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PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP FROM KHARTOUM TO LONDON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WRITTEN TO SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

SIXTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—
SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop



SOON after retiring from the Presidency in March, 1909, Colonel Roosevelt went to Africa on a hunting-trip. He had arranged before his departure for several formal addresses which he was to make in Germany, England, France, and Norway on his return. When he reached Khartoum in March, 1910, on his way home, he yielded to urgent appeals and made two addresses on Egyptian affairs, one at Khartoum and the other at Cairo, which aroused much controversy and led later to a speech on the same subject, also by urgent request, at the Guildhall in London. From Khartoum he went to Rome, Vienna, Budapest, Paris, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm, Berlin, and thence to London. At the close of his tour he paid a visit to his long-time correspondent and friend, Sir George Otto Trevelyan, at the latter's estate at Welcombe, Stratford-on-Avon. During the visit his narrative of his experiences in Egypt and Europe so strongly impressed Sir George that he urged him most earnestly to put it in writing. This Roosevelt did in the following year, in the form of a letter to Trevelyan, under date of October 1, 1911. This letter, about 25,000 words in length, is an intimate account of his experiences in Egypt and in the chief capitals of Europe, with frank and searching comments upon the characteristics and personalities of the kings, emperors, and other eminent personages with whom he came in contact. It is a "human document" of quite exceptional character. What Trevelyan thought of it was expressed in a letter that he wrote to Roosevelt, under date of October 21, 1911:

"I have now read aloud, in the course of several evenings, your account of your European and Egyptian travels to my wife. I shall give it to George and Charles to read, without letting it go from beneath my roof; and I have arranged with Charles that, (to employ the usual euphemism,) 'if anything happens to me' he is to write to you, and ask whether you would wish to have it back. It is a piece absolutely unique in literature. Kings and emperors are a class apart; and no one, so capable of describing his observations, ever had such an opportunity of observing them, since the Prince de Ligne lived with Frederic, Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa, and their humble royal contemporaries. But the Prince de Ligne, though a very great subject, was after all a subject, and your position was independent, and you were as strange to them as they to you, and you approached them with ideas and

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beliefs engendered in a very different atmosphere. I never read anything more novel and interesting."

The first half of Roosevelt's narrative is published herewith, and the remaining portion will follow in the March number of the MAGAZINE. In view of Roosevelt's remark in the opening paragraph of his letter, that it should not be made public "until long after all of us who are now alive are dead," the question of publication now was referred to Sir George, who replied: "I do not hesitate to say that it should be published and the sooner the better. The world would be much the richer for it. The times are such that the human interest and solid value of this wonderful paper would be very great indeed *now*."

In the second portion of the narrative there is a very interesting account of Roosevelt's visit to the Kaiser, describing the famous review of the German army which the Kaiser held in his honor, and giving a very striking analysis of the Kaiser's character as it appeared to Roosevelt at the time.

THE LETTER

SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY,
New York, October 1st, 1911.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan,
Bart.

DEAR SIR GEORGE:

Sixteen months have passed since that very enjoyable Sunday I passed at your house. In the evening I finally told you that I would try to write an account of the intimate side of my trip from Khartoum to London, and send it to you for the eyes only of you yourself and your family. I am not quite sure I ought to write it even to you! However, I shall, just for the satisfaction of telling you things most of which it would be obviously entirely out of the question to make public, at any rate until long after all of us who are now alive are dead. By that time in all probability this letter will have been destroyed; and in any event interest in what it relates will have ceased. Meanwhile, if you enjoy reading what I have set down, I shall be repaid; and moreover, I am really glad for my own sake to jot down some of the things that occurred, before they grow so dim in my mind that I can no longer enjoy the memories, and look back at some with laughter and at others with sober interest.

I journeyed down the Nile, passing through stratum after stratum of savagery and semi-civilization. At first I was among men who, in culture, were more like our own palæolithic forefathers than the latter were to us; and then up through level after level as we went steadily northward with the current of the great stream, each stage representing

some thousands of years of advance upon the preceding, until we came to fairly organized warlike heathens not essentially different from the African foes of the Egypt of the first twenty dynasties, and then to Moslems fundamentally kin to the savage Moslem conquerors of the seventh century of our own era. Then we steamed into Khartoum, and found the twentieth century superimposed upon the seventh, and on the whole with intelligence, ability and a very lofty sense of duty, endeavoring to raise the seventh century so as to bring it somewhere within touching distance of the twentieth. It is a colossal task. We are none of us gifted with the power to see with certainty into the future; we cannot say what the outcome will be. Perhaps what the French are now doing in Algiers, what the English are now doing in Egypt and the Sudan, will in the end result in failure, and the culture they have planted wither away, just as the Græco-Roman culture which flourished in the same lands a couple of thousand years ago afterwards vanished. On the other hand, it may persist, or at least, even if it does vanish in the end, leave mighty forces carrying on the work in a changed form. In any event the task is a mighty task, which only a great and powerful nation could attempt, and which it is a high and honorable thing to have attempted.

At Khartoum we stayed at the Palace—and there was not an hour of our stay that was not full of associations with Gordon's memory. The Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, was a sick man. He had gone

to Cairo, whence he had to go to London; but he had left a letter for me, and Slatin Pasha, his right-hand man, received us with more than mere friendly enthusiasm. In journeying through British East Africa, Uganda and the Sudan, I had been both surprised and touched to find how the settlers in the first province, and the military and civil officials in all three provinces, greeted me. Indeed I was both a little puzzled and a little amused to find that they simply ignored the fact that I was a citizen of another nation. They felt that I was an out-of-door man, who had dealt with questions of empire in strange lands; and they accepted as a matter of course the view that I would understand and sympathise with their purposes and needs; and moreover, which was a little embarrassing, they also took it for granted that I would make the people "at home" listen to me when I spoke about them. I told them again and again that I did not see how I could speak about them in any public way in England; but nothing that I said had any effect in shaking their faith that, somehow or other, I would manage to bring vividly before the minds of the English people just what they are doing. They evidently felt that the people at home tended to forget them and to misunderstand their work, and they were eager that some man who could attract attention would state their case.

Slatin Pasha and all the officials and army officers at Khartoum showed these feelings even more markedly than they had been shown to me elsewhere during the preceding eleven months. They were all uneasy over the anti-English movement in Egypt, which, for some years, had been growing more and more violent, which had just culminated in the murder of Boutros Pasha, and which, as it was really dependent for its entire strength upon being the expression of a fanatical Moslem uprising against Christianity, threatened to cause trouble likewise in the Sudan. Their especial concern was of course with the attitude of the exclusively—or well-nigh exclusively—Moslem native army. Slatin told me that the native officers' club—the club including both the Egyptian and Sudanese officers—wished to give an entertainment in my honor if

I were willing to attend. He explained that there was good cause for uneasiness as to the attitude of at least a portion of these native officers; and he was especially concerned because they had hung in the club a picture of the leader of the anti-English party in Egypt. He told me he thought I would do a very real good if I would go to their club, show my genuine appreciation of the courtesy extended to me, and at the same time make an address in which I should pay to their past loyalty and efficiency the kind of just tribute which would raise their respect, and at the same time speak with perfect frankness and in the plainest fashion in pointing out that everything they had done in the past and everything they might do in the future depended upon their absolute and unflinching loyalty to English rule. I told him that I would very gladly do what he suggested, for I was quite as strongly convinced of the truth of what he said as he was himself. I added that the fact that he, the representative of British rule in the Sudan, was an Austrian, only emphasized in my mind the fundamental truth that English rule in the Sudan was really the rule of civilization, and that every believer in justice and in progress all over the world should uphold it.

Accordingly I went to the reception given me by the officers at their club, and made the speech which you doubtless remember; trying my best to use such language and arguments as would add to the self-respect of my hearers, by making them understand how heartily I respected them; while at the same time I spoke with unmistakable plainness as to their duty of absolute loyalty, and as to the ruin which would come to both Egypt and the Sudan unless the power and prestige of the English rule were kept undiminished. I believe the speech accomplished its purpose; at least that is what Slatin Pasha told me and what the Sirdar wrote me at the time, and what Sir Ian Hamilton on his return from the Sudan also wrote me, and has recently told me.

The speech, however, when reported in Egypt, caused an outburst of anger and criticism among the Egyptian Nationalists, the anti-English and fanatically Moslem party. When I got into Egypt, and

especially when I reached Cairo, I found a curious state of things. The country had obviously prospered astoundingly, both from the material and the moral standpoints, as compared with conditions as I had seen them over thirty years before; but the very prosperity had made Jeshuren wax fat and kick. In Cairo and Alexandria many of the noisy leaders of the Nationalist movement were merely Levantine Moslems in European clothes, with red fezes; they were of the ordinary Levantine type, noisy, emotional, rather decadent, quite hopeless as material on which to build, but also not really dangerous as foes, although given to loud talk in the cafés and to emotional street parades. These Levantines were profoundly affected by the success of the Young Turk Movement in Turkey, and were prattling about a constitution and responsible government in language not materially different from that used by Mediterranean Christians when they are engaged either in a just and proper movement for reform or in a foolish revolutionary agitation.

