germany." As to method, I proposed to make it almost entirely biographical, and the reason for this is very simple. Of all histories that I have known, those relating to Germany have been the most difficult to read. Events in German history are complicated and interwoven, to a greater degree than those of any other nation, by struggles between races, between three great branches of the Christian Church, between scores of territorial divisions between greater and lesser monarchs, between states and cities, between families, between individuals. Then, to increase the complication, the center of interest is

constantly changing,—being during one period at Vienna, during another at Frankfort−on−the−Main, during another at Berlin, and during others at other places. Therefore it is that narrative histories of Germany become to most foreign readers wretchedly confusing: indeed, they might well be classed in Father Bouhours's famous catalogue of "Books Impossible to be Read." This obstacle to historical treatment, especially as regards the needs of American readers, led me to group events about the lives of various German leaders in thought and action−the real builders of Germany; and this plan was perhaps confirmed by Carlyle's famous dictum that the history of any nation is the history of the great men who have made it. Impressed by such considerations, I threw my lectures almost entirely into biographical form, with here and there a few historical lectures to bind the whole together. Beginning with Erasmus, Luther, Ulrich von Hutten, and Charles V, I continued with Comenius, Canisius, Grotius, Thomasius, and others who, whether born on German soil or not, exercised their main influence in Germany. Then came the work of the Great Elector, the administration of Frederick the Great, the moral philosophy of Kant, the influence of the French Revolution and Napoleon in Germany, the reforms of Stein, the hopeless efforts of Joseph II and Metternich to win the hegemony for Austria, and the successful efforts of Bismarck and the Emperor William to give it to Prussia. My own direct knowledge of Germany at different dates during more than forty−five years, and perhaps also my official and personal relations to the two personages last mentioned, enabled me to see some things which a man drawing his material from books alone would not have seen. I have given much of my spare time to this subject during several years, and still hope, almost against hope, to bring it into book form.

Though thus interested in the work of a professor of modern history, I could not refrain from taking part in the discussion of practical questions pressing on thinking men from all sides and earnestly demanding attention.

During my State senatorship I had been obliged more than once to confess a lack, both in myself and in my colleagues, of much fundamental knowledge especially important to men intrusted with the legislation of a great commonwealth. Besides this, even as far back as my Russian attacheship, I had observed a similar want of proper equipment in our diplomatic and consular service. It was clear to me that such subjects as international law, political economy, modern history bearing on legislation, the fundamental principles of law and administration, and especially studies bearing on the prevention and cure of pauperism, inebriety, and crime, and on the imposition of taxation, had been always inadequately provided for by our universities, and in most cases utterly neglected. In France and Germany I had observed a better system, and, especially at the College de France, had been interested in the courses of Laboulaye on "Comparative Legislation." The latter subject, above all, seemed likely to prove fruitful in the United States, where not only the national Congress but over forty State legislatures are trying in various ways, year after year, to solve the manifold problems presented to them. Therefore it was that, while discharging my duties as a commissioner at the Paris Exposition of 1878, I took pains to secure information regarding instruction, in various European countries, having as its object the preparation of young men for the civil and diplomatic service. Especially was I struck by the thorough equipment for the diplomatic and consular services given at the newly established ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris; consequently my report as commissioner was devoted to this general subject. On my return this was published under the title of "The Provision for Higher Instruction in Subjects bearing directly on Public Affairs," and a portion of my material was thrown, at a later day, into an appeal for the establishment of proper courses in history and political science, which took the final form of a commencement address at Johns Hopkins University. It is a great satisfaction to me that this publication, acting with other forces in the same direction, has been evidently useful Nothing in the great development of our universities during the last quarter of a century has been more gratifying and full of promise for the country than the increased provision for instruction bearing on public questions, and the increased interest in such instruction shown by students, and, indeed, by the community at large I may add that of all the kindnesses shown me by the trustees of Cornell University at my resignation of its presidency, there was none which pleased me more than the attachment of my name to their newly established College of History and Political Science.

During this same period another immediately practical subject which interested me was the reform of the civil service; and, having spoken upon this at various public meetings as well as written private letters to various public men in order to keep them thinking upon it, I published in 1882, in the "North American Review," an article giving historical facts regarding the origin, evolution, and results of the spoils system, entitled, "Do the Spoils Belong to the Victor?" This brought upon me a bitter personal attack from my old friend Mr. Thurlow Weed, who, far−sighted and shrewd as he was, could never see how republican institutions could be made to work

without the anticipation of spoils; but for this I was more than compensated by the friendship of younger men who are likely to have far more to do with our future political development than will the old race of politicians, and, chief among these young men, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. I was also drawn off to other subjects, making addresses at various universities on points which seemed to me of importance, the most successful of all being one given at Yale, upon the thirtieth anniversary of my class, entitled, "The Message of the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth." It was an endeavor to strengthen the hands of those who were laboring to maintain the proper balance between the humanities and technical studies. To the latter I had indeed devoted many years of my life, but the time had arrived when the other side seemed to demand attention. This address, though the result of much preliminary meditation, was dictated in all the hurry and worry of a Cornell commencement week and given in the Yale chapel the week following. Probably nothing which I have ever done, save perhaps the tractate on "Paper Money Inflation in France," received such immediate and wide−spread recognition: it was circulated very extensively in the New York "Independent," then in the form of a pamphlet, for which there was large demand, and finally, still more widely, in a cheap form.

Elsewhere in these reminiscences I have given an account of the evolution of my "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." It was growing in my mind for about twenty years, and my main reading, even for my different courses of lectures, had more or less connection with it. First given as a lecture, it was then extended into a little book which grew, in the shape of new chapters, into much larger final form. It was written mainly at Cornell University, but several of its chapters in other parts of the world, one being almost wholly prepared on the Nile, at Athens, and at Munich; another at St. Petersburg and during a journey in the Scandinavian countries; and other chapters in England and France. At last, in the spare hours of my official life at St. Petersburg I made an end of the work; and in Italy, during the winter and spring of 1894−1895, gave it final revision.

For valuable aid in collecting materials and making notes in public libraries, I was indebted to various friends whose names are mentioned in its preface; and above all, to my dear friend and former student, Professor George Lincoln Burr, who not only aided me greatly during the latter part of my task by wise suggestions and cautions, but who read the proofs and made the index.

Perhaps I may be allowed to repeat here that my purpose in preparing this book was to strengthen not only science but religion. I have never had any tendency to scoffing, nor have I liked scoffers. Many of my closest associations and dearest friendships have been, and still are, with clergymen. Clergymen are generally, in our cities and villages, among the best and most intelligent men that one finds, and, as a rule, with thoughtful and tolerant old lawyers and doctors, the people best worth knowing. My aim in writing was not only to aid in freeing science from trammels which for centuries had been vexatious and cruel, but also to strengthen religious teachers by enabling them to see some of the evils in the past which, for the sake of religion itself, they ought to guard against in the future.

During vacation journeys in Europe I was led, at various historical centers, to take up special subjects akin to those developed in my lectures. Thus, during my third visit to Florence, having read Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," which still seems to me the most beautiful historical romance ever written, I was greatly impressed by that part of it which depicts the superstitions and legal cruelties engendered by the plague at Milan. This story, with Manzoni's "Colonna Infame" and Cantu's "Vita di Beccaria," led me to take up the history of criminal law, and especially the development of torture in procedure and punishment. Much time during two or three years was given to this subject, and a winter at Stuttgart in 1877−1878 was entirely devoted to it. In the course of these studies I realized as never before how much dogmatic theology and ecclesiasticism have done to develop and maintain the most frightful features in penal law. I found that in Greece and Rome, before the coming in of Christianity, torture had been reduced to a minimum and, indeed, had been mainly abolished; but that the doctrine in the mediaeval church as to "Excepted Cases"—namely, cases of heresy and witchcraft, regarding which the theological dogma was developed that Satan would exercise his powers to help his votaries—had led to the reestablishment of a system of torture, in order to baffle and overcome Satan, far more cruel than any which prevailed under paganism.

I also found that, while under the later Roman emperors and, in fact, down to the complete supremacy of Christianity, criminal procedure grew steadily more and more merciful, as soon as the church was established in full power yet another theological doctrine came in with such force that it extended the use of torture from the "Excepted Cases" named above to all criminal procedure, and maintained it, in its most frightful form, for more

than a thousand years. This new doctrine was that since the Almighty punishes his erring children by tortures infinite in cruelty and eternal in duration, earthly authorities may justly imitate this divine example so far as their finite powers enable them to do so. I found this doctrine not only especially effective in the mediaeval church, but taking on even more hideous characteristics in the Protestant Church, especially in Germany. On this subject I collected much material, some of it very interesting and little known even to historical scholars. Of this were original editions of the old criminal codes of Europe and later criminal codes in France and Germany down to the French Revolution, nearly all of which were enriched with engravings illustrating instruments and processes of torture. So, too, a ghastly light was thrown into the whole subject by the executioners' tariffs in the various German states, especially those under ecclesiastical rule. One of several in my possession, which was published by the Elector Archbishop of Cologne in 1757 and stamped with the archbishop's seal, specifies and sanctions every form of ingenious cruelty which one human being can exercise upon another, and, opposite each of these cruelties, the price which the executioner was authorized to receive for administering it. Thus, for cutting off the right hand so much; for tearing out the tongue, so much; for tearing the flesh with hot pincers, so much; for burning a criminal alive, so much; and so on through two folio pages. Moreover, I had collected details of witchcraft condemnations, which, during more than a century, went on at the rate of more than a thousand a year in Germany alone, and not only printed books but the original manuscript depositions taken from the victims in the torture−chamber. Of these were the trial papers of Dietrich Flade, who had been, toward the end of the sixteenth century, one of the most eminent men in eastern Germany, chief justice of the province and rector of the University of Treves. Having ventured to think witchcraft a delusion, he was put on trial by the archbishop, tortured until in his agony he acknowledged every impossible thing suggested to him, and finally strangled and burned. In his case, as in various others, I have the ipsissima verba of the accusers and accused: the original report in the handwriting of the scribe who was present at the torture and wrote down the questions of the judges and the answers of the prisoner.

On this material I based a short course of lectures on "The Evolution of Humanity in Criminal Law," and have often thought of throwing these into the form of a small book to be called "The Warfare of Humanity with Unreason"; but this will probably remain a mere project. I mention it here, hoping that some other person, with more leisure, will some day properly present these facts as bearing on the claims of theologians and ecclesiastics to direct education and control thought.

Of this period, too, were sundry projects for special monographs. Thus, during various visits to Florence, I planned a history of that city. It had interested me in my student days during my reading of Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," and on resuming my studies in that field it seemed to me that a history of Florence might be made, most varied, interesting, and instructive. It would embrace, of course, a most remarkable period of political development—the growth of a mediaeval republic out of early anarchy and tyranny; some of the most curious experiments in government ever made; the most wonderful, perhaps, of all growths in art, literature, and science; and the final supremacy of a monarchy, bringing many interesting results, yet giving some terrible warnings. But the more I read the more I saw that to write such a history a man must relinquish everything else, and so it was given up. So, too, during various sojourns at Venice my old interest in Father Paul Sarpi, which had been aroused during my early professorial life while reading his pithy and brilliant history of the Council of Trent, was greatly increased, and I collected a considerable library with the idea of writing a short biography of him for American readers. This, of all projects not executed, has been perhaps the most difficult for me to relinquish. My last three visits to Venice have especially revived my interest in him and increased my collection of books regarding him. The desire to spread his fame has come over me very strongly as I have stood in the council−rooms of the Venetian Republic, which he served so long and so well; as I have looked upon his statue on the spot where he was left for dead by the emissaries of Pope Paul V; and as I have mused over his grave, so long desecrated and hidden by monks, but in these latter days honored with an inscription. But other work has claimed me, and others must write upon this subject. It is well worthy of attention, not only for the interest of its details, but for the light it throws upon great forces still at work in the world. Strong men have discussed it for European readers, but it deserves to be especially presented to Americans.

I think an eminent European publicist entirely right in saying that Father Paul is one of the three men, since the middle ages, who have exercised the most profound influence on Italy; the other two being Galileo and Machiavelli. The reason assigned by this historian for this judgment is not merely the fact that Father Paul was

one of the most eminent men in science whom Italy has produced, nor the equally incontestable fact that he taught the Venetian Republic—and finally the world—how to withstand papal usurpation of civil power, but that by his history of the Council of Trent he showed "how the Holy Spirit conducts the councils of the church" ("comme quoi le Saint Esprit dirige les conciles").[36]

[36] Since writing the above, I have published in the "Atlantic Monthly" two historical essays upon Sarpi.

Yet another subject which I would have been glad to present was the life of St. Francis Xavier—partly on account of my veneration for the great Apostle to the Indies, and partly because a collation of his successive biographies so strikingly reveals the origin and growth of myth and legend in the warm atmosphere of devotion. The project of writing such a book was formed in my Cornell lecture−room at the close of a short course of lectures on the "Jesuit Reaction which followed the Reformation." In the last of these I had pointed out the beauty of Xavier's work, and had shown how natural had been the immense growth of myth and legend in connection with it. Among my hearers was Goldwin Smith, and as we came out he said: "I have often thought that if any one were to take a series of the published lives of one of the great Jesuit saints, beginning at the beginning and comparing the successive biographies as they have appeared, century after century, down to our own time much light would be thrown upon the evolution of the miraculous in religion." I was struck by this idea, and it occurred to me that, of all such examples, that of Francis Xavier would be the most fruitful and interesting. For we have, to begin with, his own letters written from the scene of his great missionary labors in the East, in which no miracles appear. We have the letters of his associates at that period, in which there is also no knowledge shown of any miracles performed by him. We also have the great speeches of Laynez, one of Xavier's associates, who, at the Council of Trent, did his best to promote Jesuit interests, and who yet showed no knowledge of any miracles performed by Xavier. We have the very important work by Joseph Acosta, the eminent provincial of the Jesuits, written at a later period, largely on the conversion of the Indies, and especially on Xavier's part in it, which, while accepting, in a perfunctory way, the attribution of miracles to Xavier, gives us reasoning which seems entirely to discredit them. Then we have biographies of Xavier, published soon after his death, in which very slight traces of miracles begin to be found; then other biographies later and later, century after century, in which more and more miracles appear, and earlier miracles of very simple character grow more and more complex and astounding, until finally we see him credited with a vast number of the most striking miracles ever conceived of. In order to develop the subject I have collected books and documents of every sort bearing upon it from his time to ours, and have given a brief summary of the results in my "History of the Warfare of Science." But the full development of this subject, which throws intense light upon the growth of miracles in the biographies of so many benefactors of our race, must probably be left to others.

