

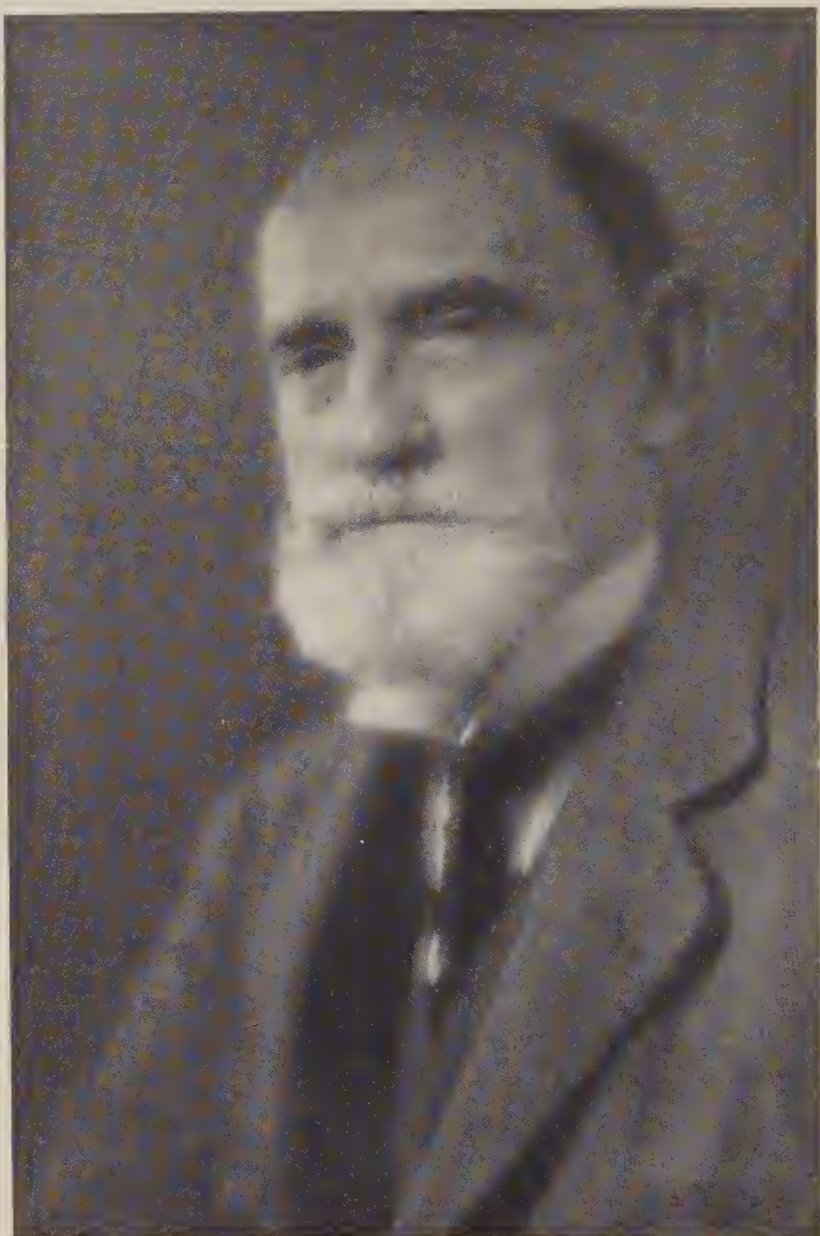


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RECOLLECTIONS  
*of a* HAPPY LIFE



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MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN  
AFTER HIS RETURN FROM DENMARK



# RECOLLECTIONS *of a* HAPPY LIFE

BY

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO DENMARK

*Author of "Ten Years Near the German Frontier"*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATED



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RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE  
— B —  
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TO ALL MY FRIENDS

## INTRODUCTION

WHEN the type-written "copy" for this book was sent to me a couple of weeks ago in order that an introduction might be written, the thoughtful representative of Mr. Egan's family kindly assured me that I was not expected to read any more of the pages than might be "necessary to get the general run of the story." Of course, being thus relieved from compulsion, I was irresistibly tempted to read the manuscript all through. Having fortunately yielded to that temptation, I am now tempted to write a full review of a volume so rich in matter, so lively in manner, so variously interesting, and so sure of a high place among modern autobiographies.

But full reviews may be left to the regular reviewers,—a company in which Mr. Egan himself served with singular honour in his last years. My office is merely that of an introducer of a profitable new volume to the General and Gentle Reader, the person who reads for pure pleasure.

Let me say then, without flourish or reserve, that Mr. Egan has left us, as his last gift, a delectable book. Wise, witty, and whimsical, it deals with the great affairs and the small happenings which came within the author's ken and in which he had a part, very freely and frankly, in the spirit of that humane culture which believes so deeply in the serious values of life that it can afford to recognise its humorous aspects. He gives us graphic glimpses of the demurely worldly Philadelphia of the eighteen fifties and sixties; of the semi-barbarous, largely bibulous, and always politically minded Washington of the eighteen seventies; and of the multiple personality of that vast village which is called New York, as it was in the eighteen eighties and nineties. He takes us into the inner life of Catholic schools and universities; of newspaper

offices; of literary clubs, and various circles of society, from that which thinks itself the highest to that which is sure it is not the lowest. "If I class myself with the proletariat," says Egan, "it is probably because I was brought up in a constant conflict of aristocratic ideas." Yet his tastes and his manners were always of the finest, and in loyalty to his principles he must be classed among the "die-hards."

Those who think of the Victorian Age as an era of intolerable solemnity and monotony should read Egan's book and be disillusioned. There was a plenty of "cakes and ale," as Shakespeare puts it, and the "literary fellows" had as much fun and frolic and free comradeship in those days as they do now,—sometimes it seems as if they had a little more, because they were less tense and tremulous about their peculiar theories of art. They jested more and scolded less. They said,

"The world is so full of a number of books,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as cooks,"

—that is, much happier than kings are in modern times.

Mr. Egan has great skill in drawing portraits of the kit-cat type, little sketches which are true to life and make you feel the person. The figure of his high-flying step-aunt, who exaggerated the past glories of the family, and insisted that *Mademoiselle de la Vallière* might have married into the house of Egan, "if she had only had the good sense to elope" with a young chevalier of that name who was in the court of Louis XIV.; the loving sketch of his devout, firm, and gracious mother, who was often to be seen "with her rosary in one hand and a novel of Jane Austen's in the other," and who considered the *Vallière* "a most improper person"; the vivid outline of his very Celtic father, a genial, handsome democrat, who boasted of having done everything that an Irishman may do,—all these are priceless.

The author has a way of protesting that he does not intend to be "indiscreet," and then rippling on into a most amusing story which cannot possibly offend anybody. He hates scandal, but he loves good-humoured gossip. A joke is dear to him even when it is on himself. The anecdote of the manner in



which Madame de Beaucaire and he invented a standardised conversation for use at diplomatic dinners; the incident of the reproof which the French Minister attempted to give him for “*appropriating*” the tricolour of France in the cockades which he put on the legation staff in lieu of uniforms, and the suave, piquant retort which he made thereto; and the story of the urgent newspaper reporter and the faked description of the ladies’ gowns at the wedding of his daughter in Copenhagen, are most entertaining. In fact, this book rivals in desultory charm *The Vanished Poms of Yesterday* and *The Days Before Yesterday* with which Lord Frederic Hamilton captivated the reading public a few years ago.

Egan’s public service in the broader sense was life-long. As poet, story-writer, critic, professor, he was always trying to give the world of his best. As editor and controversialist he was as often right as can be expected of any man. His diplomatic service was of great value to his own country and to others. He was appointed as American Minister to Denmark by President Roosevelt in 1907 and held the post with honour under Presidents Taft and Wilson. I think it was the longest term ever served in one capital by any American diplomat.

During this term many things of lively interest and some of world-wide significance occurred,—from Dr. Cook’s alleged discovery of the North Pole, first heralded in Denmark, to the outbreak, spread, and conclusion of the World War.

In regard to the Cook episode, which made a tremendous stir at the time, Egan’s conduct was strictly and diplomatically correct. He claimed no scientific *expertise*, accepted the conclusions of the Danish authorities, and joined with them in welcoming the wonderful explorer from Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, with a cordiality which may have had some after-qualms. At the time, he could not have done less; later, I guess he was glad he did not do more.

On the war, his comments are as wise and humanly sympathetic as his conduct was discreet and loyal. It was a terribly hard time for American diplomats,—especially in neutral countries. Read his discriminating remarks on the different

positions and characters of the Scandinavian Neutrals; his shrewd note on the American Secretary of State who "seemed to look on Europe as a place where good Democrats could be supplied with paying jobs"; his clear statement of reasons why "it was impossible to be neutral at heart"; his calm and crushing indictment of Prussian militarism, and, in spite of that, his resolute refusal to fix the whole blame for the war on the people of any single nation; and you will understand why I claim that his wisdom was as sound as his wit was radiant.

In the summer of 1916, on my way from my post in Holland for a brief vacation on a little salmon river in Norway, I stopped over in Copenhagen to visit Egan. Despite his recent painful illness he was an incomparable host. His courtesy embraced my littlest daughter, to whom he gave a charming Danish doll, named Dagmar, and promised to send her a new outfit of clothes every year. He was not only the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, he was its Prince Charming, the one to whom all turned for help in difficulty and for conciliation in dispute. No man in Denmark was more respected and beloved. The special joy of his heart at that time was the success of his long and skilful efforts to bring about the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States. The actual purchase, if I remember rightly, was not yet completed, but the result already seemed secure, as it proved to be. Egan regarded this as a good thing for America and for Denmark, an additional guaranty of security for the Panama Canal, and thus a safeguard of peace for the world. So it was. And the credit for it is due to Egan and to President Wilson, who warmly supported his efforts.

The chief attraction of this book to me is the simple and natural way in which the lovable author inhabits it. I first became acquainted with Maurice Francis Egan in the eighteen eighties when I became a member of the Authors' Club of New York shortly after his entrance. Many a night, after a joyous symposium, we walked home through the empty streets in the wee, sma' hours, talking of the things that make life worth living,—faith and friendship, work and poetry. He was a firm Catholic and I an equally firm Presbyterian, but

ecclesiastical differences never divided us. No doubt he would stretch the doctrine of "invincible ignorance" enough to give me a good hope, and certainly I made the doctrine of "prevenient grace" include him. Always, through the long years of our friendship, he was the same cheerful, loyal, and serviceable man. In poverty and in what writers call wealth, in sickness and in what men of high-strung temperament call health, in lodgings and in a palace, he grew and was unchanged. I am glad he calls his last book *Recollections of a Happy Life*. It is a true title.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

*Sylvanora,*  
*August 10, 1924.*

*For their invaluable assistance  
in the preparation of this book  
the thanks of the Publishers are  
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RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE

# RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE

## CHAPTER I

### § I

**I**T is very often the custom of persons who write of their pasts to give apologetic reasons for so doing; I shall neither explain myself nor excuse myself for trying to reproduce the colour and the atmosphere of my past and present, in conditions which were intensely American and yet more than usually tinged with European influences. They will, I think, add something to the knowledge of certain sections of our life not hitherto “embalmed,” let us say—though “embalmed” is hardly the proper word—in our literature.

The life in the city of Philadelphia into which I entered in the year 1852 was comfortable, settled and extremely limited. I appeared after my father and mother had been married thirteen years; and they had naturally adapted themselves to a method of living which was comfortable and rather monotonous. My advent, I was informed, was hailed with great joy. My father had come to Philadelphia early in the second quarter of the last century—a boy who deserted a rich uncle at the foot of Market Street, after one of those quarrels so necessary and agreeable to the Celts, and started out for himself. The uncle, who happened to have, as many Irishmen had before the famine, a well-furnished purse, went on his way to New Orleans and promptly and reasonably effaced my father from his memory, having supplied him with a certain amount of money.

At about the age of sixteen then my father, with a certain mechanical bent and the beginning of an education which was



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almost entirely mathematical, started out adventurously for himself. From his pictures I judge that he was a very handsome lad. He was certainly amiable, well-mannered and sympathetic. These qualities seemed to grow as he increased in years. He fell in with a group of Quakers, to whom he became very much devoted, and whose friendship he always returned; and he acquired, too, the friendship of a group of very distinguished and kindly Jews. Among them was the family of Marquis, and the first party I ever attended, as a young boy, was a family feast held in the Marquis home, where I gained a great reputation for generosity by choosing for my small sister the larger cake of two offered to me. It was a favourite cake of the time, a macaroon adorned with a white dove. I felt that these praises were superfluous, because I was not especially fond of macaroons. Even at that early age I had learned they were seldom fresh.

My mother's uncle had gone to Texas late in the eighteenth century, and his brother later settled in Philadelphia. My granduncle had, I think, lived in Spain; he was "Scotch-Irish," a hyphenated term which my father disliked very much. He had had rather a feudal estate in the old country, and having acquired large grants of land from the Spanish crown, he began to colonise various places in Texas with Irishmen imported from his part of Ireland. They spoke no English; and I can recall reading a letter from General Cadwalader, with whom my greatuncle was in relation, declaring that these serfs—he had evidently had some relations with old Don Juan—were entirely unfitted for residence in the South, and that they had better be kept in Pennsylvania and thoroughly civilised. Old Don Juan's letters to my mother showed that in San Antonio and San Patricio he behaved very much like a feudal lord, and assumed the right to have all the best game brought to him, after the manner of the *grands seigneurs* of the Middle Ages. He was always looked upon by the family as a fountain of gold, and he was the business adviser and the almoner of my grandfather, who was much given to literature and dreams. He was much concerned with my mother's education, and he subjected her letters to the stringent criticism

of a student at Salamanca, who had read Blair's *Rhetoric*.

My mother, I think, was looked on in her circle as a prospective heiress and when she eloped with the amiable and handsome Irishman, my father, there was evidently a terrible row. At this time my grandfather had lost a great deal of money—earned in selling sand from his banks on the Delaware—by sending a cargo of Franklin stoves to Savannah in the summer.

The opposite of my father in every way, my mother was a cultivated and beautiful person, religious, almost ascetic, who looked on the Irish as a strange race capable of violating all Philadelphia conventions and of staying up until after midnight and drinking much punch on the slightest provocation! My father evidently had had his vicissitudes. He boasted later that in his time he had done everything that any honest Irishman could do.

I remember that when the most aristocratic member of the family, a stepaunt who had married a man with a French name, insisted, when I was at college, that I should put the coat-of-arms on my notepaper, my father wrote indignantly to the president of the school saying that if I wanted a symbol I should put a nail at the head of my notepaper with the motto: "I hammer." He declared that he had earned his first dollar at nail-making. He deliberately toned down all past splendours, if they existed, while the business of the stepaunt was to emphasise the glories of the past.

If I class myself with the proletariat it is probably because I was brought up in a constant conflict of aristocratic ideas. The legend of the first Egan who had come to Ipswich, Massachusetts in 1765—having left the Court of Louis XIV.—was given me by my stepaunt with many variations. Sometimes I heard her tell visitors—to the open disgust of my mother—that Mademoiselle de la Vallière might have married into the Egan family if she had only had the good sense to elope with this gallant and misty person, instead of shutting herself in a convent. My mother had to suffer much from these weird Irish tales. She plainly considered Mademoiselle de la Vallière a most improper person, but not nearly so improper as

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another relative, who occasionally came from Westmeath at my father's expense. I once asked an old Tipperary man, the model for my "Sexton Maginnis," who he was and my mother blushed when she heard the answer:—"Sure, he was a by-blow of Dan's." And then he added: "I wish you wouldn't be asking questions, child; you'll make trouble twixt me and your mother, who is a Yankee and can't understand the Irish way of thinking." I later discovered that "Dan" was the late Daniel O'Connell to whom I am related.

"Your father," my aunt said to me once very bitterly, "is so American that he has never told you that you are related to the great Daniel O'Connell."

"No," I said, "I have heard my father speak of the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, but I never knew that he was related."

"This is an outrage," she said indignantly, "for your grand-aunt, the third Miss Egan of Clanwalsh, was the third wife of Bartholomew O'Connell, who was the greatuncle of the Liberator."

The Misses Egan of Clanwalsh, known in France where they occasionally lived as the Countesses de Clanwalsh, prided themselves on their connection with the Walshes de Serrant, and in some mysterious manner connected themselves with the noble family of the Dukes de Trêmoille.

However, while I was an American democrat, Sir Walter Scott and the tales of my ancestors in 1745 made me a devout partisan of the Stuarts. I cherished a white rosebush and I wanted very much to go to England so that I could turn the stamps bearing the picture of Queen Victoria upside down on the envelope. Every time the stepaunt or any of the Irish relatives visited us, our pedigree went up while our prestige went down as low persons who were dependent on work for a livelihood, and could only send them very small remittances. Then there were German, Belgian and Hungarian cousins who were tremendously aristocratic, and who were luridly thrust by the stepaunt into our comfortable existence in Philadelphia, which was so *bourgeois* that the muffin man, ringing his bell at four o'clock in the afternoon, was an institution,

and the lamplighter with his torch vied with the watchman as an object of neighbourly interest. In fact, when I was young in Philadelphia, in Southwark, this watchman called the hour of twelve in a loud voice and announced, in rhyme, that all good people should be in bed. There are other memories, too, of this vanished Philadelphia. The bakers seemed to keep no accounts, but measured their outputs with tally sticks. They were sometimes called "tales," and the knowledge of this enabled me once to get an extra mark in "Milton."

"Under the hawthorn in the vale,  
Every shepherd tells his tale."

This process of measurement I often saw with my own eyes, although, according to my mother's convictions, it was almost criminal to buy one's bread at the baker's. The staff of life must be made at home. Muffins might be bought, but it was as impossible in self-respecting families to buy baker's bread as to use any but a brand of butter made, I think, by a man named Sharpless. I can still recall the cry of the vender of the calamus root; he was always a black man, who came from Second Street by a route which never varied. I was glad once to find an allusion to the seller of calamus in Dr. Weir Mitchell's novel, *Hugh Wynne*. On still nights—and the nights were always still—in winter one could hear the announcements of "hot pepperpot" and in the summer of equally "hot corn." But it must be understood that these coloured sellers of such delectable food were not ordinary folk. The Philadelphian would eat nothing that was not guaranteed by the character of the person who sold it—and these coloured pedlars were persons of settled reputation.

Our first house has disappeared. It had once been a farmhouse. It stood in Sixth Street at the corner of a small lane above Washington Avenue. It was surrounded by half "a square" of grounds and the attics—never used—were peopled by scores of pigeons. My earliest recollections are of the cooing of these pigeons. The squabs were very often eaten by us or presented to the neighbours and were considered,



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with the addition of oranges, which were rather rare then, as a necessary food in case of sickness. When the convalescent grew stronger he was always given calves' foot jelly; but the squabs from our place had a great reputation for restoring the strength of invalids.

Later we went to another house, much smaller, but with a garden at the back, and here my recollections become more connected. My father was a politician in his ward, for I recall long conferences in the little parlour, in which Mr. Charles Ingersoll, Mr. McKean, Mr. Samuel Randall, a Mr. Danby, and Mr. Jared Greenfield took part; but the garden, crowded with old-fashioned flowers, was my delight.

When I was six years old, I recall that I was permitted to fold election tickets, and was offered tips, which my father never allowed me to accept, for such expertness as I showed. There was much conversation in our house about political matters—about Mesmer, Lola Montez, spiritism in general, Kossuth and the French Revolution, to which epoch we seemed to be very near. My grandfather had lived through it, and, according to our stepaunt, one of our relatives had gone surreptitiously into the office of Fouquier Tinville, in order to have the satisfaction of crossing off the names of the French nobles of Irish descent who were slated for the guillotine. Whom he substituted for these favoured ones I was never told; but Madame d'Evantail was quite sure that he had saved a Dillon, a Walsh, a MacMahon, a Barrymore and, crown of all, a MacEoghan of Bally-MacEoghan! The tale of our glories increased as she grew older.

Another spectacle which filled us children with awe was the daily preparation for a long walk of a Mr. Alberti who advanced slowly down Sixth Street with a red bandana handkerchief on his head and a gorgeous parrot perched on the index finger of his right hand, and sometimes on his shoulder. It was supposed in the neighbourhood that he was really Sanson, the executioner of Louis XVI., who had taken refuge, like so many other French people, in Philadelphia. He was evidently a harmless person, but so very picturesque that we children preferred to believe he had a past.

•

And then there were actors, especially a family called, I think, Chapman, who went up towards the theatres in the morning and in the evening at fixed times, with paper-covered books in their hands. They were looked on with awe and respect. It seemed strange that they could live in our part of the town, which was so quiet, and wear clothes just like anybody else considering that they belonged, or seemed to belong, to another world.

Mrs. Chapman showed herself very human by giving us small children large yellow mint drops, "humbugs" they were called, as she passed. "The goodwill of children"—we heard her say—"always brings me good luck." I recall, too, seeing one of her theatrical friends turn and retrace her steps and go over to the other side of the street because a black cat had crossed her path. Looking back, it seems to me that the minds of children are like the plates prepared for etchers—every little stroke counts and adds to the effect of the whole, for children have a great sense of proportion as well as a powerful sense of justice.

I was not allowed to go to school until I was eight years of age. However, my mother taught me many things and she read to us every day in the winter time at a fixed hour in the afternoon. We were obliged to listen whether we liked it or not; and I know that my tastes were early formed by this process. Music then was not a part of every household as it is to-day. Pianos were not common. I think it was rumoured that the Willings had the best piano in Philadelphia and my stepaunt boasted of an instrument in our family, made for the Duc de Reichstadt in 1812. But nearly everybody sang. My mother's "Mary of Argyle," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses" and "We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd" were celebrated in the neighbourhood. I remember that I was early drilled in a poem which was almost chanted, called "Drink, Pretty Creature, Drink." It was something about a gazelle.

The theatre was an integral part of every child's education in our neighbourhood. What could have possessed my parents to take me to the opera on my seventh birthday, to hear *Les Huguenots* at the Academy of Music, then newly opened, I

cannot say. It was not because there was nobody to take care of me at home, because there was always an aunt or the coloured retainer and friend of the family, who came in on certain days to wash and do chores, and my small sister was left with her. Whatever the reason was, it was a good one, for every child of seven ought to hear a good opera. It gave a new colour to my life. I knew nothing about the vocal merits of Madame de la Grange or Carl Formes; but the magnificence of the scene, as it seemed to me—the ladies in blue and pink evening gowns in the proscenium boxes, the white satin of the Queen of Navarre, especially the sparkling diamonds which encircled the wrists of her snowy kid gloves, the great chandelier, the woman with the seed-pearl earrings who sat next to us in the mezzanine box and spoke German in the intervals of the performance, the colours, the lights, and the entrancing music, as well as the ballet—these were the beginning of a liberal education.

Besides, the ballet led the way to the firmness of my religious opinions when my mother became a devout Catholic. My later belief that the Catholic religion is a very cheerful one was confirmed by the fact that during the opera, when the Puritans sang hymns, and the populace uttered songs of various kinds, I was told that the butterfly ladies of the ballet represented the Catholic party. Consequently I came to look on Protestantism as much the more unpleasant religion of the two. This impression received another confirmation. Opposite our house there was a famous Sunday school, and on Sunday afternoons in the summer time the strains of "I Want To Be an Angel" and "There's Something in Heaven for Children To Do" added to the awful depression of that most darksome of days, a Philadelphia Sunday—or "Sabbath," as it was very properly called.

In our neighbourhood one of the survivals of the English past was the habit of sending Sunday's dinner, at least the roast, to the baker's, so that at about noon the streets were filled with the aroma of roast beef or roast mutton, and the bakers' boys, the maids or the children of the various families were seen proudly bearing home large tin pans in which re-



posed savoury joints. Sometimes the receptacle contained a pair of fowls, but roast beef was most general.

Indeed, I often reproach myself with the remembrance that when the priest at High Mass sang "*Ite missa est*" I always seemed to smell the odour of roast beef. It was a prelude to the invariable Sunday dinner!

Whether this was merely a traditional custom or a matter of domestic convenience, I was never quite sure. It was remarkable that joints were never sent out to the baker on week days. In our family, my mother for a time in an excess of Puritanism refused to have any hot food offered to us on Sundays. This did not last long. It was too uncomfortable, besides she discovered that, as a Catholic, she was offering a sacrifice to the false god of the Protestant Sabbath, and this settled the matter much to our delight.

This change was also a great boon to our Jewish friends, the Marquises, to whom we were devoted, and who borrowed fire from us on Saturdays, and occasionally it gave us an extra roast on that day, as my mother was determined that her friends should have carefully cooked food which would in no way outrage their religious scruples. I think this estimable family supplied *kosher* meat and perhaps the proper kind of bread. It was interesting, and it made a break in the monotony of life.

I have often wondered since, too, why in those days among fairly well-to-do people, when long journeys, however, were exceptional, nobody seemed to have any luggage of his own. The neighbourhood seemed to me to be constantly borrowing a portmanteau and a detestable hair-covered trunk ornamented with brass nails which we had inherited. In return, these articles being considered too splendid for ordinary use, my father sometimes borrowed an ornate carpetbag from one of his neighbours. This was considered an appropriate apparatus for a journey to New York. It was used, I think, by nearly all the neighbourhood—that is, the oldest inhabitants—until the gorgeous red roses and yellow leaves finally became dimmed.

One of the most impressive episodes of my memory was

seeing Mrs. John Drew walk along Arch Street toward her theatre. Nobody in Philadelphia was more respected or more admired, and she certainly had the air of a duchess; I heard her very often called "The Duchess." She once dawned on our neighbourhood for a brief hour when she came to call on some relative of Louis James, I think, who lived for a time near us. Later, when Louis James himself appeared, debonair, distinguished, with a rose in his buttonhole, it was an epoch. Our neighbourhood was very *bourgeois*; it liked its joint well done and was famous for its pepperpot; its traditions were inviolable; its social valuations carefully fixed, but it had a fine respect for the art of the theatre. I think, however, that outside of my own people, masterpieces of art and painting were not greatly regarded and artists passing by our way would not have received the slightest notice, but Mrs. John Drew! She was *couronnée*. Even Edwin Forrest came second in the regard of our neighbourhood.

About this time I saw my first play. It was rapturous. No matter how young you were in those days, you were led to believe that Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre was the only temple of real delight and perfect culture in the United States; and after this came the theatre called The Walnut, where, we were told, the great Rachel had caught the fatal cold that finished her. In these early days, the volunteer fire departments were looked on with civic pride; and my father, unlike most Irishmen, was civically very proud. Our special fire company was, as I remember, the Wiccacoe, whose glorious red shirts and shining helmets I can see now, when they paraded, with a beautiful goddess of liberty—real—standing in an open barouche at their head. When they had a "benefit" every self-respecting person in our ward turned out. Even my mother, who was very careful to inquire about the morals of any play, went as a matter of course. Unhappily, theatrical performances are now, by comparison, extremely short or sometimes extremely long—but only for the sophisticated. The play began with a melodrama called *The Lost Ship*. How terrific were the waves. And even the appearance of a large boat under one of the engulfing breakers could not

destroy the illusion. It might have been the boot of a drowning man, and it was sad to see the thoughtless audience applaud unnecessarily the prominent boot, just as the ship went down with all on board.

This was followed by a vision of loveliness, *Ingomar or The Barbarian*. The loveliest creature I had ever seen or will ever see was the Parthenia. I forget her name, but I rather think she was a Miss Fisher. How gracefully she strewed Grecian wild flowers from a wicker basket! And how terribly ferocious the barbarian looked beside this exquisite creature. It was certainly a vision of delight, the vanishing of which could only be endured because Rose Wood appeared in a dance that was too graceful for words, to be followed by a lady in pink who sang something about being "gay and happy." After her disappearance the performance ended with a farce, *Box and Cox*. That was all; but it seemed, even to a child accustomed to be soundly asleep at half-past seven, that a glimpse of Paradise had disappeared.

The Quaker influence, which was strong in our part of the town, seemed in no way to affect the position of the theatre among us. The merits and demerits of Edwin Forrest and Macready, the chasteness of Barney Williams as compared with the coarseness of other comedians was a subject of un-failing conversation; and Mr. John Drew, the elder, was looked on as the greatest of all actors of comedy. "Besides," as my mother said, "he was a gentleman." Of course, there were among us ex-cockneys who quoted Toole and Madame Vestris and who raved about the glories of the pantomime and the joys of Astley's; but nobody in our part of Philadelphia regarded the theatrical taste of London as of any value at all. Even Paris did not count in theatrical importance until after Rachel had appeared, and, later still, until *opéra bouffe* had been introduced. We had occasional pantomimes at The Walnut, and there was a winter circus too, whose grand *entrée* was more glorious to us than anything any modern circus has yet invented. I am not quite sure whether a pantomime called *Cherry and Fair Star* was produced at The Walnut or not, but I heard it talked of, and Madame de Chauvenette, a

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Frenchwoman, who was looked on as a model of elegance in our district, told us that the ignorant English had translated *Chérie*, which she told us meant "dear" in French, into the meaningless "Cherry."

The influence in our family was largely French, as far as my father was concerned. My mother looked on the French with doubtful eye, although she had a great deal of sympathy for the refugees from Santo Domingo who had escaped massacre by coming to Philadelphia, where they were cordially received. She knew some of these ladies and gentlemen, and she could tell you blood-curdling tales of the way the negro slaves had treated them. She disapproved very much of their playing the violin and other musical instruments on Sunday, and she could hardly understand how they could appear in the precincts of old St. Joseph's Church without openly repenting of such shocking levity. St. Joseph's Church, in Willing's alley, was a place of tradition, and we were not quite sure whether it was at St. Joseph's or St. Mary's, in Fourth Street, that Lafayette, whom my mother had seen, heard Mass on at least one occasion.

Lafayette had left a great tradition. My mother described him as a small man, but as very graceful and smiling. She cherished for a long time a tricolour rosette which she had worn as a small girl when Lafayette had presented it to her. Talleyrand was likewise a tradition; but it was whispered—children somehow manage to hear everything—that he had been dropped from Philadelphia society when he was constantly seen walking in the gardens near Chestnut Street with a woman of colour. The fate of the young Duc de Beaujolais was treated as sadly as the execution of Major André. Beaujolais, as we were often told, was one of the sons of Philippe Egalité. He had found refuge in Philadelphia, his money had run short, and when the great cholera scourge came he had not means sufficient to find a place in the country and so he died in the flower of his youth. Some of the legends of the French who had lived or were living in Philadelphia were probably apocryphal; but there was one legend to which we firmly held, and that was that on the grounds of an old



yellow building called the "coach factory," which had once been a manor house, a carriage drawn by four horses and driven by a headless coachman drove regularly every night across the great lawn into the Delaware. We sometimes heard the splash, but we never saw the carriage. The whole story was in some way connected with the Maschianza, a famous ball given by the British invaders in Philadelphia during the Revolution, for which our much-pitied Major André had painted the scenery. We were brought up to love Major André.

## § 2

Old Philadelphia in those days was quite sufficient for itself. There was no doubt great pride in the town as one of the most American and conservative of cities, but each district had its local pride. In one of Francis Janvier's books—*In St. Peter's Set*—he depicts the horror of an old gentleman from the region between Pine Street and Chestnut and east of Broad Street when he discovered that he had actually taken in to dinner a woman "from the Northern Liberties." In Southwark we regarded Kensington and Frankfort and Richmond as strange places inhabited by tribes greatly inferior to ours.

One of our sources of pride was the old Swedes Church which was below us on the Delaware in that strange country called the "Neck," or by some persons the "Mash." This was looked on as an appendix to Southwark. There were stories of haunted inns on the banks of the Delaware and hair-raising tales of havoc done by the Hessian troops during the Revolution. Well-brought-up boys were not permitted to go into the Neck; although happier groups, delirious with joy because they were allowed "to go barefooted" in summer, found it a place of recreation, rest and refreshment. It was full of stagnant pools, with an iridescent scum on them; but by the banks of the river there were clear places in which the cattails waved and where reed birds crowded in the autumn.

In nearby lots there were great piles of refuse in which mica glittered; and at one place a great hedge of hawthorne and

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syringa which bloomed every spring. The land was given over to market-gardeners, supposed by us to be the descendants of thrifty Hessians who had grown to love our native land when the British Government ceased to pay them for fighting against us, and who utilised the refuse of the city, after the Japanese manner, in the growing of giant cabbages, carrots, turnips and tomatoes. Persons of fastidious taste like my mother never bought vegetables produced in the Neck, although when I could steal into its barbarous precincts, I thought it produced the most delicious raw turnips, and even parsnips, in my experience.

I was unfortunately one of the well-brought-up boys; almost everything was forbidden; and on Sundays and gala days I was attired in a velvet jacket, a white collar tied with strings, long white trousers and a velvet cap with a tassel. In desperation I sometimes ventured into the Neck surreptitiously, with disastrous results, only to come home at dusk after a perfect day, spent in trying to catch bullfrogs, floating on badly balanced boards in the stagnant pools, with a stomach rather too well filled with pieces of raw turnip and the prospect of a frigid reception at home!

Very few people, I suppose, remember the first lie they ever told. Most people swear that they never told a lie, and in spite of one's own experience and observation, one is always too polite to contradict them. I must say that I was rather a truthful boy; both my father and mother insisted on having the exact truth from me. My reputation at school in that respect was unusually good, though I think that children are sometimes the slaves of their imagination and at other times they lie because they are afraid to tell the truth, or because it is the easiest way out of difficulties which seem to be created artificially by "grown ups."

One Saturday morning—there was no lesson on Saturday—my mother had promised me to make one of the stately annual visits to Germantown where some very dignified Quaker friends of hers lived. By way of preparation, she had described the Chew house to me, and prepared me for this august visit by various glimpses of local history, in which the Chews



—a family of great eminence, I was led to believe—figured largely. While she went to market, attended by a small negro boy, who was to carry her basket, I was left in the street to play decorously—very decorously, as I was dressed in one of my best suits which included white duck trousers and the hated collar, with the lace trimming and tasselled strings. Generally, I was permitted to assist in the marketing, in Second Street, on Saturdays—for which assistance I was permitted to have two plates of ice cream—one vanilla and the other lemon, at two separate stalls kept by ancient Philadelphians. But on this day I was exempt as my clothes must be kept in perfect condition in order that I might dawn splendidly on the kind Quakers. My mother trusted me too much. It was in the early spring. The sun shone and the Neck beckoned.

I saw groups of small boys on their way to this delectable territory, with worms in cans, and fish hooks to catch the innocent minnow. At last I could endure the agony no longer. Throwing all scruples aside, I went down to the Neck. The buttercups were just coming up—the syringa and the hawthorn were in full bloom; there were birds in the trees, and the Delaware was a mass of ripples. I fraternised with some strange urchins without asking them if they were from Southwark or not, or what hose companies their fathers belonged to. It was warm and pleasant until about five o'clock. We made our entrance into an old barn and discovered stored turnips and some last year's nuts. We drank water from an ancient pump and spent most of the time hunting muskrats or trying to navigate uncertain logs through the stagnant pools. Early in the day I fell, and the green moss made a shocking stain on my immaculate trousers. A kind boy told me that if I poured water on the stain it would disappear. He was a wise boy, too, because he knew how to cure warts by tying beefsteak on them and burying the beefsteak in the ground. When the beefsteak decayed the warts always disappeared.

In the case of the stain, however, this wise child erred. The water caused the green to spread, and in the course of navigation I lost my collar, one shoe, and the tassel was torn

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from my cap in a friendly scrimmage. At six o'clock, like Horatio, I was sick at heart. The spring wind was chill; the reflected sunlight in the windows of the tall factories seemed to menace me. My friends deserted me, and I marched up Sixth Street towards home, the most desolate boy in existence. If I had had my father to deal with all would have been well. He was very tolerant; but my mother was, in some respects, adamant. If she, like most mothers, had ever used the mother's hand with violence, I should have been happier. The worst would have been over in a few minutes. But I knew that in her eyes I had committed a crime too great for expression. I had consorted with strange boys, who had probably been brought up in the Neck, whose names I did not know; I had deliberately disobeyed her and thrown scorn on all those traditions which made a social engagement a very serious matter.

The kind Quakers had expected us to dine with them, not far from the sacred Chew house, at one o'clock. I imagined the waiting dinner; my mother arriving late alone, and with no apologies; for even if she knew the cause of my absence, how could she ever confess the shameful fact? I knew very well what to expect. Dinah, the family factotum, would have gone out; my father would have left for his meeting at the Mechanics' Institute; my mother would be waiting, and in the kitchen my supper would be spread, cold, as a punishment. The kitchen was perfect in its way—drab and light yellow—everything in order. I can see the dresser now done in shining drab oilcloth, and the windows draped in stiff yellow linen. My mother, I knew, would be sitting in a large rocking chair, with her hand before her eyes, struck dumb with shame and sorrow. She would say nothing, but her silence would tell me that I was as terribly doomed as she was utterly broken-hearted.

I approached the house and made my way down through the front cellar into the kitchen. I can recall now the faint perfume of the early lilac in the garden mingled with the perennial and horrible smell of the stewed prunes, which we always ate on Saturday nights. As I feared, my mother sat,

with bowed head, in the rocking chair in the centre of the room, and the dusk filled the atmosphere with unknown horrors. I do not believe that any grown-up person can appreciate the cloud of woe that covered me.

"Oh, mother," I said, "Mrs. Lombardy is dead!"

Now, Mrs. Lombardy was of the group in the neighbourhood thoroughly respected by my mother. She always bought the best things in the Second Street market, and they were both devoutly attached to the woman who had sold lamb for thirty years and to the man who had purveyed Sharp's sausages for at least twenty-five. Her manners, too, my mother declared, were perfect and her recipe for pepperpot equalled her manners. She was one of the few persons whom my mother occasionally visited. My subconscious self had worked at the psychological moment.

"Dead?" my mother said, "Sarah Lombardy dead? Why I saw her at market this morning—that shiftless family of hers will need some one to tell them just what to do. Go upstairs at once and change your clothes. You may be useful to run errands. I'll leave a note for your father and go to see what can be done."

I rushed up to my room in the attic and threw my debased clothes into a closet. A few light touches of soap and water repaired a certain amount of damage, and when I appeared in my other best suit my mother had also attired herself in a broché shawl, a black straw bonnet with red cherries, green kid gloves and her dark *barège* gown. She took me by the hand and we walked slowly down our street to Washington Avenue where the Lombardys lived.

"Are you sure that she's dead?" my mother asked.

"Oh, yes," I said glibly, "I saw *crêpe* on the door."

The shock of the revelation drove everything else out of my mother's mind. I recall now the feeling of my moist hand clasped in her dark green glove. I have always hated dark green gloves since!

"Ah," she said, "in the midst of life we are in death. Sarah Lombardy was a good woman. She is, no doubt, in Heaven now. You must take this lesson to heart. If you steal or lie

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or swear, you are bound for damnation, and death may seize you at any moment."

I felt that I was bound for damnation, but I had to go on. We turned into Washington Avenue.

"I do not see crêpe on the door," my mother said. "It's just like those shiftless Lombardys to have tied it on insecurely."

"No," I said charitably, "I think I saw the goats eating it off."

Now there were no goats within miles. My mother did not seem to think of that!

Lillie Miriam, the coloured servant, came to the door, after my mother had rung the bell, protesting the while that it was a shocking breach of manners to be compelled to ring a door-bell on such a sad occasion.

"Oh, Mrs. Egan," Lillie Miriam said, "it's a sight for sore eyes to see you."

"Where is she?" my mother said in a sepulchral tone.

"Upstairs; I'll go and tell her you're here," Lillie Miriam said, lighting a gas jet.

My mother and I sat on the haircloth sofa together. What she thought, I cannot imagine. I know what *I* thought. I was congealed with terror—doomed both in this world and the next! Although a rather pious child, I felt that prayer under the circumstances might be rather an impertinence. Mrs. Lombardy appeared, all joyous hospitality.

"And I brought some dear little macaroons for your sweet little boy," she said.

"No macaroons for him," my mother said sternly; and the conversation proceeded.

On the way home my mother did not take my hand. She evidently felt that I could take care of myself. And never again during her long life—she died at the age of eighty-five—did she speak of this fearful blot on the family escutcheon. She alluded to an epoch in my life which made her almost despair for my future, but she never dared to put the truth into words. It always remained a dreadful secret between us.

The old life I lived, common to a small group, could not



exist to-day. It is almost unbelievable that it existed at all at any time. Money was not considered important. It was probably due to the Quaker influence in our district that there was very little snobbishness. A carriage and pair, a house fine for the time—there were then no very great houses in Philadelphia of the modern kind—made very little difference to the people whom I knew best. The man in our neighbourhood whom we revered most was Dr. Andrew Nebinger, whose small garden was renowned for its perfection and who owned several pictures by the great masters, notably a Carracci. He was philosopher, friend and physician to all the most respectable families in Southwark. No *parvenu*, no matter how rich he was, could take precedence of Dr. Nebinger; and his brother George, who kept a famous apothecary shop, assisted by a nephew of Governor Shunk of Pennsylvania, occupied a second place.

I recall that there was a spreading mulberry tree in front of Mr. George Nebinger's shop. And the waving of the boughs in June are so mixed up with the splendours of the sunset that I cannot ever separate them in my mind. Who can account for the early impressions of childhood?

Why should this mulberry tree and the sunset and the cry of the muffin man and the splendour of the interior of St. Philip's Church on the feast of Corpus Christi, when white and crimson draperies covered the walls, still colour my imagination and make other and more splendid things seem dim?

Until I was nine years old, the gloom of the awful lie I told haunted me; and the uncertainty as to whether my father had been informed of it or not added a new horror to life. However, the consolations of religion—all the young people around me were greatly influenced by religion in those days—made me feel gradually less criminal—although I never saw a goat engaged in chewing paper or nibbling a tin can that a horrible sense of treachery did not return to me!

Our life was not without interesting incidents, although it would be considered to-day extremely monotonous. There was an occasional cricket match; now and then a fierce battle of the toughs on Sweeney's lot. Not very far from our house



there was a great walled garden and from the portals occasionally, driven in a victoria, came a lady in white. She had piercing black eyes and she seemed rather old to me. She was French and Madame de Chauvenette had some acquaintance with her. It was evident that while Madame de Chauvenette occasionally visited her, she did not entirely approve of her, and it was rumoured in the school that she had purchased her husband from the mother of a boy who was pointed out to us. At any rate the lady had a past, but that did not make her at all less interesting. Her garden, which covered a whole square, was filled with fruit trees, and though her servants occasionally invited us in when the cherries and peaches were ripe, we were never allowed to go. Her appearances in her victoria were watched for eagerly; sometimes she carried a large bunch of roses and a bottle of perfume. It was whispered that her coachman was the father of the boy whom we knew slightly at school, and who was responsible for the rumour that this *grande dame* had acquired her protector by purchase. The grown people never suspected that we knew the reason why we were not permitted to enter her domain; and we were very careful not to let them know. At school, it was the general opinion that, if the purchased husband was like his son, the Lady in White had made a bad bargain.

As I have said, religion entered very largely into our lives. Mr. Percival's church in Catherine Street was largely attended from our neighbourhood; his adherents were considered very respectable and they all thought him a charming man; but the majority of the people around us belonged either to the Methodist or Baptist denomination. There was, of course, a sprinkling of Quakers who held themselves rather aloof, but who were frequently visited by their co-religionists from the country. Quaker week in our family was a pleasant oasis, although it generally rained. During that week the Quakers from various parts of the State came to the meeting house in Arch Street. Although we were Catholics, we had no sympathy whatever with the Hicksites—our neighbours being generally of a more orthodox persuasion. They were very agreeable

people and I think the simplicity of our point of view was largely due to their influence.

Very early in life I was impressed with the drabness of the religion of my young Baptist and Methodist friends. They loved to sing hymns accompanied by parlour organs, and I could not help feeling sorry for them when I attended the high mass at St. Philip's, especially on feast days. Father Cantwell, the rector, believed in good music. The directors of the choir were always people of musical importance and the question of their religion was never considered. I recall especially a Mr. Rosewig who sang well and was a composer of reputation. We all adored Madame Schimpf, a coloratura soprano, whose solo, "When Angels Fed Their Flocks by Night" at the high mass on Christmas morning, was one of the events of the year and her Arditi Waltz at the church concerts!

The splendour of the church services was probably due to the influence of the first rector of St. Philip's, Father Dunn, an Irish gentleman of great cultivation, who had borrowed much from the continental point of view. He was the rector of the church during the Know-Nothing riots of '44, and his brother, a well-known lawyer, was unjustly arrested and tried for disturbing the peace because he had been of the group—of which my father was one—defending the church against the mob. We looked with awe-struck eye at what were supposed to be traces of bullets in the façade of the church, and we were quite ready to undertake the defence of our religion in any way. There was a certain delight in the provocation occasionally given by the adherents of the old hatreds, whose sons very kindly translated the sacred symbols—"I. H. S."—into the vernacular as "Irish Hogs School." Even the quietest boy was moved to wrath when this desecration took place, and my nose was broken, on one occasion, in defence of the faith against the insults of the boys from upper Second Street. I do not say, however, that they were without provocation.

Whatever were the defects of our education at St. Philip's, the services of the church, so splendidly carried out, were an education in themselves. The mural painting on the ceiling of the church was admirable; the copy of the *Immaculate*

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*Conception* of Murillo over one of the side altars was the best I have ever seen except that in the chapel of the Carrolls at Doughoregan Manor in Maryland. The religious instruction was admirably done. As for the May devotions—my sister and I were obliged to attend mass at five o'clock on every morning in May—they were made to be marvels of beauty and devotion. Father Cantwell treated the born Irish folk of his parish as if he were their lord and master, but he was very tolerant of the Americans and he seemed to expect less from them.

My mother was one of his greatest admirers; each word of his sermon had the power of holy unction. My father, however, declared he did not believe in the "Irish Catholic Church; he was a Roman Catholic," and his favourite priest was Monsignor Isolari, the pastor of the church of Santa Magdalena di Pazzi, in a little street near us. He frankly said that he disliked "Irish priests." This horribly shocked my mother even more than his Republican sentiments. My mother did not believe that a man could be a good Christian and not belong to the Democratic party.

One of my contemporaries was James Huneker, who even in his most youthful days horrified the orthodox by quoting from recondite books which were looked on by our friends as almost diabolical. This was, of course, before he went to the Conservatory of Paris; he was already dominated by French literature and the influence of German music. Huneker's life was more varied than the life of our group in Southwark. His mother was as devout a Catholic as my own mother, but less inclined to the Calvinistic or Jansenistic view of life; and his father, devoted to music, was a collector of engravings at whose house every musical or artistic celebrity who visited Philadelphia might be found.

In our part of the city we saw these semi-Bohemians only from a distance. The poet on whom we looked with the greatest awe was Mr. George H. Boker. To get a careless nod from him while walking on Chestnut Street was looked on as an accolade. I had become one of a little club called

the *Microcosm* of which Daniel Dawson and John Arthur Henry and John Acton, poets of promise who died young, were members. We admired immensely Harrison Morris, who was the especial friend of John Arthur Henry. We looked on an appearance in *Lippincott's Magazine* as an eminence too difficult to attain and almost too dazzling for hopes. At the age of seventeen, I wrote my first essay in *Appleton's Journal*; it was a mere synthesis founded on texts taken from various authors—"On Roses." The printing of this article and my first journey to New York City with my father were epochs.

Until my mother became very devout I had a great deal of freedom, and I read anything that I wanted to read, provided it was not improper. Fencing lessons adapted to a small boy were gladly permitted by her although the instructor said "damn" occasionally, and life was pleasant in the company of a comrade named Lawrence Stockdale, descended from an old English Catholic family. Stockdale lived very near us and his people were cultivated and well read. Likewise, one could jump and race about Mrs. Stockdale's parlour on rainy days regardless of the body Brussels.

When my time came to make my first communion I was prepared by the Redemptorists whose preaching had made my mother so devout. Religion, I think, was rather joyous for most of my companions. You were expected to do a few things, but Father Cantwell was very lenient as to fishing on Sunday or playing ball in the open lots and things like that. To me, however, it was serious and very grave. My mother never quite got rid of a Calvinism which, united to Catholicism, became a kind of Jansenism. I soon came to the conclusion that my business in life was to be a martyr.

A thick volume called *Mission Book* was given me, and, after I had made my first confession, I was expected to examine my conscience every month guided by the lists of sins in this terrible volume. I was a very literal child, capable of forgetting what was expected of me in the after-life when I really got loose in the Neck, and delighting in anything

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that meant action or a reasonable fight, but the table of sins in the examination of consciences in the *Mission Book* haunted me at the beginning of every month.

Law, I knew, was to be my fate; my father had willed it; he had laid aside a certain sum for my legal education; but I determined to emancipate myself as soon as possible for I knew that he was not rich and above all things in the world I rightly or wrongly valued independence.



## CHAPTER II

### § I

IN 1862—on May 24—I was ten years of age. Looking back I can heartily corroborate Longfellow's assertion that the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and that the impressions of boyhood are more intense than in any other period of one's life. It seems to me that youth, in which I include boyhood, was the longest period of my life. Men seem to take their childhood either humorously or sentimentally, and women always with a touch of pathos.

I think that my perceptions were keenest between the ages of six and ten. Boys in the country, probably, have many things out of doors to interest and excite them; but our play-time in the open air was limited, and in all the houses of the people of our class, discussions were carried on very enthusiastically. All kinds of pamphlets and newspapers were read aloud in my presence long before I could read myself. I can recall the coming of the Prince of Wales and the accounts of the fight between Sayres and Heenan—each of equal interest. A visit to the Masonic Temple in Philadelphia to see the remarkable floor set on springs on which the Prince of Wales and the guests at the ball were to dance was an event only second to another vision—the front of Dr. Jayne's factory in Chestnut Street which caught fire one winter night and presented next morning the aspect of a glowing and dripping palace. Liquids of all the colours of the rainbow were let loose during the fire; they flooded the front of the house and were caught and made static in all their splendour by the frost.

Strangely enough murders were the subject of frequent conversation in our neighbourhood. On winter nights, when all the houses in our district were carefully closed up at ten o'clock, and only the footfall of some abandoned reveller heard

—any person in the streets after ten o'clock in Philadelphia was looked on as "abandoned"—the most gruesome tales were told. I recall the terrible instance of a murder committed by a certain Arthur Spring, the details of which were as familiar to us children as the weird wanderings of that "bloody Tom," who, in an old English song, wandered around barns and houses at night.

In 1858 and 1859 controversy ran high. As I remember, the boys of my acquaintance were either for Lincoln or for Douglas. My father was at that time an energetic member of the Democratic party, but he had his reservations; my mother was devoted to the extreme left of that party; and later a daily publication called *The Age* was read aloud to us at the breakfast table every morning after my father had left. He preferred the *Public Ledger*, to which she was attached, too, because it copiously supplied death notices. She always read the death notices aloud first, making comments on the past history of the late lamented and, being particularly sarcastic about those persons who appended infantile verses to the notices. "They are generally the kind of people," she said, "who are devoted to parlour organs!" The verses were certainly well intentioned but even to my infant mind hopelessly inadequate.

My mother's interests were in the State of Texas; she had some Southern friends, and she was as violent against the abolitionists as a woman could be who prided herself on her power of repression.

The speeches of Clement Vallandigham were considered by her to be marvels of eloquence and truth, while she looked on Senator Hoar as a person who might be forgiven some time or other for his political opinions, but a long purgation would be necessary for his ultimate salvation.

Even before I was allowed to go to school, when she had carefully washed the eggshell cups and various other pieces of porcelain she looked on as priceless, she read the Congressional debates at great length; and my sister and I were obliged to listen until we were dismissed.

She was a very exquisite person with beautiful eyes and hair

that scarcely showed a thread of grey even when she had reached the age of eighty-five. And at this time she reminded me of some of the Dresden china figures I had seen, although she always dressed in neutral tints. It was her opinion that the South was about to be very badly treated. I can recall a high tea given in honour of Mr. Jacob Waelder and his wife from San Antonio, Texas, at which one of my aunts by marriage from Carbon county was a guest.

Nothing like those high teas exists to-day. They were held about six o'clock, and, being allowed to look into the room from afar, the glowing of the pineapple jelly and the lucency of the pyramids of strawberry preserve scattered among various kinds of cake, seemed to be a scene from fairyland!

The lemon ices were served, I remember, in small champagne glasses, and the elegance of the guests, as to manner, seemed to me to be almost appalling. I could not see why they should hesitate to fall on this delectable food and finish it more quickly. The remnants, I knew, were not for "the likes of me," as Biddy McKinzie, who guarded us during the feast, was kind enough to say. At a feast, a boiled egg and sponge cake were supposed to satisfy all the longings of a reasonable child. And, by the way, there were two things which were always mysteries to me at that age. Why was it considered criminal to break your egg into a tumbler, or to eat butter with hot meat? These traditions do not prevail to-day; but in our time they were laws which we had to obey.

All the boys in the neighbourhood were formed into a military corps; no matter how small the boy was he had a drum and a flag, and he belonged to one party or the other. The names of his candidates were printed in black letters on his flag. There were no rival parades; the main object was to make as much noise as possible, and Lincoln and Douglas were cheered dispassionately by both parties for the sake of making a noise. Somehow or other, we all understood there was danger in the air.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected, my father was very well satisfied; but my mother still remained true to Douglas, fearing very much for the future of her country, in which

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States' Rights were so greatly endangered by the attitude of the Northern Republicans. She held that land in the South would probably be divided among the blacks, that the Northern Yankees would gladly consent to this, as they were mere tradespeople who were jealous of the more cultivated population of the South. Young as I was, I was rather doubtful about this—for it seems that my greatuncle, old Don Juan, had been murdered in 1832 or 1834, in this celestial State of Texas; and every now and then some revelation as to the point of view of the Texans made even a boy feel that the Lone Star State was not exactly a paradise.

Down to the opening of the war our life at home had been a pleasant one. It is true the foreign relatives, when they arrived, were rather patronising. If they took my mother's advice, they always stayed at the Girard House in Chestnut Street, which was the chosen home of the Southerners. If, however, they acted according to the judgment of my father—who would gladly have had them all in our house, if we had had room—they stayed at the Continental, between whose portals no self-respecting Democrat ever went. But my father was rather eclectic, and after the election of Abraham Lincoln he became an advocate of the Northern cause and leaned towards moderate Republicanism. My mother grew more and more enthusiastically Southern as the nearness of the war approached. For me, life began to be spoiled.

Our relatives all seemed to have quarrelled with us, and my mother and father became coolly polite to each other. There was very little gaiety, and finally they agreed not to mention the subject of politics to each other; but my mother made up for this by addressing her opinions to me; and their violence turned me toward the other side. She believed that the North was losing sight of a truth which was more important even than the emancipation of the slaves—that nothing justified a war between brothers and that a careful consideration of the economic side of the South, taken out of politics, would have settled the question which, in her opinion, had been answered only by battle, murder and sudden death.

It has always been a marvel to me that my mother could



take what seemed to me to be a mere political difference so seriously. Argument on the burning questions then before the country was not tolerated by her, and my father found it easier to say nothing but to follow his own principles.

In Philadelphia, there were large groups of people who detested the "copperheads," who hated equally the radicals in the Republican party. As the war advanced, we boys tried our best to get into the ranks somehow in the capacity of drummers. Finally, we were reduced to making lint for the army. Every boy and girl was supplied with pieces of old tablecloths and napkins, the threads of which were picked out in any moment of leisure. It has occurred to me since, remembering, as I do, the grey colour of much of this lint, that the surgeons of the army and the nurses must have acquired some miraculous hygienic power of preventing it from poisoning the unhappy wounded.

My father was an ardent patriot, and was rejected because he was over-age; but all the cousins and uncles old enough rushed forward to the assistance of their native States. In those days, the honour of the State was held to be superior to that of the country. As the war went on, life became more difficult. Many of the luxuries we were accustomed to disappeared.

Our neighbourhood was the harbour for Southern refugees who had to be helped; although my mother did her part in this from a sense of duty, she looked on such exiles as rather unprincipled persons. We saw much of the children of one family, the Walshes, who had been driven from their home, Pineland Cottage, because their sympathies were with the North.

Our Southern friends supplied us with the songs of the Confederacy. There was one called "The Bonnie Blue Flag," which only ceased to be sung in Philadelphia when "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching" became the fashion. The pianos of the neighbourhood just before the war—the piano had begun to infest every home—were overworked with patriotic songs, good, bad and indifferent. On summer nights the "Star-Spangled Banner" resounded in every street, fol-



lowed by "Listen to the Mocking Bird," generally for four-hands, and the amateur vocalists were looked on as uncultivated if they did not end the evening performance with "Juanita" or "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*.

In my boyhood, especially during those dreary summer nights when the gas lamps were dull, and the front steps the only refuge, I began to believe that music was the curse of civilisation—a conclusion which had been mitigated by my hearing of *Les Huguenots*. To be compelled to listen to "Beulah Land" and "I Want To Be an Angel" on Sundays, and the favourites of the *répertoire* of our neighbours on quiet evenings was a horrible experience.

Later, however, I began to love music again. Religion, which seemed to me to add to the awfulness and dreariness of every-day life, became quite a different thing when set to music. Mozart's Twelfth Mass may not be looked on to-day as a masterpiece; but to me, it will always recall a vision of splendour. It was the "Gloria" which first awakened me to a little knowledge of what music might be. Next to this came my first hearing of a very good brass-band. It may have been a band led by a well-known leader of that time called Beck who was not the father of our distinguished Philadelphian, James M. Beck, but I do remember distinctly that an amateur band of boys was a very good one, and it helped to reconcile me to the studying of music mechanically which I was expected to do. To play an E-flat cornet became the one ambition of my life!

It seems strange to many of us when we read of the horrors of the French Revolution in Paris that life should have been going on as usual in various quarters of that interesting city. While the battles for the Union were lost or won, while Lincoln lived in agony and Stonewall Jackson prayed and fought, our quiet life was not much disturbed. Our portions of sugar were reduced; we did not get so many clothes as formerly; all stuffs made of cotton soared in price, but we went to school as usual, hearing eagerly of our successes in the field and joining especially in helping, as far as we could, the success of a great Fair held down near the wharf in

Washington Avenue. Soldiers moved through the city in trains; we carried coffee and rolls to them, and cheered and heard various opinions of Burnside and Hancock and McClellan and Grant.

We learned, too, that Lincoln was by no means the idol of the people; that he had many critics; there seemed to be a party for McClellan and against him. The boys, however, with a curious insight, seemed always to believe in Lincoln, no matter what their parents thought; though there was a great deal of hysteria at times, there seemed to be little hatred; and the grey uniformed Confederates, when they passed through as prisoners, in the trains along Washington Avenue, were fed and assisted in every possible way. Whether they were grateful or not was not discussed by anybody. It was quite enough that they were friendless in an alien land and needed food and drink and warmth.

There was a great deal of bitterness on the part of the Republicans and the left-wing Democrats. The group of the "Copperheads" seemed to have dissolved or hidden its head: and no "Copperhead" dared to declare himself in any of the various groups of the boys.

At one time McClellan was a tremendous favourite; but opinion veered to other generals. Sometimes it was Sheridan, at others Sherman—McClellan held his own for a long time—but we always had a great respect for General Lee. I have never been able to explain it, for the opinions of boys ought to follow the opinions of their elders; in our case we had our own opinions. How we acquired them I do not know.

My mother's very trenchantly expressed opinion as to the un-Christian attitude of the North had on me only the effect of making me believe that there were some very decent people in the South. Until the assassination of Lincoln, political opinions in Philadelphia were greatly divided. It would seem shocking now to repeat the things that were said against Lincoln before his death, even by Republicans, and Mrs. Lincoln was a most unpopular person.

Still, it was admitted that Lincoln was the one great figure of the time. Stanton seemed to have no friends. He and

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Jefferson Davis were equally disliked, although everybody admitted that the intentions of Stanton were patriotic. All this I gathered from odds and ends of conversation, from the discussions among the boys themselves, and from the various visitors who had become fewer in number as my mother regarded all difference of opinion as intolerable. My father's old friends seldom came and I recall that Mr. Danby and Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Merrick and Mr. Jared Greenfield, who had weekly patriotic concerts at his house, never came to tea and that my father saw them outside the house.

On that dreary Good Friday night, when Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's Theatre in Washington, I went down to St. Philip's Church for the Stations of the Cross—a very solemn Lenten ceremony, which is always accompanied by invocations to the Sorrowful Mother. I am not investing the time with an atmosphere due to the terrible event which was just then occurring, but there was a gloom over the city, and it seemed as if something dreadful was about to happen. Of course, over all us young Catholics there hung the gloom of the crucifixion, for in Catholic households the children were never free during the whole day from the shadow of the Cross. This made for reverence and self-control. It was an object lesson in Christianity. Nevertheless, the day was over, and Easter in sight, and yet the procession of the priest and acolytes from one picture of the passion-path of Christ to another, in the dim light, had a most unusual sense of unbearable sorrow about it.

The next morning I learned that Lincoln had been killed. It seemed to me as if something that I had expected had happened!

After this, there was only one opinion. The dead President had left a spirit which permeated all classes. Parts of the city became mad for a time; silence and grief were succeeded by a demand for vengeance. This passed, and people began to realise that the one man capable of reconciling the North and the South had passed away. Every house displayed a crêpe-draped flag and, for the moment, all parties were united. My mother feared that the South would suffer from the vin-



MAURICE EGAN  
Father of Maurice Francis Egan



MR. EGAN'S MOTHER AT THE  
AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE





MR. AND MRS. EGAN

About the time of their marriage in 1880



dictiveness of the North; reluctantly, from a sense of duty, she accepted the general opinion that a great man had gone. She was averse to any ceremonial display outside the church, and I recall that the fact that she draped her flag with black fringe rather than with crêpe gave some offence to the neighbours; but, for some reason or other, she was averse to any sign of mourning in private life, unless one of her immediate family had died.

The trial of Mrs. Surratt renewed controversy again. The general opinion, so far as I could find it out, was that this unfortunate woman was sacrificed by Stanton to what seemed to be a popular demand for vengeance, and there was little sympathy with this murder. In truth, seeing the time with the clear eyes of a boy, I concluded that hatred had disappeared, and that the kind spirit of Lincoln—we all believed he was kind—had permeated the people of our city. One heard no good word for Stanton and even my father, who seemed to think that he had acted from a sense of justice, had no sympathisers. It was a darksome time. We boys played gloomily—and when that occurs any time must be darksome indeed.

While the war went on, we were taught many good lessons; to endure, to believe that one's happiest moment was to die for one's country, not to hate individually, but to hate collectively; to be self-denying and to make little sacrifices for the sick and the wounded and the soldier at the front. But after the death of Lincoln, both the North and the South seemed to us to be in the wrong.

My father supported the government valiantly; my mother insisted that the North was not only foolish but unjust, and that the attempt of the radical Republicans to tyrannise over a people who detested them was an outrageous denial of the ideas of Washington and Jefferson; and she did not conceal her opinions. Our neighbourhood had not yet begun to change radically; it was still intensely respectable, and made up of people who both thought and read. A time came when my mother, always very well dressed, passed up and down the street without receiving a salutation from anybody, while my

father was immensely popular. If one were not with her, one was against her. She would tolerate no difference of opinion in politics.

Money in our house seemed to have little importance. We were neither poor enough nor rich enough to know its real value. I know of no condition of life in our country to-day which is quite like that I knew so well.

Simplicity, as I have said, was the rule of our lives. My father required very little—a certain period of rest, good food, the things he liked to read and a friend or two. If he had been ambitious, he had ceased to be as time went on. A settled routine meant contentment to my father and mother. If she had known anything of St. Francis of Assisi in early life, she might have become a mother superior in a Franciscan convent. It seemed to me that the Quaker influence in her early days had given her an utter hatred of ostentation. She was, perhaps, even a little Calvinistic and certainly somewhat Jansenistic; but a better woman I never knew—a woman who loved beauty in moderation, and who would sacrifice anything for what she believed to be right. She had her points of view about economy; but even in the depth of winter, we always had flowers, and the garden at the back of our house must have been of excellent soil, for there was no old-fashioned flower that did not grow there in its season. I was recently struck by one of the pleasantest sayings of Harrison Rhodes in his lovely *A Gift Book for My Mother*—that the success of a gardener with flowers is dependent on his personality.

My mother loved all flowers—except the Jamestown weed—I often wished that she had had some of that democratic love of all people which was one of the chief charms of my father. I was about ten years of age, I think, when I was bewildered by a proof of this. There were rumours about a young woman who lived with her mother in a little street near us. The little girl, always seen with the daughter, had no father, it was whispered; and I observed that when my mother passed her, she took no notice either of the young mother or the child. I stopped, I remember, in an excess of generosity, to

show the little girl a brass horn I had just received. My mother pulled me by the hand with a cold glance which rather astonished me. My father turned back, kissed the little girl and gave her a shining quarter. I recall that my mother said in her haughtiest tone, "You ought to have nothing to do with those people." "Oh," my father said, rather casually, "a child's a child for all that!" But my mother—it was a most mysterious proceeding to me—walked on in the most stately manner and it required some hours before the thick ice between them was broken at all.

Although my mother's people—her mother had been a Johnston—were Scotch, Irish and English, there was little trace of the Celtic blood in her. Her sense of humour was peculiarly English. She loved Dickens and liked *Punch*, while my father, who was very Celtic, never acquired a taste for either *Punch* or Dickens.

My father was a good judge of certain wines and he never drank except on ceremonial occasions. Whisky was never kept in the house. His taste in Bordeaux was well known—the firm of Barton and Guester had, I think, some Irish affiliations in Philadelphia. He kept a few choice bottles in a small closet in the living room, tightly locked up—for my mother, on one occasion, when he had received a dozen of Pontet Canet from a friend at New Year's, had smashed the bottles and dropped them into the ash bin. He made no remonstrance, but after that his store was always carefully locked.

Gradually, we became a family detached from the rest of the world. The eminently respectable older inhabitants disappeared. They moved into larger houses, after the war, and into parts of the city which had become more convenient or more fashionable. It was a long time since I had been permitted to associate with any boy near us. At St. Joseph's Academy, which my sister attended, and where the teaching of music was very good, there were a number of girls, the daughters of fairly well-off shop-keepers. Though gentle and well bred, and hating to give any pain, my sister found it very difficult to make friends or acquaintances; so her circle gradu-

ally decreased. She was a beautiful person, of exquisite taste and, within certain limits, an excellent critic of art and literature. Clinging closely to my mother, she became more and more isolated; I, being freer, found one or two friends; but they were severely scrutinised. The worldly circumstances of people counted as nothing with my mother. Good character and good manners were with her paramount. She looked on all folk who had ever had any connection with the business of selling spirituous liquor as cursed by divine Providence; and one day when I discovered several faded but gaily painted signs in the attic, it was revealed to me that our family was also cursed—my grandfather having kept or caused to be kept an inn or two! The subject was so soon stifled that to this day I do not know whether it was a grandfather or a great-grandfather who kept either “The Bluebell at Darby” or “The Rose Tree in Full Blooming.” I hope, since we are cursed, that it was “The Rose Tree in Full Blooming”!

These details have no interest except to show that in this comparatively new country of America there existed a kind of life which had nothing of the pioneer spirit in it, which resembled somewhat more that of a Cranford village than anything else I can think of. The neighbourhood changed; and an unknown person actually opened an oyster shop on one side of our house. Strange and weird creatures from apparently nowhere threatened to go to law, and to cut off the end of our garden, because the survey had been all wrong. A time came (I was fifteen years of age) when I walked up and down our street, under the ailanthus trees, and spoke to nobody because nobody spoke to me. I wanted to speak to people, but I knew that if I “drew anybody on me,” as my mother termed it, I should have to explain him. For one or two friends, of whom my mother approved, there were always hot cakes and raspberry jam and even cold chicken and ham at high tea in the evening; these were very few and the occasions when they could be invited were always named in advance.



## § 2

My father had very distinct views on education. He believed firmly in the necessity of acquiring modern languages, and our neighbour, Madame de Chauvenette, took a great interest in teaching me French. I had various other lessons, and my mother read to me constantly. Suddenly I was plunged into St. Philip's School, then under the church at Third and Queen Streets. The teachers were excellent—a Miss Manderfield being especially proficient, and a Miss Maloney, a quaint and gentle person, would have been equally proficient, had she not been obliged to struggle against a terrific mob of youngsters from the docks and from all those parts of the waterfront where the Irish stevedores lived and worked.

The crowd was "tough"; a small boy, well brought up and well dressed was obliged to struggle for his life. It was a good thing for ten or twelve of us who had been brought up rather in hothouses; but we suffered tortures all the same, and yet we never complained at home. We were really without any protection except what our wits could invent. By and by, however, we small boys acquired arts of self-defence in accordance with our strength; I became famous for the skill with which I could make an opponent dizzy by clasping him in my arms, gyrating rapidly, and tripping him with my right leg. My legs became very much better developed than my arms. Still, it was a hard life.

Later, Dr. Henry Martin took us for Latin for half an hour before the regular school opened. We studied a dreadfully involved Latin grammar—I forget its name—and translated *Historia Sacra*. Nepos followed and gradually the mysteries of English grammar became fairly plain through the medium of the Latin. Modern methods of education, which are a matter of course now, would have been looked upon as heresy then. St. Philip's was a good school as schools went, and the public high school had a great reputation, especially in Latin and mathematics. But my mother who had, as I have said, become a devout Catholic, determined that my faith should



not be contaminated either in the high school or in the freshman class of the University of Pennsylvania. Besides, the university seemed to be a great distance away from our house.

Mr. Roth's military academy was the best preparatory school for college in the city. My father, however, had a traditional respect for the Christian Brothers and I was sent to the newly opened La Salle College at the corner of Juniper and Filbert Streets. I am happy to say that Mr. Roth did not cease to take an interest in me, and to him I owe my love for the Latin classics and many of the things of the mind for which I shall always be deeply grateful.

Mr. Edward Roth was an Irish gentleman educated in the best traditions of the old classical school and of a refinement of mind and distinction of manner which can hardly be matched in these times. He had, too, an admirable simplicity in dealing with people which added to his influence. He was not only a scholar without being a pedant, but he was, in a certain sense, a man of the world, of a purity of mind, nobility of spirit and detachment from all that was sordid which called out whatever of similar qualities his acquaintance possessed. His forgotten little book, *Christus Judex*, is in its way a masterpiece and added to my conviction that he was a tower of strength on which the inexperienced lover of literature might lean.

I think he had come to Philadelphia at the request of a group of Catholic gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. Mark and James Willcox, Dr. Keating, Mr. Dohan and several others. As I grew older I enjoyed enormously his Sunday afternoons on the Schuylkill River when we were accompanied by Dr. Nolan of the Academy of Natural Sciences and Mr. Charles Devenny, who has always remained a distinguished amateur of arts and letters. We rowed slowly on the placid waters of the Schuylkill, had a lot of good conversation and returned for an early dinner at Finelli's in Chestnut Street where the best fried oysters in the world, done in olive oil, were dispensed.

Mr. Roth was a great influence in my life. He really believed that the Roman Empire had risen, declined and fallen

in order that the Latin language might be created and crystallised beyond the chance of change. He loved France, as my father loved France, although some of my Baptist relatives held up their hands in horror because I was an avowed lover of the French operas of Offenbach, Mr. Roth having introduced at some of his commencements the music of *La Grande Duchesse* and *La Belle Hélène* and even, I think, strains from that delightful opera written by somebody else called *Girofle-Girofla*.

From my father's point of view it was necessary that my studies at La Salle should be supplemented by other teaching; and as I became rather anæmic through a stoppage in one of the nostrils which to-day would have been cured in a week, I was taken out of La Salle and put in the care of various tutors. Besides, I had my own grievance. Among the Irish-born Brothers English literature counted as almost negligible in comparison with mathematics. I was easily first in English composition. I counted on my English marks to help me to a percentage of 95. When the report came it was 60. My father did not seem shocked but I went to the teacher of English.

"You have given me no marks in composition," I said, "and, you know, sir, I was always first."

"Your pieces were too good—you copied them."

"From what?" I asked.

He did not know.

I said: "Give me a subject, lock me in a room for an hour and let me write."

This he did. When I appeared with the composition he admitted that he was wrong. But it was too late; the report had been printed and nothing could be done.

It was not necessary that one should be rich in order to get good lessons in anything in those days. There was an old Oxford professor who drilled one to extinction for an amount per month that would keep the modern teacher in his daily breakfast. The German language had been well taught at La Salle, but the French was deplorable. In fact, everything was graded by a mathematical test and the boys proficient in mathe-

matics, who had been trained in the schools of the Christian Brothers, had all the advantages. My special friends at La Salle were boys named Percy Keating and Bernard Ruxton. Keating and I were entirely out of sympathy with the methods of instruction; but Bernard Ruxton profited very greatly by them and became a professor of the classics in a seminary at Overbrook. Later, the President of La Salle was kind enough to give me my A.B., out of residence, after the proper examination. I am amazed to find on the diploma that I passed in integral calculus. This seems almost beyond belief!

It became evident to me that philosophically my education left much to be desired. Our family which, as the neighbourhood deteriorated, became more and more isolated, was devoted to literature. Even in her old age, my mother was generally found in the afternoon with a rosary in one hand and a novel of Mrs. Gaskell or Miss Austen in the other. My father exacted nothing of me except that I should prepare myself for the study of law, do what he rarely told me to do, and cultivate good manners. With his business, which was connected with Merrick's foundry in the beginning and afterward with Mr. Bartoll's sugar refinery, I was allowed to have nothing to do—which I considered a great misfortune and so consider it now. This cut me off from him. It made me unpractical. It left me isolated from legitimate pursuits in which I might have helped.

But there was a great difference between the point of view of the seventies and the point of view of our present year. Many men who had inherited traditions and who had come to this country to improve their fortunes were curiously paradoxical; they were still dreamers and the influence of the social traditions of their native countries was still strong upon them. In spite of my father's practical democracy he had determined that I should restore, perhaps, the prestige of a family, of which he had curiously little to say. He spoke very often of the delights of salmon-fishing, he knew all the points of a good horse, and every curve in a fishing stream. The only picture he ever gave me of his environment in Ireland was that of a small running river half choked by water cresses.

