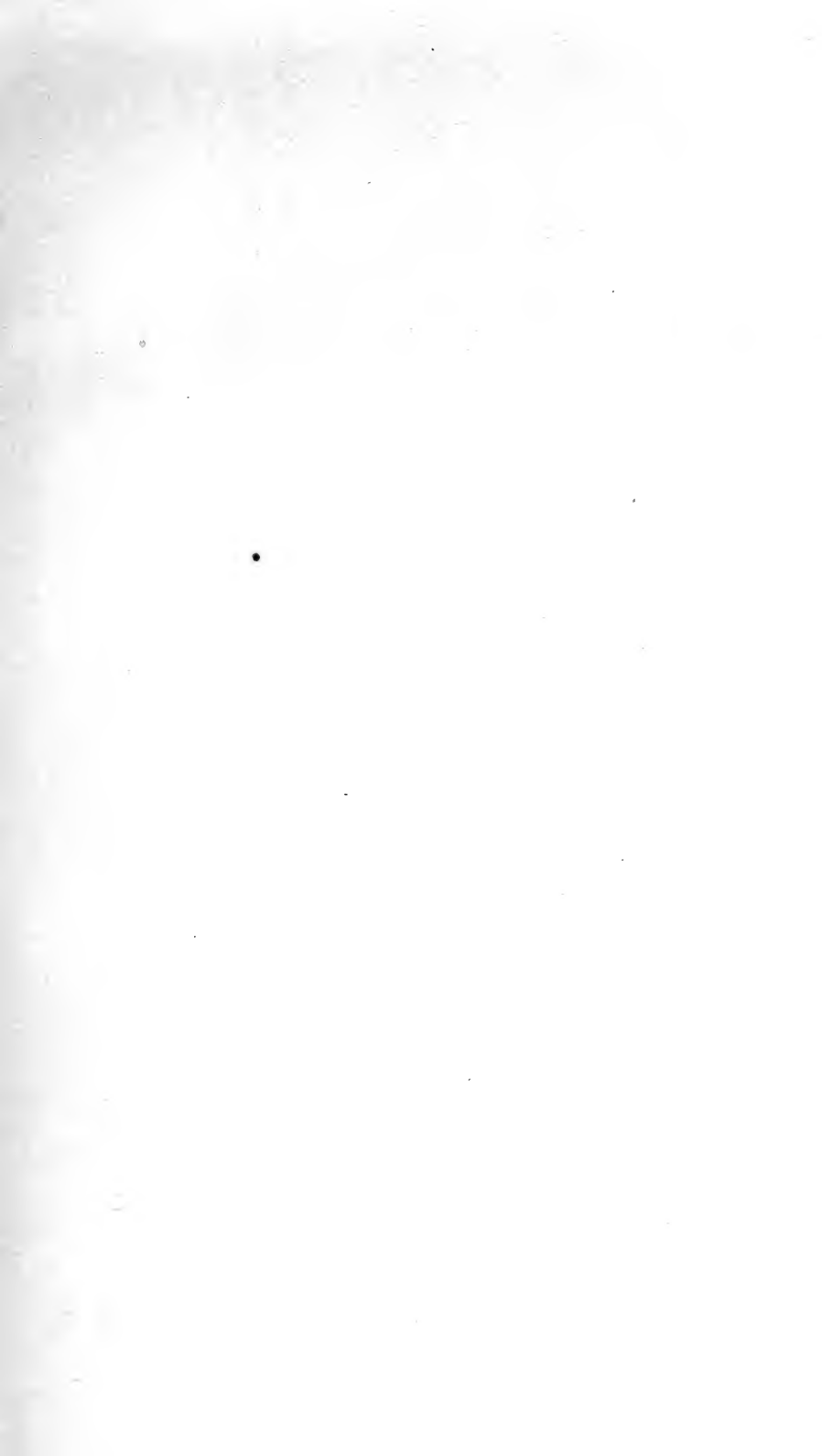


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THE DIARIES OF MARY
COUNTESS OF MEATH





THE COUNTESS OF MEATH
Wife of the 12th Earl.

~~1832~~
The Diaries of Mary Jane Brabazon, Countess of Meath

THE DIARIES OF MARY COUNTESS OF MEATH

Edited by her Husband
[Meath, Reginald Brabazon, 12th Earl of]

WITH TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE DIARIES OF MARY COUNTESS OF MEATH

FOR over fifty years, from January 7th, 1868, to November 4th, 1918, I was, by God's goodness, privileged to enjoy the life companionship of one of the most remarkable and successful philanthropists of her age. During this long time, my wife, *née* Mary J. Maitland, only surviving daughter of Thomas, 11th Earl of Lauderdale, never wearied in her efforts to bring happiness to all around her, including her husband, to alleviate the manifold miseries of mankind, and above all to follow, as far as in her lay, the precepts and example of the great Founder of Christianity. Jesus Christ of Nazareth may be said to have been constantly in her thoughts, and her greatest pleasure was to be permitted to commune with Him in spirit, to receive His inspiration, and to be privileged to be the unworthy instrument of His Will.

Her activities were numerous, but were always executed so as to attract as little public attention as possible, with the result that her name is almost unknown to the general public. Whenever possible she would hide her own leading personality, and allow the world to think that movements which were the products of her own brain, and of

her enthusiastic love for God and for her fellow-creatures, were due to the initiative of others.

She hated self-advertisement and the modern methods of attracting public attention to human activities. Her shyness in public, and her modesty, were great hindrances to the advancement of her projects, and the success which attended her efforts becomes thereby all the more remarkable.

Her nervousness in public speaking was so great when she first began, that her health was affected by it, but time cured this, and as long as she spoke on her favourite topics, she ultimately attained to a very fair measure of success in public speaking, but if she found herself compelled to speak on some less familiar topic, the old nervousness would again return.

Amongst the movements and institutions she founded were the Ministering Children's League, with its twenty-two buildings scattered over the world, and with its one rule "to try to do at least one kind deed every day, and to be loving, kind, and useful to others"; the Brabazon Employment Society, established to provide interesting occupation for those who, from age or ill health, are forced to pass weary hours idly in Workhouse and Infirmary wards, or in other institutions; the Meath Home of Comfort for Epileptic Women at Godalming; the Brabazon Home of Comfort for members of the Girls' Friendly Society at Reigate; the Sandford (Dublin) Brabazon House for Aged Ladies; the Brabazon and Hopkinson House Co. for providing on a commercial basis cheap and comfortable lodging accommodation for women in London; the Workhouse Attendants, and the Workhouse and Hospitals Concert Societies.

For several years she gave £2000 per annum, reduced during the war to £1000, towards the building of Churches and of Mission Halls in the East End of London, and smaller sums in the north and south of the Metropolis.

During her lifetime she largely financed the London and Dublin Artizans' Dwellings Co., and covered her husband's Dublin City property with excellent Workmen's Dwellings, creating and maintaining two City playgrounds for children, fitted with gymnastic apparatus and appliances for games. Before her death every farmhouse and cottage in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow belonging to us had been repaired, and many new ones erected.

During the war her house at Ottershaw, Chertsey, was converted into a convalescent home for the wounded.

She started Workrooms in London and in Dublin for giving industrial training to disabled soldiers. These were handed over in her lifetime to other organisations. At her request Lord Roberts permitted his name to be associated with the London establishment.

Such were some of the activities which owed their origin to her initiative, but besides this immense work, she lent her active assistance to other organisations such as the Girls' Friendly Society, of which for some years she acted as head of the Sick and Convalescing Department.

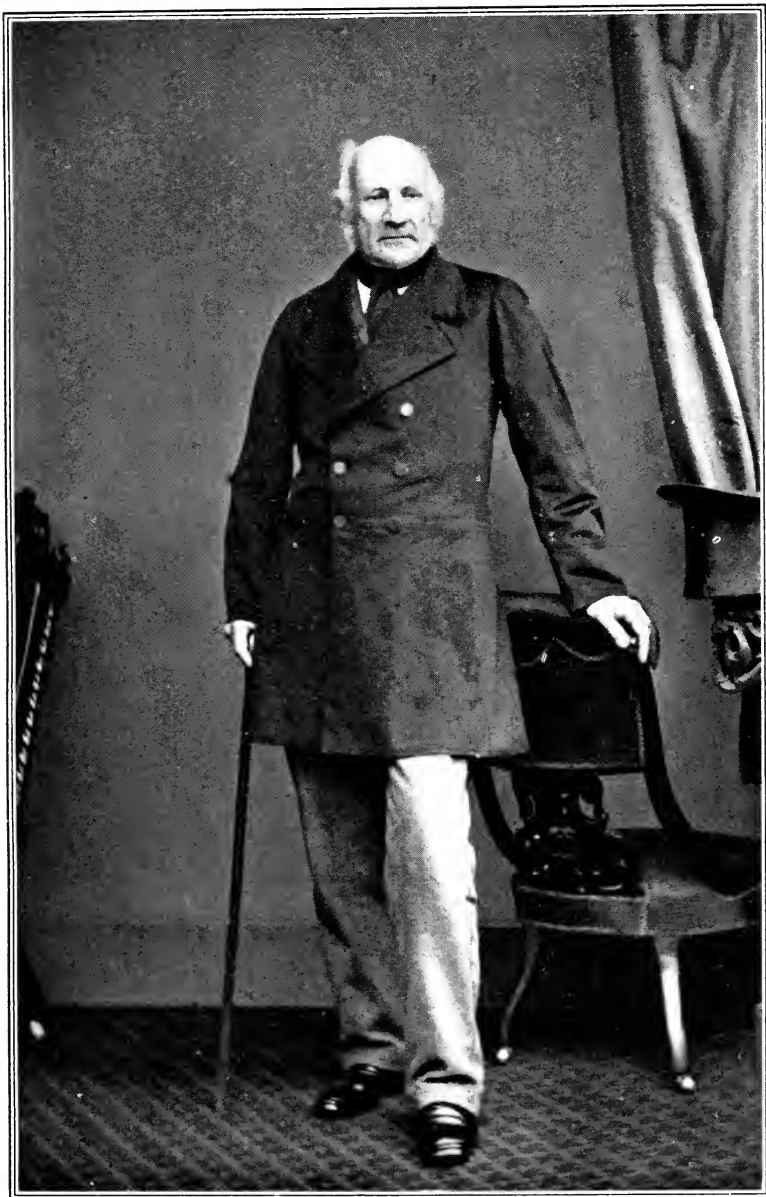
Her pen was ever active, and she found time to send continuously interesting articles on social and philanthropic subjects to leading magazines, which gladly published them. She was a collaborator with me in the production of two volumes, *Social Aims*, and *Thoughts on Imperial and Social Subjects*.

She was a great traveller in the interests of her Ministering Children's League, and has left copious Diaries of her visits to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Egypt, Japan, and China, as well as to the principal countries of Europe.

At the time of my marriage on January 7th, 1868, I was engaged in the Foreign Office, but on March 16th, 1868, I was transferred to the Diplomatic Service, and my wife and I were stationed at Berlin until I was sent to Paris on February 13th, 1871, where we remained until July 8th, 1873. During this time, of course, my wife's philanthropic tendencies had few opportunities of development, but after November 24th, 1877, when I resigned, she began seriously to devote her life to the good of mankind.

As in accordance with the commands of publishers this volume must be limited to a record of her philanthropic undertakings and travels between the years 1874 and 1900, I propose to omit references to her life before and after these dates. In 1874, 1875, and 1876 she took an active part in starting the Girls' Friendly Society both in England and in Scotland, especially on her father's property at Thirlestane Castle, Lauder, in Berwickshire. She personally wrote many thousands of letters on this subject to the Clergy of the Church of England and of Scotland.

As far as practicable, I propose to let my dear wife speak for herself by quoting from her numerous Diaries and publications, so that the reader may be able to judge for himself what manner of woman she was, and I may be spared from the danger, so common in biographies, of exaggerating virtues.



ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS MAITLAND, 11TH EARL OF LAUDERDALE, G.C.B.
Lady Meath's father.

At this time (1874) my father, the 11th Earl of Meath, was still alive, and I bore the courtesy title of Lord Brabazon. Three sons had been born to us. I was thirty-three years of age, and Lady Brabazon, whom I loved to call "Jeanie," was six years younger. In 1877 a daughter arrived.

In 1880 my wife formed a small Committee in connection with the Kyrle Society, founded by Miss Octavia Hill to bring beauty to the homes of the people. The following letter signed by Jeanie was printed, and widely circulated amongst people likely to be interested in her scheme for providing Musical Entertainment in Hospitals and Workhouses.

COOMBE END,
KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

MADAM,

May I venture to inform you that an effort is being made to provide Musical Entertainments in all Hospitals, Workhouses, and similar institutions, in which permission can be obtained for such performances to take place. They who have not been able to judge for themselves, can scarcely realise how greatly a little music can cheer and solace the sad and suffering. Why should not we ladies of England bestir ourselves? We have all spent many weary hours in so-called "practising." Why should we not utilise what often is but a sad waste of money, time, and energy, by going with music and song to those who look forward with pleasure to so welcome a treat? It is already done in some Hospitals; but it is still rare to hear of any such distraction being provided for the inmates of Workhouses, and the Infirmary patients in these Institutions are even more to be pitied

than those in Hospitals. I can speak from experience of the intense pleasure these periodical Concerts give. The music given in the Workhouse, in which I am more especially interested, is simple in character—a few solos and well-known hymns, in both of which latter the audience heartily join. At the cost of a little labour much pleasure may be given, much good done. If any doubt, let them make the experiment for a short time. Will you and your friends endeavour to organise similar weekly or fortnightly Concerts in your neighbourhood?

Music, consecrated to so good an object, would be like charity, twice blessed—" blessing him who gives and him who takes."

Yours faithfully,

M. J. BRABAZON.

On December 20th, 1880, the Dublin Artizans' Dwellings Co., which was started in 1876, and financially assisted by Lord Ardilaun and Lady Brabazon, commenced building on the ground in the Coombe, which formerly formed part of the Meath Estate near Dublin.

My father, not having the means of properly developing this property, got the Dublin Corporation to condemn it, clear it under the Dwellings Act, and induced the Dublin Artizans' Dwellings Co. to take the land from the Corporation and erect cottages on the site. The first stone was laid by Earl Cowper, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Dublin owes a deep debt of gratitude to this Company, for by erecting decent and cheap houses for the working classes they have done much to improve their condition. Lady Brabazon thus records the event :

" *December 20th, 1880.* A lovely day for the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Coombe Area

Dublin Artizans' Dwellings. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cowper came for it. The Lord Mayor (Grey—a Land Leaguer) was also present. After the business of laying the stone and preliminary speeches, I gave away prizes (my husband's invention) to the successful competitors for cleanliness of cottages, etc. One man won £7 and seemed very worthy of it. Felt very nervous beforehand, but when the time came it all went off very easily. A guard of honour (and for protection) of the Coldstream Guards, who have lately been sent over to Ireland, was drawn up in front of the platform. Very few people were about, and amongst the populace there did not seem to be much enthusiasm. On my return from the Coombe, wrote to Lord Meath [father-in-law] to ask leave to make a garden on a space opposite the area. It is a wretched place now with ruins where cows and pigs are kept, and R. and I think we might make it into a nice garden or playground with a Coffee House at the corner. Such is our 'Château-en-Espagne.' "

My dear wife's thought developed into two charming playgrounds which she maintained, as long as she lived, to the great delight of the numerous children on the Coombe property. With the co-operation of my father the system of offering prizes for the best-kept cottages in Dublin was established on his property in Wicklow, and with equally good results. This competition, being in the country, included good agriculture. Under date December 23rd, 1880, my wife writes :

" We went down to Rathdrum to give prizes and reduction of rent to all the tenants in houses which have been lately built or put into repair on R.'s and Lord Meath's

properties. The rules made out by R. are printed and hung up in the cottages, and one man, Hanlon, the blacksmith at Knockrath, was able to gain £3 odd. Happily these rules are dated 1878, previous to the existence of the Land League, so the tenants cannot think that these benefits are bestowed on them in consequence of the action of the terrorism under which unfortunate landlords are now held. R. made a speech after they had had a good tea, telling them how anxious he and his father were to improve the condition of their tenantry. He gave them a discourse on Thrift, and handed some of Mr Fawcett's new forms for postage stamps to enable depositors to put by pennies."

On leaving Ireland we paid a visit to Archbishop Tait at Addington Park, which no longer belongs to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Lady Brabazon thus records our visit :

" *January 12th, 1881.* Went via Clapham to East Croydon. Found carriage waiting for us. Then to Addington Park, the Archbishop of Canterbury's. The two Misses Tait and Mrs Davidson, the married daughter, did the Honours. The Archbishop was most kind and friendly. He took me in to dinner. I could not get over a certain amount of shyness and restraint with him. The Bishop of Rochester also dined, but had no opportunity of speaking to him. We had evening prayers in the Chapel. Much struck by the large attendance. The Archbishop's beautiful full-toned voice pronouncing the blessing was very impressive. Next morning we had service before breakfast, and again a good attendance. Mrs Davidson walked with me to the Church, where I

afterwards learnt that both Mrs Tait and her son are buried. Told Mrs Davidson of my scheme for Music in Workhouses. She seemed much interested and offered to distribute circulars. They are one and all, to outward observers, admirable daughters to the poor father who has had so much grief to bear during his lifetime. Notwithstanding it all, he is wonderfully cheerful, and his somewhat burly figure does not convey in the least degree the character of an ascetic. We had Bishop Tufnell and his wife at dinner.

Friday. Left Addington on a bitter day. The Archbishop insisted, notwithstanding the cold, on seeing us off at the front door. Called on Miss Octavia Hill about scheme for country air for town girls. She referred me to Mrs Malkin, an active worker of the Charity Organisation Society. This lady seemed to think very highly of the plan of taking in girls, said it had been often most successfully tried. She said that she did not think that we should learn to improve and help the poor till we took them into our lives—that she found such benefit from merely allowing the poor people to come and look round, and stay a little, while in her house. She was most cordial about the whole scheme, and will doubtless help me greatly, if only the Charity Organisation Society will adopt the scheme, which she thinks they will do. Dined at Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton's, and there met both Tyndall and Huxley. I fully expected to have been taken down to dinner by Professor Huxley, but luckily for me, Lady George Hamilton did not come, and so Lord Claud fell to my share. It would have been too odd if, after having the Archbishop of Canterbury as my Cavalier one day, I should have had Professor Huxley

the next. The Tyndalls came after dinner and had a long talk with him (Huxley) about smoke, fog, etc. Tyndall told me that a young man from Widnes, who was a Roman Catholic, had written to him because he was troubled in his mind! Tyndall told him to cheer up, and make the best of it as we are all troubled in this way sometimes. R. seemed to think it consoling to hear this of one who is supposed to believe in so little, and to prove that he (Tyndall) was not sure of his ground either.

January 15th. Sir Charles Reed called. He said the Committee (London School Board) had had a meeting about my proposal to give £300 for dinners for destitute children, and he thought measures might be taken so that in about a week's time the dinners might commence. R. also spoke to him about his idea of getting the school board schoolrooms fitted up with gymnastic apparatus so that they might be used of an evening by lads, who, having otherwise nothing to do, and no where to go, might easily drift into harm's way. Sir Charles Reed also approved of this notion."

The following letter from Mr Samuel Morley, M.P., philanthropist and politician, shows that my dear wife's thoughts were even at this time at work considering how hostels for women with small means might be erected. This she afterwards accomplished.

34 GROSVENOR STREET, W.

14th April.

DEAR LADY BRABAZON,

Thank you for your note, which I have read with much interest. You are indeed making a noble contribution towards the great want of the day, and I do most

devoutly wish that you may secure a fair return for the investment, as being the best way of inducing others, and I believe there are very many ready to make similar investments. With some slight alterations in existing acts of parliament, and a clearer understanding of the quarter in which responsibility rests, as to the condition of existing houses, and a pretty considerable loosening of the purse strings by persons of means, I believe, we may hope before very long to see a mighty change in the social condition of outcast London. My great hope, however, is, in our succeeding in keeping men and women out of the public houses. We are rapidly accumulating evidence to the effect, that, at least three-fourths of the misery is occasioned by drink. Allow me to add that I am looking on with deep interest but with much regret, that I cannot join it, owing to great pressure and rather impaired health, at the effort Lord Brabazon is making to utilise open spaces—all success to his lordship.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

S. MORLEY.

I have unfortunately mislaid the prospectus, may I ask for another Copy ?

Lady Brabazon's thoughts were also much occupied by a scheme she inaugurated in June 1881 for providing "rest and country air for the wearied and ailing." In a circular letter she issued on this subject she says :

"Have you, or any of those dear to you ever been detained in the hot crowded city, just when the country is most enjoyable, and summer skies, summer flowers, and foliage, all seem to vie in tempting you away to a purer atmosphere ? If so, perhaps you have often thought,

with feelings of pity, of the many wearied men and women, denizens of gloomy streets, courts, and alleys, to whom the genial season comes round just as it does to us, but brings no relaxation from work or pleasant summer holiday. It is no exaggeration to state that numbers of persons permanently lose their health, some even their lives, through the want of timely rest. There are cases where the physician's skill is quite unavailing, and where only repose, change of air, and good food can be expected to work a cure. To meet the requirements of such invalids, Convalescent Homes have been established; and it would indeed be difficult to overestimate the relief which has been afforded to the invalid poor by the establishment of these admirable institutions. Accommodation, however, cannot be provided in these homes—especially during the summer months—for the thousands of ailing men, women, and children, to be found in our densely populated towns, whose health might be materially benefited by the enjoyment of a few weeks' holiday, spent in the country or by the seaside. Can nothing be done to remedy this? Surely, for where the will exists to help others, the way can be found. A lady, herself a very great invalid, but one who had not allowed her own ill health to deprive her of the pleasure of assisting fellow-sufferers, contributed not long since a paper entitled 'Angels Unawares' to a magazine, in which she advocated that *poor* visitors should occasionally be received into gentlemen's houses. I have had some experience with regard to receiving invalid women into my house. Two years ago, I invited a pale-faced girl, thrown out of work in consequence of having met with an accident—to my home in the country. She came

from a most wretched London dwelling, and in a few weeks' time left restored in health to enter a situation. The experiment answered so well in every respect, that last year I repeated it in three different instances, and hope to receive every summer at least one poor woman needing rest. I am sure many ladies would make a similar resolve, if they would but give the experiment a fair trial. The cost involved is very trifling, whilst the boon afforded to the overworked woman is invaluable. Some may doubtless prefer the system of boarding out convalescents in cottages under their own supervision. Both plans have been tried and both have proved successful. The kind-hearted need not be deterred from receiving women and children into their houses, either through fear of infection or on account of their guests being undeserving or untidy in dress or person, as the Convalescent Committee of the London Charity Organisation Society will undertake to guarantee the respectability and freedom from infection of any convalescent sent through their offices."

In this connection she writes :

" I saw Mrs Malkin and she told me that nothing could be more satisfactory than the prospect of the success of 'country air for town-dwellers scheme.' They had brought it before the General Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, and it met with much approval, as it was found impossible to provide for the claims of all those who needed change of air, and it appears the Society has a Convalescent Committee, and some of its members were already thinking over a similar scheme for enabling a greater number to benefit."

In this latter connection she writes :

“ We drove to School Board Offices on the Embankment, and asked for Sir Charles Reed. Found him out but someone else saw us, and told us that the dinners to poor children [towards which my wife had given £300] were being tried in twenty-eight different parts of London. We got the addresses of two or three and went to one in Saffron Hill. Arrived just before the conclusion of School, and in time to see the arrival of tins with the soup ordered from the coffee shop. The children filed into the room where they were to have the not unwelcome meal, armed with mugs or basins and spoons. The children in due time all stood up and said ‘ Grace ’ which was joined in by Mrs Searle, a lady member of the School Board, who in the meantime had arrived. She was very profuse in thanks for the money. I fear I did not thank her sufficiently for all the trouble she had taken in the matter. She had just come from another School, where cocoa, and bread and marmalade were being distributed. The cost of a meal is about 1d. a head, sometimes only $\frac{3}{4}$ d., and the food is varied by lentil soup, rice and sugar, ‘ stew ’ as they called it, which means soup with a little meat in it. The arrangement seemed quite satisfactory, and the Mistress said, on our enquiry, she could settle which children were poor enough to be entitled to the meal, and which not. Told us that she usually left this matter to the children to decide for themselves. Those who were a little grand went away to their dinners at home leaving the poorer and humbler to feed. They do not give to the same children every day. Drove to Hoxton and heard that the Churchyard Garden is actually commenced.”

This Churchyard, which was laid out at the expense of my wife, was opened to the public on May 31st, 1881.

After a short trip abroad, during which Lady Brabazon and I collected a large number of oleographs and musical boxes (my wife records having purchased over nine hundred in one shop) we returned home, and she says in her Diary :

“ R. has been driving for miles all about London lately distributing his musical boxes. I went with him in the afternoon to the East London Children’s Hospital, which is a very nice one. I noticed particularly the pictures on the walls, as I am so busy arranging about mine for the London Hospital and the Workhouse Infirmaries, and was afraid many of mine wouldn’t look nearly so nice.

May 10th. I was due at the Convalescent Committee of the Charity Organisation Society. Mrs Gladstone, whom I had not seen for ages, fortunately was there, and was most kind and cordial. Asked after Lady Meath [mother-in-law] and R. She introduced me to some of the people, and made things wonderfully easy to me. There were about eight or nine ladies and gentlemen present, and the Chairman asked me to give an account of my experiences with regard to receiving girls. I told them that I had had three in my house, and also that my mother and another lady had all received one, and that in each case the visit had been a successful affair. It was agreed that the names of everyone should be taken down who would offer to take in women, and also that they should be guaranteed against the risk of infection, or of the woman’s being an undeserving person.

The Chairman asked if I would like to be on the Committee. I said I should, and so they passed a resolution to that effect.