It should be treated with judicial fairness. There should not be a trace of prejudice against the church Xavier served. The infallibility of the Pope who canonized him was indeed committed to the reality of miracles which Xavier certainly never performed; but the church at large cannot justly be blamed for this: it was indeed made the more illustrious by Xavier's great example. The evil, if evil there was, lay in human nature, and a proper history of this evolution of myth and legend, by throwing light into one of the strongest propensities of devout minds, would give a most valuable warning against basing religious systems on miraculous claims which are constantly becoming more and more discredited and therefore more and more dangerous to any system which persists in using them.

Still another project interested me; effort connected with it was a kind of recreation; this project was formed during my attache days at St. Petersburg with Governor Seymour. It was a brief biography of Thomas Jefferson. I made some headway in it, but was at last painfully convinced that I should never have time to finish it worthily. Besides this, after the Civil War, Jefferson, though still interesting to me, was by no means so great a man in my eyes as he had been. Perhaps no doctrine ever cost any other country so dear as Jefferson's pet theory of State rights cost the United States: nearly a million of lives lost on battle−fields, in prisons, and in hospitals; nearly ten thousand millions of dollars poured into gulfs of hatred.

With another project I was more fortunate. In 1875 I was asked to prepare a bibliographical introduction to Mr. O'Connor Morris's short history of the French Revolution. This I did with much care, for it seemed to me that this period in history, giving most interesting material for study and thought, had been much obscured by ideas drawn from trashy books instead of from the really good authorities.

Having finished this short bibliography, it occurred to me that a much more extensive work, giving a selection

of the best authorities on all the main periods of modern history, might be useful. This I began, and was deeply interested in it; but here, as in various other projects, the fates were against me. Being appointed a commissioner to the French Exposition, and seeing in this an opportunity to do other work which I had at heart, I asked my successor in the professorship of history at the University of Michigan, who at a later period became my successor as president of Cornell, Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, to take the work off my hands. This he did, and produced a book far better than any which I could have written. The kind remarks in his preface regarding my suggestions I greatly prize, and feel that this project, at least, though I could not accomplish it, had a most happy issue.

Another project which I have long cherished is of a very different sort; and though it may not be possible for me to carry it out, my hope is that some other person will do so. For many years I have noted with pride the munificent gifts made for educational and charitable purposes in the United States. It is a noble history,—one which does honor not only to our own country, but to human nature. No other country has seen any munificence which approaches that so familiar to Americans. The records show that during the year 1903 nearly, if not quite, eighty millions of dollars were given by private parties for these public purposes. It has long seemed to me that a little book based on the history of such gifts, pointing out the lines in which they have been most successful, might be of much use, and more than once I have talked over with my dear friend Gilman, at present president of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, the idea of our working together in the production of a pamphlet or volume with some such title as, "What Rich Americans have Done and can Do with their Money." But my friend has been busy in his great work of founding and developing the university at Baltimore, I have been of late years occupied in other parts of the world, and so this project remains unfulfilled. There are many reasons for the publication of such a book. Most of the gifts above referred to have been wisely made; but some have not, and a considerable number have caused confusion in American education rather than aided its healthful development. Many good things have resulted from these gifts, but some vastly important matters have been utterly neglected. We have seen excellent small colleges transformed by gifts into pretentious and inadequate shams called "universities"; we have seen great telescopes given without any accompanying instruments, and with no provision for an observatory; magnificent collections in geology given to institutions which had no professor in that science; beautiful herbariums added to institutions where there is no instruction in botany; professorships of no use established where others of the utmost importance should have been founded; institutions founded where they were not needed, and nothing done where they were needed. He who will write a thoughtful book on this subject, based upon a careful study of late educational history, may render a great service. As I revise this chapter I may say that in an address at Yale in 1903, entitled, "A Patriotic Investment," I sought to point out one of the many ways in which rich men may meet a pressing need of our universities with great good to the country at large.[37]

[37] See "A Patriotic Investment," New Haven, 1903.

Yet another project has occupied much time and thought, and may, I hope, be yet fully carried out. For many years I have thought much on our wretched legislation against crime and on the imperfect administration of such criminal law as we have. Years ago, after comparing the criminal statistics of our own country with those of other nations, I came to the conclusion that, with the possible exception of the lower parts of the Italian kingdom, there is more unpunished murder in our own country than in any other in the civilized world. This condition of things I found to be not unknown to others; but there seemed to prevail a sort of listless hopelessness regarding any remedy for it. Dining in Philadelphia with my classmate and dear friend Wayne MacVeagh, I found beside me one of the most eminent judges in Pennsylvania, and this question of high crime having been broached and the causes of it discussed, the judge quietly remarked, "The taking of life, after a full and fair trial, as a penalty for murder, seems to be the only form of taking life to which the average American has any objection." Many of our dealings with murder and other high crimes would seem to show that the judge was, on the whole, right. My main study on the subject was made in 1892, during a journey of more than twelve thousand miles with Mr. Andrew Carnegie and his party through the Middle, Southern, Southwestern, Pacific, and Northwestern States. We stopped at all the important places on our route, and at vast numbers of unimportant places; at every one of these I bought all the newspapers obtainable, examined them with reference to this subject, and found that the long daily record of murders in our metropolitan journals is far from giving us the full reality. I constantly found in the local papers, at these out−of−the−way places, numerous accounts of murders which never reached the metropolitan journals. Most striking testimony was also given me by individuals,—in one case by a United States senator, who gave me the history of a country merchant, in one of the Southwestern States, who had at different times killed

eight persons, and who at his last venture, endeavoring to kill a man who had vexed him in a mere verbal quarrel, had fired into a lumber−wagon containing a party coming from church, and killed three persons, one of them a little girl. And my informant added that this murderer had never been punished. In California I saw walking jauntily along the streets, and afterward discoursing in a drawing−room, a man who, on being cautioned by a policeman while disturbing the public peace a year or two before, had simply shot the policeman dead, and had been tried twice, but each time with a disagreement of the jury. Multitudes of other cases I found equally bad. I collected a mass of material illustrating the subject, and on this based an address given for the first time in San Francisco, and afterward at Boston, New York, New Haven, Cornell University, and the State universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota. My aim was to arouse thinking men to the importance of the subject, and I now hope to prepare a discussion of "The Problem of High Crime," to be divided into three parts, the first on the present condition of the problem, the second on its origin, and the third on possible and probable remedies.

Of all my projects for historical treatises, there are two which I have dreamed of for many years, hoping against hope for their realization. I have tried to induce some of our younger historical professors to undertake them or to train up students to undertake them; and, as the time has gone by when I can devote myself to them, I now mention them in the hope that some one will arise to do honor to himself and to our country by developing them.

The first of these is a history of the middle ages in the general style of Robertson's "Introduction to the Life of Charles V." Years ago, when beginning my work as a professor of modern history at the University of Michigan, I felt greatly the need for my students of some work which should show briefly but clearly the transition from ancient history to modern. Life is not long enough for the study of the minute details of the mediaeval period in addition to ancient and modern history. What is needed for the mass of thinking young men is something which shall show what the work was which was accomplished between the fall of Rome and the new beginnings of civilization at the Renascence and the Reformation. For this purpose Robertson's work was once a masterpiece. It has rendered great services not only in English−speaking lands, but in others, by enabling thinking men to see how this modern world has been developed out of the past and to gain some ideas as to the way in which a yet nobler civilization may be developed out of the present Robertson's work still remains a classic, but modern historical research has superseded large parts of it, and what is now needed is a short history—of, say, three hundred pages—carried out on the main lines of Robertson, taking in succession the most important subjects in the evolution of mediaeval history, discarding all excepting the leading points in chronology, and bringing out clearly the sequence of great historical causes and results from the downfall of Rome to the formation of the great modern states. And there might well be brought into connection with this what Robertson did not give—namely, sketches showing the character and work of some of the men who wrought most powerfully in this transition.

During my stay at the University of Michigan, I made a beginning of such a history by giving a course of lectures on the growth of civilization in the middle ages, taking up such subjects as the downfall of Rome, the barbarian invasion, the rise of the papacy, feudalism, Mohammedanism, the anti−feudal effects of the crusades, the rise of free cities, the growth of law, the growth of literature, and ending with the centralization of monarchical power in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the lectures then prepared were based merely upon copious notes and given, as regarded phrasing, extemporaneously. It is too late for me now to write them out or to present the subject in the light of modern historical research; but I know of no subject which is better calculated to broaden the mind and extend the horizon of historical studies in our universities. Provost Stille of the University of Pennsylvania did indeed carry out, in part, something of this kind, but time failed him for making more than a beginning. The man who, of all in our time, seems to me best fitted to undertake this much needed work is Frederic Harrison. If the general method of Robertson were combined with the spirit shown in the early chapters of Harrison's book on "The Meaning of History," the resultant work would be not only of great service, but attractive to all thinking men.

And, last of all, a project which has long been one of my dreams—a "History of Civilization in Spain." Were I twenty years younger, I would gladly cut myself loose from all entanglements and throw myself into this wholly. It seems to me the most suggestive history now to be written. The material at hand is ample and easily accessible. A multitude of historians have made remarkable contributions to it, and among these, in our own country, Irving, Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, and Lea; in England, Froude, Ford, Buckle, and others have given many pregnant suggestions and some increase of knowledge; Germany and France have contributed much in the form of printed

books; Spain, much in the publication of archives and sundry interesting histories apologizing for the worst things in Spanish history; the Netherlands have also contributed documents of great value. There is little need of delving among manuscripts; that has already been done, and the results are easily within reach of any scholar. The "History of Civilization in Spain" is a history of perhaps the finest amalgamation of races which was made at the downfall of the Roman Empire; of splendid beginnings of liberty and its noble exercise in the middle ages; of high endeavor; of a wonderful growth in art and literature. But it is also a history of the undermining and destruction of all this great growth, so noble, so beautiful, by tyranny in church and state—tyranny over body and mind, heart and soul. A simple, thoughtful account of this evolution of the former glory of Spain, and then of the causes of her decline to her present condition, would be full of suggestions for fruitful thought regarding politics, religion, science, literature, and art. To write such a history was the best of my dreams. Perhaps, had I been sent in 1879 as minister to Madrid instead of to Berlin, I might at least have made an effort to begin it, and, whether successful or not, might have led other men to continue it. It is now too late for me, but I still hope that our country will supply some man to undertake it. Whoever shall write such a book in an honest, broad, and impartial spirit will gain not only honor for his country and himself, but will render a great service to mankind.

In closing this chapter on "Plans and Projects, Executed and Unexecuted," I know well that my confessions will do me no good in the eyes of many who shall read them. It will be said that I attempted too many things. In mitigation of such a judgment I may say that the conditions of American life in the second half of the century just closed have been very different from those in most other countries. It has been a building period, a period of reforms necessitated by the rapid growth of our nation out of earlier conditions and limitations. Every thinking man who has felt any responsibility has necessarily been obliged to take part in many enterprises of various sorts: necessary work has abounded and has been absolutely forced upon him. It has been a period in which a man could not well devote himself entirely to the dative case. Besides this, so far as concerns myself, I had much practical administrative work to do, was plunged into the midst of it at two universities and at various posts in the diplomatic service, to say nothing of many other duties, so that my plans were constantly interfered with. Like many others during the latter half of the nineteenth century, I have been obliged to obey the injunction, "Do the work which lieth nearest thee." It has happened more than once that when all has been ready for some work which I greatly desired to do, and which I hoped might be of use, I have been suddenly drawn off to official duties by virtually an absolute command. Take two examples out of many: I had brought my lectures on German history together, had collected a mass of material for putting them into final shape as a "History of the Building of the New Germany," and had written two chapters, when suddenly came the summons from President Cleveland to take part in the Venezuela Commission,—a summons which it was impossible to decline. For a year this new work forbade a continuance of the old; and just as I was again free came the Bryan effort to capture the Presidency, which, in my opinion, would have resulted in wide−spread misery at home and in dishonor to the American name through out the world. Most reluctantly then I threw down my chosen work and devoted my time to what seemed to me to be a political duty. Then followed my appointment to the Berlin Embassy, which could not be declined; and just at the period when I hoped to secure leisure at Berlin for continuing the preparation of my book on Germany, there came duties at The Hague Conference which took my time for nearly a year. It is, perhaps, unwise for me thus to make a clean breast of it,—"qui s'excuse, s'accuse"; but I have something other than excuses to make: I may honestly plead before my old friends and students who shall read this book that my life has been mainly devoted to worthy work; that I can look back upon the leading things in it with satisfaction; that, whether as regards religion, politics, education, or the public service in general, it will be found not a matter of unrelated shreds and patches, but to have been developed in obedience to a well−defined line of purpose. I review the main things along this line with thankfulness: First, my work at the University of Michigan, which enabled me to do something toward preparing the way for a better system of higher education in the United States; next, my work in the New York State Senate, which enabled me to aid effectively in developing the school system in the State, in establishing a health department in its metropolis, in promoting good legislation in various fields; and in securing the charter of Cornell University; next, my part in founding Cornell University and in maintaining it for more than twenty years; next, the preparation of a book which, whatever its shortcomings and however deprecated by many good men, has, as I believe, done service to science, to education, and to religion; next, many speeches, articles, pamphlets, which have aided in the development of right reason on political, financial, and social questions; and, finally, the opportunity given me at a critical period to aid in restoring and

maintaining good relations between the United States and Germany, and in establishing the international arbitration tribunal of The Hague. I say these things not boastingly, but reverently. I have sought to fight the good fight; I have sought to keep the faith,—faith in a Power in the universe good enough to make truth−seeking wise, and strong enough to make truth−telling effective,—faith in the rise of man rather than in the fall of man,—faith in the gradual evolution and ultimate prevalence of right reason among men. So much I hope to be pardoned for giving as an apologia pro vita mea.

PART VIII
RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

CHAPTER LVIII. EARLY IMPRESSIONS—1832−1851

When the colonists from New England came into central and western New York, at the end of the eighteenth century, they wrote their main ideas large upon the towns they founded. Especially was this evident at my birthplace on the head waters of the Susquehanna. In the heart of the little village they laid out, largely and liberally, "the Green"; across the middle of this there gradually rose a line of wooden structures as stately as they knew how to make them,—the orthodox Congregational church standing at the center; close beside this church stood the "academy"; and then, on either side, the churches of the Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians. Thus were represented religion, education, and church equality.

