

flective nature will abolish metaphysics forever, or permanently dismiss the syllogism. The constructions of Calvin and Augustine—his great Catholic prototype—may yet have greater influence on the later formulations than would be granted them to-day. But we shall never again be able to stand where those men stood, and see all things from their angle. Intervening thought and experience can never be as if they had not been. Calvin had escaped from the medieval prison-house, but the shadows hung about him. He was no scholastic, yet the processes of formal logic still dominated him.

One could imagine him making great use of the inductive principle, for he had the capacities of a pioneer; Bacon, however, was only three years old when Calvin died. There was as yet no theory of knowledge that could modify the *a priori* habit. There was nothing to restrain Calvin from beginning with the great postulate of majestic omnipotence, losing himself in awe unutterable, and deriving all things from the sheer will of God, behind which one need not, and could not, go. Hence divine sovereignty and predestination, and

their train, as the master thoughts of his system. "De Cognitione Dei Creatoris" is the title of his first book, and "De Cognitione Dei Redemptoris" comes in the second place, and only in the third place "De Modo Percipiendæ Christi Gratia." The logic is irrefragable, but this is not the order of the religious life, and only the order of life will give us the right relations of things. Calvin's theology did not do justice to his own personal religion. The simple fact that Christianity is the religion of Christ was hid from the medieval mind. It was veiled even for Calvin himself. As it dawns upon men more fully, it transforms the character of God and the possibilities of man, and the purposes of life.

Calvin is the theologian of the past rather than of the present and the future, not because his affirmations are not profound, for they are; not because they are not true, for many more of them are true than the fashion of the day will confess: but because the whole system needs rearrangement, and in the rearrangement every doctrine needs to be stated afresh, adjusted to its new place, expressed in a new vocabulary, and filled with vital warmth and light.



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON

IS MONEY ESSENTIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF  
AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR?

BY E. S. NADAL

One of the Secretaries of the United States Legation, London, 1870-71, 1877-84

IT is sometimes assumed that the man appointed as our ambassador in London should be rich. It may be well to examine the correctness of this vague assumption. The money supposed to be requisite would of course be used in giving parties, balls, and dinners. The people asked would be either Americans or the English and the diplomats. Of Americans, there are perhaps at one time in London during the season as many as twenty or thirty thousand. Nearly all of these think them-

selves, and no doubt are, as good as anybody. A young woman of a good New York family once told me that she and her friends were entitled to special consideration from American diplomats. I could not see why. Of course she and her friends were in the best position in New York; but how about the best people in a thousand other cities, towns, and villages throughout the country, all of whom pay their share in the expense of maintaining our diplomacy? And, then, according

to the theory of our society, and in some degree according to the practice of it, any old washerwoman is as much entitled to special consideration from American diplomats as a leader of fashion in one of our great cities. About the only claim which an American diplomat could theoretically accept would be that of people in official position who might be supposed to have been specially honored by Americans themselves. Then there are certain personal friends of his own whom he can favor: every one is entitled to have friends. But any attempt to entertain Americans on a large scale would be attended with great practical difficulties. For every person pleased, there would be twenty who would be displeased. Our people have more or less democratic jealousy, and they would show it about such matters as parties, invitations, and the like. In such matters they might be somewhat exacting. (I may add that they are not in the least exacting regarding official favors, sought at the offices of American representatives abroad. An impression prevails that they are, but that, I am sure, is a mistake. In this respect I have always found them considerate and forbearing.) I may say in passing that they should be encouraged to visit the embassies and legations. Hence there ought to be houses in the great capitals, owned by the United States Government, with incomes sufficient for their maintenance, places in which Americans would feel a sense of proprietorship.

As regards the English, the situation is also beset with difficulties. A man who entertains on a large scale must return the civilities of people who have asked him. Americans will scarcely be pleased to see that their representative fills his house with the people of the country to which he is accredited, when they are not asked; they are likely to think "What do we get out of this?" In this I daresay they are not quite reasonable. Then, as regards the English themselves, it is not easy for a diplomat to distinguish successfully between the various grades of their society. If he entertains only the people of extreme fashion, certain English who are not fashionable, but who are not on that account less influential or less necessary to him, may feel slighted. The people most necessary to a diplomat, and especially to an

American diplomat, are the political and the official people, and in London these, for some reason, are not usually the people of ultra fashion. It is not so easy as might be thought to have both, or at any rate to have the two together, because the wish of the "smart" people is to keep to themselves. So it comes about naturally that a diplomat's affiliations are rather with the less fashionable people. Still, he must not carry this too far, as there is danger that some of these people themselves may not regard him as highly as he might wish. It is possible they may think, "He can't be much, if he 'll know us."