May 12th. Mr Newton, the architect from Dublin, came over to see us and talk over plans for the Dublin garden, cottages, coffee house and all, etc. Went to the opening of the Gordon House Home for German Girls. The luncheon was given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who furnished the house beautifully at their own expense. Count Münster was in the Chair. Mr S. Morley was one of the speakers, and spoke as if a Company had been formed to establish these Homes, which is the very thing R. and I were wishing for last year. We asked the name of the Company, but found it was a myth after all. However, after the Duke and Duchess of Connaught had come and gone—she looked very shy—and the Homes were declared to be opened, R. had a conversation with Mr Samuel Morley, and the end of it was that he said he would take £1000 worth of shares, and we promised to do the same and find others willing to become shareholders. He thought that if £12,000 could be subscribed, it could be started in rather a private way before appealing to the public, if it succeeded.

May 17th. Miss Bellson and I went off in the afternoon to the London Hospital, a dreary enough looking pile of buildings in East London. The oleographs I had ordered to be framed were down there waiting for us, and we were ushered into the House Governor's room, where we were desired to wait, as the Chairman of the Hospital wished to see me. A Deputation from the House Committee came to thank me for the pictures. A pretty little matron appeared. We were allowed to go into a room and work



GENERAL THE HON. WILLIAM MORDAUNT MAITLAND
Lady Meath's paternal grandfather;

our will with the pictures. We found two hundred in all. We set out for the wards, accompanied by her, and were joined by the Chaplain. Walking through the wards seemed an interminable business, and it seemed almost hopeless to think that the pictures would last out for all the wards. Some two hundred pictures, if not more, will be required for three floors, and three hundred texts are asked for, but then it is a large place. I afterwards heard that the building would cover $5\frac{1}{2}$ acres if the floors could all be laid out on the flat.

May 18th. Ordered twenty-four dozen pots of flowers for London Hospital. It made a great difference in the appearance of the wards. Miss B. and I again went to Hospital. This time we did some work, and saw pictures hung up, and arranged that others should be altered in position.

May 20th. Went about in search of tiles for flower boxes for the London Hospital, till I got quite tired of them all. Finally arranged that some should be made and sent the following week.

May 26th. Started immediately after luncheon for the London Hospital. On the way there we passed a van, and I caught sight of my flower boxes travelling along through Whitechapel to the Hospital. It was an anxious moment before they were placed in the window sills. They looked so much too long, but happily it proved to be a delusion and they fitted beautifully. I hope the flowers will render the dreary-looking pile of buildings a shade less so from the outside, and encourage the poor folks who have to be taken in to be doctored."

On May 31st, Hoxton Churchyard, which my wife

had laid out as a public garden, was opened, and she writes :

“ Brabazon and I drove into London in the Brougham, taking a large box full of flowers on the top. At a few minutes to five o'clock we arrived at Mr Pownall's Vicarage. B. then took the flowers to the schoolroom whilst I remained at the Vicarage. At 5 p.m. a few guests assembled, and Reg and I went to the Hoxton Churchyard close by, where we were received by Mr Pownall. The sidesmen were drawn up to keep a sort of pathway through the midst of the favoured Hoxtonians who had gained access by ticket to the grounds. Happily the sun was shining brilliantly, and owing to the late rain, the grass had sprung up splendidly, consequently the garden did not look so ugly after all. Mr Pownall provided me with a seat, and invited B. up to the platform formed by the steps of the Church which had an awning overhead. They presented Reg with an Address tied up with blue ribbon, and he replied by thanking everybody and saying how much we were interested in open spaces. We went over to the schoolroom where eighty-seven of the oleographs for Shoreditch Infirmary were hung up in solemn grandeur, and a cord put to prevent people coming up too close to them, just as if they had been gems of art. In reality some of them had cost the vast sums of 8d. or 10d. each—the highest 12 francs without frames. Anyway, I believe the Hoxtonians liked to look at them.”

My dear wife was continually entertaining parties from the poorer portions of London. On Whit Monday, 1881, she writes :

“ Looked out anxiously to see if weather was improved as it was the day of our first East End Tea Party. Mrs Deedes' Club and Night School. Happily the weather was fairly propitious, but showery. The girls, sixty-nine in number, appeared about 1.15 p.m. Chrissy Miller, a girl who arrived on the previous Saturday from Golden Lane, had met them at the Station, and till tea time the swings were greatly appreciated, as were also the nose-gays of flowers on the table. The ladies who were in charge told me that some of the girls had scarcely been able to eat or sleep anticipating so much pleasure from the outing. One girl, very well dressed with a ruby-coloured frock and hat to match, kept a coster-monger's barrow in Golden Lane, and remained out till eleven o'clock at night sometimes. Another sold bootlaces, and was said to be earning not more than 1s. 6d. a week. A storm of rain came on before tea was scarcely over ; but they fled to the stable archway. We, in the meanwhile, entertained the ladies at tea in the verandah. Colonel and Mrs Deedes, who came in the afternoon, were much pleased with it all, and were very profuse in their thanks. We walked down with them and with the girls, and saw them start in a train for London.

June 18th. Drove with Miss Johnson to Bethnal Green to see a house which was talked of for a Girls' Friendly Society's club and recreation room for the members.

June 25th. Went to hear the People's Entertainment Band play in Hyde Park. It is the first time that they have had one of their own, and it is a costly proceeding. Setting up this band costs £1200 for the Season, but they

hope to get some of the money back. When the band plays in Hyde Park the expenses are covered, but not when it plays in Victoria Park and elsewhere."

The band to which my wife alludes owed its origin chiefly to the enthusiastic energies of Mr Bethune, who enlisted our sympathies and those of his friends in the matter. It was supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and was the pioneer in the movement for supplying the public with music in the open air. Public opinion was not sufficiently advanced at that time, to render it an easy matter to obtain the consent of the authorities to such an innovation as that of permitting bands to perform in the parks of London. The populace also would not permit any portion of the park to be railed off within which seats could be reserved for those who chose to pay a small sum, so that it was very difficult to raise money to keep the bands in existence. When I became an Alderman of the first London County Council, and was appointed Chairman of the Parks and Open Spaces Department, I was fortunate enough to be able to persuade my colleagues to consent to a small annual sum being set apart for the purpose of maintaining a band to play in the open spaces, under the control of the council, and gradually this sum has been increased, and the example set to other bodies, so that now London is very fairly supplied with music in its parks and open spaces.

To continue from Lady Brabazon's Diary :

" *June 27th.* Drove up from Coombe to be present at the opening of the new G.F.S. Brixton Lodge by Princess Mary (Queen Mary's mother). There were a number of Associates present, and the Princess was very

gracious, and, whilst Miss Hawkesley was explaining the objects of the Home, nodded her head in a very understanding way. She invited me to sit by her at tea, and told me she wanted to speak to me about two things, which turned out to be the workhouse trained nurses, and about a new Society to be got up by Miss Ellice Hopkins for rescuing children from bad houses.

June 30th. Much pleased to see R.'s article on the 'Physique of our Town Population' had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. Showed it to the children and told them they would have to uphold the name of Brabazon some day.

July 1st. Party of French children came down. M. and Mme B. and two governesses brought them—some of the children very small indeed. Reg¹ returned from Rochester. Went to a garden party at Archdeacon Burney's, who told me that Reg had spoken very well at the Conference when moving his Resolution about the G.F.S. and Y.M.F.S.

July 7th. Drove into London. Present at Dr A. Clark's house at a meeting of the 'After Care Association' for providing for the wants of female lunatics who have just left Hospitals. Mrs Gladstone and Lady Frederick Cavendish were there. Lord Shaftesbury was in the Chair. I was struck by his appearance—eighty and he might be seventy!

July 8th. The great Volunteer Review in Windsor Park. Over 50,000 Volunteers, including Eton and Harrow boys, reviewed by the Queen.

July 11th. Picked up Dr Andrew Clark and drove him down to see my mother, who was very averse to

¹ Lay Diocesan Secretary.

seeing a doctor, but, though she had refused beforehand, she was quite agreeable and willing to try his suggestions. He dined with us and left immediately after dinner. He seems a very overworked man. He told me he had that night to write twenty-six letters, in the absence of his Secretary; he does not usually dine till nine or ten o'clock at night. He says that he came twenty-five years ago to the London Hospital, a consumptive, and a very frail man, and yet now he is the only one left of the whole staff.

July 16th. A party of over one hundred business girls from London—G.F.S. members. Miss Hawkesley was present and gave them an address. We hurried away before the tea was over to Lambeth Palace. Prayers in Chapel before dinner. I liked the blessing given in the Archbishop's full-toned deep voice. Lord Ebury took me into dinner. I talked, I fear, too much about our own doings. It is hard to know if one should be silent about everything one does.

July 18th. G.F.S. girls, five hundred in Bushey Park. Drove Lady Helen Stewart there. Greatly pleased just before starting to receive a letter which stated that a Mrs Bircham would receive two G.F.S. members into her house this year to convalesce.

July 19th. Drove up to London with Reg and had a tiny Committee meeting at Mr Samuel Morley's about the Homes which are to be started for boys and girls. It was decided not to buy a house, but to take leases of likely ones to be had on reasonable terms. Had just time to drive to Princess Mary's at Kensington Palace, where H.R.H. had arranged a rendezvous to meet Miss Leigh of Paris, Lady Knightley and myself.

July 20th. Garden Party at Coombe End. We had the Hungarian Band which certainly is wonderful—wild, wierd, and precise as to time. (A fashionable function.)

July 21st. Received so many letters about convalescents which quite encouraged me. Much enjoyed being alone once in a way with Reg ; as life goes on we cannot be so much together, it is what I like best, and yet perhaps I oughtn't to. A quiet *tête-à-tête*, but I must learn to do with less of him !

July 23rd. We had a great gathering of the Young Men's Friendly Society in Petersham Park. The first large treat they have had since the formation of the Society. The invitation came from Reg, and he was on the spot, very energetic in arranging about the races and feats of strength. Throwing the cricket ball created a good deal of interest. One young fellow threw it to the distance of ninety-eight yards."

On August 22nd, 1881, Jeanie writes :

" Party at Princess Mary's (Queen Mary's mother). A cricket match was going on. The ground was very damp after heavy showers of rain. Princess Frederica of Hanover came. A tall figure with head thrown far back. She is handsome with fair hair and bright complexion. She was dressed in black, partly mourning for her lost baby, and also, I am told, wants to dress in black for economy's sake. She wants money for the Convalescent Home she is about to start.

August 23rd. Felt for the first time a fluttering of the heart—a new experience for me, but which I had often heard about."

This was, as my darling says, the first warning she had that she was exhausting her strength in good works. She lived for thirty-seven years more, but never again did she enjoy the same robust health which had been her lot as a young woman, and she was more or less handicapped ever after by a weak heart from which she ultimately died. She never would give in—never ceased to work for the good of her fellow-creatures, and when warned would only reply with a smile, “It is better to wear out than to rust out.”

This fluttering of the heart seems to have led to my dear one's taking a little more care of herself, for she says in her Diary :

“Tried to take things calmly and convalescing work is happily going on well.

August 24th. Drove down to Rev. Sydney Vacher's to luncheon, he is curate to Dr Kitto at Stepney. His great wish and desire is to get an open space, which is now attached to some alms-houses and of very little use to anybody, thrown open to the public, with the addition of part of the Churchyard which is just opposite.

Owing to the want of a man to watch over it, the garden (or rather neglected open space) is infested at present by rough boys who climb up on the trees and are ready to destroy everything, and bother the poor old ladies in the alms-houses out of their lives. There are seats placed where they could sit, but they are afraid to do so as the boys would throw stones at them. Altogether it is a melancholy state of affairs. It is sad to see these boys loafing about, and, small as they are,



MADAME KOTZEBUE

Wife of Russian Diplomatist. Lady Meath's Berlin friend.

learning all sorts of mischief. We had luncheon in Mr Vacher's nutshell of a house (a very nice little one). Mrs Vacher is sister to Miss Lankester (National Health) and to Professor (afterwards Sir Ray) Lankester."

Mr Sidney Vacher ultimately succeeded in making a really beautiful little garden out of this dreadful spot, which used to be filled with every sort of horror, even, it was said, to amputated limbs thrown in when no longer needed for purposes of dissection by the students from the neighbouring hospitals. It was for some time maintained by a local committee and thrown open to the public, but the expense of maintenance was too great, and then entrance fees were charged. These only kept the public out, and those who entered on payment were too few to cover expenses. Ultimately, finding it impossible to obtain public support, the garden became the property of the London Hospital and has found its proper work of usefulness. It now forms a delightful resting ground in summer time for the wearied nurses who can enjoy in it much of the delights of the real country. This little garden, and that at Hoxton, of which mention has already been made, both of which would never have existed but for the generosity of Lady Brabazon, really led to the formation of the Metropolitan Public Garden Association, of which the Rev. S. Vacher was the first Hon. Secretary, and I the Founder and Chairman. In 1922 it had laid out 120 open spaces and assisted in laying out fifty-seven other parks and gardens at an expenditure of some £59,000.

But to return to the Brewer's Garden inspection. After visiting it Lady Brabazon went across the road

to her friends in the London Hospital, and says in her Diary :

“ The Secretary and Matron went round many of the wards with us, and I was delighted to find that at last some little impression had been made on the walls by the pictures given. The Matron told me that the people sometimes remarked that the wards had a ‘ Homey ’ look, which they never had before. It was very satisfactory to find the Virginian Creepers planted (by her) in the summer, had thriven so well. The flowers in the boxes were also still alive though their prime was past. Drove past our garden at Hoxton. Found it open, and there were a good many children sitting and playing about in very orderly fashion.

August 26th. Did some convalescing scribbling before I started, at 9.30 a.m. prepared to set out for the schools (Malden Sunday School). Found little May Lawes and Annie Fursell, our convalescing girls, waiting at the door, and my class all ready to start for the Crystal Palace. Day beautiful and view lovely. Afternoon tramped about Palace. Found carriage at Malden Station. Had to drive up a good carriage load—two Kent children and my two convalescents in the dark, but arrived all right and not tired, which was wonderful considering the fatigues of the day.

August 27th. A party came down from Walworth. Alas! one sees how the summer is fitting, for the tea out of doors was rather a chilly business, and the shadows grew long, and the grass became damp before the party was over. The people were mostly shopkeeper class—some poor mixed—as Mr Statham had brought down his

parish workers. There was one nice young woman with a little baby—a Mrs Higgs who was anxious to get change of residence, and so I wrote by evening post to Margate to see if we could arrange for her to get away, which was eventually managed.

September 3rd. Lady Russell (widow of the 1st Earl Russell) came over from Pembroke Lodge with her little grandchild, one of Lord Amberley's boys. I had some interesting conversation with Lady R. She is very proud of her grandchild and is anxious that he should turn out all that is nice. She admired this house (Coombe End) very much. We both agreed in thinking that more enjoyment is to be got out of a small house than out of those great places where large parties must be entertained if the house is to be full and habitable, whilst for domestic life, the smaller is more adapted. Convalescent work is progressing. I soon hope to have one hundred women and children placed out this summer. Miss Johnson laughed at my mentioning that number, as being the united number of those which the Secretary of the Charity Organisation and I should have placed out together, and now I am thankful to say there is great hope of my exceeding that number, only with those that come under my knowledge as being placed out in the country."

Miss Jane Castleden informed me in 1922, that the convalescing work thus begun by Lady Meath developed greatly, and in 1893, when the former was her Secretary, between three hundred and four hundred London women and girls were sent for rest and change into the country ; some were received as guests in private houses, and some

went to lodgings and Homes ; the work was carried on in connection with the Girls' Friendly Society, and still is in active operation.

“ *September 9th.* I ought to be content, for I have now actually in my Convalescent Book the names of one hundred women and girls, that through my instrumentality, more or less, have been placed out, but ‘ progressive desire ’ is the lot of humanity when one has what one wishes for, and one hundred convalescents for this summer was about the height of my ambition. There is always something more one wants. It is much to be thankful for having had so fair a start, and I wish I could be more grateful for it.

September 15th. Lovely morning, and Reg and I had a nice ride together (our rides are now few and far between) into Richmond Park. It might have been summer but for the rusty foliage noticeable on some trees. Returned just in time for Mrs Chamberlain's arrival, who came to lunch and to sing at the Workhouse Concert. Drove to Kingston. Our little Concert went off very well, though the musical talent displayed was not perhaps very first rate. I am sure our coming cheered the poor folks, and a visit to the Workhouse makes one realise, more than most things, how many people there are in the world who need cheering. We took flowers round to a great many who could not get down to the Concert Room. Some of them, I suppose, bed-ridden for years. There was not much time for talking.

September 16th. Dined at the White Lodge to meet Prince and Princess Wilhelm of Wurtemberg. They both were very affable. He says he must have been at

Potsdam at the same time we were in Berlin. He is heir-apparent to the Crown of Wurtemberg. I sat between the Duke of Teck and an officer who knew Coombe End. When about to depart, we were told that an accident had happened to our carriage, and Princess Mary offered to send us back. Colonel Taylor ultimately took us home. It was a very thick fog, and we got on to the grass, and the horse had to be led up to our front door.

September 22nd. A letter of Reg's appeared in *The Times* asking the English to give some token of their distress at the death of President Garfield.

September 28th. Drove up to London, where I saw Mr Hicks (the Painter). Lady Meath [mother-in-law] had invited him to luncheon very kindly, and afterwards we criticised his picture of me, or rather she and Lord Meath did. [This picture hangs now in the hall at Killruddery.] He has made me out a portly dame [he corrected this] which gives a very wrong impression, considering I am a lean one.

October 2nd. Had a sore throat in the night and was very sorry for myself all day, with a cold which became a heavy and feverish one by the evening. Realised in a slight degree the difficulty there is in bearing sickness patiently. I seemed to have so many wants, and yet there are all the poor patients in the Hospital ward so uncomplaining with but one nurse to look after their wants which seem to be so wonderfully few, considering the fact that many of these one sees are seriously ill. Very much impressed with people's kindness.

October 19th. Some of the convalescents came to tea. Mrs Hickson from Stepney was a typical case of the

poverty and privation of East End life. She had but lately recovered from brain fever. She told me that she had been nursed by her two little boys—one seven, the other nine—whilst she used to be cheered by the visits of the sisters who came to read and pray with her. The doctor had to be paid 1s. 6d. a day for attending to her, and the husband, a delicate man, was in receipt of no great wages. She was so grateful; said she 'had never been in a place like this.' She had been attending the London Hospital as an out-patient when well enough to walk there, as she couldn't afford to pay for the doctor. She had been ordered to wear flannel, but had no money to buy it, nor indeed had she fit clothes at all to wear. Another woman, Mrs Grant, had had cholera, with a delicate husband (consumptive) and her clothes all in pawn too. Another, a needlewoman, very grateful. Said she earned 7s. a week when in employ. Doesn't think she had ever had such an outing before, and was so pleased with it.

October 20th. At five o'clock I went down, feeling very weak, to welcome Mr and Mrs Chase (American friends). The former looked but poorly, but Mrs Chase seemed little changed, though eleven years have passed since we last saw her.

October 21st. Mr and Mrs Chase and Reg went to Mrs Du Plat Taylor's for dinner, where they met Princess Frederica, and Baron Pawel. Reg liked what he saw of Princess F. very much. She seems much interested in poor people. She spoke about the Convalescent Home she is wanting to get up, and proposes to take a cottage to begin with. She also said that though it somewhat scandalised the good folks in the Palace, she went to

see the poor people herself in the town, and is much interested in those whom Miss Longley and Miss Fitzroy visit.

October 23rd. Out again for the first time for a very long time. Mr and Mrs Chase left. I liked her much, and hoped it would not be another eleven years before we met, and so we separated for them to go thousands of miles off.

October 26th. Drove with Reg to Haggerston to see a churchyard which perhaps we are to set right. In the meantime the poor Church itself needs it sadly, and till this can be repaired and made safe, it seems almost superfluous to think about the garden; however, I suppose both will be done ere long. We said if the building were made secure we would do the garden. [This churchyard was ultimately laid out by us and opened to the public on the 24th June, 1882.]

October 28th. Saw Dr Clark, who said I was getting all right, and might arrange to go to Scotland. Reg found an address of his to young men printed in *Friendly Leaves*, and, curiously enough, took up the little magazine to look at the stories, which he very seldom does. He caught sight of one, which made him sit down and say to me, 'Have you heard this story before?' and much to my astonishment he began reading out the one I wrote at Sorrento. It had a picture drawn for it, which makes it very smart. Altogether it was quite a surprise. I wish it were better. I liked R.'s address to the Y.M.F.S. very much. It was manly, I think, and good. Busy sorting pictures for Hospitals. Some for a military Hospital. A few for Dr G. Smith's wards in the London Hospital. His open into Dr Clark's, and as these are

very liberally supplied with pictures, it makes a very invidious distinction to have so few in Dr Smith's, and I believe a few would be exceedingly acceptable."

Shortly afterwards we started for the North and stopped at York. Jeanie writes :

"Went to see Lady Emma Cust, the Dean's wife. I wanted to know if anything had been done about the Workhouse Concert Movement or not. Had a pleasant journey to Carlisle. Went with Reg to Deanery, where he talked about Y.M.F.S. Left for Maybole. Found carriages waiting at Maybole and drove to Culzean Castle, the Marquis of Ailsa's. Felt somewhat nervous arriving at a house where I knew neither host nor hostess. Lady Ailsa received us with Miss Beauchamp. The former so little changed since the days when I used to see her and her three sisters riding in Rotten Row. She is tall and slight with a graceful figure. She told me that they would be quite alone. As everyone had refused, she feared I should find it dull, which I felt pretty sure I shouldn't. Lord Ailsa came in a kilt to welcome us. At dinner time the Piper came in full Highland array, and played his bagpipes close to one's ears, a somewhat painful process, and we were not sorry when we saw him disappear. He was a splendid looking man.

Sunday, November 6th. After luncheon Lady Ailsa asked me to go with her to the 'Maidens,' a village where they have built a reading-room where meetings are held for the fishermen, and it was to one of these we went. On the way there and back Lady Ailsa talked to me almost entirely on receiving Christ. The service was conducted by a missionary who spoke earnestly and well. The

congregation were very attentive. The men near me sang out of tune and with very unmelodious voices, but very heartily. The preacher's text was on the blood being sprinkled on the lintel of the house, if the first-born was to be saved.

Monday. Went to see Lord Ailsa's yachts, or rather works. He is, I find, quite a genius in his way. He designs and builds his own yachts, and intends to make them for sale.

Drove over to Maybole, and saw there the coffee house which has been built, or rather added to, and opened as such by Lord and Lady Ailsa. She goes there once a week to read and pray with some who were drunkards. She told me that when anyone wished to take the pledge she always talked to him and prayed with him. Saw an immense number of religious papers and a 'Letter to Railwaymen' written by Lady Hope. These Lady Ailsa sends off to the stations down the line. The papers for each station are done up in a little canvas bag, and distributed by the Station Master when he pays the men.

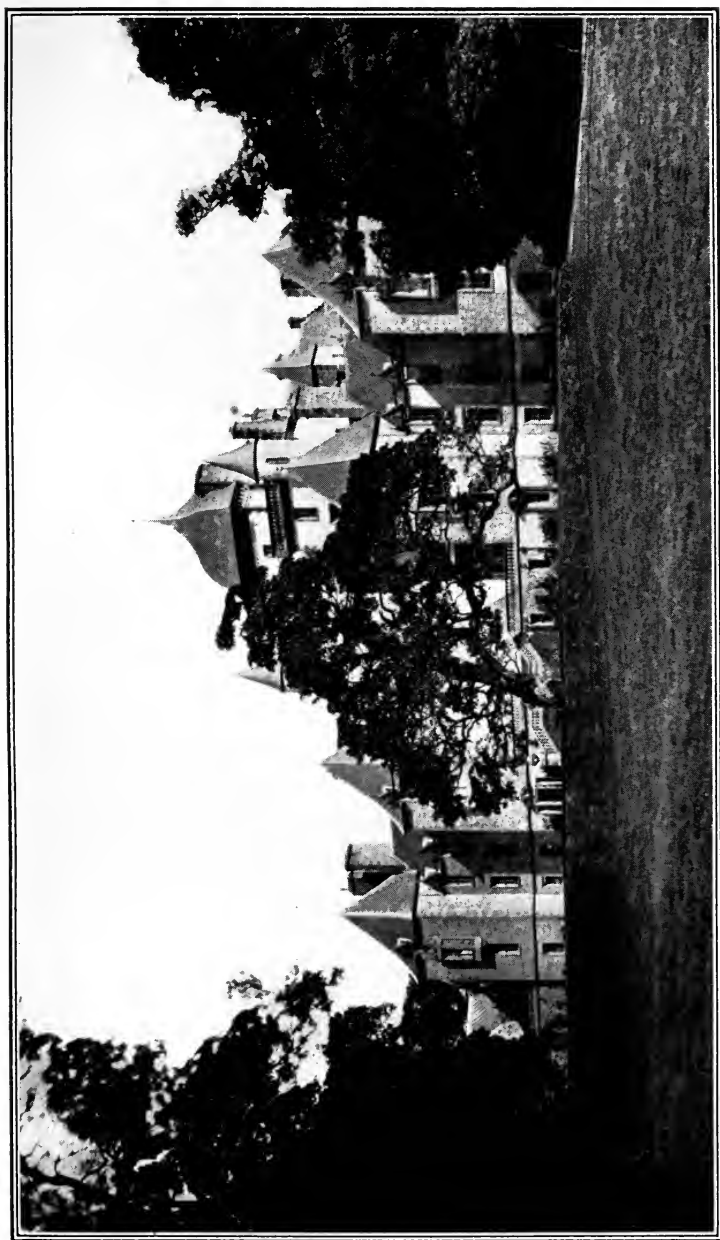
Tuesday. Lady Ailsa drove me to a cottage where a man was ill and the doctor with him. Se we remained outside, and she talked to a man, who said 'he grew happier every week,' and that it was no good just to lead a moral life, but we must receive Christ into our hearts. We passed some men on the road. Lady Ailsa said that if we had asked these men they would have spoken in the same way.