The Episcopal church, as belonging to the least numerous congregation, was at the extreme left, and the smallest building of all. It was easily recognized. All the others were in a sort of quasi−Italian style of the seventeenth century, like those commonly found in New England; but this was in a kind of "carpenter's Gothic" which had grown out of vague recollections of the mother−country. To this building I was taken for baptism, and with it are connected my first recollections of public worship. My parents were very devoted members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. With a small number of others of like mind, they had taken refuge in it from the storms of fanaticism which swept through western New York during the early years of the nineteenth century. For that was the time of great "revivals." The tremendous assertions of Jonathan Edwards regarding the tyranny of God, having been taken up by a multitude of men who were infinitely Edwards's inferiors in everything save lung−power, were spread with much din through many churches: pictures of an angry Moloch holding over the infernal fires the creatures whom he had predestined to rebel, and the statement that "hell is filled with infants not a span long," were among the choice oratorical outgrowths of this period. With these loud and lurid utterances went strivings after sacerdotal rule. The presbyter—"old priest writ large"—took high ground in all these villages: the simplest and most harmless amusements were denounced, and church members guilty of taking part in them were obliged to stand in the broad aisle and be publicly reprimanded from the pulpit.

My mother was thoughtful, gentle, and kindly; in the midst of all this froth and fury some one lent her a prayer−book; this led her to join in the devotions of a little knot of people who had been brought up to use it; and among these she found peace. My father, who was a man of great energy and vigor, was attracted to this little company; and not long afterward rose the little church on the Green, served at first by such clergymen as chanced to be in that part of the State.

Among these was a recent graduate of the Episcopal College at Geneva on Seneca Lake—Henry Gregory. His seemed to be a soul which by some mistake had escaped out of the thirteenth century into the nineteenth. He was slight in build, delicate in health, and ascetic in habits, his one interest in the world being the upbuilding of the kingdom of God—as he understood it. It was the time when Pusey, Newman, Keble, and their compeers were reviving mediaeval Christianity; their ideas took strong hold upon many earnest men in the western world, and among these no one absorbed them more fully than this young missionary. He was honest, fearless, self−sacrificing, and these qualities soon gave him a strong hold upon his flock,—the hold of a mediaeval saint upon pilgrims seeking refuge from a world cruel and perverse.

Seeing this, sundry clergymen and influential laymen of what were known as the "evangelical denominations" attempted to refute his arguments and discredit his practices. That was the very thing which he and his congregation most needed: under this opposition his fervor deepened, his mediaeval characteristics developed, his little band of the faithful increased, and more and more they adored him; but this adoration did not in the least injure him: he remained the same gentle, fearless, narrow, uncompromising man throughout his long life

My first recollections of religious worship in the little old church take me back to my fourth year; and I can remember well, at the age of five, standing between my father and mother, reading the Psalter with them as best I could, joining in the chants and looking with great awe on the service as it went on before my admiring eyes. So much did it impress me that from my sixth to my twelfth year I always looked forward to Sunday morning with longing. The prayers, the chants, the hymns, all had a great attraction for me,—and this although I was somewhat severely held to the proper observance of worship. I remember well that at the age of six years, if I faltered in the public reading of the Psalter, a gentle rap on the side of my head from my father's knuckles reminded me of my

duty.

At various times since I have been present at the most gorgeous services of the Anglican, Latin, Russian, and Oriental churches; have heard the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals, sing mass at the high altar of St. Peter's; have seen the Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, surrounded by prelates of the Russian Empire, conduct the burial of a czar; have seen the highest Lutheran dignitaries solemnize the marriage of a German kaiser; have sat under the ministrations of sundry archbishops of Canterbury; have been present at high mass performed by the Archbishop of Athens under the shadow of Mars Hill and the Parthenon; and, though I am singularly susceptible to the influence of such pageants, especially if they are accompanied by noble music, no one of these has ever made so great an impression upon me as that simple Anglo−American service performed by a surpliced clergyman with a country choir and devout assemblage in this little village church. Curiously enough, one custom, which high−churchmen long ago discarded as beneath the proper dignity of the service, was perhaps the thing which impressed me most, and I have since learned that it generally thus impressed new−comers to the Episcopal Church: this was the retirement of the clergyman, at the close of the regular morning prayer, to the vestry, where he left his surplice, and whence he emerged in a black Geneva gown, in which he then preached the sermon. This simple feature in the ceremonial greatly impressed me, and led me to ask the reason for it: at which answer was made that the clergyman wore his white surplice as long as he was using God's words, but that he wore his black gown whenever he used his own.

Though comparatively little was said by Episcopalians regarding religious experiences or pious states of mind, there was an atmosphere of orderly decency during the whole service which could hardly fail to make an impression on all thinking children brought into it. I remember that when, on one or two occasions, I was taken to the Congregational church by my grandmother, I was much shocked at what seemed to me the unfit dress and conduct of the clergyman,—in a cutaway coat, lounging upon a sofa,—and at the irreverent ways of the sturdy farmers, who made ready to leave the church during the final prayer, and even while they should have been receiving the benediction.

I thus became a devotee. Of the sermons I retained little, except a few striking assertions or large words; one of my amusements, on returning home, was conducting a sort of service, on my own account, with those of the household who were willing to take part in it; and, from some traditions preserved in the family regarding my utterances on such occasions, a droll sort of service it must have been.

In my seventh year the family removed to Syracuse, the "Central City" of the State, already beginning a wonderful career, although at that time of less than six thousand inhabitants. My experience in the new city was prefaced by an excursion, with my father and mother and younger brother, to Buffalo and Niagara; and as the railways through central New York were then unfinished,—and, indeed, but few of them begun,—we made the journey almost entirely on a canal−packet. Perhaps my most vivid remembrance of this voyage is that of the fervid prayers I then put up against shipwreck.

At Syracuse was a much larger and more influential Protestant Episcopal church than that which we had left,—next, indeed, in importance to the Presbyterian body. That church—St. Paul's—has since become the mother of a large number of others, and has been made the cathedral of a new diocese. In this my father, by virtue of his vigor in everything he undertook, was soon made a vestryman, and finally senior warden; and, the rectorate happening to fall vacant, he recommended for the place our former clergyman, Henry Gregory. He came, and his work in the new place was soon even more effective than in the old.

His first influence made me a most determined little bigot, and I remember well my battles in behalf of high−church ideas with various Presbyterian boys, and especially with the son of the Presbyterian pastor. In those days went on a famous controversy provoked by a speech at a New England dinner in the city of New York which had set by the ears two eminent divines—the Rev. Dr. Wainwright, Episcopalian, and the Rev. Dr. Potts; Presbyterian. Dr. Potts had insisted that the Puritans had founded a "church without a bishop and a state without a king"; Dr. Wainwright insisted that there could be no church without a bishop; and on this the two champions joined issue. Armed with the weapons furnished me in the church catechism, in sundry sermons, and in pious reading, I took up the cudgels, and the battles then waged were many and severe.

One little outgrowth of my religious intolerance was quickly nipped in the bud. As I was returning home one evening with a group of scampish boys, one of them pointed out the "Jew store,"—in those days a new thing,—and reminded us that the proprietor worshiped on Saturday and, doubtless, committed other abominations.

At this, with one accord, we did what we could to mete out the Old Testament punishment for blasphemy—we threw stones at his door. My father, hearing of this, dealt with me sharply and shortly, and taught me most effectually to leave dealing with the Jewish religion to the Almighty. I have never since been tempted to join in any anti−Semitic movement whatever.

Meanwhile Mr. Gregory—or, as he afterward became, Dr. Gregory—was fighting the battles of the church in many ways, and some of his sermons made a great impression upon me. Of these one was entitled "The Church not a Sect," the text being, "For as to this sect, we know that it is everywhere spoken against." Another sermon showed, especially, his uncompromising spirit and took yet stronger hold upon me; it was given on an occasion when Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists were drawn in large numbers to his church; but, disdaining all efforts to propitiate them, he took as his subject "The Sin of Korah," who set himself up against the regularly ordained priesthood, and was, with all his adherents, fearfully punished. The conclusion was easily drawn by all the "dissenters" present. On another occasion of the same sort, when his church was filled with people from other congregations, he took as his subject the story of Naaman the Syrian, his text being, "Are not Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" The good rector's answer was, in effect, "No, you may not. The Almighty designated the river Jordan as the means for securing health and safety; and so in these times he has designated for a similar purpose the church—which is the Protestant Episcopal Church: outside of that—as the one appointed by him—you have no hope."

But gradually there came in my mind a reaction, and curiously, it started from my love for my grandmother—my mother's mother. Among all the women whom I remember in my early life, she was the kindest and most lovely. She had been brought as a young girl, by her parents, from Old Guilford in Connecticut; and in her later life she often told me cheerily of the days of privation and toil, of wolves howling about the cottages of the little New York settlement in winter, of journeys twenty miles to church, of riding on horseback from early morning until late in the evening, through the forests, to bring flour from the mill. She was quietly religious, reading every day from her New Testament, but remaining in the old Congregational Church which my mother had left. I remember once asking her why she did not go with the rest of us to the Episcopal Church. Her answer was, "Well, dear child, the Episcopal Church is just the church for your father and mother and for you children; you are all young and active, but I am getting old and rather stout, and there is a little too much getting up and sitting down in your church for me." To the harsh Calvinism of her creed she seemed to pay no attention, and, if hard pressed by me, used to say, "Well, sonny, there is, of course, some merciful way out of it all." Her religion took every kindly form. She loved every person worth loving,—and some not worth loving,—and her benefactions were extended to people of every creed; especially was she a sort of Providence to the poor Catholic Irish of the lower part of the town. To us children she was especially devoted—reconciling us in our quarrels, soothing us in our sorrows, comforting us in our disappointments, and carrying us through our sicknesses. She used great common sense in her care of us; kindly and gentle to the last degree, there was one thing she would never allow, and this was that the children, even when they became quite large, should be out of the house, in the streets or public places, after dark, without an elderly and trusty companion. Though my brother and I used to regard this as her one fault, it was really a great service to us; for, as soon as dusk came on, if we were tempted to linger in the streets or in public places, we returned home, since we knew that if we did not we should soon see her coming to remind us, and this was, of course, a serious blow to our pride.

When, then, I sat in church and heard our mediaeval saint preach with ardor and unction, Sunday after Sunday, that the promises were made to the church alone; that those outside it had virtually no part in God's goodness; that they were probably lost,—I thought of this dear, sweet old lady, and my heart rose in rebellion. She was certainly the best Christian I knew, and the idea that she should be punished for saying her prayers in the Presbyterian Church was abhorrent to me. I made up my mind that, if she was to be lost, I would be lost with her; and soon, under the influence of thoughts like these, I became a religious rebel.

The matter was little helped when our good rector preached upon retribution for sin. He held the most extreme views regarding future punishment; and the more he developed them, the more my mind rejected the idea that so many good people about me, especially the one whom I loved so much, could be subjected to such tortures,—and the more my heart rebelled against the Moloch who had established and was administering so horrible a system. I must have been about twelve years old when it thus occurred to me to question the whole sacred theory; and this questioning was started into vigorous life after visiting, with some other school−boys, the Presbyterian church

when a "revival" was going on. As I entered, a very unspiritual−looking preacher was laying down the most severe doctrines of divine retribution. In front of him were several of our neighbors' daughters, many of them my schoolmates, whom I regarded as thoroughly sweet and good; and they were in tears, apparently broken−hearted under the storm of wrath which poured over them from the mouth of the revival preacher. At this I revolted entirely, and from that moment I disbelieved in the whole doctrine, utterly and totally. I felt that these kindly girls, to whom I had looked with so much admiration in the classes at school and in our various little gatherings, were infinitely more worthy of the divine favor than was the big, fleshly creature storming and raging and claiming to announce a divine message.

Some influence on my youthful thinking had also been exercised by sundry occurrences in our own parish. Our good rector was especially fond of preaching upon "baptismal regeneration"; taking the extreme high−church view and thereby driving out some of the best "evangelicals" from his congregation. One of these I remember especially—a serene, dignified old man, Mr. John Durnford. After he left our church he took his place among the Presbyterians, and I remember, despite my broad−church tendencies, thinking that he was incurring serious danger by such apostasy; but as I noted him, year after year, devoting himself to the newly founded orphan−asylum, giving all his spare time to the care of the children gathered there, even going into the market and thence bearing provisions to them in a basket, I began to feel that perhaps his soul was safe, after all. I bethought myself that, with all my reading of the Bible, I had never found any text which required a man to believe in the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church; but that I had found, in the words of Jesus himself, as well as in the text of St James regarding "pure religion and undefiled," declarations which seemed to commend, especially, labors for the poor, fatherless, and afflicted, like those of Mr. Durnford.

But still more marked was the influence on my thinking of a painful clash in the parish. It came on this wise. Our rector was one day called to attend the funeral of a little child but a few weeks old, the daughter of neighbors of ours. The father was a big−bodied, big−hearted, big−voiced, successful man of business, well liked for his bluff cordiality and generosity, who went to church because his wife went. The mother was a sweet, kindly, delicate woman, the daughter of a clergyman, and devoted to the church.

It happened that, for various reasons, and more especially on account of the absence of the father from home on business, the baptism of the child had been delayed until its sudden death prevented the rite forever.

The family and neighbors being assembled at the house, and the service about to begin, an old maiden lady, who had deeply absorbed the teachings of Dr. Gregory and wished to impress them on those present, said to the father, audibly and with a groan, "Oh, Mr.——, what a pity that the baby was not baptized!" to which the rector responded, with a deep sigh and in a most plaintive voice, "Yes!" Thereupon the mother of the child burst into loud and passionate weeping, and at this the father, big and impulsive as he was, lost all control of himself. Rising from his chair, he strode to the side of the rector and said, "That is a slander on the Almighty; none but a devil could, for my negligence, punish this lovely little child by ages of torture. Take it back—take it back, sir; or, by the God that made us, I will take you by the neck and throw you into the street!" At this the gentle rector faltered out that he did not presume to limit the mercy of God, and after a time the service went on; but sermons on baptismal regeneration from our pulpit were never afterward frequent or cogent.

Startled as I was at this scene, I felt that the doctrine had not stood the test. More and more there was developed in me that feeling which Lord Bacon expressed so profoundly and pithily, in his essay on "Superstition," when he said:

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for if the one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: "Surely, I had rather a great deal that men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that Plutarch ate his children as soon as they were born;"—as the poets speak of Saturn: and as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men.

The "danger" of which Bacon speaks has been noted by me often, both before and since I read his essays. Once, indeed, when a very orthodox lady had declared to me her conviction that every disbeliever in the divinity of the second person in the Trinity must be lost, I warned her of this danger and said, "We lately had President Grant here on the university grounds. Suppose your little girl, having met the President, and having been told that he was the great general of the war and President of the United States, should assert her disbelief, basing it on the fact that she had formed the idea of a much more showy and gorgeous person than this quiet, modest little man;

and suppose that General Grant, on hearing of the child's mistake, should cruelly punish her for it; what would you think of him? and what would he think of you, were he to know that you asserted that he could be so contemptibly unjust and cruel? The child's utterance would not in the slightest offend him, but your imputation to him of such vileness would most certainly anger him."

