

AMERICANS ON FOREIGN THRONES OR CLOSE BESIDE THEM

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Drawings by W. W. Denslow



Young Latrobe Made Himself King.

THIS is to be a story about Americans that, not being content with being sovereigns in their own land, have sat on foreign thrones or close beside them. In the seventeenth century the Colonies represented the happiest hunting ground of adventurers from all over the world, and it would seem from a glance at the doings of the succeeding generations that John Scott, Francis Nicholson, and Sir William Phipps left at least spiritual children. It is a pity that Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, Massachusetts, should have been a Loyalist, especially if, as charged, his loyalty was inspired by the failure of Washington to give him a commission in the Continental army. But a man that in one short life became Under Secretary of State in England, Lieutenant General in Germany, and Prime Minister in Bavaria, who laid out the parks of Munich, where his statue can be seen to-day, who in later life retired from politics and went to Paris, where in the scientific world he succeeded to the mantle that had fallen from the shoulders of Franklin,—was a many sided man and endowed with a great deal of Yankee get-togetherness.

William Eaton's Exploits

WILLIAM EATON of Woodstock, Connecticut, is the other obscure paladin, and though Tobias Lear, Washington's secretary, denounced him as a swashbuckler, he is the favorite soldier adventurer of this class. He had served as a sergeant in the Continental army, and in 1799 was appointed Consul in Tunis. At this juncture our troubles with the Barbary States reached a crisis. The Bashaw of Tripoli, one Jusef Caramali, held many Americans captive, and would not ransom them on reasonable terms. This Bashaw was something of a usurper, having deposed his brother Hamet; so Eaton, finding that negotiations with Jusef were impossible, after obtaining the sanction of his Government, as he always stoutly maintained, went to Cairo, where the deposed Hamet was living in seclusion and poverty.

Eaton soon fired his soul with a touch of his own desperate daring, and together they enlisted a small army, never more than five hundred men, composed of Arabs, Greeks, and a sprinkling of American adventurers. And in 1805 Eaton led this desperate and not always devoted band six hundred miles across the waste places of the Libyan desert. He captured Derna, and the American flag flew over this large city for twelve months. Then he went on to Bomba, where in conjunction with six hundred bluejackets from the Argus and the Hornet, under Commander Hull, Eaton carried the citadel by storm, though he himself was severely wounded in the engagement.

Apparently Tripoli was ours, the sacrifices made, the victory won; but unfortunately in the meantime Tobias Lear, then Consul General in Algiers, ignorant of the course of events or careless of our national honor, signed an ignoble treaty with the defeated Bashaw and paid over to him a large sum as ransom for captives and as tribute money. Hamet at this juncture not unnaturally lost confidence in his American allies, and fled, while Eaton, the hero of a desert journey without parallel in our history, returned with some of his comrades to Washington. His official reception was cold; but Massachusetts was more appreciative, and presented him with a grant of ten thousand acres of land, because, as the patent from the Legislature ran, it was desirable to perpetuate a "remembrance for heroic enterprise."

A Near-King of Hawaii

THE Hawaiian Islands have been from the very earliest days of Cook the play-

things of adventurers, and if half the stories of the Japanese swashbucklers who are reported as debarking on these pleasant shores to drill by moonlight the soldier coolies of the sugar fields are true, Hawaii's era of adventures is by no means closed. There as elsewhere the good and bad elements of our population that we export with impartiality have been about equally prominent. The opium smugglers, when they were driven from the Pacific coast by an overwhelming

show of naval force, took refuge there, and for a time drove the New England missionaries from control. With proverbial fickleness, Fortune and the smiles of dusky Queens favored first one band of adventurers and then the other. Just after the Civil War one of the young Latrobes of Maryland arrived and made himself King, or something like it. He survived the intrigues of both factions, and was doing very well in the King business, until a British squadron, not a mere man of war, came along and deposed him; Washington, very short sighted in those days, permitting.

Among the Orientals

OUT in China many Americans have cut a wide swath; but none more nearly approximated regal honors than Frederick Townsend Ward, a Salem, Massachusetts, boy who learned filibustering with Walker in Nicaragua. After Walker's death he went to China, then in the throes of the Tai-ping rebellion, and rose to chief command in the imperial service. It was he and not Chinese Gordon that organized and led the Ever Victorious army. Grateful Celestials poured silver taels into his military chest, and Ward was upon its crest when the wave broke at Ning-po, where an unlucky cannon ball cut short his career. His New England relatives never could find the heavy military chest; but in other ways the Chinese were not ungrateful. His name is enrolled among the Chinese heroes, and in many of the temples of war he is worshiped as a god.

The cult of Commodore Perry, though he was a nation's envoy and by no means an adventurer, is equally remarkable. It is strange to think that the sturdy sailor and accomplished diplomat who sleeps in Saint Mark's churchyard in the heart of Manhattan is in some circles of Japan regarded as an envoy not of the United States, but of the protecting ancestral gods that wished to warn the children of Nippon of the troublous times ahead. On this account his name is enrolled among the defenders of the fatherland at Ise, the place of Shinto pilgrimage, and his name is inscribed in letters of gold on the temple at Koya.

But this thing of being King or merely loafing about the throne in a far away land is not all beer

and skittles, as the records of the State Department, that resort of the hopeless, show. It is not only Republics that are ungrateful. Kings and Secretaries of State, imperial and regal advisers, have often quite as much trouble in getting their salaries paid punctually as do stay at home folks. I remember a bright faced boy that rushed to Cuba, his sympathies enlisted as unselfishly as were those of Lafayette, the moment he heard of the rebellion, and a few weeks later we found him sitting on a bench in the Havana park, where he had quietly starved to death. Only lately I read of the suicide of a young American, who three years ago I knew when he took sides with Matos against Castro the Venezuelan dictator. Down there they called him the Inglecito or

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little Englishman, though he was a New York boy and a brave one too. He blew his brains out at twenty-four.

The Vermilion Pencil

I RECALL now an energetic figure pulsating with life and energy which I left standing some years ago upon the highest rung of the ladder that leads to one of the most ancient Asiatic thrones. The secret influence that he had so long exercised, the vast power that was his in the secret conclave held on the borders of the sacred lotus pond, were to be acknowledged and revealed to all men in a royal receipt.

Indeed, the decree recognizing the primacy of this adventurous American in one of those lands teeming with population that lie between the Menam and the Meklong had been written and was soon to be promulgated. Would I not stay over a steamer? he asked. He wanted one American at least to participate, if merely as a spectator in his triumph. The decree was already drawn up; the King had read it with satisfaction, indeed, he had ordered his pencil holder to bring the Vermilion Pencil; but unfortunately when that august personage arrived the King was taking his siesta. "Only one dot from the Vermilion Pencil," whispered my enraptured countryman, "and I shall be Prime Minister, Chief Counsellor, Grand Vizir!"

I was selfish, and sailed away; but I know from other sources that even for the East the royal siesta has been unduly prolonged, and though nearly ten years have elapsed the decree elevating my friend to the ardently coveted honors still lacks the life and law giving dot from the Vermilion Pencil.

In Cocos and Yap

KING O'KEEFE of the Cocos Archipelago, and King Harry, son of Harrison, wilom ruler of Yap, were the happiest monarchs I have ever met in the Pacific, or for that matter in kingdoms bordering other seas.

They were not exactly autocrats, nor were their genial ways and generous thoughts limited by a paper constitution. They were in the simplest form of the King business, and there was never a thought of bomb throwing or a sugges-



The Affections of the Queen Were Soon Thrus: Upon Him.