Wednesday. Brabazon and Lord Ailsa left for Wemyss Castle to see a trial trip of the *Servia*. Lady Ailsa, Miss Beauchamp, and Lady Eveline Kennedy (a sister of

Lord A.) went to a meeting at the ' Maidens.' The service was conducted by Miss Beauchamp, who in a perfectly composed, earnest way, read and moralised on a chapter from Genesis. Her prayer, too, was extempore and quite fluent. The prayer after the service was given by the fisherman we had spoken to before, and it was wonderful how an unlettered fisherman could pray as he did.

November 10th. Lady Eveline and Miss Beauchamp left, so Lady Ailsa and I were left alone. We went to a Mothers' Meeting at a neighbouring village. There was no work done, only the women sat and listened, whilst Lady Ailsa read and addressed them. It was wonderful to see and hear her. She has naturally a defect in her speech, but when she spoke to the women and warmed to the subject, it was gone, and her beautiful face looked so bright and happy as she told them the story of the woman that was a sinner, and how she was received. What is very beautiful about her is the absence of self-seeking and thinking of self. I offered to lead a hymn. Even in so doing thoughts of self came in, but she did her part so simply and at the end said she was afraid she had kept us too long, and said ' It is of no use. I try to be practical and can't.' I had been speaking about the need for Christian women to be good mothers, good wives, etc., but I think that those who have the love of Christ rooted in their hearts, as she described it, must have love to man.

November 11th. Reg and Lord Ailsa returned from seeing the *Servia* launched. R. was very pleased with Mr and Mrs Burns of Wemyss Castle. He thought them such nice, good people. He is a very cheerful man.



THIRLESTANE CASTLE, BERWICKSHIRE
Formerly belonging to Lady Meath's Father.

November 12th. Left Culzean in the afternoon with Lord and Lady Ailsa and their two boys. By train. Lord Blantyre's carriage met us and took us to his place Erskine. Lady Ailsa is his daughter. The entrance to the house is very grand, and after mounting a step or two you see right down a long gallery, with polished oak floor, which runs down the whole length of the house. Lord Blantyre is a splendid-looking man, tall and erect, and there is a strong resemblance between him and his daughter, Lady Ailsa. Miss M. Stuart, his only unmarried daughter, does the honours for him. No one except ourselves staying in the house.

November 14th. Drove in the morning to inspect Lord Blantyre's new cottages and farm buildings. He has some delightful dairy farms. We were shown over one of these by the herd's wife, who was charmed with her convenient arrangements. She showed us how butter was churned by a horse going round and round turning a wheel, and then how she had great barrels of milk to stand and turn sour before it is fit, according to her account, to be turned into good sweet butter. She said, if she used fresh cream with which to make the butter it would not keep. A long walk about the place in the afternoon. It is very pretty, for the Clyde runs close to the house, and the Argyllshire Hills are visible in the distance. A Mr Stuart Wright arrived—a Scotch clergyman. Lady Ailsa in the evening had a religious discussion with him, in which I was pleased to find that he took the same view which I had been trying to advocate with her, that what was good and lovely, never mind in what person it was found, had traces of the working of the Deity in him or her. I liked Mr Wright. He

seems a very liberal-minded man. He is much interested in Zenana Missions, and was himself for eleven years in India.

November 16th. Left Erskine after breakfast to go on board the *Servia*. Lord Blantyre, Lord and Lady Ailsa and Mr Wright made up the party. There was a tremendous wind and the Clyde was rough, and I felt quite frightened before we reached the big, steady *Servia*, which remained so calm amidst the roar of the wind and the waves. One does not realise how large she is, until one is on board and sees the length of the deck. The ship is beautifully decorated, but the accommodation for the poor emigrants is shockingly bad. They are packed together like sheep, and have sorts of trays divided into six partitions for the poor folk to sleep upon. Altogether it looked very wretched. We had a splendid luncheon—some two hundred people sat down. The saloon was lit by electricity. The first electric light I had ever seen. Swan's new patent. The lamp glowing and shedding a delightful light without heat. After luncheon embarked once more in a little tug. Happily the wind had gone down. Bade farewell to Lady Ailsa and Lord Blantyre, and Reg and I came on to Glasgow.

November 17th. Called on Dr Donald Macleod to see if he would help about a meeting to get up some G.F.S. branches. At first he did not seem disposed, but ultimately promised to take the chair, which seemed most satisfactory. By train to Edinburgh.

November 18th. Called on Miss Macleod, General Secretary of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society. Found her a most efficient and active person. She is niece to Dr Macleod. She will be the very person to represent

the Scotch G.F.S. at the Glasgow meeting. It is queer sending the niece to the uncle.

November 21st. If all be well, I hope next year to see what can be done about establishing a lending library for workhouse inmates, and also for supplying them with materials for work, as the poor people, many of them, have to lead a life of enforced idleness from want of means to employ themselves. [This was the first thought which led to the Brabazon Employment Scheme.]

November 24th. Normy's twelfth birthday. Went with Reg by train to Earlston, and then by the familiar road to Lauder and Thirlestane. A lovely sunset sky as we arrived, and saw the place outwardly very unchanged. Met Mrs Romanes and went with her, late though it was, to some of the poor people. All very glad to see me. Slept at Mr Romanes'.

November 25th. Drove over to Stow to see if I could do anything for reviving the poor G.F.S., which both at Lauder and Stow is in a die-away condition."

Then came visits to Sir George and Lady Houston-Boswell at Blackadder in Berwickshire, to Edinburgh and to Glasgow.

On November 30th, she says :

" Reg read a Paper at a public meeting got up for the purpose of establishing more Scotch G.F.S. branches in Glasgow. Reg's Paper was good."

We crossed over to Ireland, and on December 3rd we reached Killruddery, where we found all well. At this time my dear wife was writing a story which she called *Mrs Erisdale's Barouche*, the first portion of which

was published in November in *Friendly Leaves*. She writes under date of December 5th :

“ Second part of *Mrs Erisdale's Barouche* has been inserted in *Friendly Leaves*. Letter came from Secretary of the Kyrle Society asking if I would contribute to a Magazine which the Society is getting up. Left it an open question, but I am now writing away at my next new story in case it comes to anything.

December 17th. Busy with my writing, which is a very pleasant occupation, and prevents my rusting. Claudie and May are very dear children. They are so loving and good. When I talk to them of a morning they listen so attentively, and seem to take in the lessons for good I try to teach them. I tell them I want them to be angels on earth, and so they are in a way.

December 31st. Wrote to Mrs Townsend (Founder of the Girls' Friendly Society) on the subject of barmaids. I had written the day before to her telling her I wanted to talk to her about this matter, and the next day I read a melancholy story in *The Times* of a poor girl who had committed suicide. Stayed up rather late thinking over the history and the faults and failings of the past—gone for ever.”

In the course of this year (1882) my wife wrote a Paper, which I read for her before the Metropolitan Poor Law Guardians Association, entitled “ Need the Infirmary Paupers be Unemployed.” This led to the formation of the Brabazon Employment Society, which now provides interesting occupation for those who from age or ill-health are forced to pass weary hours of idleness in over two hundred workhouses, infirmary wards, jails, and other

institutions. She wrote : " You who are familiar with the Infirmary Wards of our Workhouses, and who have the welfare of the inmates much at heart, can scarcely have failed to have been impressed with the need which exists in most of these institutions for creating occupation for those paupers whose age or infirmities prevent them from being employed in the routine work provided for the able-bodied. I, therefore, venture to trespass on your kindness in bringing to your notice a very simple proposal which I have to make to the Metropolitan Boards of Guardians. First, may I remind you of the vast number of the so-called old and infirm paupers (which appellation includes the sick as well as the aged) to be found in the Metropolitan workhouses and infirmaries. The number of such persons is so great that, had I not obtained the figures from a reliable source, I should hesitate to quote them. At the close of the week on which the statistics were taken, 25,790 such paupers were lodged in the various Metropolitan Workhouses, 12,240 of these being men, and 13,550 women. In one Workhouse alone 1446 were housed. I think I am accurate in stating that adequate work suitable to the capacities of these paupers is not provided. If so how is the dreary appearance of many of the wards to be accounted for, where such patients may be found ? Here, sad clusters of men or women may be seen with hands lying idly before them, dreaming away precious weeks, months, and years. Such an existence is not life ; if it must be so designated, it is the life of a brute, rather than of a man endowed with reasoning faculties. To eat, to drink, to sleep, and dwell upon real or imaginary miseries, make up, it is to be feared, the sum total of many a sad existence. The

idlers may, it seems to me, be divided into three classes—the wilfully idle, those who are so because no work which they are capable of doing is given them, and lastly, those whose physical infirmities render it impossible to employ them in any way. In referring to this latter class, I can only say that I believe it to be a far less numerous one than might at first be imagined. Whether few or many are to be considered as included in it, must greatly depend on the good will and ingenuity of those who have the charge of the patients. A clever nurse, and one who has the real welfare of her charges at heart, will often be able to devise some little occupation or interest for those whom a less ingenious person will consider it hopeless to attempt to occupy. She will find out that even crippled hands can do something, and she will not consider age, so long as mental faculties are preserved, as a reason for complete idleness. It must be hard for the Workhouse officials not to lose patience with the wilfully idle paupers; with those who, when work is given them, which they are quite capable of performing, refuse to do it, being well aware that, as they are not on the lists of the able-bodied, they cannot be compelled to do the work required. Yet these, too, it must be remembered, have claims upon us, for either they are sick or ailing and enlist our compassion, or they are infirm and thus deserve our pity. They may never have realised the advantages nor the dignity of labour, and may have been further demoralised by the influence of others; for bad characters, both male and female, must needs be received into Workhouse precincts, and these cannot fail to exercise a corrupting influence on their comrades. I should like to see two forces brought to

bear on the wilfully idle—the force of persuasion, and the force of example. ‘Power itself hath not half the might of gentleness,’ we are told, and many an idler might allow himself to be persuaded into rousing from his state of inertness, the more so if he saw industry going on all round him. He could not fail to watch the busy fingers of his companions, and at length a desire, possibly long dormant, might again spring up in his heart—the desire for work. I would fain hope, however, that a large proportion of infirm paupers belong to the class of those who are idle only because no suitable employment is provided for them, and that, before sickness or infirmity laid them low, they had been busy workers in the social hive. To such persons the lack of occupation must be distressing, and must add greatly to the burden of trouble borne by many of these poor creatures with exemplary fortitude. They would hail with satisfaction the possibility of employing themselves. It is in the hope of coming to the aid of such persons, that I would ask permission of the Boards of Guardians to allow me to give materials for providing some sort of light fancy work for patients in infirmary wards who are at present wholly, or at most, only partially employed. In no case would I wish to interfere with the labour of those who are already better engaged in doing the needful work of the Institution which supports them, for I fully appreciate the fact that a pauper’s labour should go towards his maintenance. Experience would prove what kinds of easy occupation could best be introduced for those who remain idle under the present system of work. Netting, knitting, and patch-work would perhaps be the simplest to start with; but once furnished with the proper materials, many paupers

might prove themselves skilful in other kinds of light hand labour. The articles when made would need to be sold, and the profits realised should go towards the purchase of fresh materials; but I would crave that a small percentage be, if possible, reserved towards procuring for the patients some little luxury; I would suggest, for the purchase of newspapers and magazines. The feeling that by their own labour they could themselves provide these indulgences would prove an incentive to work. It would be presumptuous on my part, with my limited knowledge of the management of Workhouses, to attempt to lay down any rule as to the manner in which such an experiment could best be made. The internal arrangements of these institutions vary so greatly, that even an adept in such matters might find it difficult to draw up any rules for general adoption. In some infirmaries, it might be found best to place the materials in the hands of the sisters in charge of the wards, requesting them to give them only to patients who were unable to do the sewing needed for the institutions. In Workhouses where only pauper nurses are employed, it might be inexpedient to entrust them with the extra responsibility of taking charge of the materials. One institution might possess a large staff of Lady Visitors (some of whom might volunteer their aid in teaching the patients how to work) whilst in another perhaps not one visitor could be found, and it might for a time be needful to employ a paid teacher. I feel convinced that in every case, if a Board of Guardians were unanimous in wishing to lessen the painful inertness visible in Workhouse wards, some way could be found to do so, and if the initiatory expense of the purchase of materials were met by me, no pecuniary risk would be

incurred in starting the work, whilst if the scheme were properly carried out, it should become self-supporting. As the number of Metropolitan Workhouses is large, I cannot give more than £50 to any single institution, and I could not promise to expend this sum on more than eight workhouses in one year." A resolution was then passed "That Lady Brabazon be requested, if she see fit, to try her plan as an experiment in one or two infirmaries and workhouses, and report the result to the Association."

After a short visit to London Jeanie writes :

"*January 16th.* We left London to pay a visit to the Marquess of Hertford. Travelled together to Alcester. Lord Hertford, who is always the pink of perfection of politeness, was there to welcome us, and take us in a roomy omnibus to Ragley Hall, less than two miles off. He showed us into the immense hall used as a living-room, and one of the largest I ever saw. Horace Walpole, it appears, mentions it in his time, though it was thought not to be roofed in, in his day. There is a gigantic palm in the centre, so that one can stand under a shady tree as it were, in the midst of the room. Lady Hertford was very kind, in short we thought them both models of the English aristocracy. He looks every inch a gentleman. She, unfortunately, has become somewhat too portly for beauty, and seems out of health. They are quite alone.

January 17th. It was quite a scrimmage to get through breakfast and be off by an early train to Coventry. Drove straight to the curious old Church, which is really a most beautiful one. I call it old, for it is falling into

sad dilapidation, being built of red sandstone, and we heard that £50,000 would be required to restore it properly. The Church is built in the form of a cross, but inclining to the right, on the supposition that Our Saviour's head leant towards the right on the Cross. Adjourned to the meeting for the G.F.S. held in the Hall opposite. Reg was the first speaker. Lady Hertford also spoke without hesitation and far better than her husband, who succeeded her, but his speech was kindly and courteous, like the man. Had a long, tiring drive back to Ragley. Not sorry when we reached it, having been absent nearly ten hours.

January 21st. Drove through Stratford-on-Avon, and then for ten miles to Honnington Hall, the home of Mr and Mrs Townsend—of G.F.S. fame. It is a red brick house standing above the river Stour, which runs close below. Pretty grounds—the house is very quaint and full of pictures, china, and valuables. Reg and I had a good deal of talk about Mrs Townsend. If any woman of the present day has reason to be proud of her achievements, it is she. Having started the Girls' Friendly Society seven years ago, it now numbers 70,000 and the amount of good earnest workers it has awakened to a life of usefulness, from one of comparative idleness, no one can possibly tell, only they are seen on all sides."

After our return to London Jeanie writes :

"*January 31st.* Drove down with Reg to St Luke's Workhouse to see the pictures and texts which had been put up there. We were very pleased to see how much they had been appreciated, at least by the Master and Matron, husband and wife—a very nice couple. They

seemed to take a real interest in their work. He had got the inmates, many of whom are carpenters by trade, to make deal frames for the texts, which in consequence look much nicer, and will last much longer. Heard that Lady Ailsa came to visit at this Workhouse, and Lord A. too occasionally. The wards pointed out to me as those visited by Lady Ailsa are in the old buildings, but of late years some splendid new wards have been added—immensely large and with cheerful bay windows. In these wards the pictures [Jeanie's] looked extremely well, and they had been arranged with much taste. Drove to Hoxton, where we saw Mr Vacher in high spirits about his garden. Great works are being carried on under the superintendence of the gardener—miniature mountains and dells are being made, and altogether Mr Vacher wants it to be the prettiest bit of ground in London in spite of its East End locality. He told us the boys who used to be such a nuisance to the neighbourhood are quite subdued, and so some good has come out of it already. Dead cats continue to be thrown into it, but now the gardener buries them out of sight, and prevents their being a nuisance. Went into Mrs Vacher's nutshell of a house which always looks so snug. She told me about the East End nurse who is at work in Stepney in a parish which is very poor indeed, and so is the clergyman, and he welcomed with delight the nurse whose wages I am to pay. Spent a very pleasant afternoon and evening. I am so happy with dear old Reg alone.

February 1st. A magnificent day. We spent it in going down to see the Farnborough school where Normy is likely to be. It is beautifully situated at no distance from the Camp. Reg liked all he saw very much. The

Duchess of Atholl was down seeing her boy, who seemed by no means in low spirits, though it was but a week since he left home for the first time.

February 2nd. Foggy morning. Mr Billing came to see if I would join a Committee of Ladies which is formed for the purpose of extending the Protection Acts further for the young of both sexes. Mr Billing was very persistent, and as Reg thought I had better accept and give my name to the Committee, I did so. We went to Mr Goulden's parish. He has done a great work in South London. Has worked indefatigably, and this was a great day—the consecration of the Church which he has built. There was no doubt about the poverty of the district. One could see it was poor by the specimens of women and children gathered by the unusual sight of a carriage. First there was a luncheon, and then came the service in the new Church. It has been wisely built for the purpose required. No extra money expended on aisles or nave, but it is just a very large room with a raised altar and accommodating a very large congregation. The Church was crowded and there were many poor people. The Bishop of Rochester officiated. There were a good few sisters, one, a young one, was sitting behind us. She had such a sweet nice face. Mr Goulden in his speech at luncheon, said the sisters could go where the Police couldn't.

February 5th. Saw Emma Hamilton—fast advancing towards convalescence, very glad to see us after her recent illness. Mrs Garrett Anderson was just visiting her, and we passed on the stairs. I felt quite sorry that I had not noticed her more particularly, but I didn't know who it was. She must be a wonderful woman."

Jeanie joined the children at Davos whilst I remained in England, and when she returned she met me at Brighton. In March we had to give up Coombe End, as the landlord wished to sell it, and we could not afford to buy at the price he offered it.

On May 6th, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had just been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr T. H. Burke, permanent Under-Secretary, were stabbed to death by four members of the "Invincibles" Murder Gang in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, under the eyes of Earl Spencer, Viceroy of Ireland. After much search, we eventually took on lease Ottershaw Park, near Chertsey. Jeanie thus describes our first entry into this new home.

May 30th. Went down to Ottershaw, to take possession. Got out at Addlestone Station and drove up as far as Ottershaw village, and then walked up. Met the clergyman at the Lodge. Greatly impressed by the beauty of the place. After dinner wandered out and thought it too heavenly. Felt very thankful to be in such a lovely spot. The nightingales were singing exquisitely.

May 31st. Went up to my Convalescent Committee. Found the journey from Woking very tiring. Saw Miss Collett and was able to arrange about some convalescents.

June 1st. My first batch of school-board children arrived. I was much pleased with them. They were six in number. The eldest, a tall girl of twelve, disposed to be very motherly to the others. One poor little girl of nine, not as big as our May at five, was a poor wretched little creature, seemingly very delicate indeed, and slightly deformed. They came down in charge of two pupil

teachers. It was a great business depositing them all at their various cottages. Happily none of them cried when left, which I was afraid of their doing. One little fellow of six, Percy by name, was very brave, he was to take charge of a little girl of seven.

June 5th. Normy, Arthur, and governess arrived, brought down by Reg. Great rejoicing on the children's part, they were all in high spirits. Normy so tall and grown, but so dear and loving.

Sunday, 18th June, was a very sad one to me, as Normy for the first time put on manly attire, and it made me realise how time had passed, and that I must very soon bid him farewell. It is sad to feel his childhood is passing away. The hymns in Church made matters worse, for they were all very affecting ones, as Mr Oldham, the father-in-law of the present Vicar, and formerly Vicar himself of this parish, is just dead, and the service was therefore a solemn one. Went over to Anningsley to tea. [Mrs Goldingham of Anningsley afterwards became Jeanie's greatest friend, and both died in the same year, 1918.]

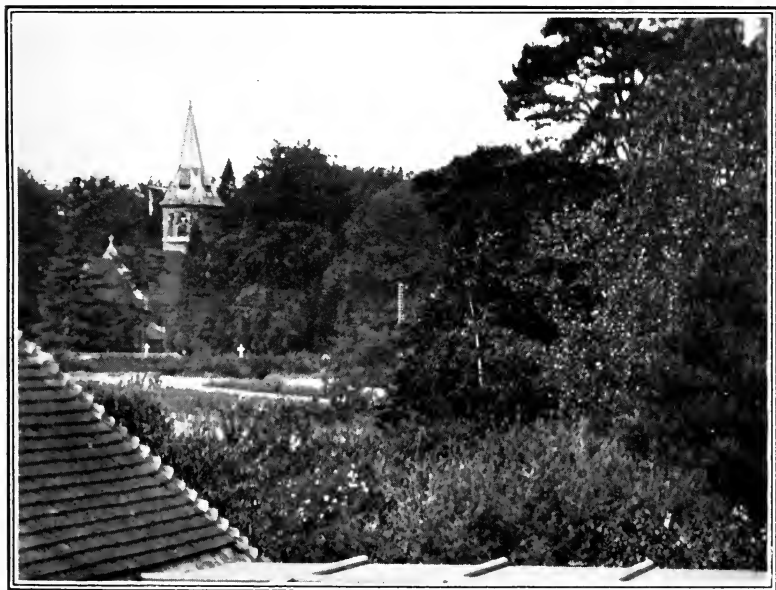
June 20th. A great day in Normy's life—the day when he went to school at Mr Morton's, Farnborough. He is quite happy to go, and I know that he is to be trusted; for there are few so conscientious as he. Reg went with him. The master went through a little verbal examination, in which Normy acquitted himself brilliantly. Mr and Mrs Pechell came down in time for dinner.

June 28th. Conversazione of the Y.M.F.S. at 83 Lancaster Gate. The Bishop of Carlisle in the chair.

September 2nd. Louisa Bellson (a great friend) and I were picked up by my mother in her carriage, and taken



OTTER INN, OTTERSHAW, CHERTSEY
Lord and Lady Meath's Surrey village.



OTTERSHAW CHURCH

to the Woking Convict establishment, where Louisa wanted to see one of the prisoners. It is an immense place—a town almost ; many private houses, evidently belonging to the officials—most of them very pretty—are in the enclosure, which is beautifully situated on high ground. On ringing at the gates of the gloomy prison we were let in, and asked if the convict we wanted to see was a *relative* ! I wonder if many carriages drive up to ask for relatives ! The warders were quite civil, and sent for the chief warder, a tall portly Scotchman, who said, as it was Saturday the prisoners could not be seen, but he would ask for an order from the Governor, and we were shown into a room where we saw that over five hundred convicts were confined in the prison, and that some fifty of them were lunatics. These are not those who enter as insane, but those who go mad after this confinement. If many become mad it surely is a question whether the silent system (if it conduces to madness, which seems probable) should be rigorously carried out. The man whom Louisa went to see was placed in the room where the prisoners may meet their friends. Such visits are allowed, I believe, as a matter of course four times in the year, to prisoners in the 1st Class, and to the 3rd Class only once in six months. Louisa and I were very much struck by what we saw. The room was divided into two parts with a wooden division about three feet high, across its length. Then came another division, and behind this the wretched man was standing in charge of a warder. I thought Louisa spoke wonderfully nicely to him, for it must have been very difficult to say anything with two warders listening to what was going on. She told him about his relations, and how their whereabouts had

been discovered, for it was some thirteen years since he had communicated with them. She told him that they had been merciful to him, and that God would be so too. The poor man said that 'when one was brought so very low, one thinks of such things.' He seemed very grateful.

September 7th. A great batch of London children came down, and three mothers with them. Mr and Mrs Vacher arrived—a most lovely day. Sat out till late on the balcony.

September 8th. Beautiful weather. Mr and Mrs Vacher very appreciative of the scenery and country. All the children came out of quarantine. May and Claudie carried like mummies up to their rooms. Arthur and Normy rushed from their tubbing in their dressing-gowns to bed.

September 9th. Mr Vacher and his wife departed with a wonderful selection of things for his garden (the dead cat garden that was). He spent an hour or so in collecting weeds of all kinds and descriptions to be planted out in his garden, or placed in vases for its adornment. Besides the hamper full of weeds were two bouquets and a hamper of plants from Fletcher's, the nurseryman here.

September 14th. Arthur and I went to Mrs Du Plat Taylor's at Coombe. Hadn't been there since Coombe End days. Princess Mary was at tea, immensely pleased with the great news of the victory in Egypt, and exhibiting a telegram which she had received from Prince Teck. It was late and quite dark when we got home. The horses had to guide themselves up the avenue, for I could not see to do so.

September 16th. Mrs Goldingham called. Very kind. Heard sad news of the death of a child which had been

down here convalescing, whom its mother (Mrs Dennis) had taken away.

September 18th. A troubled day about convalescing. It will have to come to a sudden and sad ending this year. Mrs Dennis' second child at Mrs Underwood's has sickened, and worse still a little boy, it is feared, has scarlatina. Miss Taylor (Lady Lauderdale's companion) most kind and helpful. Went for the doctor in the morning, and did all she could, but it is very sad, and the mother of the little fellow (Hill) who it is feared has scarlatina, will be in a fearful state. An inquest is to be held on the death of the infant.

September 19th. Still in great trouble. Post now brings sadness.

September 20th. In very low spirits till I went over to my mother's, where I felt much cheered. Miss Taylor saw the batch of children off. I was anxious about sending them, for fear that they might carry infection with them. Went to the Cottage Hospital to ask how the sick children are getting on. Mercifully it is only scarlatina and the cases are not bad, which is a great consolation. The Cottage Hospital seems a nice place, and lies back from the Workhouse.

September 21st. R. returned to my relief.