The real strength of the Nationalist movement in Egypt, however, lay not with these Levantines of the cafés, but with the mass of practically unchanged bigoted Moslems to whom the movement meant driving out the foreigner, plundering and slaying the local Christian, and a return to all the violence and corruption which festered under the old-style Moslem rule, whether Asiatic or African. The American missionaries whom I met, and who I found had accomplished a really extraordinary quantity of work, were a unit in feeling that the overthrow of the English rule would be an inconceivable disaster; and this although they were quite frank in criticising some features of English rule, and notably some actions of individual Englishmen in high places. The native Christians, the Copts, and also the Syrians and Greeks (although often themselves difficult to satisfy and fond of making absurd claims), took exactly the same view of the essentials, and dreaded keenly the murderous outbreak of Moslem brutality which was certain to follow the restoration of native rule in Egypt; but they were cowed by the seeming lack of decision of the English authorities, and

the increasing insolence and turbulence of the Moslems. Moreover I found traces, although not strong traces, of a feeling on their part that some of the English officials occasionally treated them with a galling contempt which made it hard for them always to appreciate as fully as it deserved the justice which they also received.

The British officials themselves were drifting, and were uneasy and uncertain of their ground. Some of them, of course, were showing the same fine qualities that I had seen their colleagues show elsewhere; but others, including some of the highest, obviously were quite as much afraid of Parliament and of what I may call "Exeter Hall" in London as they were of the native anarchists. They spoke with great bitterness as to the mischief wrought by certain ignorant Members of Parliament—I believe chiefly Labor Members—who had come to Egypt, and, under the belief that they were championing the cause of human righteousness, had inspired in the Egyptian mind toward them and by extension toward the English generally, a touch of that most dangerous of all feelings, contempt. The root trouble, I believe, was that the officials high up did not know how far they would be backed by the people at home, and were afraid of taking any steps for fear of being condemned in Parliament.

Cairo was the only place where I was disappointed with some of the officers of the British Army whom I met. I could not speak too highly of those whom I have seen everywhere else in Africa; and the enlisted men whom I saw at Cairo, some of whom came to hear me speak at one of the missionary meetings, were as fine a set of stalwart, clean-cut, self-respecting, capable soldiers as I have ever come across. But there were a few of the officers who were unpleasantly like the type described by Kipling in his South African story, "The Outsider." These particular officers were absorbed, not in their duty, but in the polo and tennis matches, and treated the assassination of Boutros Pasha as a mere illegitimate interruption to sport; evidently they had no serious appreciation of the situation or of their own duties.

While at Gondokoro I had accepted an

invitation to speak at the new Cairo University, a university founded by the most advanced and liberal Moslems, men of high standing, some of whom I met and who really were engaged in the effort to advance their countrymen, and to make the Moslem world assimilate all that for its purposes was best in Occidental civilization. After I had accepted, the murder of Boutros Pasha occurred, and then word was brought me from Sir Eldon Gorst that in view of the delicacy of the situation he trusted that I would say nothing about the assassination in my speech. Every human being was thinking chiefly of the assassination, and the failure to take prompt action in punishing the assassin had produced a dangerous condition in the native mind. For me to have spoken at all and yet to have avoided mentioning the assassination would have been attributed by everyone simply to fear, and would have been thoroughly unfortunate. I accordingly answered that I should do nothing of which the authorities did not approve, and would make no speech without submitting it to them; but that I would not speak at all if I were not to speak of the one really vital question which was filling the minds of everyone. This answer seemed to clear matters, and I at once received a request by all means to go on and speak as I had intended. I wrote out my speech very carefully in advance, brought it in person to both Sir Eldon Gorst and the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate, who as I have said were then in Cairo. Each of them made one or two suggestions, all of which I adopted, and they then approved every word of it. I accordingly delivered it.

After its delivery, Gorst wrote me as follows about it:

"Just a line to say how immensely I enjoyed your address, and how glad I am that you consented to speak to these people. If anything can bring them into a more reasonable frame of mind, your words should have that effect. In any case, if you have done nothing more, you have given me renewed courage to go on with what I often feel to be a very hopeless task."

The Sirdar wrote me two or three times, some of his letters being so personally congratulatory that I do not quite like to

quote them. But they included such phrases as the following:

"Do let me again thank you most truly and most cordially for all you have done to help forward our task in the Sudan. Believe me, you have assisted us more than you can possibly imagine, and I am proportionately grateful. I will say no more because I know you will understand all I have left unsaid."

Later, in England, after my Guildhall speech, the Sirdar wrote to me again, from the hospital where he was just recovering from the operation:

May 31, 1910.

MY DEAR COLONEL:

May I offer most sincere and hearty congratulations on your splendid speech today? I have only seen the evening paper account, but that is quite sufficient to show what a splendid pronouncement it must have been. How I should like to have heard you deliver it! Your summing up of the Egyptian situation should do a world of good; but what can I say of your tribute to our work in the Sudan? I can only say on behalf of myself and of all the good fellows who are my co-workers, "Thank you from the bottom of our hearts." Your words, uttered at such a time and under such conditions, will do more to help us in our task than anything that has yet happened. Again I thank you, Sir, most sincerely, and remain,

Your grateful and affectionate,

(Signed) R. WINGATE.

P. S. This is the first letter I have written since the operation just a month ago.

I was very much touched and pleased by this letter, written under such circumstances; for my prime desire was to help the men who were doing such good work; and so I prized having Wingate and Gorst, and later, Percy Girouard, from East Africa, and various district commissioners and generals, including Lord Roberts, and other military and civil officials, write me as they did; and I was pleased a few weeks ago to receive from Ian Hamilton a letter saying that he had been in the Sudan, where "my name was one to conjure with." Of course I shall never make public any of these letters, because I was

concerned only as to the effect of my utterances on the cause I was championing; I was particularly pleased to know that the men doing the work felt that I had helped them; and as long as this was so I was merely amused at the statements made by some outsiders—especially certain unhealthy outsiders of my own land—to the effect that my “brutality” of utterance had pained and hampered these same men who were doing the work.

The really intelligent Moslems, the men who earnestly desired to have the Moslem world advance as far beyond what it had been and what it still was as the Christian world has advanced beyond the Dark Ages, thanked me even more warmly than the English rulers of Africa. But of course the Levantine agitators and the fanatics of the seventh century type were savage against me. The native Christians, both Copts and Syrians, on the other hand, felt that I had rendered to them an even greater service than I had to the Europeans, and showed their acknowledgments in many rather touching ways; and the American missionaries—who, as I have already said, were doing really extraordinarily good educational and social work—felt the same way.

From Alexandria we sailed across to Naples, where we stayed twenty-four hours, and where, both officially and popularly, I was received in a way that really embarrassed me. For in Naples, when I went to the opera in the evening, the performance was interrupted for some ten minutes while they cheered me, and then processions of people from the university and various other bodies persisted in coming up to be introduced, so that I saw very little of the opera itself. This was a foretaste of what I experienced all through Europe except in Germany. Elsewhere than in Germany I was treated precisely as I used to be treated when as President I made a tour in any part of the United States; there were the same crowds, the same official receptions, the same courtesies and kindnesses, and the same wearing fatigue and hurry, and the same almost complete inability on my part to get time to see the people for whom I cared in public and satisfactory fashion, or to be allowed to visit by myself what I desired to visit.

THE VATICAN INCIDENT

In Rome, my first experience was with the Vatican. I had anticipated trouble in Rome, and had been preparing for it. My relations with Pope Leo XIII while I was President had been more than cordial, as he was a broadminded man, with a genuine knowledge of foreign affairs and of the needs of the time; as a token of his recognition of the way I had handled the Friars' Lands question in the Philippines he had sent me a beautifully done mosaic picture of himself in his garden. His successor was a worthy, narrowly limited parish priest; completely under the control of his Secretary of State, Merry del Val, who is a polished man of much ability in a very narrow line, but a furiously bigoted reactionary, and in fact a good type of a sixteenth century Spanish ecclesiastic. To you who know your Rome so well, and whose son has written so wonderfully of Garibaldi, and of the movement that turned Rome into what it now is, I need hardly say that the Eternal City offers the very sharpest contrasts between the extremes of radical modern progress, social, political and religious, and the extremes of opposition to all such progress. At the time of my visit the Vatican represented the last; the free-thinking Jew mayor, a good fellow, and his Socialist backers in the Town Council, represented the first; and between them came the king and statesmen like his Jewish Prime Minister, and writers like that high and fine character Foggazaro, and ecclesiastics like some of the cardinals, as for instance Janssens, the head of the Benedictines, and the Bishop of Cremona, a great friend of Foggazaro.