In politics he was a Democrat until the opening of the war and then he ceased to be one because of the tendency of the left wing towards the Copperheads. In Irish politics he was an adherent of the theory that Ireland should manage her own affairs without American suggestion or assistance; and I do not think he was in favour of a separation from England. He never failed to read any book on the history of the Irish Brigade in France and the romances of an author who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Private Miles O'Reilly" were great favourites of his. I think he took in *The Irish-American Weekly* only because of the writings of this devotee of French-Irish chivalry, which I was compelled evening after evening, as I grew older, to read aloud to him. That I was born thirteen years after his marriage rather cut me off from a close communion with a very amiable and sympathetic man. His deafness, too, was another great barrier; but I was entirely devoted to him and I have never known a better man. He had very little interest in the making of money, but I could not help noticing that whenever an extra bit of money came his way, he was rather inclined to reduce expenses; for education, for good clothes, and for books, he never hesitated to be generous. He left me very much to myself but he always wanted me to go among people. At nineteen, I was presented with a tall hat, frock coat of the latest mode, and I acquired an evening suit. These things he considered indispensable and, when some of the clubs connected with the foundry he directed or to whom some of his older associates in the foundry belonged gave dances, I was given tickets and a subsidy, with orders to go and dance with the various matrons named on a card, and to see that no gentleman was too thirsty, though I was not permitted to drink myself. My mother looked on these proceedings as not only the vestibule to a social purgatory, but to a supernatural hell.

My father never attended these entertainments himself. Every now and then I was sent off in a stately carriage, hired from the undertaker, to assist at funerals in solitary state. The rest of the family retired into a cave, and looked with mingled horror and interest on the outside world. To me,



these things represented afflictions which I felt bound to endure, and I was only once consoled when, on my first entrance into this phase of social life, I was observed by a schoolmate as I returned from some funereal function, seated in an open barouche, in solitary grandeur.

This made my reputation in the school—for in those days “barouches” were considered only appropriate to the Mayor when he rode in procession or to the Goddess of Liberty in a fireman’s parade. A little later I became a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, of which Mr. Henry Peterson was the editor. The one serial novel I contributed to that paper was called *The Sea of Fire; or On the Brink of a Precipice*. I always thought that it bore a certain resemblance to Wilkie Collins’s *Moonstone*. I was not aware of this until I had read it much later.

In a measure, I became independent of the subsidies of my father. I can recall that, while I studied law in the office of Mr. John I. Rogers, I picked up an occasional bit of money as London, Paris and Rome correspondent of a paper called the *Sunday Globe*. The *Sunday Globe* went into bankruptcy one day and my father’s horror was great when I confessed in Court, in order to be a preferred creditor, that I had been such a versatile foreign correspondent.

I worked hard at the law books, and with tutors I took long walks—once doing the distance from Philadelphia to Wilmington in a fair amount of time, but riding back in the train.

Circumstances separated me from one of my best friends, Lawrence Stockdale, who had lived three doors from us in the old days when books were the fashion in our neighbourhood and I found myself, with the family, becoming more and more detached from the life around me. Happily, there were books at home and always the Mercantile Library—and God bless the man who chose that admirable collection of books. My father, as I have said, suggested things but never insisted on my doing anything. My limited success in literature gave me a certain feeling of independence, and I soon dropped the study of the law. There were no law schools then. You paid your fee to a preceptor, and he coached you when he had



time; or, if the fee was very small, he insisted that you should make it up by looking after his conveyancing. All this was a great bore to a young author who had a taste for study, and who was confined by a hundred conventional rules, which would seem almost impossible now, to do certain and necessary things and to avoid many pleasant things.

When the chance came to go to Georgetown College I was over twenty years of age—and yet looked on by my family as an adventurous person, of a childlike audacity, who needed careful direction. The happiest six months of my life had been during the time of a quasi illness caused by overstudy and a deformity in one nostril which interfered with my breathing. During that time all office work was forbidden. It was then that I came to know the beauties of the Schuylkill and the Delaware and the history of the very imperial city of Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER III

### § I

**B**UT there came a time, as I have said, when the unusual education I had received seemed to me to need a supplement. I hated Philistinism and, in my immature opinion, one of the signs of that appeared to be the requirement that one should do just what everybody else does. While the old village life disappeared in Southwark, and the old neighbours deserted the district which was rapidly becoming a slum, the old traditions remained in our family. Occasionally Pennsylvania Dutch relatives came into our seclusion with more modern ideas—now this seems impossible, for in Bucks county the legend was that the inhabitants were still voting for Andrew Jackson! But our people were from Carbon county, and much more advanced. The need for broader instruction was clear and with the approbation of my father I went to Georgetown College to do some graduate work. Regular graduate courses did not then exist—the degree of Doctor of Philosophy not yet having been borrowed by Johns Hopkins University from Germany. I preferred to live in the College and this was arranged by the Rev. Father Healy, Rector of Georgetown, on condition that I should do some teaching in the preparatory department. I hate to think of the kind of teaching I did; but Fathers Guida, Sumner, Carroll and Conway chose my books and arranged the course for me. After a time I was glad to leave because the teaching was insisted on, and I really had a conscience!

Four of us young folk lived in an old house on the College grounds which had once belonged to Commodore Decatur. Walter Donaldson, who was in some way attached to the Japanese Legation, was one of the group. I had a number of good letters of introduction and I was not bound by the ordinary rules of college discipline. After the atmosphere of Philadel-

phia, at least my part of Philadelphia, Washington seemed to be a paradise of brilliance, although it was really a country village compared with its present cosmopolitan character. It was very pleasant all the same. I missed greatly, it was true, my friends in Philadelphia, and longed for them sometimes, even during one of Mrs. Dahlgren's "evenings" or Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's little suppers in Prospect Cottage near the Potomac. Prospect Cottage, where Mrs. Southworth wove her endless novels—she was a model of gracious kindness to the young—still stands on the banks of the river. Not long ago Dr. Garfield and I found a bond of union in talking over the amiability of this hostess. I recall many anecdotes of her, but one in particular rests in my memory. On one dreadful day she was about to lead us in to supper when she discovered that the most important chapter of a serial, then running in the *New York Ledger*, was missing. It had been made ready for the post at the last moment. She had no time to duplicate it, and as she wrote her novels piecemeal from week to week, her plight was deplorable. I had observed one of the boys of the house flying a kite as I entered. This incident had slipped from my memory until all hope of discovering the missing papers had been abandoned. Mrs. Southworth was in tears; supper was delayed; the guests were most unhappy in her unhappiness. Suddenly I recalled the kite, the tail of which had been balanced by such huge masses of paper that the boy had been unable to manage it.

"The kite!" I said.

"The tail of the kite!" echoed Mrs. Southworth.

A rush was made into the garden and the missing manuscript discovered in a rather rumpled and torn condition, but it went off by post. It was a terrible moment and to my fortunate guess I owed many subsequent invitations to Mrs. Southworth's parties. Once I had the honour of accompanying her to a reception given by Max Weyl, the artist. She was attired in black velvet, with gloves adorned with what seemed to me curtains of lace. How elegantly she rested her hand on my arm! and how proud I was when the young ladies asked for her autograph and said to me hesitatingly, "Won't

you please sign, too?" I am happy to say that I had the good sense not to sign.

## § 2

Washington at that time was intensely interesting. It was apparently not so moral as it is now. The woman lobbyist was much in evidence; she made the streets gay and the hotels gayer. Under Grant's administration there was a great deal of cheerfulness. The inner circle of society was small and everybody knew everybody else. The tide of fashion was only beginning to shift from Capitol Hill to the Northwest. The British Legation had set the fashion. Sir Edward Thornton was then the British Minister, and his house was looked on as being very far uptown.

The transition from Philadelphia was very great for a detached young person. The Fathers at Georgetown were lenient to us so long as we observed the proprieties and went into good society, and good society in those days seemed like a small circle in a village. I have heard the late Countess Moltke-Huitfeldt, who was Louise Bonaparte, say that everybody who owned a carriage in Washington was known to her mother in the seventies. Social status, however, was by no means settled by the possession of a carriage—for an ancient brougham driven by a more ancient darky was within the means of nearly everybody who chose to expend his money in that way. "Carriage people" were numerous, but real carriage people with the glittering coats and pair were comparatively few.

Under President Grant's administration, Miss Nellie Grant and Miss Edith Fish added much to the gaiety of the city. Cotillions, often known as *germans*, were very much the fashion. I had been taught to dance and I thus found many houses open to me. And then my colleague, Walter Donaldson, was connected with various Legations. Nobody seemed to be very rich. The Misses Riggs were looked on as having both money and position, but most people who had money, having made it in trade, had no position, and the people who

had position, like the leaders of the Army and Navy set, had very little money. The entertainments then would have seemed very simple to the Washingtonians of to-day. Champagne was not always considered necessary, though terrapin was not regarded as a luxury. It was not uncommon for a young man to contribute some addition to the picnic suppers to which he was invited. The German Minister, Herr von Schlozer, had a habit of giving parties in an empty drawing-room where people sat around as best they could and enjoyed the impromptu food immensely. There was always a piano somewhere, of course, for von Schlozer loved music almost immoderately. We young people were seldom invited to these gatherings, and only to fill in; but when we were invited we were enormously flattered, and it was an event. To dinners and dances the honour of an invitation was not so great, as dancing men were scarce and the clerks in the departments, especially those whose people had been "reduced by the war," were in demand.

Washington was not a musical city, and the theatre not a fixed institution. But there were occasional concerts and Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone, the wife of the Danish Minister, was the centre of a musical group. Her husband, the Chamberlain, was the handsomest and most popular of all the diplomatists. Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone when she was a young widow, Mrs. Moulton, had been the guest of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore in Philadelphia; and she had sung once or twice there in public with great success. When she was with Mrs. Moore there was a struggle for invitations especially on the part of the very young men; as there was no dancing in question they might easily have been left out by an ungrateful hostess, for hostesses were not always grateful for the efforts of the young and unattached to make their dances a success. It seems to me that I have never seen a more beautiful woman than Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone. I can see her now in a blue evening gown, ready to sing one of Gounod's songs. At this time, her daughter, afterwards Countess Raben-Levetzau, was a small child. She grew up to be as beautiful as her mother; and in Paris and Rome made a veritable furore



such as even the "professional beauties" like Mrs. Cornwallis-West never quite attained.

A house to which it was considered a great honour to be asked was that of Mrs. Dahlgren who surrounded herself with the intellectuals; these gatherings were often given a distinctly musical touch by her daughter, the brilliant Romaine. Mrs. Dahlgren was very sympathetic with young persons and she always fed them well, which was very important after the strain of an hour or two listening to papers read by the learned or unlearned. Such, for instance, as "The Metamorphosis of Negative Matter," which stunned Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone on one occasion, but which I never heard. Mrs. Lincoln—who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Jeannie Gould some very popular novels—was the author of a pathetic song called "Tender and True." Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone helped to make it popular by singing it at Mrs. Dahlgren's. It seems that the episode of the song—it related the death of a young soldier who wore near his breast a knot of blue ribbon—had had a place in Mrs. Lincoln's life. She was very much affected by the music and Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone told me that she fainted. Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone herself was not aware that Mrs. Lincoln was present when she sang.

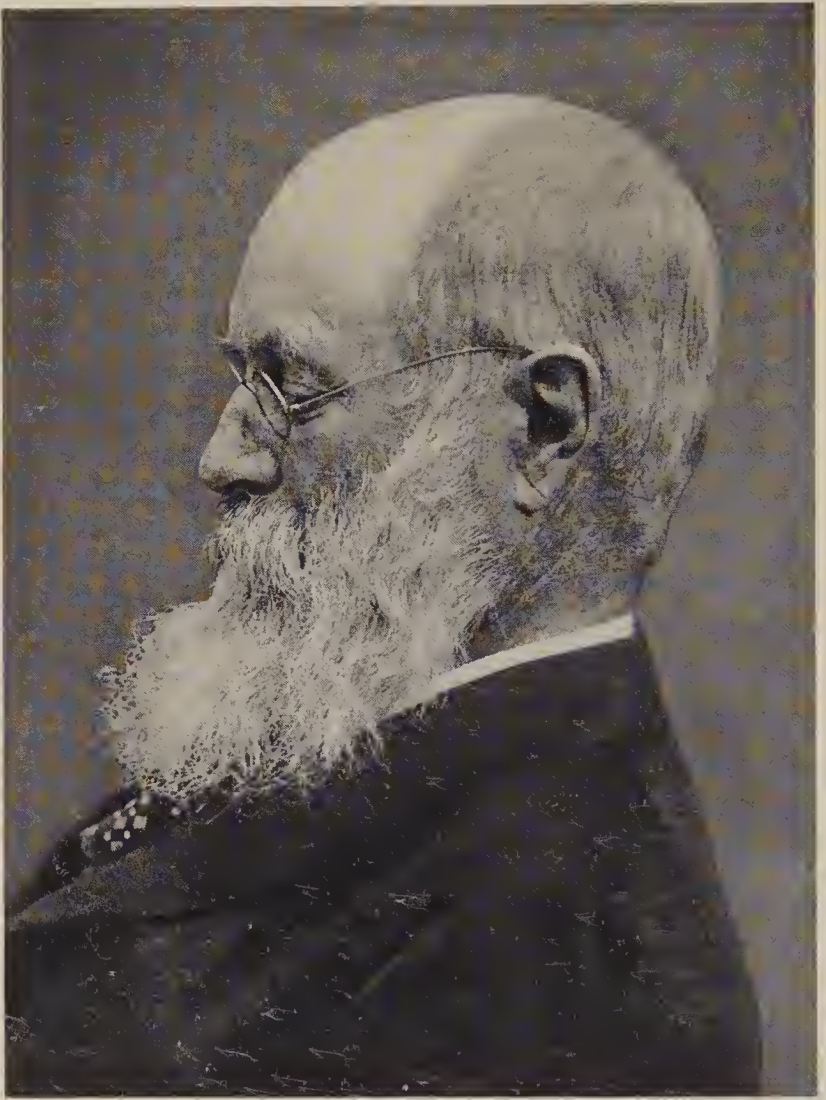
The circle in Washington was very small, as I have said, and the entertainments many but simple. It may not be believed to-day, but it was considered a great event to make a picnic party at Mount Vernon and go down the Potomac on the steamer. I look back with horror to a time when one was expected to wear a tall hat and a frock coat in hot weather and forced to perspire in them at picnics. I recall a terrible scene in which two young diplomatists appeared, tall-hatted and frock-coated, rowing in July on the river. They wore, too, which to-day seems almost incredible, carefully fitted patent leather shoes!

One of the intellectuals was Kate Chase (Mrs. Sprague). She was looked on by the older set as rather "emancipated," and Mrs. Dahlgren seemed to be divided between admiration for her abilities and fear lest she should break through some



THOMAS F. MEEHAN

Journalist, Editor and Historian to whom as a young man Mr. Egan brought a letter of introduction from the Hunekers when he began his literary work in New York.



© From a Photograph by Paul Dana

MR. DANA AT SEVENTY

Editor of "The Sun" who gave Mr. Egan his first  
encouragement in literary work.

of the conventions. One of her children wrote and painted a very pretty book of French rhymes which was extremely valuable in helping conversation at dinner tables.

In 1874, the Grants reigned at the White House. The cave-dwellers, having a Southern tinge, never counted them as being really "in society," and the foreigners were shocked by President Grant's disregard for what they considered the protocol. When the new French Minister or the Dane or the Chilean appeared in all the glory of his uniform, President Grant had a way of receiving him in a walking-suit with any kind of cravat that came handy. Even Mr. Hamilton Fish, who was Secretary of State, was accused of disregarding the niceties of dress; but the Bayards, who were very important socially, were looked on as the pink of propriety. In 1875, Sir Edward Thornton, the English Minister, was dean of the Diplomatic Corps. The Schiskines, the Russian family, came into prominence by entertaining the Grand Duke Constantine.

On one Sunday recently, at the Polish Legation after luncheon, there being only a small group of intimate friends present, the Princess Lubomirski had a small sewing machine brought into the drawing-room and she began to work on garments intended for the poor in Poland. The servants kept a keen eye on the door, however, for fear that some good American might suddenly appear and conclude that the Sabbath was being desecrated. There are fewer Americans of this kind in Washington now than there were in 1875, but there are some still existing. The horror of this would have created a scandal in 1875!

A scandal was almost created by the introduction after a dinner to the Grand Duke Constantine of a knitting machine. In her delightful *Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life*, Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone tells us that the Schiskines paid \$86 for the machine and that the Grand Duke was so delighted with the results of the darning that he proposed to take an example of this invention home to his wife. It spoke well for the domestic management of Madame Schiskine that no stockings with holes in them could be found in the house, and holes had to be cut into entirely good socks in order to make the work



possible. The story of the machine leaked out and a section of Washington society, which had very fixed ideas as to how the representatives of royal and imperial sovereigns should behave, were greatly horrified and said so. It did, however, increase the reputation of the Russians for the domestic virtues. This reputation had suffered greatly during the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis when it was discovered that the consort of the Russian Minister at that time was only a wandering lady and nothing more.

## § 3

The entertainments offered by Washington society were various. General Burnside, when he was Senator, made a feature of fish dinners; Mr. Corcoran, a distinguished figure in Washington life, had hospitable interludes when everybody ate roasted oysters from the shells. A dreadful custom which affected us young people very little was the breakfast offered at eight or nine o'clock. Sometimes the *pièce de résistance* was sausages and waffles or buckwheat cakes if the member of Congress was from Maryland or the Middle West. One Maryland Congressman from the Eastern Shore gave fried oysters and terrapin at this early morning meal. A little whisky, taken quietly before the ladies appeared from the dressing room, was considered the proper thing. The diplomats seeing the word "breakfast" on the cards expected Château Yquem; but coffee was, as a rule, the only drink and the unhappy foreigners having been made to gorge themselves so early, remained inert, like boa constrictors, for the rest of the day. One of the attachés of the French Legation made a scandal by nailing a card to the door of his bureau—"Indisposed for two days; have been to Senator Stewart's breakfast."

The furniture of the houses in Washington at this time was of the heavy Victorian order. Even people who had inherited Chippendale chairs and tables—fine examples of which you will discover at Georgetown College to-day—seemed determined to hide them. A cabinet maker named Marcotte of



New York seemed to be the fashion and he produced many highly ornamental tables covered with chocolate-coloured marble, of which the owners seemed rather proud. The era of the portière and the lambrequin was only just beginning, and there were many ladies in society who insisted on wearing high-necked gowns. One could generally tell whether the wife of a Congressman was newly arrived or not. If she had been in Washington only six months, her dress was high and seemed to be of thick silk with abundant skirts and velvet trimmings; if she had been in Washington for two years, something like a v-shaped corsage might be discerned. You knew that her husband had been a Senator or a Representative for four years at least when she appeared in a low-cut gown rather loose at the shoulders. Consequently, a hostess seldom made a mistake when she gave precedence to the woman with the lowest gown; she was almost certain, as rank was arranged according to the date of election, to have the right to go before any of her political sisters.

Living, as I do, part of the year in Washington, I am sometimes surprised by the descriptions I hear, generally given at second hand, of the past. One is informed that society was so refined that spittoons were never seen anywhere. There was in the seventies a dreadful parlour ornament—nobody spoke of drawing-rooms then—called a “tazza.” It was a kind of ornamental bowl described as of Parian marble or of alabaster. People who possessed a tazza had been “abroad” or some of their immediate family had been abroad, and they always despised the Rogers groups. There was a story, which has been told with many variations since, of a tramp who tried to work on the sympathies of a kind housekeeper by saying to her, “You can realise, ma’am, how poor we were when I was a child, when I tell you that we could never afford to buy Rogers’s ‘Weighing the Baby.’” These groups were in terra cotta or some kind of clay; but there were very few houses in which the spittoon was not regarded as a convenience, though sometimes not produced until asked for. During the “æsthetic” craze it was concealed by large sunflowers and the unhappy chewer, for even some of the best people

chewed in those days, might sometimes be seen looking in great agony for an honest spittoon which had been concealed under too much artistic work.

In the hotels—the Willard in the seventies being the most comfortable—claret or white wine was seldom seen on the tables at dinner; but nearly every diner of the male sex, immediately before dinner or after dinner, visited the bar. The cocktail was known but not fashionable and a frugal man felt that he deserved at least three glasses of applejack or bourbon whisky to prepare himself for a good dinner or to wash away the effects of a bad one. Later, Mr. Blaine was noted for his afternoon teas where champagne or champagne punch was served. But one of the brightest spots in the year was New Year's day. "Ah," said the Baron de Santa Ana, the Portuguese Minister, one evening, "*le jour de l'an est pour nous autres un jour de Paradis!*" The best eggnog in town was brewed by Dr. Morgan whose sons, Carroll and Dudley, were great friends of mine. We visitors were always permitted to test this semi-solid liquid in its pristine strength. Dr. John Stafford, a friend of the Morgans, made the final test. It was then diluted for the crowd, who, while doubtless worthy, were not supposed to have sufficient palate to understand the real value of this inimitable concoction.

It was your duty to go and to eat and drink on New Year's afternoon in every house to which you had had an invitation during the year. One of my friends, a young diplomatist, and an Austrian, generally accompanied me. He always fortified himself by a glass of olive oil, in order, he said, to keep his head clear, but there were others who attained the same result by eating crusts of bread during the intervals of their calls. It must be said that as people ate and drank at the same time there was not so much evident unsteadiness as might have been expected—or, at least, we did not notice it! It seems to me that on New Year's afternoon the matrons were more gracious and young women more beautiful than at any other time. Somehow or other although the feminine sex has lost none of its charm, prohibition seems to have dulled the perceptions of the male! I think everybody will agree that there

was a certain *gemütlichkeit* about the entertainments of the past which one misses in elaborate festivities of the present.

Nellie Grant and Edith Fish, looked upon by the conservatives as being rather advanced, were conservatives of the conservative compared with the young women of to-day. Political feeling ran high. A great part of Washington society was entirely unreconstructed and there were houses which never admitted beyond their portals anybody who believed that a carpetbagger was really a human being.

It is the custom to gild the past. The present-day writer gives the impression that great men like Lincoln and Grant were received by the American people at the value which an analysis made in cold blood of their deeds shows that they deserved. Grant was quite impervious to the innuendoes and attacks of the malcontents. He never pretended to be fond of orators or of persons who assumed that the first duty of life was to be intellectual. He liked a glass of whisky and he was a passionate smoker. He had a keen sense of essential rectitude and expected to find a moderate degree of it in the politician. He was nothing of an intriguer or of a diplomatist. Politics, he knew, was a game that meant many compromises. He was quite sure that the great need of the American people was peace and, like all good soldiers, he was not fond of war. When during the Belknap scandal he said, "Let no guilty man escape," all Washington declared that there was a woman in the case—a woman who had permitted her zeal in increasing her capital to compromise one of the President's friends. Whether this was true or not, it was considered the proper thing not to ask questions, and the episode was closed because of Grant's firmness and discretion in the matter.

There was great disappointment when Miss Grant married Sartoris, but some of the very old Southern ladies salved their discontent by saying that a *parvenue* could find nobody of importance in Washington society to propose to her, and that she naturally took the opportunity to secure a good social position in England. This will show the point of view of the older set, which calmly assumed the position the Faubourg

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St. Germain occupied in Paris. It must be admitted, however, that the pretensions of the Faubourg have suffered considerably since the unsympathetic French Government forced all its officials with titles to authenticate them before they were used. The number of documents authenticating titles that were burned during the French Revolution is almost as great as the flock said to have come over in the *Mayflower*, and as numerous as the Virginians who possess beds in which Lafayette once slept!

Under the administration of President Hayes, life was not so gay in Washington as it had been under the Grants. It must not be thought that the Washington of the early seventies was a very splendid city. It had possibilities and these possibilities were very evident. It had had, too, the advantage of being laid out by a great French architect. It was then a promising city. But it had just begun to emerge from the condition which the ill-tempered Chevalier de Bâcourt described when he was the diplomatic representative of Louis Philippe. Pigs ran through the principal streets which, however, even at this time might have been cleaner if public spittoons had been mercifully supplied. Dining at restaurants was not at all the fashion; in fact, except Harvey's famous oyster bar and the *table d'hôte* at the Willard, the National and the Ebbitt Hotels, there was really no public place to dine or to lunch. Everybody went home to eat or was invited out by somebody else. Then, as now, it was the fashion for the ladies of importance to go to the Central Market on Saturdays, and the connections of the Cabinet members and of other officials who had the right to use the carriages owned by the Government might be seen on the morning of every seventh day loading them with provisions of all kinds. In the seventies, Washington, Baltimore and New Orleans were cities beloved of the *gourmet*. Ward McAllister had not yet risen in New York to create "the smart set," and to tell it what to eat, but Washington and Baltimore revelled in terrapin and in all the products of the fruitful Chesapeake Bay. Ward McAllister's celebrated book is now out of print, and those of his old acquaintances who are alive seem to be glad of it, although his



friends at the Union Club in New York insisted on its publication. Society in New York has become so sophisticated that it does not care to have a printed reminder of its days of ignorance—which Mrs. Wharton has rather unreasonably called its age of innocence.

#### § 4

To young men interested in politics Washington under Grant offered the means of an excellent education. All Americans were more or less local at that time. The feeling of State consciousness permeated us all. Mr. Samuel Randall of Pennsylvania was to me almost as important as the Philadelphia poet, Mr. George H. Boker. The war had, of course, given us the feeling that we all belonged to a great nation. The enthusiasm of the struggle, the wave of patriotism which was accompanied by billows of hysteria, especially among that class which made patriotism the last refuge of scoundrels, had passed away. We were all glad to be part of an imperial and united nation, but our expectations had been disappointed. There was scarcely a family that had not lost a relative or a close friend in the Civil War; and with many of us these relatives and close friends belonged to the South. The profiteer reigned; the manufacturers of "shoddy" had grown rich and ostentatiously rich; and President Grant, who honestly believed that a man whose income was twenty thousand a year made one of the most efficient citizens, was looked on as a materialist by most of us. This was unjust. He had come from the Middle West, and he saw that the development of the country depended upon the use of capital. Jeffersonian simplicity, as a matter of fact, had never been a quality of our politicians, and Jefferson himself at Monticello was very much of a country gentleman and very little of a "shirt-sleeve" diplomatist. Grant grasped one thing which most of our politicians, if not all our statesmen, have ignored: that while the American people *en masse* objected to useless expenditure, they were not parsimonious when they could be given a good reason for the expenditure of money. Very often American



politicians pretend to be the miserly representatives of a still more miserly people. In the seventies, the intelligent young men had become politically cynical. Reconstruction in the South seemed to mean grafting in the South. It might be said with truth that the most civilised of the Southern States were aristocratic in the sense that they held in them large numbers of persons who believed that certain families had the right to rule, and that the "poor white trash" were almost as negligible politically and socially as the persons of colour. But this opinion, more limited, existed in the Republican North, too.

The young generation of that day thought a great deal also about the present and the future of the country. They had been taught that the war, on the part of the North, was a struggle for idealism. Most of us found the South picturesque and interesting and full of that atmosphere which we had learned to know through the writers of the eighteenth century; yet the pretensions of the Southerners to be the only gentlemen in the country, the only expositors of true culture, untainted by the hated touch of trade, seemed to us rooted in the very lack of logic and tolerance that had forced the most disastrous war of modern times on the country. If they had been willing to make the compromises which Washington and Madison and Jefferson and the rest of the demigods of the Continental Convention had made, this desperate adventure might have been averted.

The attitude of the Republican politicians of the North, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, seemed to have neither logic nor righteousness, and we knew that in spite of all protests many of the apparent supporters of the great President were relieved by his death, although shocked and horrified by the manner of it. Among the young who thought for themselves, it was believed that the President had made a serious mistake in equity by freeing the slaves at one stroke. We admitted that, in a state of war, this was good tactics, but a dangerous move, and that a fatal error was the giving of manhood suffrage to every black in the South. There seemed to be no effort on the part of the experienced statesmen of the

time, and certainly none on the part of the politicians, to give the South a fair chance for economic and educational reconstruction. I trust that my readers will understand that I am giving the impression of the seventies, not reflecting the views of the present time.

The futile attempts to educate the negro had no reference at that time to his real needs or the needs of the South. The whole process seemed to be one of political propaganda. As to the whites, who were left impoverished but still wonderfully courageous, no attempt was made to assist them to acquire that education which their straitened means prevented them from procuring. Of late the mental attitude of the Southerner has become that of an educated man, but for a time he saw with despair all the prestige of his cultivated ancestors disappearing. As for himself it seemed as if he should be forced to give up the things of the mind to the mere drudgery of earning a precarious living.

The period of reconstruction for the North had begun. President Grant saw this and the capitalists were with him; but the South had no way of attracting capital and this question was constantly debated by the young who took a furious interest in politics and who were less partisan than their elders. The seeming lack of justice everywhere, the self-seeking tactics of the politicians, the determination of the representatives of the people to drag all they could out of the country for the benefit of local schemes, their utter ignorance of foreign affairs were only partially redeemed in our eyes by the presence of a few very great men in Congress. I say very great men because there were a fair number of nearly great men and we agreed that Roscoe Conkling was one of these and Senator Hoar another. In Washington it was not disputed that the Senate was one of the best clubs in the world, and with Blaine and Bayard and Frelinghuysen and Everett, to mention some names at random, the best elements of the country were not without representation. There was widespread interest in the Congressional debates, and one of the favourite amusements of society was to make up parties for the Senate or the House, with lunch afterwards in the Capitol restaurant.

There was no diplomatist in Washington who was really glad to be there. It was considered a dull and crude city, for it was not until after the war with Spain that Washington became of any diplomatic importance at all in the eyes of foreign countries. The envoys were, as a rule, frankly bored—especially the younger ones. And Americans at this time had not a sufficient knowledge of the antecedents of some of these gentlemen to refuse to take them at their own valuation. The Metropolitan Club, then in its infancy, was a diplomatic centre; but it was not then the organised arbiter of society as it became and continued to be until that awful day when buttermilk was coldly served over the bar.

Women had more influence politically then than they have now, even since they fought for and acquired the right of voting. There were certain political salons—Mrs. Dahlgren's was one of them. These salons were quite distinct from the assemblies of the woman lobbyists who abounded everywhere and who gave entertainments *à la Circe*, in order to attract Ulysses and his followers from the provinces. Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague was supposed to have great political influence. The dinner parties and the conversation after the dinner parties had much to do with changing the views of our representatives, sometimes on very important subjects—and this was reasonable enough. These hostesses had convictions; they were clever women and well read as most of the elder women at that time were in the history of their country. They never took their views from the newspapers, although the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, of the New York *Sun* and of the New York *Tribune*, not forgetting the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, had enormous power; yet they were looked upon as so partisan that their influence was felt for the most part by people who already held the opinions they advocated. Converts from the Republican party to the Democratic were rare in those days. The Mugwump had not yet appeared. If he had, he would have been regarded as a traitor, although there were many inarticulate Mugwumps among the younger men. Young women generally did not concern themselves with politics.

Novels of the type of *St. Elmo* and *Rutledge* were read, and Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Marion Harland and Mary J. Holmes were much the fashion. "Ouida" was read by "the advanced," *Queechy* and the *Wide, Wide World* and Miss Yonge's *Heir of Redclyffe* and *Guy Livingston*, which was considered somewhat audacious, by thousands of young persons. Mrs. Stowe, who wrote much better novels than *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was anathema in general society in Washington. One could always use to advantage quotations from Thackeray or Dickens if the company was literary; but the talk was largely of politics, criticisms of the White House, of the President and his wife, then considered not to be "in society," the latest diplomatic gossip, or who had received the greatest number of favours at the last "german."

## § 5

President Arthur, when his turn came, was considered to be a "gentleman" by the Washingtonians. But as one of the ladies of that time, whose ancestry was impregnable, said of him, "Fortunately he has no wife to drag him down."

The fashion plates in Godey's *Ladies' Book* give a very good impression of the toilettes of the time. Foreigners were justly incensed by the curious taste of many ladies who had little statuettes of themselves made in the widest skirts supported by great circling hoops. People who spoke French well were looked on as prizes by the hostesses. "Make-up" was not permitted and "Ouida's" frequent reference to what she called *maquillage* was considered extremely improper. The fame of some of the beauties of the later seventies still remains in Europe. In Sweden, for instance, only a short time ago I met a Russian diplomatist who still remembered the names of the great beauties he had met in Washington. And in Denmark, Lovenörn, who had been Minister to nearly every Court in Europe, awoke to enthusiasm over the beauty of the Misses Frelinghuysen. I can recall the raptures of a Russian diplomatist, who was rather taciturn on all other subjects, when he described the dancing of a certain Miss Annie Reed of



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Norfolk who had assisted at all the gaieties in that city during the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis!

After the very repressed life I led in Philadelphia, society seemed gay; but there was no opera; good concerts were very few and far between; a great deal of scandal was talked, as it always is in a city where everybody knows everybody else and all newcomers are looked upon as suspicious characters. There was no rich set in Grant's or Hayes's administration. Washington had not yet been discovered as a paradise for people who had made their money in business, and who could there join the leisure class, leaving all odour of the shop behind.

For intelligent persons the one subject worth discussing was the political situation. Literature was not important as it was in Boston or New York. It is true that Joaquin Miller was found at nearly every dinner table where the hostess cultivated lions, and his eccentricities filled many an idle pause in the conversation. Whether he deserved the praise he received or not, the young adored the colour of his poems. His word pictures were pronounced "flaming" and his Walker in Nicaragua had a political connection intensely interesting to us who knew the part that Walker had played in American politics before the war. The question as to whether Nicaragua should have been annexed to the United States was still hotly debated, and even Rhett, the first apostle of secession, who wanted South Carolina to go out and leave the South and the Union, was still a name frequently mentioned. If the tone of society was not intellectual, it was sufficiently intelligent, but terribly partisan. Rich people, on the whole, were despised and excluded as far as possible from those circles which valued traditions and prided themselves on the perfection of their breeding.

There was a special reason for this, although it is generally to-day attributed to the arrogance of a small clique—a clique made up of the army, the navy, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the older families and the visiting intellectuals who had good letters of introduction. The truth is that during the war the capitalist of the North had made himself hated. It was well known that the war was not popular with those great



business men to whom the South owed many millions, and who believed that the war would destroy the value of their investments. During the whole struggle the rich of the business world had acted with a selfishness and a lack of patriotism that left a scar in the minds of those who had suffered. The idealism of the war was kept alive by the Northern intellectuals and by the great body of what, from the point of view of wealth, was considered to be "the plain people," or, if you like, the middle classes.

After the war the scandals of the grafter and profiteer were exposed, and they involved numbers of men who were in official position or who aspired to official position. People remembered that under the financial reign of Secretary Chase, one hundred dollars in paper was worth, in the summer of '64, only thirty-nine dollars. It was well known, too, that the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln was divided in opinion, and that Chase had not always considered the welfare of the people. His quarrel with Seward was not forgotten; and his criticisms of President Lincoln, which to say the least were not loyal, in retrospect made the financial policy of the Government during the war entirely unpopular. It was concluded, too, that the Philadelphia banker, Jay Cooke, was the creature of Chase, and his failure, taken with the events of the famous Black Friday, were the basis for hot arguments as to the lack of economic knowledge on the part of the politicians who ruled the country. This all made for a cynical attitude. The alleged definition made by the astute Simon Cameron that a safe politician was "one who when he was bought would stay bought" was looked on as a test to be applied to nearly every man of political importance.

Under Grant and Hayes, too, it became evident as the figure of Lincoln emerged from the mists of detraction, that not one of his Cabinet had measured up to his stature and that there was no living statesman capable of continuing the policies which, if he had not outlined clearly, he had suggested. Of course we were not informed of what had gone on in the inner circles during the war. No books had yet been written revealing the confidential attitude of anybody in office toward

his colleagues. President Lincoln's secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Mr. John Hay, were not at liberty to write as they afterwards did.

Among us there was no hatred of the South, although it was quite evident that the South still hated the North; and it was rumoured that President Lincoln had been desirous of ending the war in April, 1865, with the consent of the South. In order to accomplish this, he was willing to do what most of us in Washington considered justice. It may be a shameful thing to confess but none of us thought, although we all believed in the unrighteousness and injustice of slavery, that property which had been held under law could be confiscated without compensation. It was rumoured that after the Hampton Roads conference, where Lincoln and Seward had met the Confederate Commissioners of which Alexander H. Stephens was one, Lincoln had proposed to make an appropriation of \$400,000,000 for the slave States. He wanted peace, but peace with honour, and he was willing to see the justice of the Southern contention as to the confiscation of property. He knew, too, that an action of this kind would mitigate the bitterness of the South and help to begin that economic reconstruction which would have come from the Southern people themselves had they not been left in a poverty-stricken condition. This, we all thought, was for the good of the whole country. It was understood—the information leaked out from trustworthy sources—that not one of the President's Cabinet supported him in his project. It was no wonder, then, that when he was murdered, the South believed that a most crushing blow had been dealt its hopes. Mr. Nicolay confirmed this information later. Lincoln had been made sorrowful by the lack of statesmanship, the lack of foresight and the lack of a sense of justice among the men around him. He folded up his message, and said, "But you are all opposed to me." Many other things leaked out which confirmed the opinion that the Government was bound to be, under our system, the prey of profiteers and grafters and partisan politicians.

It was, perhaps, unreasonable that the hatred of the great

capitalists should be reflected in the society of Washington; even these profiteers, as President Grant evidently saw, might be used in the building up of the country, but in every city and every town in the country the word "shoddy" was used as an epithet of scorn. The truth at last was known that the war had been almost lost, that great numbers of our soldiers had suffered and even died for lack of proper clothing—owing to the intrigues of money-grabbers protected by the Government. This was not a subject for debate. It was unquestioned. The very rich—at this time most of them were newly rich—had not attempted to assume the airs of aristocracy, although Washington society predicted that this would come. The North, after all, had fought for the democratic idea, and the rise of a class of plutocrats was bitterly resented.

Not unnaturally this all led to the acceptance of an unreal and romantic view of the South as it existed before the war. It was forgotten that she, too, had had her monopoliser and greedy capitalist—rich in land rather than in money—who had no regard whatever for the welfare of the whole American people, who were opposed to the giving away of land to the landless, and whose one desire was to force the traders of the North to their feet. These men had the point of view of the *grands seigneurs* of the period before the French Revolution; but, as a rule, they were too arrogant to take real conditions into account; they were even more ignorant of the principles of economics and sociology than their brethren of the North, and they were not intelligent enough to understand that in a democracy the reign of any class must be transient. It must be admitted, however, that Washington society owed almost everything that was pleasant in it to the influence of the Southern families; and a great deal to the point of view of the foreigners who were either diplomatists or in some way connected with the diplomatists. The best of these studied seriously American conditions, and made use of the Library of Congress, then directed by Mr. Spofford, for constant research work. And of this, it seemed, their governments greatly approved. It would have been better for some of the young Americans had they formed a similar habit, but it must

be remembered that the courses in universities were circumscribed in comparison with their scope to-day. Political economy was looked on as a dark English science with no relation whatever to conditions in our country, and the study of sociology, one may almost say, was limited to the reading of excerpts from Herbert Spencer. The rebellion against the Greek and Latin classics had not begun, and educated gentlemen still spoke the same language and made the same quotations; even in the halls of Congress a Senator might be heard rolling out Homer's Catalogue of the Ships or repeating, with fervid eloquence, passages from Cicero. These were received by the public with unquestioning reverence and in the various States—New Yorkers had not then begun to call them the "provinces"—the learning of their representatives was much respected. Even the illiterate could easily find the translations in the back of the dictionary!

In fact, a speech without a quotation from the classics was considered to leave much to be desired. The constituents were in the position of a friend of mine who had an Irish maid, a devout Catholic. Her mistress was of the very highest order of the High Church party in the United States. She heard mass at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, according to the American formula, and even went to confession. One day she said to her maid:

"Mary, my niece is to be married on Thursday according to our beautiful Catholic service in English. Will you come?—I know that you were always very fond of Miss Alice."

After the service the devout lady said to her maid:

"How did you like the beautiful nuptial ceremony, Mary?"

And Mary replied, with a slight touch of patronage:

"I might have liked it if I could have understood it, but I couldn't—it's being in English and I being so used to the Latin!"

An "effort" in Congress in those days suffered much in the estimation of the plain people if it were wholly in the English language. Oratory still persisted, the Hon. S. S. Cox always filled the galleries and Proctor Knox later made a good second; but while these speakers were listened to, laughed with and



applauded, they were killed politically by the exercise of their own sense of humour. It was understood that a humourist was unsafe for serious political work; and there was something in this, because if some of the gentlemen then in office could have seen themselves humorously, they would have stopped at once in their careers and retired to private life!

Senator Bayard was considered *sans peur et sans reproche*, which phrase, applied to him, gave birth to the myth that he was descended from the Chevalier Bayard. Apropos of this, the very satirical Chevalier de Bâcourt, a misanthrope, said that it could not be true as the Chevalier had had the good sense never to marry! Everybody had an enormous respect for Blaine's intellectual qualities and for his wit. The most interesting, the most feared, and the most mysterious character in politics at the period was Alexander Stephens. In society, Simon Cameron was looked on as capable of anything; his enemies were ferocious and all kinds of tales of his coarseness, gaucherie and brusqueness were invented. But gradually the Camerons were accepted as social arbiters, as they had been in their own State of Pennsylvania. It was said that Simon Cameron one night at Chamberlain's had been saluted ironically as the "Baron de Pennsylvanie" by a foreigner who had heard of his position at second hand. "No," was the answer, "Duke, if you please!" And he was not far wrong because the growing political, plus the money, power was beginning to create a new class in our country. We of the middle classes believed that this was altogether bad; I am not quite so sure now—since great wealth has its uses even if not used greatly.

Society in Washington merely tolerated President Hayes and his wife. It was understood that Mr. Tilden had made a heroic sacrifice for the good of the country in not starting a rebellion when he was deprived of the Presidency. Again, Mr. Hayes was a total abstainer—at least Mrs. Hayes was—and the Washingtonians and their friends, whose principal business in life seemed to be the giving and receiving of dinners, found this terribly inconvenient. It was untraditional; it was common; it was unpleasant; foreigners found it ridicu-



lous; and who could expect a dinner to go well conversationally without a glass or two of champagne? We firmly believed that the oranges served at dinner at the White House were filled with port or whisky, through the benevolence of the President, who was bound to stand well with the guests at his state dinners. These were, as a rule, Congressmen. There may have been something in this, for the Congressmen spent their time, it was said, in admiring loudly the dinner set painted by Mrs. Hayes. This was calculated to divert the lady's attention from the contents of the oranges. It is certain that Mrs. Hayes did paint a dinner set—examples of it may now be seen in the White House—and that oranges were generally served at the end of the dinner. The oranges, however, even if they had "authority," did not save President Hayes from social unpopularity, and though he was never severely criticised except for accepting the Presidency, he was not accepted as a social figure and his wife was characterised as a "quiet, unpretentious kind of woman."

It was toward the end of the Hayes administration that I ceased to be much in Washington. The beginning of the course in philosophy at Georgetown College had made it necessary for me to go back occasionally to my preceptors for further instruction and during those times I literally bathed in the political stream, which seemed to become no clearer. The money power, whether for good or evil, grew; the progress of the South was slow and not intelligently assisted. One was invited occasionally for the fox hunts near Richmond and Norfolk. These afforded glimpses of Southern society even for the Northerners. It was evident that a social transition was taking place in Washington. Society was still agreeable, somewhat provincial, but picturesque compared with that of any other city. The one consuming interest was politics.

## CHAPTER IV

### § 1

BACK in Philadelphia in 1878, I was consoled for the irksomeness of the law and the quietness of life in general—after what seemed to me the blaze of gaiety in Washington—by the Centennial Exposition. My friend Walter Donaldson suddenly appeared. He was looked on by the visiting diplomatists as a certain help in time of trouble. At that time as I spoke French fairly well and had acquired a knowledge of certain phases of the European point of view, I was called into the service of the diplomatists at once. My father considered this a waste of time, but it gave me great importance and special privileges and many passes and invitations to great assemblies. Besides, my diplomatic friends whom I assisted could not do less than ask me to lunch at the only good foreign restaurant in Philadelphia, Les Trois Frères Provençaux. Of course Augustine's chicken croquettes were famous, Finelli's fried oysters were in full bloom, and McGown's café in Sansom Street exuded terrapin and the delectable pepperpot; but Petre's restaurant had become Americanised and Boldt had not yet created the Bellevue. I had the chance of getting various decorations for my efforts, but as I was afraid of my father's opinion I took my reward in the *plats* offered by the skilful three brothers.

My father was very much interested in the developments of machinery. He had himself invented a boiler and a rivet of which he was very proud; and my visits to the Exposition with him were made to the accompaniment of prophecies as to the future of steam economically and effectively used through improvements in boilers, and the methods of making them entirely safe from explosions. He was more interesting than one of my uncles who predicted the fall of all the civilisations represented in the Exposition if the soil in every coun-

try was not made absolutely free. As a proof of this, he insisted that the freedom from unemployment during the Civil War was due to the fact that the man who could not find work could go West and secure land for nothing. To be told that the problem of immigration had anything to do with the welfare of the country or was worth considering made him furious, although he was willing to admit sardonically that some of the best citizens who had occupied the free land, especially in the mountains of a certain State, had fled in that direction to escape the drafts!

In Philadelphia one had an opportunity of renewing one's acquaintance with the various diplomatists and a group came from Washington when the Emperor and Empress of Brazil made their visit. The Emperor was a very handsome man, altogether what the diplomatic ladies called a *charmeur*, and greatly interested in everything he saw. He seemed to have the view of a president rather than that of a hereditary monarch. It was amusing to see how he evaded all allusions to the Mexican situation or to the establishment of another monarchy on the American continent. He liked the friendliness of everybody; but he evidently felt that this was a personal tribute rather than evidence that any empire in the new country was agreeable to Americans of the North.

His wife was a disappointment in appearance, especially to those ladies who imagined that an empress must be very impressive. She was short in stature and seemed to be slightly deformed; but she had a very pleasant manner and everybody who met her agreed that her entire simplicity and her great interest in everything, which was distinctly "American of the North," was a quality which might be very well imitated by some of the hearty wives of the newly rich.

As usual, the opening of the Centennial Exposition was a scene of confusion. The heat was terrible, food difficult to get and the visiting diplomatists were extremely glad when it was over. Except in France, distinguished visitors seem always at the opening of exhibitions to be fleeing from wrath to come. Even at the later Exposition in Jamestown, Virginia, a city which is said to pay great attention to etiquette,

the great day on which the diplomatists and other distinguished guests were received was a nightmare of rough planks, heat, excursions and alarms and violent struggles for luncheon.

President Grant came over for the opening of the Exposition. The diplomatists were asked to come in uniform and that meant coats padded and buttoned up to the chin. The Baron de Santa Ana, the Portuguese Minister, looked like a vivid flamingo, and Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone wrote that the Chamberlain, her husband, resembled an enormous poppy in his red uniform; the sun blazing through the glass roof almost set him on fire. "My dress," she said, "left a good deal of itself behind—only the front breadth held it on to my person; the back breadths were trampled on as far as people could trample and were dirty beyond words!"

Offenbach was a favourite composer at that time and his music was heard everywhere. One could not escape *Voici le Sabre de Mon Père* and the famous *Piff, Paff, Pouff*. Aimée had been in America, and the late Mr. James Fisk at his Grand Opera House in New York had made Americans familiar with the newest Parisian music. Both Offenbach and Strauss, the waltz king, came over. I had the great pleasure of hearing Strauss, or rather seeing him, lead an orchestra. The memory of Ole Bull still survives and Wieniawski and Wilhelmj were discussed in their relation to him. Paganini was frequently brought into the discussion, but the only impression I could get of his music was that his hearers seemed to think he had been possessed of a devil which appeared to add greatly to their interest in him.

Music in Philadelphia was, to say the least, not a passion. The orchestra of Mark Hassler and his brother held undivided supremacy and there were occasionally good concerts of chamber music. We younger people all loved the Hasslers because they played for the dances—or rather the "hops" in Congress Hall during the season at Cape May. But personally, I felt for some time a grudge against them, as a part of their orchestra always supported the annual concert given by the pupils of La Salle College, and as I was one of the unwilling bassos unfortunately placed too near the director's baton and



justly maltreated during rehearsals, it was some time before I could hear them without having a temptation to duck, such as I am told the old-fashioned canal captain felt when the pilot called "bridge!" The public, mostly composed I hope of our parents, was obliged to pay to hear these annual concerts. Some of them vowed never to come again, but they always came and we generally did over and over again a terrible symphonic poem about the Pilgrims. All I can remember of this was that we were forced to yell out at stated intervals, "Green be your graves forever!"

This reminds me that even in staid Philadelphia boys were expected to learn to dance, but the education was never given systematically. Your teacher achieved that position very largely because he happened to live near you, and if the neighbourhood felt that he deserved encouragement, every child was sent to him on certain days. In Southwark our parents paid very little attention to the dancing of fashionable masters or mistresses among whom were the Carpenters and Madame Martin. My father had been for some time *in loco parentis* to a great number of Irishmen who had come over to work in the foundry. They always came to him in any difficulty, but his fraternal feeling was not confined to these compatriots. "Perduti," for example, whose name in private life was O'Leary—Boëthius O'Leary—was a ballet-master, but of convivial habits which unfitted him for the kind of work that required full command of the legs. On one of the occasions when he had drunk too well, he was utterly desolate and forsaken. He despised "drawing-room dances," and he was at first unwilling to sacrifice his art even to gain "a humble livelihood," as he phrased it. There happened to be a great barn-like room in a building near us called "The Haymarket." This was engaged for Saturday mornings and forty or fifty small boys, netted as fishermen net little fishes, were dragged to the Terpsichorean performances. Perduti had a small violin which he played holding the body downward, and he had been engaged to teach us the quadrilles and lancers and mazurkas and schottishes and redowas of the time. But when he had us gathered together he insisted that we should rehearse for a



ballet composed by himself called "The Sylphide's Romance." You can imagine the spectacle of a mob of grubby and unhappy little boys forced to stand on one leg and smile. Tears ran down your cheeks during the process; and then you received a smart slap on the head from his bow and you were told in a loud voice: "Shmile, you divils, shmile." Those were terrible mornings; but every experience in life is doubtless educational, and when I went to Court I found that Perduiti's drill gave me a kind of precedence in the art of Terpsichore even over the agile Austrian who was famous in the waltz. But this was before 1876!

## § 2

The Exposition was the beginning of an awakening to the value of art in the United States. The best things of Europe were brought nearer. The provincial belief that nothing really worth while existed east of the Atlantic seaboard began to dissipate itself. People looked with doubt on the horsehair sofa and the whatnot. Mexican onyx replaced the hard, cold slabs of white or chocolate-coloured marble which every self-respecting house contained. The portière and the lambrequin were the beginning of great things, and some people timidly put down parquet floors and furtively bought a rug or two. One of my Pennsylvania aunts, after a visit to the Exposition, even removed the knitted "tidy" from the shoulders of the plaster Clytie which I had presented to her in a moment of forgetfulness of her principles.

A most interesting and edifying study might be written on the æsthetic progress which the Centennial Exposition made possible. I must have been somewhat advanced myself, because I remember being shocked at the remark of a woman whom I had described as cultured as we stood before a beautiful replica of an Italian *pietà*. "It should never be allowed to be exhibited in public," she said, "it is so depressing, and contrary to the American spirit!" I was her cicerone by the request of my father, and I observed that she was entranced before a glass case which contained a pair of very pretty slip-

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pers adorned with asters of seed pearls, made for the then Miss Astor who afterwards, I think, became Mrs. Orme Wilson. I remember, too, that she hurried me off quite early for fear that she should be compelled to eat at a restaurant, a thing which she had never done and which she looked on as almost disreputable!

The Exposition passed and with it my brief importance. Baron de Santa Ana showed himself very grateful and various other diplomatists remembered me most kindly. Walter Donaldson went back covered with glory. I think I tried to exhibit my importance by taking a friend to the marriage ceremony of a Bavarian Baron and Baroness. He was not at all impressed; in fact he doubted the truth of my description of the pair. In the first place, they treated him and me as if we were quite their equal. In the second, he concluded that no woman could be a Baroness and have such large feet. After this I left the nobility out of my conversation; and at home I was compelled to act as if I had never met anybody with a title.

It must have been about this time that the good Doctor Nebinger removed to a strange and unknown part of the city which was called North Broad Street. We missed him. He had, when I was a small child, operated on my nose in order that I might obtain a sufficient amount of oxygen without breathing through my mouth. As I was brought up to trust no physician except this infallible doctor, I concluded that I would wait for a time until I could see him (which was doubtful, as he had ceased to practice) or to be treated in Europe. Nobody ever went to North Broad Street from Southwark! Some friend for whom my father had supreme respect declared that I must leave the law office where I sat on a high stool all day, memorised Blackstone with Judge Sharswoods's notes, looked after the conveyancing and helped to search titles. Most of the time I was kept indoors as Mr. John Rogers preferred that I should see his clients when he happened to be absent.

Suddenly I was liberated from my bondage to the law on the plea of ill health. I was rather glad of this for I did not

like to be dependent on my father, and in attaining leisure I became one of the contributors to the *Saturday Evening Post*, then edited by Mr. Henry Peterson, who was the salt of the earth and the centre of a group of kind and clever people in Germantown. I think he was unwise to count on Mr. Eben E. Rexford, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and myself to support the falling fortunes of the *Post*. Miss Wilcox was, as yet, unknown and the only real star he had was Mrs. Henry Wood, the English representative of everything commonplace. However, I "did" short stories, historical sketches, but no poems. I was not allowed to write them.

I cannot say that my father was pleased. A son may not be expensive but he may be unsatisfactory when he takes to literature, even if he provides himself with a certain amount of funds. My mother who was a constant reader herself and who adored certain authors had very little confidence in my vocation. She was in constant fear, she confessed, that somebody might think she had written or inspired the productions I sometimes signed "M. Egan"—her name being Margaret! However, as time went on and our family grew more detached from the life around us, we became more and more a house of refined silence, and I was left alone to pursue the strange path I had chosen. My father approved of my playing the violin; he listened in the evening with a certain interest and tolerance; but my mother, who represented the feeling of her group, once or twice expressed the fear that I might play the fiddle in a theatrical orchestra.

When *Helen's Babies* appeared, there was a shoal of imitators. Mrs. Dennison started out in a new vein with *That Husband of Mine*. Mr. T. B. Peterson, a publisher of enterprise, instantly copyrighted all possible titles containing the word "mine." Mr. Henry Peterson, my very good friend, had written a novel called *Bessie's Six Lovers* and had promised to write *That Girl of Mine*. There was some rift within the lute, as he suddenly asked me if I could do the novel instead in two weeks; it was to consist of twenty-four chapters. Here was my opportunity to revel again in the splendours of Washington society. I began on a Monday; on Tuesday morning

two chapters went to the publishers; on Wednesday morning I received the proofs, with a line written on a slip of paper—"more action." Two more chapters went up on Wednesday, two more on Thursday and two more on Friday. The proofs came back with the phrase "more action" underlined. By this time the action had become furious. The heroine, a peerless Virginia girl called Mabel, who had emerged from a ruined family plantation into the glory of Washington, attired in white muslin with a wreath of roses, did amazing things. She rejected the only Duke she knew, and smashed hearts right and left with violence. On the succeeding Tuesday, I went, filled with wrath, up to Chestnut Street to argue with Mr. Peterson. I felt that in the interest of art the heroine must have a little rest and I carried the incriminating slips with me. The office boy met me in the front of the shop.

"Where's Mr. T. B. Peterson?" I asked.

"At Saratoga," he said.

"And his brother?"

"At Long Branch," he answered.

"And who's here to write these slips?" I demanded.

"Oh," the office boy said, "he leaves those slips to be sent by me to all his authors!"

However, *That Girl of Mine* was finished. The publishers declared that it was a howling success and showed me hundreds of notices, most of them laudatory and some rather satirical. I am not sure that Washington society ever recognised itself, but I did the best I could for it. I must say that Mr. T. B. Peterson was not over-generous, but I consented to do *That Lover of Mine*. This was likewise printed and no doubt had a sale, but the publishers and I had a quarrel about the returns. It was at this juncture that I decided to go to Texas, financed by my father and myself, and look up the estate of the late Don Juan McMullen which had always filled our family with expectations and prevented some of our collaterals from doing any useful work. They had hoped to live on remittances.



## § 3

Menger's Hotel in San Antonio received me with waving palms and generous hospitality. I had some good letters of introduction and I remember taking a beautiful Señorita Garcia who afterwards became a well-known pianist in to dinner. She was very much made up, which surprised me. I think she noticed my surprise for she said:

"You know we Spanish ladies do not always wear veils, but we would consider it rather immodest if we did not wear powder and rouge."

There was something wrong with my power of attorney, there having been as usual a difference of opinion among the heirs and, although I was one of the persons most concerned, it was difficult for me to disentangle the complications occasioned by the short run in Texas of the statute of limitations. It proved impossible to get a clear explanation of the various attempts which had been made by other agents of our relatives to have the estate settled.

San Antonio then was not the civilised place it is now. To me it seemed delightful and exotic and a morning dash on a fleet mustang was one of the greatest pleasures in life. I discovered later that the band with which I made my excursions was composed largely of gentlemen who had left other States under compulsion. Several of them had killed a man or two, but their friends told me that it had not been done in cold blood. I must say, however, that they were "mighty good to me" for the reason, I think, that in my ignorance of danger—as I was city-bred—I crossed a deep river as if it were a gutter and acquired me a spurious reputation for courage. I tremble now when I think of the risks I ran. To be dragged a hundred yards with one foot in the stirrup of a flying pony seemed a very light thing in those days. I took it as a matter of course and Providence protected me.

On Saturday nights the cowboys came in groups and occasionally shot out the gaslights. This, too, was taken as a matter of course and I remember hearing a tremendous struggle in the front room of my temporary lodging in the country

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and being told that it was only "young Sibley fighting a wild-cat" which had strolled in.

General Ord was in command at Corpus Christi and he was most kind and hospitable. We looked on him with great respect; he was a picturesque figure and it was generally understood that he was the son of the Prince Regent and Mrs. Fitzherbert. I never heard this subject alluded to in his presence, but two Northern ladies who had come down to write the story of the Alamo and to bask in local colour alluded to him once or twice at dinner in the Menger's Hotel as "His Majesty." This seemed to me to be very picturesque, although I was then a partisan of the Stuarts and belonged to the White Rose Society.

New Orleans I found a paradise. Here was an old world; here was a glimpse of France! The old French families were more in evidence than they are now and the old French customs dominated the city. The opera on Saturday nights was gayer and the audience better dressed than I had ever known anywhere. The society of Washington was crude compared with this. Except Mr. and Mrs. Elder, who were very kind to me, I knew only some of the old French people, and they took care that I saw their life at its best—although the war had taken a great deal of the zest from it. We breakfasted at the famous cafés, one of which was renowned for its *pommes de terre soufflées*, revelled in the real *gumbo filé* and heard Mr. Cable, who was then beginning to write, talked of as a lost soul! But the opera struck me as being the very flower of civilisation. On Saturday nights you found yourself one of a group of people who loved music as well as a gay and easy social intercourse. Everybody called everybody else by his first name and Aréthuse and Armand and Ulysse and Stéphanie and Roland sounded through the scented atmosphere.

One thing I found rather disconcerting. By chance, in the foyer of the hotel, one might be introduced by a Northern friend to a very agreeable family *en promenade*. If you happened to mention the names of these people in your circle, there was generally a short silence. In a little while you

understood that if you had looked at their fingernails you would have discovered black blood! The Northerners who had come into the town paid little attention to this and you were very likely to be asked by one of your Yankee friends to luncheon with people otherwise interesting and well bred who had the wrong kind of fingernails! This was the only unpleasant impression I received in New Orleans; and as old Madame de C-E said to me, if I had avoided the Yankees entirely I should have known nothing about it. But the Yankees were already beginning to make a change in the old city, and Northern capital saw in New Orleans the chance of developing a rival to New York so far as shipping was concerned.

In 1912, I found the city somewhat changed. Many of my old friends had passed away; the French opera remained and the *pommes de terre soufflées* were just as good as ever. It was one of the greatest pleasures in the world to see Mr. Rapier, of the *Picayune*. As one interested in the development of Louisiana I was impressed with the tremendous possibilities for progress in the city and the State. Something of the beauty of life will go when New Orleans becomes a typical American city or sinks into a mere show place for tourists at the Mardi Gras. The burning of the French Opera House had deprived society of a central meeting-place and changed the flavour of social intercourse considerably; but there seems to be no reason why the descendants of the old families, reinforced by the newcomers who have traditions and cultivation and who know what a social background means should not preserve the charm of New Orleans.

#### § 4

Return to Philadelphia meant a return to the study of law or entrance into a coal business in which my father had an interest. As there was a Mr. Repplier in this business it was looked on by my mother as entirely respectable; but reasonably, I think, she felt that I could hardly be trusted with the details of any business. My prospective partner, Mr. Orville

Hall, was somewhat older than I was; but before the arrangement could be completed I came to the conclusion that New York was the best place for me.

Firstly, the social complications in Philadelphia were difficult. My people became more and more detached from actual life. As I was interested in all kinds of people, I found it rather irksome to confine myself to one circle—the circle of the few old people who had known my mother and who scanned your acquaintances and friends carefully and judged them by tests which seemed to me inexplicable. My father generally accepted anything I proposed to do with a sigh of resignation. I think he rather approved of my audacity because he liked New York greatly, and whenever he wanted a vacation, he ran over to spend a few days in that city.

My publishers, the Petersons, had not disgorged all they owed me, but I had torn some of it out of their reluctant hands. I was then somewhat independent financially, and I had a great desire to meet Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. I had already acquired in Philadelphia a tint of approbation in the highest circles by my paraphrases from Theocrates, printed in *Lippincott's Magazine*; and the success of three sonnets in *Scribner's, Maurice de Guérin, Of Flowers* and *Theocrates* had encouraged me.

It would have been hard for any young man not to produce his best under the influence of Gilder, to whom I owe a great debt—a debt for which I am every day more grateful. My father very reasonably insisted that I should have some fixed occupation in New York before I made my *début*. It will hardly be believed, but I had made up my mind to be an apostle! My father's amiable Catholicism and my mother's rigidity, added to the attempts of my Protestant relatives to make me either a Baptist or a Methodist, had confirmed my faith in the Roman Catholic Church and I felt that the journalistic organs of the Church, as I read them, needed something a little more worldly to make them palatable. Besides, I wanted to have a field to meet the arguments of the coterie to which I had belonged in Philadelphia. This was made up of ten or twelve young men, one-half of them, at least, stu-



dents at Jefferson College or the University of Pennsylvania, in the medical courses. We dined together occasionally and, being the only Catholic, I always expected to be attacked when the coffee came on. The Protestant members of the coterie declared that they had not given up a belief in revealed religion because of Darwin and evolution; but they were unsettled. The agnostics—there were two—were chagrined to find that their tendency to deride Christianity was not encouraged. So that they found it rather amusing to make violent descents on me as the only person who definitely disagreed with them.

The Protestants, in the beginning, were hampered in their arguments because they seemed to take every literal statement in the Old and New Testaments as a matter of faith. I recall that at a dinner given for the coterie by a General Vikers I was excommunicated from the Catholic Church by Edgar Fawcett, assisted by one or two other philosophers. After a long argument, in which it was assumed that I was bound to take the account of Genesis literally, I astounded them by announcing that I was quite free to accept the modern interpretation of the time of the creation, and to admit that the six days were not time-spaces of twelve hours each or even of twenty-four hours. After this I was let alone for a time, being denounced, however, as a bad Catholic and an unmitigated heretic. Most of the interpreters of Darwin seemed to take the attitude that he had killed Christianity, especially because all the Protestant Christians who wrote or talked on this subject regarded Darwin as an infidel. To assume for a moment that the Darwinian theory thus expounded was a matter of dogma, amused me; to think that evolution had withdrawn all foundation of reason or common sense from the Christian religion was more amusing. I treated the doctrine of evolution as a hypothesis and quoted liberally from Virchow, Haeckel and Quatrefages. I cannot understand now what Bates's *Travels on the Amazon* had to do with the case; but I remember that I used it in order to slay the Philistines. The Rev. Gerald Malloy's volume on *Geology* was a rock on which I occasionally planted myself.

It was a great pleasure to make Edgar Fawcett furious, as

he was the centre of a small circle in New York who called him "Master" and hung with awe on his slightest utterance. Edgar Saltus was, too, of this group. He was friendly to Fawcett, but was not a high priest of the cult. I never saw Edgar Fawcett so angry as he was at the end of one of these little dinners when he asked me:

"If your priest told you to go out and stand under a cold shower when you had a fever would you not be forced to do it?"

I promptly answered:

"No, I'd see him in Purgatory first."

Fawcett became red in the face. "Notice, gentlemen," he said, "here is a Papist who not only refuses to obey his Church, but he blasphemes!"

I don't think I had great skill in polemics, but I had learned the art of being very insolent and very polite at the same time. I remember on one occasion that John Boyle, the sculptor, whose "Franklin" in Paris and whose "Commodore Barry" in Washington are fine examples of his virile art, was invited to one of these pleasant little repasts. The storm that broke out with the coffee almost frightened him. The guests began by flinging the Inquisition at me, and as I said I had no more interest in the Inquisition than I had in defending Queen Elizabeth, I was trampled on at once. However, I arose with the liqueurs from my ashes. The next day John Boyle sent me a lovely little "signature"—a bronze panel of a fishgirl mending a net. I have it still. He accompanied it with a little note in which he said: "As a good Catholic I have always wanted to be as insolent to our opponents as you were last night, but I never conceded that such language could be used by any *living* person. Now, that I have recovered from the shock, I offer you this small token of my admiration. You fulfilled my wildest dreams."

Perhaps if there had not been such constant attacks on my creed, which attacks I must say I took rather humorously, I might not have been so careful to examine the ground for my belief, and I should no doubt have only held to it as my father did, as a glove which fitted him.

It may be admitted that among most of the Catholics whom I knew in Philadelphia, intellectual discussion was out of the question. The exceptions were included in a group of "the elect" among whom were Mr. Edward Roth, Jim Huneker, Dr. Nolan, Mr. Charles Devenny and John Arthur Henry. The sermons given in the churches were as a rule sound, sometimes well delivered but evidently intended for mediocre congregations, and in form and in matter what faithful folk of moderate intelligence would accept. The Jesuits, notably Father Jordan, had great influence on the younger people; but the younger people were not much occupied with scientific or theological questions. For a young man steeped in American traditions who had read largely both in English and French literature, it seemed that the point of view of the Catholic Church had been not as yet fully presented. The sermons of Archbishop Wood of Philadelphia were always very much to the point and broad in their scope; but he was growing old.

When Father Hecker founded the Congregation of St. Paul and the Congregation began to publish *The Catholic World*, a new light seemed to dawn. The point of view of the Paulists was not European; it was not coloured by Irish or German prejudices or opinions. Here, for the first time, there appeared to be an effort to bring the Catholic Church in America into relation with what might be called "Americanism" in the best sense—not in the sense in which Leo XIII. used that word when he evidently meant "Gallicanism" in his famous Encyclical.

Fired by zeal for the new movement, supported by an utterly bold ignorance of traditions—I have found in my life that ignorance is one of the best helps to courage and often passes for bravery—I prepared to make my assault upon New York. There was Mr. Gilder; there was the beginning of a great Catholic movement, there was a chance to take a step forward in the evolution of Catholic literature, of which Mrs. Sadlier, author of *The Blakes and the Flanagans* and Dr. J. V. Huntington, author of *Rosemary*, were the principal interpreters. Orestes A. Brownson was then alive, and the survivors of the Brook Farm experiment were to be met, if

one had the opportunity. I was not especially keen about Mr. Brownson who seemed to me very intolerant and somewhat Europeanised, and altogether a contrast to the adorable Dr. Newman. Mr. Charles A. Dana was to become one of my best friends and I looked upon him as an oracle; but the one man under whose influence I wanted to come was Richard Watson Gilder. If you had heard him point out very gently and with suppressed fervour the beauties of Wordsworth, and distinguish for you what was really true and what was meretricious in your own work, you would have felt as I did!

My father was not at all pleased with my intention to associate myself with the Catholic press. He felt that religion was a very good background to life, but that to mix it up with business, except as a matter of ethics, was extremely foolish. My mother, I think, looked on this departure from the beloved shades of Philadelphia as a Celtic vagary I had inherited from some weird Tipperary ancestor. Polite silence, however, was the rule in our house and when I announced that the proprietor of an illustrated Catholic weekly paper—called—well, I shall suppress the name—had offered me the editorship, my mother merely gasped. She probably wept in private. However, her open solicitude was that my underclothes should all be in perfect order. “I can’t think of your meeting with any accident,” she said, “in that wretchedly crowded city, where there is neither order nor cleanliness, and having people discover that your linen is not in perfect condition.” Still, while New York seemed rather far away from her, it would be possible for me to make frequent visits so that my undergarments could be seen to.

Armed with letters of introduction, I made the plunge. Why I should have started about five o’clock in the morning, I do not know, but I do know that the luncheon carefully packed for me was perfect in its way and it included a household *chef d’œuvre*, a quince roll, and a delectable sandwich that tasted like *paté de fois gras*, but which must have been scrapple! When I had first gone to New York at the age of seventeen—a great adventure—I noticed especially the advertisements of Schenck’s Mandrake Pills. The feeling of this



adventure came back again and still comes back to me now whenever I go south or north from New York—for though many things have changed, the advertisements of these pills still remain an alluring feature of the landscape!

Every American, in the East at least, looked on Paris as his Mecca. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was not far wrong when he said that good Americans when they die go to Paris; and, after Paris, there was New York! Boston, of course, counted somewhat, but any place west of Buffalo, including Buffalo itself, seemed to the insular Easterner to be almost a desert. Walt Whitman, I remember, was not pleased at my taking up my abode in New York. Curiously enough, we were very good friends, although I was not at all backward in giving him my opinion of some of his—excrescences. He informed me that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was going to give him a party in New York and he said:

“Eddie is coming to me like everybody else. In fact, Jews and a Catholic like you are coming to me!”

I informed him that I was not coming too close and that I had my reserves. He laughed very much at this audacity and quoted a sonnet of mine which had struck his fancy, but which I thought was quite alien to his convictions. It was *Maurice de Guérin*, and later, through the kindness of Harrison Morris, I found part of the sextet of the sonnet quoted in his *Prose Works*.

## CHAPTER V

### § 1

NEW YORK had hitherto represented to me a reflection of Paris of the Third Empire—where Mrs. Josie Mansfield and Mr. Stokes and Mr. Jim Fisk and Jay Gould and all kinds of Wall Street personages mingled in a gay and dangerous society altogether alien to the proprieties of Philadelphia. On the other hand, there was Edwin Booth; William Cullen Bryant was still alive; Hurlburt of the *New York World* had a great reputation; H. C. Bunner, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was a rising star; one could cherish the hope of seeing Mr. Augustin Daly's troupe almost every night in the week—Clara Morris and Linda Dietz; there was Wallack's and Harrigan and Hart. In a way, my letters to people in society seemed to me to bring more duties than pleasures; I did not think that I was likely to meet Miss Fanny Davenport at any of the houses of the amiable descendants of the Dutch, but I had great hopes of Mr. Louis Binsse who was a cousin of Paul de Saint Victor and I had been given to understand that Mr. Frederic Coudert was a very brilliant man. Besides, there was Mr. Peter Marié whom my introducer told me would probably ask me to luncheon at Delmonico's and be full of reminiscences; and probably Sam Ward, who was a great power in Washington, and likewise very polite to young people when they came to New York.

I had been advised to go to a perfectly respectable small hotel downtown. My mother considered the Astor House too gay and she had been informed that the bar was the resort of a low class of Republican politicians. What would have happened to me I do not know had not an old school friend of mine, Mr. George Phelan, taken me in hand, arranged banking facilities for me and domiciled me in Washington Square, South. This my mother considered an eminently proper

neighbourhood; she had once known a Mrs. Binney who had lived there in 1844.

My friend, I think, was not so much drawn by the respectability of the neighbourhood as by the opportunity of securing a very large room and a bath adorned with gilt cornices and Nottingham lace curtains, of which, for some reason or other, he was inordinately proud. The mistress of the house was a person of great exclusiveness. She had once been a lady's maid to a duchess and also "a companion to one of the Astors," and so we were obliged to give references in order to get in at all. I think my friend gave the Duke of Devonshire and I—*mea culpa*—mentioned Cardinal McCloskey. In this way, and, by paying our bills promptly, we became the star boarders!

Greenwich Village was on the knees of the evil gods then, and Macdougall Street was too terrible for words. In the beginning I had too much to do to mingle in the society of the *pension* as our hostess preferred to call her house; but my friend attended the weekly *soirées dansantes* and was looked on as a person of high fashion. I was given to understand that I myself was socially despised. The attempt which I made to rehabilitate myself "got us in bad," to be very modern, with the neighbours.

A time came when it was evidently our turn to pay for the music of the weekly *soirée* and to furnish the refreshments. My friend begged me to be on hand for the evening, not only because I was losing caste, but because he had invited two extremely *chic* people from Fifty-ninth Street, who were to bring with them a small group of persons in the highest circles. This *soirée* was the only means he had, he said, of returning his obligations.

We engaged a small band; we almost mortgaged ourselves to the hilt to have the proper ices and punch sent in. My friend was delighted. His group had accepted; but as I had no friends yet who I thought would enjoy the *soirée*, I was to be a rather lonely host.

The three waitresses, kindly Irish girls from whom we had bought half a dozen tickets for dances at Jones's Woods, were

much delighted at the prospect of our social outburst. They volunteered to stay at home on their night off and see that everything went right. But there was a coldness among the other paying guests and at six o'clock, when I came home to dress, my friend informed me that because I had been so remiss as to the other functions, the boarders had all determined to boycott ours.