October 5th. We went to Derby to attend the Church Congress, and also a Young Men's Friendly Society meeting. We were billeted on a most hospitable manufacturer and his wife—a Mr and Mrs Boden, who made us quite at home. Mrs Boden seems most interested in the women's welfare, and holds classes for them. No child is employed who does not attend Sunday School, no girl who is not respectable. All his hands are pensioned in old age.

November 9th. Went to Lichfield on a visit to the Bishop and Mrs Maclagan. The Bishop met us at the door of the Palace, having just returned from the consecration of a Churchyard. He is a most kind and cordial man. I should think he was a very ideal Bishop. Mrs Maclagan has a letter which she showed me in the Queen's [Victoria] own handwriting, congratulating Lady Barrington [Mrs Maclagan's mother] on her daughter's marriage with so good a man as the Bishop. Lady Dartmouth and her daughter and Miss Mason were staying in the house.

Sunday, November 12th. Both the Bishop and Mrs Maclagan seem to like R. very much. She told me the Bishop found it quite a treat talking to him, as, usually, he (the Bishop) saw those in his own house who were glad to learn from him, but who were not intellectually at all on a footing with him. R. and he had a good deal of talk after dinner on the points of faith which are so difficult, also about Tyndall and others who doubt. The Bishop said he himself had hopes for all those who sought after the truth, even if they did not find it.

November 13th. The Bishop and his wife bade us good-bye most kindly and told us to come again.

November 26th. I am writing some time after date, but I think it was on this day that an immense meeting was held at the Albert Hall for the 'Early Closing Movement.' Reg was in the chair. It was held on a Sunday because on no other day could the Shop Assistants all assemble. I felt very much frightened about R.'s speaking in such a place with his not powerful voice, and when I was left in a box, all by myself, I felt how hopeless it would be for a man's voice to fill such an enormous building. An

individual looks quite lost in it. When R. entered, I could scarcely have distinguished him, if I had not been prepared for his appearance. It was a great sight, for the galleries and pit were black with people. There were supposed to be about 11,000 present. I was most pleasantly surprised to find that Reg was heard after all. He spoke very slowly, and with great care, and it answered. The audience, being many of them almost boys, were most enthusiastic. I never heard him so much applauded before. Went to evening church when the excitement of the day was over.

December 1st. Went down to Brighton to give Reg some rest and change.

December 4th. Returned to London Bridge Station to see the new Law Courts just opened in State by the Queen.

December 10th. Went with Louisa Bellson, who slept in London, down to Richmond by road to see the Banquet given to the Duke of Teck on his return from Egypt [after the battle of Tel el Kebir]. Princess Mary had sent, through the Secretary, an invitation to see it from the gallery reserved for her at the Star and Garter Hotel. We went first to Mrs Russell's, who was much startled to see me walk in in evening attire at seven o'clock. Miss Bellson changed her dress and we drove on to the Hotel, and arrived some time before the Princess, and saw all the Banquet going on. After Princess Mary's arrival, the speeches commenced. Duke of Teck very nervous. However, he did very well. He spoke very slowly, and sometimes could not find his word, but was always immensely applauded, and so was the Duke of Albany, who was in the chair. The drive home when all was over was very pleasant. We were back before 11.30 p.m.

December 12th. Normy returned from school. I drove to meet him at Waterloo Station. Many anxious parents on the platform, and in due time the train arrived with a swarm of boys and general scrimmage to get hold of luggage. Normy arrived with a cold.

December 13th. The foggy atmosphere told on Normy. Cold worse.

December 15th. Determined to start with Normy for Switzerland, if the doctor allows him to go. Stayed a good deal with him as he was all day in his room. It was nice to have the dear boy quiet, and to see him so good and gentle as he has always been.

December 16th. Mamma's birthday. How few or how many will she have? I fear not the latter. The doctor came and saw Normy and pronounced that he could start the next day.

December 17th. Much to do before the start at 10 a.m. Normy, well protected against cold and with respirator on, driven to Charing Cross. We said good-bye to Reg and had a comfortable journey down to Folkestone."

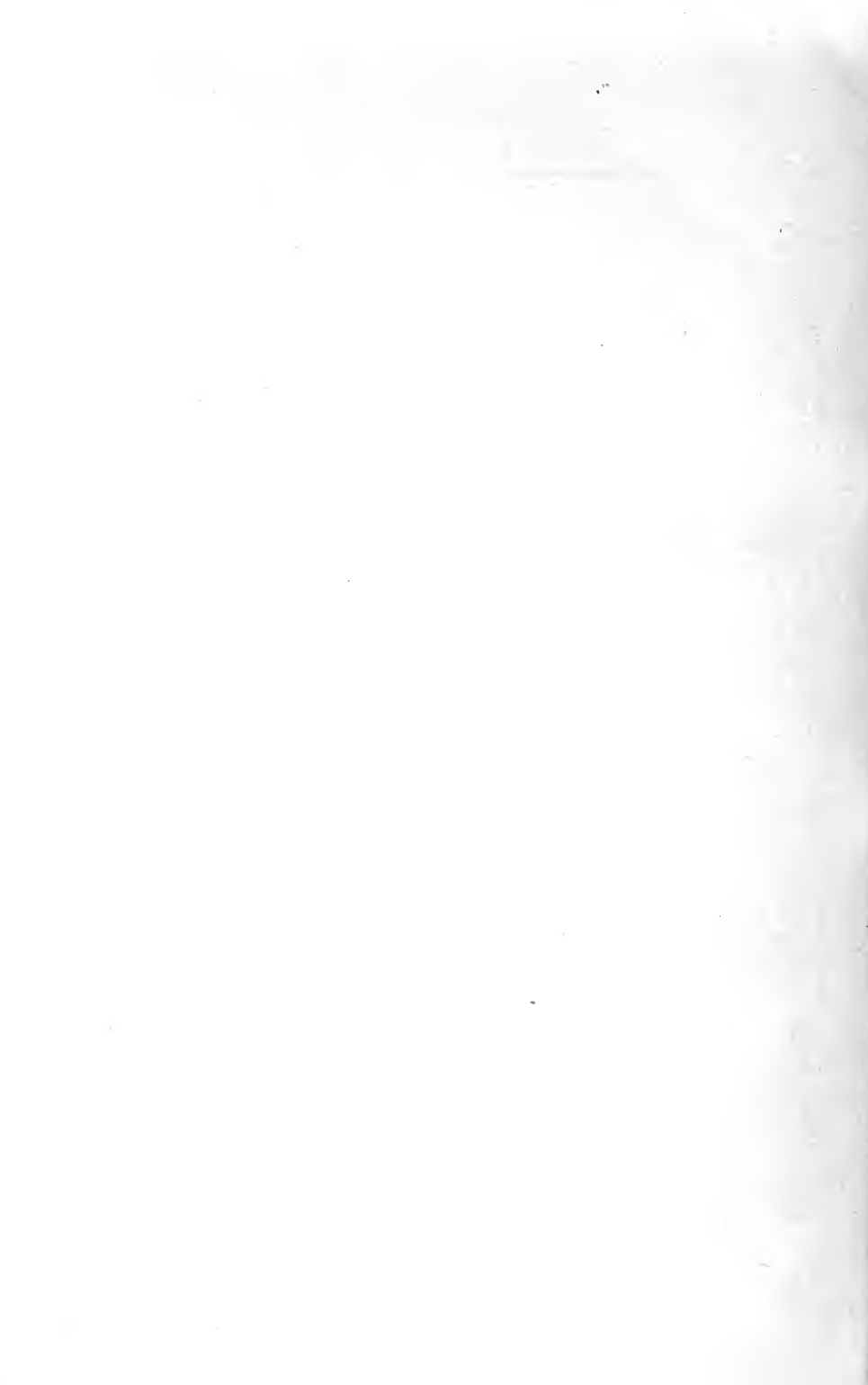
After placing Normy under the care of a Mr and Mrs Lyle at Davos, Jeanie paid a visit to her mother and Miss Taylor at Mentone, where she spent Christmas. She writes :

"Went to Church with Mamma and we knelt together at the Communion Table. Not many times more perhaps in our lifetime.

New Year's Day, 1883. Gave little presents to our servants and wished a great many Happy New Years, and so it began happily. May it go on so, and be a useful one."



THE COUNTESS OF LAUDERDALE
Lady Meath's mother.



Jeanie left Mentone on February 12th, for Paris, and says: "The Prince of Wales was travelling by the same train and I had frequent good views of him. He struck me as looking wonderfully young for his years. He is plump and ruddy and does not look as if pressed down by the troubles of life."

Lady Brabazon on her road to Ireland travelled to Cheshire with Lady Claud Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs Tollemache, and paid the latter and her husband a visit at their place near Beeston Castle Station, in Cheshire. She says: "We drove over to Peckforton, Lord Tollemache's, passing the fine old ruin of Beeston Castle. Lady Claud and Mrs Tollemache told me *en route* how much Lord Tollemache was beloved. How he drives round to his tenants and asks what he can do for them, and how, if he gets angry with a servant and scolds him unnecessarily, he apologises afterwards. Peckforton stands very high and looks most imposing. Lord Tollemache built it himself. Took about ten years. Lady Tollemache was laid up, but her daughter received us and took us over the house. It is a most massive pile, and built of red sandstone. There is a very extensive view from a spot close to the house. The country for miles is a dead flat plain, whilst the mountains of Wales are seen from a distance. Lord Tollemache appeared at luncheon. He was very kind. He talked about his cottages. He told me he had spent more money and had taken greater interest in the houses of his tenants than in his own. I told him about our system of reduction of rent, and of prizes to the tenants. He doesn't think it a good plan, but ended up by asking us to come to Peckforton, as he said he would be only too happy to tell Reg all he knew,

and learn from him. He is a most genial old man. Not far off eighty, but hale and strong, driving his team about the country."

Jeanie crossed over to Ireland and joined my father, mother, and me at Killruddery. She says :

" Lord Meath had a nasty accident with his thumb, compound dislocation. It happened when he was alone in Dublin. He went at once to Dr Stokes, who said he must get another surgeon to help, and brought in Dr Porter. The setting must have been most painful, but, notwithstanding, Lord Meath insisted on going home all alone, for fear of frightening his wife and daughter. He had to go to bed, and be kept very quiet on his arrival at Killruddery. When I got there, he was still confined to his room, and Kathleen was very anxious indeed, as the doctor had told her there was risk of lockjaw. The children I found in the schoolroom, all very dear in welcoming me back again.

March 1st. Went to a dinner party at the Castle in Dublin. A very magnificent sight. Over 100 people sat down to dinner in St Patrick's Hall. Lord Maurice Fitzgerald took me into dinner and Reg took Lady Maurice.

March 2nd. Luncheon at the Archbishop's.

March 6th. Went into Dublin with Reg, and over the Coombe buildings district. This is where the Artizans' Dwellings Co. have erected their houses. A wonderful change is wrought in the place. I saw it last two years ago. All untidy and desolate-looking—now capital cottages have been erected. At the request of the Secretary of the Company, we paid a visit to the winner

of the 1st Prize. This was fortunately an Irish woman. (On former occasions the prize had been won by Scotch or English, which led to jealousy.) Near the Coombe buildings are several empty spaces, and Reg hopes that we may be able to build there. It seems really as if the improvement of the Dublin 'liberties' which I remember well talking over with Mr O'Brien (Lord Meath's solicitor) years ago at Thirlestane, would one day come about. Now the Coombe buildings are a great step in that direction, and if vacant spaces are found and covered with good buildings, or left as breathing spots, my dream will be fulfilling itself." [My darling's dream did come true and happily before she died.] "How little thankful one is for the fulfilment of one's wishes and prayers. I remember praying about this, and yet, now that so much progress has been made in the right direction, I feel sadly thankless for what is coming to pass. How like the conduct of the lepers who were cleansed, is that of poor human nature !

March 8th. Went to Arklow, where Lord Wicklow's carriage met us and drove us to Shelton Abbey by a long avenue starting almost from Arklow, for two or three miles. Shelton, prettily surrounded by hills, was built by the same architect, Morrison, who restored Killruddery in 1820. Lady Wicklow received us most kindly and cordially. I had not seen her since the days when she was Miss Wingfield, and it seemed odd to find her now as Countess of Wicklow, and Châtelaine of Shelton Abbey. She seems very anxious to do all that is right, and I liked her very much. Lord Wicklow is very kind too. His little boy, Ralph (by first marriage) seems very fond of his stepmother, and he is not to know that she

is not his own mother. No one but ourselves staying in the house.

March 10th. Lady Wicklow drove me out in a little pony carriage round the grounds, which are particularly pretty. Afterwards she took me to Bally-Arthur, where Colonel and Mrs Bailey live, the father and mother of one of the Land Commissioners.

Sunday, March 11th. Nice little Church. Reminded me of Thirlestane days with a rural congregation, which I had never seen in a Protestant Church in Ireland. The Clergyman, Mr Hope, seems an active man, and he had many men in his congregation.

March 12th. Lord Wicklow has kindly lent us his carriage to take us off to Clash (our property) before we return to Killruddery. Sorry to say good-bye, for we had enjoyed our visit. Pleasant drive, being well protected against the cold with wraps and furs. Walked up from the village to Hanlon's, Byrne's, and Miss Newlands. All three new cottages [built by Jeanie] which I had not seen. It was nice to see such pleasant abodes, and the people apparently very appreciative. There was no sign of their being at all disaffected, on the contrary they were far more cordial than Scotch cottagers would have been. Their 'Y're welcome, My Lady' is always a nice greeting.

March 15th. My birthday. May and Claudie both brought me flowers. Both so loving, and Arthur was also so."

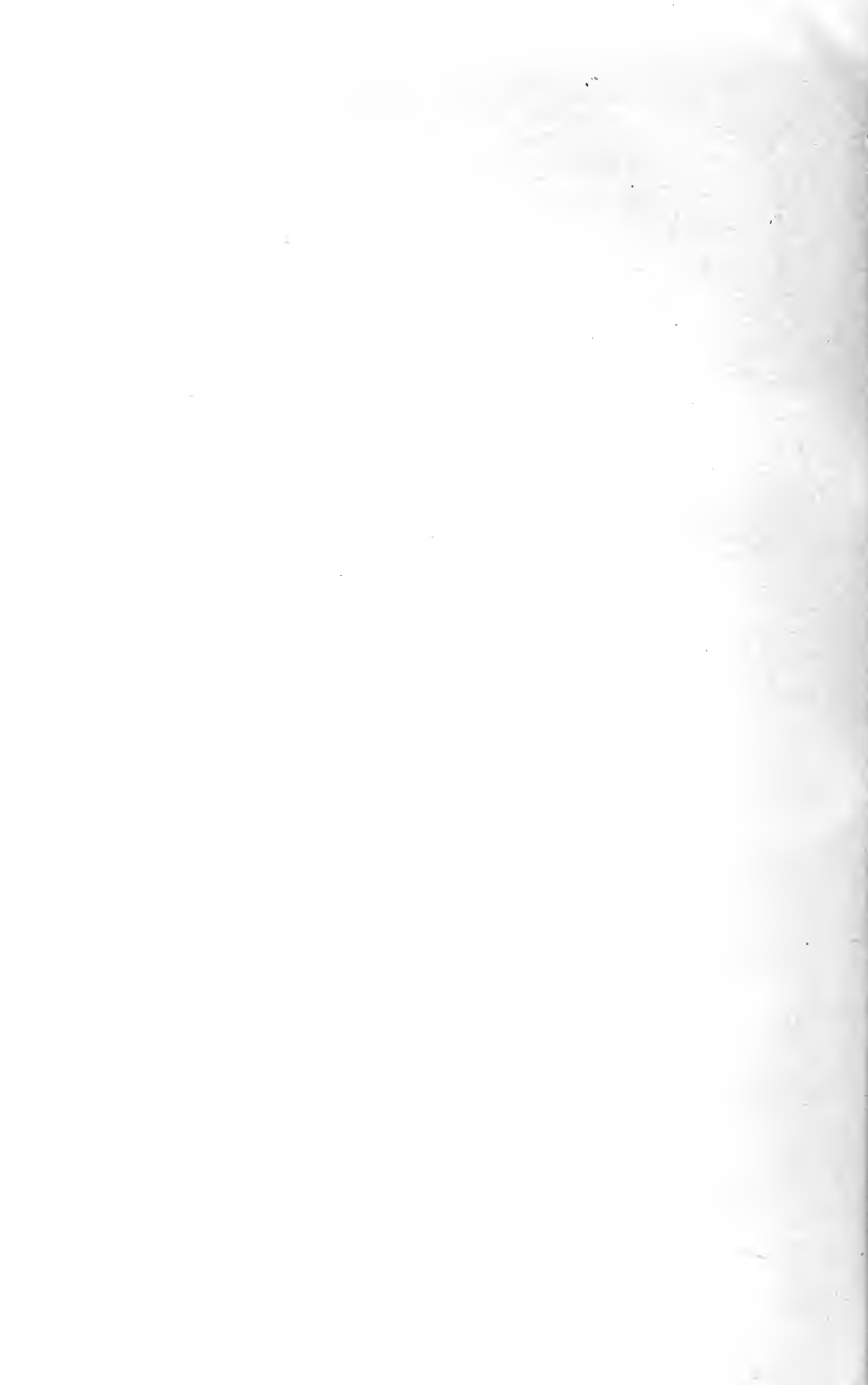
Jeanie left Killruddery on March 30th and returned to London, leaving the children with Lord and Lady Meath.



STATUE GALLERY AT KILLRUDDERY



MONKS' BOWLING ALLEY AT KILLRUDDERY



I pass over a very busy time for both of us. Visits to Poplar, Southend, etc., in the interests of our different Societies. Miss Emma Hamilton came to stay with us at Ottershaw Park, and we had several meetings in Lancaster Gate and at Petersham Park for the G.F.S. and Y.M.F.S. and then we paid a visit to a cousin, Mrs Montgomerie, and her husband at Garboldesham Manor. She was President of the G.F.S. in Norfolk, and we went with her to Ipswich for a meeting.

On October 2nd Jeanie writes :

“ Meeting of the Society which Reg started last year for Boulevards, Open Spaces, and Gymnasia. Captain Thompson was elected paid Secretary.”

Jeanie and I paid a visit to my old Chipping Norton curate friend Pigott and his wife at Grendon Hall, near Aylesbury. He was the “ Squarson ” of the place—squire and parson combined. We returned to Ottershaw and left on November 13th. Jeanie writes :

“ Reg and I drove off from dear Ottershaw, where we had spent a very happy time. It was consoling to think that many had found it a real restful place—the children who were boarded out, members of the G.F.S. and others. I am glad to think that these had an opportunity of seeing so much beauty. . . .”

My wife's Diary continues as follows :

“ *November 26th.* Left Anningsley, very sorry to leave. They are such kind, hospitable people, and Mrs Goldingham told me that she thought our visit had

done them good, and stirred them up to action. It is indeed a comfort if one can thus use one's influence. On the other hand, she does me good. I have much to learn from her.

Had a meeting for Whiteley's girls in the hope of gaining many recruits for the G.F.S. Miss Money and Mr Ransford addressed them in the dining-room. His was a very earnest speech. He especially urged the girls to join on account of the religious aid they would give and get, and I think his address was bound to do good. Several gave in their names. I am sure good will come out of it. It was so odd to recognise in the faces of the girls some who had been serving me in the shop. About one hundred and fifty came.

November 29th. Drove to Newington, where the Bishop of Bedford lives. We had arranged to talk over with him the laying out of the £2000 which I hope to be able to give. He is quite of Reg's opinion, and thinks Mission Rooms with lodgings for deaconesses and other workers attached to them would be the right way of spending the money. He proposed to meet Dr Kitto, Mr Billing, and a third Clergyman, and for them to decide on the parishes where the need was greatest. He thought £2000 might possibly be sufficient for two buildings. We had a large luncheon party, for the Bishop receives his Clergy on Thursday afternoons. He invites a certain number to luncheon, and I believe anybody who likes can come in later. Mrs Walsham How told me how hard worked her husband was. He constantly gets no dinner at all, coming home at nine, ten, and eleven o'clock at night, just to have a little bread and milk or any light thing he fancies at the time."

Next day we left for Paris, where we visited our old haunts, and paid Lord Lyons, our former chief, a visit. My darling says :

“ Had a pleasant walk with Reg on the Boulevards.

December 3rd. Drove to see Mdlle de Broen's Mission at Belleville, past the Buttes de Chaumont. It is a long way off. The houses do not look by any means as if inhabited by the very poor. This is owing to the French not inhabiting separate houses as the English poor do. We drove up at last opposite a corrugated iron building, which proved to be the Mission Hall, where a medical missionary attends daily to the spiritual as well as bodily needs of those who visit the Mission. A lady received us, whom we guessed to be Mdlle de Broen. She was very kind and showed us all round. We saw the Dispensary, where there is a staff of ladies, and one or two working women, who assist to make up the medicines for the patients. We also visited the School. She afterwards took us to her house, where she and fifteen ladies live who work under her. Her room was so prettily arranged and looked very snug. Some of the workers are too poor to pay for themselves. Others live at their own cost. An Orphanage is also attached to the Mission.”

We separated on December 6th. I returned to England, and Jeanie went south to Mentone to stay with her mother. Whilst at Mentone she writes :

“ I cannot recollect what morning it was when I was awake at 5.30 a.m. and looked out to find it still night with the moon shining on the Mediterranean. At six o'clock I looked out again and watched the first blush

of morn that poets talk of, the first red glow which told of the approach of morning. It was very beautiful watching the daylight coming, and made me, I trust, thankful for all the beauty given me to enjoy.

January 7th, 1884. This was our wedding day, sixteen long years of prosperity and love preserved, as true and real as at the outset. Outside glamour perhaps gone—but replaced by comfort and blessing. Oh! for thankful hearts for God's mercies.

January 23rd. An article appeared in *The Times* praising up the action of Reg's Open Spaces Association in having secured an acre or more of the Horsemonger Lane Jail grounds, and mentioning Reg by name."

Jeanie, writing on January 24th, says :

" Off to Euston, where I met Reg, and was very pleased to get him back again safe and sound from Ireland, where he had a dreadful time of it, what with Bray Town Commissioners to whom he wants to hand over the Market House, and Land Leaguers. They even threatened his life on Christmas Day. So much for gratitude amongst the poor, easily-led Irish !

January 30th. Temperance meetings held in our house by the C.E.T.S. in the afternoon for servants, and in the evening for business girls. Both ought to have done good, for there were most excellent addresses. It is very humbling to hear how much some can do, when one is conscious oneself of having done so little directly in winning people to help to eradicate so great an evil as drink. Indirectly, by the loan of our rooms and general advocacy, we have helped, but I don't think I ever won a drunkard from his evil courses. On the contrary, I fear I was

content to leave him alone. Reg was not present at either meeting, having engagements of his own.

February 2nd. Reg was busy writing an article for the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Washhouses and Swimming Baths, and I was occupied with my G.F.S. Sick Members' Department.

February 5th. Saw Miss Eyre, Hon. Sec. of the working scheme (Brabazon scheme) as they call it in the Kensington Workhouse. She gave a most cheering account of their labours. They employ the most decrepit, and have had two patients working for them who only had one arm to use. Went on to the dentist, Mr Wright. Having heard that he was much interested in Temperance I alluded to the meetings held in our house. The young girl who assists him was present when I told him about them, and when I came out she told me that she had been at one of the meetings, and not only that, but she said she was a G.F.S. member, and had been down to Coombe End. Was very pleased to find a girl belonging to the Society who seemed so much above the average in social station.

February 11th. Both Reg and I busy with our Reports, he for his Lodges Department, I for my Sick Members' Department. Poor Reg very sorry for himself not to get a little holiday. Being in Ireland with Land League bothers was no rest to him.

February 15th. Said good-bye to Reg, who had to go to Leeds for a G.F.S. meeting.

February 17th. He returned safe and sound though tired after his long expedition.

February 19th. Walked to Victoria Mansions for G.F.S. Council Meeting. They seemed pleased to hear

of the £1000 I had collected for the sick since last Report was drawn up.

February 21st. Drove with Mrs Goldingham to the house in South Crescent" [Business Girls' Lodging Home started by Lady Brabazon], "which looks much nicer now that it has been partly papered.

February 22nd. Met Miss Collett and a man from Shoolbred's in South Crescent about furnishing it ready for occupation by business girls. Reg, in the meantime, had had to start for Manchester, to attend a public meeting about Open Spaces.

February 26th. Mrs Goldingham came to luncheon and she and I went to Kensington Workhouse. We were taken round the wards, where my work scheme is being tried by Miss Eyre, who is the Hon. Secretary. Anything more satisfactory could scarcely be imagined. We saw one woman working whose hands were completely doubled up with rheumatism, and who was obliged to use her teeth in order to pull out her needle. Another blind woman was immensely relieved to have something to do instead of sitting idle. There was a man also who was only able to knit with his left hand, and who yet produced capital work. The wonder to me was that such cripples could possibly make such neat and pretty articles. Drove back to Mrs Goldingham's house. She was very interested in what she had seen.

February 27th. Drove to St Pancras to meet Reg, who came back tired, but pleased with his Manchester expedition. His two meetings about Open Spaces were very successful, and he was treated most kindly and hospitably.

March 3rd. Saw Horsemonger Jail grounds, half of

which is to be opened for a Children's Playground, through Reg's intercession as representing the Garden Association. It is a queer desolate sort of place, but doubtless the children will be very happy when playing there

March 4th. Drove down to All Hallows. Mr Field, whom we found in a very snug little house, came with us to show us where the Mission Hall is to be built—it is to adjoin his Church. I do not think that it is quite my idea to give the money to Clergymen who already possess Churches on the spot, and I would rather have given it for the establishment of a Mission Hall where no Church was in existence. However, I have no doubt the hall when erected will do good. Mr Field seems to be a hard worker in his parish. His Church is a very large one, and he says it fills of an evening. He has secured a house close to the Church where a young men's club is held and classes of various kinds. On the way back stopped at South Crescent and showed Reg the compartments which have been fitted up as bedrooms for business girls. We both thought them very nice. Shoobred's men, had, as desired, put up curtains round each bed, but by fixing a rod at the bottom as well as at the top, it has secured far greater privacy than with the ordinary loose curtains, and I don't think I have ever seen cubicles of the kind more nicely arranged. In the evening we interviewed applicants for the position of Matron of the Home. Reg and I both thought Mrs Mitchell, the present Matron of the Highgate G.F.S. Lodge, the most suitable person. I only trust that she will turn out as well as we fancied she would. The price of the beds is to be on the average 3s. 6d. with 3d. extra for use of sitting-room.