In this society American Methodism had suddenly appeared, several representatives having been sent thither on a mission. Some of these representatives were really excellent men, who were doing first-class work; they had a Sunday school, one of the teachers in which was a granddaughter of Garibaldi, while one of the graduates was her brother, a grandson of Garibaldi, a very fine fellow. This work was not only good in itself, but it was good from the standpoint of those who wish well to the Catholic Church, as I do, for it tended to introduce a spirit

of rivalry in service, for rivalry in good conduct, which in the long run is as advantageous to the church as to the people, but which of course is peculiarly abhorrent to the narrow and intolerant priestly reactionaries, who, whenever and wherever they have the upper hand in the church make it the baleful enemy of mankind. There was, however, one Methodist in town, taking charge of a congregation, who was of an utterly different type. I have no doubt that he had a certain amount of sincerity, and a great deal of energy, and there were places where I suppose he could have done good. But he was a crude, vulgar, tactless creature, cursed with the thirst of self-advertisement, and utterly unable to distinguish between notoriety and fame. He found that he could attract attention best by frantic denunciations of the Pope, and so he preached sermons in which he pleasantly alluded to the Pope as "the whore of Babylon," and even indulged in attacks on the other Protestant bodies in Rome, denouncing the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches, and assailing the Young Men's Christian Association because it was under the Waldensian leadership—which particularly roused my ire, as I think every Protestant should have a peculiar feeling for this ancient Italian church, the church of whose wrongs Milton thundered like a Hebrew prophet.

The Pope would have been entirely right to refuse to see me if I identified myself with this man; but he had no right whatever to expect that I would be willing to see him if he made it a condition that I should not see the other entirely reputable Methodists, who were conducting their work in an entirely reputable way. He had, however, followed this line of action in dealing with ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, when the latter was in Rome, with the result of immensely exciting the entire Methodist body in the United States, and of benefiting the Roman Methodists. They were now wishful to see whether or not I would myself be afraid to visit them when I came to Rome; the Catholics in the United States were taking the opposite view; and both sides were watching to see what I would do. If each side had behaved with an appearance of moderation, sufficient to deceive each its own

adherents, they might very possibly have made it awkward for me, because it was a case where damage was certain to follow if the issue were not clear-cut, and where it was easy to befooled the matters. Fortunately each side committed blunders so gross as to enable me to make my position clear.

While I was in Cairo, I was forwarded a letter from Merry del Val, sent in response to a request Ambassador Leishman had made that I might have an audience with the Pope, in which Merry del Val stated that the audience could only take place on the understanding that I was not intending to see the Methodists—as he phrased it; that no such incident should occur as that which had rendered it impossible for the Pope to see Fairbanks. I responded that I hoped to see the Pope, but that it must be distinctly understood that I would not make any stipulation in any way impairing my liberty of conduct to see any one else that I chose. Merry del Val, then responded that the Holy Father would be unable to see me. The correspondence was as follows:

Ambassador Leishman to me, March 23:

The Rector of the American Catholic College, Monsignor Kennedy, in reply to inquiry which I caused to be made, requests that the following communication be transmitted to you: "The Holy Father will be delighted to grant audience to Mr. Roosevelt on April 5, and hopes nothing will arise to prevent it, such as the much-regretted incident which made the reception of Mr. Fairbanks impossible."

Ambassador Leishman's accompanying comment:

I merely transmit this communication without having committed you in any way to accept the conditions imposed, as the form appears objectionable, clearly indicating that an audience would be canceled in case you should take any action while here that might be construed as countenancing the Methodist mission work here, as in the case of Mr. Fairbanks. Although fully aware of your intentions to confine your visit to the King and Pope, the covert threat in the Vatican's communication to you is none the

less objectionable, and one side or the other is sure to make capital out of the action you might take. The press is already preparing for the struggle.

*My answer to Ambassador Leishman,
March 25:*

Please present the following through Monsignor Kennedy:

It would be a real pleasure to me to be presented to the Holy Father, for whom I entertain a high respect both personally and as the head of a great Church. I fully recognize his entire right to receive or not to receive whomsoever he chooses for any reason that seems good to him, and if he does not receive me I shall not for a moment question the propriety of his action. On the other hand, I in my turn must decline to make any stipulations, or submit to any conditions which in any way limit my freedom of conduct. I trust on April 5 he will find it convenient to receive me.

*Ambassador Leishman to me, March 28,
transmitting following message from
Monsignor Kennedy:*

His Holiness will be much pleased to grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt, for whom he entertains great esteem, both personally and as President of the United States. His Holiness quite recognized Mr. Roosevelt's entire right to freedom of conduct. On the other hand, in view of the circumstances, for which neither His Holiness nor Mr. Roosevelt is responsible, an audience could not occur except on the understanding expressed in the former message.

*My answer to Ambassador Leishman,
March 29:*

Proposed presentation is of course now impossible.

At the time two men were acting as my volunteer secretaries; Lawrence Abbott, one of the editors of *The Outlook*, and J. C. O'Laughlin, a young newspaper man, the son of Irish parents, and a Catholic, but a straight-out American. O'Laughlin was anxious to prevent the Vatican from committing what he felt would be a great blunder; and when I stopped at Naples, he went on to Rome to

see Merry del Val. I told him that I should be glad to have him arrange matters, but that it must be distinctly understood that I would not withdraw from my position, or make, or acquiesce in, any stipulations as to my conduct. He had a long and fruitless talk with Merry del Val. The chief point of interest in this talk was that Merry del Val told him that if I would secretly agree not to visit the Methodists he was quite willing then it should be publicly announced that I had made no agreement! It never occurred to him, Cardinal and Prince of the Church as he was, that this was an invitation to me to take part in a piece of discreditable double-dealing and deception; and it shows the curious moral callousness of his type that later, to justify himself and to show how conciliatory he had been, he actually himself made public the fact that he had made this proposition, evidently having no idea that any one would find it reprehensible. Why, a Tammany Boodle alderman would have been ashamed to make such a proposal.

Accordingly I was not presented at the Vatican; I made public the correspondence which showed why I had not been, and at the same time, through *The Outlook*, published the following statement to the American people:

NAPLES, April 3, 1910.

DEAR DR. ABBOTT: Through *The Outlook* I wish to make a statement to my fellow-Americans regarding what has occurred in connection with the Vatican. I am sure that the great majority of my fellow-citizens, Catholics quite as much as Protestants, will feel that I acted in the only way possible for an American to act, and because of this very fact I most earnestly hope that the incident will be treated in a matter-of-course way, as merely personal, and, above all, as not warranting the slightest exhibition of rancor or bitterness. Among my best and closest friends are many Catholics. The respect and regard of those of my fellow-Americans who are Catholics are as dear to me as the respect and regard of those who are Protestants. On my journey through Africa I visited many Catholic as well as many Protestant missions, and I look forward to telling the people

at home all that has been done by Protestants and Catholics alike, as I saw it, in the field of missionary endeavor. It would cause me a real pang to have anything said or done that would hurt or give pain to my friends, whatever their religious belief, but any merely personal considerations are of no consequence in this matter. The important consideration is the avoidance of harsh and bitter comment such as may excite mistrust and anger between and among good men. The more an American sees of other countries the more profound must be his feelings of gratitude that in his own land there is not merely complete toleration but the heartiest good will and sympathy between sincere and honest men of different faith—good will and sympathy so complete that in the inevitable daily relations of our American life Catholics and Protestants meet together and work together without the thought of difference of creed being even present in their minds. This is a condition so vital to our National well-being that nothing should be permitted to jeopard it. Bitter comment and criticism, acrimonious attack and defense, are not only profitless, but harmful, and to seize upon such an incident as this as an occasion for controversy would be wholly indefensible and should be frowned upon by Catholics and Protestants alike. I very earnestly hope that what I say will appeal to all good Americans.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Lyman Abbott, Editor of *The Outlook*.

Meanwhile I had seen the three leading representatives of the Methodists, and had appealed to them not to embarrass me, and had arranged that I should see them and various other members of the American colony at a reception at the Ambassador's. They explicitly agreed, in response to my request, to say nothing that would aggravate the situation or cause any unnecessary heartburnings. Two of them loyally kept to the agreement; but the third with a sense of morality and fitness not much better than that of Merry del Val himself, violated the agreement, and, merely in order to advertise himself by raising a rumpus, issued a screed violently attacking the

Vatican. His two colleagues disapproved of what he had done, but followed the course so common among well-meaning and not very strong men, and for twenty-four hours refused to disavow his action or to say that it did not represent them. I had to act promptly in order to prevent becoming involved in an uncomfortable situation; for if after this screed I had then seen him, I would have convinced many men that the Pope was quite right in having refused to receive me. Accordingly I cancelled the reception at the Ambassador's, and did not attend any meeting at which the Methodists were represented. However, certain of the Methodists, and certain Catholic ecclesiastics, including Abbot Janssens of the Benedictines, called to see me to explain their entire sympathy with the position I had taken. Next to having both sides behave well, it was to my interest that both sides should behave ill, so that I could avoid having anything to do with either; and this was precisely what occurred.

