

314 IMPRESSIONS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

the hill, from which there is a charming view of the waters of Long Island Sound and of the rolling and wooded landscape which makes Oyster Bay a particularly beautiful spot.

There was solemnity during these last tributes, but there was no grief. There never was grief in the presence of Theodore Roosevelt, and although his body was gone there could not be in the presence of his spirit.

As I came down the slope from the hilltop where his body lies I thought of the requiem and epitaph by Robert Louis Stevenson:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies, where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

As time goes on Roosevelt's defects—for there never was a man of whom it could be more truly said that he had the defects of his qualities—will more and more sink into the background—his virtues and genius as a man and a statesman will more and more come forward into the light. Whether or not it will be possible at some time to make Sagamore Hill—his homestead at Oyster Bay—