The condition of my poor friend was pitiable. We had the band and the cakes and the *marrons glacés* and the punch, but the prospect of all the splendour did not console him for the fact that the party was bound to be a failure and that his distinguished friends would probably cut him dead! He told me it was all my fault and I was deeply afflicted. Suddenly, an idea occurred to me. I rang the bell for hot water, and in came the eldest of the waitresses. "Now," I said, "Mary Ann, there will be five dollars for you, a good band, lots to eat, if you get all the butlers and all the nice girls in the houses about here to come to a little dance at nine o'clock. We always wanted to give you a St. Patrick's Day party; tell all the butlers to come in evening clothes."

My friend was even more deeply afflicted when he heard this audacious proposal, but nothing counts like *esprit de corps*. At least twenty came and they danced the lancers and quadrille with great repose; we had to repress an Irish jig and Scotch reel for fear that the distinguished group might discover us. The whole thing went off very well. The reputation of my friend was saved, and Louise, a French maid, took charge of the guests with such a distinguished air that I am sure they felt they were in the proper circle. They left early, and there was no way of finding us out, for the gulf then between Fifty-ninth Street and Washington Square was almost impassable. It took us a long time to live down the horror of this proceeding, and I was never asked to one of the *soirées dansantes* after that.

## § 2

I was infatuated with New York in the spring. I could understand Dr. Johnson's love of the sound of bow bells when



I walked down Fifth Avenue to the office in Barclay Street and saw the great masses of pansies blooming in the windows of the Brunswick Hotel and at the Windsor. People may say what they choose about sylvan haunts, but Fifth Avenue on a pleasant spring day in those happy times, when one's attention was divided among photographs of celebrities by Sarony, the celebrities themselves and the outbursts of spring flowers, was a truly vernal place; and then everything was so interesting and so vivid. Politics hardly counted at all; but Mr. Augustin Daly's plans for the next season, Mr. Lester Wallack's last performance, and the success of Mr. Edwin Booth were topics of the utmost moment.

Society, too, had its lure, but one did not read much about it until later when the Vanderbilts gave their great ball for Lady Mandeville, afterwards Duchess of Manchester. The old scandal of the duel between James Gordon Bennett and Fred May was still a topic of desultory conversation, and Miss Jerome's marriage to Sir John Leslie. Miss Edith May's picture in a tableau as *Erin* was shown everywhere as a proof of her remarkable beauty. We were all proud of Miss Marion Langdon, but, as I remember, there were no professional beauties until Mrs. Langtry appeared as a symbol of what England could do.

There was one circle that particularly attracted me and this met in the drawing-room, generally on Thursday nights, of Mrs. John Burke, wife of the greatly respected Dr. Burke of Lexington Avenue. The atmosphere of this house reproduced the air of a salon in one of those fine old Dublin houses in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, where conversation is still very brilliant and extremely varied. Mrs. Burke was of a very old Irish family. She had been bred in Dublin and in Philadelphia, and it was probably the one house in America that still held to traditions which have since entirely disappeared. There was a lack of self-consciousness about the assemblage which gathered for a dinner to a few chosen persons, and a dinner of the kind that you find nowhere now except in the memoirs of Dublin of the middle nineteenth century. There were always delicious boiled fowls with bacon and a bottle of

port that must have made "the angels grieve for their exile in Paradise," as Nugent Robinson said. The Sunday night suppers at Mrs. Irwin's, Mrs. Burke's sister, where everybody was welcome who could talk well and where that same flavour of Irish wit and American humour and lavish hospitality abounded, gave a new flavour to life. And there were, too, the assemblages at Mr. Nugent Robinson's where I remember meeting Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Frank Leslie and Marquis de Lieuville and an eloquent and music-loving woman, "Octavia Hensel," whose real name was Lady Alicia Seymour. She had been instructress in music to one of the Archduchesses of Austria, and I believe her title was given to her so that she might appear at the wedding of the Archduchess Stéphanie. Whatever the title was, she translated it into "lady" and it gave her a picturesque effect. And there was Mrs. John Bigelow, who went everywhere she had a mind to go, and made every young man useful in picking up her gloves or "stretching" for the kind of cake she liked. She was a great favourite, but a very daring personage. She said what she pleased and did what she pleased, but she was the soul of kindness. Once on a crowded stairway at one of the crushes I remember her saying suddenly to me:

"These people will smash my new bustle all to pieces. If I manage to take it off would you hold it for me?" It was a terrible moment. I pretended not to hear; but worse was yet to come. She had taken a fancy to a special kind of salad, and she sent me down twice for an extra portion and then she was seized with a desire that a friend of hers should have some. I shall never forget the fearful mortification of the moment when the butler said in a loud tone, "Go back: yez has been down twice already!"

Mr. John Bigelow we seldom met. He was very much respected, and we never heard amusing stories about him. In fact, he was looked on in the set in which I moved as a very learned man who was weak only in ecclesiastical history, and in his knowledge of what was called casuistry. An attack by him on Padre Gury's *System of Ethics* elicited many rejoinders. Poultney Bigelow was then a star, almost a constella-

tion. He was considered one of the most brilliant men in New York. I met him at a little luncheon club in French's hotel and thought that he was destined for great things.

### § 3

As soon as I was settled in New York, I sought out the Gilders. Mr. Gilder was away at the time but he had left a request with his associate editor, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, lately Ambassador to Italy, that I was to be treated with the greatest consideration and I was. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Mrs. Johnson was looked on as one of the most beautiful young women in New York. She confined herself, perhaps too much, to the very interesting circle which revolved around the *Century Magazine* and made a society of itself. She was never mentioned in the papers with Miss Marion Langdon or the Misses May, but she had a devout *entourage* who celebrated her on every occasion.

Among the beauties of this particular set were Mrs. Clarence Buel and Mrs. Charles deKay. When I first went to New York, Mr. Charles deKay was unmarried; he had just finished his novel, *The Bohemian*, and his three volumes of poems had made a great impression. Later he was Consul-General at Berlin. As a bachelor he was very much sought after and the reason people gave for his abandonment of poetry was that his time was absorbed, after his marriage, in living a great poem.

I had left Philadelphia very much in love—for the first and last time. Having an interest in one young woman only, I was devoted to elderly ladies! Mrs. deKay, Charles deKay's mother, was one of these. Her daughter, Helena deKay, had married Richard Watson Gilder. Drake deKay was celebrated in the annals of the Civil War; her daughter, Julia, was one of the wittiest women in New York. Mrs. deKay was thoroughly cosmopolitan; and yet the atmosphere of New York—old New York—surrounded her. She had strong principles and very rigid prejudices, but the prejudices were all soluble in a sense of humour. I was devoted to her and she rather

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liked me. I would go and sit at her feet, bearing a tight nose-gay of roses and heliotrope surrounded by a fringe of lace paper, on every possible occasion. She was not very fond of the Catholic Church and I made it a point to appeal to my favourite saints as a matter of course, during our conversations. She was very polite about it, but her point of view was never concealed. I was certainly elusive, but whenever I had an opportunity to point out that Henry VIII. was the founder of the Anglican Church, I always took it.

On one occasion, she felt that she was even with me. Miss Julia deKay had returned from a curio shop bearing two or three miniature Buddhas.

"I know what you're going to say, Julia," Mrs. deKay spoke in a loud whisper. "You're going to mention idols, but I warn you not to do it, because Mr. Egan will have no frivolity in connection with them—as everybody knows, they are part of his religion."

I pretended not to hear this, but the old lady's chuckle told me that she believed she had scored!

Another elderly lady whom I met later was likewise the object of my devotion. This was Mrs. O'Rourke of Brooklyn. I never think of her without wondering why divine Providence permits so much worldly experience, so much nobility and so much wit and humour to go into another world when we need these qualities so much in this.

Lawrence Kehoe, a man whose worth has never been thoroughly acknowledged, and I became warm friends. He showered kindnesses upon me; but he always confessed that he was never sure of what I would do next. He knew books thoroughly, and he had much saner and more progressive ideas than most of his contemporaries.

In the beginning, I was rather bewildered and somewhat shocked by the new life, but an unquenchable sense of humour and the ability to take human nature just as I found it soon made me very much at home in my surroundings. I found that my sonnets in *Scribner's* had made a place for me in the literary world of New York; and I was never so proud or so confused in my life as when one of them was read on a Fri-



day night at Mrs. Gilder's. Nobody questioned the assertion that I was a real poet and nobody can imagine how thoroughly a young man enjoys this kind of recognition. It was all embarrassing, but at the same time pleasant.

The Gilders had taken an unoccupied barn near Union Square and made it into a very comfortable place. Their position was so assured that they never had to consider the social eligibility of anybody. It is rather a delicate matter to mention names at this time, as the gorgeous social bloom of many people has faded since the late seventies and the early eighties. Some of the old New Yorkers and a sprinkling of New England Brahmins were generally found at the Gilders on Friday nights. When Modjeska was in town, she and the Count Bozenta invariably appeared after the play; and Mrs. Gilchrist was there frequently, and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose *Haworth's* and *That Lass o' Lowries* had taken the town by storm. The young artists, some of them very great artists now, were usually present. "You'll find everybody interesting at our house," Gilder said. "We adore nice people, from the young painter who goes home to wrap himself in a quilt in a garret to Modjeska or Lowell."

These evenings were the most delightful gatherings I have ever known. Mrs. Gilder brought in her knitting. She had lived in Dresden or Munich and she had something of the simplicity of the German life. There were ladies in evening gowns, and some men with foreign decorations and that kind of thing. At a certain time chocolate and biscuits were served, and everybody stayed until the last moment. In New York at that time there was little lavish entertainment except at formal dinners, and the courses at these seemed to be without end. You imagined that dinner was finished with the sherbet, but that meant it was only to begin again and finally complete itself with the favourite Nesselrode pudding and liqueurs.

On one occasion it had grown very late; nearly all the guests had gone when a few of us who had been asked to stay were informed that Count Bozenta and Modjeska were coming, and that Modjeska was to recite a tirade in Polish from *Cléopâtre*. Miss Julia deKay and I had always been

great pals. Some people were afraid of the lady, for she had a tongue like lightning; but I looked on her as particularly Irish, and we always managed to have an amusing time. There was a great cocoa-matting screen dividing the big room of the studio into two parts, and on this evening Julia and I were sitting just at the end of the screen. Suddenly she said to me:

"I shouldn't be surprised if Helena was not going to offer us any supper to-night, because it's so late. It's nearly half-past twelve." And then, after a look behind the screen, she said, "I was a prophetess. There's Sauterne in an ice-cooler and plates of iced oysters and chicken on the shelf here. I must go soon. Suppose we drop quietly behind the screen and have our supper now."

To hear was to obey. We emptied half the bottle of Sauterne and managed to consume the oysters and some of the chicken. Suddenly Modjeska, still wearing the costume of "Frou-Frou" and her wig, entered accompanied by the Count. Helena Gilder was delighted.

"Before we begin any conversation," she said, "the Count and you must come behind the screen and have something to eat; you are tired."

Julia deKay looked at me with horror-stricken eyes.

"My God," she said, "I must go," and she went, and I followed as quickly as I could. As to what happened after this, we never inquired. It would have been a great mistake for us not to preserve the greatest secrecy. Mrs. Gilder once or twice said:

"You seem to be the only person we know that Julia's afraid of."

And I always said:

"She has reason!"

My experiences as a budding journalist made me feel desolate. At first I was very homesick; I pictured with regret even the Saturday mornings in Philadelphia when every pavement was sopping wet from the hydrants let into the walls of the houses, and I longed for the sight of the boys painting these same pavements with red and scrubbing the stone steps

with marble dust. My experience in Barclay Street did not mitigate this longing for other surroundings.

The proprietor of the paper that I edited, which was illustrated, evidently found me very valuable. Of course I knew nothing of the practical part of newspaper-work, having only once or twice at the request of Mr. McKean of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, who was a friend of my father's, "done" a special article or two. But I could write editorials, dash off verses to suit the pictures, and write on any subject, with the aid of an encyclopedia at any moment.

Strange as it may appear, the weekly took a sudden turn towards success after I had been editing it and writing for it for about a month, and the success continued. The proprietor disappeared as a rule with the weekly profits on Friday night and seldom returned until Monday. This left on me the burden of the finances, but he always excused himself by saying that he never had a really good idea until he had consumed three glasses of whisky. I am afraid at this time I was journalistic rather than scrupulous. My friend, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, had not as yet practically created the copyright bill. We took what we considered our own wherever we found it. And most of our pictures were lifted bodily from the *London Illustrated News*, the *Graphic*, *L'Illustration*, and *Le Monde Illustré*. I was always ready either to translate or to interpret or to invent a suitable text for these pictures. Sometimes we made mistakes. One day my proprietor announced that he had discovered just before we went to press a lovely full page very appropriate to the Commencement season of the Convent schools. I had not yet learned to suspect his taste and it was too late for me to see the proof of the illustration. I set to work at once and produced two columns on the rosebud garden of girls, the beauty of life in the Convent schools with learned allusions to Madame de Maintenon and the young French marquises at Saint Cyr. And then I went home to dress for dinner at the Johnson's, and to forget all about work.

The storm broke the next day. My owner, whose taste, as I say, was not impeccable, and who admired some of the ladies

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of the ballet, had chosen a full page picture of Nell Gwynne very much *décolleté*. It took us some time to set ourselves right. No explanation could be made; no real excuse could be given and I think that the proprietor made a paragraph in which he explained that the plate had been admitted through "inadvertence."

A Portuguese paper published in Brazil called *O Novo Mundo* failed, and I bought hundreds of yards of their plates. These were very useful to us. On one occasion, a *pièce de circonstance* was needed in a great hurry. I read in the telegrams that there was a row going on in Mesopotamia. A plate was suddenly chosen. The rough proof showed mountains and lakes—geographical formations known to exist in Mesopotamia! We sent the picture to press labelled "A Scene in Modern Mesopotamia." When the paper came out a group of Scotch Highlanders doing a sword dance was plainly evident in the foreground. The worst thing that ever happened to us was when my owner, who had promised to provide a cut for an emergency, appeared with nothing. The foreman, a very intelligent man, called out that there was a great fire in Rome, and that we had a cut which might easily be changed somewhat to make it appear as though flames were bursting from the Coliseum and St. Peter's. This was done in great haste. It turned out, however, that the fire was really in Rome, New York.

Notwithstanding all this, success attended the venture—that is, moderate success. Our subscribers in Canada began to increase in number, and then we ran in Canadian scenes, or scenes that were equally good. My leaders began to attract attention. Mr. James A. McMaster, editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, and even Mr. Charles A. Dana said that they were clever—McMaster because they were "malicious," and Mr. Dana because they were well written and ingenuous. The more success we had, the greater grew my responsibility and the more the proprietor shifted his. At last, I insisted on taking a vacation in Philadelphia, with the promise, however, to return to Barclay Street at some later time. I continued, however, to write leaders on any subject that occurred to me.



## § 4

The old Philadelphia group of medical students, young lawyers and poets like John Arthur Henry and John Acton and David Cerna had been broken up. Harrison Morris, whose influence was widening, seemed to be absorbed in art, although occasionally he wrote a thoroughly admirable poem. It was quite evident that Philadelphia, growing larger, was beginning to change. Mr. George H. Boker was still a name to conjure with; Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was a luminous star on the horizon. Later his little club, the Franklin Inn, became the gathering-place of the wits. On one occasion at a small dinner, I received a compliment from him which was not valued so highly by my colleagues as by myself. The wine glasses were of the old-fashioned kind—a pale green for hock, a ruddy one for Bordeaux and an especially shaped one, enormous in diameter, for the *champagne fine*. The Doctor, observing, I think, that most of the guests were more devoted to spirits than to wine and showed little care for the appropriateness of the glasses, said:

“Mr. Egan holds the best traditions. He does not seem to think that a man’s education in *gourmandise* ends when he knows how to drink a Scotch highball.”

Dr. Mitchell’s story of the French Revolution—*The Famous Adventures of François*—drew me very closely to him. We had only one difference of opinion. I disliked very greatly his description of the treacherous David’s picture of Marie Antoinette, as she went to her execution. It seemed like a desecration of nobility and dignity.

William S. Walsh gave very agreeable little suppers at a café opposite the Walnut Street Theatre, where one very often met the clever Garrison boys and Dan Dawson, a real poet who died too early. Dawson had been at La Salle College with me. He was an athlete and as strong as he was skilful. The horrible result of one of his feats of strength occurred when we were still freshmen. He had been having tea at our house and I was asked to leave a note somewhere in Washington Avenue. Owing to the economy of the municipality, Washington Avenue was a very dark street. It had boasted

of lights for a time during the Civil War when the troops on their way to the field of battle and back, were railroaded through it, but had gone dark again. It was impossible to make out the number of the house at which I was expected to leave the note. We guessed at it and Dan, with a high leap, caught the transom in his hands. He made out the number, but the transom, glass and all, fell to the ground leaving me to explain as the door opened. It was difficult; and an amiable voice informed us that it was not usual to prelude the delivery of notes by smashing property in this way. It took over a month's pocket money to pay the damage. Dan's parents were supposed to be rich, but they kept him on a very short allowance; he made what amends he could by buying extra cream puffs—a delectable kind of pastry which we sometimes ate with pepper because certain personages in the *Arabian Nights* used that condiment on cream cakes. It was a sacrifice, but we believed it gave us an air of romance—besides, it staved off the hungry horde who always desired to share with us. Later, in 1879, Dan Dawson came into his fortune and he was described as one of the *jeunesse dorée*. He still wrote, but he boxed more often.

My own people had become more detached from life than ever. Our house was like a little island—or rather like a place in the Ghetto as described in some of the Italian cities. The small parlour was walled with heavy gilded paper; the water lilies still looked up from their green background; the old engravings still held their places; not one piece of the egg-shell china had been broken; and the carefully grained mahogany doors were washed with cold tea usually every week. The garden had lost some of its beauty. The lilies-of-the-valley and the star of Bethlehem had entirely disappeared. The ancient Isabella grapevine bore very little and the climbing prairie rose—the only member of the rose family I could never endure, since it was scentless and turned to an ugly purple just before it dropped—was growing more sparsely. The Japanese quince, a new importation, and some camellias which never bloomed, had taken the place of the heliotrope and mignonette beds. Either the soil had not been renewed or the density of

population had made a difference in the atmosphere; but the beautiful garden was no more!

There was, however, compensation. I had fallen in love a year or two before and I continued to be very much in love; my first offering on St. Valentine's Day was received favourably. It has been set to music many times and here it is:

### LIKE A LILAC

Like a lilac in the spring,  
Is my love, my lady love;  
Purple-white the lilacs fling  
Scented blossoms from above.  
So my love, my lady love,  
Throws soft glances on my heart;  
Ah, my dainty lady love,  
Every glance is Cupid's dart.

Like a pansy in the spring,  
Is my love, my lady love;  
For her velvet eyes oft bring  
Golden fancies from above.  
Ah, my heart is pansy bound  
By those eyes so tender true:  
Balmy heart's-ease have I found,  
Dainty lady love, in you.

Like a changeful month of spring  
Is my love, my lady love.  
Sunshine comes and glad birds sing,  
Then a rain cloud floats above.  
So your moods change with the wind  
Or the colours of the dove;  
All the sweeter to my mind,  
For the changes, lady love.

I am still of the opinion that there is no finer love poem in the English language than Tennyson's *Maud* no matter what the ultra-moderns may say. It is unequal naturally, but the lines which always appealed to me and which to-day I recite with as much fervour as I did when the lady of my thoughts became my wife in 1880 are:

Had I lain for a century dead my heart would hear her and beat  
And blossom in purple and red.

The charm, and I must say, the varying April-like caprices of the lady kept me very much engaged until I returned to New York with the understanding that I was to become a Benedict in September, 1880.

## § 5

After this, life took on a new illumination and became even more interesting than it had been before. The Authors' Club had been formed, and in connection with it was the Fencing Association in which Charles deKay was the leading spirit. Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Henry James, though not very often, and Mr. Brander Matthews I remember meeting for the first time at this little club, where the fencing master served claret-cup and sandwiches some time before midnight. It was a pleasant place for conversation, not too much shop, and I recall that George Parsons Lathrop was one of the most brilliant of the talkers when he chose to hold forth. H. C. Bunner was then at the height of his vogue.

Henry Harland, whose *nom de plume* then was Sidney Luska, talked admirably. He had written several novels of Jewish life, among which was *Yoke of the Torah*. It was the first attempt made by any American to represent the life of the Jewish middle classes in New York, and most of us admired his work greatly. It was neither satirical nor ironical, and was free from caricature. For some reason or other this series of novels stopped and I did not hear of him again until he became one of the contributors to the *Yellow Book* and the author of the exquisite *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, *My Friend Prospero* and *The Lady Paramount*. There was a great gulf between the Sidney Luska of the eighties and the Henry Harland of later years.

Speaking of the later developments of the *Yellow Book*, its ruin was brought about by the announcement in the London papers that Oscar Wilde, after his conviction, carried a copy



of the *Yellow Book* in his hand. It happened to be a yellow book, but not *the Yellow Book*. It was really Pierre Louys's *Aphrodite*, which might very easily strike the fancy of the author of *The Portrait of Dorian Gray*. The publisher of the *Yellow Book*, Mr. John Holt, suffered greatly from this mistake. The British public would have none of it, and no appeals on behalf of the artistic intentions of the publisher availed. Its contributors, too, deserted it.

The members of the Authors' Club were rather conservative. There were small coteries among them, of one of which Mr. Edgar Saltus was a member and Mr. Edgar Fawcett "the Master." I remember taking an Oxford man to the club one evening when Stedman, Gilder, and W. J. Henderson, the music critic, were present. He was quite astonished, and he said, "Really, your literary people look as if they had money in their pockets and very good addresses." Mr. Lawrence Hutton was especially pointed out by him as a person who would be very well received in any circle at Oxford—and, of course, in London.

When Oscar Wilde dawned on the New York public—Du Maurier in *Punch* and Mr. Sam Ward in New York had been excellent publicity agents—there was much curiosity to see him. To me he seemed to be fat and uninteresting, and his black knee-breeches and glowing sunflower appeared unnecessary for a man of real talent and brilliancy would easily have been accepted without these tawdry accessories. It seemed as if the artificial essay which, like the comedy of artifice, has its value, was about to be revived by him and some of his poetry was certainly what Henry James called "the real thing." Nugent Robinson gave some parties for him at which I think I saw Mrs. Langtry who resembled a very full blown but beautifully tinted rose. Mrs. Frank Leslie, then an arbitress of poetry in certain circles, was accompanied by her fiancé, the Marquis de Lieuville, who was kind enough to present the appreciative with leaves torn out of his book and his name signed to the verses. It is needless to say that the society which did not go in for brilliancy rather ignored this group. I recall that Mrs. Fortescue, who afterwards married Mr.

Robert Roosevelt, had Oscar Wilde in for tea. He used the word "consummate" very often, had a good appetite and when Mrs. Fortescue's boys arrived and their mother complained that their shoes were dusty, he said, in his sweetly appealing tone, "Only the bloom of youth!"

Society had not yet been consolidated into the "Smart Set," but this consolidation took place a few years later when the Astors and their followers accepted invitations to the ball given by one of the Vanderbilts for Consuelo Yznaga. Then the scattered clans gathered together; Mr. Ward McAllister's epoch began. It was a time when the actress in vogue held a much greater place in the public attention than any of the ladies chronicled as being a part of society. Mr. Augustin Daly seldom permitted "his young people" of the beautiful sex to appear in Broadway or even in Fifth Avenue; but when they did there was always evidence of great excitement. This was shortly after the time of the tremendous vogue of Clara Morris and Agnes Ethel and Kate Claxton. I can recall now the sobs heard during various performances of the latter's rôle in *The Two Orphans*. The appearance of Mr. Booth in the streets was looked on as an event, and Mr. Augustin Daly's sombrero of black felt was a symbol of the value of theatrical art. It was worth while to go to Delmonico's where one was sure to see all the celebrities of the day at one time or other. It seems to me that the sense of detachment that I had acquired in my own home gave me an added pleasure in watching and hearing these celebrities, as if they were part of a delightful passing show, and I had a sense too that they were continuous with the past and that their influence would be evident in the future.

What I liked best about the theatre was that it preserved the English traditions, which we Philadelphians had learned to value through the presence of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew. It gave me great comfort, when I went to Mr. Daly's and he presented not merely his translations from Sardou and the *Frou-Frous* and *Fernandes*, but English comedies as well, to know that his prompter had at his finger-ends the technical traditions of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons. Joe Jefferson, with-

out talking or writing much about art, studied his technique as carefully as Coquelin or any of Coquelin's predecessors in the Comédie Française. There was no question, however, as to whom the younger people regarded as the first of living actors. This was Edwin Booth.

Every now and then a play would appear written by an American which was hailed as a masterpiece, but the trouble with some of these plays was that they were moulded too much on the form of the English comedy of the time. This, for instance, was a defect in Miss Jeannette Gilder's play, *Lemons*, probably now altogether forgotten except by the "research workers."

In the early eighties Miss Jeannette Gilder was an important figure. She was very unlike her brother Richard. He resembled a well-bred Italian, distinguished, gentle and with the proper air of reserve when reserve was the proper thing. His sister Jeannette was tall and of rather masculine appearance. I recall now the first time I met her. I was honoured by my hostess with the request to see her home safely. When Miss Gilder appeared in a very rough and long ulster, topped by a derby hat, and informed me that she was not afraid to go anywhere at night because she sometimes carried a little revolver, I had every reason to believe that *I* was being taken home. She had excellent taste, a practical business sense, the extremest loyalty to her friends, a rather haughty air for her critics, and she was the devout friend of the poor and struggling. She created *The Critic* and no sham could long continue once she had an opportunity of scorching it. She was much more amused than I was when, in the course of our walk home, I offered her some fried oysters and a cup of coffee in a very excellent restaurant and the waiter asked:

"What will your gentleman friend have?"

She never forgot the incident and frequently reproached me for having decoyed her into a café where they offered you red napkins! Jeannette Gilder always found a means of helping the friends of her friends; and the literary aspirant must have been almost entirely without merit if she could not find a way of assisting him.

I fell into great disgrace with Mr. Edgar Fawcett and his little circle of serious minds by describing to Miss Gilder the thickness of the incense and the praises which the *Cénacle* had bestowed on my *Cyclops to Galatea*. Miss Gilder asked me if she might make a paragraph of it. I saw no reason why she should not, as the joke seemed to be on "the promising young poet" who was I; she did it too well and I was forever barred out of the little temple where Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Saltus and half a dozen others, whose names I have forgotten, read *rondeaux* and *ballades* to one another.

Mr. Saltus was luridly clever, and without his pose as a fearfully sophisticated *boulevardier*, he was worth listening to. There was something gorgeously Byzantine and rather decadent in his conversation.

It was about this time that I became assistant editor of the *Catholic Review*, a weekly created by Mr. P. V. Hickey, formerly of the *New York World*, and intended as a paper for Catholic gentlemen written by Catholic gentlemen. Mr. Hickey was delighted when this phrase was applied to his weekly; he would not have dared to utter it publicly himself because the majority of his clientèle would have looked on it as snobbish. A remarkably interesting and well-informed woman, Mrs. Homer Martin, had with Mr. Gerard, of the *New York Graphic*, supplied the paragraphs and editorials which created a healthy demand for the *Review*. This paper was an innovation in the field of Catholic journalism. Hitherto the Catholic editor had appealed either to the Irish sentiment of his public or had stimulated interest in his publication by the most violent political or theological polemics. The tone of all journalism was indescribably violent. Duelling having gone out of fashion and the law of libel being somewhat intangible, an editor might call his opponent anything he liked when he differed with him in opinion.

Mr. Hickey was not only learned, but a charitable and reasonable man. He fell into the mistake, however, of secluding himself within a Chinese wall, the portals of which were carefully guarded by the honourable members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in Ireland. It is my duty to avow that I tried to



change this, with a certain success; whereupon Mr. Hickey, emboldened by the unusual returns in money, unhappily began the publication of an illustrated weekly which, as he said very firmly, should be "a carefully edited scrap-book." It was quite plain to me that a scrap-book enlivened very often by lengthy pastoral letters from various Irish bishops could not last long.

As I had no financial responsibility to my family, my father having always lived well within his means, and as my income (not, however, from Catholic journalism) was increasing, the economic aspect of my marriage presented no difficulty, and we were married as we had planned. From that moment I was a most fortunate man. The family of my wife had led a detached life in Philadelphia, too; we were very different; it was predicted that the marriage must turn out unhappily because we neither liked the same books, knew the same people, nor enjoyed the same amusements. One thing, however, was certain—we loved each other and we had the good sense not to attempt to mould each other's taste. My wife chose her own books—I think the only book we agreed to like was *Le Récit d'Une Sœur*, by Mrs. Craven. Some of her old friends bored me, and some of my literary friends astonished her; but we let it go at that. She was not fond of sea voyages, and occasionally I was sent off for a trip in the summer while she sojourned peaceably on the New Jersey coast among her old friends.

## CHAPTER VI

### § I

IT was not difficult to adjust our moderate means to life in New York, for we had been brought up in circles which never troubled themselves about luxuries that could be had for money. Life was very simple, but never mean or sordid. Of course, I saw at once that it would be necessary to withdraw from participation in the gaities of New York, moderate as they were at that time. Besides, New York to my wife was an unknown world and not an especially attractive one to a young woman who had always looked on her little circle of Philadelphia friends and neighbours as necessary to the happiness of living.

The matter was easily arranged. We went to live on the Heights in Brooklyn. We became quite sufficient to ourselves. It was concluded by some of my dearest friends in New York and the gayest, that we lived in darkest Africa—without even the excitement of meeting cannibals!

It may seem strange that we did not, as people usually do in novels, find ourselves dazzled by the brilliancy of the metropolis. An elderly friend of ours offered to secure us invitations to the great Vanderbilt ball, and kindly proposed that we should go under her wing. Even this offered no temptations to us, although the old lady said that my wife might go as “Cleopatra” because she possessed an evening gown of the colour called *eau de Nile*! Later she informed us that although the ball was a great success, the host and hostess had not been careful to have a cordon put around the house, as was done in Paris, and when she descended from her carriage, attired in great splendour, a voice from the rabble had called out: “Holy Moses!” and her irate coachman—having heard much of the character she was to assume—was obliged to respond: “No, Madame de Pompadour.”

The sunsets over the river on the Heights were lovely beyond

words and we saw Mr. and Mrs. Beecher on their way every Sunday morning to Plymouth Church. Later, I found him a most sympathetic person; he loved jewels and little children, and my daughter, Patricia, became a great favourite of his.

Shortly after my marriage, I became associated with the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and then the tumult of life really began. In fact, I led a double life. On one side was Barclay Street where ecclesiastical polemics spouted at white heat, and on the other the companionship of the group connected with the *Century Magazine*, where life concerned itself with all pleasant things. My wife and I had not secluded ourselves entirely from New York. There were several houses which we visited regularly, the first of which was the *ménage* of the Robert Underwood Johnsons and there was the hospitable Mrs. Burke.

The coming of Patricia made it necessary to get nearer to Prospect Park. We found ourselves with wide open spaces around us. Our scattered neighbours then were mostly of some Evangelical denomination; and they called at once, most of them. But a heavy blow was given our attempts to return their hospitality. Henry Collins Walsh and Jim Huneker, both irreproachable Philadelphians in my wife's eyes, were invited to a party given in honour of our neighbours. There was claret punch and a small orchestra; but a damper fell on the festivities when the leading lady told us that her present husband, from whom she was getting a divorce, had taken to drink, and that she could not allow the young gentleman who accompanied her and whom she intended to marry after a divorce had been obtained, to drink at all! I asked one of the other ladies to waltz but she said emphatically: "No, it makes trouble in families." Huneker found this all very amusing yet he left early. The next time he came he stayed late because Henry George happened to come in.

§ 2

Mrs. Huneker, Jim's mother, had put him in my care, with the strict instruction that I should see that he went to Mass

every Sunday. It was not an easy task to be *in loco parentis* to the future author of some amazing books; but he had not become an author yet. He was a pianist, possessing a fund of reminiscences that rivalled the most flamboyant kaleidoscope. He liked very much to come to our house, and as he belonged to a very orthodox group in Philadelphia, my wife saw that he was well taken care of, although she disapproved very greatly of some of his conversational parentheses. Because of his assertion that he was thoroughly familiar with the ways of the Parisian Catholics, she used to let him have a bottle of claret and a beefsteak for breakfast. She was very much interested in helping to secure musical engagements for him, as she wanted him to be reunited with his first wife. He played with great technical brilliancy and we endeavoured to impress various ladies who wanted music for their afternoons and *soirées* with the fact that he had had the tendons of his little fingers cut in order to give him the greatest stretch! This was considered *le dernier cri* and on this ground I was able on one or two occasions to secure fifty dollars from the newly rich, whereas, as an ordinary pianist, he could have had only twenty-five.

He was not tractable. A *matinée* had been arranged for him in one of the Washington Square houses where we thought he would be "made." But he refused to play when he understood that the hostess did not possess a Steinway grand. The truth was that there was a *matinée* of *Tristan and Isolde* that afternoon and he was willing to give up the beginning of his career in order to enjoy that opera. On another occasion, an adventurous hostess who had never had professional musicians in her house told us that she would engage him for an evening. He could not appear, however, because it was a gala opera night, in his opinion, and he had pawned his evening suit in order to be present. He never recovered from the expression of horror on my face when he told me this; he never mentioned it afterwards without chuckling.

His mother and I exchanged frequent letters as to his progress. There was much which I had to suppress in his career at this time which his relatives might not have approved.



However, it was not my business to alarm a fond mother though I was later informed that that famous wit, his brother Paul, had read many gay things between the lines to the benefit of the family. As I have said, Mrs. Huneker was a devout Catholic and one of the most gentle, finely serious and loyal women that ever lived. It was her son Paul who originated the story which has since been attributed to various other sources. Paul, it seems, had been rather remiss in his religious duties. Easter came and Mrs. Huneker begged him to obey the rule of the Church and to go to confession. When he returned he found her, of course, delighted.

"I had a terrible fright though, mother," he said. "After I had finished my story, the priest left the confessional box for a moment and I was sure that he had gone for a policeman!"

The elder Huneker's collection of prints was distinctly worth while. His taste in this line and in music was exquisite. Jim Huneker absolutely venerated his mother and he had tremendous respect for his brother John who is now one of the arbiters of elegance at the Arts Club of Philadelphia; but he most often quoted Paul. One of his favourite stories was descriptive of the dismay of his mother's confessor, a Jesuit, who on a pastoral visit to the hospitable house of the Hunekers found Jim reading Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal* with the *Heptameron* within his reach!

It did not take me long to discover that the piano was not Jim Huneker's *métier*. Music, after all, was to him merely an accompaniment to life. On Thursday nights, he generally appeared with some new story of the vagaries of the New Yorkers. His curiosity was illimitable, and it seemed to me his power of expressing what he had seen and heard was beyond that of anybody who ever spoke in English. There was not only the bond of affection between us—though we were extremely dissimilar—but an urgent desire on my part to keep my promise to his mother, and to put him in the way of earning a living. Hitherto, his parents had been very generous to him and at this time he was married. I steered him, as well as I could, into the ways of literary expression. It seemed to me that he was certain to succeed, although he had no busi-

ness capacity whatever—a capacity more necessary then for success in the career of writing for the public than genius.

His death has left an unfilled place—a place which cannot be filled. I never go to the Metropolitan Opera House without feeling that a stimulating quality in the atmosphere is lacking. Before I went West he dined with me frequently at an Italian restaurant called Colombo's. I remember asking him to meet Julian Hawthorne but, as I recall, he thought that Julian Hawthorne was too "Anglo-Saxon" for him! He disliked dinner parties and though he would always come cheerfully to us over in Brooklyn, it was hard to induce him to go to a formal dinner or to any club. He was not exactly a *gourmet*, although he accused me of being one because I did not look on the terrapin and pepperpot of the famous Mr. McGown, in Philadelphia, as more desirable than sole *à la Margery*.

One time at a dinner given by one of our pet hostesses in New York, who was celebrated as a great beauty, Huneker started out well but he finished himself very soon. He was seated at her left.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Huneker," she said, "I should be in despair if I should lose my beauty. My husband would cease to love me and I should commit suicide."

"Oh, don't let that trouble you," he said, "as you've been married two years, by this time he probably doesn't know whether you're a Hottentot or a Venus."

The Danish writer, Georg Brandes, was very much flattered when Huneker dedicated a book to him, and as I was at that time American Minister to Denmark, I had the pleasure of presenting it to the Dean of Scandinavian letters. Brandes was not especially fond of the writings of Americans, and was rather cynical in his estimate of all literature that did not appeal to his sense of beauty; but I judge that Huneker was an exception—and then he knew the byways of French literature so well. Huneker had not written anything important when Matthew Arnold made his visit to New York and gave the Authors' Club its motto: *Chacun à son métier*.

I longed to show Huneker off before the English visitor

who seemed to us rather ice-bound and often painfully bored, but I could not induce Jim to meet him because at a concert in a private house, where Mr. and Mrs. Arnold had been guests, he had heard Arnold whisper to his wife in the most sympathetic moment of one of Huneke's favourite Chopin *études*: "I think, my dear, we ought to get out of this hole to-morrow on the nine o'clock train." This might have been a jocosity on the part of Arnold or perhaps it was merely invented. However, I felt that Arnold would have been impressed by Huneke's brilliance and his intimate knowledge of the poetical and musical side of some of the remote French writers whom, it was supposed, only the great Arnold knew.

It was to my sonnet on *Maurice de Guérin* that I owed a gleam of sunlight from the apostle of sweetness and light, whom I revered as a most distinguished, if not a really great, poet. Arnold prided himself, they told me, on his being the first Englishman to discover *Le Centaure* of de Guérin and my sonnet seemed to please and surprise him.

"Where are you from?" he asked me, in a kindly tone.

"From Philadelphia," I answered rather proudly.

"And yet I find the sextet of your sonnet so fine," he answered reproachfully.

Promptly I revenged myself by asking after the health of his brother, Thomas Arnold, who had turned Catholic to the horror of that amiable Pagan. His tone gave me to understand that he would have been glad to place any kind of wreath over this relative for whom I inquired with such ardour. The memoirs of Mrs. Humphry Ward show why the rest of the Arnolds were not rapturously devoted to the father of the author of *Robert Elsmere*.

Perhaps some hostess with the unusual talent and understanding of the late Mrs. James T. Field made Arnold reveal his real qualities during his stay in the United States; but to us he seemed to belong to that class of Englishmen who feel that in order not to be offensive they must be defensive and avoid intimate contact with the minds of their cousins across the sea. If Matthew Arnold's visit did not add to his personal popularity among us, it is to be hoped that it never induced

any of us to undervalue the really exquisite quality of this master of literary expression.

## § 3

My days and some of my nights were very full in the eighties. Mr. James A. McMaster was my chief. He was the terror of amateur theologians and the censor of *all* theologians. My wife was a close friend of his daughter Gertrude, who afterwards became a Carmelite nun. Why he chose me to be his "associate" and, as he often said, his successor, passes all understanding. His father had been a Highlander, a Presbyterian minister in Northern New York, and McMaster, even after his conversion to the Catholic Church, still remained a Scot and a Highlander and something of a Calvinist. And he looked every inch of both. He was much over six feet high with an enormous chest which he said had been developed in his manhood by the process of bleeding. He was opposed to most of the modern methods of medicine, and he held to the firm belief that judicious bleeding would cure almost any disease. He had large and piercing dark eyes which, when used against criminals—that is, all who differed from him in opinion—were really very terrible. I think he knew of me first from some Philadelphia friends of whom he approved. He disliked my poetry—both he and Matthew Arnold and even Mr. Charles A. Dana had objected to my putting into a sonnet the phrase, "honey-hearted suckle" instead of plain honey-suckle—however, he liked my prose and said frankly that I was fitted to succeed him, not because I knew anything, but because I was so "malicious"—in the French sense.

In 1880 the *Freeman's Journal*, which had been a power, was declining. Like all important periodicals of that time, it felt the change in the public attitude toward personal journalism. Interest in "editorials" was waning; news was becoming more important. Nobody cared very much what Horace Greeley said. Henry Watterson still held his old prestige, but with the exception of Mr. Dana, nobody really cared what any other editor thought.



My chief had been a veritable thunderer. He had taken the side of the South during the Civil War and had been imprisoned in Fort Lafayette. He was an inordinate champion of States' Rights and at the same time was devoted to the Spanish monarchy as represented by Don Carlos. If he could have brought it about he would have made the temporal power of the Pope an article of faith. He hated everything in the Church which was not ultramontane. Dupanloup he despised; he held Montalembert in equal contempt; and as for those American bishops who believed that the definition of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope was inopportune, he frequently said that he did not know where they were, but he knew very well where they ought to be!

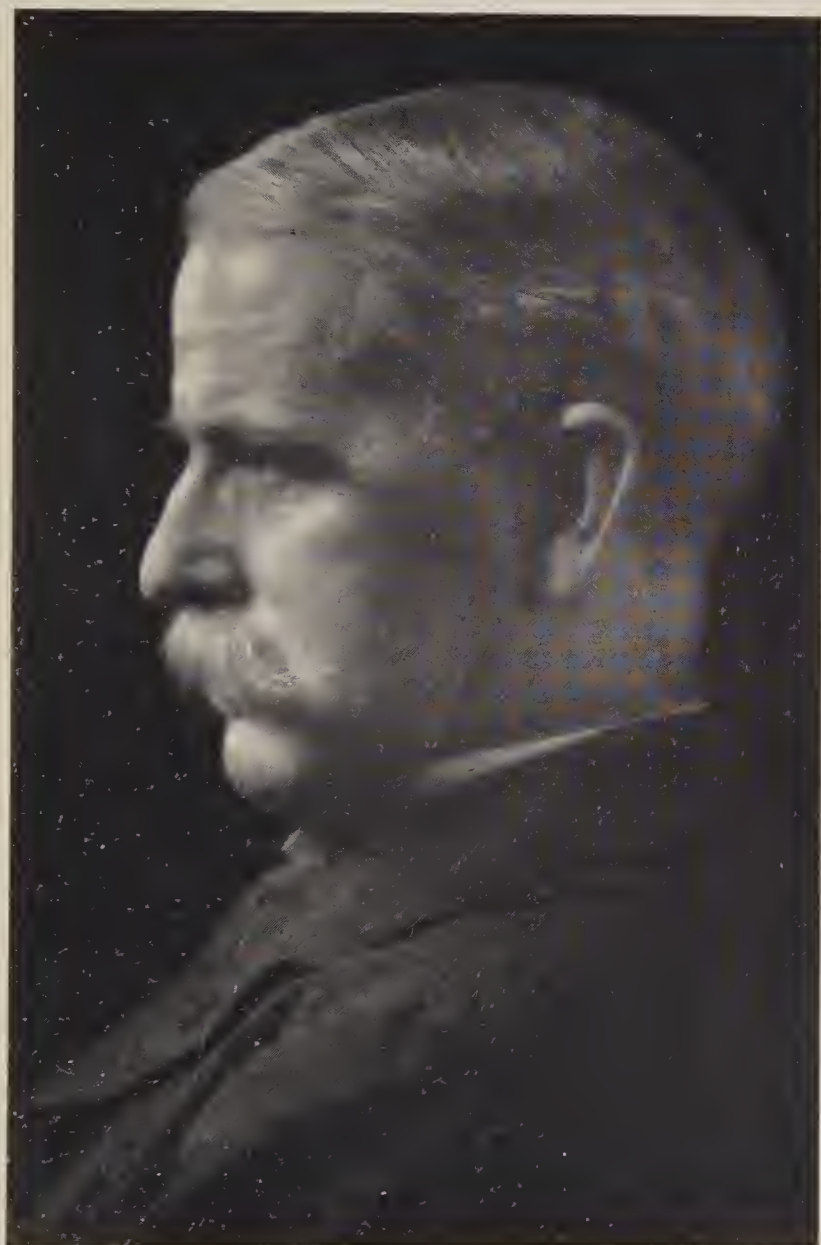
After his conversion he had gone to the establishment of the Redemptorists in Belgium with the intention of becoming a priest. He must have proved a handful though he never said so. He often told me how gently the reverend Fathers had tried to persuade him that a genius of his kind was more fitted for the world. After he had come back to the United States he married a very lovely gentlewoman, Miss Fetterman, of Pennsylvania, and to her and to his children he was the kindest, the most tolerant, the most sympathetic husband and father possible. In fact, he always seemed to think that his children could do no wrong. He adored them, and they returned his adoration. The three girls all entered convents; his son, whom he had intended for the priesthood, became a useful citizen of Chicago.

As for myself, he treated me much of the time as if I had been a bit of Dresden china. In the early days, I acquired the habit of resigning, but he imagined that I was indispensable to him, and a queer, delicate, violet-like person, only malicious in the pursuit of my profession. He occasionally complained that I had the worst temper in the world and that I actually forced him to forgive things he would have forgiven nobody else. This was a paradox, but he was full of paradoxes. When I speak of his having hatreds, I use hatred entirely in the sense in which good Christians use that term when they feel that evil principles are embodied in a human being. Of

Americans I cannot say which he hated the more, General Sherman or General Rosecrans. He did not love Cardinal Newman. I think he secretly hoped that the founder of the Congregation of St. Paul, Father Hecker, might some day be found guilty of heresy. Then McMaster would put him right and receive him into the fold again. In the beginning, he had a prejudice against Pope Leo XIII. as, he said, Pope Leo had quoted a line from Catullus in his first Encyclical! Pius IX. was one of his idols. Although a staunch upholder of the Constitution of the United States, with the exception of the fifteenth amendment, he cherished the idea that Mexico would have been happy had there been an emperor in that country. He had many adherents who followed him through thick and thin. When he was supporting violently the cause of Don Carlos in Spain he received many letters and postal cards of approval. One in particular, I remember. It read: "Hurrah for Dan Collins, whoever he is, and to hell with his enemies!"

Persons who were not *gratis* approached our office with bated breath. Major John D. Keiley, late of Brooklyn, and brother of Anthony Keiley of Richmond, Virginia; Mr. Patrick and Mr. Stephen Farrelly and Colonel John McAnerney, and, of the younger set, Mr. Thomas Meehan, were always sure of a cordial welcome. It was my business to appear at the office before ten o'clock and to receive such guests as dared to approach the sacred precincts—for most of them really left all hope behind. At the same time, McMaster was most charitable, but not in words. No really poor and deserving person ever left his presence without alms or help given graciously. One of his special favourites among the priests—he frankly disliked and suspected priests who were not Redemptorists—was an old chaplain, Father Duranquet, of the Tombs. This old gentleman had been so long the consoler of the prisoners that he had apparently no interest whatever in anybody who was not a murderer. I spent many agreeable hours with him while he waited for the Chief.

"And how about Carita Delposmina who killed her mother-in-law and stabbed her husband?"



© Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

HENRY VAN DYKE

Recently United States Minister to The Hague



REV. THOMAS E. WALSH, C.S.C.  
President of Notre Dame during Mr. Egan's  
connection with the University



REV. DANIEL E. HUDSON, C.S.C.  
Editor of "The Ave Maria"



THE LILACS

The cottage occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Egan during their  
residence at Notre Dame

*Courtesy of Notre Dame University*



"Ah, poor child," he said, "she has such a sweet disposition and her relatives provoked her beyond endurance. And I will say this for her, she never utters any bad language."

"But what of that horrible creature, Dietrich, who committed half a dozen murders in Five Points?"

"Poor young man!" the chaplain would say, "he has now learned to say his prayers very well, and he seldom swears, and then he was so badly brought up."

A more charitable man never existed than this old priest. McMaster treated him with distinguished consideration and never refused any favour to him that he could grant.

Orestes A. Brownson belonged to the coterie of converts of which McMaster was one. This coterie, I was informed by McMaster, had many pleasant discussions at breakfasts given by a Mr. Arthur Carey.

"Be careful of Brownson's teaching," McMaster said to me many times; "you are, perhaps, inclined to Neo-Pelagianism and you must avoid the society of that kind of person; Brownson is an ontologist!"

On one occasion, I was forced to shake my fist under his chin and say to him:

"You idiot, have you *seen* God?"

As I never discovered who the Neo-Pelagians were, and as the difference between ontologism and anti-ontologism concerned me less than the pronunciation of "Jacques" in my last sonnet on *As You Like It*, I escaped the frightful fate which McMaster had predicted for me.

When I told him that I was not the man for his paper because I was an indifferent philosopher and an inadequate theologian, he said:

"That's probably true, but you will find that most people among our constant readers are more ignorant than you. Just follow the course of reading I'll map out for you."

The course of reading, as I remember, consisted of De Maistre's *Du Pape* and the mystical works of Grignon de Montfort!

As McMaster grew older he felt, as many artists do, that he must emphasise his specialty. For many years, it consisted in

violent attacks against anything he considered unorthodox in religion or in politics. He had a few old friends and his routine varied very little. He lunched generally at Mouquin's and after dinner in the evening, or before dinner if he was dining at home, met some of these at the Astor House. I was frequently discovered doing what derisive youth called a "startled-hare racket," to save myself from being borne to the Astor House and, over whisky and Apollinaris, forced to listen to conversation or rather monologues which began with the qualities of Plancus as consul, and ended with a long story of the iniquities of the Republican party!

The New York *Freeman's Journal* held something of its own. The novelty of my style and the audacious freshness—"freshness" is the word—of my leaders corrected the falling off of the subscribers, occasioned very largely by a violence of expression which was going out of fashion. My principal business on Monday nights was to get hold of my Chief's proofs, after he had gone to the Astor House, and to cut out all expressions that I deemed, to say the least, improper. I tremble now when I think of the things I might have let him say; and I shiver when I think of my own audacity. I never hesitated to translate an encyclical of the Pope from the French of *L'Univers*. My conscience was relieved because McMaster always corrected it by the Latin text. But I congratulate myself on one thing. In a series of leaders on *Flasks and Flowers* I managed to tell the truth so frankly that the low taverns which clustered about Calvary Cemetery were finally closed. Before this, it was no unusual thing to see the mourners at a funeral rush, after the ceremony at the grave, into these dens, and come out with well-filled flasks, much the worse for potations intended to drown their grief. It was a dreadful scandal. One of the publishers in Barclay Street remonstrated against my sarcasms on the conduct of the pious populace. I said to him: "You do not find shocking things of that kind taking place near non-Catholic burying-grounds."

"You have no heart," he said, "don't you know that the Devil never tempts his own? It's the poor Catholics he's after."

During the period of my associate editorship of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, I kept up almost ceaseless literary work. I wrote book reviews for the New York *Times*, sometimes for the *North American Review*, conducted for a year or two The Bulletin in *Harper's Magazine*; occasionally at the request of Mr. Dana, I wrote for the *Sun*. I think he would have taken me on the *Sun* as an editorial writer as, having trimmed me terribly for the use of certain solecisms and careless proof-reading, he said that Mr. Howells and I were the only Americans who wrote a good English style! In regard to myself everybody knows that this was a hallucination, but I had no fear that anybody would contradict him, for he had the courage of his convictions and of his prejudices. I was, too, a monthly contributor to the *Catholic World*, but I think that the reputation among persons I really cared for was founded on an occasional poem. Mr. Gilder was my guide, philosopher and friend, seconded by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson who, if not a guide or a philosopher, in the Thomistic sense, was the most consolatory and sympathetic of friends and, besides, a critic who permitted no literary defect of mine to escape his vigilance.

## § 4

Politics in New York City assumed a new aspect late in the eighties. Henry George had appeared from California and *Progress and Poverty* was read by almost everybody interested in current events. I had known the George family in Philadelphia very well. Henry George's sister, Chloë, now Mrs. Shoemaker, was one of my wife's dearest friends, and I liked and respected Henry George. He was simple, frank, honest, and he had acquired in California a new view of life which refreshed the more sophisticated East. He was a great figure at the Twilight Club—an assembly held down-town about six o'clock in the evening where one paid a dollar for his dinner and discussed the political and social issues of the moment—if the other speakers gave him a chance! No formality was required and only a casual invitation was necessary.

The Twilight Club was very much the fashion for a time and informal discussions, to hear which a man was not obliged to leave his house after dinner, had an effect on public opinion. As long as Henry George was looked on as a holder of rather academic opinions, he was not only tolerated but approved. I, for one, was heartily against his theory of taxation, although Cardinal Gibbons told me that he thought it was as harmless as any other transient sociological speculation fashionable at the time; and he disapproved of the growing intention of the ecclesiastical authorities in New York to make an issue of it, because the Reverend Doctor McGlynn, rector of St. Stephen's Church, and an intellectual group about him, had taken Mr. George's opinion as not only interesting but capable of application. Cardinal Gibbons looked on the single tax advocates as clever and sincere persons whose opinions were untenable, who could only become dangerous if they were taken too seriously.

This was not the view of the Archbishop of New York and the counsellors immediately around him, who were sincere and zealous, but who did not belong to the group of "intellectuals" of which Doctor McGlynn and Doctor Burtsall were members. The tension between Archbishop Corrigan and the rector of St. Stephen's was gossiped about long before an open break came. Dr. McGlynn was adored by his parishioners and greatly respected by Catholics and non-Catholics throughout the country. Moreover, a large group at Rome was devoted to him; he had been a popular student at the American College there, and probably at no place on earth is the *esprit de corps* so strong as among the students at the American College. Archbishop Corrigan was looked on as rather a newcomer, an outsider—as the old diplomatist regards a new man, not of the *carrière*, who has come to occupy an important post. He was zealous and pious; he belonged rather to the time of Pius IX. than of Leo XIII. A broader experience and a more liberal education would have enabled him to cope more successfully with the crisis brought about by the determination of Dr. McGlynn to attend the meetings of approval in honour of Henry George.



The Archbishop, too, if he had been less zealous and more practical would have avoided the implication that in opposing Henry George, who had become a candidate for Mayor, he was trying to bolster up the local Democratic party. To-day it is difficult for anybody to understand the malice, the uncharitableness and the immoderate hatred developed by this ecclesiastical-social quarrel. The late difficulty between the orthodox Bishop Manning and the heterodox Rev. Percy Stickney Grant may have been as deep in essence, but the temper of the time prevented it from becoming so outrageously polemical.

It must be understood that the upholders of neither side were consciously un-Christian, malicious or surrendered to the devil of calumny. As a man rather detached, liking Henry George but mistrusting his theories, respecting the Archbishop but disapproving of his methods, it seemed to me almost a return to an elemental condition of society where all calmness was lost and all the furies let loose. The New York *Freeman's Journal* became one of the centres of the storm. Its traditions were all ultramontane and on the side of absolute authority. Left to myself, I wrote a paragraph declaring that laymen had no business to interfere in a matter which ought to lie entirely between the Archbishop and one of his priests; but my policy was suddenly reversed, and I found myself in the position of violently supporting the Archbishop, whereas I had intended only to give him a helping hand when the forces against him became ultra-audacious. And when Dr. McGlynn disobeyed the orders of his superior officer and refused, against the advice of Henry George, to go to Rome, it seemed to me that he deserved the severest reprimand short of excommunication that ecclesiastical authority could use.

The serious illness of McMaster had left me in charge of the paper for some time. Major Keiley represented the Chief and it was only decent that his opinion should be, in a measure, respected. It was only when charges were made against the moral character of Dr. McGlynn, one of the most scrupulous and purest men that ever lived, that I found it necessary to meet them boldly and to finish any repetition of them by one of those *coups d'état* which were only possible to a young man

who was quite willing to act regardless of convention. Throughout the country the *New York Freeman's Journal* had come to be regarded as the organ of the Archbishop. This belief was groundless as the *Catholic Review*, conducted by Mr. Hickey, had his full confidence. But taking advantage of this widespread belief and of the innuendoes and suggestions of moral laxity against Dr. McGlynn which remained uncontradicted by the opposing party, I collected the spurious testimony and cleared his reputation in one important leader, called, without much originality: "Fiat Justitia." As it was presumed that the leader was inspired by the Archbishop, Dr. McGlynn never suffered again from the calumnies of his enemies!

I had felt it my duty to show the fallacies of the single tax system from my point of view and I think the system is very vulnerable from a practical viewpoint. There is no question, however, that *Progress and Poverty* opened several doors for economic speculation that are not yet closed; nor is there any question that the practical application of the single tax methods, as Mr. George wanted to apply them, would have resulted in greater difficulties than we feel at present, under the wholesale application, without scientific consideration, of the dogma of Prohibition. Mr. George was kind enough to say to me that, while he thought my thesis and my arguments were all weak, he looked on me as a friendly critic as I did not seem to think that he was "an utterly depraved anarchist." Most people, he said, who differed with him evidently regarded him as a Nihilist, even an atheist. I was amused myself to hear him characterised as a person who had been brought up in the wilds of California, who knew nothing of the meaning of Christianity or the real teaching of the Bible! The father and mother of Henry George were devout Episcopalian Christians, and their home life was characterised by exquisite refinement and deep sincerity in the practice of their convictions.

## § 5

The theological controversies in which I was occasionally involved did not prevent me from enjoying the society of people who were not especially interested in such things. In reading the novels and reminiscences devoted to the lives of young married folk in our country, I am deeply depressed by the account of their terrible struggles to live on a moderate income.

The wife wails over the privations of her past and gives you pages of heart throbs because, owing to the depravity of the laundress, she was once compelled to iron her husband's shirts; or he, giving up the kind of cigars to which he was accustomed, returns home desperately unhappy because of the difficulties of commuting. The young married people of the present in literature seem extremely wretched until the great business man discovers the talent of the husband and puts his name on the notepaper of a business house with a high-sounding title.

In the eighties young married people seemed to get a great deal of contentment and pleasure on what would be considered to-day a rather small income. If a young woman had an evening dress or two, and on great occasions could command the use of a cab, she managed to secure many glimpses of an agreeable life outside of her own home. I do not remember that I was obliged to give up my *chapeau claque* or let my evening suit rust because I did not earn eight or nine thousand a year!

The household of Mr. and Mrs. Gilder was a good example of a method of getting the best out of life for themselves and giving the greatest possible pleasure in life to their friends. It is not indiscreet to say this, as the amount of Mr. Gilder's salary in the early days of the seventies has been already mentioned in Mr. Ellsworth's book on the authors he knew. If it occurred to Mrs. Gilder to ask my wife and myself to dinner at short notice, we went, knowing that we would have one of the most agreeable of agreeable evenings. One was sure to find hot soup, a bottle of claret, cold lamb, perhaps a salad, and the sweets that Mrs. Gilder deemed fitting for the occa-

sion. There was always good coffee and always flowers in a symbolical vase on the table. There were times when the hostess even offered you fruit pie which she had asked Mr. Gilder to bring home with him from one of the pastry shops in the environs of Union Square.

Everybody in those days was not so frank in admitting his fondness for pie. On one occasion, I happened to drop in between trains in the morning on a bachelor friend of mine who had lived much in England and kept house very meticulously. He asked me to stay to lunch; I accepted, as my train was not leaving until after two o'clock. He gave me a carefully prepared luncheon in the English fashion, accompanied by imported "bitter beer."

"Really," he said, "I cannot endure the American habit of eating bought food. Nearly every day huge wagons overlaid with American shop-made pies pass my door—this trash is only fit for the stomach of barbarians."

There had, I noticed, been an anxious consultation between the two maids when their master asked me to lunch. I surmised that it was a question of providing something unusual for an unexpected guest, and I knew that my friend generally ended his meal with cheese. He still continued to blaspheme our national dish and then the maid entered with an unmistakably manufactured apple pie. My host turned red. It was up to me to do something to save the situation—so I said shamelessly:

"What a delicious-looking tart—now with a drop of thick cream it would take you back to dear old Devonshire."

The cream came in and no more was said. That the host was grateful I knew because he gave me a precious little edition of the *Rimes of Petrarca*.

The question of entertainment was very easily settled for my wife and myself—nobody from New York ever came to Brooklyn except under compulsion, and so we arranged matters by giving an occasional little party in June when the strawberries were at their best, and by distributing boxes for the theatre, when Mr. Augustin Daly was kind enough to give them to us. Our circle in Brooklyn was limited, and when one



got to the Heights or even farther off in Brooklyn, one was rather glad to remain at home. It was no hardship whatever to be detached from the splendours of the great city, which after all was not entrancingly splendid then, though it offered some good music, certainly good plays and good dinners in a few of the restaurants. New York of that day was probably one of the few places in the United States where one could choose his own method of life without interference or criticism.

Among the New Yorkers we knew dancing was not the frantic amusement it has latterly become. The great Dancing Classes had only just begun; the more exclusive pupils had been taught by Mr. Dodworth. No hotels had been erected to make exclusive dancing for the populace possible. I can recall only one instance when I had a chance to display my Terpsichorean talent. Modjeska, at the Gilders' had recited what we supposed was a speech in Polish from *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. It turned out to be really the Polish alphabet spoken with immense fervour. As the atmosphere was of the eighteenth century, she insisted that somebody should dance with her a figure from a gavotte. Here the teaching of Perducci, who had taught these steps with tears, became valuable. Nobody knew the gavotte but me. The music was improvised in some way. I think the assembly all whistled the "Amaryllis." One or two of the *habitués*, accustomed to high literary society, did not seem really pleased, and my wife laughed and told me afterwards that she thought it rather characteristic that my success in literary society was due rather to my heels than to my head. She liked Mrs. Gilder, and quite adored Katherine Johnson, whose dinners were always delightful; but I regret to say she looked on most of the professors of literature as rather an artificial group. She always insisted that she found the works of authors more interesting than the authors themselves. Personally, I found it usually the other way.

## CHAPTER VII

### § I

THE influence of the *Century Magazine* on the artistic development of the country cannot be overrated. Nobody can appreciate it who did not live through the reign of the Philistines that preceded it. And it would be difficult to overrate the effect of the Gilders on the clever group of men attached to the *Century* who surrounded them. It seems to me that there could have been no pleasanter or more satisfactory society. The Gilders gave to it a tone of simplicity and an appreciation of real values that one found only among those old families in New York whose exclusiveness consisted in a dislike for the invasion of barbarians—barbarians with vulgar standards which they did not care to acknowledge. To these high ideals the Gilders added genius, sympathy, tolerance and the finest powers of criticism of life. Snobbishness was utterly alien to them. They discovered at once talent, charm, high character and drew it into their circle.

I had, I avow with pleasure, the kind of education which enabled me to get the best out of life; an education, too, which makes a man feel—mistakenly or not—that he is the equal of any other man and, at the same time, no man's superior; that many men have a right to his reverence but none to his subserviency. Gilder completed my education æsthetically and corroborated all my moral standards.

With a wife like mine, it was difficult for me to descend to anything below those standards, and yet there was a great consolation in having them corroborated by one so distinguished in character and in temperament as Richard Watson Gilder. A man owes his best education to those he loves—to those who love him, too, for his defects. I should never have known Wordsworth well if it were not for Gilder; and I think that my detached attitude toward the world would have destroyed

what common sense I had if it had not been for my wife who regarded people almost entirely from the point of view of character. Good manners, I think, counted with me in the beginning much more than character; she soon dispelled this hallucination.

New York in the eighties was not a Utopia. That men kept mistresses and gave rise to scandalous gossip was accepted. The number of illegitimate children, begotten by men in the public eye, was often named *sub rosa*. People as a rule did not talk much of this; it was very well known who certain ladies were and where their sables and diamonds came from. These things leaked into the newspapers occasionally. Sometimes malice and envy exaggerated them; and there were no cases in which malice and envy exaggerated so much as in the case of actresses. I was brought up with an intense veneration for women; I may almost say that I never met a woman in my life that did not seem worthy of respect. Sometimes I was told that she was not; but I must confess, at the risk of being considered too naïve, that I would not have believed this unless she herself had told me so! Divorces were not the rule then and you were seldom in doubt as to whether the woman you met this year bore the same name as she had the year before.

Dinners were very long. The example which King Edward set after he came to the English throne of not permitting a dinner to last an hour, had not yet begun to be imitated. After what seemed to be a long repast, a sherbet was served, to show that the hostess might have ended the dinner there, but that she had great resources held back. After the sherbet, you began again and went on steadily until puddings and ices appeared. The American hostess had not at this time discovered that diabolical addition to a feast, invented by the English, which is called the "savoury." Somewhat later, when London fashions came in, you were confronted after the ices with an oyster wrapped in bacon, skewered with what seemed to be a toothpick, or a ball of macaroni saturated with some kind of gravy. A dinner in those days was a serious thing, to which people looked forward with great interest.

Every hostess was proud of her tablecloths; and sometimes

she stretched down the middle of the table a streamer of old lace ornamented with cherry-coloured or mauve ribbon or something of that kind. The array of glasses was always imposing and carefully chosen as to the tints. People dined earlier than they do now. Six o'clock was considered late enough; nobody ever thought of dining at a quarter after eight, and you were expected to be so punctual that you marked the minutes exactly. One of the earliest social commands I received when I came to New York was from Mr. James McMaster, who told me that if I should arrive at any house ten minutes before dinner, it was my duty to "drive" around the block, until the exact time had arrived. It was polite of him to say drive for I generally walked.

Mr. McMaster, who had come from Northern New York, looked on what he called the "new society" in the city as quite unworthy of notice. The Iselins, I remember, he approved of, and he spoke of Mr. Peter Marié as Socrates might have spoken of a very gay Alcibiades. The Keatings of Philadelphia were persons for whom he had the highest respect. Among other things, he remarked that the intelligent *gourmet* was rapidly disappearing, and as for good manners they had almost entirely gone. He had observed with horror at a certain dinner party given by the descendant of a famous Dutch patroon, that the host was seen to offer his left arm to the leading lady. "I could shoot a man," he said, "who offered his left arm to my wife going in to dinner." I never thought of asking him why. Once after a dinner party, being in a great hurry and unable to find the right bouquet, with the camellia in the middle and a stiff fringe of white paper around it, I sent a bunch of red roses to my hostess and told him so. He walked the floor, shocked at such a breach of good manners on the part of any one whom he had properly introduced! There was a great deal of talk then, too, about Port and Madeira, but this was reserved for the inner circle. When the outer circle spoke of "wine" in New York, it meant champagne and nothing else. McMaster declared that a man who would use a knife on lettuce or romaine would commit the unpardonable crime of cutting an oyster in half—a thing he considered



possible only among "the Yankees." And he who, when eating quail, did not take the bird up delicately in his fingers showed a shocking lack of good breeding!

## § 2

It is strange to me that the group of the distinguished, very small in number, seemed to have such a scorn of everybody in trade. Madame Jerome Bonaparte, who was then living, though not generally beloved, was very often quoted. There was one *bon mot* of hers which never failed to call forth pleasant laughter. During one of her visits to New York, she was unfortunately placed near a young man whose people were "something in pork" and who had made what was then called the "grand tour" of Europe. Madame Bonaparte, after some manœuvring, discovered his name. His people she knew were inventors of a new kind of lard. In his innocence he told her that he had been in the Near East. "Of course," she said, "you spent a long time in Greece!" We were informed over and over again that the young man was so properly put in his place that he went to Europe and dared not show his face in New York society for many years.

There were certain families from the South, notably from Charleston, who needed no credentials and whose views as to canvasback duck and old Madeira were quite right. But Philadelphians—no Philadelphian had condescended to marry into the Astors at that time, and Bostonians were looked on as outsiders—disdained New York. People from Chicago were supposed to exist in some strange way; that they came from that city was enough to bar them from the exclusive circles which Mr. Ward McAllister diluted somewhat and carefully organised. Having no social background in New York and no encumbering affiliations, my introduction from France and from certain old people in the South, backed up by McMaster, put me in the position of an interested spectator. The older families were easy to get along with. Their members were simple and kindly and hospitable, especially on Sundays, and amiable to young people. But after a time this

atmosphere was dissipated by the radiance of riches. Society became a competition in splendour; and New York, in the older circles, grew less important as wealth increased and foreign marriages became the fashion. There were few people less snobbish than the older New Yorkers or more anxious to be kind to unpretentious folk who had correct principles and fairly good manners.

In Brooklyn—Brooklyn was looked on as an unknown land by most New Yorkers—the Pierponts, the Litchfields and the Lows dominated an agreeable social group. Mr. Litchfield's old house, done after the manner of a Gothic castle with two large lions at the entrance, was the most important mansion in that beautiful expanse of ground now known as Prospect Park. Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull and Grace Denio Litchfield, one the writer of remarkable novels and the other a poet of verse too exquisite for popular appreciation, were then more cosmopolitan than most of their contemporaries. They were in their twenties at that time and greatly admired whenever they appeared.

A sojourn in Europe then meant much more than it does to-day. It was not the mere skimming of the surface of society. In Paris the Champs Elysées had not displaced the Faubourg St. Germain. Carolus Duran was a favourite painter for American society and Madrazo and Fortuny were looked on as of the highest rank. Murillo had gone out of fashion and from conversations at the Salmagundi and Tile Clubs where I was occasionally a guest, I imagined that the Munich school was very much in the ascendant. I loved Fortuny and the Barbizon school; but when I was expected to give an opinion I generally made myself safe by echoing any judgment that I had heard from Charles deKay.

Another very promising young man at that time was Condé Pallen who was not of the New York literary set because he lived mostly in St. Louis, where he was born. His father, Dr. Montrose Pallen, had an exquisite set of tapestries made, I think, for Marie de Medici. Condé was much under the influence of his mother's people who were French and who, being a part of the history of St. Louis, were almost more

French than the Parisians themselves. They had a flavour of the *cercle* of Louis XIV. Condé and I wrote some sonnets together which were printed by Kegan, Paul & Company. He was a Georgetown man and was devoted to all the traditions of Georgetown when that college had an aristocratic flavour and when nearly all the students were from below the line of Mason and Dixon. I can't help thinking that Condé's poetry suffered from his devotion to scholastic philosophy. It was a great pleasure to see him in New York and we always tried to give him a party. Shortly after my marriage, in the summer when my wife had gone to Cape May with her relatives, I tried one of these parties on my own account. The maid had gone. It was in the heat of summer and difficult to borrow or hire another servant. I had invited the guests to come to our apartment without considering the difficulties. As it was early July I managed to procure some enormous strawberries and a can of Devonshire cream which an unhappy Englishman had tried to introduce into Brooklyn. He had a place for a short time in Fulton Street. And then there was to be ice cream and cake and something to drink. At the last moment I discovered that the silver with the exception of what the waiters call a "cover for one" had been locked up. I remember that William S. Walsh of the *Herald* and the delectable David Monro, then of *Harper's*, and Thomas F. Meehan and his wife and sister-in-law were to be of the assembly. Mrs. Monro was away in the country. The maid who had promised did not arrive, and my communication with Maresi somehow failed—telephones were rare in those days. I managed to secure enough glasses for the punch, but the strawberries and the ices were a problem. When the guests arrived, I could offer them only a set of new visiting cards to use for the ices and a bundle of wooden toothpicks for the strawberries. It went very well, but some malignant creature wafted the story to my wife and I was reminded many times of an act which she considered entirely inexcusable.

In fact, the only excuse I had for some of my strange parties was that I loved to give them, and the absence of my wife, who was rather conventional in the Philadelphia way, gave me

full liberty for hospitable agility. Jim Huneker was a real ornament to these bachelor affairs. Sometimes he brought friends who had to be explained; but they always added to the gaiety of the occasion!

At this time, I had written a little book of poems called *Preludes* and a series of stories, *The Life Around Us*. My ambition then was not to elevate the tone of the American literature written for Catholics, but to create a taste for a broader kind of literature. A large proportion of the books of fiction printed by Catholic publishers were rather anæmic, especially when they were translated from the French; and Lady Georgiana Fullerton, Mrs. Craven and Lady Herbert of Lee supplied most of the lighter literature read by Catholics of good taste. Many of the books were written for the Irish immigrant of the first generation who had but recently arrived. The taste of the older persons who had come from Ireland early in the forties or before that was much more cultivated than that of the newcomers. In fact, the newcomers were unwilling to read anything except what concerned itself with the history of Ireland or with the history of the Church. It was a time when a publisher with an Irish name could announce a series of the lives of deceased bishops—sell eighteen parts with profit, and then retire in opulence, forgetting to finish the nineteenth or the twentieth. Lives of St. Patrick and St. Brigid, provided they were profusely illustrated and gilded, might be stretched to any number of parts.