A VISIT TO THE KING OF ITALY

I was immensely impressed with my whole visit to Rome. I attended a dinner given me by Mayor Nathan, the Syndic, and his colleagues of the municipal council. Mayor Nathan was a Jew, who spoke excellent English, and was apparently a good public servant. When I dined with him I had already taken lunch with a number of Members of the Administration, sitting beside the Prime Minister, also a Jew, and a man of more intellectual type than Nathan. Think what a contrast this meant! In the Eternal City, in the realm of the popes, the home of the Ghetto, I lunched sitting beside one Jew who was Prime Minister of Italy, and dined as the guest of another Jew who was the head of the Roman Government itself! The Prime Minister and his colleagues struck me as upright men, sympathizing with liberal and progressive ideas, and anxious to do justice, and also on the whole as cultivated men, well read, and, in short, good fellows; but they did not strike me as possessing very great force. Mayor Nathan was precisely like many an American municipal politician of good type. He would have been quite

at home as Reform Mayor of any American city of the second class. Among his colleagues were a number of Socialists, mostly parlor or study Socialists of the Latin type, well-meaning people with lofty aspirations, wild eyes, and a tendency to pay over-much heed to fine phrases. What I saw of Italy made me feel that there was infinite need for radical action toward the betterment of social and industrial conditions; and this made me feel a very strong sympathy with some of the Socialistic aims, and a very profound distrust of most of the Socialistic methods.

The king and queen were delightful people. I had already seen the king, for when I was on my way to Africa he had come down in a battleship to Messina, and at his request I had gone aboard the battleship and had been presented to him; and I had a very genuine respect for him. Moreover, I found him most companionable. There were many things in which both of us were interested, from big game hunting to history and social progress. Some time before he had written asking me to come on a shooting trip with him after ibex, and I was genuinely sorry to refuse; and when I made my formal call upon him he showed me the heads of all kinds of game animals, including for instance the very rare South Italian chamois; and he showed that he took much more than a pure sportsman's interest in them. As for his general reading, I need only mention that I found on his desk, open, a copy of Mahaffy's "Empire of the Ptolemies," in which he was interested. I have always had a liking for the early history of the House of Savoy. Happening to say that I supposed that the fact that the House of Savoy had elected to live under Roman and not under Lombard law indicated that it was probably of native and not of invading Germanic origin, the king at once became interested and he told me many queer incidents of early Savoy history; and showed us his noteworthy collection of Savoyard coins, from the earliest to modern times. While I was President he had sent me, together with a handsome edition of Dante, a score of volumes of the original reports and papers of Eugene of Savoy—one of my favorite heroes.

The king showed that he was deeply and intelligently interested in every movement for social reform, and was not only astonishingly liberal but even radical, sympathizing with many of the purposes and doctrines of the Socialists. He took me in to see his children, who were well behaved and simple. When I spoke of how well the queen was bringing them up, he laughed and said, yes, he wished his son to be so trained that if necessary he would be fit to be the First President of the Italian Republic. Later he called for me at the hotel, causing thereby frightful agitation among the hotel attendants and guests, and spent a morning driving me round the city—I had already made the correct formal calls and had left a wreath on Victor Immanuel's tomb in the Pantheon. He slightly embarrassed me by making me sit on the right-hand in the carriage, as almost all the kings did—I suppose on the theory that I was a kind of ex-sovereign myself; I always wished they wouldn't do it, but after one or two trials I made no further protest, as it always became evident that if I insisted on sitting on the left-hand I should cause a fuss, which was just exactly what I was desirous of not doing. He took me to the cavalry school, where I was greatly impressed by the riding of his officers, and especially by the way in which they took their horses down well-nigh perpendicular banks. Evidently he knew the army and its needs just as he knew the civil and social needs of the country; and in fact I do not see how Italy could have a more intelligent, devoted, and sympathetic ruler. I told him I wished we had a few men like him in the Senate! He asked us—Mrs. Roosevelt and I—to drive out with him and the Queen and spend a day and a couple of nights at their country place not far from Rome, saying that they would dig out some badgers—I think it was badgers—but we had so many other engagements and were so pressed for time that, as he asked me to say frankly whether it would be convenient or not, I begged off, stating that we would infinitely rather go with him to his place, but that it would cause us serious inconvenience in keeping our other engagements; and he at once acquiesced, being as considerate as possible.

In a way, I should have liked to see more of him; but after all I am doubtful whether it would have been worth while, for even with the pleasantest and kindest king there must of necessity be a little that is artificial in association with a civilian foreigner, and especially a civilian foreigner from a huge overseas democracy. To have gone with him on a hunt, where we should have had a real object in common, or to have met him while I was President, when also we would have had interests in common, would of course have been an entirely different thing.

I thoroughly liked and respected almost all the various kings and queens I met; they struck me as serious people, with charming manners, devoted to their people and anxious to justify their own positions by the way they did their duty—it is no disparagement to their good intentions and disinterestedness to add that each sovereign was obviously conscious that he was looking a possible republic in the face, which was naturally an incentive to good conduct; I was very glad to have met them; and it was pleasant to see them for a short while; but longer intercourse, or renewed intercourse, would have been unnatural unless there had been, as there was not, some real intellectual interest, or other bond in common, and if there was any such, it happened not to develop itself.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRESIDENTS AND KINGS

I was much amused, by the way, when I reached Rome, at finding that our Ambassador was engaged in an intricate controversy with the puffy-faced, entirely pompous and well-meaning local baron who was Court Marshal or Master of Ceremonies, or something of the sort; the Ambassador wishing to have me treated with the courtesies granted a visiting sovereign, and the court marshal taking the entirely proper view that I was simply a private citizen, with no title and no claim to any precedence. I hastily interfered, telling the Ambassador that I absolutely shared the views of his opponent, that I wished him himself to act upon, and to notify all our other ambassadors that they were to act upon, the theory that I was purely a private citizen, with

no claim to any position of precedence at all, and that at any function, formal or informal, I should be perfectly happy to walk or sit or stand anywhere, and below any one, just as the local people desired—or not to appear at all, unless they expressly wished it. I added that I was really speaking less in a spirit of humility than of pride. I have a hearty and sincere respect for a king who does his duty and acts decently, and am delighted to show him any kind of formal courtesy which is customary; but I have no patience with a sham and least of all a snobbish sham; and of all snobbish shams there is none more contemptible than that of the democrat who loudly contends that he is such and yet wishes in private or public life to grasp privileges which give the lie to his contention. To me there is something fine in the American theory that a private citizen can be chosen by the people to occupy a position as great as that of the mightiest monarch, and to exercise a power which may for the time being surpass that of Czar, Kaiser, or Pope, and that then, after having filled this position, the man shall leave it as an unpensioned private citizen, who goes back into the ranks of his fellow-citizens with entire self-respect, claiming nothing save what on his own individual merits he is entitled to receive. But it is not in the least fine, it is vulgar and foolish, for the president or ex-president to make believe, and, of all things in the world, to feel pleased if other people make believe, that he is a kind of second-rate or imitation king. It is as if a Roman ex-dictator wished to be treated like a king of Pergamum or Antioch! The effort to combine incompatibles merely makes a man look foolish. The positions of President and King are totally different in kind and degree; and it is silly, and worse than silly, to forget this. It is not of much consequence whether other people accept the American theory of the Presidency; but it is of very much consequence that the American people, including especially any American who has held the office, shall accept the theory and live up to it.

However, in this case, the Italian king insisted upon treating me upon "the most favored guest" principle. When we dined at the palace, by the way, I struck one

bit of etiquette which I did not strike at any other court. I had endeavored to dispose of my hat when I left my coat in the anteroom, but it was returned to me with every symptom of surprise and horror, and as the other male members among the guests retained theirs, I went on with mine. When the royal party came in, and I was brought up to the queen to take her in to dinner, I again thought it was time for me to get rid of the hat. But not a bit of it! I found I was expected to walk in with the queen on my arm, and my hat in my other hand—a piece of etiquette which reminded me of nothing with which I was previously acquainted except a Jewish wedding on the East Side of New York, where the participants and guests of honor wear their hats during the ceremony, and where, on the occasions when I was Police Commissioner, and occasionally attended such weddings, I would march solemnly in to the wedding-feast with the bride, or the bride's mother, on one arm, and my hat in my other hand. Both at the Italian Court and at the East Side weddings, however, some attendant took the hat as soon as I sat down at the table.