The experiment of a big house and frequent entertainments has been several times tried in London. I have often heard old people speak of Abbott Lawrence, who had one of the good houses in Piccadilly, and whose entertainments were greatly enjoyed and long remembered. But at that date the relation of London to this country was very different from what it is now. London then was as far away from Washington as Peking now is. For one American in London at that time, there are now hundreds. Furthermore, English society has greatly changed since then. I remember Ponsonby Fane, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, once telling me that in William IVth's time, only a few years before Lawrence's service, the custom was for the king to hold levees at St. James's Palace every Wednesday, and that announcement was made not when a levee would be held, but when it would be omitted. London society at that day was small enough and intimate enough to permit of such an arrangement. Then, much of the success of the Lawrences, as old people have told me, was due to their personal qualities. They were unaffected, amiable people who had the art of pleasing everybody.

When I first went to London, Mr. J. L. Motley was the minister, and I doubt if the country had up to that time ever been so splendidly represented as it was by him. There is a quality which Aristotle designated as "magnificence," and which he considered a virtue and distinguished from vulgar ostentation. Motley had that quality. He lived very handsomely during his brief tenure of the London mission. He took Lord Yarborough's house, one of the houses that run through

from Arlington Street to Green Park, a spacious and polite London mansion, than which there were few better in the town. Motley was a very handsome man, with a great power of pleasing and a marked gift for distinguished society, and he had very capable assistance in his wife and daughters, who were clever and accomplished women of the world. The business of entertainment and representation was about as well done by them as it could be. They of course entertained the London society that entertained them, but they also entertained a great number of their own people. Nevertheless, the brilliant success which Motley had in London excited jealousy, from which, I fear, he suffered in some degree. Motley, when he came to London, had already been a good many years at Vienna. Vienna is a place where diplomats are not highly regarded; but I have heard from people who were there at the time that the success of Motley in Austrian society was so marked as to give him a position almost equal to that of the great men of the country. Success, however, was safe enough there, since Vienna was a long way off. It was different in London.

As a rule, diplomats have not an important position in London. With the exception of our own representative, the English do not make much account of them. First of all, they do not like foreigners, and they care very little for official position. A man with a great name, a Lichtenstein or a Doria, for instance, or with a great fortune, who goes to London, whether as a chief or as a member of the staff of an embassy, may be made a good deal of. Herbert Bismarck, who came to the German embassy as secretary in 1882, his father being at that time still in power, was much courted and run after by English society, to the great disgust of the ambassador, Count Munster. But he was an exception. London, furthermore, is a big place. In general, it might be expected that diplomats would have a more important position in small than in large places. In London there are so many people entertaining and so many big houses, that the entertainments of the diplomatic houses are not needed. Mrs. Bancroft, whose husband had been our minister in both London and Berlin, told me that she entertained a great

deal more in Berlin than she did in London.

Very little entertaining is done in London by the embassies and legations. During my eight years there I do not remember being once at an entertainment at the Russian embassy. The French would now and then give something, and, when an Austrian royalty came to London, the Austrians would give a party. In 1870, the Apponyis, who had the Austrian embassy, gave Sunday evenings for the diplomatic corps. When they left, Mrs. Motley looked after the "dips," as she called them, and continued these Sunday evening parties, and did it perfectly, of course, and with a kindness which was her own. The embassies that did the most were the German and the Italian, especially the German. Count Bernstoff, whose memoirs have just been published, gave many parties, as his successor Count Munster did later. I remember pleasant balls on summer nights at the house in Carlton House Terrace—the scene without beautiful, with its mingling of dawn and moonlight over St. James's Park, the young people pleading with Count Munster for "just one more dance," the old man assenting, but looking very weary.