### § 3

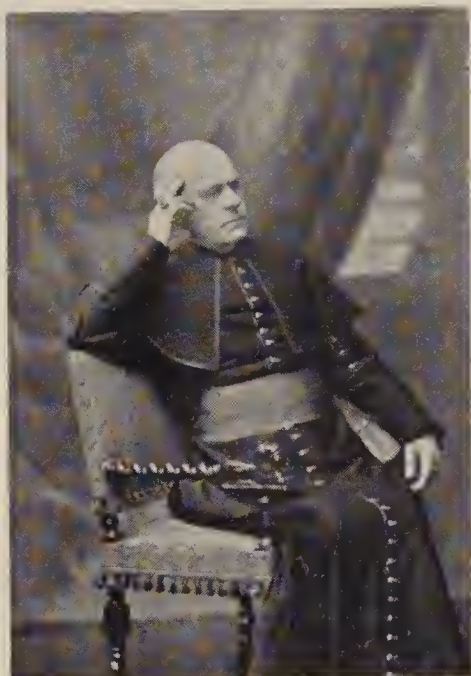
The beginning of the dispute as to how young Catholics were to be educated had begun in the late eighties. In the East it was settled by the establishment of parochial schools. There was a party in the Catholic Church which stood against the demand of the State for double taxation. Catholics believe that religion cannot be divorced from instruction, especially in the early days of life, and that no education is complete from which the fundamentals of Christianity are excluded. On one side the parochial schools were denounced as un-Ameri-





JAMES G. HUNEKER

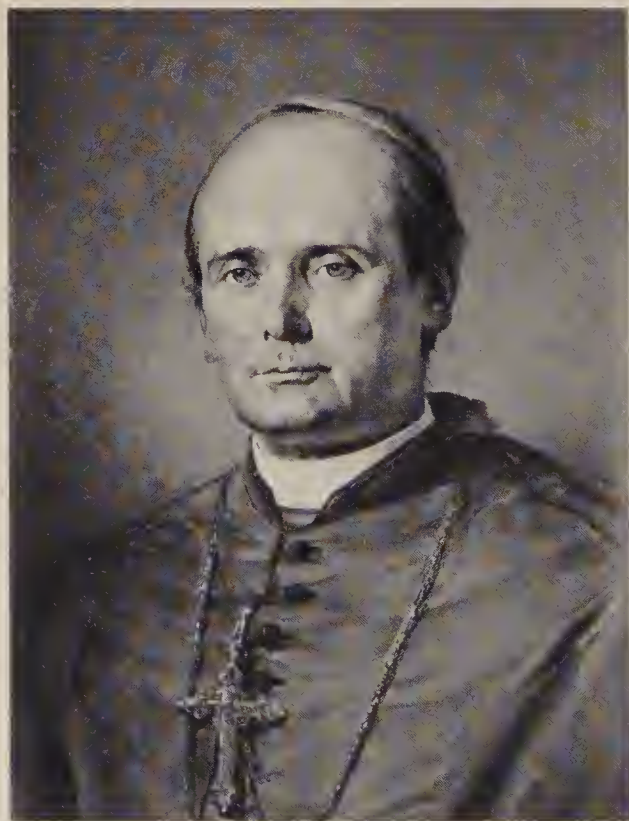
Whose family and the Egans were old Philadelphia neighbors



ARCHBISHOP JOHN L. SPALDING



ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND



ARCHBISHOP KEANE

First Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

*Pictures by the courtesy of Notre Dame University*

can and inefficient. Some of them were doubtless inefficient, from the hard, materialistic point of view; but none of them were un-American. It was only possible to keep them going through the efforts of the people who wanted them, and more—through the efforts of men and women who took religious vows to educate the young, and who receive (when they receive anything at all) salaries that average about three hundred dollars a year! It is plainly evident that the whole system of Catholic primary and secondary education is possible only through the spirit of self-sacrifice. The State gave nothing and generally nothing was expected of the State.

The public schools then, as now, were a subject of inordinate idolatry. That they were and are necessary for the preservation of our nation, for the spread of the English language and for unity of patriotic ideals was and is admitted. There was no question on the part of any Catholic as to the necessity of public schools—altogether free for the children of the country who were not Catholics. But for themselves Catholics felt that much more was required—and they were willing to make great sacrifices to secure it. Any one who knows the condition of our public education to-day, especially in New York, can easily imagine that when aspersions were cast at the Catholic schools, there was a reasonable *et tu quoque*. But this *tu quoque* produced only bitterness. It resulted in that kind of tenderness which always follows a dispute in which Henry VIII. is thrown at one party and Alexander VI. at the other. The churches in the East, at least in the cities, were supported by congregations that were rapidly growing richer. The burden of supporting the parochial schools was, for them, comparatively easy, although they felt that the load imposed on them was unjust. Nevertheless, in the eighties, the chief objection to the public school came from those aristocratic-minded people who insisted that their children should not receive any education for which they did not themselves pay. They looked on the public schools as schools for paupers, and said so. This point of view was not confined to the followers of any particular religion.

These people, however, gradually ceased to talk on the

subject; they followed their own devices. But constantly one would hear denunciations of the parochial schools as low in tone, deficient in quality and quite inferior to the average public school. Personally, this seemed to me most unjust, for the parochial school connected with the church offered the children of uneducated parents opportunities which no public school could give them. When I say "uneducated" I do not speak of men and women who had learned only to read and write, but of people who had no opportunity of legitimately exercising their imagination or no knowledge of the means of adding anything really beautiful to life.

The public schools in the cities in these days have profited by the evolution of the taste for good art in our country; in the eighties the schoolrooms and the point of view of the educators were entirely different. Grey drudgery was the rule.

In Philadelphia, St. Philip's parochial school was, as I have said, near the docks and the wharves. The population which surrounds docks and wharves is not, as a rule, of what is called the *élite*. Many of these people were Catholics by tradition, simply because they were born in Ireland. It was almost a racial quality. They were not well instructed in any religion and the practice of their duties as Catholics was largely dependent upon their environment. A large group of the boys at St. Philip's were the children of these people. They amused themselves, out of school, by hanging around the sailors' boarding-houses. Their idea of the theatre was a certain place called "Long's Varieties" or "Fox's Theatre," where vulgarity was the least vice. Circumstances were against them. However, they might have learned a certain regard for outward appearances and for respectability in a public school.

St. Philip's was a fine old church, containing some beautiful frescoes. There was the excellent copy of Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*, and the music was always good. On Sunday afternoons the boys were obliged to sing the psalms of David to the solemn Gregorian chant. This in itself was a great corrective to the foolish songs of the time. The feasts of the Church were always splendidly celebrated and I knew several of the boys, whose circumstances might easily have rendered



them vicious, who became in time musicians and artists—not great musicians or artists, yet lifted by the influence of the school to better things. They added to the delight of their own lives and put pleasure into the lives of others by means of the kind of education they received in this parochial school. The public schools gave no glimpses of beauty. The Sunday schools of the other denominations, in those days, offered nothing that could take the place of all this. I shudder when I recall the dreary strains of “Beulah Land,” “I Want To Be an Angel” and, above all, “There’s Something in Heaven for Children To Do.” It has always seemed to me that the attitude of a certain part of the public to the parochial school in those days was one of the most unpleasant examples of a kind of smug Americanism which was simply a Philistinism of the most tiresome kind.

Whether this attitude continues among intelligent people I cannot say; the war, perhaps, has broadened the point of view of my countrymen considerably; and yet it seems to me that difference of opinion or difference in methods is hardly tolerated with us. There is one thing which may be said of the parochial school; the worst of them could never have been as bad as some of the rural schools that exist in our own country to-day. It seems absurd to speak of a public school “system” in a State like Maryland, for example, where no provision is made for many rural children at all, and where people of small means are prevented from sending their boys or girls to a high school because such attendance involves the expense of having the children board away from home—and a long distance at that.

I should like to repeat one thing in favour of the parochial school: for those under the control of the Catholic Church neither the beautiful nor the mystical side of life is neglected. Apart from the main business of these schools, which is the teaching of Christian morality and of the dogmas of Christianity, the imagination is cultivated and turned to idealism. Besides, the parochial school leads to a more liberal point of view of life. The historical fact of the Jewish religion (this chosen people seems to have existed mainly to keep alive the belief in

one God) as the precursor and as a part of Christianity is insisted on, and in this way much of the narrowness of sectarianism is avoided. In the parochial schools, too, the Bible is intelligently interpreted. It is regrettable that the diversity of religious opinions has forced this one Great Book out of our system of education.

#### § 4

Before Johns Hopkins introduced the doctorate of philosophy as a degree for research work, graduate work hardly existed, as such, in the American university. If a man, having completed his collegiate course, wanted to specialise, he was supposed to go in for medicine, law or theology. When students began to work in the universities on the German plan for the Ph.D., they were generally regarded as wasting their time. Horace Greeley, for instance, one of the most eminent apostles of mediocrity, could find no reason for this kind of thing at all, and there was very little real encouragement for higher education. The American educator in his heart looked on graduate work as he looked on the establishment of fellowships at Oxford or Cambridge. It had not occurred to him that the future of the country would come, in time, to depend on the researches, especially in the applied sciences, of the few chosen souls who had the courage to believe that there was something more important in life than the making of money.

In the eighties, New York was not a great educational centre. The group of men, who, like Nicholas Murray Butler, have since helped to mould higher education, had not yet begun to attain great influence. New York, however, had become a centre for artistic and literary effort; the coming of the publishers, their concentration in New York, had drawn writers from all parts of the country. Bret Harte was one of these, and even W. D. Howells finally gave up Boston. The two important magazines were *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, afterwards the *Century*. *Harper's* would probably have gone on in the path which it had slowly widened to a highway, making slow

artistic progress, if the *Century* had not intervened and forced it into competition. Some time afterward came the new *Scribner's*.

The corps of men who took charge of the *Century* after Dr. Holland had disappeared spared neither pains nor expense to make it a great organ of American arts and letters. It is not saying too much to assert that the artistic progress of the United States owes much more to the *Century Magazine* and to the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 than to any other factors.

The churches had done almost nothing for art. In the great cities a few churches had been built which, like St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, were copies of the splendid examples of the old world. They had a great wealth of music to draw from, and, when the pastors were men of culture, and had congregations who seconded their efforts, Palestrina was not impossible; but, as a rule, Mozart and Haydn were almost buried under the weight of modern meretricious compositions, or under excerpts from the operas preferred by "popular" choir directors. The importation of the Munich statue and the acquired habit of looking on pictures as symbols which could be put in anywhere, regardless of their artistic value, had weakened the artistic influence of the Catholic Church in the United States. Poverty was not the reason for this, although occasionally it was a valid reason; in most cases it was due to the fact that pastors preferred to reproduce in American churches replicas of the sacred edifices that had been erected in modern Ireland. I recall the feeling of astonishment I had when on entering a lovely Catholic church, exquisitely Roman, with reproductions from Botticelli, the ecclesiastical student who accompanied me said: "Faith, this is no church for Irish people!" The Anglicans had made some efforts, but they were rather afraid of ritualism; still an occasional Madonna was set up and the influence of the architecture of some of the most beautiful of the English churches was apparent.

A great change has taken place in all of this and there is scarcely a Protestant church now which has the old horror of beauty; and, fortunately, the influence of the beauty of the old

Catholic churches on the continent and in England has become more and more apparent in the churches erected by Catholics. It is a great pity that the stained glass of La Farge and the work of Saint Gaudens were not utilised by Catholics. The Church of the Paulist Fathers is one of the few exceptions, containing as it does the work of La Farge and Stanford White.

## § 5

One of the proudest boasts of the admirers of the *Century* was that its editors made the engravings of Cole popular. This itself was an inestimable gift to our community. Some of the reproductions in the *Century Magazine* shocked religious people. I recall an interview between Robert Underwood Johnson, who had been left for several months in the position of acting-editor of the *Century*, and a deputation of well-meaning Baptist clergymen who called on him to protest against an engraving of a famous Apollo. The editors had inserted no fig leaves and the deputation expressed its sense of outrage in no uncertain language! On the other hand, when some of the loveliest examples of Italian art were presented, a number of subscribers protested because they did not consider Cimabue or Luini quite Catholic! The Greek Slave was still looked on as the greatest of all masterpieces of American sculpture. West's *Death on the White Horse* had its admirers, and any picture that was domestic and humanly interesting, especially if it were by a well-received English artist, was sure of success.

*Puck* was the reigning comic paper of this time. H. C. Bunner was one of its cleverest contributors and a conspicuous feature was Vallentine's *Fitznoodle Papers*. A severe shock to the circulation was given by one or two cartoons which were blasphemous; for a certain time *Puck* held its own. It prepared the way for *Life*, the editor of which seemed thoroughly to understand the currents which make a humorous paper successful. It is the credit of the American people that no paper of the character of *Le Rire*, or even more vicious periodi-



cals, has ever attained success in the United States. A Frenchman I know once declared that this was due to the "sense of economy of the Yankee people. If a man buys a paper on a railway train, he is too frugal to leave it there. He must take it home, and consequently all the weekly papers in the United States are amazingly pure." This may be true. Richard Munkittrick was another star in *Puck's* gallery. It is pleasant to know that the delightfully delicate, lyrical and poetic fancies of H. C. Bunner still live. One of this clever group was Ernest Harvier who was even more impregnated with the spirit of old New York than Bunner himself.

The Union Club was then, as now, the resort of the social conservatives. It had the reputation of having the best food in New York. Edgar Fawcett was a member, and he expatiated much on its glories. The two great political clubs were the Union League and the Manhattan. To belong to the Century was a guarantee of high intellectual respectability, and entrance was most difficult. The Authors' Club and the Players had just been founded. The Players, to those whose appetites had not been spoiled and who wanted to be amused and entertained above all, was the best club in New York. It was not a club where men buried themselves in their newspapers or sought only congenial companions. Everybody talked, especially Edward Simmons. It may not be indiscreet to say that on one occasion, just in front of the historic fireplace which led, of course, to a chimney, a red card like those used at the theatrical "exits" was found posted. It read, "Exit in case of Simmons!" The author was evidently Oliver Herford. Again there was David Monroe, beloved of everybody, who was technically expelled for a few days because he broke a stringent rule and introduced some pipers of his special clan into the club. Mark Twain was always at his best when David Monroe was about.

## CHAPTER VIII

### § I

ONE of the persons who most interested me was Augustin Daly. I met him first, I think, in 1885 and after that I saw him as frequently as our occupations would permit. He was a busy man and he generally arranged engagements for you when they suited him. But finally, much to the astonishment of his friends and acquaintances, he declared that I might see him at any time at his theatre and that I should always have precedence of anybody else! I availed myself of this permission occasionally, and several times when I entered the ante-room to his office, I backed out at once. There was something about the atmosphere of this waiting-room which suggested the vestibule of a monarch about to receive his subjects. It startled me to see some distinguished actors, who, I know, had very high opinions of themselves, sitting patiently in this rather dilapidated apartment. Once in, however, the atmosphere changed. Mr. Daly's room was filled with interesting souvenirs and *bibelots* picked up at sales. I saw only one side of the character of this man who was so intensely devoted to his art, but it must be remembered that his was not the general idea of dramatic art.

Our small world at that time seemed to be filled with his critics. It was said that he was a martinet of the fiercest description, that he did not hesitate to cut up any play on his stage in the interest of an actor whose performance he liked, and though there was only one opinion at the Players Club as to his great talent, the actors were not all unanimous in admiration of his methods. He was one of the firmest supporters of the Players. He was eager to discover talent in men and women, provided the talent could be moulded by him. Whatever idea people may have had of his personal likes and dislikes, he was the most generous and kindest of

men where the poor, the weak or the afflicted were concerned. Daly certainly had what was called in the Middle Ages the gift of magnificence. He did me the honour to consult me on various occasions when his brother, Judge Daly, was out of town on minute points of pronunciation, etc. He depended largely on his brother, the Judge, for exactitude in these matters. I recall that he was undecided as to how "Rosalind" and "Jacques" in *As You Like It* should be spoken; and "Theseus" in *Midsummer Night's Dream* gave him some trouble. I cannot exactly remember why.

He told me with great glee that he had insisted that John Drew should break open a practical door on one occasion; and his indignation was plain on my saying that I thought it made no difference whether the door was practical or not. Later, when he opened at Chicago with *The School for Scandal* he showed me, with great disgust, the teacups and the accompanying service which should have been of the period, but were unfortunately Empire. It was too late to change them then, but I think that he would have put the opening of the play back an hour if there had been any chance of getting just what he wanted. I knew him best when the great quartette was making his theatre unique. Personally, I do not recall any group of players on any stage more satisfactory than Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. John Drew, and Mr. Lewis. Their vehicles were not always worthy of their powers, it may be true. "Do write a play for me," Mrs. Gilbert said on one occasion, when I tinkered a little at a translation for Mr. Daly, "for the Governor has never yet given me a good part!"

During my first visit to New York with my father I had seen Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris and Agnes Ethel and Sara Jewett and the various other stars practically created by Daly, but in the eighties Daly's quartette had invented a new form of comedy. This was taken from the German and was very different from the *Frou-Frous* and *Fernandes* which helped to reproduce the flavour of the Third Empire in New York, when Jim Fisk and Boss Tweed and Josie Mansfield and their coterie were making society lurid.

Much as I admired Mr. Daly, I felt it necessary to keep my relations with him on a purely social basis. The moment any one entered into business relations with him, Daly's whole point of view would change. I was deeply touched, on one occasion, when he proposed to do me the honour—and he made it very plain that it was an honour—to appoint me as the manager of the front of his theatre. George Parsons Lathrop was, I think, for a time in this capacity. He said, "Dorney and myself and the rest of my business people are rather rough and ready; now you would give the front of my house just what it needs." I was sufficiently grateful; I felt indeed that I could not overdo the expressions of my gratitude. I fear that if I had not already made a contract which bound me, I should have been forced to accept his offer, and no doubt eventually would have earned the thorough dislike of this remarkable man. He forgave me and overwhelmed me with kindnesses. I had only to ask for a box at any time and it was ready.

Daly was very religious and he loved the ceremonies of the Church. In fact, he had a fine taste for all splendour. He disclaimed violently all superstition, and on one occasion denounced all theatrical superstition. It happened that a very clever young woman, the niece of a dear friend of mine, had determined to go on the stage. It was my rule never to recommend anybody to him, but I was under such obligations to my friend in this case that I broke the rule.

"Well," he said, "I will do what I can. If she has a good profile and any accent except a Southern one, I'll give her a trial. I do not care whether she is pretty or not provided that she has a profile. And I will never undertake to get rid of a provincial Southern accent. It is too much even for *me*. You must make her understand, too, that she is giving up a good social position to become a slave of the public. All my actors and actresses," he added, "are simply slaves of the public."

He seldom paid visits or made calls. As I was rather a stickler for etiquette at this time I thought it was only decent that he should call on the relatives of the young woman. I



did not know how audacious this proceeding was on my part. The young woman's hostess, Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson, knowing that Daly was coming, had arranged a group to meet him. He entered carrying his sombrero in his hand; he seemed pleased, but he was obstinately silent. The ladies, pleased to see such a rare lion, fluttered about him.

"Egan," he said, "I wish I could induce my young people to wear their clothes as well as these women do."

I tried in vain to draw him out. At last, in despair, I said: "What is your pet superstition, Mr. Daly?" He rose to the bait at once.

"You know perfectly well I have none," he said. "I even had my Leicester Square Theatre opened on a Friday. Of course, I had to have the paper on the walls torn off, as there were painted birds on it. Two children of a friend of mine were burned to death in a room painted with birds; and naturally I would never permit anybody to whistle the music of *Macbeth* in my theatre; and peacocks' feathers would hoodoo any play. But I have made a stronger fight against theatrical superstition than any man living!"

He was never tired of telling me of his reverses and his successes and was very grateful to anybody that helped him. A theatrical dressmaker saved him from utter ruin by financial assistance when he imported a fantasy written by Sardou called *Rabagas*. He repeated his gratitude over and over again and as she bore the same name as myself, although I was not related to her, I sometimes imagined that my favour in his eyes was due to one of his superstitions.

One's humour sometimes fell flat on Mr. Daly's ears. When he opened the Belasco Theatre in Washington he gave me a box and sat with me during the last act. I said, "Really, you're beginning to enjoy the drama." He gave me a lack-lustre look and I felt that he considered me for the moment quite idiotic.

He was devoted to children and whenever he came to Washington later he offered ours a box for a matinée. The two older ones were very polite, but a little frigid. He came to the box after a performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

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Carmel, the youngest, who always liked to make up for the cultivated coldness of her brother and sister, said:

"Thank you so much, Mr. Daly. Did you write that lovely play?"

It was a terrible moment for the cultivated members of the family, but a friend of mine and also of Mr. Furniss's of Philadelphia, noting certain excisions and additions, remarked *sotto voce*:

"The child is right. He *did* write it."

The last thing I did for Daly, as a friend, was to translate *Pater* into English blank verse. Some of my lines he refused to consider at all. I defended them as being absolutely true to the meaning of the original.

"I do not care," he said, "they will not do for *my* theatre."

Later, when I saw his version of *Cyrano de Bergérac* I understood the innuendo of my acquaintance who had asserted that Mr. Daly often wrote other people's plays. By this time I knew better than to point out the fact that Miss Rehan as "Roxane" had been given most of Cyrano's best speeches!

Occasionally Mr. and Mrs. Daly would give a dinner party or a luncheon at their house and it was at these parties that my wife and I met Miss Rehan. She had a simplicity and a charm rare and most enviable. It was a great shock to Mr. Daly's admirers when he permitted John Drew to leave him. Mr. Daly, as I remember, informed me that it was a question of money—which seemed to me to be unreasonable as Daly was capable of being generously extravagant when it suited him. Until the day of his death we remained excellent friends and I have always felt deeply grateful for having known him.

### § 2

New York was pleasant enough in that period. I had just met Julian Hawthorne before I made up my mind to leave the city. My friends blamed me severely for giving up what they thought was a career. Some of the Drexel family, Mr. Daly, my father, who always had a few thousand unemployed at the bank, would have helped me to finance the New York

*Freeman's Journal*, but I distrusted my own business ability. Besides—delightful as it was—New York was no place in which to bring up three children in peace and quietness and in accordance with the precepts of the simple life. Life began to be too complicated for the very reason that induced one of my friends to say to me, "Why leave the capital of America? You have only to stand outside of the Brevoort House for half an hour to secure enough luncheon and dinner invitations to fill up a month!"

My wife and I both agreed that a quiet life was best for us. I had determined to go to France or to Germany for a time; Mr. Dana wanted some special work done in Europe; but at this moment the President of the University of Notre Dame, one of the best men who ever lived, paid me a visit and I promised to assist him in his work. Our children were small; it was quite evident that if they were to be well educated we should be obliged to send them away to school sooner or later. So we determined to go to the school. I believed, too, that my practical career was almost finished. It was the Sabine farm for me, where I should cease to be a promising young poet and do something fine. So we set out to take up our abode for a time in the State of Indiana, which some of our Eastern friends still believed was mostly peopled by pioneers and Indians.

My friends in New York and Philadelphia looked on me as utterly lost. Indiana had not then become the Greece of America and a rival of Boston in what may be called its "literary output." It meant hard work to live in New York; I had produced during my residence there each week unfailingly from ten to fifteen thousand words, which included a number of books now entirely out of print and dimly remembered. *Preludes*, a volume of poems on which my slender reputation rested, had been written in Philadelphia. Although as a good Catholic I had a great respect for voluntary poverty, I detested involuntary poverty with all my heart! It seems to me that every woman ought to have a decent sealskin coat and the tailormade things which Mrs. Langtry brought into fashion; and that a man, although he might wear anything

he pleased in the daytime, ought to be as well dressed as possible at night.

There was, as the English say, "always a little bit of money around," but as far as my work in the religious field was concerned, it meant too much industry for the remuneration it produced. As far as writing for the general public was concerned, if one wrote hard and often enough, a reasonable income could always be secured. The things that paid best were perfectly harmless prefaces, articles *de circonstance* and that kind of thing; and the *Century* was always generous in advances. Of all the articles I wrote I think I had the most pleasure from one printed in *Scribner's* before it became the *Century*. It was illustrated by Joseph Pennell. And from that time until I met him at his apartment in London, in 1913, I was always very proud of having been his colleague. And later it became the basis of a very happy friendship. After all, it was not a money lure that led me West, for the University of Notre Dame could offer very little; but rather a quiet life and an opportunity for study which I wanted very badly.

The President of the University of Notre Dame, the Rev. Dr. Walsh, offered me the place of Professor of English Literature and he was kind enough to say that he desired to use my experience in the development of an educational institution which was growing beyond all hopes or expectations and which needed the application of new methods. The Congregation of the Holy Cross was a French religious society, with the mother house at Neuilly. The Congregation at Notre Dame was a branch of this Institute. As I was sure of a moderate income outside of the small sum which Notre Dame could afford to pay me, and as the cost of living seemed to be comparatively small, and the adventure worth while, my wife and I and the three small children went westward knowing that we could return at any time to New York or go abroad. I was fortunately rather well prepared for the work proposed to me at this university. Whatever were the shortcomings of my education it did not lack thoroughness. I knew few things but what I knew, I knew. In my time, philosophy was taught as a method of mental training, not as a mere history of de-



velopments, and few Americans had read more widely in English and French than I had. My father had forced me to study German and, rightly or wrongly, I had made Heine's prose my model for imitation.

The best part of my education began when I reached Notre Dame. For the first time I discovered what democracy meant. The pleasant cottage in an agreeable garden, suggested by dear Doctor Walsh, who had no experience whatever in worldly affairs, was not ready when we arrived. We took up our abode in a red brick house in the town of South Bend. It had all the modern improvements, and it stood next to the residence of Mr. Joseph Oliver, whose father was then alive. Until our house, named The Lilacs, was built I drove to my lectures in a vehicle called a "buggy" attached to any ancient horse that could be borrowed or hired.

Scholastically, I found myself among friends. There was not only Dr. Walsh, humorous, amiable, and sane, but Dr. Henry Zahm, the scientist, and Dr. Hudson, who had been a friend of Longfellow's. South Bend received us with great hospitality. Since *Main Street* has been written, I have been asked many times whether South Bend did not resemble *Main Street* in those days. No doubt the atmosphere of *Main Street* exists somewhere, but the impression it gives of a small American town was not corroborated by my experience. It seems to be forgotten that these towns and cities of the West were not entirely peopled by the crude and the uncultivated. People went West as they went from Europe, carrying inherited culture with them. Compared to life in New York, the social life in South Bend was what might be called unartificial. I remember a time when the elect in New York dined at three o'clock and a dinner at six was an unusually formal affair. There was, to be sure, one small group that dined ceremoniously at a quarter after eight o'clock because it was understood that Queen Victoria took her evening meal at that time at Windsor. But New York had only begun to be Europeanised, and in "the age of innocence," the fashions of the English *bourgeoisie* were very much in vogue. When I say that in every respectable house—that is, houses whose

owners had an account in the Chemical Bank—pictures by Landseer were absolutely necessary, I think there can be no mistaking my meaning.

As to the English idea of New York in the earlier days, it is not badly expressed by a story which Mrs. Daniel Carey tells of a visit of two Englishmen to her uncle's house. The fashion then decreed crimson draperies and much black walnut. This drawing-room was especially crimson, and the host, about to enter to receive his guests, heard one of the Englishmen say:

"How red all this is!"

"Yes," the other Englishman answered, "it's their Indian blood."

In the set in which I had lived in New York, the exigencies of life had changed the customs. One was obliged to dine late because it was impossible to arrive home in order to dine earlier; and as no man dared to appear at a formal dinner in a morning or afternoon suit, dinners were put back gradually in order to give him time to dress. But outside of the great cities in the eighties "soup and fish" were not assumed except for very formal occasions. The dinner jacket—called the "Tuxedo"—had not yet come into general fashion. In South Bend, New York was looked on as next in importance to Chicago. New York probably ranked with Paris as rather exotic and pretentious; but Chicago, with its Palmer House, the floor of which was decorated with silver coins, and the great houses of the successful business men, was near and real. Its splendours could be grasped and the means of attaining those splendours were well known.

If the evening coat or the *décolleté* gown was not usually worn in such places as South Bend in the eighties, this was not an exception to the American custom elsewhere. Ward McAllister could tell some strange tales of what New York society was before he undertook to organise it. After his visit to England, he declared with horror that very few New Yorkers, even in the best sets, made a practice of using fish knives! Society in South Bend had not been organised. The town was divided into religious groups. The Methodists gave

the best food at their assemblies, which were known as "chicken pie socials"; the Baptists were acclaimed for the excellency of their pies; the Episcopalians were more intellectual—they did not make a specialty of material food, but in our time they gave tableaux or a play for charitable purposes. Longfellow's *Box of Pandora* was a favourite piece. As at that time I possessed the only *chapeau claque* in society, the principal elocutionist always borrowed it to use in speaking Owen Meredith's *At the Opera*. After a time society became too sophisticated for this and the *chapeau claque* was lent to the Thespian Club of the University.

My co-religionists had imported the bazaar from Europe, which was called a "fair," and though much more lucrative than the other entertainments, it was regarded by the best society in South Bend as rather "mixed." My wife and I found that we were expected to appear at all these gatherings, and the "fair" offered the best panorama of what life really was. The voting contests were important features and they would often have ended in fighting, all for the love of God, if the spiritual directors had not been men of muscle, as well as of mind. A large group of the labouring population was made up of Poles; there were a number of German and Irish folk; and though they were in transition then, their progress since has been wonderfully fine. To study it intelligently will show how, under proper auspices, the real kind of Americanisation goes on—for the atmosphere of the town of South Bend was truly American and democratic.

### § 3

There was little of that religious prejudice which is generally the bane of small towns and cities in the United States, and there was an interest in beautiful things and things of the mind which one does not find accentuated in any of the modern novels which concern themselves with growing Western towns. It may be that the influence of the Abbé Sorin had something to do with this. Of a distinguished family in France, allied to the nobility and gentry of his province, he had brought

an exquisite culture with him, as well as those manners which were characteristic of aristocrats brought up in the traditions of courts. And, by the way, it is rather strange that Americans should assume that when the French became republicans they lost all their grace of manner and their love for exquisite social traditions.

Father Sorin came with a small band of pious adventurers to what was then a wilderness. Among those who accompanied him was Captain Byerly, a Catholic Englishman, who desired to found an estate in this remote Western place. He was comparatively rich, a devout Catholic, and something of a dreamer. While it was possible for Father Sorin to adapt his institution to the needs of the time—he being, first of all, a missionary and fervently determined to conquer all obstacles—Captain Byerly was a gentleman who proposed to plant in this new country the ideas and customs of a cultivated and leisured life. He was dead when we reached South Bend. But he had left a great reputation for his ideals, for his hospitality, and for his charm of manner. To his wife, the daughter of an Austrian Baron, and to his daughter, Mrs. O'Brien, my wife and I had letters of introduction.

Mrs. Byerly remembered distinctly having been present in the square when Napoleon burnt the goods of the British merchants in Trieste. Through her husband she was related to Sir Rennell Rodd, and to the English family of Lowndes. Sir Rennell Rodd, whose *City of the Violet Crown* contains poetry that must live wherever poets are fairly valued, was an old friend of mine; one of the most agreeable days of the week was that on which my wife and I regularly visited the O'Briens. Old Mrs. Byerly—never really old—sat enthroned in the drawing-room, and then the stories began, always interesting and delightfully told.

There was also a woman just in the spring of middle age, Mrs. Clem Studebaker. She had been a Miss Milburn, strongly English with many of the prejudices and all the convictions of her class, a valiant dissenter, as John Wesley would have called her, who loved good books and was interested in all subjects that lead to righteousness. There were the Lucius



Hubbards, tolerant, cultivated, and amateurs of literature and art, and Judge Howard. I might increase the list by many more, but it would be too long.

Probably what I enjoyed most of all was South Bend's contrast to New York. My wife soon found one or two congenial friends, among them one of her youth—who had been a distinguished vocalist in the musical circles of Philadelphia. She had become Sister Virginia, teacher of singing, in St. Mary's Academy, the grounds of which were adjacent to those of the University.

Less amused and less sensible than I of social differences, my wife sometimes failed to understand what she called my gyrations. South Bend at this time was devoted to Prohibition—in appearance. Claret and sherry displayed in decanters or used at dinner parties were looked on as objects of horror. I remember that one of the leading citizens who dropped in to dinner one night and saw a decanter, asked me "what it was for" in a loud voice in the presence of his wife; but I could not help noticing that his breath smelt of cloves! A little whisky was always welcomed by your guests, provided it could be discreetly offered in your study, but you were expected to supply strong peppermint lozenges as a sop to the sensibilities of the ladies.

My wife began the custom of having afternoon tea, which was rather new, and I, coming in from my lectures one day, offered sherry to the ladies present. It almost resulted in social ostracism. Times have changed, even in South Bend. One often wonders what will happen after Prohibition, which has accustomed men to the drinking of whisky only, when they are forced to come back to light wine and beer!

The fashionable entertainments consisted in "teas" and "coffees" given at about four o'clock in the afternoon. By these, the hostesses cleared off their social obligations. Men seldom went to these gatherings, unless they happened to drop in late. I recall hearing a hostess say, "I paid off sixty-four of my social obligations to-day, and to-morrow I must begin over again!" There was no club for the men, but one was sure of meeting everybody worth while at suppers on Sunday

evening. The country club was then in the womb of time and I think I gave my young friend, Samuel O'Brien, of South Bend, the first book printed by Macmillan on golf for Americans. At that time nobody but exiled Scotchmen in New York or in Buffalo or Detroit played golf. Bridge had not yet come into fashion. Euchre was occasionally played in South Bend, but poker was frowned upon.

The influence of the Abbé Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame, was much felt among the older families of every denomination. He was intensely American in sentiment; he understood thoroughly the value of American institutions. He knew how to make a synthesis of the best in the old world and the best in the new, and a small group of priests who surrounded him were sympathetic with his ideas. Chicago was a mere village and St. Paul almost a hamlet when he came to Indiana. His early days were full of hardships—which he did not in the least regard. He early saw the need for a virile school of a high class in what was then called "the West." A number of Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross were induced to found the Academy not far from Notre Dame. These Sisters, some of them of very distinguished French and American families, regretted the passing of the difficulties of the early days. "I was never so happy," one of them said to my wife, "as on those winter mornings when the snow covered the quilt of my cot and I had to break the ice in the wash basin. It seemed to me that then I was doing real work for Our Lord and His children." I think she never quite approved of the splendid drawing-rooms or all the modern conveniences which the parents of the pupils of the present time demanded.

Both these schools had made unexpected progress. They filled a demand. To San Francisco, to Denver, to Omaha, Notre Dame was East; and curiously enough the parents of children farther west preferred what was called an Eastern education. Perhaps if I had lived in a strictly Catholic atmosphere I should have observed the workings of both these institutions in a less detached manner. Two of the daughters of Mr. James A. McMaster had entered the Carmelites, and at

Georgetown I had been very much in the society of the Fathers. I had read Montalembert's *Monks of the West* and Cardinal Gasquet's *Dissolution of the English Monasteries* with intense interest. But I had never come in close contact before with the workings of a semi-monastical institution. From the sociological aspect it seemed to me to be worth the closest study, and I was amazed, in the first place by the effects of some unseen force on the lives of men vowed to poverty, chastity and obedience of such dissimilar education, temperament, character and ideals.

It is a great misfortune that I have no natural sense of reverence. I was intellectually always a Catholic, and a practising one; but I had no prejudices against examining anything in the discipline of the Church which might seem to be defective. My father had never left me in doubt as to the difference between the human and political sides of the Catholic Church, or unaware of its infallible inspiration. The fact that he was not especially fond of priests and rather disliked Irish priests—a defect of his quality which rather shocked me—left me all the more open-minded. But I was sure of one thing—that there could be no real education without a strongly religious dogmatic basis. I could wear my religion as gaily and easily as possible because my people on my father's side had been Catholics for over a thousand years without a break, and I had none of the meticulous desire for perfection in other people which sometimes characterises the convert.

#### § 4

The community at Notre Dame was made up of men in all stations of life—the man born and bred a gentleman, the man who had come from the peasant class in a foreign country and had no social traditions, the physicist of the type of the late Dr. Zahm, the biologist like the late Dr. Kirsch and of others still living. There was another group of lay Brothers, ranging from the expert in commercial law, who had surrendered fair emoluments to live the simple life of this community, to the rude and rough ploughman who knew very little besides

the doctrines of his religion and the art of making a straight furrow. These Brothers delighted me. There was old Brother Bruno, for instance, who had served in the Crimean war; he deviated from the strictest veracity only when he began to relate his exploits at Sebastopol. He was engaged in the dining-room and, being a good listener, I was often invited with one or two friends to partake of tea and bread and jam between lectures, at the hour of four. As the years went on he waded more and more in blood, and the horrors of the campaign of Sebastopol became almost too thrilling for even the most ardent listener to enjoy.

And there was another pal of mine who, I think, was in the butcher shop. Theatricals were much in vogue at the University; and after a fairy scene in which the small boys performed in a cave lined with silver and lighted by electricity, he could not contain his delight. It had given him a glimpse of a world which he had rejected. "Faith," he said, "even when I was in the flesh I never saw on the stage anything so fine!" But, with a sigh, "There's not much food for the soul in variety theatres."

I was asked to be a regular lecturer at St. Mary's Academy and I saw something of its economies. It seems to me to be utterly foolish to talk as if women had not very superior executive ability. I cannot imagine any institution more carefully and successfully managed than the institution managed by Sisters, and it must be remembered that these women had been drawn together not by a community of tastes or a likeness of temperament or character, but by a high idealism. It is the fashion, in fiction especially, to represent women as capricious, illogical, and unbusinesslike. If she is not any or all of these, she is supposed to be hard and unwomanly; but here was a great group of women devoted to children of all ages, often filling the place of mother to the motherless, carrying on their affairs with unqualified success. They had no endowments to fall back on; most of the Sisters had no dowries, except their talent for doing something or other; and yet no year had passed since their foundation that they had not added to their mental and material wealth.



Similarly, the University of Notre Dame had begun without endowment. It was founded on the ideals, on the flesh and blood of the men who joined the community, and when the President, Dr. Walsh, who did me the honour to confide in me occasionally, sighed somewhat over the clash of opinions and temperaments, I was always glad to remind him that, unlike the director of a great body of laymen, he could always appeal to the obedience of his colleagues when he felt that such obedience was necessary for the good of the community. Outsiders who think that the members of religious orders are blindly obedient, or are expected to be blindly obedient, should study from the inside the workings of a religious community such as the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Dr. Walsh was a total abstainer and I was rather amused when he said that if whisky could be publicly cursed by the authorities of the Catholic Church, the progress of the Church would be endless in this world. Having a great sense of humour he had great tolerance, but he always declared that if the Jews had drunk whisky, Our Lord would never have performed the miracle at Cana. But then, as some of his Irish subjects often said, he was unfortunately half French!

On New Year's Day, the Abbé Sorin, who was the General of the Congregation in this country, always sent to his friends and acquaintances in South Bend a bottle of Chartreuse or Benedictine and a large cake. This, of course, was very un-American and it introduced a note of "foreignness" into a kind of life in which little amenities of the sort were not habitual. The contrast between the life of the town, progressive, rather hurried at times, lacking in colour, sometimes commonplace, but never unidealistic, and the great church at Notre Dame, with its rococo altar by Bernini, the constantly burning altar light, the glimpses of gold in the darkness, the flitting shadows and the faint perfume of incense was most striking. You stood on a hot day in summer in the main street of South Bend lined with farmers' carts and buggies; women in shirt-waists, lawn frocks, men fresh from the furrows or in dapper business suits; and in half an hour you might walk in the shadow of an old-world church. You might see the Abbé

Sorin, in his clerical garb, bowing with the grace of the *siècle de Louis Quatorze* to some departing guest. The success of the University of Notre Dame, beginning then, has been due to the fact that the Americanism of the town influenced the Congregation and the charm of the foreigners of the Congregation influenced the town.

Dr. Walsh's predictions as to the cost of living in South Bend or on the college grounds were not exactly verified; the practice of voluntary poverty does not in the least inspire any man who knows the needs of a family. As I had not the slightest intention of curtailing my moderate expenses, and as I always looked on certain luxuries as more useful in the conduct of life than the things other people considered necessities, I saw no reason why I should accept the opinion of a certain number of the inhabitants of South Bend that a teacher in a religious institution should practise careful economy. It was pointed out to me that Judge Howard, for instance, drove a dreadfully old horse in an equally dilapidated buggy. As I had no interest whatever in horseflesh and preferred to "job" the famous team of Mr. Shickey, when we needed to drive, this had no effect on me; but when we put out window boxes and ordered them filled by the florist, I was quietly warned by a leading lady that I should end by being bankrupt. Our small dinner parties with a few drops of Graves Superieur or a glassful or two of mild claret were looked on as too luxurious; people came to dinner all the same and considering that my sense of humour was at times thoughtlessly used, I was treated very much better than I deserved. My wife, however, became a tremendous favourite with everybody. She knew how to dress well, she never dressed too well, and she had the good sense to look on unrestrained humour in everyday life as a very dangerous quality.

It became difficult to drive to the University every day and back again as, in a manufacturing town, there was enough regular employment for every available man and woman in the various great plants, so that it was a relief when our small house, built on the road to the University, was ready. We determined to call it The Lilacs, as this part of Indiana was

beloved of the lilacs. They grew profusely wherever they were planted. I asked my friends to contribute lilacs to the garden hedge. Aubrey de Vere sent a white lilac, Stedman a beautiful Persian, Coventry Patmore contributed a deep purple one from Hastings, Gilder, I think, sent lilies-of-the-valley by mistake, Rennell Rodd a root that bloomed in splendid purple, and Tom Gill, some mignonette. The hedge still stands. It was over twelve feet high when I saw it last but the heliotrope, contributed by Alice Meynel, had disappeared long ago.

## § 5

It seems to me that, as a rule, there is no future whatever for any layman who becomes an instructor in a religious institution. He must submit to poverty and he must make almost as great sacrifices as the Brothers themselves. No educational foundation can exist merely on the fees of the students, and at Notre Dame the only basis for the foundation was the devoted lives of the priests and religious themselves. In spite of a small outside income I found it was necessary to work very hard in order to make occasional trips, to live with reasonable ease, and without too great frugality. I suddenly found that I had not so much leisure in the Sabine farm as I had expected.

At The Lilacs we had the pleasure of entertaining many distinguished people, for the broad-minded authorities at Notre Dame gladly welcomed any speaker of reputation who came in their direction.

Mr. Augustin Daly was kind enough to come from Chicago with Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert and others of his troupe, to play in my translation of François Coppée's *Pater*. Mrs. Gilbert revelled in the applause of the boys and Ada Rehan outdid herself. She was delighted by their spontaneity. Mrs. Gilbert complained of the dreadful noises in the fields around The Lilacs. "Those awful birds," she said. She frankly confessed herself a confirmed cockney.

Bishop Spalding of Peoria—afterwards Archbishop—was

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a frequent visitor. He had all the advantages that cultivation and fine family traditions could give him. We talked for hours, walking up and down the road between the college and The Lilacs, sometimes until after midnight. His prose was admirable; but he could never convince me that he could write poetry, though he tried to often enough. On one occasion, I remember that my wife had asked to tea a remarkably clever woman who had stopped on her way from Chicago to Detroit. One of the other guests was a clergyman of the highest Anglican belief, devoted, in fact, to the form of worship practised at St. Mary the Virgin in New York. He and Bishop Spalding began their conversation on the subject of Unitarianism. Spalding expressed great admiration for Mr. Carroll Wright whom he called "the Unitarian Pope." The high church clergyman seemed to be rather shocked at this; but, as he with the Bishop and myself walked toward the University, he was even more shocked. My wife had asked them to come back to dinner to meet the accomplished lady. "I never could endure," Bishop Spalding said, "young girls. They are generally stupid, but you take a well-bred woman of forty, such as we have just met, and she is the pleasantest companion in the world." The clergymen drew me back and whispered to me, in a solemn tone, "Is he really a Catholic Bishop?" I told Bishop Spalding, of course.

When I left New York I thought I had escaped even the echoes of ecclesiastical dissension, but the coming of Monsignor Satolli as a Papal delegate to settle the quarrel between the extremely Orthodox, many of whom had very strict Prussian ideas, and others who saw the need of a reasonable compromise, opened the discussion again. Notre Dame fortunately took no part in the fray, although one of the most admired of its friends, Archbishop Ireland, was the target for all the reactionaries and they gave him no quarter. However, he survived; but they managed to prevent, with the assistance of Austria and Bavaria, his being made a Cardinal. The group that formed itself around Father Hudson and Father Zahm and Father Walsh often consisted of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Keane



of Washington and Bishop Spalding. The result was perfect conversation, most delightful and satisfying; and the little dinners at The Lilacs became epochs in our lives. Our friends in South Bend were delighted to come.

There were, of course, some difficulties in the way of giving dinners. The dessert and entrées had to be ordered from the confectioner, Jonquet, a special pal of mine who had been a *chef* in a club I once belonged to. Somebody had to station himself at the window looking toward the town. Until Jonquet's wagon appeared bearing the entrées and the sweets, dinner was not announced. American democracy reigned at its best in South Bend at this time.

I liked all this very much. The matter of occupation did not count socially, and although nearly everybody was interested in making money, the possession of money did not make class distinctions. I found, too, that the older inhabitants of South Bend and the surrounding country were just as proud as the oldest Knickerbocker in New York—with this difference, that there was nobody to look up to them. It was an agreeable revelation to find that the existence of an aristocracy depended more on the people that looked up than on the people who wanted to look down.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Studebaker were profuse in their hospitality. They were building their new house, Tippecanoe Place, with its greenhouses and garden. Consequently, the annual chrysanthemum show, which afterwards became a feature of South Bend, was not yet possible. Their parties included nearly everybody of good repute whom they knew. On one occasion it gave me a delightful shock to have the livery-stable keeper, a pillar of the Methodist church, tap me on the shoulder and say, "Well, Mr. Egan, I guess it's time to go as it's a bad night, and I'd like to be home early."

I had one close friend. His name was Pat and he was an expert waiter in the best restaurant in town. He was engaged by Mr. Studebaker to assist their servants in the dining-room. The reception was on Friday. He was a good Catholic like myself. He was very splendid in a new evening suit, but his cuffs were detached and it was very difficult for him to appear

elegant and at the same time keep them from slipping over his hands. The clock had just struck twelve, and up came Pat.

"Sure," he whispered, "it's a minute after twelve o'clock and Saturday morning. Come down and have some of the chicken salad. It's mighty good, for I've just tasted it myself."

And there was Mr. Shickey, owner of cabs, who made no pretence to being in society, but who was a good friend of mine. It happened that because of the prevalence of the influenza, the Pope had absolved all Catholics from the law of abstaining from meat on Friday. "I'm not saying anything against His Holiness," my indignant friend said, "but this is the worst blow the Catholic Church has had since the death of Charles Stewart Parnell!"

As time went on there was, perhaps, some sign of class consciousness, but no matter what is said about the materialistic qualities of the Middle West, character and good conduct and a love for art and literature counted more than anything else. Many people had little time for cultivating their minds; but they did not despise the process. Society was largely influenced by those very fine gentlewomen, Mrs. Schuyler Colfax and Mrs. Stanfield. There was a musical group, too, in which Mr. and Mrs. Bertling were interested, and progress in material prosperity did not in any way promote an unreasonable and snobbish exclusiveness. A scornful attitude was not the fashion. I recall an instance in the early days of a widow and her small daughter who had just money enough to rent a comfortable little house. The widow had a recipe for some harmless cosmetic for the complexion. She began the manufacture of this compound by purchasing a large wash-tub, the ingredients, and a certain amount of stamps and stationery. Everybody helped. The local druggist put the essence of violets or whatever it was on his shelves, and even the robust and rugged farmers from the country, who frequented the most important barber-shop, were accused of destroying their complexions in order to help the widow. She succeeded—of course it was a patent medicine—and I understand that to-day

she has a house on the Riviera and everybody wishes her good luck!

Of course, there was criticism and gossip; but, when any great affliction happened or even a small affliction, charity and tolerance were the order of the day. You could see the town grow in every way and now there is not, I think, a more beautiful, more progressive and more reasonably democratic city in the United States than South Bend. Personally I regret the changes, but they are all for the better.

Chicago was near enough to be visited occasionally. It was easy to run in for a week-end for the opera which my wife liked; and there was the Twentieth Century Club to which we had frequent invitations. Mrs. Potter Palmer was the dictator of fashion, and so accustomed were we to regarding her as a very *grande dame* that when the Princess Eulalie came during the Exposition and hesitated to accept an invitation to a party in her honour because the hostess was the wife of the owner of the Palmer House and the Princess was not in the habit of visiting socially the spouses of innkeepers, we were all shocked. The Infanta Eulalie went to the party, however, and her husband rushed wildly into the lobby of the hotel demanding a red carpet and a canopy. It was a very rainy night and the canopy, which the Infanta demanded as an appendage of her rank, seemed to be rather a necessity—but the practical manager of the hotel could not see why a red carpet should be sacrificed.

## § 6

It was through my acquaintance with a very distinguished gentleman of the old school who had been comptroller of the city, Mr. W. J. Onahan, that I was introduced to Archbishop Ireland who frequently came from St. Paul. He was a commanding figure, so commanding that the press had instructions to feature all his utterances. In the beginning of the difficulty about the school question, I knew him very slightly. In fact, owing to a misunderstanding between us, I felt in the begin-

ning that I could never know him well. Afterwards, however, I did come to know him well and to admire him immeasurably. No man was ever more calumniated or defamed by persons who, with good intentions, believed that his acceptance of American conditions meant the downfall of the Catholic Church. He was an uncompromising enemy of the saloon, of whisky and of all tampering with those principles of freedom which he believed were the natural heritage of mankind.

His acceptance of the French Republic—he had been educated in France—and his devotion to the principles of Leo XIII. in regard to France brought him into disrepute with the reactionaries. He hated Prussian absolutism, and he opposed the Cahensly movement because he looked on it as subversive of the fundamental principles of the Republic. The matter of foreign entanglements outside of our country did not concern him; he would have no foreign entanglements inside the country. When I went back to Washington under President Cleveland's administration, I saw much of Archbishop Ireland who came to the Ebbitt House very frequently, and he thoroughly enjoyed his visits to the capital. What had begun as a mere acquaintance ripened into a lasting friendship. He was a noble gentleman and an ecclesiastic who believed that the priest should be more of a layman and the layman more of a priest.

Bishop Spalding was of an entirely different type. Politics did not interest him. His knowledge of social and economic questions was largely academic. He knew German, English and American literature to the tips of his fingers. It is a great pity that the admirers of the writings of Emerson, who are sometimes biassed against Christianity by his cold brilliancy, should not know better the books of Bishop Spalding. When people spoke of the sacrifices made by priests, Bishop Spalding was not at all receptive. "The man," he said, "who does his part in bringing up a family well is the man who makes the greatest sacrifice." He was a delightful dinner guest, very frank in the expression of his opinions and rather intolerant of the uncultivated or the socially uncouth. Now,



Archbishop Ireland was much like Roosevelt in that the cowboy's or the prize-fighter's manly qualities appealed to him. He understood men, their defects, and their temptations, and he was willing to forgive a great deal of roughness if it did not obliterate the manly virtues. To-day, people who opposed him are seeing that in principle and even in methods he was ahead of his time. He was a brave man and a forgiving one, and his friends not only grew in number as he grew older, but they grew more firm in their allegiance to him.

In Chicago in those days Mr. Fernando Jones, one of the pioneers, had a fascinating fund of reminiscent conversation. Mr. Kohlsaatt was a rising man and one of the most influential in important movements in what may be called *haute politique* in the country. Mr. Drake, of the Grand Pacific Hotel, still gave his great annual dinners in which moose and elk-steaks and venison, broiled over live coals, appeared on the bill of fare. Kinsley's restaurant was fashionable and the Chicago millionaires had not yet begun to look on New York or Paris as their Meccas.

If books were made in the East, they were mostly read in the West. Chicago made an earnest bid for the World's Fair. I recall that I was by accident—the accident of hospitality—present at one of the preliminary meetings for the financing of the Exposition. It was quite evident that Chicago was going to take tremendous risks; the finances of the city were not in a specially flourishing condition, but she made the great adventure and succeeded. She knew where to turn to find creators of beauty, to Frank Millett, to Edward Simmons, to Vedder and to the group of which these men were part. They conceived a real vision of delight which can never be reproduced.

My wife and I felt it our duty to take the two smaller children to stay a week at the Exposition. Patricia was visiting the house of a friend in Chicago. Our sojourn at the Exposition cost us some money and some exertion, but we were filled with pride. It was such an opportunity for the children! On examination, it was discovered that Gerald admired the guillotine extremely. He seemed somehow under the impres-

sion that it was connected with the stockyards; and Carmel was very grateful because a waiter had called her "Miss" and she had discovered that lemonade could be drunk through straws! Let this be a warning to persons who believe in the cultivation of the child mind without previous consultation with psychologists. Afterwards, we came to the conclusion that one hundred and fifty dollars could have been much better expended—in shoes, for example.

One of my most interesting experiences in Chicago was at the meeting of a large group of Irish parliamentarians, one of whom was Mr. Thomas P. Gill, later permanent secretary of the Irish Agricultural and Technical Educational Department and then the member for South Louth. T. P. O'Connor was another and Mr. Harrington. There was a heated debate as to whether they would cut themselves off from Parnell. I was asked for an opinion. It seemed to me to be entirely unnecessary, as it was merely a sacrifice to the non-conformist conscience and the issue was too great to suffer from circumstances of which the Irish party had been cognisant for a long time. Gill, who was young and sentimental and greatly devoted to Parnell, said that he felt as if he were a beastly Cromwellian and a turncoat denouncing Charles I. He held it his duty, however, to accept the situation and the cable cutting off Parnell was sent.

That night Colonel Rend gave a large dinner party for these members of Parliament at which the widowed Mrs. Parnell and her daughter were present. The whole thing seemed dreadfully pathetic. I was informed that she did not know what had happened until the next morning.

## § 7

Notre Dame University seldom allowed an orator who appeared in that part of the country to escape. The teaching of practical oratory was then, as it is now, looked on as very important. Daniel Dougherty, "the silver-tongued orator" who had nominated General Hancock for the presidency, made a special journey to speak at Notre Dame. I had known his

boys at school, and for this reason he clung to me. It was always considered a great honour at Notre Dame to put the guest of honour at a table in one of the two enormous refectories. Of course, when this was done there was no chance for conversation as the rattling of plates and spoons and knives and forks and the roar of talk were deafening. But Father Walsh had always believed in simplicity.

When he was informed that this guest was a *gourmet* and accustomed to brilliant conversation at dinner parties, he was almost in despair. It was amusing to see his anxiety to do the right thing. An unused room was hastily decorated, and I was entrusted with the duty of purchasing some extraordinary fine porcelain and glass in South Bend. Father Walsh who was profuse in charity, but frugal in luxury, was astounded by the bill. I think I bought up all the orchids in town at fifty cents a blossom for the decorations for the table. He said sardonically that at that price we ought to eat them!

I have met many celebrated orators but I never knew one who left anything to chance, who did not study his most minute effect carefully or who was not nervous before he made his appearance. The famous Dr. Stafford of Washington seemed never really nervous; but he prepared his effects as carefully as any actor; and he made it a practice to sleep always an hour or two before he spoke.

Although we led a very happy life at Notre Dame, and made frequent visits to New York and Philadelphia, there came a time when my wife felt the lure of the East, and while I remained in blissful ignorance, I was being literally transferred from Notre Dame to the Catholic University in Washington. Our friend, Dr. Charles P. Neill, afterwards Commissioner of Labour, had gone to Washington. He was a young man of great promise, humorous, companionable and sympathetic. We had looked on him as one of our sons, and when he left Notre Dame there was a great vacancy in our household life. He and a pleasant group had made a habit of dining with us on every Friday and Sunday night. Bishop Keane was informed by Dr. Neill that Mrs. Egan wanted to go East.

"I have long wanted Mr. Egan for the Catholic University

but I knew better than to approach him, feeling that he was rooted at Notre Dame. "You have given me a lead," he said to Dr. Neill.

The Archbishop negotiated with the authorities at Notre Dame and I left reluctantly. My regret, I am happy to say, was shared by my friends in Indiana. My stay there had taught me much. I had learned what real democracy meant and that artificiality and conventionality were only valuable as a means of averting undue friction in life.

I recall one amusing incident in connection with Notre Dame which pursued me over a number of years. There was an intermediate department in the school called "the Juniors," made up of boys who had ceased to be children and were at a most difficult age. They were not under any feminine influence, and though their morals were well looked after, their manners left much to be desired. It was a convention that if a boy upset his cup of coffee his neighbour had the right to seize his piece of pie. It was difficult for the prefects to abrogate this traditional custom, and quite as difficult to prevent accidents that were not altogether accidental. A short time before I left the President, in despair, asked me if I would deliver a series of lectures on Sunday nights in the theatre on etiquette. The humour of it struck me at once. I pretended to be reluctant, but Father Walsh was so anxious about it that I consented. In return, I extorted from him a gift of books for the English library.

The effect of these lectures led at least to the discussion of good manners constantly. As a subject, manners of any kind had not concerned these growing guests of the University, but as Sunday night came, and I put in my effects with the heavy hand of a scene-painter, manners became rather the fashion. There was such a demand for the publication of these conferences that they were finally printed under the title of *A Gentleman*. One of the stories which was most effective and led to great controversy among the juniors was that of the West Pointer who, losing his health, was almost in despair. He was obliged to leave the Academy. He had nothing to do and he was greatly depressed. One evening when he was in Wash-



ington, his aunt had him asked to a small dinner at the Spanish Legation. It was a very informal affair and when the salad was served the hostess, to her horror, observed a large yellow caterpillar on a leaf of the lettuce. A terrible fear flashed through her mind that the young guest might call attention to it. Instead, the brave boy quietly folded the leaf over and swallowed the caterpillar! This was received in dead silence and with no applause; but it sank in! What was the boy's reward for his heroism? Cuba was then Spanish and the Minister was so charmed that he sent the young man to Havana where he not only regained his health in that salubrious climate but—I forget what happened to him; it was worthy of his self-sacrifice!

Every now and then this story crops up. I was much flattered recently when a late Chaplain in the army told me that he had ordered two hundred copies of the book as an antidote to the habit of swearing, prevalent in his regiment. It was a consolation to know that I had left some kind of legacy to the educational faculties at Notre Dame!

## CHAPTER IX

### § 1

THE lay department at the Catholic University was about to open. The rector, Bishop Keane, was collecting professors. He was a miracle of zeal, of hopefulness, of enthusiasm and fervour. I saw so many objections to the new institution that I should have preferred to remain where I was. We had made many friends; there were tremendous possibilities; I had acquired more leisure; my finances had improved, so that a trip to Europe during every vacation was within easy reach; and of all things I disliked change. Besides, Washington seemed to me to be a city only fit for people of leisure to live in; to be frank, it was one of the cities in our country which I should not have chosen for the bringing up of children.

The social atmosphere I knew was interesting, amusing and stimulating; but it was likely to produce snobs. There was no middle class; you were either in or out of society. If you were in, you had to work hard in all kinds of frivolous occupations. It produced the most charming hostesses in the world, but the constant duties of a sympathetic hostess do not make a girl practical. As for boys, they might be absorbed into one of the departments of the government and settle down in the position of minor bureaucrats, torn by anxiety at every change of administration and led to see life from a merely provincial point of view.

That family is fortunate which lives among old and trusted friends, which is to a great extent safe in its own circle, speaking the same language, and forming an integral part of a fixed group. The constant shifting of population in Washington made this impossible. The diplomatic set, the Congressional set, the Army and Navy set changed constantly,

There was only a small residential group and none of those fixed traditions which made life in other cities solid and stable. However, I am afraid my wife, with her eyes fixed on Philadelphia, regarded the capital merely as a *point d'appui*.

It was with great sadness of heart that I left Notre Dame. All these institutions of learning under the control of ecclesiastics need the influence of laymen. It was pleasant to accept the statement of the University authorities that I had filled a real need during my stay. I had made many lasting friendships in the Congregation, among the professors and among the students. If a man can afford it—one must have a private income to enable him to live decently at almost any college or university—there is no more necessary missionary work to be done than among young Americans who are just at the age when most fathers seem to fail them, and when the influence of the priest is limited.

The matter of money was more important in Washington than at Notre Dame. My father, whom I adored, although he was a very silent man towards the end, had died in 1891. I had no real financial responsibilities outside of my own family as my mother and sister had fixed their method of life, and there was sufficient money for even more than they required. If they had been members of the Third Order of St. Francis they could not have led a more simple existence. Occasionally my sister would present us with a splendid set of Carlsbad glass, something amazingly fine from Paris, but this happened at long intervals because, being very fastidious, it took her a long time to choose her gifts.

## § 2

We went to Washington in the Cleveland administration. President Cleveland had always been very friendly and he had already declared himself ready to give me a diplomatic post whenever I could take it. While at Notre Dame I had declined to go to Athens, much to the disappointment of Richard Watson Gilder, who was one of President Cleveland's closest friends. Gilder shared his regret with my old college friend,

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Mr. William F. Harrity, then head of the Democratic National Committee. Another friend of mine, Senator Carter, had been the Chairman of the Republican Committee during the campaign; he was equally disappointed.

"If you only get in," he said, "we'll put the Democrats out at the next election, and keep *you* in."

It was a great relief to him when I went to Washington. He was very close to President McKinley. "Tom" Carter, as his friends and acquaintances called him, has never had credit for his intellectual power. He was well read, well educated, and one of the wisest men I have ever known. I may have been wrong, but I often told him that if he would suppress his sense of humour and be less "glad-handed" with the human race in general, he would be taken more seriously; those who knew him, including President McKinley and the cleverest of the Senators, took him very seriously. He was a profound student of law. His attainments were much greater than he would ever admit himself. He had one of the quickest and most analytical of minds. He was generous enough to depend on me for occasional suggestions in situations which, he declared, he could not grasp himself because he was without experience in certain developments of the law in foreign countries, and of the foreign point of view. He always fought these questions out with me, and as I knew just where to get the kind of information needed both from Rome—the question of the Philippines was looming up—and from France, he found me useful. He persuaded President McKinley to offer me an important diplomatic post. I had then very little respect for our foreign service. The tenure was so unstable and the expense for the pleasure of enjoying a little brief authority so crushing, that I was ungrateful enough to refuse.

At first, my wife and I found it wise to install ourselves in a boarding-house. Our daughters were then under the care of the gracious Sisters of the Holy Cross; after a time we found that this would not do at all. People in Washington have a strong sense of social duty and our friends, who had given us letters of introduction, showered invitations upon us. Mrs. Dahlgren who always insisted that she had made the



match between my wife and myself, made our social path very smooth and certain of the cave-dwellers seconded her efforts. After a time we moved to Eckington to be near the Catholic University which absorbed more and more of my time so that with the exception of visits to the homes of Mrs. Dahlgren and Mrs. Winthrop, a most sympathetic and cultivated woman, we went about little. Of course, Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey and, on her death, Miss Eleanor Loraine Dorsey filled a great place in our lives.

The Catholic University of America had been founded for the higher education of priests. The Bishop of Peoria, John Lancaster Spalding, was responsible for its creation, and his speech outlining the needs and methods of the University is a masterpiece that ought not to be forgotten by educators. It stands very near to that other masterpiece, Newman's *Idea of a University*. Thus, in founding the Catholic University, Bishop Spalding had a very clear idea of what was needed. He had what might be called a university mind and he knew the German systems very well. Besides, all the circumstances of life had taught him to command, and to look on ordinary obstacles as mere trifles. His name, which was that of an old and highly respected American family, counted much in the estimation of persons who feared that this university might come either under the influence of the Irish or the Germans. In its inception, it was intended only for priests and for priests of all nationalities.

Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Bishop Keane of Richmond and Cardinal Gibbons were the prelates most interested in the project. The Catholic seminaries had not been standardised. The period in which brick and mortar counted most was passing. The building of the minds of the pastors, to meet new intellectual conditions, was a crying need. It was not considered desirable to depend entirely on priests who had come from other countries. Some of them, though excellent men as to energy and zeal and the ordinary requirements, were permitted to leave their seminaries in the older countries because they were less intellectually brilliant than their comrades, and therefore more fit

for exportation to a country which was yet *in partibus infidelium*. There was no question in the minds of reasonable Catholics as to the need of such a university, but there was a section of the Catholic body, saturated with narrow, foreign ideas, which felt that this university might come under the direction of the "liberals."

Cardinal Gibbons was looked on as mildly liberal; Archbishop Ireland as radically liberal; Bishop Keane was supposed to be more moderate than he of St. Paul; Archbishop Riordan a gentlemanly and strong-minded prelate who would take his own head and was not amenable to foreign influences. Bishop Spalding had been denounced several times as an ontologist, which amused him very much, and the ultra-heresy hunters declared that the amiable Bishop Keane, who loved all men, was, like Father Hecker and the Paulists, "a Neo-Pelagian." The party in opposition to the Catholic University, however, had nothing constructive to offer in its place, and the far-sighted who objected to the possibility that the Catholic Church in America might be surrounded by a high wall, were enthusiastic for the University.

A brilliant corps was selected by Bishop Keane. Among them was Dr. Bouquillon, a most distinguished Belgian professor. Later Dr. Carroll Wright was added to the staff as a lecturer. He said that the Catholic University was the only educational institution in the country where he was free, provided he did not touch on theology or philosophy in the metaphysical sense, to teach what he chose. Dr. Bouquillon, who had taken Archbishop Ireland's view on the school question, was suspect "in spite of his learning"; but Rome which generally takes a liberal view in practice and which depends in matters of discipline and everything outside of faith and morals, on the Archbishops and Bishops of a nation, was quite willing that the University should adapt itself to legitimate American progress.

In 1889 a school of philosophy, to which laymen were to be admitted for graduate work, was founded. Bishop Keane was rector. It was generally regretted that Bishop Spalding was not made the first presiding officer of the University.

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"Nobody but Spalding," Archbishop Ireland said, "knows what a graduate university really means."

"Excuse me," Archbishop Riordan said.

"Oh, *you* may know," the Archbishop of St. Paul said, "but I don't and I'm sure I shall never learn anything very definite from Bishop Keane who descends like a benevolent angel on Washington society and chooses a professor whenever he goes out to dinner!"

Europe had been scoured, Bishop Keane said, for eminent teachers and, in spite of Cardinal Manning's cynical *bon mot*, the corps in the beginning was worthy of the highest respect. Cardinal Manning's speech, which somewhat ruffled the amiable Bishop Keane, was that he thought "Bishop Keane could have found enough mediocrities in his own country without going across the Atlantic for others."

### § 3

On the opening of the lay department I was chosen as one of the professors of English literature, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard being the other. I had specialised in certain minute forms of English verse and in the French forms from Villon down. If I had any other qualifications, I must be silent about them. I did my best, but my way was strewn with thorns and my later experiences at the Catholic University confirmed my impression that no layman can make any real progress in an institution entirely managed by ecclesiastics. This is not intended as a reflection on the ecclesiastics or their methods, and certainly it is anything but a reflection on the laymen. At Notre Dame I was left entirely free and perhaps I was spoiled by the kindly opinion that whatever I did was sure to be right. When I look back now I think that my irrepressible sense of humour must at times have made some people doubtful of this; but they were all excessively charitable. Even there no layman, if he were married, could live on his salary.

The institution, it must be remembered, was without endowments. That condition does not exist now as Notre Dame has been brought under the wing of the Rockefeller Founda-

tion. This, as President Burns lately informed me with enthusiasm, will make it possible to engage and keep competent lay professors. I must repeat something that is often forgotten, that at Notre Dame, as in all the colleges under religious orders, no salaries are paid to the religious themselves.

Things were to be different, however, at the Catholic University. It was to be controlled by secular priests, who were not bound by the vow of poverty and who were to be paid what was considered a fair salary. One or two laymen were paid higher salaries; but \$2,000 a year for full professors and less for instructors was then the limit.

A slight increase has been made lately. Small salaries are detrimental to the progress of any educational institution. It forces the men who must bear responsibilities to do outside work, and that generally means the death of all research. It was amusing to find visitors at the University, many of them dripping with cash, regarding it as an asylum for loafers because they saw from the schedule of lectures that nobody worked regularly from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. And these, too, were average Americans, and not of the class who went away disappointed because they could not find in the hall the gilded chair of Irish literature and language to which they had subscribed.

Bishop Keane, who had a trust in Providence which was most beautiful and edifying, having gathered his professors, left them largely to themselves. Most of them were strangers in Washington without acquaintances of their own class in the city.

"Who," I asked, "will introduce these gentlemen to the people in the capital that they ought to know?"

"The dear Bishop," said a Johns Hopkins man, "has dropped that burden on St. Michael, the archangel; or perhaps on St. Gabriel, who is the introducer of ambassadors in the Court of Heaven!"

It was necessary for the men to find lodgings wherever they could. Dean Robinson, who had come from Yale and who was head of the non-existent law school, had with true New England thrift secured the only house on the grounds. The rest



were homeless and nobody seemed to care. If you lived in Washington and wanted to be at your lectures in time you might charter a milk wagon, if you saw one passing. The car service was inadequate and when you did reach the University you descended into a morass of thick mud. I remember hearing Charles Warren Stoddard, who acted at times like an idiotic child, uttering sobs while he stood on the platform of a car.

"You can't swim through it," he said, "and if I try to walk I shall certainly go down to my neck." And he went home.

At Notre Dame I had been most punctilious, and the technique was workable. I soon found that my colleague, the variable man of genius Stoddard, had no idea of the technique. He put up a list of lectures to suit his own taste. Probably America has not produced a more exquisite stylist than Stoddard—note, for example, *The South Sea Idylls*; but on the bulletin board he would spell Carlyle "Carlisle" and Ruskin with an "h"—because that letter looked so much like a "k." One can easily imagine what a thorn he was in the side of a hard-working Philistine like myself.

"The trustees," he said to me one day, with tears in his voice, "have been criticising my schedule. They expect me to work and I hate it!"

I suggested that he ought to conduct a seminar, and gently instructed him how to do it. Stoddard was a citizen of the world, but an untrammelled citizen. He loved San Francisco and the South Seas, and the theatres. We who knew Stoddard made allowances for some of his daring speeches that would startle occasionally the strait-laced visitor.

The school of philosophy began to take shape. The departments of physics and chemistry were manned by men who knew just what they wanted. Their equipment was small in the beginning, but applied science appealed to the prospective benefactors. They could see the apparatus. Latin and Greek philology were looked on as important. Profane history was regarded as of no real importance, and English literature hung to an insecure edifice by its thumbs. There was no Teutonic philologist, no chance of getting one. The kindly Cardinal said to me on several occasions:

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"Just wait, my dear Egan, a few more deaths will set us all right."

I do not think that His Eminence prayed for the death of anybody, yet I am sure he made a point of praying for the happy death of those who had left donations to the University! But one of the surest means of obtaining longevity seemed to be for a man to write a gift to the Catholic University of America into his will! Still there was hope and Bishop Keane kept up our enthusiasm for a graduate university in which courses would be given for all students who desired them. There was no discrimination whatever to be made on the score of the religion or race of the student. The cleverest man in my department was an A. B. from Johns Hopkins, an agnostic, but greatly interested in the mystical quality of the poets of Dante's time and in Southwell, Crashaw and some of the minor Elizabethan versifiers. At the Catholic University he discovered, he said, the real meaning of mysticism. He had never heard of St. John of the Cross or of St. Teresa, and the knowledge he acquired gave him an entirely different view of Dante, of Guido Cavalcanti and of the great Dante's circle.

These, then, were some of the intellectual needs which the new University filled. Dr. Pace and Dr. Shanahan were masters in philosophy, and extremely generous and sympathetic. There were departments that were inadequately filled, but the group of professors in the beginning could hardly be matched. Most of them, however, under the working of a rather narrow policy, disappeared. Bouquillon died. De Sassure, a great mathematician of the famous Swiss family; Cameron, the chemist; Neill, who has since made a fine reputation as an economist and sociologist; Bolling, an unapproachable Sanscrit scholar, who leaned, however, a little too much toward the destruction of the legend that Homer was a combination rather than a man; Mgr. Perrie; Hennebery, a modern Celtic student—succeeded, however, by a greater one, Dr. Dunn—were encouraged to depart. Dr. Quinn, eccentric, but probably one of the most important scholars in the modern Greek language and literature, went also. These disappearances had nothing to do with dissensions between the priests and the lay-

men. There were no differences of that kind; there was probably no ecclesiastical institution, Protestant or Catholic, in the world where laymen in the faculty were given as much freedom of action and opinion as at the Catholic University; but the discord of opinions or convictions among the ecclesiastics themselves was a constant source of embarrassment and difficulty. Cardinal Gibbons, making no reference whatever to the laity, often declared that it was harder to govern the University than the whole of his diocese; and I always thought that the war march of the priests from *Attila*, which the organist played for the opening procession at the beginning of the year, was singularly appropriate.

The essential difficulty was the dual control of the Holy See and the Bishops. When anything went wrong Rome could be always blamed; and as most of the Bishops were too much occupied with the internal affairs of their dioceses to take the problems of the University very seriously, they acquired a habit of appointing a committee from among their number every three or four years to hear anybody who had anything to say, after which they went away giving the University a hasty blessing. They seemed delighted to throw off the academic burden. Another difficulty was that the scope of the University was not clearly defined, nor had it a logical system. The first two rectors looked with awe on "science," of which they knew very little. "Sure," as an old Irish priest said, "far-off cows have long horns, and that's what they're seeing." But they meant well, and the scientific people, rather sure that they would not be interfered with, managed to do as they pleased, and secured more money than anybody else; they certainly deserved it. A third problem was that the rectorship was looked on as the road to a Bishopric, and that meant the removal of a rector into other spheres just as soon as he learned how to work at his job. The University of Louvain in Belgium should have been the model for this University; but Bishop Keane was so much in love with what he called "Americanism" that I think he imagined that the Stars and Stripes saturated with a little holy water would guide him to perfection. In all the contentions and differences of opinion

the Holy See was reasonable and anxious to understand and help; but the controllers of the University had such different points of view that they seemed almost irreconcilable. Still the work went on, and as long as the University remained graduate, it fulfilled in a measure the hopes of Bishop Spalding and of that small group among the Bishops who really knew what a graduate university ought to be.

The question of salaries was an unpleasant one, particularly in the face of the Philistine contention that it was criminal to pay any man \$2,000 a year for lecturing twelve hours a week. Bishop Spalding with all his liberality looked on \$2,000 a year, for the priests especially, as a princely income. I remember many hot debates with him on this question while he was one of the trustees. There was never any objection on the part of the priest-professors to the raising of the laymen's salaries; but the laymen had a certain delicacy in proposing a raise in which professors of at least equal standing did not share. I was much amused by an exhortation made to us by the very worthy Cardinal Farley who told us that "we were the beneficiaries of the University." Where the benefits came in was difficult to discover since nearly every layman on the faculty had to work himself to death on outside things in order to live decently. As time went on the advocates of a purely graduate university disappeared from the senate and the faculty. Judge Robinson of Yale always wanted numbers. It was useless to tell him that the Catholic University needed to produce fit men, that the Catholic public had made no criticisms of purely graduate work, and that a reasonable amount of money would always be subscribed. He had the Yale undergraduate idea of the time when Yale was practically a sectarian seminary and he could not be turned from his idea. He was a person of great influence with Cardinal Gibbons and the authorities.