A REAL PEASANT QUEEN

At dinner I took as great a fancy to the queen as I had already taken to the king. I sat between the queen and her niece—whom she had always treated as an elder daughter or younger sister—the Princess Royal of Servia. Both spoke French, not English. I am sorry to say that I am too much like Chaucer's Abbess in that my French is more like that of Stratford-at-Bow, than to French of Paris. But still, such as it is, I speak it with daring fluency; and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The queen is a really fine woman, with a strong touch of the heroic in her, and I greatly liked the princess also. They interested me because, to an American, it was curious to meet cultivated women, fond of reading, whose acquaintance with books barely touched the limits of English literature. In other words, they were cultivated people of the Balkans of southwestern Europe. They knew French well and some German, but very little English. Both had a passionate love for the Montenegrin land, for its

people and its history, and they were delighted when they found that I really did know its history and shared to the full their admiration for it. They were also interested to find that I knew Carmen Sylva's writings, especially her translations of the Roumanian folk-songs; and the various translations of the poetry of the Balkan Slavs. The princess was in sympathy a thorough Montenegrin and not a Servian, and I found respected the Bulgarians more than she did the Servians. I was amused to find that the princess knew all about my family, and put me many questions about my elder daughter, whom she laughingly referred to as "the Princess Alice."

The Italian queen herself was obviously a fine and noble woman, and she was the real peasant queen, the Saga queen, the queen of the folk stories and fairy-tales—the kind of queen whom the hero meets when he starts out with his wallet and staff and travels "far and far and farther than far," and finally comes to a palace up to which he strolls, and sees the king sitting in front of the door looking at the sheep or the chickens. To be king or queen in a country like Italy at the present day means unending strain and worry, and both the king and the queen were faithfully and conscientiously and wisely, and with great self-devotion and self-abnegation, doing everything they could to meet the difficulties of an uncommonly difficult situation. They are loving and faithful to each other—I know you share my bourgeois prejudices against domestic immorality, which are stronger directly in proportion as the social position of the offenders is higher—and it was good to see their relations, together and with their children. The queen spoke with horror of war and violence, and mentioned that she did not think she could ever strike a blow herself, unless in defense of her children, or if her husband was attacked by an assassin; and as she spoke her eyes smouldered and she straightened her tall form. She loves to talk of her life at home in Montenegro, and one anecdote she told me gave me an insight into the reason why the Montenegrins show a more than mediæval devotion to their sovereign. She said that when she was a child a famine came to the people, who

were finally reduced to eat only rice; and her father, the then reigning prince and present king, summoned his family together, and told them that their mother had much to do and needed meat and would continue to eat it, but that he and the children would from that time on eat only rice, until the people too had more than rice to eat; and his proposal was carried out to the letter.

After leaving Rome Mrs. Roosevelt and I tried to repeat the drive over the Cornichi which we had taken twenty-three years before on our honeymoon, doing it the reverse direction. We started in an old-style three horse carriage—not a motor—from Spezia, and as we had been able to conceal the fact that we were going to Spezia our first day's drive to Sestri Levante was delightful, and we enjoyed the night at a funny little old-style hotel, the waves washing the wall beneath our balcony. But they found us out even before the end of this afternoon, and the officers of the municipality called upon us that evening, and the band gave us a serenade; and next day both the natives and the tourists all along our route had heard about our coming; and by noon it had become evident that the enjoyment of our trip was at an end, and we abandoned it. After that, throughout my stay in Europe, the visits to Arthur Lee and yourself, and my twenty-four hours with Edward Grey in the valley of the Itchen, and through the New Forest, represented the only occasions when I was able to shake off my semi-public character for more than an hour or two at a time.

We spent a week with Mrs. Roosevelt's sister at her house at Porto Maurizio; then I left Mrs. Roosevelt and Ethel there, for I wished them not to get overtired, while Kermit and I made a flying trip to Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

LECTURE AND OTHER INVITATIONS

I had originally intended to come straight home to America from Africa. I abandoned this idea on receiving the invitation to deliver the Romanes lecture at Oxford, because this was an invitation I wished to accept; and I appreciated being asked to deliver the lectures. It was the kind of thing I was really glad to do. But immediately afterward I was

asked to speak at the Sorbonne. This again I was glad to do. When I accepted, however, I was certain that the Kaiser would not stand my speaking in England and France and not in Germany; and, sure enough, I soon received from the German Ambassador, by his direction, a request to speak at the University of Berlin; and this again I was glad to do. I then felt that I had entered into all the engagements I could carry through without hurrying myself, and I endeavored to avoid making any others; and I also endeavored to avoid visiting any other countries save France, Germany, and England. But I soon found that while the different rulers did not really care a rap about seeing me, they did not like me to see *other* rulers and pass them by; and that the same state of mind obtained among the peoples.

At Messina the King of Italy had made a point of my returning to Italy, and the municipality of Rome had—then a year in advance—made such representations about my coming through Rome as to make it evident that I would give grave offense if I went round it in order to get up into France. Accordingly I had to go. Then the Austrian Ambassador, (a Hungarian) whom I like, raised a perfect clamor against my omitting Austria; and I also found that the Hungarians would really have had their feelings hurt if I did not visit Hungary. Then the Norwegian Minister to Washington, and our own Minister in Norway, both wrote me that the Norwegians would feel permanently aggrieved if after having received the Nobel Prize I failed to come to Christiania and give the Nobel Lecture customary in such cases, inasmuch as I was giving addresses in Berlin, Paris, and Oxford. As soon as I accepted this, I found that Sweden and Denmark would in their turn have had their feelings injured to the last point by failure on my part to visit them when I was so near, and that Holland was already making great preparations because, on account of my Dutch descent, they claimed a certain proprietorship in me. As I had to pass through Belgium, and as the Belgians had been very kind to me in Africa, I was glad to stop there also; I had not intended to be presented to any sovereign; for I have

the strongest feeling about the attitude of so many Americans in desiring to be presented to the different sovereigns. The latter, poor good people, must be driven nearly mad by such requests; for which there is no warrant whatever, in the great majority of cases.

Moreover I believed that the sovereigns could not care to see me; an attitude of mind with which I most cordially sympathized. I can imagine nothing more dreary than being called upon to receive retired politicians, who have no official standing and no right to any official honors, and who nevertheless may be sensitive if they are not given the honors to which they have no claim. However, the unfortunate sovereigns evidently felt that it would be misunderstood if they did not show me attention, and through the ambassadors or foreign ministers I was requested to visit almost every country in Europe, and to visit the sovereign of every such country. Switzerland was an exception. Here I had been asked to attend the Calvin Quadricentenary which I could not do; and as I was not asked by the Government until my trip was half over, when I was eagerly endeavoring to cut out every possible engagement, I did not go there. The result has been that to this day I am now and then called upon to explain why I did not go there; and to my concern I found that I had hurt the feelings of a great many good people who thought I had slighted them—not that they would ever have dreamed of caring one way or the other if it were not for the fact that they saw a fuss made about me in other countries; whereupon they illustrated Lincoln's view that "there's a deal of human nature in mankind" by promptly proceeding to feel injured.

I had precisely the same experience with Russia. I do not for a moment believe that the Russians wished to see me, and least of all the Czar; they would have been anything but pleased had I come; but inasmuch as I never went near Russia, they all now feel slightly aggrieved; and only the other day I received a warm invitation from the Czar to come to Russia this summer, together with a complaint about my not having visited it already. I did not deem it

necessary to explain in full, as no good would come of it; but I would hate to go to Russia in any way as guest of the ruling authorities, and feel that I was thereby stopped from speaking on behalf of Finland, of the Jews, of the persecuted Russian liberals, and of all the many other people upon whom the iron despotism of the bureaucracy bears with such crushing weight.

HANDICAPS AND LIMITATIONS OF SOVEREIGNS

I said above that I doubted whether the sovereigns cared to see me. I am now inclined to think that they did, as a relief to the tedium, the dull, narrow routine of their lives. I shall always bear testimony to the courtesy and good manners, and the obvious sense of responsibility and duty, of the various sovereigns I met. But of course, as was to be expected, they were like other human beings in that the average among them was not very high as regards intellect and force. Indeed the kind of driving force and energy needed to make a first-class president or prime minister, a great general or war minister, would be singularly out of place in the ordinary constitutional monarch. Apparently what is needed in a constitutional king is that he shall be a kind of sublimated American vice-president; plus being socially at the head of that part of his people which you have called "the free masons of fashion." The last function is very important; and the king's lack of political power, and his exalted social position, alike cut him off from all real comradeship with the men who really do the things that count; for comradeship must imply some equality, and from this standpoint the king is doubly barred from all that is most vital and interesting. Politically he can never rise to, and socially he can never descend to, the level of the really able men of the nation. I cannot imagine a more appallingly dreary life for a man of ambition and power.