March 15th. Woke to a lovely morning on my birthday. The warmth was like summer. I am relieved to think that the Home for Business Girls is now well under weigh, and with, I trust, a good Matron selected to manage it.

March 16th. Another lovely day. It was so warm that I was almost afraid to go to Church, so we sat on Richmond Terrace, and afterwards went into Petersham Park, and read the Psalms and part of the service alfresco. It seemed so appropriate to have it in the open air, and we quite longed to have Church services held in beautiful parks like Petersham, where there is the voice of nature to teach that which is good and holy. Reg and I were very happy together, and the better, I hope, for our service and for being together.

March 18th. Left Queen's Hotel, Richmond, to take up our quarters at the 'Mansion,' where we found all ready for us, and the Manageress had been very kind and anxious that we should find things comfortable. Dined upstairs, and thought of Wendell Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, for the 'Mansion' is a Boarding House, and the guests were a curious mixture of nationalities. To begin with, R.'s neighbour was a Spaniard. Opposite to him sat a German.

March 20th. The House in South Crescent is supposed to be set going from this day. I hope it may be a happy home to many, and be the means of doing a little good.

March 22nd. Received such a kind, loving letter from Emma Hamilton which brought tears to my eyes. Reg and I walked in the garden together."

At 10.15 p.m. that evening our son Ernest was born. On the 28th Jeanie writes :

“ Heard of poor Mrs Goldingham’s terrible grief in the loss of her husband. Reg did not tell me at once. He died two days previously. It is too terrible for her, poor thing. May God comfort her. Reg drove over to Coombe and saw Mrs Gladstone, as Mr G. had been sent to Mr Currie’s place for change of air. Mrs Gladstone seemed pleased to see him. Reg dined at Lady Russell’s at Pembroke Lodge, and came home very pleased with his dinner, and with a lot to tell me which was pleasant.

March 29th. Just a week since a day of gladness for us [in the birth of the wee boy] and of sorrow to poor Mrs Goldingham, whose husband was taken ill on her return from seeing me at Richmond. The funeral was on this day at Ottershaw, and Reg went to it. It took place at 1.30 p.m. and just then the sun burst through the cloudiness of the morning. I followed the burial service. It was, I think, the first time I had ever read it carefully through, and I thought it very beautiful. Reg came home about 6 p.m. I was very glad to have my dear husband back again.

March 30th. Sunday. Was singing hymns early, and Reg found me in tears over the verse ‘ If Thou shouldst call me to resign what most I prize.’ How terribly hard it must be for broken hearts to say this. A general mourning commenced for the Duke of Albany, who died quite suddenly at Cannes. Sent a thank-offering for the baby of £100 to the G.F.S. Incurable Fund.

April 1st. Very low, seeing Reg work so very hard, and knowing that he had a very fatiguing day with his Garden Association and Emigration Committees in London. Parted from him in tears.

Good Friday. Reg went to London and saw Sir Andrew Clark. He said he was overworked, and must take a rest. He thought it wonderful that so delicate a man could accomplish so much. We were very pleased at *The Times* publishing a long letter from R. on 'State-aided Emigration,' which had been kept so long that we did not expect its publication.

April 23rd. Reg had a meeting at the Mansion House in aid of 'State-directed Emigration.' The Lord Mayor being absent, he took the chair, and said the meeting was a success, many working men (leaders) attended. One man said that in Lancashire they loved the Queen, and sometimes loved a Lord. The speaker said that if a Lancashire man had a good coat, and a good house, and a full stomach he was a blue Tory, if he only had two of these three things, he was a Conservative, if only one he was a Liberal, and if none he was a Revolutionist."

Shortly afterwards we went for my health to Bellaggio and stayed in a charming villa placed at our disposal by my friend, Hervey Pechell. Jeanie writes :

"*June 5th, 1884.* Reg had a bad night, and announced his intention of leaving Bellaggio, and going to Monte Rosa to see if the more bracing air would do him good. We dined that night at the Marquis Trotti's, and were persuaded by them to go to Promontogno in preference. Had a very pleasant dinner." [He was the principal landowner in the district.] "No one but the ordinary family party—two daughters and a governess dined, our hosts very agreeable.

June 7th. Left Bellaggio. It was very sad indeed,

leaving such a sweet abode, where I had been so happy with my dear old Reg, but it could not be helped."

On August 3rd received from Mr Morton, the Headmaster of Normy's school, which he is just leaving, a most satisfactory letter. He said that no boy had ever passed through his school with a more stainless reputation than he had done. This naturally pleased us much, and we wrote to tell Normy how delighted we were. The widowed Mrs Goldingham and a niece, Milsie Smith, afterwards Mrs Bosanquet, arrived at St Moritz—and Jeanie did her best to comfort her poor bereaved friend. At this time Jeanie was starting a Flower Card Mission. She says: "Enjoyed much doing Flower Mission cards with Mrs Goldingham. It is delightful work, the more so as one hopes it may be a source of great good and consolation to the sick girls. Was so pleased to hear my friend say how much she liked doing the Flower Mission cards, and that it was nicer work than any she had done for a long time." Flowers were pressed and gummed on to cards, which were then sent to the Hospitals for the enjoyment of the patients. Miss Trench, the Archbishop of Dublin's daughter, came to see us. She told my wife that she had written some of her father's hymns on the flower cards.

"About this time we made the acquaintance of Herr von Schlütow, President of the great Stettin Shipbuilding Works. He deplored the recent death of our Ambassador at Berlin, Lord Ampthill, as he said he was such a good Ambassador and was much liked by the Germans. We also met Browning, the poet, and his sister, and I found

him a very pleasant man and unaffected. On the 5th September we left St Moritz. We had spent many pleasant hours, and I had so often sat reading to Reg in our little corner room admiring the deep blue-green of the lake, that to leave it was very sad. We had quite an assemblage of our friends to say adieu."

After joining Mrs Goldingham and her sister and niece, we went on to Lucerne and Basle, and I returned to England. Jeanie continues :

" *November 4th.* I had a pleasant journey to London, where dear old Reg met me. Walked across St James's Park to the Pechells'. Glad to be back again with my darling.

November 8th. Came down to Anningsley. Very glad to escape from the rush and scramble of London with its many engagements and from some of the correspondence. Louie Goldingham kind and dear as ever.

November 15th. Dined at Ottershaw Vicarage and met Mr and Mrs Baker, the present owners of Ottershaw Park.

November 19th. Reg went off early to see Lord Meath, who had arrived the previous evening in order to vote on the Franchise Bill, which was to be brought into the Upper House, but now there is to be a compromise between Mr Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, and Pappie [Lord Meath] need not have come.

November 20th. Had luncheon at Mr Pechell's, and met Pappie. Dined with Lord and Lady Clanwilliam. Saw a curiosity, though a very painful one, in the shape of the only cast taken of the late Duke of Wellington. It was a very distressing object.

November 23rd. Went down to Wellington College to see Normy. Thought it a capital place for boys. Called on Mr Wickham.

November 30th. Made up our minds to take the little cottage near Anningsley Gate." [Which we afterwards called Ardee Cottage and where we lived for several years. It belonged to the Rev Baron Hichens. He enlarged the house and garden for us.]

December 2nd. Went down to Reigate to decide the knotty point whether the Incurable G.F.S. Home is to be or not to be. Decided to buy it, if £160 annual subscriptions could be obtained.

December 3rd. Had asked Mr Ridgeway, the recently appointed Clergyman of Lancaster Gate, to call upon me, and I talked to him about my Ministering Children's League idea. He approved of it, and now this scheme too has floated. Did not feel sufficiently thankful about it, for I have already more irons in the fire than I can manage at all properly, but I hope this new scheme will be worked by others, and bring about good fruit. Felt my want of power. If I were cleverer I could do things quicker and better, but if one may hope for God's blessing, all will be well."

This was the beginning of the Ministering Children's League, which gradually grew, until its influence extended to many parts of the world. The objects were :

1. To promote kindness, unselfishness, and the habit of usefulness amongst the young in the home.
2. To encourage members and associates to take an active interest in the needs of their own parish and district.
3. To create an earnest desire to help all who are suffering, or in want.

It had only one rule, viz. : to try to do at least one kind deed every day, and to be loving, kind, and useful to others.

“ *February 10th, 1885.* Reg had his meeting for the Metropolitan Public Garden Association. I remained upstairs finishing off my G.F.S. Sick Members' Report for this year. Five hundred more girls assisted, so we didn't do so very badly.

February 11th. Second meeting of the Ministering Children's League. About fifty attended our meeting, and it was a cheering sight seeing all the little people arriving with their little parcels of work done for the poor. Mr Chapman spoke very earnestly to them. He told them about General Gordon, who is now reported to be killed. How child-like a character he was, and how he lived to minister to others. A small meeting was afterwards held to consider about the proposed Incurable Home at Reigate. Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Hampden and others present. In the evening we had a meeting for medical students to consider the temperance question. About ninety were present. Dr Symes Thompson, Mr Ernest Hart and others spoke. I was surprised to find such a number of lady students. Most of them very quiet and lady-like, and some pretty girls. I had expected an assembly of black coats, so was astonished to see troops of ladies coming in. Some of the girls thanked us for a pleasant evening, I think it went off well. Dr Anderson of Richmond came. It was with him I had talked over this meeting. The only drawback was in point of numbers.”

On the 17th February we went abroad, and stopping at Lyons Jeanie records that we went into a Church and, kneeling down, she found herself under a picture given evidently as a thank-offering for a happy marriage in 1868, and she then thanked God for our marriage in that year. We went on to Monte Carlo, and whilst at Cap Martin, Jeanie says that we sat out in the terrace gardens listening to the band. She adds: "Made happy by Reg saying that he could not tell me how grateful he was for my love for him."

In this year we paid a visit to America, and she was successful in forming in that country several branches of her M.C.L., and on our return she wrote, December 7th, 1885:

"Went down to Chertsey to see Claudie and the Ottershaw people. Found Chertsey in a great state of excitement at Mr Hankey's election. Bells ringing, and cottagers looking out of their houses, and school children cheering, as Mr H. is apparently very popular. Claudie was very dear and pleased to see me, and I found to my joyful surprise, that Mrs Goldingham was still at Anningsley. Travelled back with her to town.

December 8th. Miss Johnson came to luncheon and went with me to the annual sale of work done by invalid paupers at the Kensington Workhouse. Miss Eyre is the heart and soul of it, and it is pleasant to see how well the scheme answers, as far as it goes, in this Workhouse. It does not seem to extend itself very much, as I notice the same workers from year to year, and not so many new ones as I should like to see. One old man said to me, when I was admiring a capitally knitted counterpane

of large dimensions, 'Not so bad for between seventy and eighty!' I asked him what he meant. It seems the old fellow had made it himself, and was keeping a proud watch over his handiwork. One poor old thing said (the patients are brought down to see the articles for sale) it was her birthday treat, and she was made happy by being given a birthday present, value about 6d, so easily pleased are these poor simple folk.

December 9th. Went to Richmond, and saw Louisa Bellson for the first time since her father's death." [The Rev Mr Bellson was Chaplain to the British Embassy when we were in Berlin.] "Miss Bellson seems to have wonderfully kind helpers who take her place at the Concerts when she cannot attend them." [She organised the Concerts in Workhouses and Hospitals started by my wife.]

"*December 10th.* Went to a G.F.S. Executive Council Meeting, and we both of us handed in our resignations, as we have so much on hand.

December 11th. On the way down to Anningsley went to see the performers at the Lambeth Workhouse Concert. The people seemed to be enjoying it, but I did not think the performers had quite done their best for the audience in the way of costume. They were all in morning dress.

December 15th. Arranged with Miss Bellson to meet me at Addison Road Station, where a fly was waiting for us, and we went round to the various Clergy in the neighbourhood, and others further east, to tell them about the M.C.L. meeting for ladies, to which we asked the Clergy to send representatives. Those whom we found in were most extremely kind about it and said 'yes.'

December 16th. Mr Ridgeway to breakfast, and told him of the success of the previous day. He gave us the names of more Clergymen to visit, which we did, but returned somewhat disheartened, as I found them nearly all out, except Canon Fleming, and he was very kind, and will, I think, do all that we asked him to do. Returned home to luncheon, and to write to the Clergy whom we failed to see. Writing to Clergymen is usually unprofitable. They either don't answer, or, I suppose from not having the objects of the League properly explained, are not too well disposed to adopt it. They must be very bothered with letters from people, so no wonder they are disinclined to write extra ones, or start a new Society.

December 18th. Dear Louie" [Mrs Goldingham] "gave me a beautiful 'Christmas Card' as she called it. A carved frame mounted on red velvet which she had had sent from China for me, and with a photo of Reg in the centre." [This is now in the drawing-room at Chaworth House.]

"December 22nd. Went to see the Home of Comfort at Reigate. Very gratifying to find it all going on so well. A year ago nothing had been fully settled, and there were difficulties felt in raising money, etc. Now the whole affair is most prosperous. A little more money would be acceptable, but the needs are not very desperate, and the patients are improving so much, and the little Workhouse girls turning into useful little servants. Found on my return Normy had arrived, and also Claudie from Ottershaw."

We returned to Killruddery, and the whole family

were collected for Christmas, Lord and Lady Meath, ourselves, and five children. Jeanie wrote :

“ The year 1885 has come to an end with all its joys and sorrows. Much to be thankful for, much to deplore. ‘ Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord ! ’ I have need to say this, for my frailties and follies are great.”

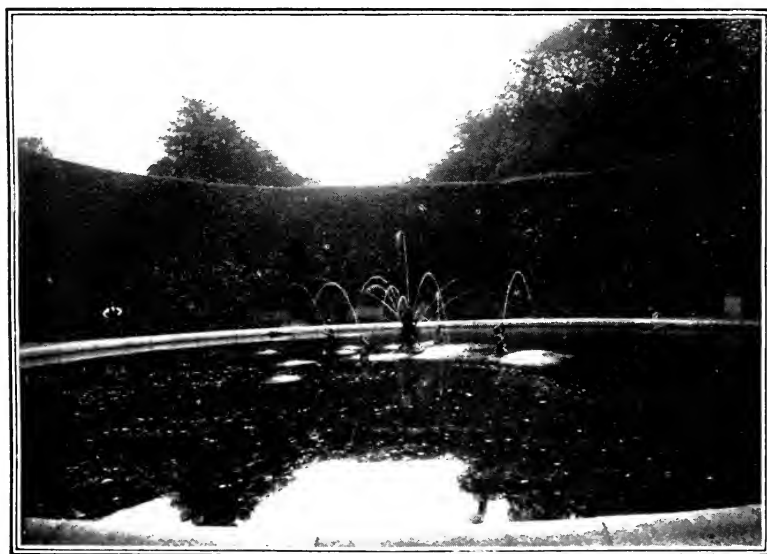
On January 10th, 1886, she writes :

“ The M.C. League’s first birthday. Just a year ago our first meeting took place at 83 Lancaster Gate. I heard on this day through a letter from Miss Medhurst (M.C.L. Organising Hon. Secretary) that the Bishop of Utah (Tuttle) had appointed an M.C.L. Secretary in Salt Lake City. What a curious thing it seems, that the influence of a little meeting at 83 Lancaster Gate should have been felt in such a remote district ! The Americans have had a charming little circular printed which I thought was excellent. Overnight we heard of dear Sir George Houstoun Boswall’s death, such a sad and suffering one, that it is a very happy thing that his troubles are over. Poor Lord Meath, who was told in the morning, was very much cut up about it.” [He was one of my father’s greatest friends.] “ It quite took away his appetite, and though it was a lovely day which might have been spring, he could not be coaxed out of doors to get the air which he needs after a long confinement to the house with cold.”

Next day we both crossed over to England, and Jeanie records she had a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with me at Lancaster Gate. She, at this time, added No. 9 South Crescent to



KILLRUDDERY: Lord Meath's residence in Ireland.
View from drawing-room.



CIRCULAR POND AND HEDGE AT KILLRUDDERY



her house for business girls at No. 8, and joined the two by opening doorways between the adjacent houses.

On January 20th she crossed to France on her way to join her mother and Miss Taylor (companion) at Mentone.

On March 4th she says :

“ Mr G. Macdonald (the poet) gave a lecture on *Othello* the third Shakespearian play which he has spoken about this year at Mentone. I went more to see the man than to hear the lecture, but it was very interesting, and his line of thought is so elevated that it is as good as a sermon to go and listen to him, and he makes one feel very conscious of one's faults and failings. The lecture took place at Canon Sidebotham's. When it was over, the latter asked me to remain on and have tea, which I had in very distinguished company, as he took me up to Mr Macdonald, and he and I had our tea together. Poor man ! he must have needed rest, for speaking for 1½ hours must have been very fatiguing, and he looks no longer young and able for any great effort. However, he was very civil to me. He talks with a delightfully broad Scotch accent, which I always like to hear for the sake of auld lang syne. He shares my liking I found for America, and he had, apparently, a very successful visit there when he went lecturing, and I think he told me his works were more read there than in England.

March 13th. Mrs Ruck Keene met me. She and her husband (still Chaplain at Nice) seem to be ruining themselves in kindness to others' and in trying to help them in this year of financial distress. They are always doing something for others' weal at Nice. I came in for one of

a course of lectures which they have helped to get up. It was on Buddhism and given by a man who had for thirty years opportunities of knowing about it, having been long in India. He did not seem to be at all enamoured of the religion, or to think it so perfect a one as some imagine. He considered, for instance, that Sir Edwin Arnold, in his *Light of Asia*, had thrown too much of a poetic halo around it, and that the interpretation of a cultivated man of this century could scarcely be considered as accurately representing the original faith. The lecturer told us that there was a northern and a southern Buddhism; the former, I think, was the one which he said was nearest to our views of the truth, as they have a belief in a Being like our God.

March 15th, 1886. My birthday! Alas! how different do birthdays seem to one as years go on, in comparison with what they once were in the days of one's youth. I got a letter from Ireland telling me that, now that Lord Meath's health is so much impaired, and R.'s help is so much needed, he thinks we shall have to make up our minds to make Ireland our home.

March 24th. Mentone. Paid a visit to a charming American girl, a Miss Litchfield—a great friend of Miss Bellson's and who consequently knew all about me, and even about Berlin days. She is now a great invalid, and has been unable to be off her back for two years, but looks forward to a recovery eventually." [Which afterwards took place and she entirely recovered her health. Jeanie and Miss Litchfield became life friends, and carried on a correspondence until my wife died.] "Had a very pleasant conversation with her, and I think we parted mutually pleased with one another."

Jeanie returned home on March 26th. On the 29th, she discussed with Mr Ridgeway the erection in his Church at Lancaster Gate of a pulpit which she proposed to present to him as a thank-offering for the success of the Ministering Children's League started in his parish. This pulpit was afterwards placed there and is still in existence. The Hospital Concerts, started by Jeanie and carried on by Miss Bellson, were going on very successfully at this time, and on the 31st she writes :

“ Miss Bellson and I went to one of the Hospital Concerts at the Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road. It is apparently a very nice Institution, and the Matron seems a most enterprising lady. After the Concert was over, I had to make a little speech of thanks. The performance went off with great credit to the artistes, amateur and professional.”

I returned to Ireland on April 15th and the same day Jeanie paid a visit to her “ Home ” at Reigate, and Arthur joined me at Killruddery on the 27th. In the meantime, Jeanie, assisted by Miss Blanche Medhurst, whom she called an “ M.C.L. enthusiast,” were actively engaged in forming new branches of the League, and in encouraging old ones. She began this year to play the harmonium at the Chertsey Workhouse services, and this practice she continued, either in the Chapel, or in the wards, or in both, whenever she was at Ottershaw until the day of her death. She dined with the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Benson, on the 10th June, and writes :

“ I was greatly in hopes of his taking an interest in the M.C.L. He spoke about it, but I saw it was too early in

the day for him to give his Archiepiscopal blessing, and felt very low about it, as I had counted so much upon something good coming out of the opportunity of seeing him."

On August 3rd, 1886, Jeanie joined me in Ireland, and we took apartments at the Royal Marine Hotel, Kingstown, where a little later on, September 26th, our daughter Violet was born, and on the 29th she was christened, Violet Constance. Jeanie wrote: "Her name will, I hope, some day remind her of what a ministering child should be, humble and constant. The poor little thing was very quiet on the whole."

Jeanie about this time wrote in her Diary:

"My principal interest has been thinking about the boys' branch of the M.C.L. Reg and I settled it should be called the 'Gordon Division' (his invention, this name) of the 'Ministering Children's League.' Miss Orr amongst others—the author of *Our Working Men and How to Reach Them*—wrote me a very encouraging letter about it. The other interest I have had lately is arranging that, at my death, money shall permanently go towards the training and emigration of destitute children. Had correspondence with two or three schools about it. The Gordon Home I found so expensive that this would not do. For English and Scotch children's training and emigration, I think to trust to the 'National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children,' and to Dr Barnardo. The former is the Society in which the late Lord Shaftesbury took such an immense interest. Dr Barnardo seems to be doing most excellent work in emigrating children. He



THE HON. ARTHUR BRABAZON
Lady Meath's second son.



is sending hundreds out of the country to Canada and elsewhere. Many of them are adopted, and have such a start in life given them as is next to impossible in this country, where, what with the over-populated towns and their drunken and even vicious surroundings, they have, poor little things, little chance of turning out well. Dr Barnardo says that out of nine hundred girls he has sent away, not one of them has gone wrong, and he keeps up a link with everyone he sends away. His organisation seems very perfect.

September 1st, 1886: Just eight years since the death of my father. Wrote to Mr Romanes" [Lord Lauderdale's Factor and Executor]. "Thought over what a large sum of money of his" [Lord L.'s] "since then has passed through my hands. It is his economy that has enabled us to do much which otherwise would have been quite an impossibility. I don't think R.'s philanthropic schemes could have prospered so well without it." [Quite true.] "I felt happy in a measure about the way the money has been laid out, for I have not wasted much on self-gratification—have been stingy to a fault, but I would rather be that than waste money in a way Papa would not have liked. Woke up feeling quite happy at the thought of having a lot of work to do for the Workhouse, and Hospital Concert letters had to be written. Last Saturday, too, something satisfactory got done. We sent off the prospectus of the Gordon Division of the Ministering Children's League, which has taken a considerable amount of thought to set on the rails, so that it will be likely to work. The new motto of this division, 'With God and for Others' was Miss E. Orr's suggestion, and it seemed such a good one that I adopted it for this special division, but I

should not like to change anything in the General Section of the Society, because we have all our dear good workers in America and Canada to think of. In Ottawa, they are actually about to start a Convalescent Children's Home in memory of Mrs Lewis, their first President, now dead. It is not a year since I was in Ottawa, and I remember driving straight from the station to see her. I did not find her at home, but waited till she appeared. Now she has gone, and all this M.C.L. work results from that visit. Sent Miss Gordon some money to show my interest and appreciation. Mrs Lewis was very kind and put off her journey for a day in order that we might have a little ladies' meeting.

September 21st, 1886. Felt happy about the start of the first Gordon branch of the Ministering League at Mr Bousfield's School at Kingstown, Ireland."

On October 8th, after the birth of our daughter on September 26th, Miss Medhurst came to stay with us at Kingstown, to help on the work of the M.C.L. in Ireland.

On October 25th we went to Killruddery. I left for London on the 31st and Jeanie followed on November 3rd, and I met her at Euston. She says under date November 7th :

"Mr Ridgeway preached on 'The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister,' which text is carved round the M.C.L. pulpit in Christ Church, Lancaster Gate." [Jeanie's gift.] "At the angles are the figures of guardian angels guiding little ones, and Miss Medhurst speaks very aptly when she talks about the associates' work, which is to guide the little members. The central

figure is that of Our Saviour, as the Good Shepherd, carrying a little lamb in His arms."

Jeanie was at this time (1886) much encouraged in her philanthropic work by receiving the following letter from Cardinal Archbishop Manning :

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.
November 21st, 1886.

DEAR LADY BRABAZON,

I thank you much for giving me the "Ministering Children's League," in which I join with all my heart and hope that God may abundantly bless your work.

It unites the two things that God loves most, childhood and charity. And there is charity in every baptised child which may be unfolded and perfected by charity.

It is because people fail so much in this, that the spiritual life of children is so hindered and perverted. I have seen for years the elevating and refining effect of bringing up children from infancy without knowing the taste of intoxicating drink. We are enrolling them in the "League of the Cross."

And I will do my best to make them ministers of kindness to each other, and to all dumb creatures.

Believe me, always faithfully yours,
HENRY E. Card, Archbp.

The New Year of 1887 was passed at Ardee Cottage, and in Jeanie's Diary she records, that on the 1st and 2nd she and her elder children spent the afternoons of both days in the Workhouse at Ottershaw, entertaining the inmates.

On the 14th January, 1887, at a meeting of the M.C. League held at 83 Lancaster Gate, the boys' branch of the organisation was started under the name of the Gordon Division of the Ministering League.

On February 10th Jeanie left England for Mentone to meet her mother and Miss Taylor, and I rejoined her on the 15th. "So happy," she writes, "to be together; this was a week of heart's sunshine."