A contribution to my religious development came also from a very different quarter. Our kitchen Bridget, one of the best of her kind, lent me her book of devotion—the "Ursuline Manual." It interested me much until I found in it the reasons very cogently given why salvation was confined to the Roman Catholic Church. This disgusted me. According to this, even our good rector had no more chance of salvation than a Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist minister. But this serious view of the case was disturbed by a humorous analogy. There were then fighting vigorously through the advertisement columns of the newspapers two rival doctors, each claiming to produce the only salutary "sarsaparilla," and each named Townsend. At first one claimed to be "THE Dr. Townsend," then the other claimed to be "THE Dr. Townsend"; the first rejoined that HE was "Dr. JACOB Townsend," whereupon the other insisted that HE was "Dr. Jacob Townsend"; to this the first answered that HE was "the ORIGINAL Dr. Jacob Townsend," and the other then declared that HE was "the ORIGINAL Dr. Jacob Townsend"; and so on, through issue after issue, each supplying statements, certificates, arguments, rejoinders ad nauseam. More and more, then, the various divines insisting on the exclusive possession of the only remedy for sin reminded me of these eminent sarsaparilla−makers,—each declaring his own concoction genuine and all others spurious, each glorifying himself as possessing the original recipe and denouncing his rivals as pretenders.

Another contribution to my thought was made one day in the Sunday−school. While reading in the New Testament I had noticed the difficulties involved in the two genealogies of Jesus of Nazareth—that in Matthew and that in Luke. On my asking the Sunday−school teacher for an explanation, he gave the offhand answer that one was the genealogy of Joseph and the other of Mary. Of course it did not take me long to find this answer inadequate; and, as a consequence, Sunday−school teaching lost much of its effect upon me.

But there was still one powerful influence left in behalf of the old creed. From time to time came the visitation by the bishop, Dr. DeLancey. He was the most IMPRESSIVE man I have ever seen. I have stood in the presence of many prelates in my day, from Pope Pius IX down; but no one of them has ever so awed me as this Bishop of Western New York. His entry into a church chancel was an event; no music could be finer than his reading of the service; his confirmation prayer still dwells in my memory as the most perfect petition I have ever heard; and his simple, earnest sermons took strong hold of me. His personal influence was also great. Goldsmith's lines in the "Deserted Village,"

"Even children follow'd with endearing wile
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile,"

accurately pictured the feelings of many of us as we lingered after service to see him greet our fathers and mothers.

As to my biblical studies, they were continued, though not perhaps as systematically as they might well have been. The Protestant Episcopal Church has for a youth at least one advantage in this respect,—that the services including Introits, Canticles, Psalter, Lessons, Epistles Gospels, and various quotations, familiarize him with the noblest utterances in our sacred books. My mother had received instruction in Bible class and prized Scripture reading; therefore it was that, when I was allowed to stay at home from church on Sunday afternoons, it was always on condition that I should read a certain number of chapters in the Bible and prove to her upon her return that I had read them carefully,—and this was not without its uses.

Here I am reminded of a somewhat curious event. One afternoon, when I had been permitted to remain at home, on the usual conditions, my mother, returning from service, said to me that by staying away from church I had missed something very interesting: that there was a good sermon well given, that the preacher was of fine appearance, dignified,—and an Indian; but that she would never have suspected him to be an Indian were it not for his words at the conclusion of his sermon, which were as follows: "And now, my brethren, I leave you. We shall probably never meet again in this world, and doubtless most of you will forget all the counsels I have given you and remember nothing save that you have to−day heard a sermon from an Indian." The point of interest really was that this preacher, Eleazar Williams, though he gave no hint of it on this occasion, believed himself, and was believed by many, to be the lost Dauphin of France, Louis XVII, and that decidedly skilful arguments in favor of his claims were published by the Rev. Mr. Hanson and others. One of the most intelligent women I have ever

known believes to this hour that Eleazar Williams, generally known as a half−breed Indian born in Canada, was the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and that his portly form and Bourbon face were convincing additions to other more cogent testimonies.

At various times I sought light from new sources, and, finding on the family shelves a series of books called the "Evangelical Family Library," I read sundry replies to Hume, Gibbon, and other deists; but the arguments of Hume and Gibbon and those who thought with them seemed to me, to say the least, quite as forcible as those in answer to them. These replies simply strengthened my tendency to doubt, and what I heard at church rather increased the difficulty; for the favorite subjects of sermons in the Episcopal Church of those days, after the "Apostolical Succession" and "Baptismal Regeneration," were the perfections of the church order, the beauty of its services, and the almost divine character of the Prayer−book. These topics were developed in all the moods and tenses; the beauties of our own service were constantly contrasted with the crudities and absurdities of the worship practised by others; and although, since those days, left to my own observation, I have found much truth in these comparisons, they produced upon me at that time anything but a good effect. It was like a beautiful woman coming into an assemblage; calling attention to the perfections of her own face, form, and garments; claiming loudly to be the most beautiful person in the room; and so, finally, becoming the least attractive person present.

This state of mind was deepened by my first experiences at college. I had, from my early boyhood, wished to go to Yale; but, under pressure from the bishop, I was sent to the little church college at Geneva in western New York There were excellent men among its professors—men whom I came to love and admire; but its faculty, its endowment, its equipment, were insufficient, and for fear of driving away the sons of its wealthy and influential patrons it could not afford to insist either on high scholarship or good discipline, so that the work done was most unsatisfactory. And here I may mention that the especial claim put forth by this college, as by so many others like it throughout the country, was that, with so small a body of students directly under church control, both the intellectual and religious interests of the students would be better guarded than they could be in the larger and comparatively unsectarian institutions. The very contrary was then true; and various experiences have shown me that, as a rule, little sectarian colleges, if too feeble to exercise strong discipline or insist on thorough work, are the more dangerous. As it was, I felt that in this particular case a wrong had been done me and charged that wrong against the church system.

I have been glad to learn of late years that the college just referred to has, since my student days, shared the upward progress of its sister institutions and that with more means and better appliances a succession of superior instructors have been able to bring its students into steady good work and under excellent discipline.

Much was made in those days of the "Christian evidences," and one statement then put forth, regarding the miraculous, produced a temporary effect upon me. This statement was that the claims of the religions opposed to Christianity did not rest upon miracles; that there was, at any rate, no real testimony to any except Christian miracles; and that, as a rule, other religions did not pretend to exhibit any. But when I, shortly afterward, read the life of Mohammed, and saw what a great part was played by his miracle at the battle of Beder, during which, on his throwing dust into the air, there came to his rescue legions of angels, who were seen and testified to by many on the field,—both by his friends and by his enemies; and when I found that miraculous testimonies play a leading part in all religions, even in favor of doctrines the most cruel and absurd, I felt that the "evidences" must be weak which brought forward an argument so ill grounded. Moreover, in my varied reading I came across multitudes of miracles attributed to saints of the Roman Catholic Church,—miracles for which myriads of good men and women were ready to lay down their lives in attestation of their belief,—and if we must accept one class of miracles, I could not see why we should not accept the other.

At the close of this first year, for reasons given elsewhere, I broke away from this little college and went to Yale.

CHAPTER LIX. IN THE NEW ENGLAND ATMOSPHERE—1851−1853

At Yale I found myself in the midst of New England Congregationalism; but I cannot say that it helped me much religiously. It, indeed, broadened my view, since I was associated with professors and students of various forms of Christianity, and came to respect them, not for what they professed, but for what they really were.

There also I read under an excellent professor—my dear friend the late President Porter—Butler's "Analogy"; but, though it impressed me, it left on my mind the effect of a strong piece of special pleading,—of a series of arguments equally valuable for any religion which had once "got itself established."

Here, too, a repellent influence was exercised upon me by a "revival." What was called a "religious interest" began to be shown in sundry student meetings, and soon it came in with a full tide. I was induced to go into one or two of these assemblies, and was somewhat impressed by the penitence shown and the pledges given by some of my college friends. But within a year the whole thing was dead. Several of the men who had been loudest in their expressions of penitence and determination to accept Christianity became worse than ever: they were like logs stranded high and dry after a freshet.

But this religious revival in college was infinitely better than one which ran its course in the immediate neighborhood. Just at the corner of the college grounds was a Methodist Episcopal church, the principal one in New Haven, and, a professional revivalist having begun his work there, the church was soon thronged. Blasphemy and ribaldry were the preacher's great attractions. One of the prayers attributed to him ran as follows: "Come down among us, O Lord! Come straight through the roof; I'll pay for the shingles!" Night after night the galleries were crowded with students laughing at this impious farce; and among them, one evening, came "Charley" Chotard of Mississippi. Chotard was a very handsome fellow: slender, well formed, six feet three inches tall, and in any crowd a man of mark, like King Saul. In the midst of the proceedings, at some grotesque utterance of the revivalist, the students in the galleries burst into laughter. The preacher, angrily turning his eyes upon the offenders, saw, first of all, Chotard, and called out to him: "You lightning−rod of hell, you flag−staff of damnation, come down from there!" Of course no such grotesque scenes were ever allowed in the college chapel: the services there, though simple, were always dignified; yet even in these there sometimes appeared incongruous features.

According to tradition in my time, an aged divine, greatly and justly beloved, from a neighboring city, had been asked to preach before the students. It was at the time when the whole English−speaking world had been thrilled by the story of the relief of Lucknow, and the cry of the Scotch lassie who heard the defiant slogan and heart−stirring pibroch of the Highlanders coming to the relief of the besieged had echoed across all the oceans. Toward the close of his sermon the dear old doctor became very impressive. He recited the story of Lucknow, and then spoke in substance as follows: "So to−day, my young friends, I sound in your ears the slo−o−o−broch of salvation." The alliteration evidently pleased him, and he repeated it with more and more emphasis in his peroration. When he sat down another clergyman who was with him at the sacred desk reminded him of his mistake, whereupon the good old doctor rose and addressed the students as follows: "My young friends, you doubtless noticed a mistake in my final remarks. I said 'slo−o−o−o−broch'; of course I meant 'pi−i−g−a−a−an.' "

Then, too, it must be confessed that some of the weekday prayers made by lay professors lent themselves rather too easily to parody. One of my classmates—since known as a grave and respected judge—was especially gifted in imitating these petitions, with the very intonations of their authors, and these parodies were in great demand on festive occasions. The pet phrases, the choice rhetoric, and the impressive oratory of these prayers were thus made so familiar to us in caricatures that the originals were little conducive to devotion.

The influence at Yale of men like Goodrich, Taylor, Woolsey, and Porter, whom I saw in their professors' chairs, was indeed strong upon me. I respected and admired them; but their purely religious teaching took but little hold on me; I can remember clearly but two or three sermons which I heard preached in Yale chapel. One was at the setting up of the chapel organ, when Horace Bushnell of Hartford preached upon music; and another was when President Woolsey preached a baccalaureate sermon upon "Righteous Anger." The first of these sermons was very beautiful, but the second was powerful. It has had an influence—and, I think, a good influence—on my thoughts from that day to this; and it ought to be preached in every pulpit in our country, at

least once a year, as an antidote to our sickly, mawkish lenity to crime and wrong.

In those days conformity to religious ideas was carried very far at Yale. On week−days we had early prayers at about six in the morning, and evening prayers at about the same hour in the afternoon; but on Sundays we had not only morning and evening prayers in the chapel, but morning and afternoon service at church. I attended St. Paul's Episcopal church, sitting in one of the gallery pews assigned to undergraduates; but cannot say that anything that I heard during this period of my life elevated me especially. I joined in the reading of the Psalter, in the singing of the chants and hymns, and, occasionally, in reciting part of the creeds, though more and more this last exercise became peculiarly distasteful to me.

Time has but confirmed the opinion, which I then began to hold, that, of all mistaken usages in a church service, the most unfortunate is this demand which confronts a man who would gladly unite with Christians in Christian work, and, in a spirit of loyalty to the Blessed Founder of Christianity, would cheerfully become a member of the church and receive the benefit of its ministrations;—the demand that such a man stand and deliver a creed made no one knows where or by whom, and of which no human being can adjust the meanings to modern knowledge, or indeed to human comprehension.

My sympathies, tastes, and aims led me to desire to enter fully into the church in which I was born; there was no other part of the service in which I could not do my part; but to stand up and recite the creeds in all their clauses, honestly, I could not. I had come to know on what slender foundations rested, for example, the descent into hell; and, as to the virgin birth, my reading showed me so weak a basis for it in the New Testament taken as a whole, and so many similar claims made in behalf of divine founders of religions, that when I reflected upon the reasons for holding the doctrine to be an aftergrowth upon the original legend, it was impossible for me to go on loudly proclaiming my belief in it. Sometimes I have refrained from reciting any part of the creed; but often, in my reverence for what I admire in the service, in my love for those whom I have heard so devoutly take part in it in days gone by, and in my sympathy with those about me, I have been wont to do what I could,—have joined in repeating parts of it, leaving out other parts which I, at least, ought not to repeat.

Various things combined to increase my distrust for the prevailing orthodoxy. I had a passion for historical reading,—indeed, at that time had probably read more and thought more upon my reading than had most men of my age in college,—and the more I thus read and thought, the more evident it became to me that, while the simple religion of the Blessed Founder of Christianity has gone on through the ages producing the noblest growths of faith, hope, and charity, many of the beliefs insisted upon within the church as necessary to salvation were survivals of primeval superstition, or evolved in obedience to pagan environment or Jewish habits of thought or Greek metaphysics or mediaeval interpolations in our sacred books; that most of the frightful systems and events in modern history have arisen from theological dogmatism; that the long reign of hideous cruelty in the administration of the penal law, with its torture−chambers, its burnings of heretics and witches, its cruelties of every sort, its repression of so much of sane human instinct and noble human thought, arose from this source, directly or indirectly; and that even such ghastly scenes as those of the French Revolution were provoked by a natural reaction in the minds of a people whom the church, by its theory of divine retribution, had educated for ages to be cruel.

But what impressed me most directly as regards the whole orthodox part of the church was its virtual support of slavery in the crisis then rapidly approaching. Excellent divines, like Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, the Rev. Dr Parker of New Jersey, and others holding high positions in various sects throughout the country, having based elaborate defenses of slavery upon Scripture, the church as a whole had acquiesced in this view. I had become bitterly opposed, first to the encroachments of the slave power in the new Territories of the United States, and finally to slavery itself; and this alliance between it and orthodoxy deepened my distrust of what was known about me as religion. As the struggle between slavery and freedom deepened, this feeling of mine increased. During my first year at college the fugitive−slave law was passed, and this seemed to me the acme of abominations. There were, it is true, a few religious men who took high ground against slavery; but these were generally New England Unitarians or members of other bodies rejected by the orthodox, and this fact increased my distrust of the dominant religion.