The Turkish ambassador in my day was Musurus, a Greek. He gave no parties, but there was afternoon tea at his house once a week under pleasant conditions. He had three pretty daughters, who, although they had been born in London and had never lived anywhere else, spoke English with a marked accent. They were nice to the young diplomats and, indeed, to everybody—amiable, attractive girls of whom even London could not make snobs. The only legations, with the exception of our own, that did anything, were the Japanese and the Chinese. The diplomatic houses were much handicapped by the necessity of asking to all their large entertainments the whole diplomatic corps and a large number of English officials, so that there was not much room left for general English society.

After Mr. Welsh resigned, in 1879, the place was offered to Mr. John Jacob Astor, who declined it, which, I believe, he afterward regretted having done. If Mr. Astor had accepted, it would have been interesting to watch the result. He and his wife were such thoroughly nice people that they

would have been sure to be liked, he, modest, substantial, simple, able, and a gentleman; she, kind-hearted, sensitive, somewhat shy, with an exaggeration of manner which was itself a kind of simplicity, and which perhaps was the result of shyness. We at the legation were much disappointed when they did not come; the secretaries would, no doubt, have had something to say in the distribution of these loaves and fishes. Mr. Astor was extremely hospitable and, I think, really liked to feed people. He was a man fond of good food himself, and no man knew more about it. I was asked, with two or three others, to dine with him one evening at "The Ship" at Greenwich, a hotel in which I had eaten a great many bad dinners. It was wonderful the dinner which was served us in that little parlor, with its low ceiling, and broad window level with the yellow bosom of the Thames, which laved the window-sill. I was reminded of the words of Webster upon Hamilton, to the effect that he struck the dry rock, and abundant streams gushed forth.

But Mr. Astor declined, and Mr. Lowell came from Spain in his place, and, as every one knows, was a great success. He pleased from the first. The welcome he received and the place assigned him in the public estimation were in part the cause of the success he had. He flowered out under the sunshine of the general favor. Poets, as we know, are subject to atmospheric conditions. People found something winning in that gaiety of disposition, which was, as I say, in some degree the result of their own kindness. He was generally popular, and especially so with scholars and literary men, with whom of course he had a special sympathy. At home he had never been in the way of seeking or being much sought by society. There does not as yet seem to be a place in American society for men with that combination of intellectual and social ability possessed by men like Lowell and Motley. There is a place for such men in London, and it is that which makes it so attractive to them, particularly if they happen to hold the position of our representative there. Lowell had this success, in spite of the fact that he was not rich. Mr. E. J. Phelps, who followed him, and who was not rich, was also successful. Mr. Bayard, also a man of moderate fortune, was most successful.

As soon as I heard of his appointment, I knew that he would succeed. For one thing, he was good-looking, a prepossessing personal appearance being an important qualification for diplomacy, and then he had benignant and engaging manners. In this connection I recall a remark once made to me by Mr. Phelps, which struck me as amusing. He was speaking of a distinguished candidate for this office, whose want of good looks he thought a disqualification. Mr. Phelps said: "A man of insignificant appearance should not go there. You know how it is. It is a big place. People look once at him, and, if they are not impressed, they don't look again." There is truth in that.

The kind of man our representative in London is matters more than the amount of his money. One necessity is that he should be an American in feeling, with the respect for others which is the result of American education. I know those two minds, the European, aristocratic mind which thinks, "I am better than another," and the American, democratic mind, which thinks, "You are as good as I, and have as much right in the world." Both minds have their attractions and their advantages, but I believe the American mind is not only kinder, but truer and juster and more in accord with the facts of life and human nature than the other. A cynically disposed person might say that this state of mind rests ultimately upon the fact that we all have something to sell one another. It may be so, but this state of mind nevertheless exists, and there can be no question that it is a just and sound one. In looking back upon the men who have represented us in London, the name of Reverdy Johnson occurs to me as having a combination of qualities suitable to the office. He had the American mind I have described. He was an able man, one of the first lawyers in the country, and, although short and stout in figure, he had a good deal of presence. You could see at a glance that he was somebody. And he had a good nature, which the English found charming. "An awfully jolly old fellow," I have heard them describe him. Perhaps his good nature, under the circumstances, was a little excessive, but it was in his disposition. Of course he was foredoomed to failure as a negoti-

ator of treaties, since anything proposed by Andrew Johnson was certain to be repudiated by the Senate and by the country. That, however, was an accident. If it be proper to mention the name of a man still living, there could hardly be a better example of the kind of mind an American representative abroad should have than Mr. Choate, who, I may add, had an even greater success in England than is perhaps generally known. He has a singular talent for being liked. There is one gift of his in which, I think, he is altogether peculiar: that of being successful without exciting envy.