#### § 4

Every time I saw Archbishop Ireland I had a greater respect for him. Some of the important members of the Catholic



Church—to which I become every day of my life more attached—deserve the reproach of caring very little for anything except holy water. Ireland saw in the real progress of the world and the United States toward Christian democracy the coming glory of Christ. In this respect he was like Columbus who started on his cruise not first for the glory of Spain, but for the glory of the Cross. In truth, “the heresies” of Ireland are accepted opinions to-day. As to the school question, he had a right to consider the greater good of the greater number in the Western dioceses. The question was an entirely different one in sparsely settled districts from what it was in an imperial city like New York, where the Catholics were probably one in four among the population. But that is past. It is enough to say that the present Nuncio at Paris publicly announced that John Ireland would have been created a Cardinal if he had lived.

It would be difficult to-day to arouse any interest in the old controversies, and let us thank Heaven for this. It has become plain that every citizen of the United States must look at life from a point of view unknown to his fathers whether these were rigid ultramontanes or orthodox Puritans. The discord within the Catholic Church—a Church which allows the greatest possible freedom of opinion and discussion until opinions and discussions become dangerous to faith and morals—was due in this country largely to the attempt on the part of many sincere people to apply outworn and inapplicable methods in a new country.

It was natural enough that the foundation of the Catholic University, in which were Dr. Shanahan and Dr. Bouquillon and Dr. Pace who was looked on as one of the most modern of psychologists, should be regarded with distrust by persons who had learned nothing from the perils of the Renaissance or the Reformation and who expected that pastors of the Church should be of the mentality of peasants in the Black Forest.

The Catholic University of America, very badly named, we all thought, made a splendid beginning. It opened a way to the higher education of men and women of religious orders

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devoted to teaching which would otherwise have been closed. And whatever defects it may have as an institution for laymen, its progress in the direction of greater intellectual opportunities for the religious has been gradual but sure.

For me, the students at the Catholic University who came to my lectures and seminars were among the most agreeable, the hardest working, most receptive and broad-minded persons I have ever known. Nevertheless, the eight years I spent there, because of constant excursions and alarms, were the most trying of my life.

The University of Notre Dame has taken advantage of the breadth of its charter to counteract those faults which are inherent in every educational institution managed solely by ecclesiastics. It has seen the necessity of giving the lay trustees the same rights and powers as ecclesiastics, and there is nothing to prevent the election of a layman as president of this growing institution. At the Catholic University, in the older days, those trustees who were laymen were mere figureheads. Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte once said to me:

"We lay trustees take no responsibilities; when anything really important is to be considered, we are expected by the Bishops to leave the room!"

Whether this was literally true or not I cannot say from experience; but from long observation I conclude that the result was the same.

When one found some leisure there were always interesting things to do in Washington. The Library of Congress constantly increased in value, and Mr. Herbert Putnam's "Round Table" was the centre of a stimulating interchange of opinions, as was Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's Literary Club. In the earlier days Mrs. Cleveland, at the White House, did everything possible for her guests, and at her teas and receptions one constantly made new and agreeable acquaintances. Bishop Keane had hoped that the University might be made a social as well as an intellectual centre in Washington, but the social fabric fell to pieces after one or two large receptions for the Apostolic Delegate had been given.

I enjoyed very much my position as what President Roose-

velt afterwards called “unofficial diplomatic adviser” to the three Presidents on not greatly important affairs. Mr. Gilder was the intermediary for President Cleveland, which was a very convenient arrangement because it kept me *dans les coulisses*, which I think is one of the preservatives of any real power. The moment a man comes before the footlights in the rôle of an adviser to the great, his descent begins. I am not sure whether one should put one’s trust in princes or not, but I do know that if princes put their trust in you, you had better conceal the fact, and the facts! The novelists will not agree with me, but experience seems to teach me that vanity and envy are the besetting sins of mankind. The man who indulges his vanity—and every man is more or less vain—soon becomes a shining mark for envy, and is likely to become envious himself and clothe it with the apology that he has become angry and sinned not!

Washington had changed very greatly since the seventies. It is not a provincial town now. Capitol Hill was no longer fashionable. Very imposing and some really beautiful houses began to fill the northwest. Sixteenth Street—which badly wanted to be called the Avenue of the Presidents—had begun to be a rival of Connecticut Avenue and the fashionable “circles.” Business was moving up-town. Even Dupont Circle had begun to give way to various rather refined shops. The Blaine residence was occupied by Mrs. Westinghouse whose entertainments sometimes exceeded in splendour those of Mrs. Thomas Walsh. The younger diplomatists who felt that they must eat whispered that Mrs. Westinghouse served terrapin three times, and whenever there was a convention of engineers, she offered them a kind of champagne which Mrs. Leiter, not so far away, was supposed to serve only to the foreign nobility.

The houses of which Bishop Keane dreamt as so suitable for professors of the University were never built. We were not even given a chance to build them ourselves, which some of us might have done. Capitol Hill to my wife represented a very pleasant place to live. It was a fairly “good address”; one was really not out of the best social district or quite in

it. It was near the Library of Congress, and one could run over in five minutes to hear any debate that was going on. Besides, it was easy for one's friends in the Senate or House to come in any afternoon for a little chat. Gerald, my son, could ride to Georgetown College from the Hill; my daughters were not so very far from the Holy Cross Convent in Massachusetts Avenue when they ceased to live there.

Old Washingtonians, of whom I knew many, still groaned over the decay of society. It was said with tears that since the Republican party had come in, the departments of the government were no places for ladies and gentlemen. "Before Abe Lincoln's time," a special friend of mine often said, "there wasn't a good Southern family, reduced by the war, that didn't have a mother or daughter, a father or son in some of the departments." A government clerk of good family was received everywhere socially; but now, said the old lady, these clerks seem to have no time for anything but work!

The strict division between business and what might be called the liberal professions remained firm in Washington. The Metropolitan Club seldom closed its doors to the scion of any good Virginian family provided he was not in trade and could pay the fees; but the sons and daughters of the most prosperous, respected and public-spirited men in the wholesale or retail business were barred out, and, if they once got in, the occupation of their immediate ancestors was very often emphasised. But this did not altogether apply to persons who had made their money in trade in other cities; and Washington became a centre for emigrants who wanted to glitter in a society which at least had the appearance of being dazzling. Having been in Washington when I was young, I became the recipient of the dolorous complaints of many of the elder people. The ladies in the Louise Home were especially critical, and they managed to discover the condition of the pedigree of all the newcomers. It seemed to me rather absurd, since society depends largely on the power of people to entertain, and to make a town brilliant, that such a hard line should be drawn. The worst of it was that the tradespeople seemed to think



this quite a natural condition, to accept it while they were making money, and even after they had made money, not to counter it by forming a society of their own.

The prestige of the various embassies and legations depended very much on the character and point of view of the diplomatists who occupied them. The British Legation, now an Embassy, led in fashion rather because it had its own house and a large contingent fund for entertainment. I liked it especially under Sir Mortimer Durand whom few people seemed to understand. His wife was a good example of the agreeable Englishwoman. In my eyes the Durands seemed to have no faults until one day Mrs. Robson, who was related to the Marion Crawfords, and had great influence in Washington society, started back from the tea table almost pale with horror and whispered into my ear—"My God! That little Durand girl has never read Miss Austen!" The annual *bal poudré*, given by the British, was looked on as one of the functions of the season.

That astute representative of France, Jules Cambon, drew around him an interesting circle; but his house was shorn of much of its splendour as his wife was ill and remained in France. His little dinners and luncheons were very amusing. I recall a luncheon given to Sarah Bernhardt. She talked with great volubility and displayed most muscular arms. She said she had crossed the ocean many times. The Councillor asked her—"How do you spend your time during the voyage?"

"In my stateroom," she answered. "Et je rrrrage!" And you believed it!

When the Jusserands came to Washington, although they were compelled to live in a rented house, they became easily the most important diplomatists in the city. Jusserand knew everybody worth while in both hemispheres. He was acknowledged a master of English literature in certain periods. He had been Minister in Copenhagen, and in that gallery of all the royalties he had acquired a knowledge of the inner springs of European action which gave him a unique position. Madame Jusserand and my wife were friends and they so

remained until my wife's death. I learned to know how admirably fitted the wife of the French Ambassador was for her difficult and delicate position. It may be safely said that no diplomatic lady has achieved a greater position than Madame Jusserand's at any capital. When the Jusserands paid a visit to Copenhagen before the war they were received with enthusiasm. They were invited to spend a week-end at Fredensborg with King Frederick and Queen Louise. King Frederick was an inveterate walker and Queen Louise was equally energetic. The French Minister at Copenhagen, the Count de Beaucaire, and the Countess, were asked with my wife and myself to a farewell dinner to the Jusserands at the Palace. If any neophyte thinks that royal functions do not sometimes mean hard work, he is mistaken! Madame de Beaucaire was the perfection of Parisian *chic*. Her dresses were always from Paquin, and though not actually young, she was beautifully slim. It was expected that she would go in full dress, but without a tiara to the dinner. The Count was not expected to go in uniform.

We were to start at five o'clock in the afternoon in a special car on a very warm and dusty day. The dinner was announced for about half-past seven. We were to have something over an hour's ride. My wife took a maid and her evening clothes in a box. Poor Madame de Beaucaire, whose whole appearance depended on her perfect freshness, suffered agonies. Rooms were arranged for us and we had tea before dinner, and time to dress. But when we saw the Jusserands we knew what had happened to them. It was plain that King Frederick and Queen Louise had been so delighted with them that they had shown them everything in and about the Palace during their stay. They did not seem to be quite so wilted as Madame de Beaucaire; but they were not their vivacious selves. Going back, Count de Beaucaire, who was an inveterate politician, seized Jusserand, and the Countess, who was also an inveterate politician, grasped Madame Jusserand. It was a moment for an audacious display of friendship. There was an unoccupied compartment. I led Madame Jusserand to it, pushed the Ambassador after her and locked the door. At the

station, Jusserand said: "I cannot thank you enough. You have saved our lives; but let me ask one last straight favour. Do not ask us to dinner; let us rest."

## § 5

Garcia-Moreno, the Argentine, bid fair to be a great diplomatic power, but he died too soon. At the White House, one frequently met senators and congressmen and many representatives of great business establishments, but very seldom the ambassadors or ministers. In Mr. Cleveland's time amusing and interesting people sprinkled the mass at the smaller parties. In Mr. McKinley's time there were very few parties. Mrs. McKinley's health, which was always uncertain, made much entertaining impossible. But Mr. McKinley himself, who was never very well understood by the public at large, was one of the gentlest and most sympathetic persons imaginable. He was entirely unpretentious. He was a good listener and very grateful for any attention paid him, especially when he was sure that the attention had nothing to do with influencing his judgment or his patronage. His attitude toward Mrs. McKinley was most chivalrous. Her comfort and peace of mind came first, after the performance of his essential public duties.

Somehow or other, the legend has gone abroad that he was smug, self-satisfied and narrow, and the abject slave of the financial interests. Nothing can be more untrue than this. Like General Grant, he believed that capital, well applied, was necessary to the development of the country; and he was not foolish enough to imagine that political solidarity could exist in our country apart from the control of a boss. He knew perfectly well that in both Pennsylvania and Ohio, for example, there must be a very firm control of those who belonged to unrelated and semi-ignorant masses or anarchy would probably prevail. Cicero's and Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman is "a man who never willingly gives pain." Mr. McKinley was an example of the truth of that definition.

It was my business to keep out of the limelight. In the first place I was not important enough to excite public atten-

tion and in the second place I knew that to encourage publicity would leave me open to the suspicion of office-seeking. It is an axiom in Washington that no man can be friendly with a president who does not want office.

It was easy for the administration of Mr. McKinley to make great mistakes through ignorance of conditions which it had never analysed. The President knew much about the relations of our tariff to foreign countries; he knew nothing, however, of the science of taxation or of economics in general. As to foreign affairs, they concerned him very little. He had seen the triumph of President Cleveland in the affair of Venezuela; but he knew, as most of us knew, that it was largely due to the decision of a scientifically trained man. After the Spanish war, the Philippine question became a burning one. Mr. McKinley listened to all opinions. He did not pretend to have any final knowledge of his own. While he was extremely acute in many essential interior affairs, he could never entirely divest them of their political aspect. This was not a fault; it was a state of mind which nearly every statesman-politician of his time, except Mr. Cleveland, shared with him.

My contact with President McKinley was, as I have said, mostly through Senator Carter. The senator realised that what counsel he wanted for the president must come from somebody who was unbiassed and who understood the American point of view; and that it was much safer to deal with a man who had no desire whatever, except to be of use in a general way, and whose interests lay in keeping perfectly quiet. President McKinley had no prejudice against the Catholic Church or, at least, none against Catholics. This was rather surprising when one considered the condition of ignorance as to the real forces in history in which the fairly educated American of his time was brought up. He wanted to be absolutely fair. At the same time, he rather feared the clamours of the ultra-Protestants and disliked very much to have the charge of bigotry thrown at him by Catholics. After several conferences between Senator Carter and myself—the senator going to the President after each conference—it was suggested that I should go to Rome unofficially to see what could be done in



the adjustment of the religious difficulties in the Philippines. Senator Carter, who was always very frank, said that the President would be grateful, that it was not impossible that I might be sent later to the Quirinal as ambassador; or, if public opinion approved, as Minister to the Vatican. He was not sure himself whether a Minister to the Vatican would be worth while or not. I told him that this was quite out of the question, that it would be a great misfortune indeed if we opened diplomatic relations with the Vatican, that I had no ambition whatever to go to the Quirinal, and that the matter of the Philippines could be easily settled if Mr. McKinley would follow a straightforward course after having studied all the aspects of the matter and taken the advice of Archbishop Ireland.

As Archbishop Ireland was a Republican, it seemed to me it would be much easier for him to gain a hearing than any other prelate in the United States, and I doubted whether Cardinal Gibbons would take the full responsibility. There were many conferences, and the senator assured me that the President was grateful, and that he wished to do something to show his gratitude. Fortunately there was nothing that he could do.

It will scarcely be believed that one of the propositions suggested by the more stupid and narrow-minded of the *entourage* of President McKinley was the absolute confiscation of the lands of the Friars. Henry VIII. had done a similar thing! The men who proposed this were not at all ashamed of it. Compensation did not enter into the question at all. "We emancipated the slaves without compensation," said one of the most ignorant and influential politicians I have ever met, "and why should we not liberate the enslaved Filipinos?" The only argument I remember that I could use effectively with this gentleman was that he might as well attempt to confiscate the property of the Trinity Corporation in New York. Then he looked into the legal aspect of it. Up to that time the international Sunday school lesson and the little red school-house had seemed to him panaceas for all the ills under which the mixed Chinese, Malay, Tagalog, Igorot and Spanish were suffering! President McKinley reserved his decision; but he

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listened and I had the satisfaction of knowing, through Senator Carter, that the ideas of political mediocrities—he was surrounded by them—were not in the ascendant.

During my residence in Washington I gained a great respect for Major Cortelyou. He was as sane as he was observant and patriotic. What he knew he knew well, and he had a spirit of self-sacrifice which saved him from putting himself forward at times when a lesser man would have done so. It was during President McKinley's administration that Mr. Herbert Putnam was nominated as Librarian of Congress. I heard with horror that the committee of senators, who had been interested in proposing an inferior man whom the President had rejected, were rather idly and casually seeking some one who could fill the bill. Senator Carter very kindly called a meeting in the Capitol and I rushed over to present the qualifications of Mr. Herbert Putnam with all the enthusiasm in my power. One of the fine things President McKinley did was to nominate this distinguished gentleman.

On the death of President McKinley, President Roosevelt, for the first time in his life a little startled and dismayed, took up the reins of government. He felt it to be a great opportunity. In the beginning it was blemished by the fact that he was an "accidental" president. He had always wanted to be president, but not in this manner, and on the morning after his election, he welcomed me with a warm handshake and said: "Thank Heaven, I am no longer an accidental President."

Mr. Roosevelt was deeply concerned over the Philippine question. He was quick to see the necessity of settling the relations of Church and State in a way that would leave no bitterness and no sense of injustice. His culture was much wider than President McKinley's; he had read history to great advantage, and he knew as well the foreign point of view of his own time. He had been brought up in a broader school; and it was not necessary to explain conditions to him—conditions which were very dimly and uncertainly understood by his predecessor. He did not need to be told that the estates of the Friars could not in justice or in law be confiscated; nor that whatever civilisation existed in the Philippines was almost

entirely due to the efforts of the Friars. He realised that if they owned rich lands, they had made those lands rich. They owed nothing to what Mr. Henry George called "the unearned increment." He knew what the Jesuits had done in the Philippines for science, and he would as soon have thought of putting an old-fashioned melodeon in one of the Spanish Cathedrals in place of an organ as of substituting the international Sunday school lesson and the methods of "Anglo-Saxon missionaries" for the ways of the Spanish priests. Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt recognised the fact that public opinion in the Philippines demanded that the Friars must go, and that they ought to be replaced by American Catholic clergymen. This was a matter of fact. How to make it possible required great consideration.

Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt had become an accidental President, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder arrived at my house one evening and said that the president wanted to see me as soon as possible. He wanted advice on several things, especially on the matter of the Philippines, but he did not want the advice of an ecclesiastic, because, he said, "I have discovered that there's a great difference of opinion among the ecclesiastics of your Church on the management of this matter. I am amazed," he added, "as I fancied that in a case of this kind Catholics would present a very solid front, and that they would all agree."

This was the substance of Gilder's message. It was confirmed by the President himself when I called on him. He seemed to be entirely indifferent to the political aspect of the problem in the United States. He wanted justice done in such a manner that all parties would acknowledge that justice had entered into the arrangement and nothing else. Conferences followed. Father Vattman, whom Mr. Kohlsaas speaks of so well in his memoirs, was very useful, but President Roosevelt was more and more astonished by the pressure brought against the proposed arrangement by a number of Catholics of importance. It was evident to me that the best man for the diplomatic side of the affair was Archbishop Ireland and his friend, Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls. It was true that Archbishop Ire-

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land was looked on as the enemy of the religious orders and this was made a weapon of attack on him. Archbishop Ireland, being part of a new country where actual efforts for schools, hospitals and orphan asylums were necessary, felt that the contemplative orders were not important. He believed that if St. Benedict and St. Francis of Assisi were alive, they would take a modern view of the duties of monastic life. He had the reputation, too, of preferring the Provincial Letters of Pascal to the Institutes of St. Ignatius; but this was a calumny! He had been brought up in France; he was very French in his point of view; he knew Bossuet and Fénelon and Pascal by heart; and I think he may have been a little too ready to suspect the aggressions of the Society of Jesus on the rights and privileges of secular priests. He was a just man; but, like President Roosevelt himself, both a statesman and a politician—two qualities necessary for any man who wants to produce good results in the social and economic life of our republic.

It was always safe to give President Roosevelt advice when he asked for it. One need never be afraid of making a mistake or of taking too much responsibility. One had only to be frank and sincere. Although he was regarded as the most impulsive of men, he seldom took many men's advice. He would consult ten men, and then announce his decision as if it had rushed like an Icelandic geyser from a volcanic heart. What constructive policy as to the Philippines those honest Catholics of the opposite party proposed, I never knew and I did not care to know. There was only one way to do it, and that was to present the case to the Holy Father and let him arrange the matter with the Friars and with the Spanish Government—if that Government still had any rights in the matter. It seemed to have been forgotten in our country that Church and State had been united under Spanish rule in the Philippines. And while I think that the union of Church and State in any country has always been an evil, I could not help being amused during the conferences at the White House by the opinions of some of the more ignorant of the cultured, who seemed hardly to know that Church and State in England



were still united and appeared to believe that a union of that kind could exist only in "besotted Latin Catholic countries!" Mr. Taft saw the case clearly, of course, and acted without haste, with the full understanding of what was before him and in thorough accord with the ideas of Archbishop Ireland and Bishop O'Gorman, of which Cardinal Gibbons approved. But President Roosevelt was still puzzled by the obstructive attitude of Catholics like John D. Crimmins and Bourke Cochran.

"What do you make of them?" he asked.

"Good people," I answered, "but obscurantists!" This was not quite true.

New York men important in politics became interested. Now that the matter is settled and settled, I hope, to the satisfaction of all parties, it is unnecessary to mention their names. Many of them are friends of mine, and were kind enough to come to Washington to talk of their attitude. It is enough to say that I listened with attention, but held aloof from their party. In my opinion, they were entirely short-sighted and narrow in their views.

One day, Bishop O'Gorman telephoned me to come to him in the Ebbitt House. I found him walking up and down his room in great distress.

"Egan," he said, "we're beaten, I'm afraid. President Roosevelt rather wavers; the pressure is too strong against our ideas. The opposition does not come from any Protestant source as to the journey to Rome, but from Catholics themselves. You have more 'science' than any of the rest; I think you alone can save the plan."

I was immensely flattered! Nobody had ever called me scientific before; but I feel now he must have meant it in the mental prize-fighting sense.

"Be calm," I said.

"This is no time for persiflage," he answered.

I simply said again: "Be calm." And he replied, very solemnly: "If you can't be serious, we're lost. You must go to the White House at once."

"My dear Bishop," I said, "I will not go near the White

House, but to-morrow morning you will discover that you and Archbishop Ireland and Judge Taft will be sure of your commission to make the journey to Rome."

He sighed and I saw that he did not believe me. I took him off to lunch at the Cosmos Club and he became more cheerful. With the coffee, he said:

"You are entirely too elusive; I shall not sleep a wink to-night."

On the next afternoon I received a jubilant message; I never permitted him to allude to the subject again. Explanations never really explain, and when a thing is done one ought to be quite satisfied that it is done. There is no greater pleasure in life, in my opinion, than to accomplish things with a light touch and let people guess at the technique of one's methods!

The success of the American hierarchy in the Philippines has justified the arrangements made by President Roosevelt.

## § 6

It was somewhat difficult to arrange my work at the University so that my visits to the White House might not interfere with it. The President was very reasonable about this. I never asked the Rector for any concessions because we were under-manned and nobody could afford to leave his post even for a day during the scholastic year. I remember only one *contretemps* in my relations with the President. The telephone service at the University was in its earliest infancy. Economy was the rule and we were dependent on anybody who happened to receive the message. One day there came two calls from the White House. I was asked to lunch two days in succession. This rather surprised me; but I was assured that there was no mistake. My morning lectures generally ended at twelve; I could easily get to the White House by one and return for my seminar at the University at half-past three or four o'clock. On this day I polished my tall hat, brushed my coat with great care, and appeared at the White House. Everybody knew me and I remember that the attendant, a kindly gentleman, said: "I am not quite sure about the guests to-day;

but as they come in will you introduce them to one another? It would be a great favour to me, as the President has asked me to do something else, and you seem to know everybody." It turned out that the only persons I did know were Secretary Moody and I think Colonel Bigelow of Boston. The rest of the party was made up of people with whom I could not possibly have had anything in common. Colonel Bigelow and I talked about the lovely purple tint in the windows of his house in Boston, and Secretary Moody devoted himself to the new guests.

There was a delay. Suddenly, it occurred to me that I had come on the wrong day. I was about to make the usual excuse that I must go out to find my handkerchief in my overcoat pocket, when the majordomo appeared and whispered:

"It is the wrong date, but the President said you *must* remain." And then in came the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

"You're wrong, Egan," he whispered, "but you'll always find a plate here on any occasion."

Now after that, nothing in the world could convince me that President Roosevelt had any faults worth noticing!

I cannot imagine a secretary better suited to his work with President Roosevelt than William Loeb. In the first place, he had a sense of humour; without this, he could never have thoroughly understood his chief. He had the gift, too, of reasonable sympathy and, charged with most difficult and delicate duties he did not swell—he grew. He had had great experience when he took the place. I never saw him at a disadvantage except on one occasion when we both interfered to prevent President Roosevelt's wrath from falling unjustly—we thought—on a friend whom we admired. When we had failed outrageously, Loeb could only say: "We have done our damndest; angels could do no more." There is a French phrase, *savoir faire*, which when I was young was much in use. It is a quality that always was rare, yet Mr. William Loeb had, and has it, I hope, still to perfection. He had, too, in the finest sense, the quality of understanding. He knew very well that I had no axe to grind, that I did not want any office.

"There's a rumour about here," he said, "that you are going to be offered a place in the diplomatic corps. Don't take it. Let the politicians have it if they want it. They'll never find out what mistakes they can make or suffer from the brief term in office or the unpleasantness of being only a quasi-diplomatist. And besides, we don't want to lose you!"

My own observation had convinced me of the justice of his words, and from Mr. Cleveland's time I had made very plain that though I might "diplomatise" at home for the pleasure of it, I was not going abroad, to return, after a short term, unhappily bankrupt. To me there was no greater pleasure than the diplomatic and political society of Washington. It was not especially literary or intellectual—that is, literature or the things of the mind were not essential topics of conversation; but if one knew Mr. Roosevelt well and saw him often, he easily supplied that lack. Besides, at his luncheons, one was sure to find sooner or later nearly everybody worth meeting in the country, or outside of it, for that matter—his friend, the rough rider, that amiable sheriff who had had to kill a man or two, William Yeats, Lord Morley, Sir Horace Plunkett, and very often—the richest and the raciest of all—Uncle Joe Cannon. The German Ambassador, Speck von Sternberg, was a clever and broad-minded man, and as simple and frank in his manner as he was competent. His wife, a beautiful Kentuckian, now again very happily married, made the German Embassy an agreeable meeting-place, but it was at the White House that the Baron von Sternberg especially shone. I had met him several times before, but one evening at a diplomatic reception President Roosevelt accused me in a whisper of being a monster of etiquette because I had protested when he spoke of certain exotic diplomatists in gorgeous uniforms, the tails of whose coats were laden with gold lace, "as ringtail monkeys." In order to outrage my susceptibilities further, he called out to the German Ambassador:

"Hello, Speck, I want to introduce to you my friend Egan. He'll keep you in order!"

The Baron seemed somewhat surprised, but as Thomas Nelson Page remarked, "the Great may take liberties with anybody." Mr. Page did not always approve of Mr. Roose-



velt, although Mr. Roosevelt approved greatly of Mr. Page's short stories; and liked to see him at dinner often at the White House.

My lectures at the University were exacting and there were many demands on me for outside literary work, following especially the success—I hope I may say it—of the series of short stories in the *Century* called *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis*. I was correspondent, too, for a London weekly paper.

By a judicious arrangement of hours, one could add to the pleasure of life by getting the best out of society in Washington. My wife enjoyed it and she was sensible enough to accept only such invitations as were worth while. A little dinner occasionally, with a celebrity offered, would always bring people to Capitol Hill; and a box at the theatre, with supper at the Shoreham, and a bottle or two of Sauterne amply paid all one's social obligations. Through a stroke of good fortune I was often invited to the dinners given by the Justices of the Supreme Court; I enjoyed them enormously. No persons outside the diplomatic corps were ever so punctual as the Justices and their guests. At five minutes to eight there was nobody in the drawing-room; at eight o'clock everybody was there, and there was no necessity to gain time by passing cocktails and *hors d'œuvres* in advance. This was the beginning of a very warm friendship with Justice Brown. There was never a time when Washington was so interesting as when President Roosevelt was at the White House. After he had left I came back, *en congé*, and one of the first persons I sought out for a bath of brilliant conversation was the Reverend Dr. Cotton Smith. We were both rather depressed.

"What is it?" I said. "Do you think of going over to Rome?"

"No," he said, with a sigh, "but even Rome and all the Cardinals would be better than Washington without Roosevelt. Nothing worth while has happened since he left!" It was sad, too, to see many free-lance newspaper men and writers who had lunched frequently at the White House now eating their milk and crackers at Ford and Graham's dairy luncheon! Other times had certainly brought other manners.

## CHAPTER X

### § 1

IN Washington at that time life was inspiring and stimulating, and I confess it was a great pleasure to feel that one's advice was sought in high places. Mr. Robert Lincoln O'Brien had been supplying the *Ladies' Home Journal* with "interpretations of Roosevelt." He was made editor of the *Boston Transcript*, and naturally his function as interpreter ceased. President Roosevelt intimated that he would like me to undertake the work, since somebody must do it, and he was on friendly terms himself with Mr. Bok. There was no way out. In order to be able to interpret Mr. Roosevelt it seemed necessary for me to have a private talk with him at least once or twice a month. He said "once a week," and once a week I appeared at the White House in the half hour preceding luncheon, while he was being shaved. Only a firm trust in Providence prevented me from interfering now and then with the calm, coloured person who did the shaving. In the heat of argument—not being in office, and having no expectations, I occasionally opposed the President's views—it seemed likely that a clean slice of one of the President's lips would be cut off by the barber. When the President shouted: "It's a dastardly act and no white man unless he had sweetbreads for brains would have thought of doing it!" I fancied that the President's right nostril would be clipped off. But nothing happened. I kept in my memory such indications as needed interpretation; the talcum powder was applied by the barber and we went in to lunch. On one occasion, a well-known newspaper man from New York very nervously went to the White House and said that he must have an interview with the President at once. It was a matter of life and death that he should have the President's opinion on a certain question. Mr. Loeb admitted him

during the shaving process. After a time he came out, dripping with perspiration.

"Did you get what you wanted?" Loeb asked.

"No," he said, "the President probably told me all I wanted to know; but in the horror of expecting to see him assassinated at any moment, I forgot it all!"

Speaking of Mr. Roosevelt's lunches, I recall one to which I went with a certain trepidation. There was a row in the Senate in which Senator Chandler was very prominent. He was a friend of mine and had a quaint, eccentric sense of humour, and it was fun to hear a duet between him and Senator Carter. I was rather afraid that President Roosevelt would open fire on my friend, as he never hesitated to open fire on anybody when the necessity was apparent to him. I expected to find the President rather downcast, too, and somewhat worried. On the contrary, before we went in to lunch, he gave me a manuscript.

"There," he said, "do as you please with that. It's my paper on the Celtic Sagas; you put the idea into my head and I worked it out."

I was astonished. "Do you mean to say, Mr. President, that with all this strife on your mind, you found serenity enough to write this article?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "the work took my mind off the caterwauling in the Senate."

I gave the manuscript to Mr. Gilder, who paid the President \$1,000 for it. On Washington's birthday, 1907, the President sent me the original of the principal illustration—Lyendecker's lovely "Queen Meave."

When William Yeats came to the United States he had letters of introduction to me and I mentioned this to the President. He said: "Do get him to luncheon one day." But Yeats was extremely elusive. He was the typical poet of the romances. I had had an inkling of this from the rumours I heard about him at Paterson, New Jersey, where I spoke a week after he had lectured. We were both guests of the then reigning mayor. His host declared that he had been made very unhappy for an hour before the lecture by the fear that

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Yeats was lost. He turned up in his evening suit just an hour after the lecture had been announced to begin. But he was more than worried after the lecture—the weather was desolatingly cold—when he discovered that Yeats had brought no overcoat. It was easy for the host to supply this deficiency in the morning and he offered Yeats a four-in-hand cravat to conceal the front of his evening shirt. But Yeats said: "Oh, don't mind! I'm using one of my socks as a cravat."

The poet was to appear at tea at our house at four o'clock—half-past six came and he had not yet arrived. The ladies grew weary of waiting—there were some of his most ardent worshippers among them—and then a telephone call was heard.

"It's I, Yeats," he said.

"And where are you?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but I'm in a hotel."

The hotel turned out to be the Shoreham. The only thing I could do was to offer him a dinner at the hotel, when I had found him. It was, then, nine o'clock.

The day preceding this he had been invited to lunch at the White House and he was to come from New York to the Cosmos Club. He had not finally accepted; I waited for him until midnight. At last I received a telegram saying that he would be at the luncheon. It was too late then for President Roosevelt to make a circle to meet him. At the luncheon table, there were Mrs. Roosevelt, Ethel, I think, and the smaller boys—all eager to hear about the fairies. Yeats was silent. He could not be induced to open his mouth until President Roosevelt turned to me and said:

"Following out our conversation the other day, about the balance of power in Europe, I believe as earnestly as you can possibly believe in helping to preserve at all risks the autonomy of the little peoples."

Yeats raised his head from the depths of his flowing neck-tie:

"Sure," he said, "you'll find the little people all over Ireland. Every old man that's raked the hay in the meadow has seen one of the little people. I have seen some of them myself."



Mr. Roosevelt looked as if he had been struck suddenly by a thunderbolt. I had presence of mind enough to ask:

"What are the little people like?"

"They're not like the little insignificant English fairies," Yeats said contemptuously. "They're over seven feet high; they're the old gods come back again!"

"My Heavens," said Roosevelt *sotto voce*; the children were delighted evidently. But Yeats subsided into silence, in contemplation of the sweetness and strength of the Irish fairies.

The Roosevelt children were sources of great pleasure and amusement to their father. I recall that my son Gerald, who had been presented to Mr. Roosevelt and whose admiration for the President was mixed with pity because Roosevelt declared that he could not play baseball, was very indignant when somebody told him that the President kept a valet. It was "un-American," Gerald said, and he begged me to ask the President whether he had a valet or not. So I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "Alice does very well!" Which answer confirmed my son's high opinion of the President. I had the pleasure of taking Alice in to luncheon one day just after she had escaped from her studies. She gave me verbally the impression that she was in love neither with education nor educators. When my wife was first presented to the Dowager Queen of England in Copenhagen, Queen Alexandra said that Miss Roosevelt gave the impression of being highly educated and had the most beautiful green eyes and long eyelashes she had ever seen!

The President told many chuckling stories about the attitude of an old Irish nurse who had been many years in the family of his wife. She had, it seems, a much higher opinion of the Carows than of the Roosevelts and she was much devoted to Archie because he was a Carow. When Archie was convalescent after a siege of some kind of fever, it was difficult to induce him to eat beefsteak, which had been ordered by the doctor. He was offered the tenderloin in vain. The nurse, however, saw the difficulty. She appeared with a succulent morsel, and said, "Sure, the dear child will eat a little

piece of the tenderline." Archie devoured it under the impression that he was eating a piece of real roast lion!

Mr. Roosevelt had a wonderful gift of sympathy. When my son Gerald was about fourteen years of age, the President said to me one day, "I wish you'd bring him up to see me on Saturday morning." Gerald and I appeared. Gerald was nothing if not a sportsman, and he aspired to be captain of the yard at Georgetown College. When we entered, Mr. Roosevelt dropped a group of distinguished persons, and shook hands most cordially with my son. They began at once a most animated conversation on the subject of wrestling in general and jujitsu in particular.

"If your father wasn't here, Gerald, I'd get down on this rug with you and show you a real grip," and he made various suggestive motions. And Gerald said, forgetting the august presence:

"I know what you mean, that's the strangler's grip. If you just give me a chance I'll show you how to do it."

Roosevelt laughed: "We can't be so undignified here, you know, but later when none of this crowd is about—"

"I think, Mr. Roosevelt, that you'd make a good pitcher."

"Ah, no," the President said regretfully, "I'm rather blind, you know. There's nothing I'm really afraid of in this world except a baseball coming at me in the dark!"

With real grief in his accents, Gerald said: "What a pity, Mr. President, what a pity!" They parted very good friends and later, when my son had citations from General Pershing for his work in France, Mr. Roosevelt was the first to congratulate me.

## § 2

The tennis cabinet was an institution. No matter what happened Mr. Roosevelt never omitted his exercise. He was an example of what can be done to develop a physique which was not robust by a reasonable course of athletics. M. Jusserand and Baron Speck von Sternberg and Mr. Charles P. Neill and Mr. Loeb were among the star players. I recall a luncheon

a day or two after the sensation made by the Booker Washington incident. It seemed to me that Mr. Roosevelt was greatly astonished by the turmoil this had created.

"At any rate," he said to me, "I see by the papers this morning 'that all Paris' is with me. At Harvard, you know, we thought it the proper thing to be polite to a man of colour who had made a success in athletics and I must say that after Booker Washington had talked to us for five minutes at the table we forgot whether he was black or white!"

I never could see why he was perturbed at all about the Bellamy Storer affair. He evidently was although he could not avoid seeing the humorous side of it. The rather acrid consequences of the "Dear Maria" and "Dear Theodore" letters had a certain tinge of comedy; but the only person who suffered in the controversy was Archbishop Ireland, who was painfully embarrassed by the turn it took. It was natural enough that he should have desired to be a Cardinal. He never wished it more ardently than Newman who, however, was more reticent, and whose friends were more discreet.

"You know," Mr. Roosevelt said, "I think Archbishop Ireland is one of the most patriotic men in this country; he stands for everything that is fine and noble, and if I could do anything to accentuate in the eyes of the world my regard for him I would do it. I have a great admiration for my wife's Bishop, Dr. Satterlee; and in the same way I should like to do what I can for him, but there's nothing now that I can do."

This was his position from the beginning of his acquaintance with Archbishop Ireland. Senator Elkins and Senator Scott, both Protestants, formed part of a large group around the President who believed that the creation of Ireland as a Cardinal would have a beneficial effect both in the United States and Europe.

It was not always easy for President Roosevelt to understand either the Catholic point of view or the ultra-Protestant point of view. When people spoke of a "practical Catholic," for instance, he had the impression that it meant a man who paid his pew rent regularly! On one occasion, he sent for me in a great hurry early one Saturday morning.

"Sorry to give you this trouble, Egan," he said, "but I do want you to do something for me, and in a big hurry, too. I have a great friend, a Polish priest in Buffalo, a man of high attainments, of excellent character. He is the only man I know who can interpret Sienkiewicz to me. Now I think that our good Poles in Buffalo ought to have a Bishop of that calibre—an intellectual man who knows their culture and tradition. I wish you'd just step down to the Apostolic Delegate and tell him that I'd like to have him use his influence at Rome to have my friend made a Bishop."

"Certainly," I said, "Mr. President. I never refuse to do anything for you I can do. You have time enough now to appoint me as Minister—or better—Ambassador to the Vatican. You can leave the Senate to fight it out afterward. I will go at once and open diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican and the Apostolic Delegate will be pleased and will have a lot of space in the newspapers tomorrow. The ultra-Protestants will say that you are a slave of the Scarlet Woman; the Catholics will declare that you are uniting Church and State in a very arbitrary manner. If you'll just make out my commission, I'll go at once."

He frowned, paused portentously, and then grinned.

"You know very well I can't do that; what do you advise me to do?"

"Ask Cardinal Gibbons over to luncheon on Monday, and tell him all about it."

"Do you think the Cardinal will come?" he asked.

"He will be delighted," I said.

"All right," he said. I knew at once that there would be no Polish Bishop in Buffalo!

A few days after that I called on the Cardinal who received me in his room. He closed the door mysteriously.

"I was over in Washington lunching with the President on Saturday. The matter was so confidential that I cannot even tell it to *you*."

But I was right. There was no Polish Bishop appointed in Buffalo!

In the case of Archbishop Ireland, there was no reason



on earth why President Roosevelt, following the example of rulers almost ever since Cardinals began to be created, should not have in due form proposed a candidate for the Cardinalate. There is nothing in the laws of the Church to prevent even a layman from being Cardinal. The Cardinals are simply the members of the cabinet of the Holy Father. Merely as Cardinals, they have no sacerdotal position whatever. They are generally priests, but the Pope might at any time create an American Cardinal from the ranks of the laity and be entirely within his rights.

It is not generally understood that a Cardinal, *per se*, cannot say Mass or administer any of the sacraments except baptism—a sacrament which even an infidel in time of necessity may administer.

President Roosevelt did understand these things. Yet I do not think he would have considered the expediency of the matter at all if his friends had not urged such expediency upon him. He was made to see that any written request for the conferring of the red hat on Archbishop Ireland would be entirely inappropriate. If anybody, however, had chosen to suggest to the Pope that he was sympathetic with such a request, he would not have objected. From this attitude on his part arose that controversy which gave him some uneasiness, and Archbishop Ireland great pain. If any man was unfortunate in having a group of too enthusiastic friends, whose hearts were good but whose diplomatic perceptions were very dull, it was the Archbishop of St. Paul.

When Pope Leo XIII. was dying Cardinal Satolli was all-powerful. He was desirous of cementing the relations between the Vatican and the United States, to offset the defection of France. I had received an intimation from Mr. Loeb, always a rock of common sense and never given to subterranean methods, that tremendous pressure was being brought to bear on President Roosevelt, not only from Catholics, to request that Archbishop Ireland be made a Cardinal. I waited. One morning, just as the summer vacation at the University had begun, a message came by telephone from a friend of Archbishop Ireland's in Rome that "if the President would merely

request, on a visiting card, that Ireland have the red hat, Satolli gave his word that he would receive it." Under the circumstances, there was nothing to do but to be silent and in less than four days this story—as I expected, knowing the "engineers" in the case—was out in some of the newspapers.

Somewhat later I received a summons to the White House, after having read one or two letters from Rome confirming the cable. Mr. Loeb was most anxious that the President should do the right thing, and he seemed to think that I was the best judge of what the right thing was. I was non-committal; and then there came a long letter from Archbishop Ireland in which he said:

"I leave it to you as an American citizen and a Catholic to decide whether I shall accept this opportunity or not. I will abide by your decision."

I wrote to him at once that if he accepted the generosity of the President, who might be acting quite within his rights and according to the tradition of rulers, both he and the President, in view of the state of public opinion which was not likely to change, would not cease to regret it during their lifetimes. Archbishop Ireland telegraphed—"Do not act," and the incident was closed. It seems to me that this whole episode reflects great credit on President Roosevelt, who was the most loyal of men. He knew very well what the traditions of other rulers were and he was willing to take a risk for a friend. As to Archbishop Ireland, this episode, which is not in the slightest degree exaggerated or minimised, ought to show that he was willing to put the legitimate ambition of his life below his sense of patriotism.

### § 3

When President Roosevelt understood fully that there was no office within his gift that I wanted, he paid me the compliment of putting me on the Indian Commission which is an honorary committee. I cannot conceive of any more delightful relation with a President of his type than the thorough understanding that he can give you nothing except his friend-

ship. Later a time came, in the beginning of 1907, when he felt the need of special information and wanted somebody who would understand—"a man," he said, "who knew equally well the traditions of the old world and the practices of the new." The Minister at Copenhagen, the Honourable T. J. O'Brien, had been there for a short time on the way to an embassy. It was understood at the White House that he was to be made an Ambassador as soon as possible. Japan was open. Mr. Roosevelt one day gently suggested that I should go to Japan. I was horrified. I knew nothing of the Eastern situation. While I was no novice, I had always felt that if a man was unfortunate enough to be an Ambassador from the United States to any other country, he ought to have served as a Minister Plenipotentiary for a time at least. I understood that Mr. Root was of the same opinion. Besides this, Mr. O'Brien had been spoken of in connection with Tokio. I considered myself well out of the diplomatic service. President Roosevelt said to me, combating one of my objections—"Oh, you can manage very well on \$10,000 a year. You and Mrs. Egan will always make a house so agreeable that everybody will come to you." But I knew better than that. I agreed with him that Copenhagen offered many attractions. It was what our State Department has never quite found out, the whispering gallery of Europe, and President Roosevelt knew this very well. He said: "Perhaps Portugal, a Catholic country, would suit you better." "No, not at all," I answered. "I shall probably meet too many Catholics in the next world and I do not always find them so very amusing here." I declined to take any post. Then several members of the Cabinet spoke to me about it; Mr. Loeb remained in a friendly and neutral attitude. One day the President sent for me and said:

"I am going down to my little house in Virginia for about a week. When I return I expect you to say yes, and I will send you to Copenhagen."

The week passed. My wife and I were just going to dinner at Senator Carter's when a message came from the White House making an appointment for ten o'clock that night. As I left Senator Carter's my wife said: "Do not accept anything.

Make all kinds of apologies to the President.” And I promised. As soon as I entered the little ante-room near Mrs. Roosevelt’s drawing-room, the President took me by both hands :

“I have accomplished,” he said, “what I consider an ideal thing. You are to be Minister to Copenhagen, and Edith, who never takes much interest in these things, is so greatly pleased that she wants to be the first to congratulate you.” The door was opened, Mrs. Roosevelt stood before me, all smiles, and said :

“I congratulate you, Mr. Minister!”

There was nothing to be done. My wife said—“I find that as a rule you’re a victim to psychological suggestion. If I tell you not to do a thing, it always emphasises in your mind the feeling that you ought to do it.” Though the approval of Mrs. Roosevelt settled the matter for her, my wife was not altogether pleased at the prospect of going abroad.

I had already determined to resign from the University as I found the drudgery of the work more and more uncomfortable. The need of assistants and of a first-rate Teutonic philologist, especially for Old English, became more and more urgent. The financial reverses of the University, owing to the failure of Mr. Thomas Waggeman, had forced the trustees to economise as much as possible. They acted justly and very courageously. What I wanted more than anything else was freedom for literary work and the opportunity had been offered me. The President said that if I remained until the end of his term, he would be satisfied. But when I began to consider the nature of the work at Copenhagen, especially the outstanding problem—emphasised by both President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge—our securing the Danish West Indian Islands, it appeared to me that sixteen months would not be long enough. Neither President Roosevelt nor Senator Lodge believed that these islands could be bought, but they both seemed to think that I was the best man to pave the way!

One of my instructions from President Roosevelt was that I should do all in my power to uphold the pride of the Danes in their own nationality, to make them understand that, if it were a question of them or Imperial Germany, our moral support



would be with them. The President believed with all his heart in preserving the autonomy of the little nations. For myself, when I had studied the history of Denmark, I could imagine no people with a more glorious past or a more pathetic present, except Ireland or Poland. So far as our influence was concerned, it was understood that the Danes must be persuaded to resist every attempt at German aggression, as it was hoped that Sweden would resist any attempt at Russian autocracy. President Roosevelt could never forgive the action of Russia in Finland and he was justly indignant when somebody quoted a militarist Prussian's allusion to Denmark as "our Northern province."

The question of details faded into the background before the chance of being useful in Denmark, and President Roosevelt made it clear that I could be useful. He was one of those fortunate friends who liked you because of your defects rather than in spite of them. Mr. Loeb approved of what he called my "plasticity," and President Roosevelt said suddenly one day: "That defect of your qualities will help you very much as a diplomatist—you will soon be sufficiently Danish to make them understand you, and still sufficiently American to keep that steel rod which answers for a backbone in a perpendicular position."

It was early in June, I think, in 1907, a week or two after I had received my commission as Minister to Denmark, that I was on my way up Connecticut Avenue under threatening clouds. I was hurrying home, in order to dress and say good-bye at the railway station to Senator and Mrs. Carter who were going West. One of those violent storms so common in the summer was brewing. Suddenly I saw President Roosevelt swinging along the almost deserted street. And just as he greeted me a deluge fell from the heavens.

"Lovely weather," he said, "let's take a walk!"

I turned back.

"I'm on my way to my dentist down-town," he said; "we'll have plenty of time for a good hike."

It seemed to me as if the very centre of all the rainstorms of the season had opened; but nothing soaked his enthusiasm.

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He walked and talked, swinging his stick and explaining to me the atrocities of which nature-fakers were capable. I paid a rather divided attention. The cold water trickling down between my skin and the collar of my coat paralysed my understanding. The streets were almost deserted, but a solitary cab with a drenched driver and a despairing-looking horse came toward us at a slow trot.

President Roosevelt said:

"I'm afraid I can't make you understand what I mean about the way a wolf ought to be stabbed. Stop!" he called out to the cab driver. The man, awaking from despair and very much flattered, drew up his horse. Mr. Roosevelt began to draw a diagram in imaginary lines on the chest of the animal, the driver growing wetter and wetter and more interested. As for me, I was soggy. Finally after many complicated explanations, the President nodded to the cabman, and remarked:

"I think now that this gentleman understands!" and we went on at a rapid pace, trailing clouds of moisture into the ante-room of the dentist, to whom the President introduced me:

"This is my Minister to Denmark," he said, "and he's now in a position to explain to those good Danes what mistakes these self-conceited nature-fakers make!"

I murmured the proper good-bye, and managed to get home dripping, in the cab which had slowly wandered after us in hope of a fare!

It may have been a compliment, I was not quite sure of it.

### § 4

For a man who had always looked on the American diplomatic service as unworthy of serious consideration, as it had been so often a toy in the hands of politicians, it seemed strange that I should finally not only accept the post as a duty, but with great enthusiasm.

I was quite aware that I could not live on ten thousand dollars a year with self-respect in Copenhagen, which was the home town of all the royalties. At first, the outlook made me

rather anxious. Munificent friends stepped in with kindly financial offers, especially Mr. Edward Clark of Scranton; but I discovered, after some manipulation of my affairs, that even if I should be bankrupt when I returned home, I could manage to live adequately with my income supplemented by certain royalties, especially from school books. Thus I was not obliged to call on my friends. Mr. O'Brien, my predecessor, had happily set an example of modest elegance. He had taken the apartment in an old palace in the Amaliegade which had belonged to the German Minister, von Schoen. It was in the Court-end of the town, three or four minutes' walk from the palace of the King, and almost next door to the palace of Prince Valdemar. I felt quite safe in following Mr. O'Brien's example, especially as the dining-room was one of the largest in the town. I knew from observation that a large dining-room is the first necessity for a diplomat! Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien were kindness and consideration itself. They permitted us to buy some of their best furniture, including two splendid chandeliers, which had belonged to von Schoen, and his window curtains of old rose-coloured brocade. Little did I dream, as the novelists say, of the anxiety that these old rose-coloured curtains were to give me.

My daughter, Patricia, and I had gone over first, stopping to visit M. and Madame Jean Poëls in the little town of Venraai in Holland, where our dear friend, the Reverend Doctor Healy, was staying. We had also stopped in Paris to see some old friends, and then had gone to visit the De Freynes at the Manoir de Calmont near Dieppe. We had fluttered somewhat about the Faubourg St. Germain with a certain lightness of heart and the appearance of great elegance; but we were dropped rudely to the ground when, on being landed in front of the house of a friend there, the *cocher* said grumbling, as Patricia gave him the tip—"Les grands sont toujours avares!" Patricia says that it was I who tipped him; but I am sure I was never so economical as she was! However, it was a blow, for it was not often that *les élégants* received a douche of this kind at the very portals of a Duc!

When Patricia and I reached Copenhagen it was late in

August. The Consul-General had just left; nearly everybody in the diplomatic corps was out of town. Mr. Charles Richardson was Chargé d’Affaires. Being a very great swell, Mr. Richardson knew nothing about the details of housekeeping. Sir Alan and Lady Johnston and M. and Madame de Riaño were out of town. This was a great disappointment as I had known very well Mr. and Mrs. Pinchot, the parents of Lady Johnston, and had had most friendly relations with Señor de Riaño.

Patricia had many things to attend to, and the duty of furnishing the two salons fell to me. The first salon was Louis Seize, with white and gold panels. The Venetian chandelier, which I had rearranged by Salviati in Venice, was made up of little pink and pale blue flowers, an exquisite crystal and a thing of beauty. The ceiling was high, but the question that occupied me more than any matter of diplomatic policy was—how we were to live up to the old rose-coloured curtains.

My wife, at a distance, could give me no help; I think she suggested that the safest way would be to take them down altogether, and begin life on a new plane; but I had learned to love those old rose-coloured curtains.

When Lady Johnston did arrive, she discovered me sitting disconsolately in a small forest of chairs and sofas, gold and cherry-coloured, and trying to believe what the dealer told me—that they were the proper complement to the old rose! Lady Johnston said she was lost in the labyrinth of furniture and she seemed to think that cerise and gold chairs would not go at all with old rose-coloured curtains! She declared she had never seen so much furniture in one room in her life, but she tactfully added that I might produce a diplomatic effect with the combination, yet hardly one of which my wife would approve. She gave me some very valuable hints, in a manner slightly veiled with humour; and I think she warned my daughter that my taste was not to be trusted! I was obsessed with the idea that the drawing-room of the Legation should be ready when my wife arrived just before Christmas. Arthur, the messenger, recounted some of the splendours of Madame von Schoen and Mrs. O’Brien—Mrs. O’Brien had



been ill during most of her stay in Copenhagen, which was short—but from Arthur's story I gathered that she had spent her time on a bed of sickness inventing new glories for these salons! It was impossible for me to compete in any way with the visions held up before me; the only thing, then, to do was to wait. Mirrors are always in order; there was one with carved Italian ornaments that struck my fancy so I put mirrors in all the panels, filled the salon with white lilacs, my wife's favourite flower, and waited.

The problem that puzzled me was easily solved, for my wife decided to draw the chandeliers and the mirrors and the Louis Seize white and silver walls into a plan for making any woman who entered that room in the evening as beautiful as possible. The old rose, the Venetian chandelier and the gold gave just the proper reflection to set off the complexions of ladies in evening dress, especially as the colours then worn were all what is called *claire*. My wife was rewarded one evening after dinner when the Crown Princess, unable to avoid a view of herself in one of the mirrors, said, "I always feel so well satisfied with my looks when I come to your house." Attired in an old rose gown, her surroundings fitted her. Mrs. Egan had put Christian IV. consoles under the mirrors and had found old rose and gold Empire furniture to suit my *bête noire*, Baron von Schoen's window curtains.

Indeed the salon was so effective that a famous alienist from Chicago looked around the room one Sunday morning and said, "This is just the kind of room my patients ought to have. Just the room for an insane asylum. It is so cheerful." We could not have done better than that!

## § 5

The question of diplomatic policy had been carefully laid down by President Roosevelt. He left nothing to chance as to the principle, and everything to me as to the details. He wanted information on every possible subject. I was expected to communicate important matters to the State Department—all kinds of details, important or unimportant, serious or amus-

ing, were to be written to him. I found the other day a copy of a letter written to him in 1909 in which I said: "My colleagues all seem to think that a war between the Teuton and the Slav will open in the next two years. Iswolsky declares that it might open at once if it were not for the opposition of the capitalists in Berlin and of the financiers in St. Petersburg who know the condition of the Russian treasury." This indicates the constant fear of war under which all the diplomatists lived.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy was no uncertain one. His naval knowledge and experience had taught him that the acquisition of the Danish West Indies was necessary to the United States. His reasons for this belief were supported by a foresight that seemed to me almost miraculous; yet he did not share the belief of a few that the islands could be bought. He believed, with John Hay, that Germany would always stand in the way. It was Senator Lodge, however, who gave me the most hope. He regretted greatly that we had failed to acquire the Danish West Indies in both our previous attempts. He was confident of the value of the islands strategically; but he good-naturedly told me that he believed any negotiations for the present were bound to fail! President Roosevelt had no rosy anticipations. He thought I might possibly pave the way for a long-distance attempt—he preferred to forget the failure of 1902; he spoke of the scandals in Denmark and in Congress at that time with utter disgust; he believed that no President in the future, no matter what his party was, would fail to see the necessity for acquiring the islands. They were, he said, the key to the Panama Canal. He impressed on me that the policy of the United States must be to preserve the autonomy of the smaller nations. I often tried to induce him to commit himself as to what line the United States would take in case Sweden was invaded by Russia or Denmark by Germany. I could see that he believed that the principles of '76 implied that we should support any small nation invaded for the sake of gain by a greater nation, but though I could get him to commit himself to a personal point of view—which implied the strongest possible support on our side of the spoliated



*Courtesy of Robert Underwood Johnson*

RICHARD WATSON GILDER  
Editor of "The Century"



*Courtesy of Miss Elizabeth Daly*

AUGUSTIN DALY

Famous theatrical manager and director of Daly's Theatre



country—I never could induce him to define what the policy of the United States might be. I am quite sure that in his heart he knew that the United States had no fixed policy, and that the country would be swayed by the impulse and enthusiasm of the moment—that neither its diplomatic apparatus nor the education of its people, leaving the question of their courage out entirely, would induce an active interference on behalf of any nation which had no treaty with us. President Roosevelt's opinion was very important to me.

Before I went to Copenhagen, I must repeat that I was impressed deeply by his constant assertion that I should do all I could, backed by him, to increase the confidence of the Danes in the stability of their nation and in their inalienable right to autonomy. I felt it was difficult to do this when I could only say to a foreign minister, on the part of my Government, "We shall deplore any hostile movement of the German Empire against Denmark, unprovoked by it!" I knew that the retort would be, "But would you break off diplomatic relations, or send a firm note of remonstrance?" To this, naturally—to the affirming of this—I could not get Mr. Roosevelt, as President, to commit himself. I am sure that most of my countrymen will look on me as idiotic for presuming that I could. Nevertheless I tried. As I was expected to be more than merely ornamental, as I was not a political appointee, my work was carefully cut out for me; I felt that I could not do it effectively unless I had some stronger backing from my Government than the mere acknowledgment that Denmark was a peaceful nation that might be gobbled up at any time by imperial Germany. We both hoped for a Scandinavian confederacy in the future.

President Roosevelt admired the Danes. He knew their literature; he sympathised with their humiliation in the defeat of 1864; and he had no illusions as to the attitude of Germany, or at least of the attitude of the more militant Germans. Many qualities of the late President Roosevelt have been emphasised; but one, I think, has been too slightly touched on—and this was his enthusiastic belief in the right of nations to preserve their own culture. In addition to the

psychology and activities of the Danes, he knew their love of simplicity and their patriotism. Jacob Riis had been their interpreter. He was thoroughly aware of the scientific progress Danish discoverers and inventors had made, and of the love of the people for their best traditions.

In talking with the President very frankly before I left for Denmark, I was struck with the sad position of a great patriot who had to lead a people seemingly oblivious to everything but questions of partisan politics. He was tremendously strong himself and far-seeing; but I could not help feeling that he deserved a better fate than to be forced to persuade Americans of what was right before leading them to do it! Looking back, it appears to me that he did more to raise the moral tone of our people than any president who had preceded him, not even excepting Abraham Lincoln.

As Minister Plenipotentiary, expected to fortify the Danes in their opposition to German aggression, to show them the utmost sympathy with their struggles for preserving their nationality and *kultur*, my position was rather hard. To assure the people of a nation that your country is their friend when you erect a tariff against the entrance of a few thousand cabbages or a small quantity of other products, is keeping the promise to the ear and breaking it to the common sense. President Roosevelt was quite aware of my difficulty. However, he said laughingly, "Your business is to get the information I desire"—this information chiefly concerned Russia—"and let the Danes know that I, representing the people of the United States, realise their difficulties and have a warm spot in my heart for the compatriots of Holgar Dansker."

After I arrived in Denmark, I discovered that I had one advantage; I was known as a man of letters and I at once translated a short Danish lyric into English. And then again for some kindly reason the Danish press was most kind. It was an advantage, too, I discovered, to come from Washington straight to Copenhagen. In Europe, an Ambassador or Minister from Washington or New York has an increased prestige. In Denmark, if he came from Boston, he would not have to explain himself—Longfellow came from Boston

and several distinguished Danes have reported it as a city of true culture. But Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans or even Charleston, South Carolina, would force you to explain that you lived in these places because they were great centres for money-making! Otherwise, the Danes could not understand why you should live outside of New York, which was near Niagara Falls, and from which trains ran directly to the Yellowstone Park!

Arthur, so recently celebrated by Mr. Norval Richardson, secured two excellent cooks. Hans, who was a good friend as well as an excellent butler, played second violin. I had the good fortune to have a most gentlemanly secretary of Legation, Mr. Charles Richardson of Washington, who was the intimate friend of three-fourths of the European nobility, had been educated at Eton and Harvard, and was a model of that correctness which visiting Americans adored—when they understood it. Shortly afterwards, I secured as private secretary Mr. Alexander Welbourne Weddell of Richmond, Virginia. This was most fortunate for me; a more efficient, more loyal young man never lived; and he was as cultivated and well read as he was efficient. He now occupies an important position in our Consular service. When I saw him last he was Consul-General at Calcutta.

My daughter Patricia was a great help. She understood how to make the proper curtsies; had a lovely voice; knew how to efface herself when necessary; danced, and was decidedly uncritical. She had a special admiration for Lady Johnston and for Madame de Riaño, and she found great pleasure in the society of Sœur Marie at the *École Française* in the Bredgade where she polished up her French. Sœur Marie was human and sympathetic and loved a little gossip occasionally. Mr. Weddell was at least six feet high and he was determined to learn French well. Sœur Marie, who was the best teacher in Copenhagen, had the advantage of speaking no English. Here my ecclesiastical affiliations came in, and the Mother Superior, knowing that I was a friend of Cardinal Gibbons, permitted Mr. Weddell to go to the *parloir* three times a week to receive instruction. As he appeared each day

with his exercise books under his arm the *élèves* were heard to giggle and murmur, "Bonjour, petite fille du couvent!" Mr. Weddell at this time was quite unaware of the meaning of this pleasant phrase which filled even the little Princess Margaret with delight for she was one of the saucy *élèves*. In a little time, Mr. Weddell acquired such proficiency that he was able to pass the ordeal without shrinking and to reply in a phrase or two of well-modulated French. There was, it must be admitted, a touch of humour in the appearance of this stalwart Virginian, uncompromisingly devoted to the Episcopal Church, as pupil in a Catholic convent!

### § 6

It was fortunate for me that Count Raben-Levetzau was the Minister of Foreign Affairs when I arrived. His wife was an American, the daughter of that Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone of whom I have spoken; she inherited a great part of the wit and all the beauty of her mother. She had lived a long time away from the United States, but her sojourn had not interfered with her regard for and understanding of Americans. It was a relief, too, to find that she neither underrated nor overrated her countrymen. She might look upon the United States as from a tower, but this gave her a wider range. Count Raben complimented me on my reception by the Danish people as represented by the Danish press. I made my first visit to the Foreign Office in a tall hat and frock coat. The servants at the Legation called this coat a *diplomater*, and I was never permitted on these occasions to wear a mere morning coat, or, in American, "a cutaway."

The Minister of Foreign Affairs arranged for my reception by King Frederick VIII. and Queen Louise. Mr. Richardson had already been presented and I was invited to go alone. No set speech was expected, so I was spared the necessity of using what I considered a neat little address in French on this occasion. Naturally, as the American diplomatic corps has no uniform, my uniform at Court was an evening dress, without a white waistcoat. As I was expected to carry a hat, I un-



earthed a *chapeau claque* and was ready at the appointed hour, which was about eleven o'clock in the morning. At that time the Court had not acquired the custom of sending a carriage for the diplomatists to be presented. I lived only three minutes' walk from the Amaliegade Palace. But out of regard for the dignity of my country I chose the most splendid victoria I could find, and with two men on the box, drove in a processional manner to the Palace. There was a horrible rumour in town that one of the Belgian Ministers, who had been accustomed to the attention of an *Introduceur des Ambassadeurs*, and the use of a fine equipage on the occasion of his presentation at another Court, had revenged himself by going to the Amalienborg in the oldest conveyance he could hire. It was certainly a disreputable one and well known in Copenhagen. The fat coachman always carried an untidy-looking nosebag of oats for his horse. He was popular, for Queen Alexandra who had known him when she was a girl always used this vehicle for short trips in the morning when she did not walk!

The rules of the Court were precise; nothing was left to accident. The prospect of a ceremonial pleased me very much. When I was young, the ceremonies of all kinds at St. Philip's Church were carefully arranged, after the Italian manner; and one was taught to take his place with the procession, moving or standing still, as part of a show. At Notre Dame, at the Catholic University, though the life of every-day was rather off-hand, the rules of the ceremonies were carefully applied. So I had an acquired taste! Arthur opened the carriage door with great dignity. The portals of the Palace, wide open, revealed a glowing expanse of crimson carpet, laid between white balustrades of the staircase. The guards saluted, with an appearance of tremendous respect. The Grand Marshal of the Court and a Chamberlain led me to an ante-room; and then I was ushered into the presence of His Majesty. King Frederick VIII. was very kindly and desirous of making me feel quite at home, as the representative of a people he admired and of a President for whom he had the greatest respect. He opened the conversation, of course, and he spoke in Eng-

lish. Nearly all the royalties I met spoke English well; but in some cases one had to be careful not to suggest anything in answering their remarks, that might carry them beyond their depth. It was very easy to frighten some personages by remarks, the meaning of which they had never looked up in their dictionary! At the Court of Denmark, however, English was a favourite language, and Frederick VIII. spoke it as if it were his own. He was interested in the condition of the Danes in the United States; he inquired especially for Jacob Riis; and he acquired all the details I could give him about the appearance and manner of speech of President Roosevelt.

When a pause came, which meant that I was free, I made my bow and backed out, resisting the temptation to look over my shoulder, in the fear that I might bump against some unexpected chair or table.

After this I was led to another part of the Palace and shown into the ante-room of Her Majesty, Queen Louise. The first person I met was Mademoiselle de Wimpfden, one of her two ladies-in-waiting. She was altogether such a distinguished person that I took her for the Queen for a moment;—at which Admiral de Bardenflathe, the Marshal of the Court of the Queen, was greatly amused. I was ushered into a Renaissance room, bordering on the rococo, and presented to Her Majesty—a tall and dignified figure, in appearance every inch a Queen, and a very stately one. Queen Louise is the daughter of Charles XV. of Sweden, and therefore a descendant of Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte. After she had spoken to me a while, I could easily understand why she had been such a favourite and known affectionately as "Cessen" among the Swedes. She gave the impression of having read much. The condition of the negroes of the United States interested her; I fancy her attention had been drawn to them by the fact that the Danish West Indies had such a large coloured population and by the writings of Mr. Booker Washington.

She was frank in her opinion that the coloured race in the United States had not had what President Roosevelt would call "a square deal." She was too diplomatic to be critical,

but she could not understand why a people whose children were nursed by blacks should apparently take such delight in lynching them. It was difficult for me to explain this in English, and so I sidestepped; but the Queen returned to the subject of the conversation, and I saw that the only way in which I could explain satisfactorily would be to prime myself with facts and, when the opportunity came, do the best I could to convince her that lynching in the South did not rank with the practice of bullfighting in Spain. She spoke of the West Indian Islands several times, especially of the existence of the hospital and the work of the Danish deaconesses among the blacks. I saw at once that if we were to obtain the Danish Islands, it would not be because Queen Louise willed it! She said some pleasant things about my daughter Patricia, whom she had seen while she was driving in the Langelinie. She said, without making a direct compliment, that American girls always had such exquisite hands.

I knew that I was not expected to kiss the Queen's hands—diplomatists were exempt from this ceremony. They kiss only the hands of their own queens and princesses. Queen Louise had shaken hands with me when I first came in, and I was rather flattered when she shook hands a second time. I then backed out as carefully as I could and was glad to have a little conversation with the wise and graceful Mademoiselle de Wimpfden when I reached the ante-room.

Arthur was kind enough to tell me the next day that I had made a good impression on the various attendants at the Palace, whereupon I doubled the usual tips. Later, he found only one serious fault with me. After one of the gala concerts at the Palace I congratulated him on having put our carriage in the right order of proceeding. "It was very effective," he said, "and Mrs. Egan and you never get in my way or give me any trouble at these ceremonies, as some other people have done; but, if you don't mind, I must take the liberty of saying that when I held out your overcoat, ready for you and you descended, I was mortified to notice that it had no fur-lining. Both Prince Koudacheff and Sir Alan Johnston have fur over-

coats and Mr. O'Brien had a very good one." I felt that it was my duty to order a fur-lined overcoat at once, which I did!

Arthur was extremely careful of our visiting list. A Danish sea-captain had written in to the interpreter saying that his wife, an American woman, was very lonely, as he was obliged to go to sea; she could speak no Danish, and she had a new baby. Patricia and a young friend at once agreed to visit her. They were given the brougham, which Arthur sometimes drove, and the address of the sea-captain's wife was presented to him. "Miss Egan," Arthur said regretfully, "I have been twenty-five years in diplomacy, and we have never visited in that street yet!"

Before I attempted any economic, political or social studies I had to make all my official calls. Fortunately in Copenhagen a Minister and his wife were not expected to give many entertainments during the first year. My colleagues, although the season did not begin until January, and I had arrived in September, were most hospitable. Among the Danes of distinction, the Count and Countess Raben were particularly kind as were Count and Countess Moltke-Huitfeldt (she had been Louise Bonaparte), and Chamberlain and Madame Oxeholm of Rosenfeldt. Joachim Andersen, who was the leader of the orchestra at Tivoli and had married an American lady, gave us an opportunity of meeting some interesting musical people. In December, when my wife arrived with Carmel and Miss Meehan, we had begun to make a place for ourselves.

From the economic and sociological point of view, as well as from the political point of view, no post could have been more interesting. The University of Copenhagen was filled with specialists of the highest type. There was Holgar Petersen, the Slav and Celtic scholar; Harald Höffding, the psychologist; Warming, the botanist. There was Georg Brandes himself. The list was so long and so distinguished that it would take too many lines to enumerate the names of the men who make the University of Copenhagen famous among scholars. One could not turn without touching an interesting question, and many of these questions had not been as yet seriously con-



sidered in the United States. It was a delight to see the interest with which Mr. Weddell approached them.

Then there was the political and diplomatic position of Denmark. It is the key to the North Sea and the Baltic. In case of war, there would always be danger to a neutral nation from the strategic value of the Belts—those waterways represented in the heraldry of the Danes by three waved lines.

Copenhagen is a centre of music, art and literature. Every musician worth while goes to that city, on the way to Berlin or from Paris; the verdict of the Copenhagen critics is rated high. I remember that Richard Strauss, who came North in 1914, to direct a performance of the *Rosen Cavalier* declared that the orchestra at the opera in Copenhagen was even better than that of Vienna or Berlin. It may have been a compliment of politeness; but we Americans who knew the orchestras of the Metropolitan and of the Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati Symphonies quite believed it.

I knew it was impossible for me to master the intricacies of the Slesvig-Holstein complication, although Sir Alan Johnston, following the usual custom, presented me with a huge book on the subject and a sardonic smile. I found that the sojourn of my predecessor—short as it was, for he was snatched away to be an Ambassador—had helped to do away with the impression among many of the Danes that the toothpick was as necessary to us as the chopsticks to the Chinese, and that the wine of our country, used continuously, was old Bourbon whisky! I discovered that the money I had laid aside for a box at the opera was useless for that purpose. There were only four boxes at the royal opera—one for the royal family, one for the ladies-in-waiting, one for the cavaliers-in-waiting and one for the ladies of the ballet when they were off duty. So I was left free to spend this surplus sum on my cellar. I merely say to the initiated that I had some Château Yquem '52—which had kept well—a fair amount of Pol Roger '94, and a few modest dozens of Veuve Cliquot '93. I regret that Mr. Magruder had not discovered for me a certain brand of the Burgundy of Dijon; later I found a man in town who kept my wine in good condition and added pre-

cious deposits of his own (Stausholm was his name) who even procured for me a delicious vintage recommended by the Spanish Minister.

When I go back to Denmark I hope that I shall find some of the old *gourmets* and I trust that prohibition will never become so destructive in that country as to do away with the traditions that made some of these the best judges of wine in Europe. There was Chamberlain de Münter, for instance, Geheimrath Lovenörn, Count Holstein-Ledreborg and Chamberlain de Hegermann Lindencrone. On one occasion a Secretary of Legation, always alive to my interests, said to me after a dinner, "Your wines were entirely too good last night, Mr. Minister."

"My dear boy," I said, "they were merely good enough for the people for whom I intended them. I was not considering you young folk at all."

My reward came at the Court ball the next evening. I was standing in conversation with the British Minister, and suddenly the august and stately form of Chamberlain de Lovenörn, splendid with decorations, advanced towards us.

"He has evidently something in his mind against you," said the Minister, chuckling. "He's going to reprimand you because you reversed when you waltzed with the Queen."

I braced myself. "Excellency," this great and noble man said to me solemnly, "last night at your house I had the best dinner and the best wines I have had for twenty-two—no, I looked into my note book—for twenty-three years." M. de Lovenörn had been Danish Minister at nearly every Court in Europe. His words are written on my heart!

Being, like John Gilpin, of a frugal mind—but not *too* frugal—I discovered that the bill for Port and Madeira, absolutely necessary at the end of every well-appointed dinner, was rather inordinate. My wife considered one wine as good as another, and had very often tried to convince me of this fact—so I imported from California a Tokay made in that country. At the first luncheon I watched my guests with fear and trembling as they tasted the American product. There was a dead silence among the *cognescenti*, and then I saw that they

approved of it. "I have never tasted this wine before, but I like it," de Hegermann Lindencrone said. "It tastes like Riorja or a wine grown from French grapes on a Spanish soil." This is just what it was; the soil from which it had grown was, I was told, similar chemically to that of a certain Spanish vineyard and the grapes had been originally imported from France. I merely say this to show that one had real critics to deal with!

At the gala dinners, cocktails were not at all well received. A little schnapps with the caviar might do, but people generally preferred to begin with the Sherry that always entered with the soup. After that a Sauterne or Liebfrausmilch, with the fish, a continuance of the white wine with the entrée, then Bordeaux with the *filet*, a Burgundy, if possible, with the game; then champagne with the *paté de fois gras*, the asparagus and the sweets; to which Madeira or Port was added with the dessert. Of course, in every well-appointed house when the *filet* came on, the serving men went around with special bottles in tenderly-cared-for baskets, murmuring respectfully, "Bourgogne de Dijon, quatrevingt-seize" or something imposing like that!

After dinner, Hans produced liqueurs. He prided himself on their variety. A frivolous creature, hoping to puzzle him, asked one evening for *eau de Dantzic*. Hans never moved an eyelash. He returned in a few minutes with a flask of that clear liquid in which specks of gold leaf floated gracefully. He had saved the honour of the Legation!

## § 7

In the beginning a great deal of the work of our Legation consisted in furnishing reports upon various sociological and economic questions—even on banking matters—requested through the State Department by Senators and Congressmen. In this work, Mr. Weddell was most interested and expert. One of his masterpieces I considered was the careful compilation of an order of precedence which saved us trouble later when we began to give dinners.

In London there is a man at the Foreign Office who lets you know infallibly who shall be succeeded by whom. The scrupulous distinction between the eldest son of an Irish Baron and a Scottish Earl is settled for you without difficulty, and, even in Washington, there is a minor official—carefully concealed, however, from the very democratic constituents of those Senators and Representatives who never wear evening clothes—who advises the dinner-giver as to the minute questions of precedence which arise.