Some years before this, while yet a boy preparing for college, I had met for the first time a clergyman of this sort—the Rev. Samuel Joseph May, pastor of the Unitarian church in Syracuse; and he had attracted me from the first moment that I saw him. There was about him something very genial and kindly, which won a way to all

hearts. Though I knew him during many years, he never made the slightest effort to proselyte me. To every good work in the community, and especially to all who were down−trodden or oppressed, he was steadfastly devoted; the Onondaga Indians of central New York found in him a stanch ally against the encroachments of their scheming white neighbors; fugitive slaves knew him as their best friend, ready to risk his own safety in their behalf.

Although he was the son of an honored Massachusetts family, a graduate of Harvard, a disciple of Channing, a man of sincere character and elegant manners, he was evidently dreaded by the great majority of the orthodox Christians about him. I remember speaking to him once of a clergyman who had recently arrived in Syracuse, and who was an excellent scholar. Said Mr. May to me, "I should like to know him, if that were possible." I asked, "Why not call upon him?" He answered, "I would gladly do so, but do you suppose he would return my call?" "Of course he would," I replied; "he is a gentleman." "Yes," said Mr. May, "no doubt he is, and so are the other clergymen; yet I have called on them as they have come, and only two or three of them all have ever entered my house since." Orthodox fanatics came to remonstrate and pray with him, but these he generally overcame with his sweet and kindly manner. To slavery he was an uncompromising foe, being closely associated with Garrison, Phillips, and the leaders of the antislavery movement; and so I came to see that there was a side to Christianity not necessarily friendly to slavery: but I also saw that it was a side not welcomed by the churches in general, and especially distrusted in my own family. I remember taking to him once an old friend of mine, a man of most severe orthodoxy; and after we had left Mr. May's house I asked my friend what he thought of the kindly heretic. He answered, "Those of us who shall be so fortunate as to reach heaven are to be greatly surprised at some of the people we are to meet there."

As a Yale student I found an additional advantage in the fact that I could now frequently hear distinguished clergymen who were more or less outside the orthodox pale. Of these were the liberal Congregationalists of New York, Brooklyn, and Boston, and, above all, Henry Ward Beecher, Edwin Chapin, and Theodore Parker. At various times during my college course I visited Boston, and was taken by my classmate and old friend George Washburn Smalley to hear Parker. He drew immense crowds of thoughtful people. The music−hall, where he spoke, contained about four thousand seats, and at each visit of mine every seat, so far as I could see, was filled. Both Parker's prayers and sermons were inspiring. He was a deeply religious man; probably the most thorough American scholar, orthodox or unorthodox, of his time; devoted to the public good and an intense hater of slavery. His influence over my thinking was, I believe, excellent; his books, and those of Channing which I read at this time, did me great good by checking all inclination to cynicism and scoffing; more than any other person he strengthened my theistic ideas and stopped any tendency to atheism; the intense conviction with which men like Channing, Parker, and May spoke of a God in the universe gave a direction to my thinking which has never been lost.

As to Beecher, nothing could exceed his bold brilliancy. He was a man of genius; even more a poet than an orator; in sympathy with every noble cause; and utterly without fear of the pew−holders inside his church or of the mob outside. Heresy−hunters did not daunt him. Humor played over much of his sermonizing; wit coruscated through it; but there was at times a pathos which pervaded the deep places of the human heart. By virtue of his poetic insight he sounded depths of thought and feeling which no mere theological reasoning could ever reach. He was a man,—indeed, a great man,—but to the end of his life he retained the freshness of youth. General Grant, who greatly admired him, once said to me, "Beecher is a boy—a glorious boy."

Beecher's love of nature was a passion. During one of his visits to Cornell University, I was driving through the woods with him, and he was in the full tide of brilliant discourse when, suddenly, he grasped my hand which held the reins and said peremptorily, "Stop!" I obeyed, and all was still save the note of a bird in the neighboring thicket. Our stop and silence lasted perhaps five minutes, when he said, "Did you hear that bird? That is the——(giving a name I have forgotten). You are lucky to have him here; I would give a hundred dollars to have him nest as near me."

During this visit of his to my house, I remember finding, one morning, that he had been out of doors since daylight; and on my expressing surprise at his rising so early after sitting up so late, he said, "I wanted to enjoy the squirrels in your trees."

Wonderful, too, was his facility, not merely in preaching, but in thinking. When, on another visit, he stayed with me, he took no thought regarding his sermon at the university chapel, so far as one could see. Every waking

moment was filled with things which apparently made preparation for preaching impossible. I became somewhat nervous over this neglect; for, so far as I could learn, he had nothing written, he never spoke from memory, and not only the students, but the people from the whole country round about, were crowding toward the chapel.

Up to the last moment before leaving my house for the morning service, he discussed the best shrubs for planting throughout our groves and woods, and the best grasses to use in getting a good turf upon the university grounds. But, on leaving the house, he became silent and walked slowly, his eyes fixed steadily on the ground; and as I took it for granted that he was collecting his thoughts for his sermon, I was careful not to disturb him. As we reached the chapel porch, a vast crowd in waiting and the organ pealing, he suddenly stopped, turned round, lifted his eyes from the ground, and said, "I have been studying your lawn all the way down here; what you need is to sow Kentucky blue−grass." Then he entered the chapel, and shortly was in the midst of a sermon evidently suggested by the occasion, his whole manuscript being a few pencilings on a sheet or two of note−paper, all the rest being extemporized in his best vein, both as to matter and manner.

Chapin, too, was brilliant and gifted, but very different in every respect from Beecher. His way was to read from manuscript, and then, from time to time, to rise out of it and soar above it, speaking always forcibly and often eloquently. His gift of presenting figures of speech so that they became vivid realities to his audience was beyond that of any other preacher I ever heard. Giving once a temperance address, and answering the argument as to the loss of property involved in the confiscation of intoxicants, he suddenly pictured a balance let down from the hand of the Almighty, in one scale all the lucre lost, in the other all the crimes, the wrecks, the miseries, the sorrows, the griefs, the widows' groans and orphans' tears,—until we absolutely seemed to have the whole vast, terrific mass swaying in mid−air before us.

On another occasion, preaching from the text, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face," he presented the picture of a man in his last illness, seeing dimly, through a half−transparent medium, the faint, dim outline of the Divinity whom he was so rapidly nearing; and then, suddenly, death,—the shattering of the glass,—and the man, on the instant, standing before his Maker and seeing him "face to face." It all seems poor when put upon paper; but, as he gave it, nothing could be more vivid. We seemed to hear the sudden crash of the translucent sheet, and to look full into the face of the Almighty looming up before us.

Chapin was a Universalist, and his most interesting parishioner was Horace Greeley, whose humanitarian ideas naturally inclined him to a very mild creed. As young men, strangers to the congregation, were usually shown to seats just in front of the pulpit, I could easily see Mr. Greeley in his pew on a side aisle, just behind the front row. He generally stalked in rather early, the pockets of his long white coat filled with newspapers, and, immediately on taking his seat, went to sleep. As soon as service began he awoke, looked first to see how many vacant places were in the pew, and then, without a word, put out his long arm into the aisle and with one or two vigorous scoops pulled in a sufficient number of strangers standing there to fill all the vacancies; then—he slept again. Indeed, he slept through most of the written parts of Dr. Chapin's sermons; but whenever there came anything eloquent or especially thoughtful, Greeley's eyes were wide open and fixed upon the preacher.

Greeley's humanitarianism was not always proof against the irritations of life. In his not infrequent outbursts of wrath he was very likely to consign people who vexed him to a region which, according to his creed, had no existence.

A story told of him in those days seemed to show that his creed did not entirely satisfy him; for one day, when he was trying, in spite of numberless interruptions, to write a "Tribune" leader, he became aware that some one was standing behind his chair. Turning around suddenly, he saw a missionary well known in the city slums,—the Rev. Mr. Pease,—and asked in his highest, shrillest, most complaining falsetto, "Well, what do YOU want?" Mr. Pease, a kindly, gentle, apologetic man, said deprecatingly, "Well, Mr. Greeley, I have come for a little help. We are still trying to save souls in the Five Points." "Oh," said Mr. Greeley, "go along! go along! In my opinion, there ain't half so many men damned as there ought to be."

But though Chapin's influence did not restrain Greeley at all times, it undoubtedly did much for him, and it did much for us of the younger generation; for it not only broadened our views, but did something to better our hearts and raise our aims.

In this mention of the forces which acted upon my religious feelings I ought to include one of a somewhat different sort. There was one clergyman whose orthodoxy, though not of an extreme type, was undoubted, and who exercised a good and powerful influence upon me. This was the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, pastor of the First

Congregational church in New Haven. He was a man of great intellectual power, a lover of right and hater of wrong, a born fighter on the side of every good cause, at times pungent, witty, sarcastic, but always deeply in earnest. There was a general feeling among his friends that, had he not gone into the church, he would have been eminent in political life; and that is my belief, for he was by far the most powerful debater of his time in the councils of his church, and his way of looking at great questions showed the characteristics of a really broad−minded statesman. His sermons on special occasions, as at Thanksgiving and on public anniversaries, were noted for their directness and power in dealing with the greater moral questions before the people. On the other hand, there was a saying then current, "Dull as Dr. Bacon when he's nothing but the Gospel to preach"; but this, like so many other smart sayings, was more epigrammatic than true: even when I heard him preach religious doctrines in which I did not at all believe, he seemed to me to show his full power.

Toward the end of my college course I was subjected to the influence of two very powerful men, outside of the university, who presented entirely new trains of thought to me. The first of these was Dr. Alonzo Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, who had been the leading professor at Union College, Schenectady, before his elevation to the bishopric, and who, both as professor and as bishop, had exercised a very wide influence. He was physically, intellectually, and morally of a very large pattern. There was something very grand and impressive about him. He had happened to come to Syracuse during one of my vacations; on a Saturday evening he gave a lecture upon the tendencies to loose supernaturalism as shown in what were known as "spiritualistic" phenomena; and on the following day he preached a simple, plain, straightforward sermon on Christian morals. Both these utterances impressed me and strengthened my conviction that every thinking young man and woman ought to maintain relations with some good form of religious organization just as long as possible.

Toward the end of my Yale course came an influence of a very different sort. It was at the consecration of a Roman Catholic church at Saratoga. The mass was sung by an Italian prelate, Bedini, who as governor and archbishop at Bologna had, a few years before, made himself detested throughout the length and breadth of Italy by the execution of the priest patriot Ugo Bassi; and he was now, as papal nuncio to Brazil, environed by all the pomp possible. The mass did not greatly impress me, but the sermon, by Archbishop Hughes of New York, I shall always remember. His subject was the doctrine of transubstantiation, and, standing upon the altar steps, he developed an argument most striking and persuasive. He spoke entirely without notes, in a straightforward way, and at times with eloquence, though never with any show of rhetoric: voice and bearing were perfect; and how any one accepting his premises could avoid his conclusions I could not see then and cannot see now. I was proof against his argument, for the simple reason that I felt the story of the temptation of Jesus by Satan, which he took for his text, to be simply a legend such as appears in various religions; still, the whole was wonderfully presented; and, on my return to the hotel, my father was greatly encouraged as to my religious development when I gave to him a synopsis of the whole sermon from end to end.

Next day there resulted a curious episode. Notices were posted throughout Saratoga that Father Gavazzi, the Italian patriot and heretic, famous for his oratory, would hold a meeting in the grove back of Congress Hall Hotel, at three in the afternoon, and would answer the archbishop's argument. When the hour arrived an immense crowd was assembled, and among them many Catholics, some of whom I knew well,—one of them a young priest to whom I had become strongly attached at school. Soon appeared the orator. He was of most striking presence—tall, handsome, with piercing black eyes and black hair, and clad in a long semi−monastic cloak. His first line of argument was of little effect, though given with impassioned gestures and a most sympathetic voice; but soon he paused and spoke gently and simply as follows: "When I was a priest in Italy I daily took part in the mass. On festivals I often saw the fasting priest fill the chalice as full as he dared with strong wine; I saw him pronounce the sacred words and make the sacred sign over it; and I saw, as everybody standing round him clearly saw, before the end of the service, that it flushed his face, thickened his voice, and enlivened his manner. My fellow−Christians" (and here his voice rang out like a trumpet), "who is the infidel, who is the blasphemer,—I who say that no change took place in the wine before the priest drank it, and that no miracle was performed, or the man who says that his fellow−man can be made drunk on the blood of the blessed Son of God?"

The effect was startling, even on Protestants: but on the Roman Catholics present it was most thrilling; and I remember that an old Irishwoman, seated on the steps of the platform as these words were uttered, clapped her hands to her ears and ran from the place screaming. I must confess that my sympathies were with her rather than with the iconoclast, despite his gifts and graces.

CHAPTER LX. IN THE EUROPEAN ATMOSPHERE—1853−1856

Leaving Yale in 1853, I passed nearly three years in Europe; and observation of the effects resulting from the various orthodoxies in England, France, Germany, Russia, and Italy developed my opinions in various ways. I was deeply susceptible to religious architecture, music, and, indeed, to the nobler forms of ceremonial. I doubt whether any man ever entered Westminster Abbey and the various cathedrals of Great Britain—and I have visited every one of them of any note—with a more reverent feeling than that which animated me; but some features of the Anglican service as practised at that time repelled me; above all, I disliked the intoning of the prayers, as I then heard it for the first time. A manly, straightforward petition made by a man standing or kneeling before his Maker, in a natural, earnest voice, has always greatly impressed me; but the sort of whining, drawling, falsetto in which the Anglican prayers were then usually intoned simply drove out all religious thoughts from my mind. I had a feeling that the Almighty must turn with contempt from a man who presumed thus to address him. Some prayers in the church service had from a very early period taken a deep place in my heart: the prayer of St. Chrysostom in the morning service, the first prayer in the ante−communion service, the prayer "for the whole state of Christ's church militant," and some of the collects had become, as it were, part of me; so much the more disappointed and disgusted was I, then, to hear prayer made in what seemed to me a sickly, unmanly whine.

Although the feelings thus aroused by religious observances in England and other parts of Europe were frequently unedifying, there was one happy exception to the rule. Both in the Church of England and in the Roman Catholic churches of the Continent I always greatly enjoyed the antiphonal chanting of the Psalter. To me this has always been—the imprecatory psalms excepted—by far the noblest feature in Christian worship as worship; for, coming down as it does from the Jewish Church through the whole history of the Christian Church, and being practised by all the great bodies of Jews and Christians, it had, and still has, to me a great significance, both religious and historic. In the cathedrals of the continent of Europe—and I have visited every one of note except those of Spain—I cared little for what Browning's bishop calls "the blessed mutter of the mass," but the chanting of the Psalter always attracted me. Many were the hours during which I sat at vespers in abbeys and cathedrals, listening to the Latin psalms until they became almost as familiar to me as the English Psalter. On the other hand, I was at times greatly repelled by perfunctory performances of the service, both Protestant and Catholic. The "Te Deum" which I once heard recited by an Anglican clergyman in the chapel at the castle of Homburg dwells in my memory as one of the worst things of its kind I ever heard, and especially there remains a vivid remembrance of the invocation, which ran as follows:

"Ha−a−ow−ly, Ha−a−a−ow−ly, Ha−a−ow−ly: La−a−rd Gawd of Sabbith!"