Jeanie and I soon returned to Ottershaw, and from there went with Normy to Lichfield Palace to stay with the Bishop (Maclagan) for his confirmation, which took place in the Cathedral on the 21st April.

Next day I attended a meeting of the Y.M.F.S. in Lichfield, and immediately afterwards had to leave for Ireland on hearing very bad news of my father's health. I found him in a very serious condition. It was evident that he could not live for very long. He was quite conscious of it himself, and was prepared for the end.

On the 22nd Jeanie determined to join me in Ireland although she was far from well, and not at all fit to stand the shock and strain of being present at a death-bed. My father died on May 26th, 1887.

On June 9th Jeanie records that she and I went to Dublin to see the city property—that we spent a couple of hours in the Estate Office, where we learnt a good deal about the leases which were likely to fall in or which had actually fallen in. "There seems," she says, "to be a likelihood of a good deal of spare space being available for improvements which are sorely needed, and please God that property will be improved in our time." She kept her word, for when she died, on November 4th, 1918, practically all the property in hands in the City of



ARDEE COTTAGE, OTTERSHAW
For some years Lady Meath's home in Surrey.



Dublin had been rebuilt or improved. On June 10th, 1887, she wrote :

“ Off again for Dublin. Went with Mr Elliot, the Clergyman of St Catherine’s, and Mr Spencer, the Secretary of the Dublin Artizans’ Dwellings Co., to look at a space which will do for a second playground, the first one is already being worked at. Whilst we were looking at the land, saw the priest of the district, whom they say is a very influential man. Was introduced to him and he was very civil. He told R. he had been reading his book *Social Arrows*, and he took us to see his school for girls in a Convent close by. One very pretty nun was there. They, the nuns, never go outside these walls. Went back tired, but satisfied at having got something done.

June 11th. Said good-bye to my darling and was off by the early boat. Travelled straight to London—then on to Ottershaw.

June 12th. Sunday. Went to my dear Workhouse people and saw my little band of London children.

June 13th. Saw Mrs Jesup—they have lately arrived from America—and went to a sale of work done by the Paddington Infirmary patients (Brabazon Employment Society). The work was most excellent and I bought a quantity of things to furnish a stall for a Bazaar.

June 14th. The little London children and Mrs Goldingham’s orphans had a merry tea party out in the garden.

June 15th. Miss Medhurst had been very poorly, so I took her place at a M.C.L. meeting at Petersham.

June 16th. Had luncheon with Mr and Mrs Jesup and took Mrs Cuyler (her sister) to see St Thomas’s Hospital.

It is very magnificent, and Mrs C. was greatly impressed.

June 18th. M.C.L. meeting at Dr Forrest's. He said he thanked God the League had been introduced into his parish. Miss Medhurst spoke beautifully. I was one of the audience. My mother returned. Met her at Victoria Station. London in a great Jubilee excitement. Decorations are being put up very freely in all the streets where the Queen is to pass, and also in places where she will see nothing of them. Every house is expected to do something.

June 22nd. Our first M.C.L. Festival. Mrs Goldingham and I went to town betimes to take flowers for the Church decorations at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. They were all white and the effect was excellent. The Jesups, Mrs Goldingham, the Bishop of Bedford, and Mr Ridgeway came to luncheon. Service was at 3 p.m. The pulpit looked so well. The effect of light streaming in on this bright, pure afternoon was excellent. The service consisted nearly all of hymns, and we all sang 'God Save the Queen' and a singing litany. The Bishop preached on 'Let us love in deed and in truth.' I was disappointed that he made scarcely a passing allusion to the League. His sermon was very sweet. A collection was made for the M.C.L. Home, for which the Bishop never pleaded! Many stayed to look at our M.C.L. pulpit." [Jeanie's gift.] "My mother was there, also Claudie, with his little schoolfellows. The nave of the Church was almost filled, so, considering that the day was a most unfortunate one, coming in Jubilee week, and that a great entertainment for Board School children, at which the Queen was present, was going on the same afternoon in

the Park, I don't think we did so badly. About fourteen branches of our League were present.

The good Bishop went to see our M.C.L. children at tea at the Church House, which pleased them very much, and he ended by coming back to 83 Lancaster Gate.

July 4th. Just two years since the Home of Comfort at Reigate was opened, and an anniversary service was held, to which I went. By train to Betchworth." [Betchworth was the original seat of the Brabazon family in England. William the Conqueror gave it to Jacques le Brabançon, who accompanied him from Normandy in 1066. The latter built there a Castle, the traces of which may still be seen surmounted by the ruins of a Manor House. The situation must have been a strong one in olden days, as it was built on the banks of a bend of the river Mole. The Castle only remained for two generations in the hands of the Brabazons. Jacques le Brabançon's great-grandson removed to Mousley in Leicestershire, in Henry II's reign.] Jeanie continues: " Good Annie Cazenove was there to meet Miss Morshead and me. She took us to her Home for luncheon. Service was at three o'clock in the Reigate Parish Church, and those present walked or drove to the Home afterwards. Truly the Home has been a wonderful success, and Annie Cazenove, to whom the success has been mainly due, may be very happy. Providence has certainly appeared to shed blessings down upon it. Girls who came, apparently incurably ill, have recovered, and it is not only the patients who have benefited, but there has been such excellent work done in training the little army of Workhouse girls, looking most attractive in their neat caps

and aprons. It is the best thing possible for them to learn to wait upon the sick.

July 10th. The walls of the M.C.L. Home are rising up fast. The window frame of the front bow window is now being put in.

July 12th. Florrie Smith's (Mrs Goldingham's sister) wedding day. The prettiest wedding I had ever attended. The Choir met the bride at the porch and marched before her up the aisle. She looked very composed and pretty as she walked up the Church in her becoming pure white dress, and veil falling over her face. The service, too, was very reverently performed. Before the bride and Mr Grose Hodge" [afterwards Prebendary and Rector of Birmingham] "departed on their honeymoon trip, they went round to see the poor Workhouse folk and women of the village sitting down to tea. A band played and after tea the younger people danced and were very happy. Three of the little London children were there and enjoyed the music of the band immensely.

July 23rd. The last of the Jubilee festivities. The Grand Naval Review at Portsmouth. Off betimes, and went by special train reserved for the Lords and Commons to Portsmouth. R. went somewhat under false pretences as he has not yet taken his seat, and thinks it will be impossible for him to do so this session, as there are so many troublesome preliminary steps to be taken. The weather for the 'Review' was genuine 'Queen's weather' and the sight very fine. The *Euphrates* was told off to take the Lords on board, and she followed in the track of the Royal Yachts as they steamed down the lines of the men-of-war anchored off Spithead. An

excellent luncheon and afterwards tea was provided on board.

September 3rd. Claudie arrived at Ottershaw, having travelled for the first time all the way from Ireland by himself. This was an important day for R. as he took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords."

A little later on we went to visit Jeanie's old home at Lauder. She says :

" By rail to Stow where Mr Romanes " [her father's Factor] " awaited us to take us to the old haunts. Stayed at Harryburn " [Mr Romanes' house] " and after luncheon walked with my darling to the old place, passing through the gardens, and going to a well-remembered seat in the path at the bottom of the grounds, and tried to think of God's goodness to us during the past. Went through Lauder paying visits. It was really very nice to see the people so pleased to see us again. Mr Martin, who is still the Clergyman in Lauder, came to dinner."

On October 14th, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, wrote my wife one of her kind, considerate letters, recommending a poor boy for admission to the M.C.L. Homes at Ottershaw.

WHITE LODGE,
RICHMOND PARK.

October 14th, 1887.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

When we met last July at my Village Homes, Addlestone, you were, in your large-heartedness and true Christian benevolence, contemplating the founding of

a Home for little boys, somewhat on the same principle. In the event of your ultimately carrying out this scheme, I enclose the particulars of a very sad case for which my interest and help have been asked, and which, I think, would be quite worthy of your consideration whenever the Boys' Home is started. I fear I am powerless to assist the poor child, except by endeavouring to interest your kind self or Dr Barnardo, in his case, a peculiarly distressing one, I consider. I was so very, very sorry to find, on returning from a walk, the other day, I had just lost the pleasure of a visit from Lord Meath, but as we are neighbours, I hope to see you both on our return in about a fortnight, from a tour of visits, on which we start, D.V., Monday next.

Ever dear Lady Meath,

Very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

Christmas was spent by us with our children at Killruddery, and on January 19th, 1888, Jeanie joined her mother at Cannes.

Early in 1888 I met Jeanie at Bologna, and we started on our first visit to Egypt, leaving Brindisi on February 5th in the *Paramatta*. We reached Port Said on the 9th and went on to Cairo, and afterwards to Luxor. Jeanie says: "An intelligent little Arab boy had come with us and acted as interpreter. R. took a fancy to the boy and discoursed with him on various subjects. His ideas of precedence amused us. Kings came first, then Queens, then Mr Cook (of Cook's Agency) and he thought R. was behindhand in having seen the Queen but not Mr Cook." [This poor Arab boy's conviction of the social

importance of Mr Cook reminds me of a popular rhyme when Mr Gladstone went on a holiday trip with Sir Donald Currie.

“ Their places to the North they booked,
Then o'er the seas they hurried ;
While common folks are only ' *cooked* '
The Grand Old Man is ' *curried.* ' ”]

“ Mr Cook has certainly earned a great reputation—apparently a well-deserved one—in Egypt. This same little lad had his ears boxed by an Italian steward who had accompanied us. He was defended by R., who beat the Italian. The Arab boy, in gratitude for the protection, at the end of the day brought a shell necklace to R. They are largely hawked about the place on sale, but R.'s was a *backsheesh*, and he was quite pleased to think that for once he was the receiver and not the giver, and he was quite touched by the boy's kindly thought.”

On leaving Egypt we went by steamer to Jaffa and Jerusalem, where Jeanie was taken ill, and when she recovered we returned home in April, 1888.

On June 23rd the first M.C.L. Home erected by Jeanie at Ottershaw was opened by my cousin by marriage, the Countess of Lathom, and she laid at the same time the first stone of the second cottage, which afterwards became the Boys' Home.

The year 1888 ended on a joyful note. Jeanie writes on December 30th :

“ The last Sunday in the year was a happy one. Had such cheery letters from Jerusalem. Dr Wheeler is so delighted with the prospect of help to come, in building

the new Hospital and with the nurses who have arrived." [Provided by Jeanie.] "Went to early service. Truly all the sorrow connected with my illness has been turned into joy!"

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, the beloved mother of our present Queen (1922) wrote to Lady Brabazon the following letter—very plainly showing the deep personal interest she took in the unfortunate of all kinds, and the source from which Queen Mary derives her well-known sympathy with the poor and the suffering.

WHITE LODGE,
RICHMOND PARK.

January 23rd, 1889.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

I trouble you with this line to ask at what age you take little boys into your home? and what cost? for there is a baby boy of eight months at the Newport Market Refuge for whom the Sisters in charge of the Refuge are very anxious ultimately to find a home. His mother (I suspect an "unfortunate") has been placed in a Home, where she is taken good care of, and after a time she will go out to service. Should you be able to take in the poor little boy later on, I will obtain all the particulars of his sad case for you. Trusting you and Lord Meath, and all the children are well, and with all good wishes for much blessing and happiness to you in the year we have just entered upon,

I remain, dear Lady Meath,

Very sincerely yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.



M.C.L. WARD IN JEWISH HOSPITAL AT JERUSALEM

On June 15th occurred the third anniversary festival of the M.C.L. A service was held in Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Jeanie says :

“ The Church was beautifully filled. Pretty well all the nave and the transept. There was a great fright about the Bishop of Marlborough, who was to be the preacher, and who arrived very late, but to our great satisfaction we saw him amongst the other Clergy, when they came in during the singing of the processional hymn. It was a bright, happy, service, and the Bishop was so warm about the League, and seemed to think it of so much use. He preached from the text ‘ Are they not ministering Spirits ? ’ Where I was sitting I could see an inscription *Laus Deo* which seemed very appropriate, I think I felt thankful for undeserved blessings in the prosperity of the League.

July 6th. Went to Herkomer’s with Reg. Herkomer is painting R.’s picture, which is looking very like him.” [This now hangs in the principal hall at Killruddery, 1922.] “ He seems to be a man who is fond of talking to his sitters, and unlike Holt, who was the reverse. Mr Herkomer says that the former was a nervous man and talking distracted him. Herkomer seems to be a man with genius for both painting and music. It is only since he made a name for himself as a painter that he has given reins to his genius for music, and has composed a little Opera.

July 18th. Claudie and May went down to Sandhurst to see Normy (Ardee) and the military parade held by the Duke of Cambridge. Normy has passed out of the Military College, and has finished his studies for the Army

until he goes into the Guards. R. and I dined at Sir Wilfred and Lady Lawson's. It was the first teetotal London dinner party at which I had ever been present.

July 20th. An M.C.L. meeting at Stainforth House, the Bishop of Bedford's, Upper Clapton, in London. The Branch had been in rather a sickly state from want of meetings. I had not been here since we had one to start it in the former Bishop's and Mrs Walsham How's time, both now long since dead. In the evening we dined at Lord Balfour of Burleigh's. He took me down to dinner and we had a long talk about the Temperance question. He is a tremendous supporter of moderation, and the teetotallers, by their extreme views, seem to have offended him greatly, which is unfortunate, as he has a good deal of influence, and is now concerned in local option for Wales. Returned to Ottershaw by late train and did not get home till 1 a.m.

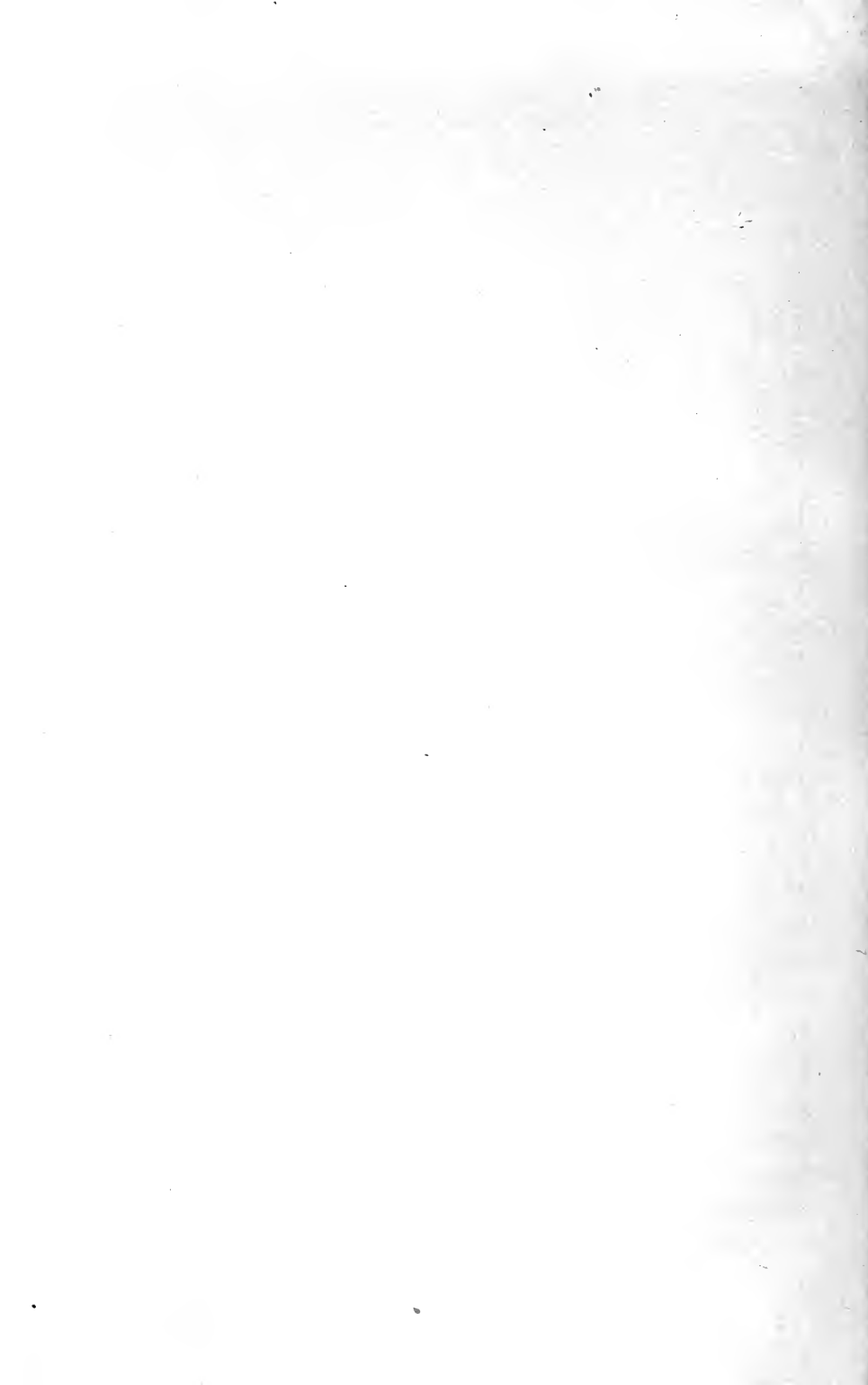
July 21st, Sunday. Very glad to have got back for my Sunday afternoon duties, which were carried out under difficulties, as I had to go to the Workhouse with one of the 'Home' boys in pelting rain, but the poor Workhouse folks were very kind, and glad to see us."

On August 5th, 1889, we started for Ireland and slept at Kingstown. Next day Jeanie records that she travelled into Dublin with the Irish Lord Chancellor, Lord Ashbourne, who, she says, "spoke of R. as having done more in legislating this year for the country than any other private member."

"*August 12th.* Went to Coolattin (Lord Fitzwilliam's) for a night. A large party amongst whom were the Lord-Lieutenant and his wife, Lord and Lady Londonderry.



COLONEL THE HON. CLAUD BRABAZON
Lady Meath's third son.



August 13th. Left Coolattin and returned to the 'Coppice' " [our shooting-box in Wicklow], "where we found a nice little party of Workhouse children, who had tea and ran races, which was very satisfactory."

On Friday, August 23rd, we left Killruddery for an American trip and slept at Queenstown. Jeanie writes :

" Seldom could travellers have started on a brighter day and with such a calm, beautiful sea visible from the hotel windows. The little *Jackal* brought us to the big ship *Servia*. The vessel did not look large until we came close up and went on board. We speedily sighted our friends who were to travel with us, Mrs Goldingham and her little nephew, Neukie Smith.

August 27th. On the previous evening at the hymn singing, a Dr Cuyler, an American, who, I was told, was a well-known and most eloquent preacher, had very politely offered me his seat which I declined, R. fetching another for me, so next morning I got into conversation with Dr C., thanking him for his civility. That evening he gave a lecture, which was very well attended, on ' Men whom I have met.' He was listened to with great attention as he related some of his experiences with Wordsworth, who was then an old man, Carlyle, Dickens, Gladstone, Spurgeon, etc. He, the lecturer, must have a wonderful memory, and he had no end of anecdotes to relate. When he had finished, R. got up to thank him on behalf of the English on board for the entertainment he had given us, and said how glad he was at the good feeling which lectures such as these tended to foster between the two countries. Dr Cuyler responded in

very complimentary language to R., and ended up by saying 'God bless the Earl of Meath.' There were sports during the day, a tug-of-war between the English and Americans. R. coached the former, and they came out victorious, and he also acted as umpire during races in which the sailors also took their part.

August 29th. Dr Cuyler had a talk with us, and R. told him that I should like to tell him about the M.C.L., and he was very kind about it. He afterwards introduced me to his wife, and I felt less shy in telling her about it. I gave her papers which she promised to show to him. Later on he came and talked to me about the League, and said he thought it was very similar to an organisation which he had at work in his own parish, 'The King's Daughters.' He had a long and interesting talk with me, which I only wish I could remember (he is fearfully deaf, and his conversations are very one-sided). He spoke about having known Lord Shaftesbury, and also of the wonderful work which he had done. Dr C. considered him a model philanthropist. He thought Hodder ought to have left out of the biography a few not very kindly remarks which Lord S. may have made upon persons, which it might pain them to read. Dr C. thought such little defects, as ill-natured comments, were like flies in the ointment. He thinks Dr Barnardo is one of the six (I think that was the number) men who are doing the most good in England. He had lent Dr Barnardo the use of his pulpit, and the people had much appreciated him. Dr Cuyler had a great appreciation of Dean Stanley, and of his loving heart. The Dean went over to America, and the sailors all liked to come and have a word with him. Dr Cuyler told me that the

last day that Stanley spent in America he passed with Mrs Cuyler, who showed him the grave of her little boy. Dr Cuyler had written some lines on the death of this child, and they had touched the Dean, and when he was leaving America, where he was so much fêted, he chose to spend the time in going to see the little one's grave instead of accepting other engagements. I had another nice long talk with my Congregationalist Minister, who, with the aid of another gentleman, conducts the singing.

August 31st. Had a restless night with the heat. Got up early and wrote a short article on the M.C.L. which I am anxious to get inserted into one or more religious papers. Had a talk with Mrs Leech, the wife of a Methodist Clergyman, to whom Mrs Cuyler had shown the League papers, and who took an interest in the Society. She thinks she can start it in Albany and in Saratoga amongst the Methodists, and she will get my little paper inserted in some Methodist publication. She told me a great deal about their Church in America, which differs from that of the ordinary Methodists in England. She told me that she would not care to attend their services in our country. In theirs they have a sort of prayer-book much resembling ours, and they have Bishops at the head of their Church who ordain their ministers. They also have Deacons. Mrs Leech is a very active worker, and our meeting seems to be a most happy occurrence. Had much talk with Mrs Cuyler, who was as kind as ever. A concert was given in the evening. There were songs, recitations, etc. Dr Cuyler also made a speech which throughly 'fetched' the people. His store of anecdotes is wonderful, but sometimes he tells some which touch too much on the

profane, at any rate to my mind, as a Clergyman especially needs to be careful.

September 1st. We again had a somewhat restless night on account of the fog-horn. The ship went so slowly that we imagined that all chance of reaching New York the same evening was over. However, the fog lifted, and many and various were the statements made as to whether we were, or were not, to reach our destination that evening, which we eventually did. Before landing we had a short service principally taken from the Prayer Book. Dr Cuyler told us afterwards that it was very delightful to find different creeds and different nationalities all worshipping together, as it seemed like a foretaste of the hereafter. Dr Cuyler spoke again very beautifully on various subjects. Telling of the impossibility, according to his mind, of humanitarianism being a cure for the evils to which human nature is prone, he said that there were lots of dirty souls living in very clean bodies, and in very handsome houses. He also spoke about the way in which he thought it a mistake to defend the Bible. He thought that God could take care of Christianity, and that he had been struck by a saying of an English preacher that they were propping the Cross, when they ought to be pointing to it. Dr and Mrs Cuyler were both very kind, and we parted from them with an injunction on their part that we should let them know when we came to New York in the autumn. To my immense surprise when dinner time came and I went down to my usual place, I saw Mr O'Connor, whose acquaintance we had made when last in America, seated at the table. He had most courteously come all the way from Newport to welcome us, and be of assistance. Truly, the Yankees

are very kind! We had not long to wait in New York before experiencing further American kindness. Mr Jesup's Secretary arrived as we were seated in an immense dining-room at the Windsor Hotel. Then the Bishop of Dakota was announced, and much to my delight he seemed quite anxious to hear about the M.C.L. and began talking about it himself. I spoke to him about Dr Cuyler. He thought Dr Cuyler was a man who was greatly respected, and who had done much good. This was high praise from an Episcopalian, the fault of this Church being, I should imagine, exclusiveness. The Bishop told me how difficult it is for him to compass the distances over which he had to travel. He has a Diocese the size of England, and he hopes to have a railway car fitted up which is to be a sort of church on wheels. Confirmations and services are to be held in it, as the car is to be large enough to accommodate sixty people. This is certainly the most original church or mission-room of which I have ever heard." [This idea materialised.] "Mr O'Connor very kindly escorted us to Newport, and rooms had been taken for us in one of the fascinating little cottages belonging to the Cliff House Hotel. Our old and kind friend, Mrs Dehon, invited us to tea. Mrs Gordon, Mrs Goldingham's married sister living at Toronto, arrived in the evening. We met again Dr Weir Mitchell whose acquaintance we had made during our last American trip. Mrs O'Connor gathered together that afternoon all those whom she thought we would like to meet. Their house was so pretty with a piazza forming an extra room. Everyone was supposed to be introduced to us. One lady's conversation greatly interested me. Her young daughter, Elsie, though only twelve years of

age, is president of an M.C.L. branch in New York, called 'The Busy Bees,' and these children have undertaken to raise a thousand dollars to build a chapel for the Indians, within three years!" [This was accomplished.] "They have got 600 dollars together, and Mrs Cleveland, my informant, seemed to think that the money would all be obtained. She thought that the M.C.L. was doing her child good. Very encouraging! R. called on the dear old lady, Mrs Bruin, whose acquaintance he made when last in America. She is now not very far off from being a centenarian. Miss Dehon, who was with him, was complaining of the ingratitude and unsatisfactoriness of the inmates of the Belle Vue Hospital. The old lady turned round to her, and said, 'Are you always thankful for the good things which the Almighty gives you?' A reproof which Miss Dehon was able to appreciate, and she said she would never forget it. R. called on Mr Bancroft, the historian, now a very old man. Spent some time in the evening with Mrs Pruyn (also a former American acquaintance) who has lately lost her mother, and the poor old husband, Judge Parker, has been terribly forlorn.

