

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW DICKSON WHITE VOLUME II

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE\*

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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

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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 politics 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 man 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 check 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 Repubblica 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.

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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 cofle. 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 Ultramontaniam; 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.")<sup>[1]</sup> 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.

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 (*ausstellungsmüde*); 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 Allassio 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 Reize 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 unequalled.

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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 archaeological 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 corpse-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 working-men 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 kindness. 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. Jocosely 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 Mouraviëff 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. Loehner, 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 far-sighted, 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 Buonaparte 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 Königsberg, 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 for 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 ich 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 commission 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 had 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 Ehrenbreitstein, 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 I

### 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 drowned  
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 commandment."

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 untrammelled 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 Shakspeare, 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 perpetua (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 Shakspeare'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,  $3 \times 8 = 27$ , 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 Lemman, 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 Shakspeare 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 worshipping 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 marquise; 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 Fearn, 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 Thronheim. 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 objugatory 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' Indipendenza, 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 petrification, 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 kämpfen 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 ecstasies 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, Melancthon, 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 Picpus 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 Renaissance 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 Pharpar, 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 Madiari 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'Italia 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, entrenched 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, Pfliegerer, 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 camp-meetings, 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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