But this was not the only thing of the kind, for I have heard utterances nearly, if not quite, as bad in various English cathedrals,—as bad, indeed, as the famous reading, "He that hath yeahs to yeah, let him yeah."

As to more important religious influences, I had, during my first visit to Oxford in 1853, a chance to understand something of the two currents of thought then showing themselves in the English Church. On a Sunday morning I went to Christ Church Cathedral to hear the regius professor of Hebrew, Dr. Jacobson, whom, years afterward, I saw enthroned as bishop in the cathedral at Chester. It is a church beautiful in itself, and consecrated not only by the relics of mediaeval saints, but by the devotions of many generations of scholars, statesmen, and poets; and in front of the pulpit were a body of young men, the most promising in Great Britain; yet a more dull, mechanical discourse could not be imagined. The preacher maundered on like a Tartar praying−mill; every hearer clearly regarding his discourse as an Arab regards a sand−storm.

In the afternoon I went to St. Mary's, and heard the regular university sermon, before a similar audience, by Fraser, a fellow of Oriel College. It was not oratorical, but straightforward, earnest, and in a line of thought which enlisted my sympathies. The young preacher especially warned his audience that if the Church of England was to remain the Church of England, she must put forth greater efforts than any she had made for many years; and he went on to point out some of the lines on which these exertions should be made,—lines which, I am happy to say, have since been taken by great numbers of excellent men of the Anglican communion.

During the evening, in the dining−room of the Mitre Inn, I happened to be seated at table with an old country clergyman who had just entered his son at Oxford and was evidently a rural parson of the good old high−and−dry

sort; but as I happened to speak of the sermons of the day, he burst out in a voice gruff with theological contempt and hot toddy: "Did you hear that young upstart this afternoon? Did you ever hear such nonsense? Why couldn't he mind his own business, as Dr. Jacobson did?"

Nor did sermons from Anglican bishops which I heard at that period greatly move me. The primate of that day, Dr. Sumner, impressed me by his wig, but not otherwise. He was, I think, the last archbishop of Canterbury who used this means of enhancing his dignity. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, was far better; but, after all, though his preaching showed decided ability, it was not of the sort to impress one deeply, from either the religious or the intellectual point of view.

Then, and at various times since, I have obtained more from simpler forms of worship and less pretentious expositions of the Gospel.

As to religious influence in France, there was little. I lived in the family of a French professor, a devout Catholic, but Gallican in his ideas,—so much so that he often said that if he could wake up some morning and hear that the Pope had been dispossessed of his temporal power, it would be the happiest day of his life, since he was persuaded that nothing had so hampered the church—and, indeed, debased it—as the limits imposed upon the papacy by its sovereignty over the Roman states.

A happy impression was made upon me by the simple, philanthropic character of the Archbishop of Paris at that period—Sibour. Visiting a technical school which he had established for artisans in the Faubourg St. Antoine, I derived thence a great respect for him as a man who was really something more than a "solemnly constituted impostor"; but, like the archbishops of Paris who preceded and followed him, he met a violent death, and I have more than once visited and reflected over the simple tablet which marks the spot in the Church of St. etienne du Mont where a wretched, unfrocked priest assassinated this gentle, kindly, affectionate prelate, who, judging from his appearance and life, never cherished an unkind feeling toward any human being.

The touching monuments at Notre Dame to his predecessor, Affre, shot on the barricades in 1848 when imploring a cessation of bloodshed, and to his successor Darboy, shot by the Communards in the act of blessing his murderers, also became, at a later period, places of pilgrimage for me, and did much to keep alive my faith that, despite all efforts to erect barriers of hatred between Christians, there is, already, "one fold and one shepherd."

As to my life on the Continent in general, German Protestantism seemed to me simple and dignified; but its main influence upon me was exercised through its music, the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the morning service at the Berlin Cathedral being the most beautiful music by a choir I had ever heard,—far superior, indeed, to the finest choirs of the Sistine or Pauline chapel at Rome; and a still deeper impression was made upon me by the congregational singing. Often, after the first notes given by the organ, I have heard a vast congregation, without book of any kind, joining in the choral, King Frederick William IV and his court standing and singing earnestly with the rest. It was a vast uprolling storm of sound. Standing in the midst of it, one understands the Lutheran Reformation.

The most impressive Roman Catholic ceremonies which I saw in Europe were in Germany, and they were impressive because simple and reverential; those most so being at Wurzburg and Fulda, where, in the great churches, large bodies of the peasantry joined simply and naturally in the singing at the mass and at vespers.

In Russia I had the opportunity to study a religion of a very different sort—the Russo−Greek Church. While this church no doubt contains many devoted Christian men and women, it is, on the whole, a fossilized system; the vast body of the people being brought up to rely mainly on fetishes of various sorts. The services were, many of them, magnificent, and the music most beautiful; but it was discouraging to reflect that the condition of the Russian peasantry, ignorant, besotted, and debased, was the outcome of so many centuries of complete control by this great branch of the Christian Church. It had for ages possessed the fullest power for developing the intellect, the morals, and the religion of the people, and here was the result. Experience of Russian life is hardly calculated to increase, in any thinking man, confidence in its divine origin or guidance. One bears in mind at such times the words of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But the most unfavorable impression was made upon me in Italy. It was the palmy period of reactionary despotism. Hapsburgs in the north, Neapolitan Bourbons in the south, petty tyrants scattered through the country, all practically doing their worst; and, in their midst, Pius IX, maintained in the temporal power by French bayonets. It was the time when the little Jewish child Mortara was taken from his parents, in spite of their

agonizing appeals to all Europe; when the Madiai family were imprisoned for reading the Bible with their friends in their own house; when monks swarmed everywhere, gross and dirty; when, at the centers of power, the Jesuits had it all their own way,—as they generally do when the final exasperating impulse is needed to bring on a revolution. All old abuses of the church were at their highest flavor. So far as ceremonial was concerned, nothing could be more gorgeous than the services at St. Peter's as conducted by Pope Pius IX. For such duties no one could be better fitted; for he was handsome, kindly, and dignified, with a beautiful, ringing voice.

During Holy Week of 1856 I was present at various services in which he took the main part, in the Sistine Chapel and elsewhere; but most striking of all were his celebration of pontifical high mass beneath the dome of St. Peter's on Easter morning, and his appearance on the balcony in front of the cathedral afterward. The effect of the first ceremony was somewhat injured by the easy−going manners of some of the attendant cardinals. It was difficult to imagine that they believed really in the tremendous doctrine involved in the mass when one saw them taking snuff in the midst of the most solemn prayers, and going through the whole in the most perfunctory fashion. At the close of the service, the Pope, being borne on his throne by Roman nobles, surrounded by cardinals and princes, and wearing the triple crown, gave his blessing to the city and to the world. There must have been over ten thousand of us in the piazza to receive it, and no one could have performed his part more perfectly. Arising from his throne, and stretching forth his hands with a striking gesture, he chanted a benediction heard by every one present, even to the remotest corners of the square. Many years afterward, Lord Odo Russell, British ambassador at Berlin, on my mentioning the splendor of this ceremony to him, said to me, "Yes, you are right; but it was on one of those occasions that I discovered that the Pope was mortal." On my asking him how it was, he said, "I had occasion, as the British diplomatic representative, to call on Pope Pius IX on Easter Monday, and, after finishing my business with him, told him that I had been present at the benediction in front of St. Peter's on the day before, and had been much impressed by the beauty of his voice; and I added, 'Your Holiness must have been trained as a singer.' At this the Pope was evidently greatly pleased, and answered, 'You are right, I WAS trained as a singer; BUT YOU OUGHT TO HAVE HEARD ME TWO OR THREE YEARS AGO.' "

But while these great services at St. Peter's in those halcyon days were perfect in their kind, the same could not be said of many others. The worst that I ever saw—one which especially dwells in my memory—was at Pisa. I had previously visited the place and knew it well, so that when, one Sunday morning, a Canadian clergyman at the hotel wished to go to the cathedral, I offered to guide him. He was evidently a man of deep sincerity, and, as was soon revealed by his conversation, of high−church and even ritualistic tendencies; but, to my great surprise, he remarked that he had never attended service in a Roman Catholic church. Arriving at the cathedral too late for the high celebration, we walked down the nave until we came to a side altar where a priest was going through a low mass, with a small congregation of delayed worshipers, and we took our place back of these. The priest raced through the service at the highest possible speed. His motions were like those of an automaton: he kept turning quickly to and fro as if on a pivot; clasping his hands before his breast as if by machinery; bowing his head as if it moved by a spring in his neck; mumbling and rattling like wind in a chimney; the choir−boy who served the mass with him jingling his bell as irreverently as if he were conducting a green−grocer's cart. My Anglican companion immediately began to be unhappy, and was soon deeply distressed. He groaned again and again. He whispered, "Good heavens, is it like this? Is this the way they do it? This is fearful!" As we came from the church he was very sorrowful, and I administered to him such comfort as I could, but nothing could remedy this most painful disenchantment.

And here I may say that I have never been able to understand how any Anglican churchman can feel any insufficiency in the Lord's Supper as administered in his own branch of the church. I have never taken part in it, but more than once I have lingered to see it, and even in its simplest form it has always greatly impressed me. It is a service which all can understand; its words have come down through the ages; its ceremonial is calm, comprehensible, touching; and the whole idea of communion in memory of the last scene in the Saviour's life, which brings the worshiper into loving relation not only with him, but with all the church, militant and triumphant, is, to my mind, infinitely nobler and more religious than all paraphernalia, genuflexions, and man−millinery. How any Protestant, however "high" in his tendencies, can feel otherwise is incomprehensible to me.

At that first of my many visits to Rome, there had come one experience which had greatly softened any of my inherited Protestant prejudices. Our party had been lumbering along all day on the road from Civita Vecchia,

when suddenly there dashed by us a fine traveling−coach drawn by four horses ridden by postilions. Hardly had it passed when there came a scream, and our carriage stopped. We at first took it for granted that it was an attack by bandits, but, on getting out and approaching the other coach, found that one of the postilions, a beautiful Italian boy of sixteen, in jaunty costume, had been thrown from his horse, had been run over by the wheels of the coach, and now lay at the roadside gasping his last. We stood about him, trying to ease his pain, when a young priest came running from a neighboring church. He showed no deference to the gorgeously dressed personages who had descended from the coach; he was regardless of all conventionalities, oblivious of all surroundings, his one thought being evidently of his duty to the poor sufferer stretched out before him. He knelt, tenderly kissed the boy, administered extreme unction, and repeated softly and earnestly the prayers for the dying, to which fervent responses came from the peasants kneeling about him. The whole scene did much to tone down the feelings which had been aroused the previous day by the filth and beggary at the papal port where we had landed, and to prepare me for a more charitable judgment of what I was to see in the papal city.

But an early experience in Rome showed a less beautiful manifestation of Christian zeal. We were a band of students, six in number, who had just closed a year of study at the University of Berlin; and the youngest, whom I will call Jack Smith, was a bright young fellow, son of a wealthy New England manufacturer. The evening after arriving in Rome, Jack, calling on an American aunt, was introduced to a priest who happened to be making her a visit. It was instantly evident that the priest, Father Cataldi, knew what Jack's worldly prospects were; for from the first he was excessively polite to the youth, and when the latter remarked that during his stay in Rome he would like to take Italian lessons, the priest volunteered to send him a teacher. Next day, at the appointed hour, the teacher appeared, and in the person of the priest himself. Thenceforward he stuck to the young American like a brother, kept him away from the rest of us as much as possible, and served not only as his teacher, but as his cicerone.

Among various dignitaries to whom he presented the young American was his Eminence Cardinal Tosti; and when the cardinal extended his hand to be kissed, Jack grasped and cordially shook it. The two clerical gentlemen were evidently disconcerted; but the priest said to the cardinal, in an undertone, "e un principe Americano," whereupon the cardinal seemed relieved and shook hands heartily.

One day, when the priest was not with our companion, we all visited one of the basilicas, where some great function was going on, and, though we found a crowd at the doors, obtained a sight of the high altar,—and there, in magnificent attire, in the midst of the great prelates, was a person who bore a most striking resemblance to Jack's clerical guide. We were all struck by this curious coincidence, but concluded that in the distance and through the clouds of incense we had simply seen a chance resemblance, and in the multitude of matters we soon forgot it. A month afterward, as we were leaving Rome, Jack asked his new friend for his bill, whereupon the priest drew himself up with a superb gesture and, presenting his card, said: "You evidently do not know who I am." The card bore the inscription, "Monsignor Cataldi, Master of the Papal Ceremonies." The young American was quite confounded, but listened submissively while this dignitary expressed the hope that they might yet meet within the pale of that church which alone could give a claim to salvation.

The condition of Rome at that period was not such as to induce much respect for priestly government. Anything more dirty, slipshod, and wretched could hardly be imagined. No railways had yet been allowed; the Vatican monsignori feeling by instinct the truth stated by Buckle, that railways promote the coming in of new ideas. Nor did the moral condition of the people seem to be any better.

Any one who visits Rome to−day, with the army of monks swept out of the place, with streets well cleaned, with the excavations scientifically conducted, with a government which, whatever its faults, is at any rate patriotic, finds it difficult to imagine the vileness of the city under the old regime.

But, bad as was Rome, Naples was worse. The wretched Bourbon then on the throne, "King Bomba," was the worst of his kind. Our minister of that period, Mr. Robert Dale Owen, gave me some accounts of the condition of things. He told me, as a matter of fact, that any young man showing earnest purpose of any sort was immediately suspected and discouraged, while worthless young debauchees were regarded as harmless, and therefore favored.

The most cherished counselor of the King was Apuzzo, Archbishop of Sorrento. In addition to what I have already said of Leopardi's political catechism, which the archbishop forced upon the people, I may note that this work took great pains to show that no education was needed save just enough to enable each man to accomplish his duties within the little sphere in which he was born, and that for the great body of the people education was a

curse rather than a blessing. The result of this policy was evident: the number of persons unable to read or write, which was from forty to fifty per cent. in Piedmont, was from sixty to sixty−five per cent. in Rome, from eighty to eighty−five per cent. in the Papal States, and above eighty−five per cent. in Naples and Sicily.[38]

[38] See maps in Vol. II, of "L'Italis Economica nel 1873" (Roma, Tipografia Barbera, 1873). This work was the result of official surveys and most careful studies made by leading economists and statisticians. For a copy of it I am indebted to Mr. H. N. Gay, Fellow of Harvard University.