September 5th. Soon after breakfast Miss Perkins appeared—the pretty girl whom we had admired so much on our previous visit to America. She looked charming in her pink cotton dress, most tastefully set off with a black sash. It was a relief to see someone whose dress was not costly. I drove off with her to her mother's and grandmother's house, the latter a wonderful old lady, lacking, it is thought, only a few years to be 100. She is full of mental vigour. R. has been to see her and she was very pleased with his visit. She is a Christian

Socialist and is filled with a desire to reform the world. She seems to have high and happy thoughts, and she gave me to understand that through her losses, she had been brought very near to the invisible world. Mrs Bruin has an immense idea of the position which woman now holds and of that which she will yet acquire. As she sat talking to me in her Bath-chair in the grounds outside the house, she held my hand in hers. Her face was very thin and shrivelled but her eyes were bright. Her mind is most active. Mrs Perkins said good-bye to me, and told me that perhaps I should see her daughter in London in December. She is to be married to an English officer (Admiral Beaumont), and a very nice specimen of an American bride she will become. She belongs to a highly gifted Bostonian family. Had a nice little talk in Mrs Dehon's cottage until it was time to be off, leaving pleasant memories of kind friends behind. On the way to Boston we stopped at a station, on the walls of which was placarded in large letters 'No loafing in or about this Building.' An inscription which delighted me. If it could be put up near thousands of buildings at home and enforced, it might be of great advantage. We went to the Hotel Vendôme at Boston, where we had been before. Mrs Twing and Miss Emery came to dinner and talked over M.C.L. in America. It was depressing to find that Miss Emery, our present Secretary, really must resign. She is very efficient, and though she has not been able to give as much of her time to it as might have been wished, yet very good results have been attained.

September 6th. We admired the flowers and plants in the Public Garden. R. looked at them with an eye to see

if any improvements could be introduced into the Parks of London.”

I was at that time Chairman of the Parks Committee of the London County Council.

From Boston we went to pay our friends, Mr and Mrs Chase, a visit at Chesham, near Dublin, in the mountainous district of New Hampshire. We greatly enjoyed our stay there, and then paid Mr and Mrs Jesup a visit at Bar Harbour, Maine. There we met a Mrs Hobson, a most agreeable person, with a very wide experience gathered from many countries. She went to Valparaiso after she married, and she told us of the great tidal wave which passed over that coast and did such fearful damage. She saw the ship which had been carried three miles inland. Professor Peabody and his wife came to dinner, and also another Professor from Harvard College. The former had just returned from England, where he went to hear about charities and social questions. He seems to have come back impressed with the fact that a good deal is being done to improve the lot of the poor. He saw something of the Socialists, and was struck by the want of sincerity amongst some of their leaders. He said that someone whom he knew had walked home with Hyndman after he had delivered one of his violent addresses, and that the former had taxed the Socialist with not believing all that he had been declaiming to the people. Hyndman had acknowledged that such was the case, but apparently he wanted to keep the people stirred up!

On the 16th September we left Bar Harbour, and went to Montreal in Canada, *en route* to stay with Mr and Mrs

Gordon at Toronto. Jeanie was delighted to find that the seed she sowed when there last year had produced a fine crop of M.C.L. branches. Our party took train by way of Hamilton to Niagara Falls, and on the morning of September 20th Jeanie writes: "Opened the shutters in the morning to find myself face to face with the glorious spectacle of the waterfall." After a day spent in visiting and thoroughly exploring the wonders of the great falls and rapids, we returned to Toronto and renewed our visit to Mr and Mrs Gordon. The latter most kindly invited friends and associates of the M.C.L. to listen to an address from Jeanie, who discovered to her surprise that on that very day, September 22nd—four years before—the M.C.L. was first introduced to the people of Toronto at a G.F.S. meeting in Mrs Gordon's house, at which Jeanie was present, and spoke, and that Niagara had been visited on both occasions on the same date, and the same Sunday in September had been spent in Toronto.

On the 27th we went to Buffalo, and Jeanie was pleased to find that there were four branches of her organisation in that city. The 2nd October found us in Chicago, where I made the acquaintance of General Stockton, who was at the head of the Parks Committee of Chicago. He most kindly showed me the whole park system, each separate park being united by broad avenues of trees. We drove for three and a half hours through these continuous parks and boulevards. Jeanie, in the meantime, held several M.C.L. meetings, and we dined with a Miss Arnold, who assisted her greatly in her propaganda. Her next visit was to Grand Rapids, where she was entertained by a Mr and Mrs Sweet. Thence she went to London (Ontario)

and was encouraged to find a flourishing branch, which she addressed. She was entertained by Mrs Smallman.

On October 10th, Jeanie visited Hamilton, and then rejoined Mrs Goldingham at her sister's, Mrs Gordon, in Toronto.

October 13th found her in Ottawa. She says :

“ Mrs Allan (President of the M.C.L.) called for me in a little pony carriage, and drove me off to the M.C.L. Hospital for Children. It is just outside the town, and stands on a bank overlooking the Rideau River. It is a pretty little house about the size of our Ottershaw Home, standing in its own grounds. There is a drive up to the door, and on entering you come first to a small dining-room for the nurses, then into the children's wards consisting of two rooms with folding doors in between them. They contained ten little beds, and there is a delightful piazza outside. Here the children can play about, and in summer time have their meals outside. The Matron is said to be a very nice person, and took a great interest in the Institution. She was dressed in uniform, and had a badge on her arm with ‘ Children's Hospital, Ottawa ’ on white silk, and in the centre a Geneva Cross and ‘ M.C.L.’ printed. The Hospital makes money by taking in cases and charging 10 dollars a week, and also by sending out trained nurses. Until this Hospital was established there were no trained nurses to be had. There were none in the larger Hospital already established in Ottawa. The nurses are paid 20 dollars a week, but the charge for them is double that sum, so this adds to the resources of the Institution. Poor cases

are, I think, nursed here. They expect to have five nurses. So excellent work is done, and there is great cause for thankfulness that the little Hospital has been established. The charity was begun as a Convalescent Home in memory of Mrs Lewis (the first President of the League in Ottawa), and a brass plate with this information is placed on the outside of this building.

At an M.C.L. meeting held on the 13th, it was decided that I should go and see Lady Macdonald, the wife of the Premier, who is a great lady here. Mrs Bogart and a Miss White were to accompany me. Lady Macdonald was very gracious. She had read in the papers something about our Association, and she said that she had been hearing a very nice account of Brabazon Home from a lady who had been staying in London, and who manages the sixty or seventy children who belong to a sort of Guild in which her daughter is much interested, and who work for Missions. Lady M. was all in favour of these being linked on to the League. This was far more of a success than I had at first anticipated. A railway journey of about three or four hours brought us to Montreal. Drove to the Windsor Hotel, where I found kind Mrs Goldingham and Neukie. Had some supper and then went down with them to the *Vancouver*, a ship belonging to the Dominion Line, in which they are going to return to England; it was arranged that I was to travel as far as Quebec with them.

October 16th. On board the *Vancouver*. Went upon deck about 6.30 a.m. hoping to see the sunrise, but it was up before I could get out. The morning was perfectly lovely, and I walked up and down in the sunlight whilst we were going down the beautifully wooded St Lawrence

River. Felt happy and thankful. Quebec, when it came into view, looked very well."

After seeing Mrs Goldingham off to England, Jeanie accepted the kind hospitality of a Mr and Mrs Robert Hamilton, and was delighted to find that unbeknown to any connected with the M.C.L. either in England or in Canada, a very flourishing branch of the organisation had been in existence for three years, numbering thirteen associates and members. She returned to Montreal on the 24th October, and Jeanie was fortunate enough to sit at dinner next the distinguished scientist, Sir William Dawson, who gave her much interesting information. In her Diary she recorded, that he said that the Canadian "robin" was a thrush, and that it was doubtless so named by people from the Old Country, who liked to call the bird by a name with which they were familiar. Some birds which had puzzled her, and which she described as resembling starlings, he thought were blackbirds; he said they have no yellow bills and their cry rather resembled the starlings. During dinner Sir William was speaking about the age of the Bible and of whether it was as old as some of the sacred Books of the Hindoos and Persians. "He thought that Moses made use of writings already in existence, and showed his inspiration by not enveloping his facts in a cloud of myths and legends, such as the priests in other religions did when writing about such facts as the Flood, or the story of Cain and Abel, which have been recorded elsewhere as well as in the sacred narrative. Sir William said that the older a religion, and the further back it could be traced, the purer it was. He instanced the

Egyptian religion, which was originally monotheist, but afterwards became corrupted. He thought there had been a time when all religions were the same, but after the Flood, and through the descendants of Noah's sons, religions became divided. There was an ancient legend of a goddess weeping over her children drowned in the Flood. Sir William's opinion was that this same goddess appeared under different names, such as the Athor of the Egyptians, Ashtorath, and Diana of the Ephesians, who were one and all meant for one person, Eve, the mother of mankind, and that the same worship was in a measure contained in that of the Virgin Mary. He thought of drawing public attention to this, if no one else did. Sir William said that about a year before this conversation a discovery had been made of writings dating from about Joshua's time. They were letters by a king of Canaan to a king of Egypt, whose name was given. All these new proofs of the authority of the Scriptures, he thought, dealt heavy blows on the sceptics." He told Jeanie that he did not think there could be any doubt about the authenticity of the mummy of Rameses II which we saw in Egypt, and that there was a cast of a statue of his, which was very like the mummy's face. Having heard a sermon on the previous Sunday from a Dr Norton on the doctrine of Purgatory, which he argued was an Egyptian belief which had been grafted on to Christianity, Jeanie asked Sir William whether this statement was accurate, and he said it was. After dinner Sir William read some of the New Testament very impressively, and the Bishop of Montreal gave an extempore prayer, in which he introduced a petition for the prosperity of Jeanie's work, that she might be given wisdom to do

aright, and that she might be kept safe from all harm on her journeys. Next day, the 23rd, she started for Albany, and I joined her there, and we paid a visit to our old friend, Mrs Pruyn, whom I had known years ago as Miss Parker when my friend, Sackville Stopford (afterwards Sackville) and I were on our first visit to America, during the Civil War. Lady Shrewsbury and Lady Selkirk, who had been travelling through the Far West, arrived to stay in the house as visitors. Jeanie held a very successful M.C.L. meeting. Next day we started for New York to stay with Mr and Mrs Jesup at 197 Madison Avenue. From there we paid Dr and Mrs Cuyler, whom we had met on the *Servia*, a visit at Brooklyn. Jeanie was much distressed as the American "Women's Auxiliary" have decided not to adopt the M.C.L. as the Episcopal Church Society for Children, but to organise "Juvenile Auxiliary Bands."

October 27th. Jeanie writes :

"Woke at 5 a.m. Much disposed to worry about the fact that we have no good M.C.L. Secretary. Miss Emery is resigning, and can now do very little for us, and if we have no head we shall do badly, moreover other societies are coming in and our poor little one is in danger of being pushed to the wall."

Mr Jesup invited me to a "stag" dinner party of men only. We were fourteen in number, including Mr Chauncy Depew, Mr Lord (a leading lawyer) and Dr Huntington. On leaving the Jesups we went to Philadelphia, where Jeanie was at first disappointed, as she could not find traces of the M.C.L. branches she had

established, but afterwards she was greatly encouraged on finding many more than she had expected.

On November 7th we went to Baltimore and from thence to Washington, where we were welcomed by Miss Grace Litchfield, who had a very narrow escape from death during an earthquake in Mentone. At that time she was an invalid lying on her back, now we found her comparatively quite well, and able to get about, though still looking pale and suffering from want of sleep. I went on the 9th to see Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy during the Civil War, and Jeanie went by boat to Mount Vernon just as she did four years previously. She says: "Went upstairs to the little room where on the former occasion I remember praying that God would prosper the League, and now that prayer is coming very true, and there is a Branch belonging to Washington's old church which seems to be a power for good in the place. We pray for things, and our faith is so weak that we wonder when what we ask for is given!"

On the 12th Jeanie saw a specimen of a small Virginian town, Alexandria, which is a remnant of the past. The rush of American life does not reach it. The streets are called by names no longer to be found in the United States, such as King Street and Princes Street, etc., reminding the people of the days when it belonged to England! She found here a lady, a Miss Henrietta Johnston, who had already started a very flourishing and active M.C.L. branch in this old-world town. Notwithstanding my remonstrances, Jeanie started off on the 13th to address M.C.L. branches at Annapolis in pouring rain. She held two meetings, one for whites

and one for blacks, as in the States the two races never mix, and then returned the same day to Washington. By some mistake two meetings had been arranged for Jeanie to address on the same day and hour at New York and at Princeton. So I came to the rescue, and took the latter meeting for her. I thought I had secured an excellent M.C.L. Central Secretary for America for her in the person of a Mrs Osborne. Afterwards we visited Professor and Mrs Osborne, and on second thoughts Mrs O. said she feared the work would be more than her health could stand, unless a second lady could be found to help her. Ultimately, Jeanie found a Mrs Benedict of Brooklyn to undertake the duties. On the 20th we paid a visit to Mr and Mrs Ingersoll at 85 Turnbull Street, New Haven, Connecticut, and on the 23rd went to Boston, and saw Mrs Twing, of the Women's Auxiliary Society. Jeanie was pleased to find that she was not at all antagonistic to the M.C.L., as some belonging to her association seemed inclined to be. We paid a visit in the evening to our very old friends, the Chases. We met at dinner Dr Everitt Hale, founder of the "Lend-a-hand Clubs" and a literary man. While staying at the Vendôme Hotel, Jeanie overheard the following remark: "She is a Countess. She can't be an Earless." The good folks did not know that the "Earless" was close to them.

On Thanksgiving Day, 28th November, Jeanie was fortunate enough to hear Dr Phillips Brooks preach on visiting the fatherless and the widow in their affliction. He thought some men's religion was deep, but not broad. Such is that of those who are content to pray for their own salvation, whilst the religion of the philanthropist,

who does not give enough time to his own devotion, errs on the opposite side. I was invited by a Ladies' Club, the "Saturday Morning Club," to address them on the Irish question, which I did, and my remarks were very well received.

December 2nd. Our last day in Boston. We went with Mr Chase to see Helen Keller, the wonderful child of nine who neither hears nor sees, and yet who is a most intelligent girl for her age.

Jeanie describes our visit thus :

"The other day she wrote a delightful letter to R. She is staying in the same Institution in which the famous Laura Bridgman lived, and Dr Howe is still the head of it. Helen has to keep up communication with the outer world through her teacher, who is very devoted to her, and luckily in the asylum there are others who can speak to her through the medium of the hand. It is curious how fast she tells her ideas to her teacher, spelling out the words on one hand. She reads to herself, passing her fingers rapidly along the raised letters. She told me, through her teacher, that she would like me to come to her home in Alabama, and she would show me the flowers and the birds. She would be a pretty child, but for the fact that one eye has been disfigured. She wanted to know what the Earl did in his Castle. R. seems to have made an impression on her. She is a dear, sweet child with a good disposition. It seems very strange, that though she can read so well they have not taught her any religion apparently. It was time to say good-bye to Mr and Mrs Chase, our old friends and kind entertainers, and we were off on our last railway journey in America, arriving at New York late

at night. We dined next day at Mr and Mrs Jesup's, and met the ex-President Cleveland and his pretty wife. It is wonderful that she should be so simple and unaffected considering the high position she has held.

December 9th. We dined at Mr and Mrs Lord's (the famous lawyer) and met a lady whose diamonds were said to be worth £100,000. I was very much astonished when I saw such jewellery. Great, large solitaire diamonds studded about her dress.

December 10th. We had a beautiful day for the last one which we spent in the States. Our American friends were kind to the end. One lady, Mrs Parsons, sent me a beautiful lace hood, Mrs Cuyler, grapes, Miss Dehon, lovely fruit, Miss Butler, sweet roses, Mr Patterson, a book, all of which we found waiting for us in the *Teutonic*, a Belfast vessel belonging to the White Star Line."

And so ended our second, and my third visit to America.

On the day of our departure kind Bishop Potter of New York cheered my wife by sending her the following letter :

160 W. 59TH STREET,
NEW YORK.

December 10th, 1889.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

To educate children to think of others and to make sacrifices for them, is to do more for their happiness and welfare than anything else can do, unless it be the religion of Jesus Christ.

I am glad to think that you have not failed to find,



THE LADY VIOLET BRABAZON, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF VERULAM
Lady Meath's youngest daughter.

on this side of the Atlantic, those who sympathise with you in this endeavour, as it has taken shape in the "Ministering Children's League," and I am very sure that no good work among the children, whatever may be the name it bears, can be otherwise than helped and quickened by the movement which you are seeking to promote. May God abundantly bless and prosper it!

I am, dear Lady Meath,

Your faithful servant,

H. C. POTTER,

Bishop of New York.

On the 12th a heavy gale arose, but abated next day. Jeanie writes: "There is a Mr Trask on board whose place at dinner is opposite ours, a very pleasant, benevolent American gentleman. We sit next the Captain." Later on she writes: "Had a very nice talk with Mrs Trask, who seems to be a most superior woman. I felt happy to think that I could do something to cheer her, for she has lost three children. I tried to make her feel the happy side of her life. She has lost her children, but she has a husband who is quite devoted to her and she to him." We afterwards saw a good deal of Mr and Mrs Trask and Jeanie continued as long as she lived to correspond with her. Arriving at Liverpool we crossed over to Ireland and drove to Killruddery on the 20th, where we were greeted by my mother and sister, Arthur, Claudie, May, Ernest, and baby Violet. Jeanie ends her Diary by the remark, "I prayed that the journey might be useful, and it has apparently been very much so."

We spent Christmas at Killruddery, and the 1st January, 1890, found us at Ottershaw. In the meantime, Normy

(Ardee) had entered the Grenadier Guards, and Jeanie writes under the above date: "I saw Normy for the first time since he has entered the Guards. Glad to find him still the same simple-hearted boy." We shortly returned to Ireland, and spent a good deal of time between Killruddery and the Coppice, as an almost universal epidemic of influenza was raging, and in turn attacked almost all the family. Whilst at the Coppice I received a telegram to say that Lady Lauderdale was seriously ill, so we started off that evening—February 14th—for London, *en route* to Cannes. Miss Bellson accompanied Jeanie, and I followed later. Mr Trask, whose acquaintance we had made on board the *Teutonic*, happened to be staying with his wife at Cannes, and hearing of Lady Lauderdale's serious condition, and that Jeanie was expected, very kindly met her at the station, with the news that there was some improvement in the condition of the invalid. But alas! this did not continue and she died on February 18th, 1890.

On March 11th, we left Cannes and returned to England.

Jeanie on May 3rd went to St Albans for an M.C.L. meeting. She says: "There was no one to meet me at the station, and it was a somewhat forlorn proceeding arriving at the place where the meeting was to be, and to find empty chairs, but it turned out that I was too soon, and when I came back nearer the time, people were coming. Lord Grimston was in the chair. He was very kind but knew very little about the Society. There was no one but myself who seemed able to speak about our League." I have quoted the above as it is interesting to think that no one knew at the time that some years

later another Lord Grimston, the son of the Chairman, would marry our youngest daughter Violet, then a child of four years old.

On the 21st June, 1890, the second M.C.L. Home, the first stone of which had been laid by the Countess of Lathom, was opened. Jeanie writes: "Baby Violet did her part admirably in laying the foundation of the third building on this day."

In this year, 1890, we were honoured in Ireland by a visit from Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania.

On October 8th, 1890, we started for Neuwied on a visit to the Dowager Princess of Wied, mother of the Queen of Roumania.

With the exception of Normy (Ardee) we all spent the New Year at Killruddery. Jeanie had caught a cold in Germany which went to her lungs, and this was for several years the cause of much trouble to her and of anxiety to us all. She writes:

"On January 13th, 1891, we dined in Dublin with Lord and Lady Ashbourne, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Lord Wolseley was there. Lord A. spoke about fame, and how soon a man, after he is gone, fades out of recollection, but the effects of his life, alas! live on for good, or for evil."

One of the first things on our return to Ireland in 1891, in celebration of Ardee's coming-of-age, was to entertain the whole of our Irish tenantry and employees, between three hundred and four hundred in number, at a dinner on January 15th. Ardee was absent, with his battalion of the Grenadier Guards, in Bermuda.

Jeanie during the course of this year contributed an article to *Great Thoughts* on the "Little Sisters of the

Poor," and a second on "A Good Work in Germany." She also sent a third to Mr Stead's magazine, called *Help*, on the work of the Grand Duchess of Baden, a fourth to the *Parents' Review* on "The Ministering Children's League," a fifth to *Great Thoughts* on "A Day's Outing in the Sunny South," and a sixth to the *Quiver* on "A Noble Work in Germany," being an account of our visit to Pastor von Bodelschwingh's philanthropic institutions.

On February 13th Jeanie left me in London, and stopping at Marseilles, where she visited the institution there of the "Petites Sœurs des Pauvres," she went on to Cannes and on the 18th, the anniversary of her mother's death, she drove early to Christ Church, where the funeral had taken place. She writes: "I drove on with Ehret" [her maid] "to the Cemetery. It looked very lovely, and the cross had just been put up over the grave. It was made by an Italian in Florence. Madame de Bunsen had asked me to luncheon. I came back and worked at a little article I was writing on the 'Petites Sœurs.'"

In this connection Jeanie received the following encouraging letter from the Bishop of Wakefield:

OVERTHORPE,

THORNHILL,

DEWSBURY.

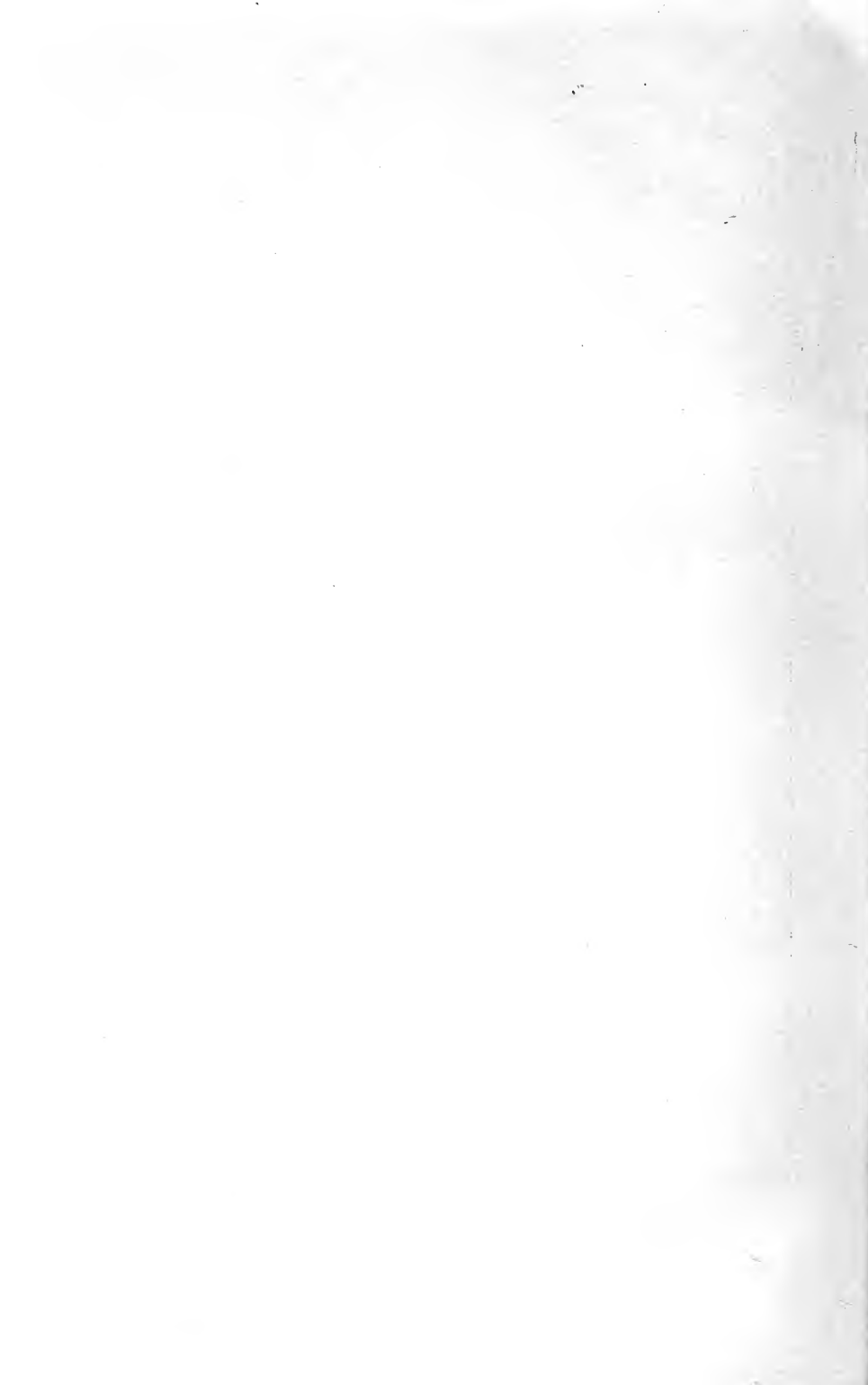
March 14th, 1891.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

Your letter has interested me greatly. Thank you so much for writing to me. Your plans seem maturing rapidly, and I shall watch your efforts with deepest interest. Yes, we do want some system like that of those



LORD ARDEE
Lady Meath's eldest son.



devoted "Petites Sœurs des Pauvres," and I do not like that we should suffer the reproach of not having the love and zeal and self-sacrifice of Roman Catholics. God grant you may be allowed to wipe off this reproach. The name is difficult. One wants a good taking name, which is not a mere imitation. How would "Daughters of the Aged Poor" do? But it wants thinking about. I wish you could in any way associate or affiliate the plan to the Deaconesses, who are not of any party, and are doing such good work in London, but perhaps it would be difficult. One thing I have learnt from long experience, which you may find a little hindrance, namely, that ladies who want to give themselves to work for God, so very often crave the more stimulating and (as they feel) more satisfying system of the High Church Sisterhoods. But there must be many content to work on simpler and more sober-minded lines. Still we must not be shy of enthusiasm, and it would perhaps be better to welcome workers of all shades of view, making a rule, as the Deaconesses do, to avoid controversy rather than to try to get all to be of the same tone of mind in Church matters.