The kings whom I saw were not as a whole very ambitious or very forceful, though fine, honest, good fellows; and the monotony of their lives evidently made them welcome any diversion in the shape of a stranger, who gave them an entirely new point of view, and with whom, be-

cause of the nature of the case, they knew they could be intimate without any danger of the intimacy being misconstrued, or leading to unpleasant situations in the future. They had made the advances, not I; they knew that I was not coming back to Europe, that I would never see them again, or try in any way to keep up relations with them; and so they felt free to treat us with an intimacy, and on a footing of equality, which would have been impossible with a European, the subject of some one of them (I think this was why they asked us to stay in the palaces).

In a way, although the comparison sounds odd, these sovereigns, in their relations among themselves and with others, reminded me of the officers and their wives in one of our western army posts in the old days, when they were all shut up together and away from the rest of the world, were sundered by an impassable gulf from the enlisted men and the few scouts, hunters, and settlers around about, and were knit together into one social whole, and nevertheless were riven asunder by bitter jealousies, rivalries, and dislikes. Well, the feelings between a given queen and a given dowager-empress, or a small king and the emperor who on some occasion had relished bullying him, were precisely the same as those between the captain's lady and the colonel's spinster daughter, or the sporting lieutenant and the martinet major, in a lonely army post.

As we travelled, we found that the royalties at one court were almost sure to have written to their kinsfolk at the next court (for they are all interrelated) things about us, just exactly as people would write from one army post to another in the old days. They were always sure to wish to hear from me about some of the things that I had done while I was President, especially the building of the Panama Canal, the voyage of the battle fleet, the handling of the coal strike, and various matters concerning the control of the trusts and the control of the mob, and the relations of both with Socialism; and they were at least as anxious to hear about my regiment, and especially about my life in the West, evidently regarding it as an opportunity to acquire knowledge at first-hand and at close range concerning

the Buffalo-Bill and Wild-West side of American existence.

Most of them had obviously read up my writings for the occasion, and would appeal to me for enlightenment upon points which they could not understand; and then when I illustrated these points by stories and incidents, they would usually need further enlightenment about some of the expressions I used in telling the stories, and they would evidently solemnly write or tell one another just what these expressions were. Accordingly, after the usual formal and perfunctory conversation with the new king or crown prince, or whoever it was, he would, with a little preliminary manoeuvring, ask me if I would mind repeating the story I had told some preceding king about this, that, or the other frontier hero who had afterward become a public servant holding my commission—wishing to know just how and why it was that Benjamin Franklin Daniels, afterward Marshal of Arizona, had his ear “bit off” in the course of the exercise of his duties as peace officer, or why Hon. Seth Bullock, who was Marshal in South Dakota, and was to meet me in London, had regarded homicide as a regrettable but inevitable incident of a political career in territorial days; or he might (and in two cases actually did) say “I beg your pardon, but I do not quite understand what is a two-gun man,” which would necessitate a brief review of the exercise of the right of private war under primitive conditions in the Far West, and the advantages accruing to the cause of virtue if its special champion was able to use a revolver in either hand. All these small kings had vague ambitions, which they knew would never be gratified, for military distinction, and hunting dangerous game, and they always had questions to put about the Spanish War and the African trip. They also all stood distinctly in awe of the German Kaiser, who evidently liked to drill them; and both the big and the small ones felt much jealousy of one another, and at the same time felt joined together and sundered from all other people by their social position.

Before I had seen them I had realized in a vague way that a king's life nowadays must be a very limited life; but the reali-

zation was brought home to me very closely on this trip. I can understand a woman's liking to be queen fairly well, (that is, if she is not an exceptional woman) for if, as is sometimes the case, as was the case for instance with both the Queen of Norway and the Crown Princess of Sweden, she has made a love match, she has the ordinary happiness that comes to the happy woman with husband and children, and in addition the ceremonial and social part would be apt to appeal to her and to be taken seriously by her. But as for the man! It would be very attractive to be a king with the power of a dictator, and the ability to wield that power, to be a Frederick the Great, for instance, or even a man like the old Kaiser William, who if not exactly a great man yet had the qualities which enabled him to use and be used by Bismarck, Moltke, and von Roon. But the ordinary king—and I speak with cordial liking of all the kings I met—has to play a part in which the dress parade is ludicrously out of proportion to the serious effort; there is a quite intolerable quantity of sack to the amount of bread. If he is a decent, straight, honorable fellow, he can set a good example—and yet if he is not, most of his subjects, including almost all the clergymen, feel obliged to be blind and to say that he is; and he can exercise a certain small influence for good on public affairs in an indirect fashion. But he can play no part such as is played by the real leaders in the public life of to-day, if he is a constitutional monarch.

Understand me. I do not mean that he fails to serve a useful purpose, just as the flag serves a useful purpose. Only a very foolish creature will talk of the flag as nothing but a bit of dyed or painted bunting, because it is a symbol of enormous consequence in the life and thought of the people. Similarly, the king may serve a purpose of enormous usefulness as a symbol, and I have no question that for many peoples, it would be a misfortune not to have such a symbol, such a figurehead. I am not speaking of the king from the standpoint of his usefulness to the community, which I fully admit; I am merely saying that from his own standpoint, if he is a man of great energy, force and power, it must be well-nigh intoler-

able to have to content himself with being simply king in the figurehead or symbol fashion.

When I went to Vienna, I met Harry White, an old friend and the best man in our diplomatic service, who had, most unfortunately and improperly, and for reasons of unspeakable triviality, been turned out of the service by President Taft. Without White's help I really do not see how I could have gotten through my Austro-Hungarian experience. The Hengelmüllers, the Austrian representatives in Washington, had crossed the ocean to meet me, and I was so flooded with attractive invitations, public and private, both in Vienna and Budapest, that I hardly had one moment to myself. I did, however, get an hour to visit certain bookstores, because I wanted to buy some of the old German hunting books. The popular reception in Vienna was even greater than the popular reception in Rome; I was received very much as I was received when as President I visited San Francisco, or Seattle, or St. Louis, or New Orleans. The streets and squares around the hotel were blocked with crowds, and when I drove to Schönbrunn to dine with the Emperor, the whole route was lined on both sides with onlookers. It was evident to me that the people did not in the least understand my real position, although I had done everything in my power to make it plain; they thought of me as still the great American leader, the man who was to continue to play in the future of American politics something like the part he had played in the past. Moreover this was the view that almost all the statesmen took. No explanations of mine were treated as anything but rather insincere and affected self-depreciation, and my statement of the bald fact that under our system and traditions an ex-President became of little or no importance was always greeted with polite but exasperating incredulity; and I finally gave up any attempt to do more than at each successive capital to state the fact with entire clearness, and then to let them refuse to believe it if they chose. I hated to have them deceive themselves; but they absolutely refused to let me undeceive them, and that was all there was about it.

AUSTRIAN RULERS AND IDEAS

The Emperor was an interesting man. With him again I had to speak French. He did not strike me as a very able man, but he was a gentleman, he had good instincts, and in his sixty years' reign he had witnessed the most extraordinary changes and vicissitudes. He talked very freely and pleasantly, sometimes about politics, sometimes about hunting; and after my first interview, when he got up to tell me "good-by," he said that he had been particularly interested in seeing me because he was the last representative of the old system, whereas I embodied the new movement, the movement of the present and the future, and that he had wished to see me so as to know for himself how the prominent exponent of that movement felt and thought. He knew that I disliked the old king of the Belgians who was just dead, and suddenly asked me if I would have visited Belgium if he had been alive; and when I said no, he responded that he quite understood why, and added "*c'était un homme absolument méchant*," explaining that there were very few men who were absolutely and without qualification "*méchant*," but that Leopold was one.

The dinner at Schönbrunn was interesting, of course, and not so dull, as those functions are apt to be. The Emperor and all the Austrian guests had one horrid habit. The finger-bowls were brought on, each with a small tumbler of water in the middle; and the Emperor and all the others proceeded to rinse their mouths, and then empty them into the finger-bowls. I felt a little as if the days of Kaunitz had been revived—I believe that eminent servant of Maria Theresa used to take a complete toilet-set with him to dinner, including a tooth brush, which he used at the close of the feast. However, all of the guests were delightful; and both the men and the women who came in after dinner were on the whole charming. I was told that Viennese society was frivolous, but it happened, I suppose naturally, that those men whom I saw were most of them interested in real problems of statecraft and warcraft. However, the world that lives for amusement was much in evidence at the Jockey

Club. This struck me as a typical Viennese institution. Only the higher nobility belong, and a few outsiders of note. The people were charming, well bred, with delightful manners, joining to the love of sport among corresponding Englishmen, a love of gambling, and a propensity to fight duels, which gave them a different touch, and living in a world as remote from mine as if it had been in France before the revolution. They hailed me with the utmost good comradeship, because they were almost all big game hunters, and were immensely interested in my African hunt, and were also much interested in my regiment and my experiences in the Spanish War.