I also had the advantage of being present at the great religious function of Naples—the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, patron of the city. It was in the gorgeous chapel of the saint which forms part of the Cathedral of Naples, and the place was filled with devout worshipers of every class, from the officials in court dress, representing the Bourbon king, down to the lowest lazzaroni. The reliquary of silver gilt, shaped like a large human head, and supposed to contain the skull of the saint, was first placed upon the altar; next, two vials, containing a dark substance said to be his blood, were also placed upon the altar, near the head. As the priests said prayers, they turned the vials from time to time; and, the liquefaction being somewhat delayed, the great crowd of people burst out into more and more impassioned expostulations and petitions to the saint. Just in front of the altar were the lazzaroni who claimed to be descendants of the saint's family, and these were especially importunate: at such times they beg, they scold, they even threaten; they have been known to abuse the saint roundly, and to tell him that, if he does not care to show his favor to the city by liquefying his blood, St. Cosmo and St. Damian are just as good saints as he, and will, no doubt, be very glad to have the city devote itself to them. At last, as we were beginning to be impatient, the priest, turning the vials suddenly, announced that the saint had performed the miracle, and instantly priests, people, choir, and organ burst forth into a great "Te Deum"; bells rang and cannon roared; a procession was formed, and the shrine containing the saint's relics was carried through the streets, the people prostrating themselves on both sides of the way and showering rose−leaves upon the shrine and upon the path before it. The contents of these precious vials are an interesting relic indeed, for they represent to us vividly that period when men who were willing to go to the stake for their religious opinions thought it not wrong to "save souls" by pious mendacity and consecrated fraud. To the scientific eye this miracle is very simple: the vials contain, no doubt, one of those waxy mixtures fusing at low temperature, which, while kept in its place within the cold stone walls of the church, remains solid, but which, upon being brought out into the hot, crowded chapel and fondled by the warm hands of the priests, gradually softens and becomes liquid. It was curious to note, at the time above mentioned, that even the high functionaries representing the King looked at the miracle with awe: they evidently found "joy in believing," and one of them assured me that the only thing which COULD cause it was the direct exercise of miraculous power.

So, too, I had here an opportunity to study one of the fundamental ideas of the prevalent theology—namely, the doctrine of "intercession," which has played such a part not only in Catholic but in Protestant countries,—the idea that, just as in an earthly court back−stairs influence is necessary to secure favor, so it must be in the heavenly courts. I was much edified by the way in which this doctrine was presented in certain great pictures representing the intervention of the Almighty to save Naples from the plague. One of them, as I remember it, represented, on an enormous canvas, the whole transaction as follows: In the immediate foreground the people of Naples were represented on their knees before their magistrates, begging them to rescue the city from the pestilence; farther back the magistrates were represented as on their knees before the monks, begging for their prayers; the monks were on their knees before St. Januarius, begging him to intervene; St. Januarius was then represented as on his knees before the Blessed Virgin; the Blessed Virgin was then pictured as beseeching her divine Son; and he at last was represented as presenting the petition to a triangle in the heavens behind which appeared the lineaments of a venerable face.

One can understand, after seeing pictures of this kind, what Erasmus was thinking of, five hundred years ago, when he wrote his colloquy of "The Shipwreck," the most exquisite satire on mediaeval doctrine ever made. After a most comical account of the petitions and promises made by the shipwrecked to various saints, Adolphus says: "To which of the saints did you pray?" Antony answers, "To not one of them all, I assure you. I don't like your way of bargaining with the saints: 'Do this and I 'll do that. Here is so much for so much. Save me and I will give you a taper or go on a pilgrimage.' Just think of it! I should certainly have prayed to St. Peter, if to any saint; for he stands at the door of heaven, and so would be likeliest to hear. But before he could go to the Almighty and tell him my condition, I might be fifty fathoms under water." Adolphus: "What did you do then?" Antony: "I went

straight to God himself, and said my prayer to him; the saints neither hear so readily nor give so willingly."

In the city itself were filth, blasphemy, and obscenity unspeakable. No stranger could take his seat at a cafe without having proposals openly made to him which would have disgraced Pompeii. Cheatery and lying prevailed on all sides. Outside the city was brigandage,—so much so that various parties going to Paestum took pains to combine their forces and to bear arms.

This, then, was the outcome of fifteen hundred years of Christian civilization in a land which had been entirely in the hands of the church authorities ever since the downfall of the Roman Empire; a country in which education, intellectual, moral, and religious, had been from the first in the hands of a body, claiming infallibility in its teaching of faith and morals, which had molded rulers and people at its own will during all these centuries. This was the result! It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, a reductio ad absurdum of the claims of any church to superintend the education of a people; and if it be insisted that there is anything exceptional in Italy, one may point for examples of the same results to Spain, the Spanish republics, Poland, and sundry other countries.

Before going to Italy, I had taken pains to read as much as possible of the history of the country, and, among other works, had waded through the ten octavo volumes of Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics," as well as Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; and this history had served to show me what any body of ecclesiastics, not responsible to sound lay opinion, may become. In looking over the past history and present condition of Italy, there constantly rang in my ears that great warning by Christ himself, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

CHAPTER LXI. IN LATER YEARS—1856−1905

On my return to America I remained for a short time as a resident graduate at New Haven, and there gained a friend who influenced me most happily. This was Professor George Park Fisher, at that time in charge of the university pulpit, an admirable scholar and historian. His religious nature, rooted in New England orthodoxy, had come to a broad and noble bloom and fruitage. Witty and humorous, while deeply thoughtful, his discussions were of great value to me, and our long walks together remain among the most pleasing recollections of my life. He had a genius for conversation; in fact, he was one of the two or three best conversationists I have ever known, and his influence on my thinking, both as regards religious and secular questions, was thoroughly good. While we did not by any means fully agree, I came to see more clearly than ever what a really enlightened Christianity can do for a man.

I had returned to America in the hope of influencing opinion from a professor's chair, and my dear old friend Professor—afterward President—Porter urged me to remain in New Haven, assuring me that the professorship of history for which I had been preparing myself abroad would be open to me there. A few years later a professorship at Yale was offered me, and in a way for which I shall always be grateful; but it was not the professorship of history: from that I was debarred by my religious views, and therefore it was that, having been elected to a professorship in that department at the State University of Michigan, I immediately and gladly entered upon its duties.

Installed in this new position at Ann Arbor, I not only threw myself very heartily into my work, but became interested in church and other good work as it went on about me. From the force of old associations, and because my family had also been brought up in the Episcopal Church, I attended its services regularly; and, while it represented much that I could not accept, there were noble men in it who became my very dear friends, with whom I was glad to work.

It has always seemed to me rather an amusing episode in my life during this period that, in spite of grave doubts regarding my orthodoxy, my friends elected me vestryman of St. Andrew's Church at Ann Arbor, and gave me full power to select and call a rector for the parish at my next vacation excursion in the East. This in due time I proceeded to do. Attending the convention of the Episcopal Church in the diocese of Western New York, I consulted with various clerical friends, visited one or two places in order to hear sundry clergymen who were recommended to me, and at last called to our rectorate a man who proved to be not only a blessing to that parish, but to the State at large. In the annals of American charitable work his name is writ large, though probably there never lived a man more averse to publicity. He has since been made a bishop, and in that capacity has shown the same self−sacrifice and devotion to works of mercy which marked his career as pastor.

As to my religious ideas in general, they were at that time influenced in various ways. I read much ecclesiastical history as given by leading authorities, Protestant and Catholic, and in various original treatises by thinkers eminent in the history of the church. A marked influence was exercised upon me by reading sundry lives of the mediaeval saints: even the quaintest of these showed me how, in spite of childlike credulity, most noble lives had been led, well worthy to be pondered over in these later centuries.

The general effect of this reading was to arouse in me admiration for the men who have taken leading parts in developing the great religions of the world, and especially Christianity, whether Catholic or Protestant; but it also caused me to distrust, more and more, every sort of theological dogmatism. More and more clear it became that ecclesiastical dogmas are but steps in the evolution of various religions, and that, in view of the fact that the main underlying ideas are common to all, a beneficent evolution is to continue.

This latter idea was strengthened by my careful reading of Sale's translation of the Koran, which showed me that even Mohammedanism is not wholly the tissue of folly and imposture which in those days it was generally represented to be.

Influence was also exerted upon me by various other books, and especially by Fra Paolo Sarpi's "History of the Council of Trent," probably the most racy and pungent piece of ecclesiastical history ever written; and though I also read as antidotes the history of the Council by Pallavicini, and copious extracts from Bossuet, Archbishop Spalding, and Balmez, Father Paul taught me, as an Italian historian phrases it, "how the Holy Spirit conducts

church councils." At a later period Dean Stanley made a similar revelation in his account of the Council of Nicaea.

The works of Buckle, Lecky, and Draper, which were then appearing, laid open much to me. All these authors showed me how temporary, in the sum of things, is any popular theology; and, finally, the dawn of the Darwinian hypothesis came to reveal a whole new orb of thought absolutely fatal to the claims of various churches, sects, and sacred books to contain the only or the final word of God to man. The old dogma of "the fall of man" had soon fully disappeared, and in its place there rose more and more into view the idea of the rise of man.

But while my view was thus broadened, no hostility to religion found lodgment in my mind: of all the books which I read at that time, Stanley's life of Arnold exercised the greatest influence upon me. It showed that a man might cast aside much which churches regard as essential, and might strive for breadth and comprehension in Christianity, while yet remaining in healthful relations with the church. I also read with profit and pleasure the Rev. Thomas Beecher's book, "Our Seven Churches," which showed that each Christian sect in America has a certain work to do, and does it well; also, the sermons of Robertson, Phillips Brooks, and Theodore Munger, which revealed a beauty in Christianity before unknown to me.

Another influence was of a very different sort. From time to time I went on hunting excursions with the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Ann Arbor; and though he made no parade of religion, there was in him a genial, manly piety which bettered me.

But I cannot say that this good influence was always exercised upon me by his coreligionists. There was especially one, who rose to be a "presiding elder," very narrow, very shrewd, and very bitter against the State University, yet constantly placing himself in comical dilemmas. On one occasion, when I asked him regarding his relations with clergymen of other religious bodies, he spoke of the Roman Catholics and said that he had made a determined effort to convert the Bishop of Detroit. On my asking for particulars, he answered that, calling upon the bishop, he had spoken very solemnly to him and told him that he was endangering his own salvation as well as that of his flock; that at first the bishop was evidently inclined to be harsh; but that, on finding that he —the Methodist brother—disliked the Presbyterian Dr. Duffield, who had recently attacked Catholic doctrine, as much as the bishop did, the relations between them grew better, so that they talked together very amicably.

At this point in our conversation a puzzled expression overspread the elder's face and he said, "The most singular experience I ever had was with a French Catholic priest in Monroe. Being in that town and having a day or two of vacation, I felt it my duty to go and remonstrate with him. I found him very polite, especially after I had told him that his bishop had received me and discussed religious questions with me. Presently, wishing to make an impression on the priest, I fixed my eyes on him very earnestly and said as solemnly as I could, 'Do you know that you are leading your flock straight down to hell?' To this the priest made a very singular answer,—very singular, indeed. He said, 'Did you talk like that to the bishop?' I answered, 'Yes, I did.' 'Didn't he kick you out of his house?' 'No, he didn't.' 'Then,' said the priest, '*I* won't.' " And the good elder, during the whole of this story, evidently thought that the point of it was, somehow, against the PRIEST!

As a professor at the University of Michigan lecturing upon modern history, I, of course, showed my feelings in opposition to slavery, which was then completely dominant in the nation, and, to all appearance, intrenched in our institutions forever. From time to time I also said some things which made the more sensitive orthodox brethren uneasy; though, as I look back upon them now, they seem to me very mild indeed. In these days they could be said, and would be said, by great numbers of devoted members of all Christian churches. These expressions of mine favored toleration and dwelt upon the absurdity of distinctions between Christians on account of beliefs which individuals or communities have happened to inherit. Nothing like an attack upon Christianity itself, or upon anything vital to it, did I ever make; indeed, my inclinations were not in that direction: my greatest desire was to set men and women at thinking, for I felt sure that if they would really think, in the light of human history, they would more and more dwell on what is permanent in Christianity and less and less on what is transient; more and more on its universal truths, less and less upon the creeds, forms, and observances in which these gems are set; more and more on what draws men together, less and less on that which keeps them apart.

I became convinced that what the world needed was more religion rather than less; more devotion to humanity and less preaching of dogmas. Whenever I spoke of religion, it was not to say a word against any existing form; but I especially referred, as my ideals of religious conduct, to the declaration of Micah, beginning with the words, "What doth the Lord require of thee?"; to the Sermon on the Mount; to the definition of "pure religion and

undefiled" given by St. James; and to some of the wonderful utterances of St. Paul. But even this alarmed two or three very good men; they were much exercised over what they called my "indifferentism"; and when I was chosen, somewhat later, to the presidency of Cornell University, I found that they had thought it their duty to write letters urging various trustees to prevent the election of so dangerous a heretic.

Scattered through the Michigan university town were a number of people who had broken from the old faith and were groping about to find a new one, but, as a rule, with such insufficient knowledge of the real basis of belief or skepticism that the religion they found seemed less valuable to them than the one they had left. Thiers, Voltairian though he was, has well said, "The only altars which are not ridiculous are the old altars."

Some of the best of these people, having lost very dear children, had taken refuge in what was called "spiritualism"; and I was invited to witness some of the "manifestations from the spirit−land," and assured that they would leave no doubt in my mind as to their tremendous reality. Among those who thus invited me were a county judge of high standing, and his wife, one of the most lovely and accomplished of women. They had lost their only daughter, a beautiful creature just budding into womanhood, and they thought that "spiritualism" had given her back to them. As they told me wonderful things regarding the revelations made by sundry eminent mediums, I accepted their invitation to witness some of these, and went to the seances with a perfectly open and impartial mind. I saw nothing antecedently improbable in phenomena of that sort; indeed, it seemed to me that it might be a blessed thing if there were really something in it all; but examination showed me in this, as in all other cases where I have investigated so−called "spirit revelations," nothing save the worthlessness of human testimony to the miraculous. These miracles were the cheapest and poorest of jugglery, and the mediums were, without exception, of a type below contempt. There was, indeed, a revelation to me, not of a spirit−world beyond the grave, but of a spirit−world about me, peopled with the spirits of good and loving men and women who find "joy in believing" what they wish to believe. Compared with this new worship, I felt that the old was infinitely more honest, substantial, and healthful; and never since have I desired to promote revolutionary changes in religion. Such changes, to be good, must be evolutionary, gradual, and in obedience to slowly increasing knowledge: such a change is now evidently going on, irresistibly, and quite as rapidly as is desirable.