Mr. George William Curtis was twice offered the London mission by President Hayes. I remember that Mr. Evarts, then Secretary of State, in speaking of the difficulty of making appointments which would be commonly approved, said to me: "You cannot mention a man whom all would agree would be the right man for minister to England." I ventured to say that, as regarded that particular appointment, I thought Mr. Curtis would be such a man. I learned afterward that the place had at that time been offered him. It was generally understood that he declined it because he thought he was not wealthy enough to hold it with credit, which would have been an entire mistake. I have been told, however, by one of his most intimate friends that he declined it solely because he did not wish to relinquish the work he was doing at home. It was like his goodness to have taken that view of the matter. It is almost certain that he would have succeeded, for he would have been liked and admired by the English, and we at home should have been proud of him. For his sake, I am sorry he did not take it. He had been good long enough: it was time he had a little fun.

It is not easy to find a man with the combination of qualities suited to making a success of his office. But there is the whole country to select from. The choice, however, is subject to one limitation not yet mentioned. It must not be forgotten that the qualifications of an American representative in London are not altogether social. There is a certain amount of business to be done. This is, indeed, mostly routine and can be done by the secretaries. The custom of some chiefs is to leave all the business of the office to secretaries.

They think it can be safely left to them, and so it may, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. But in the hundredth case some innocent-appearing thing may come up which will be the undoing of the diplomatist, and may indeed lead to results much graver than any that would concern his own personal fortunes. And he never can tell when this will happen. Of course, he will have the aid of competent secretaries, who will have his interests at heart. But men cannot be depended upon to employ for another the same vigilance and anxious care they will exercise for themselves. A diplomat should therefore be on the lookout for such accidents. A happy-go-lucky, easy-going frame of mind is scarcely the right one for a diplomatist. Hence it seems to me that he should have had some experience of business, since business men have usually learned the necessity of such watchfulness. I do not say that he should have had experience of diplomatic or even of official business.

Most men who have represented us in London have been lawyers, but I doubt if a knowledge of law is essential. One of my London chiefs, Mr. John Welsh, the man to whom, of all those I have ever served under in the various employments of my life, I was most attached, had been all his life a merchant. I suppose he had never had a day's experience of official business in his life. I have indeed heard him spoken of as a man unsuited to diplomatic business. But he had the habit of watchfulness and was a most unlikely man to make mistakes. He had, among other characteristics, that steady and thoughtful humility which we all know to be a source of wisdom, just as we know that a most frequent cause of blindness is the big head. Abbott Lawrence was also a merchant. The present representative, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, has been most of his life a journalist, but he is a man of great practical ability, and doubtless no man is more adequate to the official requirements of the place than he is. President Eliot, whose appointment is much talked of, and whose general fitness is widely recognized, is also a trained man of business and up to the practical requirements of the office. I remember Lowell's telling me that he thought Mr. Eliot had more executive ability than any other man he knew, and that he should like to see him President of the United States.

The English should be greatly flattered by the consideration in which this appointment is held in this country. In old days it was thought a good place for a candidate for the Presidency, the candidate being in full view of an admiring country and at the same time out of danger from mistakes into which he might have been betrayed had he remained at home. Perhaps the chief attraction of it is the consideration with which the office is regarded in this country. Many years ago I was talking with the late John Hay about this place and remarked that it was not a particularly great one in England. "No," said Hay, gazing reflectively out of the window, "but it looks very glittering from over here." The greatness of the office in England depends chiefly on what the man makes of it.