Our "protocol" saved us from embarrassing mistakes; and it was generally concluded that, for Americans, we were amazingly correct!

In the making up of reports, one had to gain the right kind of assistance and this assistance was always at hand if one knew where to find it. A reading knowledge of the Danish language was of some help but not very much, because a mere reading knowledge, without an idiomatic basis, is often misleading in matters that require exact knowledge. In Mr. Rider Haggard's book on Denmark, which is suggestive and interesting—and in most books on Denmark written by foreigners who did not know the language well—the defect occasioned by this lack of exactness is evident. The present Minister, Dr. Prince, is almost as fine a linguist as Cardinal Mezzofanti.

One of the most interesting questions for consideration was the effect of German *kultur* on Denmark. Most of the Danes insisted that whatever was immoral in the life of the capital was due to the example of Hamburg or Berlin, which was an exaggerated opinion. It was plain, however, that the various schools of Socialism in Denmark had greatly affected the political viewpoint of the people, without producing that quality of destructiveness which leads to sabotage and nihilism. In fact, one could spend every moment of one's day in actual study of Danish conditions. It was a relief to face facts, and to get away from books on economic subjects. It was a relief, when one asked a serious question in economics or sociology, and expected a direct answer, not to be met with a reference to some volume or other! And it was a pleasure to see so many



experiments put into practice here which were only considered theoretically in the United States.

Many of the questions which I had heard violently debated at President Roosevelt's lunches had been settled in Denmark. The banking system of the Danes left much to be desired; there was not even a hint of a stabilising body, of a break-water against panics such as our Federal Reserve system, though the Government was a rock of comfort; but the relations of banking to the farming population seemed to me to offer a great advance over anything that had been done in our own country. Questions of sociology and economics have much to do with politics and diplomacy. Frankly, it was President Roosevelt's hope that Denmark would keep herself as free as possible from the influence of German economics and social tendencies; and had I been in Stockholm, I should have received explicit instructions to fight as quietly as possible against the extension of Russian influence. Once, in order to give President Roosevelt both sides of the question, I sent him a remarkable monograph by Michel de Bibikoff, prepared especially for me from the fairly moderate Russian point of view. It was not an apology for the autocracy of the Russian Government; it was a lucid explanation of why the Russian Government could not be anything but autocratic and live. President Roosevelt read the memorandum carefully and returned it, with the words, "I cannot forget Finland!"

Among the Danes France was the best beloved of all the nations. Georg Brandes and the literary internationalists had made French books well known. France, however, had very little influence on the theatre. I remember on one occasion speaking to one of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs—I forget whether it was Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvigen or Erik Scavenius—of Jusserand, who had been Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Denmark. "It is not necessary," the Minister of Foreign Affairs said, "that a French Minister here should be of your friend's capacity—the fact that he is the Minister of France makes him popular at once." It seemed remarkable to

me that, while German influence governed the universities in Sweden, the University of Copenhagen was almost free from it, outside of the natural respect which every scholar had for the exquisite and potent research work of the German scholar. One of the greatest romance philologists, Jespersen, a devout Dane, knows Oxford and Cambridge as well as any living man.

"If," a young Dane said to me seriously at the beginning of the war, "the English are coming to Denmark, because of a break in neutrality, we should welcome them—anything to be saved from the Prussian Colossus!" And yet a time came, during the embargo, when England and the United States became almost as unpopular as Germany—and it seemed to me, though I have never admitted it until now—with very good reason; it would have been easy for France or England to have done for the Scandinavian countries what the American-Scandinavian Foundation in our country has done: to have exchange students; or what we have done in imitation of the Kaiser, to have exchange professors.

But British diplomacy, while unchanging in its object and absolutely sure of what it wants, is far-sighted only as regards that object. It pursues its way very often by a series of blunders, trusting evidently that the last blunder will be a success.

This struck me during our negotiations for the purchase of the West Indian Islands. A careful study of what might be called "unedited documents" had taught me that neither England nor France was desirous that we should possess those islands; but England especially disliked the idea. Holland, we knew, did not like it at all; some of her statesmen were thinking of the future of Curaçao, and among the more astute English and French there was a suspicion that in the mind of the United States there lurked a desire to make the Monroe Doctrine more objective by securing the French and English possessions within a certain distance of our coast.

Both England and France, just before we went into the war, were most desirous not to offend us, and in spite of her arrogance and disregard of international law in dealing with our shipping, Great Britain never dreamed that she was giving

us any offence at all. Britannia must rule the waves, and that settled it. You cannot possibly offend a man by holding tightly to what tradition and custom and possession have made your own—namely, the freedom of the seas!

I had known the British Ministers in Washington more or less intimately and I must say I had a great respect for Sir Mortimer Durand, although President Roosevelt did not share in this. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice I knew only through some of his relatives in England, and I could not help believing that neither he nor Sir Mortimer Durand were ever fairly treated by their Foreign Office. There is no doubt as to the immutability of the essentials of English diplomatic policy. It is most consistent, and at times most ruthless; and like every other great nation of the world except our own, Great Britain has no conscience as a nation when it is a question of commercial or territorial aggrandisement. *Elle prend son bien où elle le trouve*. Public opinion may affect the policy of the government ethically; but the governmental tradition is that England shall go on increasing her possessions year after year and century after century.

It was natural enough that I should compare my colleagues in Copenhagen with the diplomatists I had known in Washington. It seemed to me, as a rule, that the diplomatists were much wiser than their governments—for the reason that, given even ordinary ability and powers of observation, the man on the spot is likely to be much wiser than the bureaucrats of the Foreign Offices who are swayed very often by partisanship or public opinion at home. I could see that there was a great temptation on the part of the diplomatists to report to their governments just what their governments liked to hear; but though I made it my business, after the first six months, to discover a great deal below the surface, I did not know one foreign diplomatist who was not fair and direct in dealing with his government.

That the Foreign Office did not always profit by the facts they received was due to their own weakness, prejudice or partisan point of view. One thing, too, a young man in the diplomatic service must remember that he is to believe every-

thing that his colleagues say when they speak as individuals; but, as a rule, very little when they represent their governments. I presume that their governments deceive them, or are perhaps evasive or slippery—but the moment an envoy is instructed by his government to do or say a certain thing, he feels that it is his duty to do or to say it; and to do it or to say it so that it shall be received in the best possible light.

In Copenhagen, in 1907, my colleagues were a fine body of men. Francis Hagerup, the Norwegian Minister who had occupied important positions in his own country, had the clearest intellect of all. He was a *juris consulist*, acknowledged as an authority on international law. There was one subject that worried him, the question of the reindeers (bitterly debated), and after that, the Norwegian rights in Greenland. He regretted deeply the severance of Sweden and Norway which he had done his best to prevent and which, in his opinion, occasioned unnecessary dissension, and weakened the defences of both countries.

Being a man of perception he pierced through my persiflage, and discovered that the Danish West Indies were always on my mind. He was amazed when later it leaked out that I had been approached unofficially on the subject of transferring the second most important of the Philippine Islands to Germany on condition that Denmark should receive Slesvig-Holstein back from that power for which, in return, Denmark would transfer Greenland to us. Greenland, it must be remembered, is one of the last monopolies in Europe. It practically belongs to Denmark; but the question of the reindeer is always coming up with Norway, and Norway would like to assume certain rights in Greenland. Mr. Hagerup was not at all pleased when I seemed to dally with this offer which had been entirely a secret until somebody, writing in a magazine, suggested that such a proposition might be made. At the bottom of this proposition, there was not as may be imagined, German initiative but a great desire on the part of a group of patriotic and powerful Danes to secure Slesvig-Holstein and to avoid our purchase of the Danish West Indies by the gift to our country of the whole of Greenland.





H. M. KING FREDERIK VIII

With Count de Beaucaire, the French Minister (1909),  
Mlle. de Wimpffen, Lady of Honor to the Queen, and  
Mr. and Mrs. Egan at the Races in Copenhagen



THE ARRIVAL OF DR. COOK IN COPENHAGEN

From left to right: Mr. Egan, Dr. Cook, W. T. Stead,  
Fred Wile



MR. ROOSEVELT AND ADMIRAL RICHELIEU ENTERING KRONBORG



MR. EGAN BEFORE THE AMERICAN  
LEGATION, COPENHAGEN

There was no length to which Mr. Hagerup would not go to help a colleague. His stores of information were always open to us and I profited by them. Mrs. Hagerup and their five daughters made a very happy group. Their drawing-room was typically Norwegian. One of the finest things in it was one of Fritz Thaulow's characteristic pictures. It was the most comfortable of rooms and the most comfortable of atmospheres. Aagot remained with her father and mother until they died; Fanny married; until her marriage, not so very long ago, Frederikka was lady-in-waiting to Queen Maud of Norway; Signe married De Struve, the tenor of the Norwegian Royal Opera House, and Ingeborg, then the pet of the household, is still with one of her sisters.

In my earlier days, the dean of the diplomatic corps was an Austrian who was soon recalled. He was succeeded by Count Calvi di Bergolo, whose daughter, Meta, later married Prince Aage. Princess Aage's brother recently married the Princess Yolanda of Italy. Count Calvi was a great stickler for etiquette, an expert horseman, an incipient astronomer and an energetic geographer. I always preferred to let him explain to me the mysteries of the moon rather than to insist on teaching me the jumps of the Italian cavalry at Tattersal's! He spoke French, but he always preferred Italian. I excused myself from exposing my limited knowledge of Italian by saying that, if I spoke Italian to him, he would always have the advantage of me in a diplomatic conversation! As we never, by any chance, alluded to the relations of the United States to any other country, I think Count Calvi looked upon them as of no importance at all. His daughter, Meta Calvi, as she was called in the circle of young girls, was, as Prince George of Greece once said, "just the girl that ought to marry a poor prince." Not that Prince Aage was especially poor; but his relatives looked on him as poor; Meta had a fabulously rich Duchess-aunt in the background. Her pedigree was so splendid that the Italian heralds looked on that of the Savoy King as very inferior to it; and though Prince Aage, being a scion of the family of Orleans and Bourbon on his mother's side, was descended from Charlemagne, Meta's genealogy went



back much further! In fact, after the marriage the learned Danish genealogists spent some time in proving that the Danish royal family was at least equal to hers in point of view of age! When Prince Aage married the Countess Calvi, he became merely "Prince Aage" and ceased to be Prince Aage of Denmark and "Royal Highness." It was rumoured that he had changed his religion from the Lutheran to the Catholic creed. *Politiken*, the wittiest journal in Denmark, finally relieved all doubt by triumphantly announcing—"Prince Aage est devenu Calviniste!"

The British Legation, as usual, was the best-housed in town. The government had bought, some time in the nineteenth century, a palace which had belonged to the de Hegermann Lindencrone family in the most fashionable part of the city. It had only one disadvantage. The tram cars passed it; it was on the corner of two streets and in warm weather clouds of dust had to be fought. It had a fine ball room; it was well decorated—indeed every year a man came from London with authority to make restorations. Lady Johnston, who had been before her marriage Miss Antoinette Pinchot and who carried a collection of interesting *bibelots* with her, managed to make the large rooms very homelike. It is a pleasant thing for a British diplomatist's wife to be able to enter a new dwelling with the knowledge that all the more important furniture will be ready for her. After the English, in consideration for the envoys, come the French. Whatever may be the defects in the furnishing of an embassy or legation of France, there is always a beautiful set of Sèvres, much silver and porcelain, and some Gobelin tapestries ready for the new occupant; and every government except our own takes care that the equipment of its foreign representatives shall not be inferior to that of any of his colleagues.

Sir Alan Johnston had been Secretary of Legation at Washington for some time; and in addition to the great triumph of carrying off Miss Antoinette Pinchot, he had the honour of inventing the club sandwich! It seems that one night he went late into the Metropolitan Club; the *batterie de cuisine* was not in working order, and he went off to investigate the refrig-



erator. The famous club sandwich was the result! Sir Alan's fertility of resource was one of his natural qualities and he knew every phase of technical diplomacy. So successful had he been in Denmark that it was understood everywhere that he was to have one of the best posts in the gift of the British Government. The Court was for him; but a political intrigue stood in the way. Sir Alan himself was silent as to his hopes; his colleagues had reason to believe, from trustworthy sources, that King Edward himself was favourably considering the appointment.

Sir Alan had one possession that I always coveted—that was his butler, Barrington. Nothing more perfect in the way of a butler can be imagined. Barrington told my people that he would accompany Sir Alan to Vienna. Suddenly, it was announced that a favourite of Lord Harding's had been made Ambassador to the then most splendid Court in Europe.

Sir Alan said nothing about it, and showed no disappointment; and I think the sting of what he might have considered a reverse of fortune was taken out of the affair when Lady Johnston, with a series of delightful chuckles, told us that the incomparable Barrington had announced to Sir Alan a few days after the new Ambassador had been named, "I am going to better myself, Sir."

"How?" asked Sir Alan.

"I have determined to go to the Embassy in Vienna!"

Lady Johnston's balls were superbly done. She had the reputation of not loving Copenhagen passionately; but everybody liked her and, under an appearance of indolence and indifference, she had a deep knowledge of the intricacies of English politics and of foreign affairs. Young Johnston, the present member of Parliament, was then a very attractive boy, home from school occasionally and devoted to moving pictures, good food, and enough of it! When Sir Alan and Lady Johnston were ordered to The Hague, society in Copenhagen felt that it had met with a great loss. At The Hague, Sir Alan distinguished himself; but having positive opinions, there was friction between the Foreign Office and the Admiralty and as it grew more intense, Sir Alan retired to pri-

vate life. At this time, he was followed by one or two of his other colleagues.

## § 8

In 1908 it would have been difficult to find anywhere a group of more beautiful women than we had in Copenhagen. It is very unfortunate that there is no photographic group of these ladies extant. I have already mentioned Lady Johnston. Then there was the Princess Olga Koudacheff. She had been one of the two Countesses Toll. Her equally beautiful sister had married Count Iswolsky. In an old rose-coloured gown—especially after a course of diet had taken a few petals off the rose—she was still really exquisite. But first of all in point of good looks came the Countess Szechenyi with Madame de Riaño very close to her; and there was the Baroness de Groote, whose sister had married the German diplomatist, Baron von Schoen. Madame de Groote was the daughter of Lady Currie who had been Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane), the poet, once a great figure in London society, to whom W. H. Malleck had dedicated the *New Republic*. Even the advent of the beautiful Mrs. Gurney later did not efface the memory of the galaxy of handsome women that in 1907-09 made the diplomatic corps of Copenhagen famous.

Count de Beaucaire was the French Minister—who had written *vers de la société*, both in his own language and in English. He had never visited the United States; he was very Royalist, but most scrupulous in interpreting the policies of his government, for of all things he desired to be an ambassador. He was much interested in the accounts I gave him of affairs in our country, and desirous that we should keep Jusserand, for whom he had a high respect, in Washington, in order that he might have London himself; but Vienna would have done as well, and have suited the Countess de Beaucaire better.

Madame de Beaucaire was very elegant, and extremely kind and good humoured, never spoke a word of English and she had very little interest in anything outside of her charities, the news of the day, and the Faubourg St. Germain. One

could always make her talk about her native country of Brittany; she had an estate called Les Rochers, yet I could never get her to share my devout enthusiasm for Madame de Sévigné. She adored the opera, especially the operas written by Frenchmen. Massenet was her favourite; and she sang herself. Once I found that I was expected to take Madame de Beaucaire into dinner nearly a score of times during the long season. We both knew that our subjects of conversation would run out very soon and at the diplomatic dinners one was expected, knowing that the eyes of the hostess were on one, to be gay and animated all the time! As I have said, Madame de Beaucaire spoke no English and the man on her right was very often a Dane of the landed aristocracy, who spoke only Danish and German. I had grown tired at several dinner parties of reciting José de Heredia's sonnet *Médaille Antique* in snatches. When I said:

“Ætna mûrit la pourpre et l’or du vin  
Dont Erigone antique enivra Theocrite,”

Madame de Beaucaire exclaimed with enthusiasm, “Ravissant!” But having exhausted the sonnet and nearly all topics of conversation, we founded a system which required no brain effort whatever. When we sat down at the table, my business was to look at the centrepiece and say, “Quelles belles fleurs, Comtesse!” To which she replied, “Ravissant!”

When the soup came on, I said, “Mais ces violettes sont très gentilles!” To which, tapping my hand with her fan and with great enthusiasm—for the eye of the hostess—Madame de Beaucaire answered, “Ravissant.” We always passed the fish in silence; with the entrée my cue was, “You sing, Madame de Beaucaire?” “But not professionally,” Madame de Beaucaire would say. To which I would answer, “Quel dommage!” After this, there was always at the gala dinners a *filet* of beef with little potatoes. Then Madame de Beaucaire might say, “Les pommes de terre ne sont pas toujours bonnes pour la santé!” To which I replied, sadly, “Quel dommage!” Then, with eyes on the hostess, we both laughed discreetly.

After the *filet* there was in the best houses a *suprême de*

*paté de fois gras*. During that course we were silent. Then came venison or grouse or ptarmigan with a salad. My business then was to say, in French, "You adore Massenet?" To which Madame de Beaucaire returned, with a dazzling smile, "Je m'en raffole!" Then came a service of asparagus or cauliflower or something of that kind. "You have a perfectly Greek profile, Comtesse!" I always said at this moment. "I have been told so," the Countess always replied, turning her profile so that the hostess could have a good view of it.

As a rule, when the ices arrived my cue was to remark, "Madame, did you know M. Roche Jaquelin in Paris?" Madame de Beaucaire then invariably gave an affectionate look at her husband and said pensively, "Ah, yes, I was engaged to him before I met Maurice!" Near the end of the season, I had exhausted the names of nearly everybody I knew in the circle of Madame de Beaucaire, and, knowing perfectly that the pantomime must go on, no matter what I thought, I asked her, "Do you happen to know in Paris Monseigneur Saint Pierre to whom the custody of the Catholic Church was given?" "Ah, yes," she said with an affectionate glance at her husband—the usual one—"I was engaged to him before I met Maurice!" This was so successful that on the next evening I inquired, "Connaissez vous, Comtesse, le General Washington, le fondateur de la République Américain?" "Certainly," Madame de Beaucaire answered, following the cue, "I was engaged to him before I met Maurice!"

A Swedish attaché unfortunately overheard this, and gave our system away. Madame de Beaucaire, who had a sense of humour, frankly confessed that she had invented it and honourably took the blame off my shoulders, though I insisted that I had been induced to follow it only by the fear that my conversation would bore her! I heard afterwards that in spite of all the laughter, our system had been adopted with great success in several diplomatic centres in Europe—notably in London!

The corps changed later. Prince Koudacheff became Russian Ambassador to Madrid; de Riaño, one of the most respected and trusted of the diplomatists in Europe, was sent as



Ambassador to Washington; de Beaucaire, on his way to an embassy, died suddenly; Count Calvi di Bergolo went back to his castle at Turin after the marriage of Meta and Prince Aage. It was said that Queen Alexandra offered the young people a house in London, but that the more punctilious Court of Russia disapproved of this *mésalliance*. It was certain that the German Court was not sympathetic. The Crown Prince of Germany was the brother-in-law of the King of Denmark, who is the cousin of Prince Aage. The King was kindness itself. Queen Louise held off for a time but accepted the situation; Queen Alexandrina, who had a Russian mother, and who herself had been Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is reasonably democratic in her tendencies. She foresaw what was coming, and on one occasion at Court, when I was informally received in the royal circle, she told me frankly that the time was not so far off when the existence of queens and kings in Europe might end. It is no indiscretion now to say that the younger members of the royal family of Denmark seemed to have no illusions as to what was going to happen to the German Empire in case of a war. In fact, any diplomatist who had their confidence could not have been long in doubt as to the risks which William was running.

Count and Countess Henckel von Donnersmarck had left the diplomatic corps when Prince Aage was married. Donnersmarck, one of the most cultivated and tolerant of gentlemen, had been sent back to Weimar by the Kaiser because, it was said, he was too proud to report gossip or mere frivolities to the disadvantage of the Danes and the Danish Court. Countess Henckel was one of the beauties of the diplomatic corps. She danced admirably, but went out seldom. She was devoted to her children and there was one little one, Leo, to whom my wife and I were much attached. I missed this child greatly when he was taken away from Copenhagen, and during the war I often wondered how he had fared. Count Henckel died shortly after he left Copenhagen.

It was evident that his later successor, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, had had an intimation from his Court that their Highnesses, Prince and Princess Aage, really Count and Countess of

Rosenberg, were not to be treated with unusual honours. Being incurably romantic, I, when I became dean of the diplomatic corps, insisted on inscribing my name on the book of Prince and Princess Aage, whereupon Count Rantzau was rather indignant—politely so—but indignant. He pointed out to me that such an attention on the part of the dean was only intended for royal highnesses or highnesses who had not been demoted. Being incurably romantic, I wrote my name again on the very next opportunity. It was a diplomatic mistake, but let it go at that. The heart interest must always count!

Small diplomatic complications often occurred and the only time I can remember that I had the slightest brush with Count de Beaucaire was over the question of my cockades. I must frankly confess—this can't possibly injure me as I shall never run for office in either Kansas or Nebraska!—that I am devoted to all kinds of ceremonials. I should not like to see our diplomatic corps in uniform, although I do not object to Court dress in the least. There was no Court dress at the Court of Copenhagen for us. We coruscated in plain black and white. The reason why I should not like to see a uniform is because it would probably be invented by Congress and a uniform left for decision to a committee composed of Mr. Borah, let us say, Mr. La Follette, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Brandegee would be something to tremble at! It was annoying, on occasions when a sovereign came to Copenhagen and the troops were out, not to receive the salute due the most potent country in the world. The envoy of Holland, the envoy of the Argentine, glittering with gold, the envoy of imperial Germany, the envoy of Uruguay, if he happened to be in town, and, even of the Prince of Monaco, the capital of whose country is Monte Carlo, received thundering salutes, but when our carriage passed, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the secretary and myself habited in the garments which are called "soup and fish" in certain circles, there was no acknowledgment whatever. It was unthinkable that any diplomatic representative of high rank should not have a uniform! I was determined to have the required salute, not for myself, but for the honour of my country; so I sent to Paris for some tri-coloured cockades

which I designed with a drooping sheaf of gilded wheat bending gently over each. The effect—I presume that every artist is in love with his work!—was stunning.

My wife thought they were rather flamboyant and that they would attract attention—and this was just what I wanted! The day of the arrival of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra came; the secretary and I drove slowly in the procession to the station. The sunlight caught the cockades. I knew for once what it was to be a creative artist! The British Minister had asked me rather grimly what the bending sheaf of wheat symbolised. I told him that it meant what in the United States we called—“the perennial return of prosperity!” At the right moment, our carriage received the rousing salutes.

Shortly after my return to the Legation, Count de Beaucaire was announced. Now I was obsessed with an idea that grew and grew and haunted me. I had become utterly weary of being told that our country was hopelessly young—strong and rich no doubt—but young and therefore crude, unæsthetic, commercialised. This gave me nightmares. Finally, I became almost a fanatic for the chance of proving that my country was older than some others. But there was not even a ruin or the photograph of a ruin which I could produce. The date 1776 was burnt into my heart as Calais was impressed on the heart of the late Mary Tudor. As I have said, Count de Beaucaire was announced. He came into the drawing-room; I asked him to be seated. He refused. “I do not come, dear Colleague,” he said, “to protest officially against your appropriation of our colours this morning—you know, of course, dear Colleague, that the tri-colour belongs to the Republic of France.”

“My dear Count,” I said, “we owe everything to France, not especially to the Republic, but to the late King Louis XVI., whom you had the politeness to behead, and to Lafayette and to Rochambeau and to France. Without you, we should be to-day simply a colony of Great Britain; but permit me to remind you that your Republic is *so* young; when you saved us your emblem was the *fleur de lys*—I will tell you, my dear Colleague, that I think your Republic is marvellous when one considers its youth.”

Count de Beaucaire seemed stunned and then, with great presence of mind, he said: "But what a great model we have had!"

The clouds lifted from my mind. I had proved that my country was older than at least one other!

The Swedish Minister was M. de Günther, a *gourmet* of the first order, whose dinners were miracles of art. During the war his position was not so agreeable, as he suffered from the suspicion that he represented the aristocratic group in his country, who were rather pro-German, but de Günther himself never voiced his real opinion, and his dinners were so good that even the most devoted of the Allies were grateful that he was, at least, neutral!

A diplomatic corps is very like a family. In any foreign city, it is, as a group, rather isolated. There are certain social conventions which hedge it about; and, while one may choose one's friends and associates as one pleases, the corps in itself is very critical as to the "fitness" of these friends and associates; the instructions from every foreign office are always to the effect that an envoy and his wife are expected to cultivate the good will of their colleagues. Of course, the more diverse are his interests, the more agreeable is his society. Nearly all the colleagues in Copenhagen, some of them passing like ships in the night, had a diversity of interests.

When I discovered that the Viscount de Faramond lived not far from La Cayla, the home of Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, and that he was related to that family, it made a subject of delightful conversation; and Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, who was familiar with Weimar, and Count Wedel who was equally familiar with Weimar at its best were constant sources of intellectual delight.

The Foreign Minister received on one day of the week and we all gathered in the ante-room and waited in turn. It was not a question of rank, except for the *chargés d'affaires* who were always obliged to wait until the Ministers entered for their conferences. It seemed to me rather a hardship for often, if there were six Ministers preceding a *chargé d'affaires*, he had



a long and tiresome wait. The Minister who came first was the first to enter. Both Count Raben and Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvigen, who succeeded him, were very reasonable men. Naturally, Count Raben understood the American point of view better than a diplomatist like Count Laurvigen who had been accustomed to continental courts. He was a most "understanding" man and most desirous that the good relations between Denmark and the United States should be maintained—although to him the United States were very far off!

Count Raben had had a most difficult task. He had been Minister of Foreign Affairs when Sweden and Norway seceded and when Danish Prince Charles was nominated King of Norway under the historic name of Haakon both by the majority of the Norwegian people and by the suggestion of the Powers. Although the temperament, the point of view, and the interests commercially of the three Scandinavian countries are more different than most people imagine, and what may be called "the blood brotherhood" has almost disappeared, yet these three peoples have enough common sense to understand that the old divisions are ethically wrong and materially inexpedient. Count Raben had been very intimate with King Edward VII. and, although his father-in-law, de Hegermann Lindenchrone, was Minister to Berlin, he felt evidently that the English influence in Norway was for the good of that country.

Nevertheless, it required some time and great tact on the part of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to keep the Swedes from open denunciation of what many of them seemed to consider the treachery of Denmark in permitting Prince Charles to accept the throne of Norway. The Norwegians would not have taken a German Prince, and a Swedish Prince, even if the Swedes had not been too proud to permit one of the royal family to accept the Norwegian crown under the circumstances, was out of the question.

Why Denmark should have been involved in any way in the matter of the fortifications of the Aland Islands by Russia was a question which was frequently asked by the uninitiated. There was, however, great friction on this subject and

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Count Raben was obliged to exercise tact and his large experience in dealing with it.

There was probably in the diplomatic corps no saner man than his father-in-law, de Hegermann Lindencrone, who knew intimately the essential point of view of every nation in Europe, and had missed nothing during his sojourn in the United States. Nothing pleased him better than to talk over his experiences in Washington, and it was remarkable how tolerantly and yet keenly he judged the various celebrities of his time and how closely he kept in touch with the development of American affairs. He was one of the few Danes of the aristocratic class who was encouraging about the purchase of the West Indies. He had no illusions as to the value of these islands to Denmark, and he feared that at some time or other they might become an actual danger to his country.

He had had his own difficulties, his own disappointments; but his successes outweighed them and no man of my acquaintance seemed to have less to regret, less to embitter him and more to make life agreeable. We always suspected that Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone knew much about the inside of politics, but she never committed herself. If you asked her a question of a diplomatic nature, she would always say—"Ask Johan!"

Nearly all my American friends who had been presented at the German Court were enthusiastic about the Kaiser. It always seemed to me that he managed charmingly to pump them quite dry of any information he wanted. I have every reason to believe that he knew even the amount of tonnage that passed the Sault Ste. Marie, and he certainly had gauged accurately the condition of our navy. I understood that he looked on our army as negligible.

Princess Harald, a Danish princess of German birth, was never tired of expatiating on the kindness and domestic virtues of His Imperial Majesty, and of his great interest in the giant Republic of the West.

It was a short trip to Berlin and my wife and I liked to run into Germany for a few days—Dresden was especially interesting to us because of the opera, which was then under the

direction of an uncle by marriage of Countess Moltke-Huitfeldt. Count von Seebach, the director of the Dresden opera, certainly knew his business, and one could not quarrel with the Court at Dresden for permitting him to have the rank of an Excellency. I was not at all desirous of being presented with my wife at the Imperial Court, although I knew Mr. Charlemagne Tower, and was an intimate friend of David Jayne Hill, one of the best Ambassadors we ever had.

In the first place, a presentation at the Court of the Emperor would not have endeared me to the Danes; in the second place, although I might be as elusive as possible, I was quite sure that the Emperor would manage to dig some truths out of me. But, in spite of my prejudices, I could not help sharing with Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone a certain admiration for the tact of the Kaiser. On leaving Berlin to return to private life her husband had been presented by the Kaiser with a beautiful jewelled cigarette case. The next time Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone met him, he alluded to the gift: "But why did you give Johan a cigarette case? Your Imperial Majesty knows that he does not smoke." "But I know that *you* do," the Kaiser responded, with a bow. There was no doubt that His Imperial Majesty could be very charming when he wanted to be, although he once turned his back on Mark Twain at a dinner, because Mark attacked our pension laws. The Emperor showed very plainly that he would tolerate no criticism of the giving of any amount of money to fighting men.

## § 9

An Ambassador or Minister may safely leave his sons at home; for unattached young men with nothing fixed to do are very much in the way in a foreign country. But an envoy, if he has no daughters, ought to feel it his duty to adopt one or two. They are a great help; they add brightness to life, and, if they adapt themselves to foreign ways, if they are simple and kindly, well dressed and well mannered, they become almost as necessary to the prestige of his establishment as the

*châtelaine* herself. My wife and I delighted in our daughters.

My wife was very proud of her son who had the good looks of her family, but I never realised how useless a young male is in diplomatic society until I saw him one evening giving a dinner to the Russian officers of the Queen Mother's yacht at the Hotel Bristol, and I observed that each guest had a ripe peach, imported from South Africa in the middle of winter, in his champagne glass! I made up my mind at once that the American youth was much better at home; home he went.

It seems to me a marriage or two ought to be accepted as a pageant which foreigners have a right to expect Americans to supply. My daughter Patricia was married in the September of 1908. She had been a great favourite in society, though rather handicapped by her engagement which she was undiplomatic enough to announce. Mr. Elmer Murphy made the journey from Washington to Copenhagen and was duly presented to our immediate friends. The question of ranking him in order that he might appear at the dinners given for his *fiancée* was easy. As a newspaper man he had no rank at all, but we gave him the rank which Mr. Edward Hood would have if he had visited our Legation! Mr. Elmer Murphy had been deputed by his paper to look after matters in the State Department; so, without consulting that august institution, he was at once put in the circle of its luminosity. This enabled him ✓ to sit next to the prospective bride—*fiancées* can never be separated at a table in Denmark; it means bad luck.

St. Ansgars in the Bredgade was really the diplomatic church since the greater part of the envoys to Copenhagen were Catholics; the church itself at one time belonged to the Austrian Legation.

The splendid Russian church, with its golden domes and chain, was a block or two away and at no great distance was the exquisite little English Church of St. Alban's. I was given to understand by the Bishop Monseigneur von Euch that Patricia's marriage would be the first marriage celebrated by nuptial mass since the Reformation; this spurred me on to make it as splendid as possible. Lutheran marriages are remarkable for the length of the sermons and the solemn hymns



reverently sung ; but a wedding as done in England or America lends itself to much more secular splendour. The groomsmen, Mr. Charles Richardson, and Mr. Alexander Weddell, were remarkably handsome, and the bridesmaids, my second daughter, Carmel, and Miss Molly Meehan of Brooklyn, in old rose, were pronounced by the newspapers to be of exquisite grace. *Politiken* declared that the wedding was the most beautiful picture—living picture—that had ever been exhibited in Copenhagen and that the American girls did not walk, “they glided like angels to the music of the wedding march.” Could anything be more triumphant than this? The Court sent representatives ; the uniforms of the royal guards blazed—the mother of the bride passed from the church to suppressed applause. Countess Raben was acclaimed the most beautiful of human creatures by the watching crowd. I noted with especial pleasure that, as the groom knelt, the soles of his shoes were decorously black ! At previous weddings, I had been pained by the crude appearance of brand-new soles exhibited to public view. The breakfast had to be *buffet* ; my wife and I did not dare to attempt to seat the guests as Bishop von Euch and the Jewish rabbi and our dear friend, the Rev. Mortimer Kennedy, the English clergyman, had no fixed rank. Everybody declared that the champagne was perfect and the *suprême de paté de fois gras* equal to anything presented that season. One of the greatest pleasures of the occasion was the appearance of Madame de Hegermann Lindenchrone whom I had not seen for many years. All the beauties of our society came out for the wedding, and Lady Johnston was especially admired. We Americans were all very proud of her, Madame de Riaño, being in mourning, was visible only in the organ loft looking very handsome and very much pleased. She felt that her husband who, like most Spanish Hidalgos, was a martinet of etiquette, could not maintain that the organ loft was really a part of the church. Everybody was very glad to see her on any terms !

Patricia was very much regretted at Copenhagen. The ladies of the Court had been especially kind to her and King Frederick and Queen Louise showed her many delicate atten-

tions. The secret of her success was that she was very simple, kind and considerate and willing to adapt herself to the etiquette exacted of young girls.

The pageant of the first wedding added so much to our prestige even in the provinces of Denmark, where it was very well reported, that the regret of parting with my second daughter in 1911 was tempered by the opportunity of doing something even more splendid.

My wife, however, did not take this point of view. No amount of splendour would console her for the departure of Carmel to the Philippines. It seemed to me that when a man was willing to come all the way from the Philippine Islands in order to discover whether a girl really liked him or not, he deserved to swim in glory, if his perseverance should succeed. Mr. O'Reilly appeared. Both he and my daughter loved horses and rode. He had been for a long time one of the trusted acolytes of Governor Forbes in Manila and was a favourite of Mr. Roosevelt's. International marriages did not appeal to my wife or me, although the marriages of the Danes and Americans in Copenhagen had proved to be happy. Mr. O'Reilly was an American of three generations and he and my daughter would have the same point of view, not only of the duties and responsibilities of marriage, but of religion. In December, 1911, the marriage took place and the ceremony was even more elaborate than that of the first wedding. The coachmen were rather astonished at being decorated with huge favours of white lilacs and the lanterns of the carriages were filled with the same flowers. This I considered a delicate and unexpected touch!

There was great interest in the city. There was what was considered a *bonne presse*. Expectation rose so high that the Queen gave up her sewing circle for the morning, in order that the ladies of the Court might assist at the wedding.

Mr. Norval Richardson and my son Gerald were the groomsmen; Miss Kathleen Greene, the daughter of the British Minister, and Miss Signe Hagerup, the daughter of the Norwegian Minister, were the bridesmaids. The military attaché, Captain Colvin, was one of the most glittering features of the

occasion. When certain streets were roped off in order that the cortège might have a freer passage I felt indeed that the Danes were really an appreciative people. They knew what a good show was, and besides it was a great tribute to the popularity of my daughter. Ellen Beck, one of the first of the Court singers, gave Gounod's *Ave Maria* with a lovely violin obbligato. The dear old Bishop was very much interested; he made the ceremony as solemn as possible, even going to the length of studying certain sentences in English which he called "his selections" in order that the bride and groom might hear the language of their own country. After all, why should a marriage ceremony be hurried through? Why should only the secular rites occupy all the attention? A nuptial mass, well performed, is the most beautiful ceremony possible for a wedding, and the Danes, who liked enormously the secular parts of the ceremony, the procession of the ushers and bridesmaids and all those little touches which Americans have brought to perfection, seemed to find the nuptial mass very artistic and satisfactory—even if a little exotic!

One difficulty occurred. It is almost indiscreet to speak of it. There was a very keen reporter representing the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* in Copenhagen. He had not only himself to support, but a truly enormous Great Dane, and five pounds of English money was rather important to him. He told me that the *New York Herald* would give him five pounds if he could get a report of the wedding costumes in advance. Now my wife always declared that no woman ought to have her name in the papers except when she was born, when she was married or when she died. She declined to give me a list of the costumes. Mr. Norval Richardson was appealed to. He was constantly in society, and I thought that he might throw some light on the matter. All that he knew was that his mother was going to wear Honiton lace. We found out what my wife was to wear, and the details of the bride's costume. Then we came to a full stop, and the reporter rent the air with his groans.

One day, when I was filled with commiseration for the scribe, Mr. Groeninger brought me a copy of the *London Times*. It

contained a graphic account of a very *chic* party given to Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses and other visitors in the Riviera. Mr. Groeninger made no suggestion in words; but I knew what he meant. A list of the guests was obtained, and with a little help we fitted the costumes of the fashionables of the Riviera to the wedding guests. It seemed to be a great risk to take but he consoled me with the reflection that a woman never complains if she is represented as wearing the latest fashions. The list went off; the reporter got his five pounds and the only complaint we heard was that of an exalted lady who said that the wife of the English Chaplain looked really like a ballet dancer in that dress! I hope I may be excused for saying that in view of the success of this adventure, I am convinced that Hans Andersen's story of *The Emperor's Clothes* is a bit of very good psychology. Kathleen Greene, who had an Irish sense of humour, declared that in England people all said that her mother had never been so well dressed, which, of course, was not exactly true.

At this moment I recall one of Lady Lily Greene's favourite stories. She had crossed to Kingston in a Dublin packet and as the boat touched the dock, she heard the stewardess in the next stateroom say: "Dear Mrs. Sullivan, do let me bring you a little hot water to wash your hands."

"No, dear," was the grateful reply, "don't take the trouble; I'm going to relations."



## CHAPTER XI

### § I

IT was no easy task to endeavour to secure a grip on the essentials of European politics. As for the Balkan question, I gave that up very early in despair. There came a time when the tension between St. Petersburg and Vienna alarmed all Europe. The secret of what was going to happen was very well kept.

After Algeciras, we knew that the German capitalists would not permit the Kaiser to engage in a struggle with France; and there was every reason to believe that he did not combat the opinions of the capitalists very seriously. The time was not ripe, although the inroads of the Socialists in Germany were alarming him seriously, and the movement for the disruption of the Empire, owing to the dissatisfaction of Bavaria and Hanover and Silesia, and of Saxony, which was at heart republican, had occasioned some thought on the part of the familiars of the Emperor. "Familiars" is the word, for the Emperor had permitted himself to be surrounded by a compact group who looked on even his son, the Crown Prince, as an outsider.

Russia was his *bête noire*. He did not conceal his fear of that potent power, for he knew that given a strong leader with a corps of trained officers and engineers, Russia would force him to a hard race for "a place in the sun." Besides, as he said himself, Germany was protected by only a few potato patches from an enemy which might be aroused at any time. No man knew better than the Emperor the value of man power.

In his heart, in spite of a dislike for his uncle, Edward VII.—whose death was, no doubt, a great relief to him—he cherished a hope that some day England and Germany might unite to make the world safe for all those high ideals—Teutonic ideas—in which he believed. Why not? Was not Great

Britain, as he often remarked, really Teutonic at heart? Here were two great Protestant powers separated only in language and by some foolish liberal ideas which might be corrected; with Germany master of the land and England mistress of the seas, what a future there was before this great combination! This may seem incredible but it was one of the Kaiser's dreams. Lord Haldane and his party did not tend to encourage this point of view, but nevertheless the Kaiser drew his own inferences.

It was not unpleasant to him when the Norwegians accepted a king, although a very constitutional king, for he feared that Norway was headed toward republicanism and that Sweden might, so far as the common people were concerned, show a distinct gain in Socialistic sentiment. As to Denmark, he was rather indifferent. He regarded Denmark as a tool that might be used at any moment, and he was deeply disappointed when he found that King Frederick VIII., whom he looked on as rather pliant, was sternly nationalistic.

Copenhagen was only a night's ride from Berlin and Germany very near by another route. It can easily be imagined how important to us all any news or authentic gossip from the German Court was. I must admit that when the crisis came and both the Austro-Hungarian Minister and that most energetic Russian, Michel de Bibikoff, showed plainly their fear that war between Austria and Serbia, which meant war between Austria and Russia, was imminent, I, with the means at my command, could get nothing definite from Germany. I do not pretend to say that the State Department looked on this as my affair; but it was always wise to be prepared in case a question should be asked; and, although I was not averse to being considered as a harmless lyric poet, I felt it my duty to be something less; that is, a careful gatherer of important information. I had recourse to Rome. It was my experience that when one was in doubt as to what was going on in secret diplomacy, Rome was a mine of information, if you could tap it.

If I had followed my advices from Rome during the war, I should never have made the mistake of telegraphing my Gov-

ernment that Serbia would remain neutral. An intimation of war came. It would be followed, of course, by direct denial on the part of Count Ehrensvärd. "But war is imminent," he said. Then, of course, I knew that the chance of war was remote.

There happened to be a journalist in Berlin who had a marvellous gift for picking up unconsidered trifles of news. He corroborated Rome; and by gradually forming a little mosaic, I was enabled to give two of my anxious colleagues a piece of news which relieved them greatly. But we all knew that war was only postponed, and nothing in the future could prevent it, except a declaration on the part of Great Britain that if Russia were attacked and France involved, the British Government would feel it its duty to interfere seriously with the designs of His Imperial Majesty; or if Denmark were attacked—few of us had any thought of Belgium at the time—or Holland—that the United States would make it understood that her Government stood, leaving the question of treaties aside, for the autonomy of the little nations.

It is, perhaps, not indiscreet to quote part of a conversation with Erik Scavenius after he succeeded Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvigen as Minister of Foreign Affairs. "We Americans believe firmly in the preservation of the rights of the small nations," I said—the phrase "self-determination" had not yet come into use, "and if Denmark were attacked you would find the United States on your side."

"Sympathetically," he said, "I am sure of that; but not actively."

I was obliged to be silent. There was no answer to that. He preserved a very grave countenance when I remarked that my experience had shown me that there was no great power in the world that would scruple to do an unjust act, if commercial or territorial aggrandisement was in question. Denmark certainly had every reason to know how true this is. Her experience in '64, when Slesvig-Holstein was wrested from her had been in no way falsified by the intrigues of the Powers since that time. One of the men who felt this most was King George of Greece, whom I met often, and who was quite

outspoken in his opinion as to the ethics of the Great Powers. He had an impression, the grounds of which I never discovered, that Great Britain had played him false in regard to Crete.

A minor embarrassment, when one attempted to show that we had a kindly feeling for Denmark, was our tariff law. At Amager, an island near the city of Copenhagen, the descendants of the early Dutch settlers produced the best cabbage and cauliflower known; the cabbage is especially valuable because it stands well in a cool climate, and even in winter these expert vegetable gardeners plow under glass. It was very important not only to the Scandinavian-American Line—which offers a means of communicating with Northern Europe that we ought not to neglect—but to a small group of Danish farmers that the cabbages should go in to our country with as low a tariff as possible. Our legislators did not think so; the tariff on the inoffensive cabbages was put so high that export ceased.

One of the typical products of Copenhagen is the royal porcelain. It has never been commercialised. No matter what the temptation, the managers of the factory would not lower the quality of their artistic product. It was not really in competition with any porcelain in our country since, with the exception of the cheaper saucers and teacups—easily imitated by us—it was purely artistic. Nevertheless, the tariff on its import is almost prohibitive. I have not the slightest idea that my frequent comments and suggestions were looked on as reasonable by those sapient and scientific persons never, of course, actuated by political motives, who make the tariff laws; but it seemed useless to talk of friendly feeling toward a small country when its limited products were barred out. If our tariff was for revenue only, one might make reasonable explanations at a Foreign Office; but where it is a tariff for protection only and this tariff does not protect but only injures the exporting nation, what can be said?

The diplomatic corps gradually changed. The Henckel von Donnersmarcks were ordered off by the Kaiser. They were succeeded by Dr. and Madame von Waldheusen. Madame von Waldheusen was a Belgian. The von Waldheusens were rich be-



yond the dreams of avarice. When von Waldheusen had been Secretary in St. Petersburg, he had played for high stakes with some of the Grand Dukes and lost, as was his duty. The correspondents of his banking house became alarmed and cabled to the *Crédit Lyonnais* for instructions—what was the amount of credit he was to be allowed? Unlimited, was the reply. The von Waldheusens were generous and kind, and never ostentatious. It would not have done in Copenhagen where the Danes like elegance, but detest too much luxury. We saw a great deal of Madame von Waldheusen and her husband and of the lovely children. He was tall, stalwart, amiable, and not greatly interested in politics, and she was devoted to the young people of the diplomatic corps. Von Waldheusen was not a sycophant. He forgot to report all kinds of details to the Kaiser, who read personally the messages from Copenhagen, and it was rumoured that he failed in his duty as an envoy by objecting to stringent measures against the Danes in Slesvig-Holstein where Germany, every now and then, showed a brutal and arrogant hand. He was recalled. Madame von Waldheusen was not sorry. She was a devout Belgian, gay, generous, sympathetic and beautiful. “At any rate,” she said laughingly, “I had the privilege of being present at your daughter’s wedding before I left and when my daughters grow up I shall have them married in the American way, with a procession of bridesmaids and lots of flowers!” She died in Germany; let us hope it was before the war opened.

Von Waldheusen was succeeded by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau who is, as I understand, representing the German Republic in Petrograd. The Soviets will have to be much cleverer than they appear to be to come out of a struggle with Count Rantzau with anything he thinks he ought to have—a more delightfully amusing, sophisticated, well-read man of the world I have never met. He was one of the few Germans who knew a good cocktail from a bad one, and whose taste in champagne was impeccable. He was not generally beloved by his “dear colleagues,” although they never expressed their disapprobation in loud tones. It will be remembered that he refused to sign the peace treaty of Versailles; and no power on earth could

induce him to do it. Socially an aristocrat, he was in politics rather liberal. Tall, graceful, he needed only to take a reasonable amount of exercise to make him as handsome as he was distinguished. One could talk with him of the *coulisses de Rome* as well as of the intricacies of German party politics with real pleasure. He never attempted to conceal anything which was not worth telling. I am informed that he was out of sympathy with the Prussian persecutions of the Danes in Slesvig.

As a rule, the Secretaries of Legation seemed to be rather out of serious things unless the *chefs de mission* went away and left them in charge. Then they showed great activity, but it seemed to me a pity that the really clever ones were not always initiated by their chiefs into what was really going on. However, as they were constantly in society, they picked up a lot of information, some of which was very valuable. There was, as a rule, a certain amount of tension between the Legations and the Consulates. The wives of the Consuls or Consuls-General were not received at Court; occasionally for some special affair, the Consuls were invited; but their wives were not presented at Court, though sometimes invited to the functions given by the Legations to the King. During the war, the etiquette was much relaxed; but as very few great functions occurred during those troubled times, this relaxation was of no special advantage to the wives and daughters of the commercial officials.

We were on especially friendly terms with Mr. and Mrs. Liddell, whose social position in English society gave them the right to be received anywhere, but the etiquette of the Court applied to them as well as to all other Consuls. Succeeding Mr. Liddell came Mr. Erskine, who married a beautiful Danish lady of excellent family. We were very desirous to invite them to a dinner we were giving in honour of King Christian and Queen Alexandrina, but we had to offer some special reason for it. Certain of my colleagues were very strict on this point. It made a precedent which they did not like. One day, however, Erskine and I discovered that we had a remote Celtic ancestor who happened to be Welsh—on my

mother's side. I settled the question by putting Mr. and Mrs. Erskine on the list for the King's dinner and marking them—"mes cousins!" Their presence added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

Providence saved us several times from diplomatic embarrassments. During one summer before the war my wife gave a dinner to her special friend, Baroness de Castonier, who was the aunt of the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, Erik Scavenius. Mademoiselle de Castonier spent nearly all her time in Rome. As the dinner was to be small and intimate, the Minister of Foreign Affairs was invited as the nephew of his aunt and not in his official capacity; but just before the day of the dinner, his marriage was announced. My wife, then, invited a larger number of guests, arranged for a more formal occasion and asked M. and Madame Scavenius, very formally. Madame Scavenius made a great success. It was her first appearance at a diplomatic house as wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; and, of course, she had precedence of everybody.

A short time after this, my dear friend, the dean, Mr. Hagerup said to me—"You're going to have a very delicate and troublesome question on your hands, for I am leaving to-morrow for The Hague, and you will be the acting-dean." I prepared myself for the worst.

"Two of the most distinguished Foreign Ministers," he said, "have protested that they will not permit their wives to make the first call on the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is her business, they hold, to call on them. Naturally," he added with a laugh, "they will appeal to their governments for instructions, and if there are no precedents! Now, my dear Colleague," he said, "I'm afraid you're going to be in a tight place because eventually you will have to settle the question!"

"But," I said, "there's no question for us at all. Madame Scavenius has already dined with us. That lets us out." And it did. I heard no more about any difficulty in the matter.

The German Legation under Count Rantzau comprised a group of interesting persons. The Consul-General Mr. Martins, and his wife and daughter, had lived in the United States

and they were very warm friends of ours. We saw a great deal of Prince and Princess Wittchenstein von Sayn. Prince Wittchenstein was a cosmopolitan; a Serene Highness, related to nearly every noble family in France, in Russia, and like Count Szechenyi, with relatives even in England. Count Wedel, who came from Weimar, loved the literary traditions of his country and he dwelt on the details of Goethe's life and circle at Weimar very enthusiastically. I must say that when the war came and we were obliged to break social relations with the Germans and Austrians, it was a great sacrifice; we never did actually break with the Szechenyis, and nothing could induce me to regard them in any other light than that of dear friends. Some folk like to talk of the gospel of hate on both sides, to dwell on atrocities. No doubt these things had their value in that barbarous condition of life called war, a condition which, it seems to me, ought not to be tolerated; except when it cannot be avoided. I abhor what is called pacifism. There are times when a man and a nation must fight; but in a civilisation which calls itself Christian, fighting ought to be the last resource of the civilised against the barbarous. I trust I may be excused from quoting, with apologies, the saying of King Christian X., during the war—that the diplomats accredited to his Court ought to be as heralds, not neutral, but representing the possibility of peace, and always ready to be on such terms as would open the way for *pourparlers*, if necessary.

Our Legation was fortunate in having secretaries and attachés who were most loyal. Mr. Norval Richardson of Vicksburg, Mississippi, succeeded Mr. Charles Richardson.

Mr. Norval Richardson has left his own impressions of his diplomatic education in a series of popular articles. Mr. Alexander Magruder justified all expectations. He was snatched from me too soon to go to Stockholm and during the beginning of the war he was absolutely indispensable. He worked day and night with the assistance of Mr. Groeninger, now attached to the Consulate-General at Berlin; he was invaluable. Mrs. Magruder was a great favourite socially and when Captain and Mrs. Totten came—Totten was Military Attaché for



the three Scandinavian countries—we had every reason to be proud of our “young people.”

There were certain groups in the diplomatic corps composed of the constantly changing secretaries and their wives who knew nothing of the United States and cared less; but three or four of these little Baronesses and Countesses bored one to death by inquiring as to the social status of every American who appeared. Now it is very difficult to explain the social status of anybody in the United States. Boston has its code and Charleston has its code; Bimidji, Minnesota, and San Antonio, Texas, have their codes, and then there are New Orleans and St. Louis and Minneapolis and Indianapolis! The first question a very inquisitive Russian Baroness was sure to ask about any newcomer to the Legation was, “Is he rich?” If he were not rich, in the estimation of this little group, he lacked the only quality which made an American at all eligible!

When Mr. Norval Richardson was about to appear, I was asked, “Where’s he from?”

“From the celebrated city of Vicksburg on the Mississippi River,” I answered.

“Oh,” the Baroness murmured, “monkeys—palm trees, volcanoes. I have read about the Mississippi. He must be rich, and how did his family make their money?”

Not in the least knowing how Mr. Richardson’s family made their money and fearing, that like most Southern families, they had merely lost it, I was forced to answer—“Volcanoes. You know the Richardsons sell the lava from their volcanoes to pave the streets of all our American cities.”

“The revenue,” said the Baroness enthusiastically, “must be immense. I hope that Mr. Richardson plays bridge well. My husband would love to play with him!”

I met, however, with a terrible blow in the case of Mrs. Totten, who came from Norfolk, Virginia. “Virginia!” exclaimed the Baroness. “How do the Virginians rank in your country?”

“Mrs. Totten,” I said, “must be ranked as a royal highness as all Virginians are descended from the Princess Pocahontas.”

The rumour spread. I thought I had done well in answering a fool according to her folly; but I was horrified when our beloved Julia Totten protested loudly against being put down for "a half-breed!"

Before the war, comparatively few Americans came to Denmark and those who came had generally some motive. They were doctors to examine methods of the Finsten Institute, surgeons on their way to Berlin and Vienna, a certain number of tourists going toward the North Cape or who had discovered that the road to Copenhagen was one of the most interesting entrances into Germany.

Among the first Americans that I received was Dr. Cook, who made the impression of being a grave, rather silent and dependable man. Honours were thrust upon him, and he received them with great complacency. He came from Greenland in the *Hans Egede* after a winter's sojourn. It appeared to me that if Admiral Peary had not been so generally disliked in Scandinavia, Dr. Cook's reception would have been less enthusiastic. I am afraid I received the news of his coming rather indifferently. A Consul from Greenland came in one afternoon and informed me that the greatest event of the century had occurred. An American had discovered the North Pole! I was rather pleased to find that the North Pole had been at last discovered, and perhaps wiped off the map. It always seemed to be in the nature of an appendix; and, being hopelessly unscientific, and having been obliged to parse Doctor Kane's *Arctic Voyages* when I was young, I had an unconquerable prejudice against everything in the Arctic Circle. I told the enthusiastic Consul that if Dr. Cook called on me I should receive him very cordially, feed him well, invite everybody to meet him that was worth while and do everything I could to speed a distinguished and parting guest.

To tell the truth, I had no idea of chartering a steamer to go out to meet him or of going to any extra expense at all; we had just furnished the Legation and we were rather inclined to be economical in everything except food and drink.

I looked up Dr. Cook's record in *Who's Who*. There was nothing against him. He had written *The Voyage of the Bel-*

*ligica*, which I had found interesting. One of my friends who was taking tea at the Legation, a member of the Explorers' Club, said with an air of suspicion that Dr. Cook had once lived in Brooklyn, and that he had been decorated by King Leopold of Belgium. As I had lived in Brooklyn in earlier days, and had been decorated by King Leopold, I felt a sudden burst of sympathy for Dr. Cook!

On the next day, however, the Captain of the King's yacht appeared. He boiled with enthusiasm. "America, the greatest country in the world, is covered with laurels!" As every officer in the Danish Navy is an explorer by inclination and training, it was evident that he represented the feeling of his colleagues.

"The Crown Prince," he said, "will go to meet him to-morrow, as President of the Royal Geographic Society—will you come?" I hesitated but it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps the Crown Prince, for whom I had a high personal regard and even affection, might think it strange if I did not go. So, accompanied by Mr. Charles Richardson, I drove to the pier. It was crowded. No Army and Navy football game could have excited more fervour. Once on board the *Hans Egide*, I met Dr. Cook. He was bronzed, dressed in ancient clothes, redeemed by a pair of reversible white cuffs and I could not help noticing that his teeth were rather ground down. I asked one of the devoted admirers the reason for this. "He was obliged to chew walrus hide in the Arctic Circle." Being hopelessly unscientific, as I have said, I looked on this proof of having reached the North Pole with awestruck admiration. He seemed very simple and straightforward.

"The Crown Prince and you," he said, "are very kind to me, and I am glad to meet in you the first American I have seen since I left Whitney at Etah." The earliest report of Dr. Cook's discovery printed in the New York *Herald* seemed very convincing to the scientific adepts who came to Denmark. They were afterwards corroborated, I was told, by Peary's report. It was impossible not to join in the general enthusiasm, and Sir Philip Gibbs, who with a number of other distinguished journalists had been drawn to Copenhagen by the alleged discovery,

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was looked on in sorrow and almost in anger by me, because, from the beginning, he declared that Dr. Cook was not to be believed; I had no proof of this and I was not interested in finding a proof. To have an American citizen shown up in Denmark as a liar did not appeal to me as the representative of the United States; and, though there were lapses in the lecture he gave in Copenhagen, the most important of the Danish scientists accepted him as a man who had done a very great thing.

The Royal Geographic Society in England and Admiral Melville in our country were against him. At this time, Amundsen, Knud Rasmussen, Captain Sverdrup and all the Swedish and German scientific men were with Dr. Cook.

My wife was visiting her mother in Norfolk, and my daughter Carmel and I were delighted to have a chance to give dinners and parties in the off-season.

King Frederick asked me to present the explorer informally, and though he was amiably cordial he was not enthusiastic, and Dr. Cook was not decorated with the Order of the Dannebrog.

If the King had considered it, he would have consulted me as the American Minister and I could not have recommended it, as my object during this affair was to be personally hospitable and sympathetic, without in any way committing my Government. Doctor Cook seemed to think that I ought to have telegraphed the news of his exploit to President Taft. This I declined to do; I left that to him and the President answered that he congratulated Dr. Cook "on his assertion" that he had reached the North Pole. I felt that I could go as far as possible in the way of hospitality, so long as I did not put any responsibility on the Government of the United States. Afterwards, both President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt voiced their approval of this. In fact, when I paid my next visit to President Taft, he honoured me by telling me that he would send me to Vienna if I cared to go when Mr. Kerens had resigned. One evening about the time when I had begun to feel that Dr. Cook had stayed too long I received a message at the Legation, relayed from Peary—"I have planted the American flag on the North Pole and Cook has given you a gold



brick." This was a pretty dish to set before the king of explorers who was at that moment being crowned with a wreath of red and white roses at the summer garden of Tivoli!

Then the row began. Denmark and all Scandinavia stuck hard to Cook. Great Britain sneered. King Edward from the beginning had been one of Cook's opponents. Queen Alexandra continued to believe in him though she expressed herself as being really happy that the rivalry between the two explorers could not generate international hatred—they were both Americans.

The United States was divided. The readers of the *New York Herald* were all for Cook; the readers of the *New York Times* all for Peary. I, such was the irony of events, the most hopelessly unscientific person in Denmark, was called on to make a decision! Nebraska implored me to decide in favour of Cook; the city of New York was for Cook; bleeding Kansas was for Cook. The District of Columbia seemed to a man to be for Peary. Virginia was for Peary. Maryland was for Cook. Massachusetts seemed to be divided—Boston being inclined toward Peary; and I was implored to be the arbiter. I never before realised how firmly my own people believed that the most important question may be settled by the vote of a majority. Now, in my humble opinion, there are at least two things which cannot be settled by a majority vote: One is the existence of God; the other the validity of a scientific law. But most of my compatriots seemed to think this opinion rather antiquated!

All work at the Legation stopped. The Cookites and the anti-Cookites rushed in and out expostulating. Autograph hunters appeared in crowds, seeming to believe that Dr. Cook was in my custody. Publishers sent their agents and tried to make contracts with Cook, or to cancel those entered into before Peary had made his declaration. The happy day came when Dr. Cook started for the United States, with Commander Cold, who had been Governor of the Danish West Indies; and we at the Legation breathed freely and went back again to our routine work. Dr. Cook's secretary, Mr. Lonsdale, appeared later at the University of Copenhagen with his alleged proofs;

but they were painfully ineffective. I asked Commander Cold what impression Dr. Cook made on him during the voyage to the United States. He merely replied—"There is no reason why he should have put himself into the hands of fakers in order to make his calculations. I would have willingly made these from his data, during the voyage. But he did not ask me to do it."

It astonished us all when he returned to Copenhagen to lecture. Many of the Danes still believed in him; but he had failed to keep his promise to go to Etah or to produce any evidence. His lecture occasioned a very unpleasant fracas, although his friends were in a majority in the lecture hall. It was a disagreeable experience for an American Minister; but as long as the Government of the United States was not committed to Dr. Cook's claims, and an American had made the discovery, matters were not as bad as they might have been.

King Christian X., when he was Crown Prince, was not inclined to look on Cook as a deceiver. Whether he has changed his opinion now I do not know. When Mr. Roosevelt came on his visit to Copenhagen, I sat opposite to him at the dinner given by the Crown Prince and Princess to Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt. "Egan," Mr. Roosevelt said to me, "if I had been in Copenhagen as Minister when Cook came, I would have done just what you did. You could not cast a doubt on the word of an apparently reputable American—but I knew that he was a faker!"

"I cannot agree with you," said the Crown Prince. I then felt it was my duty to efface myself and leave the two scientists to fight it out.

I have not yet heard that the honorary doctorate or the medal of the Royal Geographic Society presented to Dr. Cook has been withdrawn. Until recently a great number of the Danes still believed firmly in him; but I am told now that there has been a change of opinion. His unpretentiousness, his tendency to be simple and direct made a good impression in Denmark and I recall that at the dinner *en famille* given at Charlottenlund, the King's summer palace, the Princess George of Greece, a daughter of that veteran explorer, Prince Roland

Bonaparte, asked him a number of searching questions, to which he responded clearly. I asked him one day when we were lunching at the Bristol Hotel whether he believed that Peary would discover the North Pole or not. He said that he had not the slightest doubt of it—that it was an easy thing to do now since Sverdrup's land had been discovered; and that there was room for two. He spoke in very high terms of Peary and said that the only thing he had against him was that he had once taken off some stores for his men which Cook believed belonged to him.

The field of battle shifted, after Dr. Cook left Denmark, to the United States and only the echoes of the struggle reached us. Homes were disrupted, we were informed, and hitherto affectionate members of families parted at least temporarily by the conflict.

There are members of Congress who still hold to Cook valiantly, and I understand that a bill for his rehabilitation was introduced by a member of the House of Representatives.

The coming of Dr. Cook was a godsend to the Danish Government which was approaching a political crisis, in which Mr. Christiansen, an eminent politician, was deeply concerned. The Cook controversy made such a diversion that the question between the Moderates and the Socialists, between those who wanted to defend Denmark and those who were unwilling to spend money for more forts on the German side, was almost forgotten. It was hinted that the wily politicians, of which there are some even in Denmark, were not averse to fomenting an enthusiasm which gave them time for thought and for diverting the public interest!

## § 2

The position of Italy was most interesting to all the diplomats. It was impossible that the truth should not leak out regarding the determination of the Kaiser to make such liaisons as would assist him in his scheme for world power. His triple alliance never quite satisfied him; he was always doubtful about Italy and still more doubtful about Russia.

After Count Calvi di Bergolo was recalled, there were one or two Italian Ministers who did not remain long. The arrival of Count and Countess di Corrobio, assisted by M. Catalani and his American wife who had been a Miss Dimmick, was looked on as of great importance by the diplomatic corps.

Count di Corrobio was an Italian and his wife an Austrian; but the Countess, like most diplomatic wives, had become entirely devoted to the interests of her husband and her husband's country.

One of the pathetic consequences of the war was its effect on these international marriages. Countess Szechenyi was a Belgian. Her position after the war broke out was delicate and difficult, but she bore herself with the greatest dignity. Besides, her husband was not of the ruthless kind—none of the Austrians or Hungarians were. It was curious though that after the war began most of the women born in the United States who had married Germans took the German side with violence. The Countess Schir-toss, the daughter of Mr. Henry White, was an exception. She was reticent, and thoroughly discreet, but it was evident that neither she nor her husband approved of the submarine warfare, and it was well known that the Count had not hesitated to express his opposition.

Di Corrobio was a careful diplomatist and Catalani was regarded as one of the cleverest of the younger men in the service. The great question with most of us was whether Italy would break with Austria if Austria attacked Serbia. I have already spoken about the fear of the Austrian Minister and the members of the Russian Legation after Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. We believed that this blow to the prestige of Russia, had been dealt by Austria through an understanding with Germany but it was impossible to find out the truth. Even my correspondent at Rome was silent about this. Some of the English were loud in their opinion that Germany was desirous of embroiling Austria and Serbia, or the Balkans in general, with Russia in order that there might be an excuse for war.

To the best of our information, however, it seemed as if



Germany was not yet financially ready for war although expecting it and preparing for it, but so well were the intentions of the Kaiser guarded that we had to accept assurances from Berlin that Francis Joseph and Ehrensvärd had proceeded without consulting their august allies and that both Germany and Italy were taken by surprise.

When this cloud had passed away, it became plain that the Kaiser looked on the King of England as his arch-enemy. This was apparent on all occasions. It was plain too that the Emperor William despised the Danish Court because it would not guarantee to keep secrets entirely in his interest. The Kaiser had his spies everywhere, who did not hesitate to use disguises and subterfuges in order to discover what was going on. There was a rumour that the All-Highest had tried on one occasion to get all the officers of an English battleship drunk in order to discover what the intentions of the Admiral of the Navy were! Either the officers had very good heads or they did not drink enough; we were all amused by the knowledge that he did not succeed. His eyes were always on the English fleet and on that arch-intriguer against imperial autocracy, his "uncle Bertie," as he called him—the King of England.

It is doubtful whether the late King Edward VII. will ever attain the place in history he deserves. He was not a writing man; he did not love to display himself in letters; but he seldom made an important move even after he came to the Crown which was not dictated by some wise motive for the good of his country, and not at the expense of the world in general. I was especially struck when he came to Copenhagen by the intense interest he displayed in certain manifestations of opinion in the United States. He made it a point of inquiring several times for the health of ex-President Cleveland. This was publicly done. He seemed to fancy that Americans still felt some resentment against England for the part she had played in the Venezuelan boundary dispute; and he was desirous that both our State Department and the American people should know that he had the deepest interest in our distinguished ex-President.

From 1907 until 1918 everything that occurred in Europe

seemed to have a political motive. The antagonists were watching one another carefully. Iswolsky, it was plain, was a favourite of the Kaiser. It was rumoured that his Imperial Majesty had asked that he be sent as Ambassador to Berlin and in the diplomatic corps it was concluded that the Czar was very foolish to accede to this request. Nevertheless, those who knew Iswolsky knew that he was not likely to be a pliant tool in the hands of the Kaiser, who was deficient in both common sense and in his judgment of men.

The opinion of the diplomatic corps as to the American Embassy at Berlin was that so long as the American Ambassador kept his hands off creosote and spent money lavishly he need have no other qualifications for his office. Most of the foreign diplomatists regarded the American Embassy as simply a very elegant attachment to the Consulate, and as the representatives of certain business interests—most of which were voiced by the American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin, reflecting Wilhelmstrasse. The Kaiser, although he concealed his feelings, was rather puzzled by the appointment of Dr. David Jayne Hill. He could not make much of the psychology of this remarkable man. Hill had no axe to grind; he knew international law as thoroughly as he knew international history and the Kaiser soon discovered that he could neither teach him anything nor mould him to his own point of view. The Kaiser never regarded the American Embassy as a fountain of information; but every movement of the English, the Russians and the Italians he watched. He evidently considered it a day badly spent when no bit of gossip concerning the intentions of England, the vacillations of the Czar, or the movements of the pro-French party in Italy was not obtained by him.

It is very easy to be wise after the fact. In making these paragraphs, I have tried to give an impression which most of the diplomatists in Copenhagen had as to what was going on in the political world. We knew, as I have said, that war was bound to come, that it was logical that Germany should want to provoke it, and equally logical that the Kaiser should want to assume the air of the one provoked. Neither of the German

Ministers, Count Henckel von Donnersmarck nor Herr von Waldhausen would talk interior politics.

It seemed evident that Henckel von Donnersmarck belonged rather to the party of the late Emperor Frederick than to that of William. Speaking once of my wife's desire to spend a Christmas in Dresden or Munich—we had been brought up in the traditions of Christmas in Philadelphia and most of our Christmas customs had been borrowed from the Germans—he said rather wearily—"You'd better stay away. The Germany of your fancy does not exist. There are cannons even on the Christmas trees!"

Von Waldhausen was rather indifferent to his position as a Minister; he found it a bore to be expected to report all kinds of trifles to his master in Berlin and as for the employing of spies, that was an avocation for which he was plainly unfitted. But it must be said that the higher German officials, though they might know of the existence of espionage, were not forced to be an active party to it. There was a well-organised bureau that acted independently of them and, to take the case of Count Lichnowsky in London, it is evident that there were Ambassadors whom the Kaiser did not honour with his confidence. He feared and disliked the Empress Dowager of Russia; most of us who had our ears to the ground knew that very well. Her Majesty seemed to feel no duty to keep silent as to the projects of the Kaiser. He believed that she kept the English and Danish Courts informed as to such of his plans as filtered through the Czar's *entourage*; and it was this belief that helped to make the Willy-Nicky letters such charming examples of hypocrisy—for they have charm and the Kaiser was an adept in writing letters that pleased and interested.

The Danish Court was in a most difficult position and one cannot sufficiently admire the attitude of Christian IX. in 1903, when the Kaiser tried to persuade him that in the event of a Russo-Japanese war Germany would defend the Baltic against the attacks of the British fleet. When the Kaiser was not emphasising the "yellow peril," in order to embroil Russia with Great Britain in the East, he was insinuating that the only friend to the Baltic was Germany.

He was determined that Denmark should be induced to make a special declaration of neutrality, aimed at England. Frederick VII., Christian's successor, had had his own experience with the Kaiser.

It was the knowledge of these things that made me believe that when the war opened, the Baltic and the North Sea would be the scene of action. Stupid as it may seem—for I had lived for a time in Belgium, and a little while in Holland, and I knew the Belgians feared above all things the tightening of the German commercial grip which had already begun to strangle them—it never occurred to me that the war would open by the spoliation of Belgium. And, as far as I can remember, I do not recall that any diplomatist, until the arrival of the Viscount de Faramond's report, had any other opinion. Prince Koudacheff was very well informed, and usually rather pessimistic. His Chancellor, Baron de Meyendorff, was intelligent, well read and well informed. But he was pessimistic, too, for he seemed to believe that, having a German name, he would never be promoted in the Russian diplomatic service.

### § 3

The successor of Prince Koudacheff—who was ordered to Belgium—was Baron de Buxhoevendén, the favourite of the Czar and Czarina, and devoted to them. Curiously enough, he was of the Lutheran denomination, while his wife was a devout adherent of the Greek Orthodox Church. His son had died in the Japanese war and his only daughter, the Baroness Sophie de Buxhoevendén, "Iza" to the Royal people, was destined to suffer everything but death with the royal family of Russia.

Baron de Buxhoevendén was a true type of the elegant diplomatist one reads about in the romances. He loved pictures, books, *bibelots*, the theatre and the opera. He seldom talked of any political situation in which his country was likely to be concerned. It always seemed to me that he looked on the Czar as a martyr destined to suffer for the cause of monarchy, and there was something of mysticism in his devotion to his



“August Master.” He spoke no English but his French was most exquisite. He was always correct yet not a dandy. His carefully kept nails and perfect cravats were truly ambassadorial. But he seldom smiled and I do not think he altogether approved of the frankness of the Baroness on political matters when she was among friends.

Both Baroness de Buxhoevenden and her daughter spoke English perfectly. It seemed to my wife and to me that when the young Baroness de Buxhoevenden was commanded to become one of the maids of honour to the Czarina, a cloud suddenly descended on her mother. In the eyes of her father it was a great honour.

The Baroness de Buxhoevenden knew all the secrets of being a magnificent hostess. A little rigid in her ideas of etiquette, perhaps, not very patient with fools or the frivolous, she was one of the most punctilious hostesses in a city famous for its hostesses. She was much franker as to the political situation of Russia than her husband. In talking to Baroness de Buxhoevenden I could easily understand the reasons why the *châtelaines* of the salons of France before the Revolution were so interesting—and, for want of a better word—so instructive. She was never censorious; she was too loyal to criticise either the Czar or the Czarina; but she often regretted that the Empress of Russia was so good a wife and mother and so little of what a reigning Czarina ought to be. It was from her that my wife and I gained the impression that Russia was at the parting of the ways. When the embargo came, when the ukase against the drinking of spirituous liquors or the sale of them was proclaimed in Russia, the Baroness said: “This will end in the peasants’ becoming so prosperous and comfortable through the consumption of their own produce that they will either join the Nihilists in rebellion and overturn the Government or become good citizens and begin to be politically educated.”

Baroness de Buxhoevenden thought it was only a question of time when there would be a reunion between the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Church. The difficulty she held had been made by a group of politicians and the break was

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a great misfortune for Russia. She had a great respect for the Anglican community, but deplored its lack of unity. It seemed natural enough that her daughter should become one of the most accomplished and best educated of gentlewomen; she had been brought up by an English companion of her mother's who had always been a friend of the family rather than a governess.

During the war, Baroness de Buxhoevenden occasionally went to the Anglican Church—a little jewel of an edifice built in the park called Groeningen, bounded by the Langelinie. She would have gone to St. Ansgar's, where the ceremonials impressed her, but the Catholic Bishop was a Hanoverian and her prejudices were very strong against everything German. It was curious to observe that this very remarkable woman could not realise that Christianity ought not to be national!

My wife and the Baroness de Buxhoevenden were very close friends but the Baroness was an individualist and very often disconcerted my wife at our dinners for royalties by getting out of her place in the circle before the royalties entered, wrapt in conversation and forgetting that she was part of the picture.

In Copenhagen, when Kerensky reigned in Russia, we all believed that the Russian revolution was a bloodless one. Nevertheless, when the Czar and his family were ready to go to England and prevented only, we were informed, by the objection of Lloyd George's Government, many of us were thoroughly disgusted, and King George himself came in for a deluge of censure. It was well understood that the English Government did not want the Russian royal family on English soil; but as England had always been the home of exiled monarchs, the latest being King Manuel of Portugal, it was generally said that a Tory Government would have behaved with greater decency and dignity. "It is just what is to be expected of a government of *roturiers* who are enslaved to doom the royal family to insults and imprisonment," a Russian monarch has said.