There were other singular experiences. One day a student said to me that an old man living not far from the university grounds was very ill and wished to see me. I called at once, and found him stretched out on his bed and greatly emaciated with consumption. He was a Hicksite Quaker. As I entered the room he said, "Friend, I hear good things of thee: thou art telling the truth; let me bear my testimony before thee. I believe in God and in a future life, but in little else which the churches teach. I am dying. Within two or three days, at furthest, I shall be in my coffin. Yet I look on the future with no anxiety; I am in the hands of my loving Father, and have no more fear of passing through the gate of death into the future life than of passing through yonder door into the next room." After kindly talk I left him, and next day learned that he had quietly passed away.

After about five years of duty in the University of Michigan, I was brought into the main charge of the newly established Cornell University; and in this new position, while no real change took place in my fundamental religious ideas, there were conflicting influences, sometimes unfortunate, but in the main happy. In other chapters of these reminiscences I have shown to what unjust attacks the new institution and all connected with it were subjected by the agents and votaries of various denominational colleges. At times this embittered me, but the ultimate result always was that it stirred me to new efforts. Whatever ill feelings arose from these onslaughts were more than made up after the establishment of the Sage Chapel pulpit. I have shown elsewhere how, at my instance, provision was made by a public−spirited man for calling the most distinguished preachers of all denominations, and how, the selection of these having been left to me, I chose them from the most eminent men in the various Christian bodies. My intercourse with these, as well as my hearing their discourses, broadened and deepened my religious feeling, and I regard this as among the especially happy things of my life.

Another feature of the university was not so helpful to me. I have spoken in another chapter regarding the establishment of Barnes Hall at Cornell as a center of work for the Christian Association and other religious organizations of the university, and of my pleasure in aiding the work there done and in noting its good results. At various times I attended the services of the Young Men's Christian Association; and while they often touched me, I cannot say that they always edified me. I am especially fond of the psalms attributed to David, which are, for me, the highest of poetry; and I am also very fond of the great and noble hymns of the church, Catholic and Protestant, and especially susceptible to the best church music, from Bach and Handel to Mason and Neale: but

the sort of revival hymns which are generally sung in Christian Associations, and which date mainly from the Moody and Sankey period, do not appeal to my best feelings in any respect. They seem to me very thin and gushy. This feeling of mine is not essentially unorthodox, for I once heard it expressed by an eminent orthodox clergyman in terms much stronger than any which I have ever used. Said he, "When I was young, congregations used to sing such psalms as this:

"The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
"On cherubim and seraphim
Right royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
"His seat is on the mighty floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, our everlasting Lord,
Forevermore shall reign.

"But now," he continued, "the congregation gets together and a lot of boys and girls sing:

"Lawd, how oft I long to know—
Oft it gives me anxious thought—
Do I love Thee, Lawd, or no;
Am I Thine, or am I nawt!

"There," said he, "is the difference between a religion which believes in a righteous sovereign Ruler of the universe, and a maudlin sentiment incapable of any real, continued, determined effort."

I must confess that this view of my orthodox friend strikes me as just. It seems to me that one of the first needs of large branches of the Christian Church is to weed out a great mass of sickly, sentimental worship of no one knows what, and to replace it with psalms and hymns which show a firm reliance upon the Lord God Almighty.

It is with this view that I promoted in the university chapel the simple antiphonal reading of the psalms by the whole congregation. Best of all would it be to chant the Psalter; the clergyman, with a portion of the choir, leading on one side, and the other section of the choir and the congregation at large chanting the responses. But this is, as regards most Protestant churches, a counsel of perfection.

Staying in London after the close of my university presidency, I was subject to another influence which has wrought with power upon some strong men. It was my wont to attend service in some one of the churches interesting from a historical point of view or holding out the prospect of a good sermon; but, probably, a combination which I occasionally made would not be approved by my more orthodox fellow−churchmen. For at times I found pleasure and profit in attending the service before sermon on Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's, and then going to the neighboring Positivist Conventicle in Fetter Lane to hear Frederic Harrison and others. Harrison's discourses were admirable, and one upon Roman civilization was most suggestive of fruitful thought. My tendency has always been strongly toward hero−worship, and this feature of the Positivist creed and practice especially attracted me; while the superb and ennobling music of St. Paul's kept me in a religious atmosphere during any discourse which succeeded it.

My favorite reading at this period was the "Bible for Learners," a book most thoughtfully edited by three of the foremost scholars of modern Europe—Hooykaas, Oort, and Kuenen. Simple as the book is, it made a deep impression upon me, rehabilitating the Bible in my mind, showing it to be a collection of literature and moral truths unspeakably precious to all Christian nations and to every Christian man. At a later period, readings in the works of Renan, Pfleiderer, Cheyne, Harnack, Sayce, and others strengthened me in my liberal tendencies, without diminishing in the slightest my reverence for all that is noble in Christianity, past or present.

Another experience, while it did not perhaps set me in any new trains of thought, strengthened me in some of my earlier views. This was the revelation to me of Mohammedanism during my journey in the East. While Mohammedan fanaticism seems to me one of the great misfortunes of the world, Mohammedan worship, as I first

saw it, made a deep impression on me. Our train was slowly moving into Cairo, and stopped for a time just outside the city; the Pyramids were visible in the distance, but my thoughts were turned from them by a picture in the foreground. Under a spreading palm−tree, a tall Egyptian suddenly arose to his full height, took off an outer covering from his shoulders, laid it upon the ground, and then solemnly prostrated himself and went through his prayers, addressing them in the direction of Mecca. He was utterly oblivious of the crowd about him, and the simplicity, directness, and reverence in his whole movement appealed to me strongly. At various other times, on the desert, in the bazaars, in the mosques, and on the Nile boats, I witnessed similar scenes, and my broad−churchmanship was thereby made broader. Nor was this general effect diminished by my visit to the howling and whirling dervishes. The manifestations of their zeal ranged themselves clearly in the same category with those evident in American campmeetings, and I now understood better than ever what the Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven meant when, after returning from the East, he alluded to certain Christian "revivalists" as "howling dervishes."

I must say, too, that while I loved and admired many Christian missionaries whom I saw in the East, and rejoiced in the work of their schools, the utter narrowness of some of them was discouraging. Anything more cold, forbidding, and certain of extinction than the worship of the "United Presbyterians" at the mission church at Cairo I have never seen, save possibly that of sundry Calvinists at Paris. Nor have I ever heard anything more defiant of sane thought and right reason than the utterances of some of these excellent men.

But the general effect of all these experiences, as I now think, was to aid in a healthful evolution of my religious ideas.

It may now be asked what is the summing up of my relation to religion, as looked upon in the last years of a long life, during which I have had many suggestions to thought upon it, many opportunities to hear eminent religionists of almost every creed discuss it, and many chances to observe its workings in the multitude of systems prevalent in various countries.

As a beginning, I would answer that, having for many years supplemented my earlier observations and studies by special researches into the relations between science and religion, my conviction has been strengthened that religion in its true sense—namely, the bringing of humanity into normal relations with that Power, not ourselves, in the universe, which makes for righteousness—is now, as it always has been, a need absolute, pressing, and increasing.

As to the character of such normal relations, I feel that they involve a sense of need for worship: for praise and prayer, public and private. If fine−spun theories are presented as to the necessary superfluity of praise to a perfect Being, and the necessary inutility of prayer in a world governed by laws, my answer is that law is as likely to obtain in the spiritual as in the natural world: that while it may not be in accordance with physical laws to pray for the annihilation of a cloud and the cessation of a rain−storm, it may well be in accordance with spiritual laws that communication take place between the Infinite and finite minds; that helpful inspiration may be thus obtained,—greater power, clearer vision, higher aims.

As to the question between worship by man as an individual being, face to face with the Divine Power, and worship by human beings in common, as brethren moved to express common ideas, needs, hopes, efforts, aspirations, I attribute vast value to both.

As to the first. Each individual of us has perhaps an even more inadequate conception of "the God and father of us all" than a plant has of a man; and yet the universal consciousness of our race obliges a human being under normal conditions to feel the need of betterment, of help, of thankfulness. It would seem best for every man to cultivate the thoughts, relations, and practices which he finds most accordant with such feelings and most satisfying to such needs.

As to the second. The universal normal consciousness of humanity seems to demand some form of worship in common with one's fellow−men. All forms adopted by men under normal conditions, whether in cathedrals, temples, mosques, or conventicles, clearly have uses and beauties of their own.

If it be said that all forms of belief or ceremonial obscure that worship, "in spirit and in truth," which aids high aspiration, my answer is that the incorporation, in beliefs and forms of worship, of what man needs for his spiritual sustenance seems to me analogous to the incorporation in his daily material food of what he needs for his physical sustenance. As a rule, the truths necessary for the sustenance and development of his higher nature would seem better assimilated when incorporated in forms of belief and worship, public or private, even though these

beliefs and forms have imperfections or inadequacies. We do not support material life by consuming pure carbon, or nitrogen, or hydrogen: we take these in such admixtures as our experience shows to be best for us. We do not live by breathing pure oxygen: we take it diluted with other gases, and mainly with one which, if taken by itself, is deadly.

This is but a poor and rough analogy, but it seems a legitimate illustration of a fact which we must take account of in the whole history of the human race, past, present, and future.

It will, in my opinion, be a sad day for this or for any people when there shall have come in them an atrophy of the religious nature; when they shall have suppressed the need of communication, no matter how vague, with a supreme power in the universe; when the ties which bind men of similar modes of thought in the various religious organizations shall be dissolved; when men, instead of meeting their fellow−men in assemblages for public worship which give them a sense of brotherhood, shall lounge at home or in clubs; when men and women, instead of bringing themselves at stated periods into an atmosphere of prayer, praise, and aspiration, to hear the discussion of higher spiritual themes, to be stirred by appeals to their nobler nature in behalf of faith, hope, and charity, and to be moved by a closer realization of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, shall stay at home and give their thoughts to the Sunday papers or to the conduct of their business or to the languid search for some refuge from boredom.

But thus recognizing the normal need of religious ideas, feelings, and observances, I see in the history of these an evolution which has slowly brought our race out of lower forms of religion into higher, and which still continues. Nowhere is this more clearly mirrored than in our own sacred books; nowhere more distinctly seen than in what is going on about us; and one finds in this evolution, just as in the development of our race in other fields, survivals of outworn beliefs and observances which remain as mile−stones to mark human progress.

Belief in a God who is physically, intellectually, and morally but an enlarged "average man"—unjust, whimsical, revengeful, cruel, and so far from omnipotent that he has to make all sorts of interferences to rectify faults in his original scheme—is more and more fading away among the races controlling the world.

More and more the thinking and controlling races are developing the power of right reason; and more and more they are leaving to inferior and disappearing races the methods of theological dogmatism.

More and more, in all parts of the civilized world, is developing liberty of thought; and more and more is left behind the tyranny of formulas.

More and more is developing, in the leading nations, the conception of the world's sacred books as a literature in which, as in a mass of earthy material, the gems and gold of its religious thought are embedded; and more and more is left behind the belief in the literal, prosaic conformity to fact of all utterances in this literature.

To one who closely studies the history of humanity, evolution in religion is a certainty. Eddies there are,—counter−currents of passion, fanaticism, greed, hate, pride, folly, the unreason of mobs, the strife of parties, the dreams of mystics, the logic of dogmatists, and the lust for power of ecclesiastics,—but the great main tide is unmistakable.

What should be the attitude of thinking men, in view of all this? History, I think, teaches us that, just so far as is possible, the rule of our conduct should be to assist Evolution rather than Revolution. Religious revolution is at times inevitable, and at such times the rule of conduct should be to unite our efforts to the forces working for a new and better era; but religious revolutions are generally futile and always dangerous. As a rule, they have failed. Even when successful and beneficial, they have brought new evils. The Lutheran Church, resulting from the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, became immediately after the death of Luther, and remained during generations, more inexcusably cruel and intolerant than Catholicism had ever been; the revolution which enthroned Calvinism in large parts of the British Empire and elsewhere brought new forms of unreason, oppression, and unhappiness; the revolution in France substituted for the crudities and absurdities of the old religion a "purified worship of the Supreme Being" under which came human sacrifices by thousands, followed by a reaction to an unreason more extreme than anything previously known. Goldwin Smith was right when he said, "Let us never glorify revolution."

Christianity, though far short of what it ought to be and will be, is to−day purer and better, in all its branches, than it has ever before been; and the same may be said of Judaism. Any man born into either of these forms of religion should, it seems to me, before breaking away from it, try as long as possible to promote its better evolution; aiding to increase breadth of view, toleration, indifference to unessentials, cooperation with good men

and true of every faith. Melanchthon, St. Francis Xavier, Grotius, Thomasius, George Fox, Fenelon, the Wesleys, Moses Mendelssohn, Schleiermacher, Dr. Arnold, Channing, Phillips Brooks, and their like may well be our exemplars, despite all their limitations and imperfections.

I grant that there are circumstances which may oblige a self−respecting man to withdraw from religious organizations and assemblages. There may be reactionary zeal of rabbis, priests, deacons, destructive to all healthful advance of thought; there may be a degeneration of worship into fetishism; there may be control by young Levites whose minds are only adequate to decide the colors of altar−cloths and the cut of man−millinery; there may be control by men of middle age who preach a gospel of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; there may be tyranny by old men who will allow no statements of belief save those which they learned as children.

From such evils, there are, in America at least, many places of refuge; and, in case these fail, there are the treasures of religious thought accumulated from the days of Marcus Aurelius, St. Augustine, and Thomas a Kempis to such among us as Brooks, Gibbons, Munger, Henry Simmons, Rabbis Weinstock and Jacobs, and very many others. It may be allowed to a hard−worked man who has passed beyond the allotted threescore years and ten to say that he has found in general religious biography, Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant, and in the writings of men nobly inspired in all these fields, a help without which his life would have been poor indeed.

True, there will be at times need of strong resistance, and especially of resistance to all efforts by any clerical combination, whether of rabbis, priests, or ministers, no matter how excellent, to hamper scientific thought, to control public education, or to erect barriers and arouse hates between men. Both Religion and Science have suffered fearfully from unlimited clerical sway; but of the two, Religion has suffered most.

When one considers the outcome of national education entirely under the control of the church during over fifteen hundred years,—in France at the outbreak of the revolution of 1789, in Italy at the outbreak of the revolution of 1848, in the Spanish−American republics down to a very recent period, and in Spain, Poland, and elsewhere at this very hour,—one sees how delusive is the hope that a return to the ideas and methods of the "ages of faith" is likely to cure the evils that still linger among us.

The best way of aiding in a healthful evolution would seem to consist in firmly but decisively resisting all ecclesiastical efforts to control or thwart the legitimate work of science and education; in letting the light of modern research and thought into the religious atmosphere; and in cultivating, each for himself, obedience to "the first and great commandment, and the second which is like unto it," as given by the Blessed Founder of Christianity.

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