Of course the fact that I had been President, and at the same time had done the kind of thing in war and sport which it would have gratified their ambitions to do, also impressed them; and then, to my intense amusement, I found that they were in cordial sympathy with me because I had attacked the big financial interests, and because I frankly looked down on mere moneyed men, the people of enormous wealth who had nothing but their wealth behind them, and whose power was simply the power of the "money touch." There was to me something very humorous in finding what in America was regarded as a democratic movement against the powerful and arrogant aristocracy of wealth was among these Viennese looked upon as a movement fundamentally in the interests of the right kind of aristocracy, because it was teaching the man of mere money bags that his money by itself simply rendered him vulgar, and entitled him to no consideration. In the same way I was much amused to find from casual remarks made by my hosts that what they called the "*kleiner Adel*" were not admitted to the club any more than the financiers were. They had not such feeling against me and Kermit. We represented men of a totally alien life.

I found that they already knew that I as strongly objected to Americans marrying into their titled families as they could object themselves. This gave them, on the one hand, a feeling of understanding and sympathy with me, and, on the other hand, put our relations just as they ought

to be; that is, they felt they could be absolutely courteous to me, and establish absolutely good relations with me, just as they could with an Arab Sheik, and ask me to their houses and visit my house and yet not be afraid of any complications following. One or two of them had a slight curiosity to find out exactly why I objected as strongly to any closer alliance with them as they did to any closer alliance with Americans; but most of them were too well bred to think it worth while to make inquiries. To those that did make the inquiries I laughed and told them that they would understand my position if they realized that I wished to keep for myself and all my kinsfolk and all my people an attitude which would make us respect equally and feel equally at home with Andreas Hofer on one side and Count Andrassy on the other, and that such an attitude could only be kept as long as their people and our people met on a footing of entire equality and good-will, but with full recognition of the fact that any attempt at too intimate relations would result in showing utter discordance. In other words we could really enjoy not merely friendship, but a substantial measure of intimacy, if we did not try to make it too close; because if we came too close we should find that our systems of life were fundamentally irreconcilable, although each might have many good points and might be the best for a given set of surroundings.

I visited the riding-school, one of the very few places in Europe where one can still see the manège as it is described in that great book of the Duke of Newcastle's—I think it is his—in the seventeenth century; and I inspected a Hungarian Hussar regiment, which interested me immensely, and where again I was received with the most genuine cordiality as a fellow soldier, all the officers, who of course had themselves seen no actual fighting, being very anxious to know about my regiment. I was very much impressed by both the officers and the enlisted men, and also by the horses.

We went out to lunch with a perfect old trump, Count Wiltczek, who had a castle a few miles out of Vienna which he had restored, so that it looked exactly as

it did in the Middle Ages and was similarly arranged within—although he had embellished it with books and pictures of a later period. On this trip—here while visiting this castle, just as at Cairo—I was helped for the first time in my life by the fact that I had always gratified my thirst for useless information. I have never demanded of knowledge anything except that it shall be useless. Now this means that while I know nothing that the average scholar does not know, yet that I know a good deal as to which the average politician or man of affairs is abysmally ignorant; and as naturally my life has been chiefly led among politicians and men of affairs, when it was not led among frontiersmen, there are a great many things I have studied about which I have rarely or never had a chance to speak—largely, my dear sir, because it is only occasionally that I am thrown for a few hours intimately in your company! Until I went abroad this time I doubt if I had ever derived the slightest benefit, however small, from such things as a knowledge of Moslem travels in the thirteenth century, or Magyar history, or the Mongol conquests, or the growth of the races of Middle Europe and the deeds of their great men. On this occasion, however, my knowledge of these things really added to my pleasure, and brought me into touch with people. For instance, Wiltczek hugely enjoyed finding that, besides a general interest in sport and in mediæval ways and customs, I had taken it for granted that his family, if not Czeck, was of Polish origin, and descended from the Piasts and from Boleslav the Glorious; that when he showed me a portrait of Batory, I was familiar with that Hungarian king of Poland and his wars against Ivan the Terrible; that I knew the details of Rudolph's fight with Ottocar of Bohemia; and so on and so on. He took a great fancy to Kermit, whom he called "leetle" Kermit—for although Kermit was nearly six feet, Wiltczek towered above him—led him round by the hand through most of the building, and then kissed him good-by! Kermit is an impassive person, and was much less upset by this than an English boy would have been; still he was distinctly embarrassed; and I had fearful apprehensions myself

when I came to say good-by, but fortunately the Count merely enfolded me in a bear-like arm clasp.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE OF HUNGARIAN HISTORY

After leaving Vienna I went to Hungary. On the way to Budapest, we stopped for lunch at Count Apponyi's. Apponyi met us at the station (where there was the usual reception) and drove us to his castle. It was interesting to an American to pass successively through various villages each consisting only of Slavs, Magyars or Germans. Apponyi is a really fine fellow. He had been in Washington with the Inter-Parliamentary Peace Congress, and had dined with me at the White House. He represented a type of Liberal much more common in Continental Europe prior to 1848 than at present; but in some ways, purely Hungarian. In Hungary, in striking contrast to what was the case in France, in Italy, and I believe in Spain, and certainly in much of Germany, I found that Liberalism and very strong religious feelings were not regarded as incompatible. In France and Italy devout Catholics were almost always reactionary, not only in matters ecclesiastical but in matters governmental; and Liberals were always anti-clerical—probably inevitably so.

In Hungary I met many Liberals, most of them Catholics, some of them Calvinists, who were good "church people" in much the same sense that so many of my associates in America are good church people; and in consequence they felt that I understood them and that they were in sympathy with me, as they could not be expected to be in sympathy with men sharing their political views who at the same time ridiculed, or at least were wholly unable to understand their religious views. Apponyi was a devout Catholic, but he was not only an advanced Liberal in matters political but also in matters ecclesiastical; he was a staunch friend of many Protestants, and later took me round to see the younger Kosuth, a Protestant. In this respect he was like an American Liberal of the best type; yet in matters purely political it was half amusing, half melancholy, to realize the doctrinaire limitations of his

attitude. He was in theory an almost irrational advocate of immediate international peace; just as the Norwegians also were, in theory; and he and the Norwegian delegates, whom I had met among the various international peace delegations, were all for universal arbitration and disarmament, and for passing high-sounding resolutions in favor of immediate peace all over the earth, resolutions which always remind me of Tilman Joy's sneer in one of John Hay's poems, at those who "resoloot till the cows come home," and cannot and will not give practical effect to their resolutions; and yet he represented the violent and extreme Hungarian party which was practically working for a separation from Austria that would probably bring war; just as the Norwegian peace people were at the very time championing separation from Sweden, a separation which certainly told against peace and might well have produced immediate war. In other words, these peace champions of Hungary and Norway, who in word and in resolution, and in proclamation at their conventions, went much further in demanding arbitration and peace than I was willing to go (simply because for a really cool and far-sighted man to act as they were acting would have been base hypocrisy) were, as regards the only practical matters where they could give effect to their theories doing all they could to provoke war.

This is not an exceptional attitude among professional peace advocates. I have met it again and again. In my own country I have had labor unions and similar organizations pass resolutions, and send them to me, demanding that we cease building up the Navy and insist on universal international arbitration, at the very same time that they demanded that I adopt the policy of Japanese exclusion in such form as would certainly have brought us war with Japan. War would probably have come if I had either yielded to their wishes as to the form which the policy of exclusion was to take, (in accordance with their wishes), or had failed to keep at the highest point of efficiency the American Navy. It would certainly have come if I had yielded to their wishes in both regards. Apponyi

in Hungary was honestly convinced that he was standing up for the oppressed and for the cause of righteousness by insisting that the Magyar should be at least on an equality with the Austrian German; and he was shocked and puzzled by finding that a large number of Hungarian Slavs regarded his attitude, and the attitude of the Magyars, toward them as itself an attitude of pure oppression, and which showed the fundamental hypocrisy of the Magyar attitude toward the German.

One reason why he and the other Hungarian politicians whom I met got on well with me was probably the fact that I knew a good deal of Hungarian history and Hungarian constitutional claims; that I understood, for instance, that the Emperor of Austria was not emperor in Hungary, and always alluded to him as the king—to give him his full, and delightful title, “apostolic king”—while I was in Hungary; that I understood that the analogy between England and Ireland was to be found, not in Austria’s attitude toward Hungary, but in Hungary’s attitude toward Croatia, etc. etc. As I have said, any ordinary scholar with a good second-hand knowledge of history is acquainted with all this as a matter of course; but among politicians the one-eyed is apt to be king—so far as concerns foreign history, or indeed so far as concerns any branch of abstract knowledge not dealing with applied politics, applied economics, or money-making.