The aristocrats in Sweden were indignant. This poor Czarina, one of the Counts Wachtmeister said, had not even a

Count Fersen. "The detention of these royal prisoners means their death." But in Copenhagen we could not believe it. We heard that the Imperial Dowager was exiled somewhere in a monastery and that, with her usual sense of humour, she had written that no letters were permitted to reach her except begging letters; and that she was very grateful for a few pounds of sugar. The Empress Marie had always been very charitable—anybody in Denmark who had shown the slightest kindness to any member of her family was always remembered; and I have often seen this Empress and the Queen of England toil up five or six flights of stairs to visit an old governess of theirs.

During the war, when we were neutral and all the Allies very sad, I actually made Baroness de Buxhoevendén laugh—perhaps for the last time. Dr. Francis Hagerup, the dean of the diplomatic corps, was called to Stockholm. We regretted it sincerely. He had been a perfect dean. Count Szechenyi, always generous and kindly, came in to suggest that we should present Mr. and Mrs. Hagerup with some pieces of plate. He suggested two *légumiers*. I was delighted, of course. Count Szechenyi had the impression that I was rather audacious, and he said, "I think you are the only man that can induce the representatives of both the Central Powers and the Allies to have their names engraved on their gifts." I modestly said I would do my best.

My Secretary, the loyal and experienced Magruder, thought it would be impossible. We agreed to have a silver plate under each vegetable dish—which was to be made for us by the Court jeweler, Michelsen. A paragraph in French was arranged which was to be signed by each of the Ministers. It was a ticklish situation—that the Belgian Minister would sign his name next to that of the German Minister seemed to be out of the question. I had Hans take the lists out; but I was careful, with Hans' vigilant assistance, to choose the psychological moment. All the signatures were secured and engraved on the plates. A few days after this I met Baroness de Buxhoevendén taking her morning stroll in Ostergade. She descended on me at once. Her eyes flashed: "I shall never forgive you for induc-

ing my husband to sign his name on that testimonial. If I had been at home, it would never have been done!"

"That was the reason I sent Hans when you were away from home," I said, "and you will observe that the names of the Allies are on one plate and the names of the representatives of the Central Powers on another."

"You're a deceitful wretch," she said, but she laughed. It was the last time I heard her laugh. Her daughter, Sophie, was imprisoned by the Bolsheviks. Her mother went off to Russia in search of her. Her anguish and anxiety made her an easy prey to pneumonia, and she died having seen her daughter only once in the presence of the prison guard.

During the war we were greatly cheered by the presence of the new Norwegian Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Irgens. It is difficult to express the effect that their cheerfulness and common sense had on the *morale* of the diplomatic corps when the shadows of the war began to close around us. The attitude of the Minister was so absolutely sane under conditions that were most irritating. In my mind there is no question that the treatment by the Allies, of the little neutral nations, was ruthless—the United States following the lead of the others. In the beginning of the war I was sure that it was not the intention of President Wilson to interfere in any way with the rights of the small nations as neutrals; he had, if I understood his words rightly, expressed himself to this effect; and I assured one of the members of the Danish Foreign Office that this was his view.

It seemed to me that I might almost have been justified in quoting my understanding of his words to the Danish press. "My dear Sir," said my friend, Chamberlain Clan, in the Foreign Office, "you will have to eat your words if you make yourself responsible for the kindly things your President is reported to have said. War is war; and not even the President of the United States can force belligerents to respect international law when it becomes a matter of harassing another nation which, being neutral, is supposed to be against them."

Dr. Henry van Dyke at The Hague had an even more diffi-



cult task, and he performed it most patriotically, but I think he suffered from the impression in Holland that our nation was most unjust to the Dutch. Irgens felt deeply what must have seemed to him the careless destruction of values and the loss of so many Norwegian lives at sea. He did not expect anything from the Germans; Norway was a centre for German plotting in spite of the Norwegians who, notwithstanding the provocation the Allies gave them, triumphantly discovered nearly every intrigue on the part of the Imperial Navy and defeated them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Irgens spoke English perfectly, and knew a great deal not only about English politics, but about our own. One of the great regrets of my wife and myself on leaving Copenhagen was that it would be so long before we should see them again. One of the brilliant ornaments of society was Mdlle. Marna de Münter. No dinner was complete without her, and, in spite of the fact that she generally won everything in sight, the Empress Dowager of Russia could not give a bridge party successfully without her. She is now the wife of the Danish Minister at Paris. Her father, Chamberlain de Münter, had been a young naval officer attached to the old King, Frederick VI., and his stories of the Court of that period were like pages from a graphic memoir. He had not lived early enough to have seen Struensee executed nor to have known the unfortunate Queen Carolina Mathilda, but he had heard their story from old people who were saturated with memories of the middle eighteenth century and, when he talked, one could see Struensee, the elegant and unscrupulous disciple of Rousseau and Voltaire, dragged from his bed on a winter morning and imprisoned in the citadel.

Struensee had gone to his room after a masked ball, at which he had shone in a roseate suit ordered from Paris for the occasion.

He was an adventurer from Germany, with ideas very much in advance of the time. The reigning King, Christian VII., was almost an imbecile—so pink and white and pretty that a coster girl, as he left his carriage during one of his visits to London, seized him in her arms, and kissed him as a tribute to his charming youthfulness. Carolina Mathilda was an English

princess, a sister of George II.; she was still in her teens when she was sent to Denmark. The Queen mother, Juliana Maria, who helped to found the Royal Copenhagen porcelain factory, was a martinet, devoted to her stepson by whom she had hoped to supplant Christian VII.

The story of this unhappy and foolish young king is a commentary on the unwisdom of monarchs. His bringing up would have broken the spirit and ruined the character of any child. It is revealed in the celebrated memoirs of his Swiss tutor, Riverdal, that Carolina Mathilda had beauty, high spirits and a character possible of development. The King allowed Struensee to guide him politically; he had several favourites of his own, and gradually Carolina Mathilda came under the influence of this all-powerful personage. Juliana Maria made the most of what she considered a scandalous position. A girl—a second child—was born to the Queen. The Queen Mother and her coterie announced that the child was Struensee's. There was a trial with the usually nasty servants' gossip. The party against Struensee gained power and without warning, he was taken with a confederate to the citadel to await trial.

The Queen and her little daughter were sent on a cold winter morning to the Castle of Elsinore. The Queen emphatically denied what she called the calumnies of the Queen Dowager's party; but her denial was invalidated by the attitude of Struensee who confessed that he was the father of the little girl. He was executed most barbarously. The Queen was exiled to Celle, where she died, protesting her innocence to the last. One of the *mots* of Bismarck, which enraged the Emperor William, was made when he heard of the Emperor's projected marriage to the Princess Victoria Augusta, "Probably the taint in the Hohenzollern blood might be corrected by the plebeian blood of Struensee!"

The old theatre, in which Christian VII. listened to Italian comedies in a box with his dog beside him, remained standing until recently; and among the sights of the old Palace of Christiansborg was a fully equipped kitchen which descended from one little Princess to another. The utensils were complete after the manner of the eighteenth century. One of the

subterranean rooms in this palace was sealed with mirror panels, a favourite method of decorating in the rococo period.

#### § 4

My Government left me *carte blanche* as to the time when the negotiations for the Danish West Indies ought to begin. It was known that Constantin Brun, the Danish Minister at Washington, had never been averse to the sale; but Count Carl Moltke, who had married Miss Thayer of Boston, and who succeeded Mr. Constantin Brun, was most emphatically opposed to Denmark's parting with the last bit of land in the Atlantic Ocean over which the Danish flag floated.

Denmark, it must be remembered, had once been a colonial power. It had lost its territory, *outré mer*, little by little. Personally, I sympathised very much with the party to which Count Moltke belonged. Most of my friends in Denmark were of his opinion; and, if it had been a mere question of sentiment, I should have accepted it. For us, sentiment was out of the question. We needed the Danish West Indies as the key to the entrance to the Panama as we need other islands on our coast and as we shall some day need the Galapagos. President Wilson did wonders in cementing a solid friendship with Brazil and the Spanish-speaking nations towards the South; but what is to guarantee us against a revival of dollar diplomacy? And what is to guarantee us against the active interest of the mother country, Spain, in nations where her traditions are still loved and respected? Spanish influence may be a mere shadow, but shadows suggest a substance somewhere. The Galapagos Islands would be very useful to Japan. While the Monroe Doctrine is looked on as simply a method of defence, our carelessness in not making it objective makes it even less than that—a mere theory of defence!

Public opinion in the United States was not in the least interested in our acquisition of the Danish West Indies. I knew well that behind me, if there were a chance, would solidly be the interest of Senator Lodge and the Republican members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

I had long known that one of the dreams of President Wilson was the acquisition of the islands. I do not think that either President Wilson or Senator Lodge looked on the prospect of their becoming our property with much hope. Bureaucrats may assume that all the work of delicate negotiation—the essential work—must be done at the Foreign Office in London, at the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères in Paris or at the State Department in Washington. It would be silly to deny the work done in all crises by Departments of State, and, in the case of the purchase of the West Indian Islands much of the credit for understanding the practical necessity of our possession of these islands, belongs to Mr. Lansing.

I knew very well that if I could strike President Wilson at the psychological moment with precision and directness, he would trust me to do the job. I must say the chance, until 1916, seemed rather remote. The state of political parties in Denmark was what may be called “incoherent” and confused. The moderate Conservatives—for there were no real out-and-out Conservatives—hesitated to take any responsibility during the war. I knew very well that for the Minister of a great country like the United States to hint at any bargain for the islands that might irritate the national pride of the Danes would be fatal. For a large party, there was the question: How will our potent neighbour to the south look on it and what will France and England say? It was the French Princess Valdemar—Marie de Bourbon Orleans—who had defeated our last attempt to buy the islands. It might, however, have succeeded in 1902 if the whole matter had not been so bungled and mixed up with suspicions of graft.

It was the Princess Marie, however, who gave the last *coup* to our hopes; she was quite frank about it and she once said to me, “If any American Minister ever succeeds in helping to secure the islands for his Government, I should wish it to be you; but no American Minister will ever do it! Those islands must remain Danish!” I admired her attitude greatly, and, if I had been a Dane, I should have fought the sale of the West Indies to any power to the bitter end.



Admiral de Richelieu, and, I think, Etatsradd Andersen were desirous of holding the islands as a base for commercial maritime work. They knew the value of the splendid harbour of St. Thomas. They appealed to the nation for funds to carry out this project and the nation did not supply the funds. This I took as a sufficient indication that, having offered the support of my Government to any method they might conceive of improving conditions on the islands, the Danes could not be offended if my country took it for granted that they did not look on the islands as precious and necessary to them.

Under Danish rule the condition of the islands was going from bad to worse. The radical government looked on the islanders as amiable black children who were to be indulged in their idiosyncrasies, and in no way to be managed or coerced. The lottery (the Danes see no wrong in lottery) arranged for the support of the islands, was not yielding an adequate fund. There were business men like Admiral de Richelieu who believed that they could be made to pay commercially, if energetically managed from a modern business point of view. But the government was evidently not of this opinion.

Under President Taft's administration the Danish feeling against the sale of the islands was apparent. I had to explain in many speeches that the President, although he had had much to do with moulding the government of the Philippines and fixing our policy in that regard, was not an imperialist; and while I am on this subject I cannot help offering my opinion that Mr. Huntington Wilson was an admirable under-Secretary. I seldom hear his name mentioned now. This is the fate of all under-Secretaries in our State Department who do not become Ministers Plenipotentiary. But I waited with hope that Mr. Huntington Wilson might have another opportunity of proving again his talent for statesmanship. As for Mr. Frank Polk, I can only say that I would drop any political principles at any moment for the pleasure of voting for him for President of the United States! If he were only from Ohio or Indiana!—but this is an empty dream. Secretary Knox was mainly interested in South and Central America.

I had never talked with him on the subject of the islands. President Taft was interested and evidently ready to give me his support whenever an opportunity for success might come. He was delightfully easy to get on with. If he did not think you were right, he smiled silently; if he thought you were right, he chuckled audibly. "Do your best, Mr. Minister," he said to me, "and we shall see whether your islands can be put under the same administration as Porto Rico or not."

In the spring of 1914, it was time for me to report to the Department of State and, as I was going home, the President of Harvard University made the flattering request that I should repeat my eight lectures given previously at Johns Hopkins and on the Percy Turnbull Foundation.

The year 1913 had been exceedingly unrestful. In Paris, in London, in Germany, in Belgium, there was an unconcealed fear, or hope, that a war was pending. At Antwerp I noticed especially the anxiety of a group of important citizens. The general opinion among these gentlemen was that "Germany will try to conquer us commercially and she will go to any length in order to do this." In Berlin, in Cologne, in Dresden, there was a growing feeling against England; and an opinion that France was preparing for revenge. "The spirit of the French is willing," an old Dresden official said to me, "but the flesh is weak." Everywhere it was plain that the propaganda was going on to prove that France was anti-Christ. Even among the Catholics in the south, who were less given to hatred than their Prussian compatriots, this belief existed. France was the enemy of Christianity; and, in Prussia, among most of the Lutheran clergy, the Kaiser was a St. Michael who would crush the head of the dragon. War was in the air.

Early in the spring, it was an open secret in the diplomatic corps that Russia was getting ready to mobilise, and that Germany had been for a long time prepared to meet any warlike movement her rival would make, or even a movement of defence. It was understood that France would necessarily come to the assistance of Russia, if the Kaiser—who could no longer trust the Czar—should consider himself forced to take the initiative.

The commercial classes in Germany were not altogether in favour of a war—Herr Ballin knew too well what the burning up of values would mean to the world—but a free path to the Persian Gulf seemed to be a necessity, and Russia, with the financial help of France, should not be permitted to bar the way. It was understood that the French Government was as impotent and as corrupt as that of Napoleon III. had been in 1870. England at that time had made a record for inaction which the German military party took as a precedent. It was concluded both in Germany and Russia that England would not fight, unless she was seriously inconvenienced, and would delay even then because of the agitation of the suffragettes, the mutiny of Ulster and the open rebellion of Southern Ireland.

According to the German plan, Paris was to be occupied very quickly, France bled white and the victors, returning with the spoils, would have no fear of financial difficulty.

As Germany might not find it necessary to threaten the channel ports, England would look on as she did in 1870.

It is curious enough that none of the diplomatists with whom I talked seemed to take the spoliation of Belgium as a possibility. We believed that the Belgian forts were impregnable.

They shook their heads over the growth of Socialism in that country, and the pacifism which had apparently vitiated the military spirit.

## § 5

In Copenhagen, the season of 1913 was gay beyond all precedent. I remember that one of the ladies-in-waiting of Queen Louise declared that all decorum had fled from society, and gave as instances the action of some young people who, at a ball, had sat on the floor of the dining-room surrounded by a ring of champagne bottles, and the behaviour of some of the guests at Lady Lowther's cotillion, where even the private apartments of the Minister were taken possession of by various parties who wanted to eat and drink in seclusion.

The season was certainly gay; but, as Lady Lowther was

the most benevolent and kindest of hostesses, it seemed to us that she had simply taken her list of guests at second-hand from somebody who did not know the city. Copenhagen had always been gay in the season—all the more gay because the great landed proprietors kept their city houses closed during most of the year on account of the enormous taxes. It was much cheaper and more satisfactory to live in their country places. Owing to this the entertainments were necessarily crowded into a brief space of time, and it was difficult to keep one's engagements while the fury of the season lasted. The diplomatists were allowed no rest and even in the summer time there were always a number of visitors who had to be welcomed. The British, it seemed to me, took a very sane view of this. "We are not paid," one of the British Ministers said to me, remonstrating against the practice of too much American hospitality, "to give a dinner or luncheon to every respectable Englishman who comes here. We are not representing our country for the benefit of Britons travelling abroad; but we are here to entertain within reason the citizens of the country to whom we are accredited."

In the beginning of 1914, everybody in Copenhagen seemed bent on giving parties, and these parties were never confined to rich people. Many of the most distinguished persons attached to the Court were comparatively poor. They lived in apartments high up in the air, with no lifts; but they always managed to offer five or six good dinners during the year. I recall on one occasion that Madame de Hegermann Lindencrone, who had hurt her foot, was carried triumphantly up six flights of stairs in a *chaise longue* in order to be present at one of these pleasant affairs.

Copenhagen presented a condition of society scarcely known in any great city of the United States. Riches did not count. The financial standing of a man had nothing to do with his position in society. There were a few men who had become rich, who were gradually "received," but this was for other qualities than their riches.

It seems to me not indiscreet to say that the present Queen of Denmark, in the very few and short conversations I had



with her on the political condition of Europe, seemed to have almost a prophetic outlook. She had no confidence in monarchical autocracy, and she saw, with some sadness, that monarchies had begun to melt away. If the people who vote, or the people who cater for votes, had the common sense and broad views of these Northern monarchs, the world would be a much safer place for the right kind of democracy.

In the beginning of 1914 the diplomatic corps was full of anxiety. The Russian diplomatists were particularly restless and, at the same time, grave, and I knew that Count Szechenyi feared that there would be a great upheaval in Hungary. Count Carl Moltke at Berlin seemed to be one of the few men who foresaw what was coming in Germany, and who feared what might happen in Russia. He was the only diplomatist of my acquaintance who predicted the Russian *débâcle*. I thought over his words many times, but I dared not quote him then. It was curious enough that while we were all puzzled by the secret movements of governments, we did not really think that the voice of the people counted anywhere. They might be for war or against war but we held that, even in England, the Cabinet in power and not the people would decide the question.

It was in the beginning of the spring of 1914 that I received a great shock through the agency of Michel de Bibikoff. I had found that if a man wanted to know the status and mental equipment of any other diplomatist, he was obliged to find it out for himself. The opinions of diplomatists of one another, even those of their own country, were somewhat too analytical. This was especially true of the English. One would find an English diplomatist described by the London bureaucracy as a *dilettante*, a trifler, a man incapable of serious thought, who simply enjoyed the privileges of his position. I found this true of amateurs in our own service; but I never found it true of any man in the foreign diplomatic services.

I had discovered for myself that de Bibikoff was not only a sound patriot, but capable of any sacrifice in order to further the interests of Russia. He appeared to be superficial, frivolous, and at times, which is not common among the Rus-

sians, a most amazing snob. He said once of the American wife of a British diplomatist, who was as well bred and as well trained intellectually as any woman well could be: "She has every quality except that of race," and he said this with great sincerity! It was amusing, because when one lives familiarly with French marquises, Spanish grandees, and Russian princes of Tartar blood, one soon asks oneself of what advantage the quality "*de race*" is!

Michel de Bibikoff is marvellously intelligent. One of his diplomatic memoranda, which I sent to President Roosevelt, gave the President much food for thought. Of course, Bibikoff was always a Russian partisan. He saw the world through Russian eyes, somewhat modernised. We had fenced for a long while. I felt that I had gained something when this very keen-minded diplomatist said of me, "I talked for two hours with Mr. Egan; we touched on everything from cooking to French memoirs, and I know he has information that I ought to get, and I think I am getting it; but when I leave him, I find nothing in my mouth but a pleasant taste." I do not apologise for recording this. If ornate tombstones were in fashion I should almost want to have it recorded on mine.

It seemed to me that the cultivation of many interests of which one could talk helped one immensely in the gaining of information, and in concealing one's own thoughts and impressions which at times is a very necessary process. All that glitters is not gold, and the glitter sometimes conceals the quality of the metal.

Another advantage in the diplomatic vocation is the absolute necessity of choosing one's enemies in the very beginning. One must have enemies. The great advantage for a diplomatist is to know just where to find them; and it is his duty, not a pleasant one, to make them understand in the very beginning that he prefers them as enemies, and is not anxious to have them as friends, except on his own terms! In society, for example, you cannot be intimate or warmly friendly with all factions; and the most interesting, valuable faction is not the sneering or arrogant or provincial and self-conceited fac-

tion. An envoy soon discovers the sneering crowd who dislike his country for various reasons, and dislike him. It is a good policy to show no social quarter to these people for if amiability is thrust upon them, they begin their career of censure and patronage at once. An envoy who is grieved or shocked by the unkind, uncharitable or frivolous things that are said about him will find life a purgatory. He must be prepared for them, but it is a very good policy to get in his blows first—not to use the weapons of unkindness or uncharitableness, but to remember that there are certain persons who must be treated with a polite insolence, no matter how high their rank may be. As this is a book of self-revelation, I will repeat another high compliment I once received. One of our Consuls-General, who had reason for disliking me very much, once said in a tone of unwilling admiration, "You seem to have chosen deliberately the enemies who could do you the least harm!"

Bibikoff declared himself on several occasions as under obligations to me; and early in 1914 he made an engagement with me. He was to come to the Hotel Dagmar from Munich incognito. We had a long talk. I was startled by some of the things he said. When he spoke of the attitude of Russia towards Germany, it seemed to me that he was exaggerating; but as Bibikoff never exaggerated, except when he wanted to discover a person's reaction to a statement, I was compelled to accept his impressions. Russia, he said, was not unready for the coming conflict; and the Germans would open the war not later than September, 1914. He had prefaced his conversation by insisting that I was not to report this in writing to my Department or to use his name. As in a few weeks I expected to be in Washington, it was easy to promise this—particularly, as the Secretary of State at that time seemed to have no interest in foreign affairs whatever. He had the air of looking on Europe as a place in which good Democrats could be supplied with paying jobs. Bibikoff smiled at my assumption that in case of a war the United States would have anything to say. He had been in Washington himself and did not believe that, under any circumstances—especially

with Mr. William Jennings Bryan as Secretary of State—we would make any gesture that might lead towards our entry into the war.

Bibikoff knew thoroughly the attitude of the ruling party in Russia and he knew too that the time was coming when Russia must fight. Germany was determined to leave her no other alternative; and believed firmly that Russia would have no effective allies. Italy, of course, would remain neutral; she was not bound to help Austria, and she had nothing to gain by it, unless Germany and Austria together could offer her great territorial advantages. Italy would not help France because of certain very evident jealousies, and France, unless England came to her rescue, was doomed.

Bibikoff did not commit himself on the question of Belgium, but from other sources I learned that the general opinion was that Holland would be forced to accept any terms that Germany offered, in order to save her colonial possessions. I remember suggesting to a good Dutch friend of mine that in that case Holland had better sell Curaçao to us at once! He treated the remark with scornful coldness, and he said that he did not believe Germany would ever begin a war unless she was better prepared financially. But at any rate she would not dare to touch Holland.

Strange to say, none of us seemed to think of Belgium at all, although it was rumoured from Paris that the military attaché of France at Berlin, the Viscount de Faramond, had discovered the whole German plan. His printed reports are certainly among the most enlightening documents sent from any country just before the war.

Bibikoff substantiated his assertions by proofs which amazed me. At Munich he had access to much information, and I knew him well enough to understand that, if there was any secret information to be had, he would manage to get it.

## § 6

Reaching Washington late in the spring of 1914, I had greatly anticipated a talk with President Wilson who had been



most kind to me. But Mrs. Wilson was ill. The President was amiable enough to give me five minutes one day. I dared not, under the circumstances, go further than to thank him for keeping me at my post. "I never make merely political appointments," he said. "If I find a man 'in,' who is not of my party and is better than the man who is 'out' and who wants to get 'in,' I retain the better man." I could only thank the President warmly and say good-bye.

The Secretary of State was away. I saw nobody at the State Department, which seemed to be deserted, except Mr. William Phillips, now Minister at The Hague. I felt that it would be contrary to etiquette to speak with him about the information I had until I had seen the Secretary of State. He was admirably intelligent on the subject of Spitzbergen in which I had interested myself in the hope that the American mine-owners there would retain and work their concessions. I thought that we had bungled the whole thing, and that the only solution of it was that Norway should have—well—perhaps a mandate! Mr. Phillips surprised me by his intimate knowledge of conditions, but, of course, at that time he was not in a position to give any help. In truth, the State Department had become almost hopelessly disorganised. Mr. Phillips seemed doubtful whether there was any man available to be sent from the State Department to the Spitzbergen conference who understood and spoke French well. I was much disappointed at not being able to have a conversation with the Secretary of State.

A few days after this I called again and the Secretary of State received me at once. It is impossible to listen to Mr. Bryan without realising that he is super-eloquent. Even in ordinary conversation the modulations of his voice, his use of words, and his enunciation fill one with admiration, and I think that I have heard all the great orators in the United States and France worth hearing. But I found that he was more interested in filling the diplomatic places with worthy politicians than with the expert or experienced. He told me he was glad there was a Catholic in the diplomatic service, to which I replied that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Taft nor

Mr. Wilson had appointed me because I was a Catholic; I hoped that if I had been a Unitarian, a Jew or a Christian Scientist that this would not have influenced them.

✓ Mr. Bryan seemed rather surprised that I took this tone and soothed me gently. He then spoke of what Mr. Morgenthau was to do to further Christian interests in the East and altogether I was touched by the benevolence, the charity and the extreme ignorance of this man of genius. I thought my chance for touching on European affairs had come, but Mr. Bryan did not seem to be really aware that I had come from Europe at all. I seemed to be looked on as a political appointee, who had dropped from somewhere into a circle of white-souled charity and religious beauty. Suddenly Mr. John Lind, evidently a beloved colleague of the Secretary of State, entered. We were introduced and it was evident that I was expected to disappear, which I promptly did, feeling that Mr. Bryan was kindness itself and devotedly in love with the whole human race, obeying, however, the counsel of St. Paul, that he is worse than an infidel who neglects his own family. Mr. Bryan's family evidently consisted of a certain section of the Democratic party which must be taken care of in a fatherly fashion.

I was obliged to leave for Harvard almost at once, but I was determined to get another chance at Mr. Bryan as soon as I should return from Cambridge.

The eight lectures were delivered at Emerson Hall with varying success. When the weather was good, society came out from Boston attracted no doubt by the novelty of the title, *Typical Christian Hymns in Common Use*, and beautiful frocks and equally beautiful hats were seen wending their way through the lumber and bricks which were making the library building possible.

In bad weather, however, the box office was not besieged. Various faithful souls with goloshes and umbrellas came regularly from Concord, and they assured me that they had received much refreshment from my discourses. A group of undergraduates whom I knew came to see me and assured me that there was nothing in the world that they wanted to

hear more than my lectures, but the most strenuous of examination weeks was "on!" They could not come to Emerson Hall; they were so busy; but if I didn't mind they would invite me to a ball at the Copley-Plaza! I went to the ball and found that they had all turned out, and I saw with my own eyes that they were very busy indeed.

The President of Harvard is the soul of comprehension and hospitality, and the Dean in charge of me was, with the exception of Dean Carpenter at Columbia, the most satisfactory Dean I have ever known! Of course, no one could ever equal Carpenter in the graces, and perhaps in all the virtues!

We served together as representatives of American Universities at the centennial anniversary of the University of Christiania. He made that event very happy, though he perhaps wisely prevented me from reading a Latin speech which I had received from Georgetown University and which I had ornamented myself with a few lines from Catullus and the only bit out of Horace I could remember.

The only thing I have against President Lowell was that he made me speak without warning at a dinner to Sir Francis Younghusband at the Taverne Club. Unhappily, all I knew about Sir Francis at that time was that his relatives spoke well of him. I had known some of these relatives in England and I managed to drag out ten minutes of eulogy of a man of such rare character that his relatives praised him! Philip Hale, who sat next to me, said enthusiastically that I had given a new tone to this scholarly banquet. I have no doubt that this was true. Mr. Hale, as everybody knows, is a distinguished musician; he did not mention the quality of the tone!

Coming almost directly from a country where Danish was the everyday speech and French and English used by turns, I was struck by the correctness of the language of the Bostonians. It seemed to me that I was in another world when on one occasion I asked a young man how I could reach the President's house most easily. He pointed gracefully but with reticence to a building in the distance, and said with great suavity, "Thither!"

One of my greatest pleasures was the hospitality of Mr.

and Mrs. James Means and the society of young Dr. Howard Means—Philip Means, the archæologist, was hard at work somewhere.

Outside of Dublin—which I knew only for a short time—Boston is one of the very few cities in the United States where there is any real conversation. There may be people who have dull moments at the Somerset Club, but there were no dull moments for me there, with F. J. Stimson, Judge Grant—whose *Unleavened Bread* is, in my opinion, a great novel—Cameron Forbes, and Wadsworth Longfellow, whose marine museum was a constant source of interest—who could be dull?

And then the Taverne Club and the various groups of ladies to which Mrs. Means introduced me. There was Colonel Peabody, too, and Colonel Livermore with whom I breakfasted at the Union Club, and a group of Jesuits at Boston College. Every hour was full of pleasant experiences and even the rival hosts, Dr. Schofield and Dr. Hugo Münsterberg—who were not precisely in love with each other—added to the zest of my stay.

As I went back to Washington I felt that I was a very fortunate man. The President had complimented me on my work; Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft had not forgotten me; my financial affairs had improved immensely and I seemed to be in perfect health. I arranged as accurately as I could, in my mind, the Bibikoff war information. I could not, of course, speak definitely about it to anybody outside the State Department until I had seen the Secretary of State. I was astonished to find that nobody in Washington except Mr. A. Maurice Low—now Sir Maurice Low—seemed to have any idea that war was impending, and he and I both agreed that the Kaiser personally did not want war at this precise moment. Sir Maurice had no idea what was coming and seemed to think that there was a military party in Germany even stronger than the Kaiser.

Before, however, I could get to the White House I was stricken with illness; a stone was discovered in the right kidney and I had to undergo an operation. President Wilson



visited the hospital several times to see a relative of his who was ill there. I wanted very much to see him, but I was looked on as one in delirium, almost mad when I told the reason; and so I was not informed until two weeks after it had occurred of the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne. I knew what that meant, and I telegraphed to Count Szechenyi at once; for I was as full of horror and fear as I knew he must be.

After the operation, the doctors warned me against work; but I seized the first steamer possible and my wife and I rushed over to meet the war. The Riggs National Bank was kind enough to let me have a lot of gold, which Mrs. Egan felt might be needed to help Americans distressed for money. While I was waiting in Mr. Ailes' private room at the Bank, I think I was the first to hear the news that the *Crown Princess Cecilie* had been forced back to New York with a great sum of specie in her coffers.

## CHAPTER XII

### § I

THE Danes were very glad to see us back; I was deeply touched by the confidence so many of them showed. As our ship docked, great crowds of anxious people were waiting. Many seemed to think that I, as the representative of the United States, could dissipate the dark forebodings that oppressed them. They knew well what war meant. In comparison, it was a mere trifle to us. Would Denmark be seized? Between Germany and England, what would be the fate of this intensely national little country? The German Legation was very unpopular; and even Count Szechenyi who was personally very much liked, was obliged to watch carefully lest an attack be made on his Legation. In my absence, Mr. Alexander Magruder had done everything that ought to have been done, and the representative of Standard Oil, Mr. Adolph Stein, a greatly esteemed personal friend of mine, had offered for the use of the Legation all the funds—a very large amount—secure in the safe of his company, for the use of American tourists who might be stranded. Friendly as Mr. Stein was to me, he would not, I am sure, have made such an offer without consulting his chiefs; and, at a time when every demagogue throws a stone at the Standard Oil Corporation, I should like to record this fact, as an example of its good intentions which were made evident to us in many practical ways when the interests of our compatriots were in danger.

Our Legation, being neutral, had many interests to take care of. It can easily be imagined how many delicate questions arose. It was our duty to do what we could for the Germans and the Austrians, as well as for the Allies; what they required of us was, as a rule, very reasonable. It was difficult to make a mistake under the precise instructions we received from the State Department, and I cannot praise Mr.

Alexander Magruder sufficiently for his help in the organisation of the Legation which had a very small fund for the employment of assistants and in which expert assistance was badly needed. He did ten men's work; we turned night into day. I do not think that any detail was neglected.

Our Government was generous in allowing funds for the use of Americans; and if it had not been so prompt, we ourselves had means, largely through the generosity of the Standard Oil people, of meeting every demand. There were a few persons who seemed to think that we should have prevented the war in order to enable them to continue their tours of Europe. "I am forty-two years of age," one Southern schoolmaster said to me. "I have saved \$2,000 and I have looked forward to this trip all my life. Now, largely through the fault of my own government, I am obliged to go back without seeing anything I really expected to see. I shall never vote the Democratic ticket again."

As a rule, people were reasonable in spite of the disappointments. There were some who seemed to think that it was the business of the Legation to give them everything they wanted without even a note or a receipt, but these were few, and they generally came to a sense of the untenability of their position. I will not say that there was no attempt on the part of German interests in Copenhagen to use our cable for their own purposes. This was a hopeless task, however, for Mr. Magruder was watchfulness itself and was ably seconded by Mr. Groeninger.

The Danes employed in the Legation were Mr. Henry Möller and Mr. Christian Repian, who were invaluable under the command of Mr. Magruder; and when one was under the command of Mr. Magruder it meant that kind of discipline known only in the army!

Copenhagen was filled with spies. The hotels bristled with them.

The wonder to us was that the German Government wasted so much money on people whose vocation was so evident. The young man with the painfully acquired English accent, or the ultra-American young woman from San Francisco was

easily discovered. As a rule, we made sure that they secured a great deal of information which, if used, must have brought them to disaster.

The impression in Germany was fixed that, even if we wished to assist the Allies, the Japanese would not let us. It was understood in influential circles that the Japanese were determined to seize the Philippines and to make it hot for us through Mexico. It was useless to argue against this and I am afraid that some of our *entourage* filled the ears of guileless spies with terrible tales of Japanese plots in California. In truth, it seems to me that there is nobody whose company is so amusing and agreeable as that of a professional spy!

So widespread was the belief in Berlin that the Japanese were going to finish us that even the children were saturated with it. There came to the Legation one day an honest gentleman named Simon Katz. He had with him two little nephews, Isaac and Jacob Katz. His position was very uncomfortable and pathetic. His sister-in-law, the mother of the children, was in Russia expecting the arrival of a baby. She had gone from somewhere in the West, where her husband was connected with an agricultural college, to spend her vacation with her people in Russia, while the children remained with their father. When the war broke out, she was obsessed with the belief that the Germans were determined to kill the children and the doctors cabled that she could not live if the boys were not sent to her. It was the general opinion in the Legation, after these gentle boys had infested it every day for a week, that the mother must have been mad indeed to want to have anything to do with them. They were so mischievous, so unexpectedly and cleverly mischievous, so really abandoned that I acquired a great affection for them. They remained in my room reading newspapers, fearing to venture out into the small garden lest they be killed by one of the Secretaries! Their uncle paced the floor continually. He had come to Berlin, and then to Copenhagen in the hope of a Russian passport for the children. "Oh, Excellency," he said, almost tearing his hair, "these were good boys in America but see what two weeks in Berlin has done for them!" They were eight



and nine years of age; and read, both of them, English and German papers with great interest. They said to me, "You Americans will be killed by the Japanese. We were told so by everybody in Berlin. The Japanese will kill everybody in America, except popper!"

How to get them out was a grave question. The Russian authorities gave various reasons for not permitting them to go into Russia in the care of their uncle; but the real reason was that they were American Jews, although this was never stated to me. In the meantime, the uncle was driven wild by telegrams from the doctors urging him to produce the children or all hope of their mother's life would be gone. It was really a pathetic situation and I felt too that I must get the boys off somewhere or the staff of the Legation would mutiny!

One day it occurred to me to say to the uncle, "These boys are good Protestants, of course." He seemed startled. I said to him, "I am sure they are." He took the hint and Jacob and Isaac Katz were sent triumphantly to their mother. I hope that she recovered; but it was the general opinion in the Legation that the very sight of these youngsters would have killed anybody else!

Whether it was because of Mr. Magruder's efficiency or because I had a reputation for what may be called "eclecticism," I do not know, but everybody in a tight place seemed to come to us.

The stories of missing people, of wives and husbands and children separated in the confusion at the beginning of the war, seemed at first unbelievable, but we became used to them, and we were certainly adventurous in using every means in our power to find those who were lost. I must confess that we stopped at nothing that was legitimate.

There entered one day a handsome young man in the deepest grief. He was the secretary to a celebrated prima donna who had gone over for a vacation to a small kingdom under the tutelage of Austria. She was by birth a Balkanese. The young man had been engaged for a season as her accompanist in the United States. If she did not appear and if she were compelled to break her engagements he was out of his job,

and this he could not afford. Would we help him? Could we get the lady out? Count Szechenyi, whose kindness was proverbial, was appealed to. As we were neutral I think we even approached the Turkish Minister in Stockholm, who was an amateur musician, but there was no hope. This young accompanist succeeded the Katz boys as an *habitué* of the Legation. One day he said to me (he was a most interesting and attractive young person), "If I married the prima donna, would she become an American citizen?" He was told that she would, and was referred to the young person in the Legation who managed all matters of sentiment but who had rejected the Katz children!

A telegram was arranged in which the accompanist offered his heart and hand to the prima donna. Her companion accepted at once, having misunderstood the content of the message. He made himself plain in another telegram and then the prima donna responded that she had too much respect for the holy state of matrimony to be a party to such a trick. "She need not have been afraid," the young man said. "We could have been divorced as soon as we reached the United States!" But here this romance, which interested even the younger members of the German Legation, for all romances in the Amaliegade become public property, was roughly ended.

Mr. Cleveland Perkins was the best passport man possible. If our Government ever recognised the merits of diplomatists during the war, Cleveland Perkins, who was an unpaid attaché, deserves a medal of some kind, studded with rubies. Besides, he had charge of "the department of duchesses"—that is, of all noble ladies in distress, and there were many women of title who needed expert advice and assistance. Mr. Henry Möller had charge of the old ladies, refugees from Berlin, very often imperious persons who had expatriated themselves for a long time and had to be treated with great consideration. He had an almost hypnotic power. He could persuade ancient dames to take the right trains, to leave their dogs and cats behind, and he could always provide them with the right kind of tea baskets. There were other departments added as the

war went on, but it was not until we were well into the war that Mr. Grant Smith appeared. He was a master of organization; he was not exactly a born diplomatist, but for putting an office in order, for executive work, for making thirty or forty clerks do the work of eighty, he was unsurpassed. It lowers my opinion of the "vision" of our captains of industry that Mr. Grant Smith was permitted to waste his talents in Legations. His qualities would have made him an excellent aid to Mr. Bedford of the Standard Oil Company, and he should have been given the right of succession.

Personally, I was reproached for taking under my wing two lonely Turks. They were the sons of Mussulmen, who had fallen into difficulties for their evident sympathy with the Allies. These young and very intelligent Turks had completed their studies at Robert College. They were bound for an American College, to go on with their work in engineering. Suddenly they found themselves stopped in Copenhagen. They could not get out; and their funds were very low. They were living at an unpleasant temperance hotel somewhere in the darkest part of the city and, lacking any other refuge, they turned to our Legation. They were never so obnoxious to my suite as the Katz boys; but they were looked on as part of the unnecessary furniture of the chancery. They became more and more unhappy day after day, as their funds grew sparser and sparser.

If there is a kind man in Copenhagen, it is Herr Naser of the Young Men's Christian Association. He told me one day that he had a country house into which he would be glad to take worthy young men. If they were poor he charged nothing; if they were able to pay, they paid what they could.

One has only to know what a well-appointed Danish country house on the Sound is to understand the delights of Mr. Naser's villa in the summer.

My course can hardly be defended; in despair I sent the young Turks up to him with a laudatory note. He welcomed them, gave them two of the best rooms in his house; and the next morning he went up to pray with them. "Dear boys," he said, "let us kneel down and ask a blessing on our house,

and on that kind Mr. Egan who sent you here!" They did not kneel down; they kept their fez on; but they were very respectful. When Mr. Naser had finished his prayer, he said, "My Christian friends, why did you not join with me in prayer?"

They answered with one voice, "We can't; we are Turks!" He came to lunch a few days after this. My wife turned on all the resources of the *cuisine*—and he kept the Turks until they were disposed of.

It was a most unhappy time. One had to make a pretence of keeping up the usual social relations; my wife's formal dinners were more difficult than usual. Her table might be arranged and disarranged at the last moment by somebody dropping out because news of a death or a casualty on the field of battle had just been received. Still, we all tried to put a good face on the matter.

In the beginning the English were particularly hard hit. For a time, it seemed as if nobody in England had gone into battle except the upper classes; and these young aristocrats went under fire with all the gaiety of the French officers at Fontenoy or Yorktown. It was, I think, the Duke of Wellington who said that the victories of England were gained at Harrow and Eton; and in the beginning of the war it seemed as if this were true. That these young men took their duty with apparent lightness and gaiety was really to their credit. One can believe the tale told of the two young Englishmen at the St. James Club. "I'm rather tired of being at home," said one of them. "It's time we went to the front."

"But we ought to make it a party of three," answered the other. "There's Ponsonby lunching over there. Let's ask him."

Ponsonby was asked. "I'd like to go, dear boys," he said, "but you know I'm awfully strapped! I can't afford it."

"Oh, come as our guest," both the heroes answered with one voice.

Hardly a day passed without our hearing of a death. I recall the sadness with which we heard of the passing of Captain Bellingham, apparently born for happiness; he had been



aide-de-camp to Lord Aberdeen when my wife and I were in Dublin.

After London had recovered from its first hallucination that business might go on as usual, the rank and file of England began their fight. There were no braver fighters, none who understood less that they could be defeated, than the toothless old men and the underfed boys from what are called the slums of London.

It was impossible to be neutral at heart. The best one could do was to seem to be as impartial as possible. The German Legation which represented the German Foreign Office, not the military party, seemed to have no sympathy with ruthlessness; and the outrageous treatment of American travellers at the German frontier, in spite of papers given by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, was due to the fact that the military authorities delighted in showing their contempt for the German civilian diplomatist. They were utterly ruthless; no apology, no excuse can ever be made for the horrible treatment of Ambassador Cambon and his suite, and the barbaric outrages inflicted on diplomats and their wives and daughters, and on Russian ladies of position who were forced to leave Germany at the beginning of the war. It may be forgotten in time, which is a pity, because it must always be a warning to really civilised people of what a barbaric Prussian can do when dressed with a little brief authority.

It seems strange that a people accustomed to the decent conventions of life could have done the things that were done, and surely it was possible for a government as autocratic as the German, of a municipality so well organised as that of Berlin, to prevent the shocking treatment accorded to inoffensive ladies, who had appeared at the Court balls in the palace, had dined with German families, had been of Berlin society.

The way in which the French and the English treated German diplomatists and visitors is an indication of the difference between the Prussian point of view and that of gentlemen. M. Cambon's experience is on record; it cannot be effaced. Of course, a brutal guard who insisted on raising the wig from the head of a Russian Princess in order to discover

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hidden jewels or papers might be looked on by *Klattertasch* as a subject for comic comment; but no amount of forced comedy can gloss over the horrible brutality of the whole proceeding.

"When do you think of going to Paris?" a Prussian visitor asked me, just after these outrages had been perpetrated.

"I am too busy here," I answered. "Perhaps in September, if it is necessary."

He arose and said, "Auf wiedersehen! I shall meet you there. We will breakfast at Le Doyen."

"Not Le Doyen, more probably Les Enfers, which I think would be much more suitable to you just now."

He laughed; he took no offence. He was sure that the army of the Kaiser would be in Paris in September. I could not but feel that there was an element of brutal *naïveté* in the confidence of this Prussian autocrat.

The German diplomatists in Copenhagen were not so certain; they were discreet; they were pained by the way in which the people in Berlin had treated the diplomatists and others. They could not but see that the spectacle of ladies, whose dresses had been torn by the mob, who had even been wounded by missiles, who had been pushed out of the cities as if they had been convicts, did not add to the reputation of the German nation for good breeding.

It was understood that Great Britain did not go into the war for sentimental motives; and, as we all know, France was forced in to save her life. The monsters were upon her; they had strangled Belgium, and, as a matter of expediency, Great Britain had to fight to save herself. She did it nobly; and once in, she began to discover sentimental reasons for having gone in. But if the first impulse of Lloyd George and a group of London tradespeople had been made practical, the people of England would have felt themselves disgraced. As it was, Lloyd George's hesitation will never be forgotten no matter what pretty sentiments may camouflage it.

During those two or three terrible days when the position of England was uncertain, when Lloyd George seemed to have wavered under the influence of the great London merchants.

as to the line England would take, the Ambassador of France in London was in agony, and we shared with the French Legation in Copenhagen, and my dear friend, the Belgian Minister, the fearful doubt of the moment. At our Legation, we knew only too well that the rulers of Great Britain were not actuated by altruism in their assistance to France. It was an open secret to us that they would have avoided this sacrifice if they could; the attitude of Lord Morley and Mr. Burns was sufficient evidence of this. It was very similar to the attitude of our Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan.

## § 2

On the retirement of Mr. Hagerup, I had become dean of the diplomatic corps. At New Year's, on the King's birthday, and on certain gala occasions, the whole corps went to Court—the *chefs de mission* presenting themselves with their staffs to the King; the ladies to the Queen.

King Christian would, I think, have preferred that all the diplomatists should pretend to forget the antagonism of their countries and appear as usual, but this was impossible. So I had to represent Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, France, and all the other countries who had envoys at Copenhagen, and even those whose envoys, though credited to Copenhagen, resided, like the Portuguese, at Stockholm or, like the Japanese, in Berlin. The King compared me to Atlas holding up the world, and, though the weight of affairs hung heavily on him, he never lost his cheerfulness; and Queen Alexandrina, who had as much as anybody in the world to make her sad, never showed her sadness in public.

Young Prince Knud once said, "My mother weeps so much now!" She was a sister, it will be remembered, of the Crown Princess Cecilie; her mother was a Russian Grand Duchess married to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

At the first opportunity, this lady relieved herself of her German citizenship and made it quite evident where her sympathies lay.

At the Court of the Queen Mother Louise, everything was

done as splendidly as it had been before the war. She abated not one jot of etiquette; but the King and Queen, while preserving reasonable ceremonials, simplified them as much as possible.

Neither the King nor the Queen of Denmark is rich, and in order to help support the numerous war charities they made every possible sacrifice, even reducing the number of courses at their daily meals. When one realises what a large suite a King is obliged to maintain, and how many people habitually dine at his table, one can easily understand that even the subtraction of twenty or thirty plates of soup each day makes a difference in the budget at the end of the month. But neither the King nor the Queen abated their hospitality to the diplomatic corps or the guests whom they entertained officially. The reception to the new envoys was not shorn of its splendour, but the new King and Queen cut down the formalities of the receptions as much as possible. I missed the balls and the concerts for the old-world customs—all symbolic—gave colour; it was only on those occasions that we saw the footmen, in their archaic hats, adorned with artificial flowers. It seems that these hats were a survival of the day when footmen running beside the King's carriage, were looked on as necessities; to protect themselves from the sun they wore flowers and leaves spread over their headgear.

Always in the minds of the Americans was the expectation that at any moment our country might enter the war; but the Danes, who were pacifists, made an American song popular—"I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier." How we hated the sound of it, sung occasionally under the windows of our Legation! And my wife and I were almost happy in the knowledge that we had "raised" a boy who had already entered the army, and expected to go overseas as soon as the signal should be given. The signal was delayed.

I was on excellent terms with all my colleagues. I saw a great deal of the British, of the French, of the Belgian. Nothing that I could do in the service of the Belgian Minister was spared; he was a worthy representative of a brave race—the bravest of all those tribes of which Julius Cæsar speaks.



One of the saddest experiences in my career was the call that Magruder and I made on him when Antwerp fell. Neither the British Legation nor Consul Erskine seemed as moved as we were. "But," I said, "Erskine, Napoleon declared that Antwerp would be a cannon aimed at the heart of England."

"England has a pretty strong heart," Erskine said, quite calmly.

I remember, too, that when all our Legation went to condole with our colleagues, the British, on the death of Lord Kitchener, we were offered tea as usual and the scones were highly recommended. It was rather an anti-climax for we had prepared ourselves to mourn with the mourners—"Oh, yes, fine old man," said one of our British friends, "but he'd rather outlived his usefulness."

There was one fact that stood out—it was quite evident that these British would never know when they were beaten, if they were ever beaten; but in our Legation we made a prayer that we might have a chance of doing our best to prevent them from being beaten. Therefore, my son's letters from camp, declaring that the moment we "got in" the Germans would be on the run, were consoling if not convincing.

Looking back, I am rather surprised that neither the English nor the French nor the Belgians showed resentment at our attitude. Occasionally, one heard a thoughtless criticism of our Government's delay, which was instantly apologised for. There was one very evident paradox. Although the President had declared that we must be neutral in thought as well as in deed, the conduct of our Government in tolerating British marine movements almost belied the words. The French seemed to think that the worst we would do would be to declare a commercial war on Germany. Even the Viscount de Faramond, experienced and far-sighted as he was, seemed to think that we would go no further than this. I was, of course, of a different opinion, but for a time I saw very little hope. It seemed as if the majority of the American people who had elected President Wilson on a peace platform would never understand, until it was too late, the necessity of saving our honour. Suddenly all kinds of noble phrases were uttered

on our side of the ocean. The world was to be made safe for democracy—democracy, from the European point of view, meaning mostly radicalism of the worst description, and from the diplomatic point of view, a sweet concert of nations in which the Allies' ally, the Russian bureaucrat, and the alternately autocratic and indeterminate Duma, were to be a part!

If our people had been sufficiently educated and wise enough, if they had not forgotten the example of George Washington and the maxims of Alexander Hamilton in a mush of meretricious pacifism, they would have forced our Government to a statement in the beginning which would have frightened Germany from her prey. The truth is that we did not go into the war until the self-respect and honour of every American citizen was touched by the arrogance of Imperial Germany. "You cannot keep out now," the King of Denmark said to me on the morning after the German Government had given its ultimatum. I knew that we could not keep out. Apart from all ethical considerations, our honour was at stake. We had received the deadliest insult from Germany. It was as insolent as the arrogant note to Serbia. The King of Denmark knew very well what our coming into the war meant, and although I tried to be as cheerful as possible, I carried a sad heart.

The Chamberlains were all cast down and the groups of important Danes who waited in the ante-room showed how desperate the moment was. They had no illusions as to the consequence of our entry into the war; it meant an embargo for them. It meant that they were to suffer deeply from the consequences of the blockade and that starvation, or at least great deprivation, would face the whole of Denmark. The future consequences were not so clear to me as they were to the Danes, who knew much better from experience and tradition what war meant.

Then there was a question as to what attitude their arrogant neighbour to the south might take, for Denmark, always uncertain as to the action of Great Britain, and knowing that help from Russia was impossible—the Danes had already suffered very greatly from the stoppage of fertilisers from Russia

—might at any moment be drawn into the clutches of Germany.

The helplessness of the German navy imprisoned at Heligoland was argued as a consolation by people who did not know the real condition of affairs. A cursory examination of the geographical position of Denmark and a knowledge of the fact that Slesvig-Holstein was in German hands would easily dissipate this illusion. While the United States was neutral the smaller neutral nations felt that they had a great and powerful friend in a similar position to themselves, but with the United States in the war, they feared that they might be made a mere pawn in the game, and they knew that in the fight then raging, the elusive dicta of international law, and the rights of almost defenceless small nations, were not likely to be considered at all by the belligerents.

Moreover, the Scandinavians, as well as the Dutch, had learned that when it came to the application of that undefined phrase, "the freedom of the seas," the United States would probably follow the lead of Great Britain.

I was greatly impressed by the justice and calmness of the King. He had just finished the reading of Ambassador Gerard's book, in which he found a great deal of interest. He was the only one at Court that day who seemed to realise that, in spite of the danger which our entry meant for his own country, we had absolutely no choice. I learned in Denmark to have a great respect for constitutional monarchy, and, if Germany had had an Emperor of the sanity, justice, common sense and tolerance—in which I include a sense of humour—of His Majesty of Denmark, she might to-day be as potent and more respected than she was before the war.

I had hoped to visit the United States in order to urge the necessity of our taking some action; but the outrageous insolence of the German Government forced us to do what I had hoped we would have done sooner, and I remained in Copenhagen, grateful that I had not left before the great tragedy involved us, and more grateful that the American people whom President Wilson represented had declared enthusiastically in favour of the principles of 1776.

## § 3

The Legation had to be put in order to face new conditions. So much work was forced on the State Department, and Denmark was so far away, and had seemed of so little importance to our Government that it was difficult to gain a hearing. Every man in the Legation did his best and if any of us had been inclined to sleep at our post, Captain James Totten, our military attaché, would never have permitted it for a moment. Both the English Legation and ours were criticised for taking matters too calmly. All we could do was to organise as carefully as possible, to cement our relations with the British and the French chanceries, to open new relations with their military staffs, and to keep our eyes open. It would be ungrateful to dwell on our difficulties.

The State Department had been very greatly disorganised under Mr. Bryan and, when one considers what it had suffered, its efficiency was almost miraculous. There was one thing I had resolved to do, and that was to discourage mobs of young slackers, generally the sons of rich fathers or the nephews of uncles with a political pull, who proposed to come to the Legation in order to escape military service.

The men already with us, Mr. Cleveland Perkins, Mr. Myron Hofer, Mr. Groeninger, adapted themselves to the new condition of things, to endless watchfulness and constant work from dawn to midnight, in a way that ought to have earned them decorations from our Government, if there were any decorations or medals or official praise for the efforts of such civilians. With a small force, too, it was easier to sift information; but when the commercial crisis arrived, our staff was greatly increased, and admirably managed by Mr. Grant Smith; the slackers were discouraged and only capable men put on the job.

The ruling classes in Sweden were not pleased by our going into the war, though they had little hope that we would do anything worth while. When I say the ruling classes, I mean the hereditary ruling classes. Branting showed himself to be a very great man, an intelligent patriot, and his promise during the war has not been belied by his further career. The body



of the Swedish people were enthusiastic over our coming in; it meant the triumph of liberalism, and the checking of that autocracy which Russia and Germany had represented to them. The prestige of our country was well maintained by Ira Nelson Morris, and we had good friends in that powerful family, the Wallenbergs.

If most of the intellectual Swedes were pro-German, they had a good excuse. Germany was the enemy of Russia, and Russia as exemplified in Finland, was the relentless enemy of Sweden. Again, experience had shown the Swedes of the aristocratic, military and university classes and the great majority of Lutheran clergymen that Germany stood for law and order. The Lutheran Church of Sweden was very German in its point of view, although it took neither its doctrine nor its discipline from Berlin. It had at that time no sympathy whatever with Anglicanism, and the more thoughtful of its members believed that the breaking up of Germany into a set of divided states would mean a triumph for Catholicism, as Bavaria, Silesia, and the enormous Catholic population of other States might easily make common cause with that most Catholic of all nations, Austria.

As to the Greek Orthodox Church, the established church of all the Russias, it was anathema. There might perhaps have been more sympathy between the Swedish Lutheran Church and the English National Church, if England had ever tried to make what is now called "propaganda." Very few Swedes were educated at Oxford or Cambridge, while hundreds of them went to the German universities.

It was fortunate for me that my wife's friend, Countess Sparre of Kronewald, was kind enough to ask us to her beautiful château not far from Malmö. She is related to Count Hamilton, who probably knows the political situation in Sweden better than any other man. She was discretion itself, and not altogether in sympathy with the very liberal opinion of Count Hamilton who, being a Catholic, was barred out from the greatest offices in the State, but who nevertheless had enormous power in politics. It was through the Count and Countess Sparre that I was enabled to meet some very distinguished

Swedes. With one, a highly respected clergyman, I had several conversations. He was conservative and deplored the exodus of worthy Swedes to the United States, fearing that the religious point of view of the American Swedes would become relaxed, owing to the lack of a close connection between the Lutheran Church in Sweden and the Lutheran Church in the United States. He had feared especially the influences of Catholicism, Unitarianism and, strange to say, Episcopalianism. Episcopalianism to him meant the domination of the English Church in America. He believed it was rapidly dropping all those fundamentals which his party in the Lutheran Church accepted. "I never encourage young ecclesiastical students or intelligent young Swedes to go to Oxford or Cambridge. These universities stand for the worst kind of liberalism—whereas our young people not only get a better scientific education, but their faith is guarded in Germany."

It was difficult to believe that any experienced man could have said this, and I made him repeat it—"But," I said, "what do you fundamentalists think of the Kaiser's protection of Harnack, and the general unbelief in the incarnation which is spreading in scientific circles in Germany?"

"Oh," he said, with great satisfaction, "the pious influence of the Kaiser will correct all that."

Without attempting to analyse the cause, it was certain that among the intelligent classes in Sweden, England had no case, while Germany was the hope of light and learning; there, as in Denmark and Norway, the Kaiser never lost an opportunity to reward men of learning or men who gave their lives to literature, science or art. Let a Swedish clergyman write a book inspired by the Lutheran tenets and the Kaiser praised him, thereby becoming, like Henry VIII., the defender of the faith.

One would imagine that the French influence would be strong in Sweden. Bernadotte, Napoleon's Marshal, was the founder of the present dynasty and (though this is not equally well established) a descendant of Fouché, the present Duke of Otranto, is one of the shining ornaments of the Swedish nobility.

It would be difficult to estimate the obstacles put in the way

of Sir Esmé Howard, the British Minister to Sweden during the war, if one did not know the circumstances. No man ever had a harder task and no Minister or Ambassador ever accomplished that task more thoroughly. In this he was amply seconded by our own Minister, Ira Nelson Morris, who had many days of storm and stress, but who never flinched for a moment.

I found Swedes among the aristocratic classes and the learned bodies who feared the downfall of Germany because it meant to them the rise of anarchy for the whole world. They had been brought up in the fear of Russia.

If the great country of the Czars went to pieces, might not the contagion spread among the Germans if the rule of the Kaiser, which had at least stood for solidarity, disappeared? There was even, among certain classes of the common people who were not Socialists, a belief that Germany stood conservatively for the good of the labouring classes. Where were poor people better housed, or better provided with material things, or better educated than they were in Germany? They might be, perhaps, too well policed, but all this was in the interest of the people themselves. It made for solid comfort. Besides, most of the better class in Sweden did not look on either the English or American system of government as ideal. I was told, with a certain frozen politeness, once or twice, that a country which boasted of universal suffrage, and yet prevented the blacks from casting their votes as they wanted to, in the Southern States, had better not make so many protests in favour of democracy. And when I delicately alluded to certain atrocities permitted by Germany in time of war, I was reminded in the heat of conversation that we were rather addicted to lynching in time of peace! It is only fair to admit that the attitude of many Swedes during the war was not due to mere perversity; but to a reasonable fear that the Allies were uttering hypocritical cries against abuses which were rife in their own country.

The most effective attempt on the part of the United States, outside of what Mr. Morris and some of his predecessors had done to impress the Swedes that the United States was anything but a great busy place, devoted to commercialism, where

every ordinary man had his chance, was that of the American-Scandinavian Foundation for the exchange of students. Among the higher classes in Sweden the United States had no place as a centre of culture; and it was considered by some of them rather an injustice that the Swedish population in the United States should be expected to fight against their co-religionists in Germany.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation is slowly changing the Swedish point of view; but the result of the war, the consequences of the downfall of the German Empire, have not changed the point of view of many of my old acquaintances and friends in Sweden, who still hold that the suicide of the German Empire was an irreparable loss to the principle of reasonable authority and well-ordered life.

As to the government of France, there seemed to be only one opinion among the Swedes: that it was an utterly corrupt and unsafe government which must, in a short time, go to pieces. Among the paradoxes of human nature that amazed me was the attitude of some of the superior Lutheran clergy in Sweden. No peasant Portuguese priest in a remote province could be more ignorant of the outside world or more bigoted than some of these Lutheran clergymen were, and it seemed almost incredible to me when I heard the French Government condemned violently for its persecution of the Catholic Church! These gentlemen looked on the Catholic Church as the forerunner of anti-Christ, and yet they did not conceal their disgust at the expulsion of religious orders or what they considered the illegal confiscation of church property.

The question seems to be settled now; the Vatican and the Republic of France are on good diplomatic terms, but during the war, some of my Swedish acquaintances—who were as free in their speech on religious matters as I was—believed that the French Government was utterly worm-eaten by secret societies and by the Socialists. France, among these people—at least its government—was as unpopular as it was among the Catholics of Canada. It is too much to use the word France in this connection; but in Canada, Briand, Viviani, Caillaux, seemed to represent France.



In Sweden, as in Holland, the commercial population and the men interested in maritime investments were naturally indignant at the interference on the part of the Allies, including the United States, with their profits or their ordinary income. And every attempt was made to get all kinds of goods into Germany, not for love of the Germans, but for the same reason that, before we went into the war, induced our business men to get out of Germany what they could and to send anything in that was paid for or would be paid for. Copenhagen had suddenly become a centre of exports and imports; and the attitude of the American business man while we were neutral was exactly the attitude of the Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish man of business. However, a diplomatist cannot indulge in the dramatic pleasure of seeing things from anybody's else point of view. He must see from the point of view of his own nation, and act accordingly.

Norway was, from the beginning, very pro-English and pro-French. The Norwegians had no fear of Germany, no fear of Russia. Some of them probably feared God, but I could never discover that they were afraid of anybody else! A more independent, robust, obstinate—or firm, as you choose to call it—race does not exist. Their literature is melancholy; but I never could discover that the Norwegians were especially melancholy. Hamlet is reasonably enough said to represent certain Danish characteristics. Until my wife's dear friend, Countess Rantzau, who belonged to the theatrical family of the Povlsens, argued this point, I thought that the Danes were essentially gay because they are witty; but Countess Rantzau, the sister of Olluf Povlsen and of Emil Povlsen and the aunt of the reigning star of the Danish stage, Johannes Povlsen, who knew her own people well, convinced me that if Shakespeare had never been in Denmark, he had miraculous intuition.

The Norwegians have nothing Hamlet-like in their character. To be free is their one great desire and the desire to be Norwegian unchangeably comes next. They cannot be accused of superficial politeness or an overburdening spirit of reverence! They seem to me to be the only real democrats in this undemocratic world; and this is one of their most unpleasant

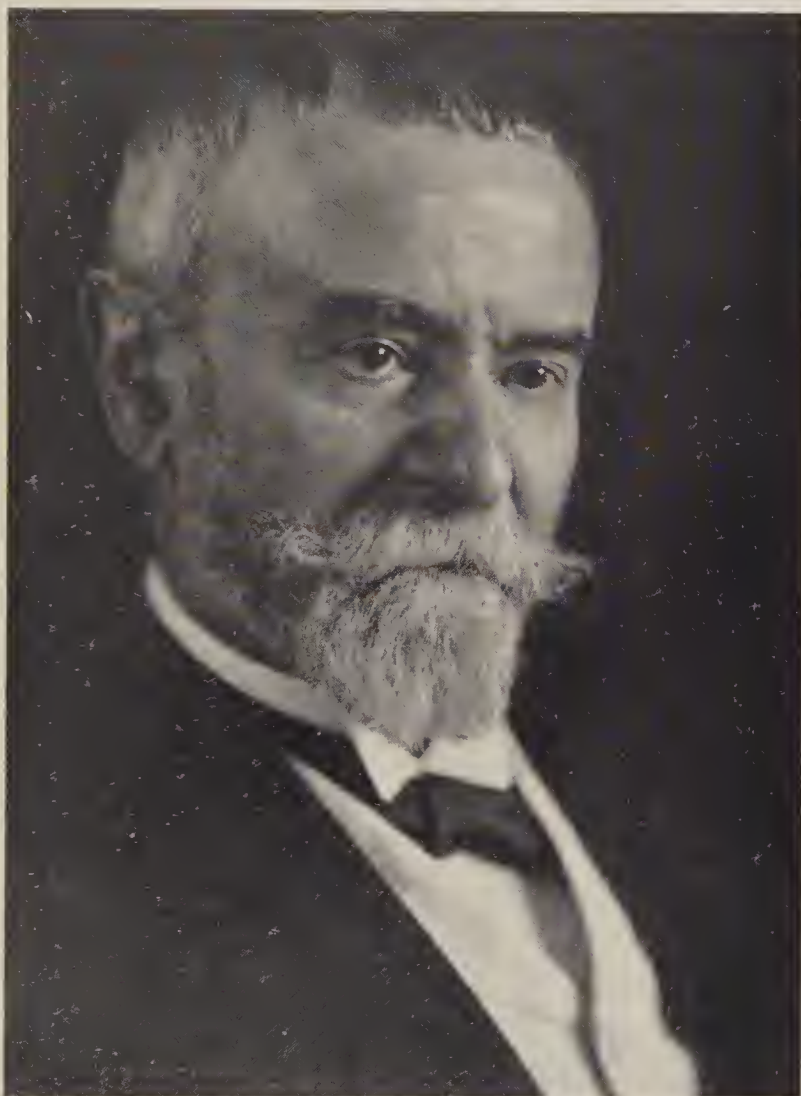
qualities. It must be said, however, that among the Norwegians, of all people, a gracious word turneth away wrath, and their bluntness is not intended for rudeness or as a manifestation of self-conscious superiority. They are never snobs, and their honesty and frankness are proverbial. I must say that I have always admired their honesty more than their frankness.

The Court at Christiania is English in tone, and both King Haakon and Queen Maude have the good sense not to attempt to exercise much apparent authority, or to assume autocratic leadership.

That Norway is not a republic is due partly to the opposition of the great powers at the time when Norway separated from Sweden, but most of all to the fact that the Norwegians are satisfied that no matter what happens, they could find no better representatives of themselves than their King and Queen, and the young Prince Olav.

The Norwegians have the general reputation of lacking æsthetic feeling. It is true enough that they do not love ceremonies as the Swedes do, and they do not make the social distinctions so evident as the Swedes or the Danes. And yet they have a very fixed code of politeness, and a love for certain traditional ceremonies which seems almost paradoxical, when one considers their tendency toward democracy. Neither expediency nor profit counted with them during the war; they were heart and soul with the freer nations; if I dared to give away diplomatic secrets, I could easily show good reason why the Allies, in which one must include our own country, profited very much on several important occasions.

As to the Danes, they placed all their hopes in the United States. Their exports to England were cut off, and the exports to Germany limited as far as possible. In the beginning, Danish *goulash* was sent over in great quantities to Hamburg and Berlin, and persons who were willing to go in for this kind of trade made immense fortunes. Everything went into *goulash*. It was rumoured that the discovery of the remains of a rhinoceros that had died of influenza in the Zoological



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J. J. JUSSERAND  
Former French Ambassador to the United States



MRS. EGAN IN LATER LIFE



Gardens, as a tidbit in the Danish *goulash*, had given its German purchasers a cold chill!

All fertilisers from the United States were cut off; in the provinces the absence of crude oil plunged the towns into darkness and in certain districts of Copenhagen no light was visible after dark.

There was a dearth of candles, and tallow candles would have been eaten if they could have been found at all. Nobody who has not seen a population deprived of fats can realise what it means. Soap was more precious than diamonds, and the attenuation of the children and the distress of the mothers were pathetic. It seemed at one time as if the Copenhageners would be reduced to the eating of cats, rats and mice. Horseflesh was a very usual form of diet.

In spite of the deprivations which the people had to undergo during the war, Paul Allart, the Belgian Minister, told me that in proportion to their numbers, the Danes made larger contributions to the relief of Belgium than any other people. M. Bapst, the French Minister, was enthusiastic over the generosity of the Danish people to France. Even the poor fishermen near the seashore made their contributions. Later in the war many of these fishermen were made rich, at least temporarily, by a change in circumstances. A good deal of this money went into champagne; it was noted that they had more money to spend for charities when they were poor than when the tide of war poured unexpected treasures into their hands! Their riches did not last long.

When the embargo became very stringent in Denmark, it was difficult for the Danes to understand our attitude. Above all, they could not comprehend why the Standard Oil boats should be stopped. It must be remembered that Denmark, the most scientific of agricultural countries, must buy its fertilisers from other countries, must import all its oil, its coal and nearly all raw materials. An agricultural country which is not deficient in raw materials can always feed itself; but a country which must depend for the improvement of its soil on imported fertilisers soon finds its productiveness reduced.

The climate of Denmark permits the cows to graze in the open only about fourteen weeks in the year. During the rest of the time they are scientifically fed on beet roots and on what fodder the soil has produced; and it may be said that the fertility of the Danish soil results from the efforts of man rather than from the workings of nature.

On some of the estates in 1917-18 those fine dogs, the Great Danes, had to be killed. There was no surplus with which to feed them. Cattle, horses, pigs and fowls were slaughtered for the same reason.

Prince Gustav confessed to me that he had the greatest difficulty in securing two cakes of soap and we had to send out various emissaries from the Legation so that each could procure a quarter of a pound of tea. English coal was a hundred dollars a ton; we could get German coal cheaper but, naturally, we would not use it. We discovered that the natural peat could be very well used in the numerous porcelain stoves of the Legation. It makes a very warm fire, and is economical. If some substitute for coal is not discovered in our country, there seems to be no reason why the cranberry bogs should not produce enough peat to help those living in their vicinity to keep warm.

Prince Gustav, the youngest brother of the present King, was very keen in his judgment during the war. It is unfortunate that Princes are deprived of the chance to be useful in the practical government of a country. Prince Gustav passed among the people for a good-natured young gentleman, a particular friend of Olluf Povlsen, whose sense of humour appealed to him, with no particular aim in life except to appear at Court at the proper time. This was a mistaken impression. Prince Gustav and his sister, Princess Thyra, when in conversation with persons they could trust, showed an intimate knowledge of international affairs, and it was a great temptation to break the diplomatic rule of speaking, but saying nothing, when one met them in public.

Princes often suffer from their isolation, from the necessity of appearing to have no opinions, which do not agree with the cabinet in power. The general American point of view that they are useless appendages, is altogether wrong. Their

position prevents them from having many intimate friends but their unusual relations to the world give them the power of seeing things in proper perspective.

Few people, for example, gave King Edward VII. credit for his great qualities because he was buried by his dominating mother as the Prince of Wales. She probably distrusted him because he was so unlike his dear father. To a reader of the Queen's letters, there is nothing more repellent than the narrow egoism which induced her to act toward her eldest son as if he had no rights, but only privileges. Here is another example of what a really good woman can do who tries to use her children as if they were mere pawns on a chessboard. It is an unpopular thing to-day, in our country, to say a good word for Kings or Princes; but in a long acquaintance with some of them, I am convinced that they have, as a rule, more common sense, less selfish aims and a greater desire to benefit their people without reference to mere party politics than any of the statesmen I have known in Europe.

The Italian situation interested the diplomatic corps in all countries immensely. The representatives of the Central Powers were discreetly silent. Von Bülow was at Rome offering his terms. The Allies were busy offering theirs. D'Annunzio made his outburst—an example of the most bombastic rhetoric with a current of poetry in it. Everybody wondered just what the Italian Government had paid him for it. To some of us he seemed to be a most amazing person to offer to a serious world as a leader in a moment of crisis. He was generally despised as a man. His book on his relations with Duse had made the worst possible impression. "What can you expect?" said a very clever Italian to me, "If you engage a great diva for the opera, you don't ask how many lovers she has had."

Few people in Copenhagen, outside of Count di Corrobio and his suite, believed that Italy would take part with the Allies, unless she could make a good bargain. Most of us knew what von Bülow had offered, but none of us could find out, even from the Danish Foreign Office which was generally well informed, what the Allies proposed to give.

The balance seemed to be in favour of Italy's going into the

war on the side of the Allies, for the old hatred of Austria had never disappeared, in spite of the ceremonious amiability of the Triple Alliance. France, in the eyes of Italian statesmen, was a hated rival; the majority of the Italian people took a different point of view. They were nearer in blood to the French than to the Prussians. It was well known that the Italian Ambassador in London had been largely responsible for keeping the English fleet together in the beginning of the war. The Allies were under a great debt of gratitude to the Marquess Imperiali who had given valuable information to the government; and his cabinet had not reprimanded him for it.

The bargaining went on; and the first intimation I had of its end was when I met Count Szechenyi one morning in the Bredgade. Szechenyi was speechless. He did a thing which showed the extent of his horror and disgust—he spat violently into the gutter. “The Italians!” All the swear-words in every language were concentrated in the sound of his voice. I knew what had happened. The defection of Italy was a great blow to the Central Powers. Curiously enough, they had not expected it.

#### § 4

The position of the Vatican was delicate. As an independent power, with extra-territorial rights in a kingdom which had guaranteed these rights, with international consent, the resident diplomatists of the Central Powers in Italy were not embarrassing until Italy joined the Allies.

Naturally, trained diplomatists saw the difficulty of the position and easily understood that Italy could not force the Pope to drive from his Court the diplomatists who represented enemies of the Allies. An analysis of the position of the Papacy has not yet been presented; it is doubtful if anybody except students of technical diplomacy would be interested in it to-day; but in the diplomatic corps in all European countries and among the South Americans in Copenhagen, it was talked of as a most interesting problem. Advices from England and France and even from Russia denounced the Pope for not



fulminating against Germany and Austria. These violent critics forgot that Russia and France and Italy and England had made it understood that the question of the Pope's independence as a temporal sovereign, or of his independence in relation to his demand for larger Roman territory should not be raised.

It was well known that the Papacy had no greater enemy than the Kaiser, but the Kaiser found it to his advantage to assume an air of amiable tolerance. It was forgotten by the German Catholics themselves that the Prussian Government had been actually forced into a certain acceptance of the Catholic idea of the freedom of seminaries and schools and preaching by the militant Windhorst and the Centre party. The Centre party, like the Socialist party, had become imperial in the beginning of the war. No matter what may be said in extenuation of the Prussian position—and to-day much sentimentalism even in the United States is wasted upon it—the vote of the Reichstag in favour of funds for the war was almost unanimous. From the point of view of human expediency it seemed, to the dispassionate, unreasonable to expect the Pope to support enthusiastically the Allied powers which were all against his pretensions—the Russian bureaucracy, mainly from tradition—desiring nothing more than the extirpation of the Catholic Church, England being notoriously anti-Papal and France having so recently broken the Concordat. Italy naturally wanted no interference on the part of the powers; she looked on the question of an arrangement with the Pope—which was bound to come in spite of the secret societies sooner or later—as a problem of internal politics, while Catholics throughout the world regarded it as an international question.

