

**THE CONSUL, PP.  
1-61**

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The Consul, pp. 1-61 by Richard Harding Davis

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**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS**

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“Then I am to understand,” he exclaimed, “that you refuse to carry out the wishes of a United States Senator and of the President of the United States?”

# THE CONSUL

BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



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### AUTHOR'S NOTE

Since the events described in this story are supposed to have taken place, innumerable reforms have been brought about in the consular service. In consequence, to suggest that the story is a picture of present conditions would be most unfair.

R H. D.



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## THE CONSUL

**F**OR over forty years, in one part of the world or another, old man Marshall had served his country as a United States consul. He had been appointed by Lincoln. For a quarter of a century that fact was his distinction. It was now his epitaph. But in former years, as each new administration succeeded the old, it had again and again saved his official head. When victorious and voracious place-hunters, searching the map of the world for spoils, dug out his hiding-place and demanded his consular sign as a reward for a

## THE CONSUL

younger and more aggressive party worker, the ghost of the dead President protected him. In the State Department, Marshall had become a tradition. "You can't touch HIM!" the State Department would say; "why, HE was appointed by Lincoln!" Secretly, for this weapon against the hungry head-hunters, the department was infinitely grateful. Old man Marshall was a consul after its own heart. Like a soldier, he was obedient, disciplined; wherever he was sent, there, without question, he would go. Never against textile, against ill-health, against climate did he make complaint. Nor when he was moved on and down to make way for some ne'er-do-well with influence, with a brother-in-law in the Senate, with a