But whether he makes much or little of it, it is easy to see why an American should find it, for a few years at any rate, most enjoyable. After being one of the 80,000,000 units, he is suddenly transferred to an upper class, and to a distinguished position in that class. The division of society into classes gives it a variety which is novel to him and for a while amusing, and he finds in the marked character of the social types a source of interest to which he is unaccustomed at home. He sees under very favorable circumstances a life which is most familiar to him from literature and from report, and about which he is, of course, curious. He enjoys the experience greatly at the time, and I think he is likely to look back upon it as one of the most brilliant and interesting periods of his life. Perhaps the pleasantest part of it is the embassy itself, that bit of his own country in the midst of a land which is not his own. There is, as a rule, just enough work to interest him and not enough to weary him, and that work is usually of a pleasant character.

Generation after generation of chiefs and secretaries pass through this office, each knowing scarcely anything of those who have been there before them, and themselves unknown to those who come after them. Now and then a secretary, like Benjamin Moran or Henry White, will remain through a number of these succeeding generations. From Moran, who, when I came, had been there more than twenty years, I heard a great deal of what had happened in his time, particu-

larly about that most interesting period in the history of the legation, the four years of our Civil War. He went back nearly to the forties, and knew by report much that had happened before his day. For instance, he would know the details of such an incident, now of course forgotten, as the fight waged at Oxford against giving a degree to Edward Everett, upon the ground that, as a Unitarian, he did not believe in the divinity of Christ—an incident, by the way, somewhat interesting at this moment, in view of the proposed appointment of President Eliot and as showing the changes of sixty years. With the exception of the men just mentioned, I covered perhaps as much time as any of those who have been connected with the office. I knew the office and its conditions during a period of about fifteen years, though I was not there officially so long as that. The messengers and clerks, who are English, since their pay is too small to attract Americans, are there longer than anybody else. When I was last in London I went and sat for some time in the rooms of the embassy, my mind running back to the earliest days of my connection with it—to Reverdy Johnson and his ill-fated treaty, which was just before my time, but with the details of which I was familiar; to Mr. Motley's differences with the Government; to the misfortunes of General Schenck, which for a time obscured the recollection of his services and abilities; and to the more propitious careers of others who came later. With the old messenger of the embassy,

The sad historian of the pensive plain,

I talked over these or similar subjects, though of course we spoke chiefly of recollections that were of personal interest to ourselves. It was a melancholy pleasure to see again the ancient book-case containing the recorded correspondence of diplomatists back to the days of the foundation of the Government. There on the desk was the same big directory and the same Blue Book, the same neat stationery, the same bright red sealing-wax, in the wielding of which I considered myself particularly expert. One does not spend so many years of youth and early manhood in such a place without acquiring a strong affection for it and without its leaving a deep impression in the mind and the memory.



# THE WHITE BRIGADE

BY JOHN MACY

(On a recent Memorial Day, in New York city, while the veterans marched in the streets, processions of children, May parties postponed by a tardy spring, mingled with the crowds on the walks and in the parks.)

**B**ETWEEN the cliffs of brick and  
stone,  
Hoarse, like a river clamoring down  
A cañon gorge, the quenchless moan  
Of being echoes through the town.

The lurid streets with life are loud.  
There is no hush of holiday  
Upon the million-throated crowd  
Where old men march—and children  
play.

For, see, the desert springs to light.  
Like fragile fairies roamed away  
From magic woods, all clad in white,  
The children keep the feast of May.

Up the stern streets, through park and  
square,  
They seek the shaded plots of green,  
Dear vaporous angels of the air,  
Sweet phantoms from a mythic scene.

It is not real. Such elfin youth  
To blossom 'mid this barren stone!  
The bleak, loud city is the truth.  
The vision of a dream is flown.

And yet it stays. The people part  
To let the white processions through.  
Rude, slandered walls, your hidden heart  
Is pure, if such were born in you.

And now with slow tap to the drag  
Of aged feet, the steady drum  
Sounds where a cross street cleaves the  
crag,  
And down the park the old troops come.

Strange interweaving of old gray  
With delicate child white, all designed  
On the tense fabric of to-day—  
To-day with elder days entwined.

These ancient remnants tottering by  
Were comrades to a host of boys,  
Brave young battalions thrown to die,  
Now white like those new-budded joys.

Slow-footed age, time-conquered, bowed,  
We march as once you marched. Through  
you

We new recruits, this heedless crowd,  
Are veterans, are victors, too.

White flame of childhood, we would  
throw  
Our lives to shield you from a breath.  
Pass on, old men, to peace, for, lo!  
Life blooms among the ranks of death.