When I was received in the legislative hall at Budapest, I was at first a little bit puzzled to know why they so immensely appreciated my allusions to Arpad, St. Stephen, Mathew Corvinus, and other Hungarian heroes, to the battle of Mohacs, to the provisions of the Golden Bull of one King Bela, and to the curious indirect results of the Bogomil heresy, and the double part played by racial and religious considerations in causing the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania to side with the Turk rather than with the Austrian; ultimately I found that the reason was their sensitiveness to the fact that all these names meant nothing whatever to the public men of other European countries. Evidently they felt as regards the ignorance they encountered concerning their own national history when they went to Berlin,

Paris, or London, much as an American felt forty or fifty years ago, when he found that Europe quite simply ignored the men and events that he had believed to be of capital importance. It was the feeling of injured dignity natural to the man who does not like to have his cherished heroes and their deeds treated as provincial, and who is not as yet sufficiently self-confident to realize that such treatment reflects, not on him or them, but on those who really show themselves provincial by failing to appreciate the fundamental importance of what has happened outside their own kin. To a Hungarian the fact that the Golden Bull was analogous to the Great Charter, and was issued about the same time that the latter was signed, seemed of such interest that he could not understand an Englishman never having heard of the said Golden Bull; and in consequence he was much pleased to find that an ex-President from across the ocean had heard about it, and knew for instance that it solemnly reserved to the nobles the right of revolution if the king misbehaved himself—I did not think it necessary to elaborate the comparison between this and the action of certain South American republics in inserting into their constitutions a guarantee of the right of secession.

In Vienna they had been very much pleased when, while President, I had cordially approved the action of Austria in changing the title, although not really the substance, of the Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Ultimately I hope that the Balkan States will be able to stand by themselves, perhaps in some sort of confederacy; but as yet the example of Serbia is not sufficiently encouraging to make me believe that Bosnia and Herzegovina would make more progress alone than under Austria; for Austrian rule bears no resemblance to Austrian rule half a century ago, and in any event is infinitely preferable to the rule of the Turk. In Hungary they knew that I had approved of this action, and were on the whole glad—the Austrian Governor of the two provinces (Kallay) did a really remarkable work in developing them—but the Magyars were a little uneasy at anything that tended to increase the Slav populations of the Dual Empire.

SYMPATHY WITH HUNGARIANS

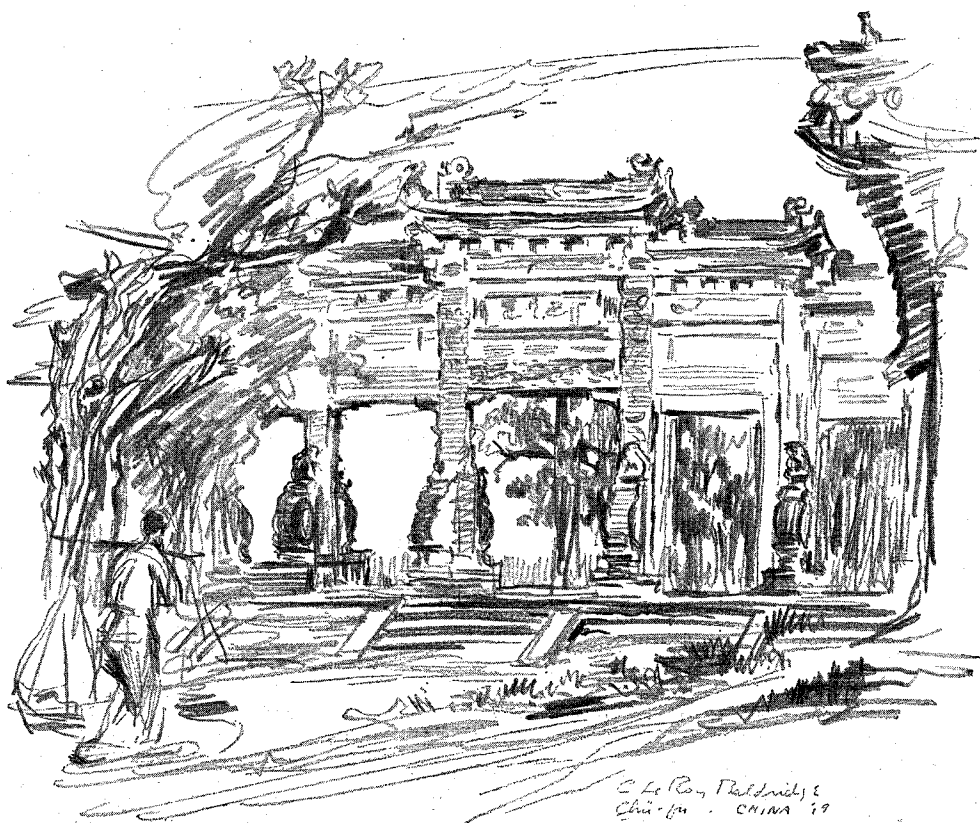
In Budapest the Austrian archduke who represented the empire and who was a very good fellow, but whose name I cannot now remember, gave me a lunch, and the Prime Minister a dinner, and the head of the Opposition another dinner, and I was taken out to see a stock-farm where I took lunch. The really interesting part, however, was meeting the people themselves. They were delightful. Of course I became hopelessly mixed as to their names; it was impossible to meet a couple of hundred men and women, even very intimately, for forty-eight hours, and disentangle them completely from the couple of hundred different men and women I had met in the previous forty-eight hours, or the couple of hundred whom I met in the preceding forty-eight hours. However, the general impression was very vivid.

I was struck in Hungary, as later in Holland and the Scandinavian countries, by the fact that I was really more in sympathy with the people whom I met than with the corresponding people of the larger continental nations. Their ways of looking at life were more like mine, and their attitude toward the great social and economic questions more like those of my friends in America. The Hungarian women, for instance, were almost the only women of Continental Europe with whom I could talk in the same intimate way that I could with various American and English women whom I have known—Mrs. Lodge, Mrs. La Farge, Mrs. Selmes, and other friends, of my own country, and Lady Delamere and Mrs. Sanderson of your country, whom I met at Nairobi, and Lady Spring Rice, and others. The Hungarian women were charming. They seemed to have the solid qualities of the North Germans, and yet the French charm, which the North Germans so totally lacked. I was genuinely sorry to think that I should never see them again. I greatly liked the Hungarian men. Whether it was simply an accident, or whether those I met were typical, I cannot say, but I certainly met an unusual number who were both interesting, and interested in things, that were worth while; and who were keenly alert about political and economic matters, and yet

were enthusiastic sportsmen or were well read or had other interests that were not merely stodgy. Teleki, the African explorer, was one; either his wife or his sister-in-law had written a novel worth reading. By the way, a Hungarian novelist whose books I had always liked, the author of "St. Peter's Umbrella," also called on me, and later caused me no slight embarrassment by giving an interview in which he contrasted my attitude of appreciation of his novels with the lack of such appreciation on the part of the Austrian imperial family!

At the different dinners and in the houses I visited I found almost everybody able to speak English, and well acquainted with whatever of note was written in either French, English, or German. Of course there is not much written in Magyar, and in order to hold communion with the rest of the world cultivated people in Hungary have to know foreign languages in a way that it is not necessary for Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans, and so they are pleasanter for foreigners to get on with. One of the leading public men I met—I think an ex-Prime Minister—was a Calvinist, and I was interested to see the strong impress that Calvinism had stamped upon the Magyar character. Evidently the Calvinistic theology was much more of a force with him than with most even of the descendants of the Puritans with whom I am intimate in America; and while the liberalizing spirit of the age and of his political party and the needs of Hungary had greatly broadened him, he still retained to a curious degree traits which reminded me all the time of those of men with whom I was familiar in my own country. His ancestors and mine had been at the Synod of Dort together three centuries before, and though he was very much broader and more tolerant than they were, he was not able to look at their work from quite the detached standpoint that to me seemed the only possible standpoint. But he was a fine fellow, and I was in thorough sympathy with him; and his wife was a brilliant and charming woman. Altogether I could not overstate how thoroughly at home I felt in Hungary, and how I enjoyed myself in spite of the rush in which I was kept.

[The concluding portion of this Letter will appear in the March number.]



On the main road to Confucius' grave.

SHANTUNG: SACRED SOIL

By Nathaniel Peffer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN CHINA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

T'AI-SHAN T'AI-AN-FU,
SHANTUNG.

THIS is the heart of Shantung—symbol now to the Western world of China's trembling fate. It is more than that. It is the heart of China itself, the soul of China, centre and sanctuary of the highest in China's faith, tradition, and history. There is thrill to the mind and catch to the imagination in standing on this soil at this time; and a feeling of æsthetic satisfaction at the nice unity in the fact that the chance of political circumstance has given to the West as sym-

bol for China that which most genuinely and most deeply is China.

For these mystic hills and the few miles of plain they command are to China sacred. Here on T'ai-Shan, the Sacred Peak of the East, on whose summit before history took up its reckoning emperors stood to offer homage for their people to the Ruler of Heaven, is enshrined the purest faith of the Chinese, not yet overlaid with demonology and spirit-worship. Around its rocks, its pools, its clusters of other-worldly trees are gathered some of their most treasured lore and beautiful legends. In its shadow lies the humble walled city of Chü-Fu,