Of all recent writers on the modern European situation, General Sherrill, author of *Prime Ministers and Presidents*, who distinguished himself as Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, who knows the hidden currents of European diplomacy and politics, is the only American author who seems to understand that religion to-day is an active and growing force in the European situation. Most of the men who conducted the war seemed to be as ignorant of this as they were of most other

things of importance. The attitude of the onlookers who knew what was going on in the minds of the rulers, was exemplified in the answer of Marshal Foch to Clemenceau when the Tiger expressed his wish that the great Marshal should become the leader of the armies of the Republic of France. "Do you know," asked the Marshal, "that my brother is a Jesuit?"

As far as religious force was concerned—moral force—the eyes of all nations certainly turned to the Pope. In a note from a very important person addressed to me, I was asked to endeavour to influence the Papal Secretary of State to have a pronouncement made by the Pope in favour of the Allies. Knowing perfectly well that this was out of the question, I simply asked: "Why not induce the Patriarch of all the Russias or the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Grand Rabbi at London or the most important of all the non-Conformists in Great Britain?" I was told that none of these appeals would be universal, and that if the government of the United States could bring diplomatic influence to bear on His Holiness, the moral effect in favour of the Allies would be too great to be overvalued. I could only reply that, in my opinion, such a movement on the part of the Pope would be looked upon as more political than moral.

It seemed to the unbiassed, however, that while the Pope was obliged to be neutral except on moral questions—notably the practical enslavement of some of the Belgians—he lost a great opportunity by not at least suggesting that, while war might be tolerated and even in certain cases blessed, there were certain methods of warfare which were barbarous, unchristian and intolerable.

The charge was made that, as most of the Vatican funds were invested in Austria, the Pope leaned toward the Austrian side. Again, if it were a question of gratitude for unswerving support in charities and that kind of thing, the Holy Father might have had reason for partiality toward the United States. But there had been no evidence that he let his debt to Austria weigh with him the scales of justice. It was generally concluded among the experts that, if the Vatican had been in the habit of using political methods, which it had ceased to do

since 1870 when effective Roman diplomacy began to decay, the war might have been averted.

Since the withdrawal of Christendom from the political circle of the Pope, there has been no Court of Arbitration in Europe. After Caporetto, where Bolshevists and Communists showed their fangs, there was no question of any division of opinion in Italy. Italians, from the members of the Papal Guard to the most humble peasant in the Campagna, became one. Rather reluctantly, Great Britain had sent a Minister, Sir Henry Howard, to the Vatican, and the question of having the United States rather apologetically represented, too, was raised. It was amusing to the old hands in diplomacy to observe how even the most professed haters of the Scarlet Woman began to coquette with that ancient dame!

## § 5

In Denmark we had bad moments, very bad moments. Denmark was so close to the German frontier that every hope, every fear reverberated through the country. We hoped with all our hearts that the German fleet would come out, and the battle of Jutland was a great disappointment. And, near as we were, it was hard to get a clear narrative of what had really occurred. Everybody who came out of Germany had a different account of what was going on there. There was a small group of correspondents to whom we owed much—Conger of the Associated Press, for instance, and Oscar Davis.

We were quite sure of one thing, however: that the issue of the war depended on man power and that our coming in would eventually settle it in favour of the Allies. Then again we had accurate information that a great break would occur in Germany if the war was not speedily ended.

President Wilson's utterances had been widely disseminated there. However, the fact remains that although there was a decided lowering of the morale of the German army, the great majority of the Germans believed that they could not be conquered, and the great majority of them still believe that they were not conquered!

It is true that the way for victory had been bravely prepared but it is quite as true that, if the American troops had not entered the war when they did, the Germans might not have had sufficient reason to know that they had been conquered. To say that the Americans won the war is absurd; but it is reasonable enough to conclude that they were the greatest factor in giving Prussian insolence and brutality the last blow.

What would occur after the war, provided it was not almost a tie—and there were several times when it seemed as if Germany would have ground for triumphant negotiations—was a subject of grave discussion. It was generally assumed that President Wilson would have the most potent voice in the decision and the opinion which Lady Paget voiced—Lady Paget knows the political position and importance of the Balkans as well as any other living expert—that the future of the Balkans could only be decided by the decision of our President was rather reluctantly assented to. Her husband, Sir Ralph, was not always so frank, but it was plain that he believed that the whole future of Europe was dependent on the course which President Wilson might take.

In advance of the armistice, it was generally concluded that whether Germany was to be treated as a monster, whose troops must be driven relentlessly to Berlin, or made the subject of negotiations, would depend on President Wilson and Marshal Foch. The general opinion among the representatives of the Allies was that the Allied armies ought to march into Berlin. It was no question of ruthlessness. This opinion was founded on an accurate knowledge of the psychology of the German people.

Down to July, 1918, we had it on the best authority that the Allied line was impregnable. In June, 1918, I was still in the service, but in Washington. It was a terrible moment when we realised that our line was not impregnable. From that time until the armistice the opinion was that it would be dangerous and would delay peace to continue the cry "On to Berlin." Those who knew the extent of the German defences felt that the war had better be ended as soon as possible. This may not have been altogether wise; it was expedient and saved a great



many lives. The American loss would have been terrible. When President Wilson and Marshal Foch are censured for not insisting that the Allied troops should occupy Berlin, that risk must be taken into account.

It was strange how few of the American expatriates living in Germany during the war seemed to understand the character of their own people. Many of them were Germans naturalised in the United States, and some were the American children of German parents. They encouraged the idea that the United States would not fight, that the enormous power of the German element would keep them out of the war. The Jews, they said, who formed a predominating influence in New York City, were internationals and the great German-Jewish firms were all pro-German. As for the Irish and their descendants, it was represented to the German Foreign Office and to the Kaiser himself, that they would never help to form an army which would fight on the English side.

Misconceptions were not confined to the Germans. I heard an Englishman of the *haute bourgeoisie* declare that the Saxons would lay down their arms rather than attack a regiment of English soldiers! Blood, he said, was thicker than water! The French had the impression that the Bavarians were sympathetic with everything Gallic; that they owed a great debt to Napoleon which they had not forgotten!

I was told that the Kaiser in his intimate moments spoke of the sympathy which the United States, as a Protestant nation, must have for the good Germans who worshipped Martin Luther as a hero. It was reported that he had said the three great Protestant countries, Germany, England and the United States, ought to keep together. To the Bavarian who told me this I could only say that probably at least sixty per cent. of the citizens of the United States are what are called in England "non-conformists." "They take their traditions from Calvin—perhaps from John Knox—and from the Puritans. They know nothing whatever about European conditions, and so far as religion is concerned, it would not in the least count in a struggle against any foreign power threatening America."

A clever Hanoverian, who came often to dine with us, dis-

liked Prussia above all things. He protested that he was not disloyal to the best German ideals—these conversations took place, of course, when we were neutral—but he said very often that if the Allies were wise they would disintegrate the German Empire, insisting that the Catholic parts should join with Austria and separate themselves forever from the baneful influence of Prussia. He had a curious opinion that Saxony might be isolated because it was so hopelessly republican! I could only tell him that I agreed entirely with his opinion that the only hope of cutting the claws of imperialism in Germany was to divide it. I told him though that the great Protestant element in the United States and in England would risk everything rather than give its support to the formation of a great Catholic state in Europe. He was astonished. He said: "But the English Protestants ought to know and your Protestants, who do not as yet count in European affairs, should be taught that a State composed largely of Catholics would become as politically expedient as Austria and Bavaria had been—that Catholicism does not necessarily mean reaction, and that such a State would have no sympathy with ultra-Socialism." He knew very little about the United States. I think by this time he must have found out that the Protestant objection at Versailles to the formation of a State in which the majority should be Catholic, even in order to disintegrate Germany, could not be accepted by Lloyd George or President Wilson.

While we were neutral, our Legation was visited by Europeans with all sorts of plans. Why they came to me I could never understand. One of the most interesting of these committees consisted of a Polish Prince and Princess on their way to Berlin who were anxious to obtain my good offices to arrange a marriage between Princess Margaret of Denmark and, I think, the son of the Grand Duke Stefan!

The Grand Duke, although a Hapsburg, was very liberal, they said, and the Princess Margaret of Denmark as a descendant of both the Orleans and Bourbon branches of the Kings of France would make an admirable Queen of Poland. "The Poles," they said, "will never take a King from their own race." We were delighted to have the Prince and Princess

to lunch, but I advised them not to reopen the subject until my wife had left the room—she had been asked to go after luncheon to Court for some reason or other—for I knew that she would probably have expressed the often-spoken opinion of the father of Princess Margaret, Prince Valdemar, that he did not wish his children to be looked on as material for the making of kings and queens. I knew better than to open the subject with Prince Valdemar, who was always a welcome visitor, and one for whom I had great affection and respect. Princess Margaret has since married Prince René de Bourbon; the marriage seems to be a happy one, probably because Princess Margaret was not likely to take any husband who did not please her. It was a great compliment to the young gentlemen connected with our Legation that Prince Valdemar always permitted his only daughter to come to our little parties. She would have come to cotillions later, if the war had not interrupted them. Prince Valdemar said very often that he considered that the well-bred young American looked at life from a very honest, reasonable and unsensual point of view.

## § 6

Looking back at the Copenhagen I knew before the war, I cannot help paraphrasing Prince Talleyrand's saying that nobody really knew the delights of life who had not lived in Paris society before the Revolution. And worst of it all is that no power on earth can restore the old atmosphere. I feel a great sadness at the reverses which the failure of the Landsmansbank has brought on so many of my old friends—Prince Valdemar, Prince Aage, Prince Axel, who married his cousin, Princess Margaret of Sweden, Prince Viggo, their aunt, the Empress Dowager of Russia, the de Richelieus, the Raben-Levetzaus—whose town house in winter and whose country house in summer were the centres of a brilliant society—all have been involved in the failure of that Napoleon of finance, the late Mr. Emil Glückstad, which was due largely to the complications occasioned by the war.

When the Legation had been put thoroughly in order and

organised on the lines of the Standard Oil by Mr. Grant Smith, I was suddenly struck with a return of my former illness. This, however, did not prevent me from working and, even when I was sent to Dr. Jens Schou's klinik, to prepare for an operation, I managed to keep a lookout for the most interesting complications. Just before and just after the operation, when the important doctor went off for the evening, I managed to secure a telephone. There was a horrible suggestion wafted to me that the predominating influence in the government, the Socialistic, was about to demand that the Danes lend a large sum of money to Germany. The *Providence Journal*, in one of its leaders, had declared that the payment made by the United States for the islands would go at once into German hands. This was, of course, as untrue as many of the statements made during the war by that brilliant paper; but I knew that German propaganda was at work in the Folketing and the Landsting and that it was necessary to be able to circumvent any attempt at Prussianisation. I knew how to reach the right people by telephone, yet it was hard work. However, it was worth doing.

It was generally concluded that I would die after the operation. My wife forgot all minor troubles, threw aside her habitual passive attitude toward diplomatic affairs, and kept me informed every day of what was happening. None of the people at the Legation had had experience enough in Denmark to know the secret currents of thought and action and I had to depend largely on my own deductions. It was always easy to reach the Foreign Office, and I obtained permission to see my immediate friends of all parties.

My room was filled with flowers every day, not only from the King and Queen and the people I had known so long, but from men and women in the provinces and from small landholders and peasants whom I had never seen. At last, it was a tremendous relief to get into the open air and to be able to work in the open.

Mr. Grant Smith looked carefully after the thirty or forty new men; on extremely important questions, the Foreign Office people came over and consulted me. Every Allied minister or



chargé d'affaires made regular visits; and Sir Ralph and Lady Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Irgens and Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Thompson kept me in good spirits. Princess Thyra and Princess Dagmar and the Valdemar princes from next door, added to the hilarity of life. Princess Margaret came and never failed to amuse me with her views of the world, as it appeared to her.

Mr. Lithgow Osborne, the first Secretary, managed to escape very frequently the relentless discipline of Mr. Grant Smith. I wondered why he always appeared when Countess Lillie Raben-Levetzau presided at the tea table. I was altogether unsuspecting and the pleasant prophecy of my wife, who was keener than I in these matters, was fulfilled when their engagement was announced. We had a very pleasant family at the Legation; Cleveland Perkins was invaluable in every way, and young Elliott Darlington, who loved the opera, escorted my wife, whenever he could, to the royal theatre.

My doctors objected to my going out alone, but, one day in December, 1917, I escaped and walked in the Bredgade. During my illness both Princess Wittchenstein, who was a cousin of Lady Paget and wife of the Councillor of the German Legation, and Countess Szechenyi had been most kind. When an especially beautiful bunch of flowers or something good to eat came to the klinik from "Mrs. Smith" or "Mrs. Brown," I knew that it meant either Princess Wittchenstein or Countess Szechenyi. I felt that they were running great risks to give aid and comfort to the enemy! I know that Count Szechenyi would have approved of it in spite of these risks, but I was not sure whether Count Brockdorff-Rantzau might not have looked on it as a breach of etiquette. This day, I saw opposite to me on the other side of the street the Princess Wittchenstein. She came over at once. "Oh," she said, "my dear friend, my husband is very sick too and had an operation. Tell me about *yours*."

We walked for four blocks eagerly comparing notes. I was oblivious of the doubtful looks cast at me by the promenaders, and the Princess Wittchenstein's talk was full of thrilling details. When we reached Kongens Nytor, the Princess sud-

denly remembered that we were deadly enemies ; and we parted ! It has always surprised me that some patriot never reported this terrible scene to my Government. I cherish one sweet hope, that of going into Germany and discovering all the details of Prince Wittchenstein's operation, and hope to tell mine in return.

There was much work to be done ; secret reports came in, and one could often get news from seemingly hopeless sources. I remember that a present of a set of golf sticks to a very clever, but impecunious lady—a neutral—for her grandson gave us knowledge of the enemy's activities, for which our Legation was warmly thanked by both our own Government and the English.

There was a painter who had done some pastels for me, an honest man doing his best in his art, and very poor. It occurred to me to give him a commission to paint pastels as near to the German frontier as possible. He was a curious man, so wrapped up in his art, that he did not seem to realise that mankind was at war at all. He had the impression that I was writing a novel. He was given some notebooks, two weeks to make a pastel and instructions to pick up all the conversations that he could. His pastels were not received with enthusiasm by our second man, Christian, who spent his spare time in making portraits of the cook. The artist's deductions were not always strictly logical. For instance, he wrote : "In a border restaurant, I met two Chinese just out of Berlin. They ate as if they were hollow inside. From this I deduce that the Germans must be starving. If Berlin cannot afford food enough for Chinamen, who eat two meals a day, it certainly must be famine-stricken for the German, who eats five!"

My artist was quite safe from danger as he had not the slightest idea that he was purveying information from the enemy, and he stayed entirely on Danish soil. He remains to this day, probably, in ignorance of his usefulness. As to the pastels, I trust that he reclaimed them when I left ; I think he had some talent, in spite of the criticism of the kitchen cabinet.

A great sigh of relief went up from the colleagues when the work of our troops began to tell. Paul Allart, the Belgian Min-

ister, seemed to become a new man, and all the Allies took hope; and when I consider their anxiety during the time that we were neutral, and their doubt as to our intentions and even of our preparedness, I wonder that during that time they treated me with such distinguished courtesy. I wonder whether, if our country had been in a manner isolated and left to fight against terrible odds, American representatives would have been as patient and as polite and considerate.

Of all my colleagues, the Belgian Minister had most to bear. He was a patriot of the patriots; he knew that his country was being destroyed, and his countrymen treated like slaves, and before the United States entered the conflict, our sympathy must have seemed rather remarkable. While he knew our history well enough to understand that both Washington and Hamilton had voiced the spirit of America in protesting against permanent foreign entanglements, it must have seemed strange to him that a great country should be content to see a small nation destroyed when a potent gesture made by the inheritors of the principles of '76 might have saved it from utter ruin.

When the die was cast and we could no longer endure the German insolence, it was not enough merely to clasp Allart's hand and say nothing. One could not speak out. But I could show my joy by asking him and Baron de Buxhoevenden to a little dinner *à trois*, where we could "speak natural."

The wretched days of neutrality were over; the voice of the eagle was heard in the land, and there was no more need of feeling apologetic, even when one put on a bold front and pretended to be too "proud to fight." But the day had gone by when anybody who could watch the course of government intelligently, really believed that we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. England and France were fighting for their lives and we were fighting because the American sense of honour had not yet perished. It was threatened by a growing radicalism, which had apparently outgrown the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and forgotten the lessons of Washington and Alexander Hamilton.

When we went in, we went in. "Father," my son wrote with conviction, "there's no fear of defeat now. These British are

regular bulldogs, and as for us, it's a sure thing that we will not stop until we reach Berlin." I hardly believed him, but I wanted to.

The women especially were very brave. Madame Bapst, who was ill, had two brothers at Salonica and a host of other relations on the western front. We sympathised most of all with Countess Szechenyi who was of the great Belgian family of de Chimay; she had many relations in England and Italy and, of course, in Belgium.

War becomes more horrible the nearer we approach it. My wife suffered greatly from the miseries of the unhappy people of all the countries at war. Prince Valdemar and a large committee had charge of hundreds of Russians who had taken refuge in Denmark and were dying of tuberculosis. My two cousins, Edward and Walter Egan, of Frankfort-am-Main, whose father was an English subject, were interned at Ruhleben, living in the stall of a race horse. They had, of course, refused to fight against the British.

It was a great pleasure to make their lives as agreeable as possible and the young people of our Legation laughed at the number of neutrals going into Germany who were laden with books and food for those prisoners.

A Polish Countess had charge of over 350 children from the ages of three to twelve, who had been caught in a barn between two opposing forces and left there for forty-eight hours. These children were all mad and there was a terrible photograph of 3,000 German soldiers in an asylum in Berlin, all stricken blind during the war. There was much to do.

In comparison with the effect upon us of the suffering so near us, the chance that a German army corps might be sent into Jutland had no terrors for us; and, as we had seen, on one occasion when the Russian and English fleets were visiting in the Sound, how easily a Zeppelin could float over to Copenhagen from Berlin in seven or eight hours, we had no illusions as to what the German military command might do; neither had the Danish Foreign Office. The sympathy of the Danes was entirely with the Allies, though as the embargo became closer,





*Photo by Harris & Ewing*

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

Recently United States Ambassador to Italy and Associate Editor, with Gilder, of "The Century"



MR. EGAN AND HIS GRANDSON, MAURICE FRANCIS O'REILLY

they felt that their rights as a neutral nation were ruthlessly disregarded.

During all this time social life had to go on. There was a contrast between the point of view of the French and the English officers. The English officer, when he went home for a brief respite, seemed determined to enjoy himself. He gathered roses while he might. This was not the spirit of the English Legation. The dinners were cut down; there were no balls and there were no great receptions.

By this time, 1917, my wife had become *doyenne* of the diplomatic corps, and had collected a whole set of precedents for the correct carrying on of social affairs.

Our Legation continued its dinners; nobody came in uniform, and dinner jackets were the rule. Extravagance was considered in the worst possible taste; my wife managed to find some truffles which I had purchased before the war, in a moment of exaltation and these, being produced at a diplomatic dinner, made a great sensation—but I had to explain that they had been rooted out by the pigs before 1914! It became harder and harder to get wine; I am happy to say, however, that our cellar held out, although there was no more Château Yquem, and the Pol Roger had to be replaced by a Pommery Sec of no great vintage.

A consolation to us all during this period was Lady Paget. Sir Ralph was what might be called *intransigent* where the Prussians were concerned. He was really the Cromwell of the Allies, and he would not for a moment admit that any German, after what had been done, ought to be acknowledged as a friend in the future by any civilised man! Lady Paget had a leaning towards some of the opinions of Barbusse; she had served valiantly as a nurse in Serbia. She had, in fact, risked her life to help the typhoid fever patients—and she came near to losing it. She was equally patriotic, but she had more hope for the human race in the future than her husband. She knew the Balkan situation in every particular; she had lived through unspeakable horrors in the Balkans; she spoke in terms of the highest admiration of our Minister, Mr. Einstein.

Sir Ralph Paget had a keen sense of humour and Lady Paget real wit. Lady Paget felt it her duty to give the regulation number of dinners during the season to the diplomatists and the distinguished Danes. Like most witty people, she hated a bore with all her heart, and a bore, in her opinion, was a person who had a great deal to say, and yet said nothing. She could tolerate any amount of "language" if it meant anything. One afternoon, when my wife was off at one of the diplomatic *jours* and I was confined to my *chaise longue*, Lady Paget came in. "I just wanted to ask Mrs. Egan what was the matter with my dinner last night; I thought it was rather dull. You know Ralph looks on all social activities now as the crackling of thorns under a pot; they are worse than useless."

"Well, Lady Paget," I said, "you haven't asked me, but I think that your dinner last night was perfection, so far as the appointments and the food went; and your silver bowls, in which floated chrysanthemums, were most effective and new. But I don't think you took enough trouble with your guests."

"Do you think I ought to take more trouble?" she asked.

"I certainly do," I said.

"Well," she answered, "I'll work hard at my dinner to-night." We talked then about Bulgaria and Serbia, and admitted again that President Wilson was the only man who could save the situation.

A few days afterwards in came Sir Ralph and Lady Paget. Sir Ralph, who had been a violinist, listened to some of Ysaye's records and then went off for his walk. Lady Paget said—"Do you know I made my dinner the other night very gay—at least Sir Ralph thinks so—and I will never take your advice again. I worked so hard to be agreeable that two of my men guests came in to-day and wasted three hours in useless conversation!"

My colleagues in Scandinavia had troubles of their own during this period. Mr. Ira Nelson Morris, in Stockholm, had many adverse circumstances to fight against. It was difficult to convince the Swedes that we did not hate them almost as much as we hated the Germans and, in spite of the democratic proclivities of the populace, if Russia had kept together and succeeded in making a separate peace, Sweden felt that she



could not have afforded to defy the Central Powers; for Russia, while fighting with the Allies had not given any guarantee that she would lessen her grip on Finland or cease to look on Sweden as a prospective province.

Mr. Morris had his work cut out for him, and he has never received full credit for having done it so admirably.

Mr. Schemedmann in Christiania had no easy task. When the cabal against him both in Norway and this country ceased its activities, it did not take the democratic Norwegians long to see through the attempts of his political opponents to discredit him. His prudence and discretion and impartiality endeared him to the people, and the King and Queen showed him every token of friendship.

To speak frankly, it seemed to me that if there were an Ambassador in our service who was treated unfairly by our Government it was Ambassador James W. Gerard. We were accustomed to see important decisions of the United States Government published fully in the newspapers before we were informed of them through any other source. It was not altogether dignified to be obliged to report to the Foreign Office an event which had been printed and elaborated in every Continental paper three days before. The press always had the advantage of receiving important news from our Government before we heard of it at all. All one could do at the Foreign Office was to interpret these messages, to explain who was who, and give little biographies of Senator Lodge or Senator Hitchcock, or of some less known representative or senator who was not even in *Who's Who*.

The Ambassador to the Imperial German Empire never complained but as all kinds of dispatches passed through our hands, it was easy to see that whatever success he made was dependent on his own initiative rather than on any information given him by the United States Government. Not that we deciphered dispatches intended for him, though this did occur once or twice by accident; but our people made it a matter of honour to relay such communications as soon as they were received, and the staff was very proud of its efficiency and speed.

We had reason to know that there were differences of

opinion between some of the diplomatists who represented Germany abroad and the military party. We knew, for example, that Bernstorff was not in favour of ruthlessness, that he had been a partisan of peace without victory, and that he looked on Ambassador Page of London as the inveterate enemy of Germany. It was through a chance expression of his report to us that we discovered that there was a difference of opinion between President Wilson and Mr. Page, and that President Wilson had said that Mr. Page was more English than the English.

We were quite sure that the reported warning as to the possible fate of the *Lusitania*, which was quoted in Continental papers as having appeared in several American journals came from Bernstorff, although it was afterward asserted by one of the members of the President's Cabinet that Secretary Bryan had no reason to believe that any such warning had been published by any member of the German Embassy.

To go back, I find in my diary of April 29, 1916, several passages that have interest. For example: "The Germans are beginning to think that we are their enemies. I received private word from Berlin that if we should stop exportation of the munitions of war to the Allies, until England allowed our copper and cotton to go through to Germany, this feeling of dislike would disappear!" And on Thursday, May 5—"Great fears about the *Lusitania*. The English papers appear to think that Count Bernstorff's warnings are bluffs. It seems impossible that a nation so humane as the great body of the Germans are supposed to be should even contemplate so horrible a crime. Besides, it would be very difficult to torpedo a fast ship like the *Lusitania*."

On Saturday, May 8: "The news came like a thunderbolt spoiling all the beauty at this beautiful estate of Montebello, where the larks and the nightingales both sing in the daylight. It is unspeakably horrible. There is nothing to be said; but much to be done. Possibly the story is exaggerated—all of the sea-tight compartments may not have been destroyed. Whether this be true or not, the responsibility of the German Government remains the same. Our Government will prob-

ably recall our Ambassador from Berlin, and Bernstorff be at once given his letters."

On the 10th, I find: "Nobody here can think of anything but this horrible thing. I wish that the Government had ordered me to put out the flag at half-mast. There is only one opinion among the Danes which is expressed by the quotation of *Politiken* from the *New York Times*—'America's opinion of this affair is that it is a cold-blooded murder.'"

The German diplomatists with whom I came in contact were evidently ashamed of what had occurred. They were obliged to make some defence and they insisted that the *Lusitania* carried arms. This, we knew, was true; but there were no high explosives on board, and the quality of the arms had been examined by our neutral Custom House authorities before they were put on board.

Consul-General Martins, who had been Consul-General in the United States, said nothing. He made no excuse, and it was quite evident that he knew better than any of his colleagues what little effect any explanation or apology would have on the American people. In the German colony there was no rejoicing. The Danes would not have tolerated it. It was to their interest that the United States should remain neutral but all with whom I came in contact believed that diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States would at once be broken. I must confess that when I made a diplomatic blunder I always tried to turn it into a success, but as I had announced to a high German official visiting Denmark that if a single civilian American was killed in an attack on the *Lusitania* we should declare war the next day, I found a recovery in this case quite impossible.

It was amazing to Americans near Germany that there seemed to be no public opinion in that country to repudiate this terrible crime; but when we remember the appeal of nearly a hundred German professors in favour of the Kaiser's attitude in the beginning of the war, we can only come to the conclusion that there was no public opinion in Germany apart from that dictated by military tradition.

In a few days the interest which had been centred on the

United States was obscured by the signs of von Bülow's negotiations with Italy. The Austrian offers, backed by Germany, were rumoured to be tempting. All eyes were turned on Rome. Count Corrobio was in an embarrassing position, because we all knew that his sympathies were with the Allies, and his wife, who was herself an Austrian, could hardly speak of the crime of the *Lusitania* without tears.

The Austro-Hungarians were in a most difficult position. They hated Prussia, and they knew that they would be ruined if the Allies won. It would mean anarchy in Hungary, Count Szechenyi said; and he foretold the dismemberment of Austria. If they had German sympathies, these sympathies were the result of circumstances. For them, German predominance meant an arrangement which would not quite extinguish them—whereas the triumph of Italy and France and England meant destruction.

I never heard a word from any Austrian or Hungarian which was not regretful that circumstances should have forced them into enmity with us. I could not but agree, after much thought, with the sentiment which Henry van Dyke, who certainly could never be accused of neutrality, expressed in an illuminating letter to me: "All nations are responsible; each of us is more or less responsible for this war."

About this time, my wife was introduced to Baroness von Seidlitz at Montebello, where we were staying for a few days. The Baroness already had her passport to sail for the United States, and I was interested in discovering just what her ideas were. She was a pacifist; she had been born in the Balkans and had married a Russian. She had, however, lived a long time in Germany and had written novels for the *Cologne Gazette*. She wanted to get to California to co-operate with the Purple Mother who, I understood, was an esoteric Buddhist; she was about to start for Port Lomax. She was very intelligent, devoted to woman's suffrage; but with the strange obsession that, if she could see Mr. Carnegie she could probably induce him to finance a paper in favour of peace. I knew Mr. Andrew Carnegie better than that, and I told her so. Neither the German nor the Austrian Legation seemed to have



the faintest interest in her, and the Russians thought that she was some kind of a Slav, who had married a Russian husband from one of the Baltic provinces. My wife felt that she might be harmless, but declined to give her social introductions; but she had no objection to my giving her a card to an editor. This was reasonable, as the Baroness had a good deal of material that might be made useful by a first-rate magazine. She thought that Münsterberg was too superficial, and that Dernberg was quite useless in the way of securing what all moderate Germans desired, an armistice until the difficulties could be adjusted. She insisted that the Duchess Anastasia of Russia was largely responsible for the war. "Why?" I asked. "Avarée! on a besoin d'argent anglais." Italy, she thought, might yield if she could get the coast of Dalmatia. Francis Joseph would never yield Trieste!

One of the cleverest and most patriotic women I knew in America was Miss Elizabeth Jordan of *Harper's*, so I gave the Baroness a card to her, feeling that Madame von Seidlitz's movements could always be traced. When we went into the war, the Baroness was unfortunately in New York and her life was made a burden by super-patriots of the hysterical kind. She might just as well have been left alone, and the energy used in tracking this disciple of the Purple Mother more efficiently employed in circumventing really competent spies, who had the good fortune to be ignored. Every precaution was taken to follow her movements—she was living quietly at a hotel in New York and finally I was informed that she was one of "the dark forces" and had been forced into jail by the same patriotic groups who had received her with open arms simply because she had a title!

She possessed a fund of information which might easily have been used to our advantage, if this hysteria had not become so prevalent. Miss Jordan, as I knew, was too keen and really patriotic not to understand the facts in the case.

## § 7

We needed accommodations for our large corps of men and it was difficult to make the Department of State understand our requirements. The housing shortage in Copenhagen was a burning question. I should have been happy if I had been able to rent the Palace of the Counts Daneskjold-Samsøe which was almost immediately opposite our Legation. I had proposed this, at the first growling of the storm. The present Count would have made it very easy; he was courteous and more than reasonable in his terms. We needed more room; and if I had been able to rent part of this palace I should have been able to house at a very moderate cost the young men whom I knew we would need when we entered the war. There would have been a room for everybody, for the old Count Daneskjold, who had built the palace, had made it large enough for all his family and its ramifications. The difficulty lay not with the terms that the present Count offered, which were most generous, but with the coal bill which would have wiped out the whole contingent fund, and a thousand or two of my own money—for the price of coal was becoming almost prohibitive. Count Raben-Levetzau would have allowed us to rent his palace at a moderate rate, but it was not adapted for the wear and tear of a great number of clerks and attachés.

There was a German citizen living on the top floor of 12 Amaliegade, our Legation; he seemed to be a gentlemanly person, but it was rather awkward to have a tenant of his nationality in the same building as ourselves. I wrested permission from the landlord that no flag except ours should be displayed from the windows of the house.

There were also two minor difficulties resulting from the fact that we had no Legation of our own. I had had some hope before the war that the Government would buy, at a low rate then, a large lot in which a fine garden might be made for the home of the American Ministers in Denmark. Plans were made and duly considered in Washington. The war, however, ended these attempts.

If the members of Congress could be made to consider how dangerous and how undignified the position of Ambassadors and Ministers of the United States is, in spite of the fiction of extra-territorialism as long as they pay their rent regularly, they might take a more righteous and a broader view of the situation. If the rivers and harbours bills could be allowed to slumber for a session or two, there would be no need for the practice of mean economy in regard to our envoys abroad.

The Danes are very conservative; the Court and the members of society in which we lived were not at all pleased when it was suggested that we should move. My wife was greatly complimented when one of the ladies-in-waiting to Queen Louise called to say that if we left the house in which they were accustomed to find us, it would create a blank! I recall that she looked around the drawing-room with great pleasure and said, "I hope never to see all this changed!"

The year 1917 passed. There were moments before the month of April when we were almost sure that Germany was to govern the destinies of the world. France was almost exhausted and England fighting against desperate odds. When our country went in, hope rose anew.

Towards the end of 1917, mere diplomacy ceased to be so necessary. It was a question of the technical management of the Legation, and the Government had supplied us with a staff of excellent men.

Mr. Erwin Thompson arrived in time to do a most difficult work in a manner which was admirable—beyond praise. Mr. Cleveland Perkins fortunately remained—against his will, it is true, for he wanted to go to the front—but our Government would not permit the important work of embassies and legations to be impeded by the desires of the individual patriot. It insisted on team work and our young men reluctantly accepted the situation. It seems to me rather unjust that men like Cleveland Perkins and Lithgow Osborne and a dozen others who did a kind of work that required unique training and great self-sacrifice should not be awarded medals of merit!

Toward the end of 1917, the three countries of Scandinavia

seemed to be safely neutral. The ultra-Socialists in Denmark—who were so international that they would have surrendered themselves to Germany without many qualms—were now in the minority. Mr. Stauning, a member of the Cabinet without portfolio, was caused, through the agency of Erik Scavenius's good sense and tact, to retract his criticisms of President Wilson as a tool of capitalism in a way that closed the incident.

## § 8

It seemed to me that it was time for me to go to Washington to give my impression of affairs and to ask for further instructions. The question was how to get away. My doctor refused to permit me to go by railway to Christiania. The trains were uncertain, the stops many, and there was no fire in the cars. Travelling to Christiania, the principal surgeons said, would be death to a convalescent. I determined, nevertheless, to go; life had become less valuable. The normal way was by the American-Scandinavian line; but as the boats on this line were obliged to pass through international waters, Americans were not permitted to sail on them. Besides, a steamer with a belligerent on board might be torpedoed. We were all amused by Ambassador Gerard's reason for going home by way of Spain. If he were torpedoed, he said, he preferred to take his chances in warm water!

M. Aguerra, the Spanish Minister, was kind enough to assure me, on the part of my German colleague, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, that I should be allowed to pass unmolested. This courtesy from the German Government, I could not, under the circumstances, accept. My colleagues, the Ministers of the Allies, knowing my condition, advised me to drop my objections; I could not see my way clear to do this. Then I received notice from His Majesty the King of Denmark that he had arranged the matter for me, and that I was to ask no questions.

Even though one had to work and to worry, it was worth while being a semi-invalid!

Everybody came to see me, and the Princesses Thyra and



Dagmar and Margaret and Countess Lillie Raben and Madame Irgens gave me tea every afternoon, in rotation.

My wife could never speak of the day of our sailing without tears of gratitude and affection. Of course, I expected to go back to Denmark and I was amazed when a great crowd came to see us off. There were representatives from every class, and when we saw all these kind people, who seemed really to regret our leaving, we felt that nothing but a sense of duty could have made us go.

We reached Washington in January, 1918—and a changed city it was. Nothing was left of the old Southern atmosphere; the inhabitants seemed chiefly to consist of young girls, and men of all ages in khaki. The clubs were filled with strangers. The Army and Navy Club was almost normal, but at the Metropolitan, the Cosmos and the University were crowds of men who seemed to be entirely alien to the traditions of these assemblies.

Everybody seemed to be at work; at least, there was much talk of work. The old leisure had disappeared and one thing struck me—the lack of the utterance of individual opinion. Everybody seemed to believe that he must examine the statements of the newspapers before he could express himself on any subject. There was everywhere an amazing ignorance of the real conditions in Europe.

I remained in the service by President Wilson's request until June, 1918. Both he and Mr. Lansing permitted me to resign in that month, and each of them gave to the newspapers most unusual testimonials of their confidence which, I must say, I had done my best to deserve—*my* best, I say, because I am quite sure there were hundreds of men who would have been worthy of the most precious praise I have ever received—from the President, and a Secretary of State, for whom I have the highest respect.

The President sent for me, and I made a long visit. We sat by the fire and I enjoyed again the conversation of a man who, in private life, was full of wit and sympathy, and delightfully amusing in his observations on life in general. Those who say that he was as stiff and unbending as steel, that he had

an overweening confidence in his own opinion, do him injustice. He has always seemed to me to be so simple that his very simplicity deceives people as to his character. It would be unfair to repeat his conversation. It was illuminating as regards the main issues of the war. As to details—details which have concerned most men in his position—he seemed not to regard them at all. I told him (this was in January, 1918) that the European and Eastern worlds looked on him as their saviour; they believed that his utterances and his idealism had deserved this. He was silent. "It is a great burden," he said, "for a modest and ordinary man."

Washington of all places is the home of what the French call *potinage*. Gossip reaches the nth power. There are true stories which are sometimes circulated to the credit of the great. There happened to be an old German florist in Georgetown; at least his shop was in that suburb of Washington. But his seed-farm was in Virginia. He had lived almost fifty years as a good, naturalised citizen in Georgetown, respected by his neighbours. President Wilson during his drives had come to know him—the President having an interest in the German love for flowers and plants. The time came when all Germans were obliged to leave the District of Columbia. It was in vain that his neighbours tried to induce the old man to appeal to the President. And yet the prospect of knowing that his shop must be abandoned was very dismal to him. It had become essential to his life. "No," he said, "the President is too busy to bother about a small case like mine. It would be unkind to trouble him." One day, driving out, the President saw the old man and beckoned to him. He was, of course, ignorant of his plight. The man seemed so downcast that the President asked the reason, and the truth came out. The President said nothing, but put on his best North-of-Ireland-Presbyterian look. Early the next day the proper documents arrived, signed by Mr. Wilson himself, making it possible for the old florist to follow his business as he had always done.

We had bad times during the summer of 1918. The news from the battlefields was anything but reassuring; I had cer-

tain private sources of information which had never failed me; and I was informed on this high authority from Europe that the Allied line was impregnable and, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, I held to this opinion.

There was much to be done in Washington; I found myself consulted by the Secret Service, and I must say that I think that I was able to save some very harmless people—harmless people are not always discreet—from getting into rather unpleasant positions. I felt it my duty, too, to explain the position of the Scandinavian countries; they were all much maligned; even Norway did not escape entirely, and Sweden had become, in the eyes of the American people, an enemy. This was unjust.

When I saw President Wilson, his main fear seemed to be that the peoples of the world would find no way of enduring the great burden of taxation imposed on them by the war. I think that he even somewhat doubted the capacity of his fellow-countrymen for accepting a situation which demanded great self-sacrifice, patience, and the cultivation of an abnormal power of reconstruction.

Our return home was marred by the loss of so many friends during our absence. My wife's mother had died during Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Copenhagen; my daughter and I concealed the truth from her until after the guests had departed. The sympathy of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, when they discovered that such a cloud of sorrow had fallen on my wife, was shown in the most delicate way.

Bishop Spalding was gone; Mr. and Mrs. Gilder were sadly missed by the many who loved them; a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland) still remained. My mother had always been a devout admirer of hers, although I think she gave her novels a second place as compared with the inimitable cookbook which was a bright particular star in our household. As soon as I was able to plan any gaiety, after my illness, I proposed to give Mrs. Terhune a lunch in memory of one we had had at the French restaurant in Chicago, at midnight on one Saturday when she, I think, was at least seventy years of age, and I was somewhat younger. She had

reached Chicago by a late train and Hamilton Mabie, who had to leave her to go East, asked me to take good care of her. It seemed to me that my first duty was to give her a supper. As there was no chaperon to be hired in Chicago at that hour, I drove her to De Jonghs' and chose a *menu* and a half bottle of Sauterne! I offered her the famous snails of the place, but she refused. Nothing could be more delightful than to order a perfect supper for a lady whom my mother had revered as a supreme arbitress of the cuisine! Several times she said, "If my dear husband could see me now!" and we were very gay! I could not think that Mr. Hamilton Mabie anticipated a party like this; but it pleased Mrs. Terhune nevertheless, and she never forgot it. A second luncheon at Sherry's never came off, as I was obliged to leave for a long journey in the West. She said that she did not believe that I had ever read one of her novels—whereupon I proved that I knew *Mossy Woodland* (I did not tell her that I had heard my mother read it aloud), by describing the toilette of the young lady who was burned to death while sitting in a box on the night of the destruction of the Richmond Theatre. It was a triumph for me, and why I remembered that incident I never could tell, except that to my youthful mind the burning of anybody at the theatre seemed a strange paradox—for theatres in my childish mind were synonymous with the joy of life. I once wrote to Mrs. Terhune that I would quote a letter of hers in my *Recollections*. As she made no objection, I copy her letter here:

311 West 95th Street,  
New York, May 13, 1919.

DEAR MR. EGAN:

By one of the so-called "coincidences" that now and then brighten the sage colour of daily living your delightful note came to me on the morning after my granddaughter had enlivened a rainy evening by reading aloud to me your Roosevelt article in the last *Atlantic*.

Your morning message was almost like a postscript to the brilliant reminiscence. You say that you expect to be back in our region this week and promise to call upon one whom you honour by calling her one of your "oldest friends." Please advise me by telephone on what day and hour I may expect you. What we will do next depends



upon your engagements. "Sherry's" sounds almost as inviting as did "Rector's" in the all-too-long ago. As to the cabaret, I am more than a score of years older than when we made merry together over our midnight supper and my children fear damp night air for me although my "constitutional" is a mile on sunny days. I hope that pleasure is not contingent upon the cabaret? More of this when we meet.

I am glad you met my son. Our birthdays were the same and we have been twin-spirits all his life. It was his girl—my only granddaughter although I have five splendid grandsons—who read the *Atlantic* paper to me. She is in college and twenty years old—a fine creature who means much in my life. When I think of my children and grandchildren, I echo the fervent thanksgiving of the Psalmist—"My cup runneth over."

Faithfully and expectantly yours,

M. V. TERHUNE.

Washington would hardly be Washington without its dinner parties. Even during the war, the dinner, somewhat shorn of its splendour, went on but it cannot be said that the opulent givers of dinners neglected their duties as patriots. The generosity of the American people seemed unbounded and it was limited to no class. Mrs. Dimmick gave the largest dinner parties, and her benefactions to the soldiers were almost unlimited.

It was interesting to note that serious books had become fashionable. It was natural enough that everybody should want to read war books, like Gerard's or Hugh Gibson's, but Sir Maurice Low's *Psychology of the American People* took a new lease of life among foreigners. The Japanese especially seemed to consider it one of the greatest books ever produced by an American. It was a great pleasure to discover that this book, written by one of the most thoughtful of the Anglo-American publicists, should be so creditably revived.

Ambassador Harvey—then plain Mr. Harvey—and Dr. David Jayne Hill and his amiable wife were very much in evidence in society. There were no gaieties at the White House. The Allies considered it indecent to give dances or to keep up their usual manifestations of joy at the mere fact of living among Americans. Mrs. George Vanderbilt took

her place as a hostess who knew thoroughly the proprieties of the moment. The British Minister, Cecil Spring-Rice, was beginning to be depressed and ill. The French Embassy was easily the most popular of all the diplomatic houses; and Madame Jusserand, who felt terribly the anxieties of the moment, never lost her graciousness or ceased to dispense reasonable hospitality.

When the false dawn of the armistice came, followed quickly by the real dawn, there was great joy. There were critics who insisted that the President and Marshal Foch should have driven the Germans back to Berlin and taken possession of the German capital. Others said that the Germans were so well intrenched that such a proceeding, though it might make them understand they were thoroughly conquered, would mean a tremendous loss of life to the Allied armies.

The announcement that the President was to go over to be at the Versailles conference created widespread amazement. The first intimation came from the office of the *New York Sun*, but was not generally believed.

When President Wilson started, the people of Europe and of the lands to the east of it held him to be only a little less than the redeemer of the world. There was no nation without great expectations. We know that the Italian soldiers put up his photograph in their barracks and burned candles before it; in Scandinavia he was the idol of the people.

It was believed that President Wilson was the only man in the world, backed by the idealism of the American people, who would give them relief. In this feeling the people of the Balkans joined. I regret very much that the volume of the Consul-General at Bulgaria, Mr. D. I. Murphy, on the Balkan question has not yet been published. He had written this record, but he refrained from publishing it, out of regard for diplomatic etiquette. Mr. Einstein would, I think, corroborate the opinion of Lady Paget and Mr. Vopika, that the future of the Balkans depended on us.

There was great rejoicing in Denmark when President Wilson made his first voyage. It was well understood throughout that country that he knew the hopes of the Danes in regard

to Slesvig, and they felt that he was the one powerful man in the world in sympathy with their aspirations, that is, the one foreigner in the world. The Danes knew that a German victory or even a German half-victory meant that their country should become a northern province of Imperial Germany. Their diplomatists had made various attempts to have Slesvig restored to Denmark. Holstein, seized by Prussia and Austria in 1864, with Slesvig, had been given up by the Danes. They neither expected nor wanted its return. Its complexion and laws were essentially German and, even when under the dominion of Denmark, it had not been greatly touched by Danish influences.

If Alsace and Lorraine were as deeply burned into the hearts of the French as Calais was into the heart of Mary Tudor, Slesvig seemed to be the very core of Danish hearts; and the German governors of this Danish province had never made any attempt to conceal their pretensions as conquerors. When the Peace Conference opened under the Presidency of Mr. Wilson—for all Europeans regarded him as a sovereign with the rights of a sovereign—the Danes believed that their hopes were to be at last fulfilled. They were not to be a dismembered nation, and the fear of Germany which had oppressed them as deeply as the fear of Russia had impressed the Swedes was to be dissipated. At last they were to have a place in the sun. They were no longer to be in the position of a man whose right arm had been amputated and continued to bleed.

The Versailles Conference to a certain extent justified the expectation of the Danes; but not the expectations of all of them. While the return of part of Slesvig was a cause for rejoicing, they felt that too great a concession had been made to Germany in not returning all.

It was felt too, in Scandinavia, that the Kiel Canal, which owed its existence to the spoliation of Denmark in 1864, ought to have been de-Germanised and made, with the Dardanelles, international.

On the whole, the Danes were less dissatisfied than most other peoples with the decisions of the Peace Conference. Many of them seemed to be of the opinion that the League

of Nations would have served to protect them from the future aggressions of Germany, and others feared that the denial to Germany of expansion through her colonies would lead her eventually to concentrate on Russia and Denmark. It must be admitted, however, that the Danes are only beginning to be politically educated. They have suffered much; they have endured much because they had been betrayed by nearly every great power in turn—if England and France had perceived the danger of permitting Prussia to seize Slesvig-Holstein in 1864, the war in 1870 would never have taken place; and the war of 1914 would have been impossible. Still, now that the Germans are down, the hatred on the part of the Danes has disappeared.

To the impartial observer the situation of Sweden was in no way helped by the Peace Conference. On the collapse of Russia the Swedes breathed more freely, and while what appeared to them the restraining hand of Germany had been removed, Russia would be so occupied with internal difficulties as to be much less dangerous than formerly; but suddenly it was realised that the Bolshevik propaganda was working marvels in Sweden and that the intention of the Bolsheviks was to make Sweden their own. They believed that they had captured Italy, and were sure of Sweden and Finland. Moreover, their army, recruited as to its officers from those whose military career had ceased with the fall of the Czar, was not to be despised, and those among the Swedes who did not believe that the moral force of the League of Nations alone would prevent aggressions felt that the Peace Conference had done very little to improve the situation.

The King of Sweden, although he was not for the Allies during the war, is a wise man and he was less pro-German than he was anti-Russian.

There always seemed to me something humorous in the attitude of Norway. The Norwegians had no illusions as to the result of the conference at Paris and Versailles. They felt that they were eminently able to take care of themselves in any event, and though King Haakon's attitude during the



war offended the Germans, his people appeared to think that he might have gone even further. Their neutrality was not even skin deep, and it did seem a pity that a nation which was almost to a man anti-Prussian in spirit, should suffer so greatly from the drastic conditions forced by the Allies on all neutral nations.

The result of the war was that the three Scandinavian countries, hitherto widely apart in political opinion and in temperament, were forced to make a moral alliance—much to the satisfaction of every believer in their value to the progress of the world. In my opinion, there are no greater lovers of reasonable liberty to-day than these three nations. The Danes have emancipated themselves from the wretched old tradition of absolutism in religion; the Swedes have not done this yet, but it will come. As for the Norwegians, only their common sense and their regard for justice prevent them from going to any extreme in their love for liberty.

Georg Brandes, the first of the Danish intellectuals, holds that only a tremendous financial crisis could bring the United States and Europe to their senses. He is more pessimistic than I am, as he believes there is really no Scandinavia since the three countries of Scandinavia are entirely disunited. This is apparently true, but my continued study of Scandinavian conditions and my previous experience teach me to believe that without a political alliance the three countries will come together eventually and become practically one nation.

There seems to be some hope of a Scandinavian Confederacy in the future. The Scandinavians unhappily do not know their own power; they are all lacking in a broad political international point of view. In Denmark, the study of politics has become more serious especially since the age of the voter has been lowered and the women are seriously studying foreign conditions which affect the future of their country. The dream of King George of Greece, that clever Dane whose ideas, if put in practice, would have saved Greece of a great Near Eastern Confederacy, is not likely to be fulfilled. It might have been in his time, if it were not, to use his own

words, for the futile jealousy of the great powers. But when Scandinavia is thoroughly awakened she will show that she is capable of great things in the political world.

In Denmark, at the present moment, there is a warmer feeling for Germany. There are Danes, of course, who fear that her military power may become more potent as the years go by, as she applies the stern lessons she learned and adds to them a determination to be revenged on France. The intellectuals in Denmark hold that Germany has been much mistreated and that the Allies, in traitorously rejecting President Wilson's fourteen points, deserve neither sympathy nor even ordinary respect. As to the United States, her political attitude is looked on as that of a nation which has not yet learned the first rudiments of international wisdom and her ignorance alone is her excuse for standing aloof in the great crisis of the time.

The Danes have no reason to love Russia under its present government and Denmark was one of the first of the nations to insult the Bolsheviks; but trade relations have been begun with the Soviets and no one can predict how far-reaching an effect these may have, as the main question of the world to-day is that of commercial expediency. Italy is no longer anti-German; England is showing a spirit of tender forgiveness and the partners in the European quadrille are rapidly changing.

Some of the astute Danes are amused at the attempts of Great Britain, or at least a certain group in Great Britain, to make a formal alliance with the United States. This is, as a Danish politician recently wrote to me, "as impossible as that other English dream that there can be a union of the Lutheran church and the Anglican." Conditions in the United States are more carefully studied in Denmark than formerly—for the war taught the Danes that our nation is most important to them morally and economically. I quite agree with my Danish friends; while any cause for strife between Great Britain and the United States would be a misfortune, the people of the United States will never consent to a formal alliance. In the first place, the boasted bond of Anglo-Saxonism is the

slogan of a comparatively small number of persons; in the second place, the opinions of our captains of industry, when they return from England, are always discounted by the multitude. They have no weight whatever among the voters and the English speakers who come over in no way affect genuine public opinion. Lady Astor, for instance, had a good press; the people at large regarded her as a very interesting personage but as an expatriate who had no right whatever to offer opinions on American affairs. Still, they were as polite to her as they were to Mrs. Asquith—and the opinions of both ladies were looked on as amusing and stimulating but not to be taken seriously.

## § 9

An absence from one's own country for almost eleven years makes one timid about forming conclusions—for one's old premises have disappeared. All my visits to the United States had been under definite instructions; I had had no time to examine conditions leisurely and little opportunity to meet again those groups of gentlemen on whose impressions I relied. For a time I was extremely busy.

Under President Taft and with his permission, I had been sent through the South to lecture on co-operation in Denmark and on the Danish dairying processes, mainly to show that the over-cultivation of cotton was a mistake and that dairying might be substituted to an extent for this staple product of the South. And I have pleasant memories of my reception on this trip, and of the kindness shown by the Southern people to the representative of a Republican government, whose only claims to attention were a certain knowledge gained by observation, and a determination to help extirpate the boll weevil if possible!

Returning, I had everything to learn. The war had had a marked effect on arts, letters and the theatre and the point of view of the American people towards the social problems much discussed in 1906 had become entirely different. Mr. Roosevelt was still a great power; the effect of his Presiden-

tial career had moulded the characters of many Americans, especially among the young. He was one of the first persons I met in New York after my interview with President Wilson.

I lunched with him one day at the Harvard Club, when the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* came to salute him in the drawing-room of that club and to sing *Madelon*. It was one of the pleasanter hours of my life. I was very much amused when Mr. Roosevelt, in the middle of a very hearty luncheon, remembered that he must "diet" and drank two glasses of milk. He rejoiced openly in a good supply of sausages and mashed potatoes. It was Mr. Herman Hagedorn, I think, who said that sausages were the highest form of German art. This was by way of excusing Mr. Roosevelt's devotion to them.

It was evident that he intended to accept another nomination. He was in good spirits, not at all critical of what had been done, delighted beyond words by the patriotism of our soldiers and full of plans for reconstruction. He had had many testimonials of the confidence of the American people.

I returned to Washington, and then went to New York on his invitation. He wrote to me that he would not go to Oyster Bay for Christmas and that if I were well enough I must give him several hours of conversation. Nothing would have pleased me better. He changed his plans at the last moment and went to Oyster Bay for the Christmas holidays and died there. I sincerely trust not all his friends suffer the enduring pain and sorrow which I feel since his death.

One of my most interesting recent experiences was my visit to the White House at the invitation of President Harding. Great changes had taken place, but I was delighted to see that that most tactful, sympathetic and well-bred of all secretaries, Mr. Rudolph Forster, was still in evidence. The welcome of the doorkeeper and the various attendants made me feel at home; but I was not quite at ease until I saw Mr. Forster at his desk. It recalled the old days when the great Loeb was in command, radiant and irradiating, with the charm but none of the formality of a wise Court Chamberlain. Mr. Christian was most courteous, but I must say I missed something of the old formality. There were Congressmen with their hats on



in the room and other strange creatures, evidently bent on seeing "how Warren was running the country." I expected to find an amiable gentleman, much oppressed by the cares of office and eager to pass each visitor into the oblivion he deserved for taking even a minute of a President's time. But I found the President with all the urbanity of Mr. McKinley, and with a directness which Mr. McKinley perhaps lacked. I told him at once I had not come to ask for a diplomatic post and that I knew that he understood this from the notes I had written to him. "And besides, Mr. President," I said, "I have no political claims on you. During the campaign, I refused several times to join committees which would have meant a protest against the policies of President Wilson because President Wilson had put me under such a great obligation in enabling me to assist in the purchase of the Danish West Indies that no power on earth could have induced me to give him the slightest pain. Not that I felt myself important enough for that, yet that was my feeling."

The President smiled and put his hand on my shoulder, "That is what was to be expected of you; it was a most gentlemanly thing to do and I respect you very much for your attitude."

I left him in a most agreeable frame of mind, but I was rather disconcerted as I passed through the crowd to hear an ancient gentleman say, "I wouldn't be surprised if that wasn't old Colonel Higgins of Cleveland, the old man with the whiskers, hunting for a job as usual!"

The watchdogs from Ohio were very numerous and they kept their eyes closely on the President!

Proverbs are, as a rule, as misleading as statistics; but there are really no friends like old friends, and therefore when Prince and Princess Lubomirski came to Washington not long after we had arrived, it gave a new glow to life. Prince Casimir Lubomirski had visited us in Washington when he was a young man, before his marriage, and we had made him acquainted with a group of interesting people whom, during many years, he never forgot. As soon as he arrived in New York in 1919 he asked after Mr. Walter George Smith of

Torresdale, Pennsylvania, at whose house he had dined several times, and he pulled out his notebook and marked the names of the persons to whom my wife and I had presented him at least twenty years before!

Prince Casimir and the Princess had their own difficulties in Washington; but none made by themselves. Poland was unpopular; there was a strong propaganda against that country and against the Prince. It must be said that his government behaved financially as stupidly as any government could behave; but its members retrieved themselves; and in the financial manipulations on this side of the water, a more strictly honest and honourable man than Prince Lubomirski might have been unpleasantly involved.

The United States Government is like all other governments, not at all sympathetic with a Minister who does not fall entirely in with its policy. Prince Lubomirski was the last man in the world to do anything for the mere pleasure of holding his job. He did not approve of the financial policy undertaken at a distance by certain ill-advised representatives of his government—and he showed it.

At first, in spite of the great social position in Europe of his family and that of his wife, Washington society, permeated by this propaganda, was inclined to be critical; but after all, even under artificial social conditions, honour and charm and good breeding and kindness count, and before they left, the Lubomirskis were among the most popular people socially in Washington. And it was a pleasure to know that the officials of the State Department paid high compliments to the patriotism and the courage of Prince Casimir and his determination not to be swerved from his ideals of honour.

A most amusing acquaintance of mine in Washington was the late Senator Penrose, who, like "Antonio" in *The Merchant of Venice*, took the world but as the world. He was always glad to see me, and I had sufficient good taste to like him very much. What might have seemed cynicism in another man was simply tolerant good humour in him. He sometimes gave a false impression of himself, especially when he told you of his manipulations as the practical politician. He was very

kind to his friends, as loyal as any man could be, with a sardonic humour which was most appealing. I remember his horror, after a candidate, whom he had recommended for some minor office, was approved of by President Roosevelt, and a fellow Pennsylvanian said, "The President ought to see him." "Never!" exclaimed Penrose. "If the President sees him, he'll lose his job!"

In my opinion, he was no more responsible personally for the attitude he took toward practical politics than Machiavelli was for the opinions expressed in *The Prince*. As a boy at Long Branch, New Jersey, he was the pleasantest of companions and a kinder-hearted, jollier boy never existed. Democratic as he appeared to be, he still had many of those prejudices which lead people to believe that the ancient Philadelphian is aristocratic. "Not at all," Senator Penrose said. "We older people are neither aristocratic nor exclusive. If we limit the Assembly to our own friends and their children and grandchildren, with whom we were brought up, it is because there is not much room in the foyer of the Academy of Music." One had to know Senator Penrose to discover him; and if his biographer shall be a man without a keen sense of humour and without a knowledge of those compromises without which political parties could not exist, we shall have a false picture of one who was without the slightest tinge of hypocrisy.

During my *congés* at home, I had formed the opinion that the whisky habit was growing in the United States. I was in Washington and in New York during one Christmas week and it seemed to me from the appearance of the streets that my people were as drunken as most of the inhabitants of Belfast.

It was only reasonable to expect that something would be done to abolish the saloon and to make the drinking of whisky less common. But it never occurred to me that our people would consent to such an unscientific remedy as that of prohibition. It was plain that something must be done to save the youth of the country and to stop the habit of drinking which was making thousands of families miserable. After

all, I had learned in Europe one lesson—that laws were not passed thoughtlessly, carelessly, for merely partisan and fanatical motives, and without the advice of scientific experts.

It became plain to me that the non-Conformist element which rules our country was stronger than ever. It was made up of well-meaning but semi-educated persons, whose principles and prejudices were inextricably mixed; who had not learned that a straight line in the practical affairs of life is not always the most effective means of reaching good ends. Puritans are always devoted to geometry, and they seem to have no knowledge of the cultural arts or of those many complications that make up humanity. This question of drink was to the mind of a man, who was a newcomer in his own country, the main problem after the successful conclusion of the war that we had to meet. Coupled with this was the decay of a belief in and knowledge of those liberal principles of democracy which the fathers of our country had taught and practised. In fact, partisanship and fanaticism seemed to have taken the place of those principles which made American ideas both sympathetic and workable.

I discovered that the United States was, from the European point of view, regarded as the least free nation in the sphere of Western civilisation. It was very hard to meet the arguments of my European friends, who had at least not lost the habit of thinking for themselves, against the practical disfranchisement of the coloured people in the South. I might say what I chose as to the expediency of this disfranchisement; but it was ineffectual, and later our favourite word, "self-determination," was constantly thrown into my teeth. I soon dropped the use of the phrase, "making the world safe for democracy." Some talks with Dr. Booker Washington, who was inclined to be optimistic and uncritical, had led me to feel that on certain questions silence was much better than speech.

The quality of our legislators seemed to have deteriorated greatly. One had only to go into the Senate or the House and to compare the speeches of Senators and Representatives with what one had heard in the seventies and eighties to feel



strongly that there was something radically wrong with the American people if these men were their voluntarily chosen delegates. A recent visit to Milwaukee and an examination of the mental attitude of Wisconsin legislators, as expressed in their speeches, has corroborated this impression. If you want to believe that democracy is safe in the hands of Wisconsin legislators, just drop into Madison and look them over!

In art, especially in the arts of painting and sculpture, a great improvement was apparent, and while the very rich buyers of pictures seemed determined to confine themselves to the old and acknowledged masters, it was evident that Americans in general were buying better pictures than formerly. It seemed as if the Metropolitan Museum was fast absorbing everything that was worth while in Europe. The list of our great painters, beginning with names like that of Inness and Homer Martin and Douglas Volk and Ernest Ipsen, in portraiture, had extended greatly and though the war had lessened production to a certain extent, it had not affected high quality.

It was amazing to see how musical taste had improved. New York is hardly a criterion since the fine appreciation of music and its patronage is largely due there to the infiltration of foreign lovers of music; and there can be no excuse now for the old neglect of the opera as a fixed institution, when we have the Metropolitan which, largely owing to the poverty of other nations, has become the operatic centre of the world.

In the West, a critical appreciation of good music has become the rule. Music is no longer an exotic—even in the smaller towns—and this is, in a measure, due to the music lovers in Cincinnati, and in Pennsylvania to the Bach festivals.

Two of the first invitations my wife and I received were to go to Bethlehem for the annual Bach celebration—and one from a gentleman, too, who ten years before had no doubt thought that Tannhäuser was the name of a new brand of lager beer!

Fortunately, during the war our books of fiction had not been permeated by qualities which made some of the representative fiction writers of English obnoxious to every clean-

minded person. The Japanese amateur of English literature who once said, speaking of the kind of books printed before the war in England, that "a people represented by such novels ought to be conquered and reformed" was almost right. It would be unfair to the mass of English people to believe that *The Pretty Lady* of Arnold Bennett and even *The Devil's Garden* by that most skilled of all English novelists, Maxwell, really represented the ethics of the English nation.

Unhappily, since the war, American novels have become what the pre-war English novel was. It is the fashion to blame the indecency of the novelists, their perversions and their tendency to be Zolaesque without the talent of Zola, on the war. The war, in fact, is blamed for almost everything that is obnoxious to good morals or good taste. In truth, war does not make a great change in the morality of people; it probably makes the bad worse and the good better.

It had seemed as if nothing under heaven could awaken the American people from their insularity. The war did not do it, but the attempts at reconstruction have begun to do it. Europe and America are slowly discovering each other.

In Europe, James Huneker was looked on as among the first of American critics, and his opinion of the theatrical side of the opera was highly regarded. American actors and playwrights received no attention, and even in the French newspapers one looked in vain for opinions, typical or otherwise, on the condition of American art. In music one heard the productions of Nevins and MacDowell occasionally. My wife was very much applauded in Copenhagen for giving several concerts on Sunday afternoons made up of American musical compositions—principally those of Nevins. The Danes, who took their opinions of literature very largely from the French, read few American books—Jack London and Norris having the preference. Mr. Hegel—of the Gyldendahl firm, has changed this condition somewhat. But as to the art of our actors or the management of our theatres, Dresden seemed to be as indifferent as Paris, and Paris as indifferent as Stockholm.

It was a delightful surprise for me, then, to discover that

in the United States we had the best character actors in the world. I have not as yet seen any great American actor; but for stage management in the best of our theatres, for the selection of types, for the fine art of acting what is called character parts, there are no better players in the world to-day, not excepting even those of the Comédie Française or of the Moscow Art Theatre, than the American.

The English, of course, will always object to our accent, but they accept with great ease a French or Hungarian accent, and Modjeska never suffered in their eyes nor did Ristori for her touch of foreignness. It may be said that these were truly great actors and that they were a law unto themselves. But after all, the foreign opinion of our stage is not really important to us. It is sufficient for us to know that we have brought the art of acting to a high point of perfection. It may be said that the theatre, under present management which is largely commercial, is not really friendly to the highest art. But I am not speaking of the highest art; but only of a very fine art exerted in what may be called minor parts. For example, whatever may be said about the merits of the play itself, an experienced theatre-goer can conceive of no better acting than that in *Rain* produced last year; and what can be said except in praise of the production of *The Rivals*, with Francis Wilson in the part of "Bob Acres"? Or, still without discussing the ethics of the play, of John Drew in *The Circle*?

Of course, the American stage management shows signs of crudity at times. An example is in the number of pauses permitted between the episodes in Jane Cowl's performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, and still worse in the appearance of the actors to receive applause at the end of these episodes! At the Royal Opera in Copenhagen, no artist was permitted to come before the curtain, except when he happened to be a foreigner, and then he was allowed one recall at the end of the play.

We have much to learn from really artistic nations. In that very good example of a contrast between an Italian and a Puritan atmosphere, *Mr. Antonio*, the whole effect of Mr. Skinner's character acting, I think, was spoiled by the appearance of the unhappy orphan, who had lived among her

unkind relations for at least sixteen years with all her luggage—she was about to elope with Mr. Antonio—in the form of a flat paper parcel which looked as if it weighed about two ounces! Greater attention to detail on the part of the public would soon force stage managers to more careful regard for those trifles which must be considered in order to obtain perfection.

Naturally, as one grows older, one never catches the fine careless rapture of one's first impressions of the theatre, and I have been asked which of all the plays I have seen in my later life amused me most. The theatre to me has not only been, and is, one of the most agreeable means by which the occasional burdens—of which life itself not illuminated by an interior faith is one—have been lightened. Good plays and good acting are among the gifts of God to the human race which needs all the distractions it can possibly find and all the legitimate interests which can occupy it. In answer to the question, I must say that Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* gave me the most pleasure. The delicacy of its touch, the satire of its humour, and the perfection of its technique gave me good reason for saying this. After the first performance in the United States, I went into the green room to congratulate Forbes Robertson on the perfection of his acting; and I'm afraid that I laughed too much over some of his delicate touches for he said gravely, "This play shows a side of Cæsar's character not presented in history." I answered, with a grin, "Suetonius certainly does not present it."

"No," he answered, still more gravely, "no historian has the penetration of Shaw."

I am not a Shavian; in fact, I consider much of Shaw's prose writing as beneath the contempt of any intelligent being and *The Devil's Disciple* one of the worst bits of modern melodrama, with ten or twelve good lines and an inimitable character, "General Burgoyne." But I do not think that any modern comedy has or will equal *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.



## § 10

It was borne in upon me that I should end this volume of recollections on a very personal note. I argued against it, because I think that the book itself has been so very personal; and its effect on me is to give me the impression—borrowed from an oft-repeated nightmare—that I am standing in the middle of a drawing-room in my shirt sleeves. At my age, however, I may be forgiven, not for moralising, but for expressing sincerely the results of the experience of a man rapidly nearing his seventy-second year.

In the first place, looking back—if I had my life to go over again, I should never worry about anything that might happen—during my long life the things that I worried about never happened, and the things to which I gave no unhappy thought always happened. I should like to say, too, for the benefit of the young, that when one is old, one regrets not the sins one has committed so much as the good deeds one might have performed. As a Christian, I trust that I can leave my sins to Christ, who is more merciful than man; but I can never forgive myself for not having been keener to discover means of helping others.

It may be considered sentimental to say or to repeat what is often said—that the only treasure for the old is the love of one's family and one's friends. I have been several times on the verge of death, but under the Providence of God I could not die because of the knowledge that my death would bring unhappiness to others.

And even since the one whose love and understanding were most constant has, after forty years of happiness on my part, passed away, I still feel that it is love which gives me the will to live and the will to live really means living. The son of an exile, an exile, who became thoroughly American, whose love for his native country always reminded me of Gilder's exquisite line,

"A pearly shell  
Which murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea,"

I have always believed and acted as if there were only one country in the world in which the principles of true freedom would come to the fullest fruition, and that is these United States.

War, I am told by high authorities, like scandals, will be always with us. From my experience and observation, I think that war ought to be—in a world that pretends to be Christian—impossible. As waged to-day it has no redeeming quality, and its results can be only evil. But whether there shall be new wars or not depends on the civilising of the human race. It ought to be remembered that the angels, announcing the coming of Christ, promised peace, not to all mankind, but to men of good will. Whether the unspeakable horrors of war shall be renewed or not depends entirely on the instruction and education of mankind, in which the least of us can take part.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

*A Biographical Note*

*by*

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Maurice Francis Egan was born May 24, 1852, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; he died in Brooklyn, New York, January 15, 1924. His father, Maurice Egan, came from Tipperary, Ireland; his mother was a Philadelphian. In 1880 he married Katharine Mullin, a Philadelphian. Mrs. Egan died in Brooklyn, January 27, 1921. Three children survived them: Gerald Maurice, who was in the Regular United States Army when the World War broke out and served with distinction at the front in France as a captain and brevet major; Patricia (Mrs. J. Elmer Murphy of Washington, D. C.) and Carmel (Mrs. G. A. O'Reilly of Brooklyn, N. Y.).

Mr. Egan was educated at Dr. Martin's Latin School; St. Philip's School, Philadelphia; and La Salle College (A.M. in 1875). Notre Dame gave him an A.M. in 1879; Georgetown University, LL.D. in 1889; Ottawa University J.U.D. on thesis; and Villa Nova, Ph.D. in 1907 for philosophical thesis. He took some language courses at the University of Pennsylvania, and a post-graduate course in philosophy at Georgetown. In 1878, after a brief essay at the study of the law and as a contributor to several Philadelphia publications, he went to New York and became sub-editor of *Magee's Weekly*, and then of the *Illustrated Catholic American* and associate editor of the *Catholic Review*. Thence he passed to the *Freeman's Journal* of which he was associate editor (1881-1887) and editor and part proprietor (1888). In the latter year he left New York and journalism to fill the chair of English Literature at Notre Dame, Indiana, remaining there until 1896



when he took the same position at the Catholic University of America. In 1907 he resigned this professorship on his appointment as Minister to Denmark by President Roosevelt. He was continued in this office by Presidents Taft and Wilson, resigning because of ill health in 1918. President Cleveland previously had offered him the mission to Greece, which he declined. Promotion to the ambassadorship at Vienna from Copenhagen was tendered by Presidents Taft and Wilson and also declined. The only other public office he ever held was as member of the Indian Commission (1906-1907). His tenure of office at Copenhagen, during the very trying era of the great European war, was most satisfactory to the State Department and enhancing to his personal prestige as a diplomat, especially, as towards the close, he had to undergo a major operation for a serious organic malady that for a time seemed surely fatal and a recurrence of which in 1924 ended his earthly career. The purchase of the Danish West Indies was successfully made through his efforts in 1917.

In 1919 King Christian of Denmark conferred on Mr. Egan the decoration of a commander of the Order of the Danebrog, and in 1923, the Medal of Merit, the first time it was given to an American. In 1912 Mr. Egan made a tour of the United States at the special request of the Southern Agricultural Congress to explain and popularise here Danish co-operative and intensive farming methods of which he had made a special study. In 1906 he was also decorated by the King of Belgium.

Mr. Egan told the story of his diplomatic experience in the volume *Ten Years Near the German Frontier* (Doran, 1919) which had an instantaneous and wide-spread popular success. When he returned home after an absence of eleven years abroad he found that most of his old social and literary intimates had passed away—great local changes and a new generation to whom he fancied he would not appeal and to whom he was comparatively unknown. To his great delight this soon was shown to be an error in the cordial reception of *Ten Years* and of the more intimately personal *Confessions of a Book-Lover* that followed it in 1922. Several lecture tours were also most successful, the great charm of

his magnetic, amiable character winning him a host of new friends and admirers wherever he appeared. This clientele was also largely increased by an astonishingly diversified volume of work, as essayist, poet, and interpretative critic, that he contributed to the *Bookman*, *Century*, *Scribner's*, *Yale Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Catholic World*, *America*, the *Ave Maria*, *Freeman*, *New York Times Literary Review*, *International Literary Review*, *North American Review*, *Collier's*, *Geographical Magazine*, and *World's Work*. He seemed to have begun a new, and even more brilliant, chapter of his literary career when he was fatally stricken in the late summer of 1923, just as he had finished the concluding pages of the present volume of memoirs. His published books were: *Preludes* (poems) (1879); *A Garden of Roses* (1885); *Stories of Duty* (1885); *Songs and Sonnets* (1885); *The Life Around Us* (1886); *The Theatre and Christian Parents* (1887); *Modern Novelists* (1888); *Lectures on English Literature* (1889); *The Disappearance of John Longworthy* (1890); *Songs and Sonnets and Other Poems* (1892); *A Gentleman* (1893); *A Marriage of Reason* (1893); *The Success of Patrick Desmond* (1894); *The Flower of the Flock*, and *The Badgers of Belmont* (1894); *The Vocation of Edward Conway* (1896); *Jack Chumleigh, a Story for Boys* (1897); *Jasper Thorn, a Story for Boys* (1897); *From the Land of St. Lawrence* (1898); *In a Brazilian Forest* (1898); *Introduction to Manzoni's Betrothed*, in "The World's Great Books" (1898); *Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School* (1899); *The Leopard of Lancianus and Other Tales* (1899); *Studies in Literature* (1900); *The Watson Girls* (1900); *An Introduction to English Literature* (1901); *Belinda, a Story for Girls* (1901); *Belinda's Cousins* (1903); *Notes to the Dream of Gerontius* (1903); *The Sexton Maginnis Stories* (1902-05); *St. Martin's Summer* (1905); *The Watsons of the Country* (1905); *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis* (1909); *Everybody's St. Francis*; *The Ivy Hedge* (1914); *Ten Years Near the German Frontier* (1919); *The Knights of Columbus in Peace and War* (1920); *Confessions of a Book-Lover* (1922); Translator (for Augustin Daly) of Coppée's *Pater*; *Sonnets of José de Heredia* (in

"World's Best Literature"); one of the Editors of the *World's Best Literature*, *Encyclopedia of Irish Literature*, etc.; *Knights of Columbus History Commission for Examining Sources of American History*; Lecturer, Johns Hopkins University on Percy Turnbull Foundation (1911); Harvard University 1914; President American Academy Arts and Letters in National Institute of Arts and Letters. Notre Dame University in 1911, awarded him the Lætare Medal for distinguished services as a Catholic.



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