Always yours very sincerely,

WM. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD.

To return to my wife's Diary :

"*February* 1891. Just at the sunset hour I thought of my mother. The sunsets behind the Estrelles Hills are lovely at Cannes. Then came a thought into my head which seemed as if God had given it to me, and that was, to start a Home in England, to train our people to act the part of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor,' and care for

the aged. I thought I might draw money out of the 'Artizans' Dwellings Co' in Dublin, and spend it on a House, and I thought that Mr Stead, the Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, might perhaps take the matter up.

The idea of all this made me feel quite happy, and I thanked God for the thought. I had a long time to wait before I could explain, except by letter, my idea to R., or get his opinion, but on the following Tuesday, the 24th February, he arrived with May and Miss Stephenson (governess) and then I told him about it, and he approved. Next day I sent off an article to *Great Thoughts* in which I roughly sketched out the idea. On the 26th I sent off a letter to Mr Stead on the subject, and I received from him, as it seemed by return of post, an answer. He was evidently pleased with the idea, and apparently anxious to go on with it. He asked me to write an article for his paper *Help* which he is just starting as a means of ventilating the views of people interested in philanthropic objects. In the meantime a House had been suggested to me by Miss Cazenove for the housing of Epileptics. I thought it much too large and expensive, but when the idea of the 'Home of Comfort for the Aged' was mooted it seemed to me that it might just suit, and I asked Mr Hichens, Vicar of Ottershaw, to look at it for me.

March 7th. A letter arrived from Miss Cazenove saying that a Schoolmaster or Mistress wanted to take the house, Westbrook, at Godalming, the one which I wanted to secure for the new scheme. The same letter gave such a satisfactory account of the house, which had been seen by a Dr Napper—the man who started Cottage Hospitals—that we settled to make the venture, and we telegraphed



GODDALMING HOME FOR EPILEPTIC WOMEN
Established by Lady Meath.

to Miss Cazenove to take it for us, and felt very happy about it.

March 8th. Spent a delightful Sunday with dear R. Went to Church at Mr Percy Smith's, and sat next my darling and had happy thoughts about the work which may be before us."

This house afterwards became the Home of Comfort for Epileptic Women and Girls at Godalming. Jeanie afterwards built a new wing, and the Institution has accommodation for eighty-one patients. It is always full, and was in a very flourishing condition in 1922.

"*March 17th.* Sent off an article on the Ministering Children's League to the *Parents' Review*, also a letter to the Children in Australia."

Jeanie and I returned to England, and I was much alarmed, on taking her to see Sir Andrew Clark, to hear from him that the cold she contracted in Germany had caused trouble at the top of her left lung. She was recommended to take a sea voyage to Norway and Sweden.

On May 14th our second son Arthur was confirmed by the Bishop of London at St Luke's, Chelsea.

On the 18th we finally started for the Northern trip on board the *Chimborazo*, an Orient liner to Australia, which, being too old for such an ocean voyage, was being utilised for a pleasure trip to the North Cape. After a most enjoyable voyage along the coast of Norway, visiting all the famous fiords along the deeply sea-indented coast, we found ourselves in Stockholm. As Jeanie's cough did not seem to improve, I persuaded her to see a famous Swedish doctor, Berzelius by name, who

cheered us both by telling us that there was not much amiss with her lungs, but recommended her to go to the Canary Islands next winter.

Before leaving Stockholm we went to Upsala, and then took steamer to Copenhagen, calling at Colmar *en route*. At Copenhagen we visited the Rosenberg Slot, which is now a Museum. The interesting part of this is that it has been arranged according to reigns and all the objects belonging to each King, which are worth showing, and could be collected, are placed together in the same room, so that at a glance one can recognise everything of interest connected with each Sovereign. We afterwards went to the Thorwaldsen Museum, and saw the marvellous collection of statuary. Jeanie writes :

“The industry of the man must have been great. We recognised many of the pieces of sculpture, including casts of his Christ, and of the twelve Apostles. There were several lions, amongst others the copy of one in memory of the fallen Swiss who died defending their French master Louis XVI, which is to be seen at Lucerne. Some of his largest pieces are his monuments to Copernicus and to Gutenberg of printing fame. There is a delightful one of himself at the age of seventy, leaning on a personification of Hope, as also his famous frieze representing the ‘Triumph of Alexander.’”

From Copenhagen we took ship to Lübeck, where we arrived on August 5th, and then went on to Hamburg.

On the 7th we started for Southampton on board the *Augusta Victoria*, and the next day arrived there, and returned safely to London.

Jeanie published this year an article entitled "Need the poor be untidy?" Her visits to Germany and to France had opened her eyes to the difference in the tidiness of dress to be noticed amongst the poor of these countries, when compared with that of the poor of our own townspeople. She wrote:

"I remember once to have had ocular demonstration of the wonderfully respectable look which the French poor possess, even when their means are most restricted. We were living at that time in a villa standing in pleasant grounds about fourteen miles from London, and we used occasionally to invite some of the more needy inhabitants of the Metropolis to spend a few hours with us. Owing to a good many sets of people having accepted our invitations, we had become accustomed to the appearance of the very poor. One day a number of destitute French people had been selected by the wife of a French missionary to come down into the country. When I first saw them assembled on the grounds, I confess I was not pleased, thinking that comparatively well-to-do folks had been invited, instead of the poor whom I had expected. I was beginning to comment upon this to the lady in charge, when she interrupted me with some such remark as 'Mais, Madame, vous oubliez qu'ils sont Français.' (But, Madam, you forget that they are French.) I stood there rebuked, as an Englishwoman, and as one who might have known that French people, however poor, would present a different appearance from ours. It was quite possible that these well-clad persons had less money at their command than many whom we had previously entertained. 'Is it lack

of knowledge, or lack of industry,' I asked, 'which is at fault in the matter of mending in the British Isles?' No girl ought to be sent out to earn her own livelihood, until she has some proper notion as to how to mend, as well as to make, clothing. It may possibly interest my readers if I were to relate what I saw in Germany at a 'Flick Schüle,' a school for patching. I was staying at Carlsruhe with a friend for a few days, and we were invited by a German lady to go with her to what was a little hive of industry. There were about two hundred little scholars of ages varying from about eight to fifteen years. They were seated at long tables, and scattered about were ladies who acted as volunteer teachers. The little girls had brought baskets with them containing tattered garments of various descriptions. Their kind teachers had produced numbers of pieces of stuff, and the object of the gathering was that the young folks should be taught to mend and patch the damaged clothes, so that they might be not only wearable, but transformed into presentable garments. The repairs were to be made as little conspicuous as possible. Darning and mending, as executed in some places in Germany, might be reckoned as a fine art. Damask linen can be beautifully repaired, the pattern being worked into the darn, which is rendered almost invisible. The little girls may not receive instruction which will enable them to mend thus skilfully, but, at any rate, they learn to do their work well and neatly. Pieces for patching seemed to be much in request, for I noticed one article of dress in which the patch seemed as large as the original garment. Long baize cushions were fastened on to the tables, so that the young pupils could pin their work to them, to facilitate seaming. It

was a pleasant sight to see these fair-haired little girls, thus profitably and pleasantly employed. The ladies went round giving help and encouragement, and apparently they wished not only to teach the children how to mend, but also to gain a good influence over them. Would it not be advisable to have classes similar to these in England? For instance, at Band of Hope meetings, I believe, there is sometimes a difficulty felt in knowing how to occupy the young people. A most useful way of employing the girls is thus pointed out."

On October 29th, 1891, Jeanie and I set out for Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, this place having been recommended to her by several medical men, as her cough had become more or less chronic, and it was feared that serious trouble might arise in her lungs if they were neglected. We started from the Albert Dock in the *Coptic*, belonging to the Shaw Savill Line of steamers. The elements did not favour us. From the moment we left the Thames until that in which we got under the lee of the island the vessel pitched and rolled incessantly, but we were none of us really the worse—indeed Jeanie's cough seemed to improve. The Captain told us that in all his experience he had never known such a continuously bad passage to the Canaries. We were not fortunate either when we arrived, for although there had been no rain for six months, when we left Santa Cruz to cross the hills which form the backbone of the island, and stopped at Laguna, which is about 1800 feet above the sea, it rained in torrents and the temperature sank, so that it became quite cold and Jeanie's cough began again and alarmed me somewhat. But as soon as we descended the

hill into the Orotava Valley, which so enchanted Humboldt, life seemed to smile again. Jeanie writes:

“ We passed palm trees, eucalyptus, locust trees, planes and a very queer-looking one which I guessed from its oddness to be a Dragon Tree.

On November 9th, on arriving at Orotava, we went to the Botanical Gardens, and on the way passed by the caves where are supposed to lie the bones of the Guanches, the former inhabitants of the island, who seem to have been very badly treated. R. looked down the cave but I thought it was too hot (the temperature usually varied between 70 and 80 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade) and too sunny an atmosphere in which to climb about. We gained some scraps of botanical information from the Swiss gardener. He told us the name of a creeper with beautiful orange-coloured flowers, which grows all over the houses in the village of ‘ La Villa ’ above Orotava. It is a begonia. He showed us the coral tree. Its flowers look singularly like the coral from which it derives its name. The poinsettias in the garden grow into shrubs, and fuchsias also are very big. He showed us an Indian plant which grows over a foot a day. If I remember aright there are some two thousand different specimens of trees and plants in this small garden.”

Orotava was a lovely spot, but we found the temperature too hot and relaxing, and not being able to discover any place on the island higher up the mountain, but not as high as Laguna, where it would be possible for us to live, we consulted an English doctor, who knew the island, and he recommended us to take the next Shaw Savill boat going to Tasmania and New Zealand. We

took his advice and, returning to Santa Cruz, caught the *Ionic* on December 3rd. This proved a much more comfortable vessel than the *Coptic* and we secured a very roomy cabin.

On arriving at Cape Town we landed in a typical Cape "south-easter" on December 18th, and left in the same after a few hours on shore. On this voyage we made the acquaintance of a lady, Miss Calder, who afterwards became a regular correspondent and close friend of my wife, and when she returned to Australia, her home, she became Hon. Organising Secretary of the M.C.L. in that country, and never ceased to labour for the Society until the day of her death. Her portrait hangs on the walls of the first Home for Destitute Children erected by Jeanie in Ottershaw. She was indefatigable on board ship in arranging amusements for the children for Christmas and New Year's Day and the little ones all loved her. Jeanie wrote of her, "She has been most kind and affectionate to me. We had many sympathies in common."

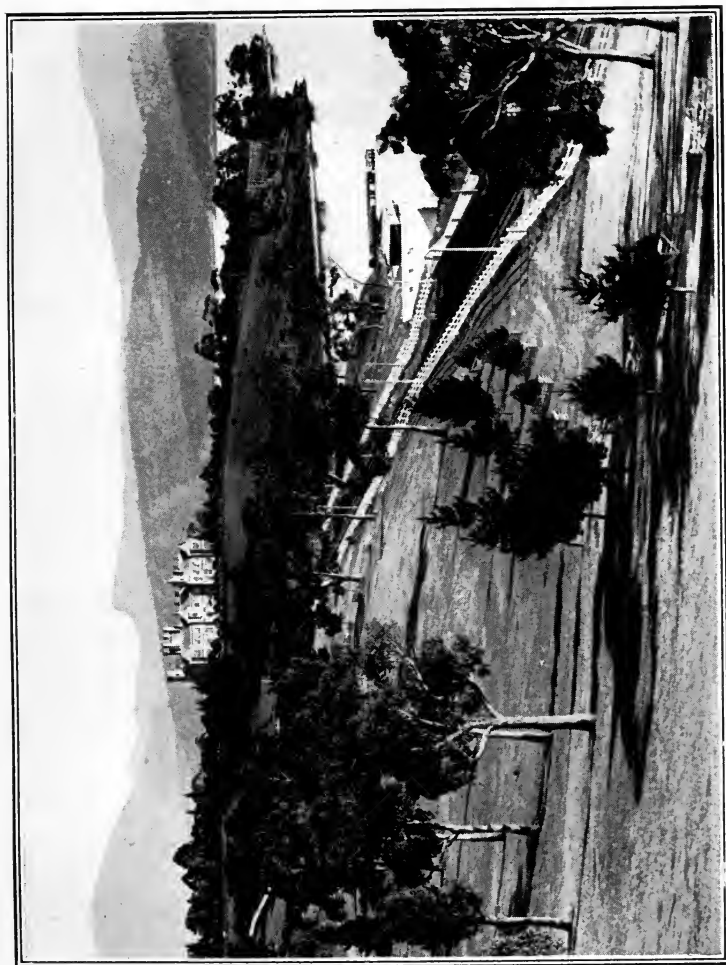
We arrived on January 6th, 1892, at Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. This was our first view of Australasia.

Jeanie says: "I hurried upon deck, and found that we were in the midst of lovely hill scenery. The River Derwent, on which we floated, was flowing out into the Southern Ocean, and as the water is wide the effect was not very different from that of some inland lake in the British Isles." When we landed the illusion still continued, for the houses, and street, and people resembled in many ways those of the Mother Country, and the first large house to be seen standing out on a promontory was like some country gentleman's mansion at home. It turned out to be Government House. We drove to

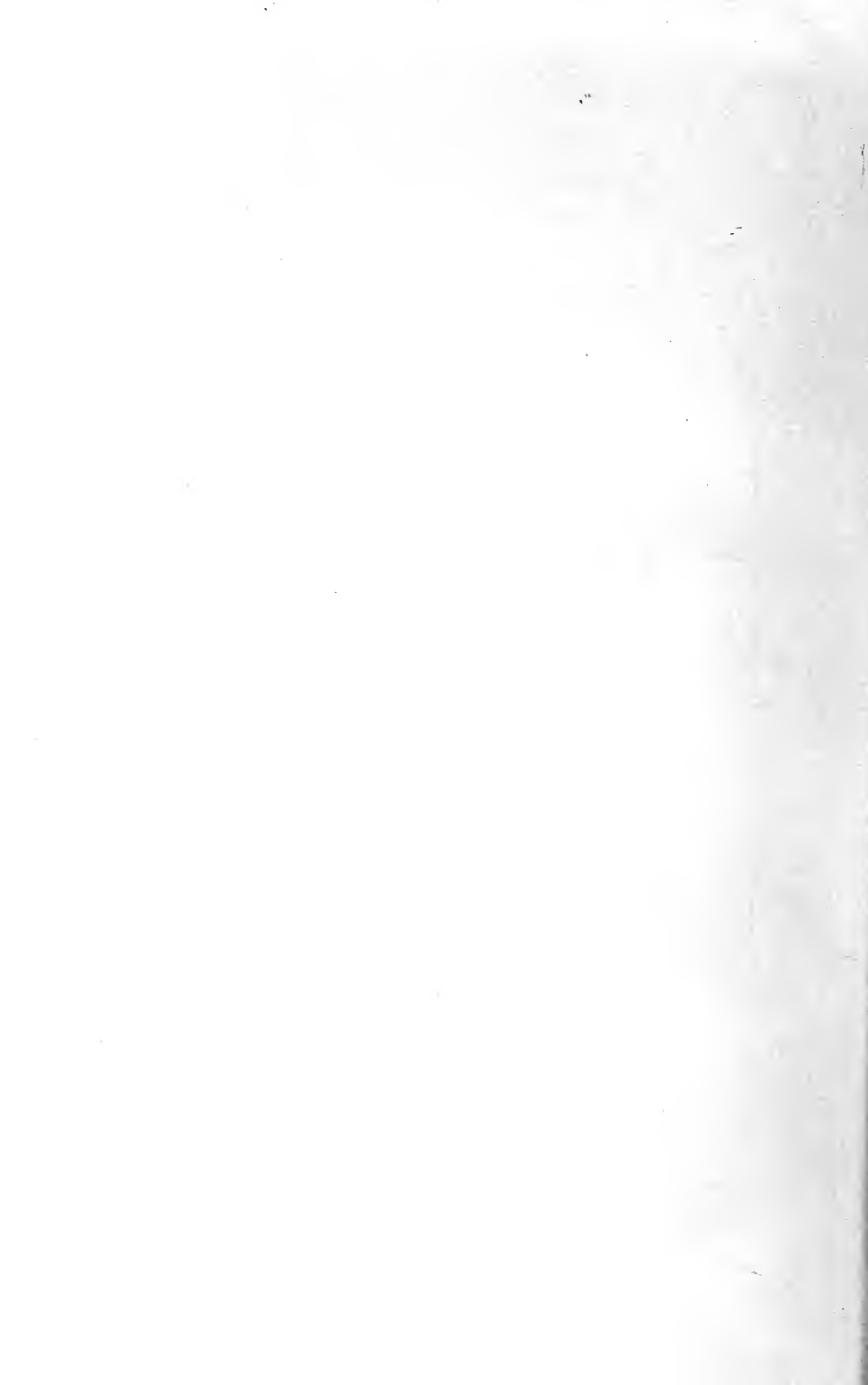
a beautiful avenue of enormous eucalyptus trees, at the base of which grew some magnificent tree ferns, which gave the name of Fern Tree Bower to this avenue. We stopped to have luncheon at a little inn exactly like hundreds of small picturesque country hostelries in England, and I found myself seated with a portrait of Nelson on one side of me and of Wellington on the other! The English inn, however, would not have been able, as the Tasmanians did, to produce excellent strawberries and cream on January 6th! Jeanie says:

“After luncheon we drove off to Government House. It is a fine place, and might be, as far as its outward appearance is concerned, but a short distance from London. Sir Robert Hamilton was the Governor. He and Lady Hamilton received us very kindly, and the latter took us round the garden. All sorts of flowers which we are accustomed to see in English gardens were to be found blooming in great profusion. The scarlet geraniums especially, which grow most freely in Tasmania and Australia. Lady Hamilton told us that on one occasion she had decorated her dinner table with this plant, and the colonist, in whose honour it was done, asked her why she had decorated her table with a ‘weed’!

Staying at Government House were a Mr and Mrs Griffin, who travelled out with us to the Canaries on the *Coptic* and had continued the voyage to Tasmania. There was also Mr Brown, the author of *Robbery under Arms*. R. had a walk around the place with him and was much interested at having met him. Lady H. and I went for a shorter walk. She seemed a very nice person and is much interested apparently in charitable work. The



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HOBART, TASMANIA
Visited by Lady Meath.



botanical gardens open out of the Governor's garden, and we went in. It was not very unlike an ordinary one, and there did not seem to be as interesting a collection of trees as at the garden at Teneriffe, but then, of course, tropical plants do not grow in Tasmania.

At sea.

Sunday, January 10th. The birthday of our M.C.L. Its growth has been wonderful, and I ought to be very thankful for the good which seems to have been done through its means. The day was fine, warm, and enjoyable, and the pointed hills of New Zealand were visible in the early morning rising above the clouds. We had a bright service with thanksgiving hymns and ended up with the Doxology. After luncheon we approached very closely to some picturesque islands, and it was quite an event, after the lonely ocean, to see some steamers again. By dinner time we were fast approaching Wellington. Our voyage had taken five weeks and four days from Teneriffe, and the ship had left London a week before we got on board her."

Next day we set out to explore Wellington. Jeanie wanted to see a lady who, she had heard, might be likely to help her in forming M.C.L. branches, but found she had left New Zealand. These enquiries, however, led to her making some good friends who assisted her greatly in carrying out her wishes.

There was a cold wind blowing from the south which did not improve Jeanie's cough, so we ultimately decided to visit Lake Wakatipu, where a villa had been most kindly placed at our disposal by a friendly banker. I will let Jeanie describe our arrival at the rail-head, Kingston, on the southern shore of the lake. She writes :

“ Here we found ourselves in the Switzerland of New Zealand, rugged mountains came down to the edge of the water, and the bareness and desolation (though there is usually one side of the lake where greenness is visible) somewhat detracts from the beauty, and prevents the scenery from being equal to that of Switzerland. Sheep are fed on the mountains, the merino breed being chosen, as they are great climbers, but we saw none. A vast solitude prevails, seldom a habitation is visible, and the country has become, comparatively speaking, valueless in consequence of its invasion by rabbits. (Rabbits are an importation. There were no rabbits when New Zealand was discovered.) At first these animals were carefully preserved, and a fine was imposed for killing one of them. Now, on the contrary, the owners are forced to go to great expense in order to destroy the poor little beasts, who have increased so frightfully as to have become a perfect plague. Our steamer only made one stop before reaching Queenstown. Lake Wakatipu is shaped like an S, and our resting place was in the bend of the S hidden behind a promontory.

February 3rd. We went for a pretty walk into the ‘bush’ and there we sat down. A dear little robin came and perched close by and looked at us with curiosity. The New Zealand birds are wonderfully tame, owing probably to the absence of human persecution. The robins have different plumage from ours, their backs are dark coloured and the breast is grey, but the shape is much the same. The animals are also tame. A little calf allowed us to stroke it, and a cow also permitted us to touch her.”

On February 4th we rode out to see the country, and in the afternoon we went by the steamer to the head of the lake, where there were three or four houses which rejoiced in the name of Kinloch, from whence a view could be obtained of the snow-clad peaks of Mount Earnshaw. Curiously enough on board this steamer, in this desolate part of the world, we met Lady Jersey, the wife of the Governor of New South Wales, who was travelling with Lady Galloway, half-sister to the great statesman, Lord Salisbury, but so very much younger that it was difficult to believe that they were of the same generation.

My wife, in an article published in *Great Thoughts*, describes Kinloch as "A peaceful corner of God's beautiful earth." She says:

"The first time I ever saw Kinloch in New Zealand, I was both interested and amused. A medical man at Dunedin had recommended me to try the effects of the good air to be enjoyed on Lake Wakatipu, and he had especially mentioned Kinloch. I had seen the name printed in large letters on a map in our guide book, and it caused me astonishment, mingled with amusement, when the place came to view, as we steamed across the waters of the beautiful colonial lake, to find that there was nothing visible except a few small wooden cottages and sheds. In fact, as I afterwards discovered, just one family inhabited the place with the addition of about one other individual. Such was the mighty city of Kinloch! The day on which we first landed at the little wharf close to the hotel, its landlady was in a flutter of excitement, for was not the wife of the

Governor of New South Wales to be her guest, and was not the lady to be accompanied by the sister of the Premier of Great Britain? Of this fact the kind body informed me, as she showed me the arrangements which she had made for the reception of such distinguished visitors. We saw enough of the place that day to wish to see more, and consequently before the week was out we found ourselves at the little wicket gate leading into the garden of the hotel, and our landlady waiting to give us a kindly greeting. The hotel is original in its arrangements, the largest building (and it is of most moderate dimensions) contains sitting-rooms and bedrooms, the next the dining-room and a sleeping apartment used by some of the family, in the third is to be found the kitchen and the owner's own living rooms, as also the post office, for Kinloch has its own special postal arrangements. The day on which we arrived was not a favourable one; it commenced to rain slightly about midday, and in the afternoon the big drops pattered down on the iron roofing of our house in good earnest, and they never ceased falling all that afternoon and evening. Even at night, when I awoke, I heard what to my ears was a dismal sound, as rain meant moisture in the air likely to retard my recovery, and it was for my health that I came to this district. But my fears for a wet day in store for us, like many useless ones in which we are apt to indulge, were not realised, they were all dispersed like the clouds which rolled away next morning, and left us to the enjoyment of peace and sunshine. The cottages which form the Kinloch Hotel nestle in the 'bush,' as forest land is termed in New Zealand, and twice during the day we strolled about in it, greatly

appreciating its beauty. The path led by the side of the lake and there was a great deal to be seen and admired, but we sorely needed the services of a botanist and ornithologist to tell us the names of the plants and birds, for such as are native of New Zealand differ greatly from those which we find in country rambles at home. On the other hand, the Britisher travelling in these islands in the Antipodes must needs be struck by the fact that he finds, in a colony about 13,000 miles away from Great Britain, much animal and vegetable life identical with that to which he is accustomed. Birds, trees, plants, and flowers have been introduced from England and all the quadrupeds, with the exception of the rat, have come from the Old World. It is curious to note how these foreign importations grow and multiply in such a measure as to become, in some cases, a terrible nuisance. Take, for instance, the rabbit. He has been the cause of the utter ruin of farmers, as this voracious little creature has eaten up good pasture land and starved out the sheep and their owners. Sparrows, too, cause much destruction, and thistles and furze grow in superabundance. Though, however, familiar home objects meet the eye in cultivated districts, they are not so readily discovered in the 'bush,' where the traveller can study native growth, and we found ourselves at a loss to recognise the birds and plants. Of the former we knew the Tui, or parson bird, which is a familiar sight in New Zealand, and his musical note is often to be heard. As he flies swiftly past in his shining black plumage, with two conspicuous white feathers falling from below his chin like a clergyman's bands, we can understand why the name of parson bird has been given him. Another feathered friend, which

it is almost impossible not to notice, is the robin. A sweet, pert little fellow he is, hopping up to strangers in the most fearless manner as if courting their attention. He is differently attired from his British brethren. He sports no brilliant red waistcoat, but wears instead a white or speckled shirt, and a dark, steel-grey coat with some wing feathers of more sombre hue. The New Zealand robin is a larger bird than the English one; as he peers about him with his round inquisitive eyes and perches in closest proximity, people must have hard hearts indeed, willingly to injure a feather of that graceful, confiding little creature. There was an abundance of ferns of various sorts, some of which we carried home and also a specimen leaf of the lancewood. When reading about this peculiar tree in a botanical book, we learnt that a tree belonging to this species behaves most curiously. In its youth it possesses leaves which are by no means dangerous, but as it grows older, they, like the one we saw, might have served as models for saws, sharp teeth or points protruding on each side, capable, as the leaves are very stiff and hard, of tearing the flesh severely, but in its maturity and old age the tree turns over literally 'a new leaf,' for the sharp spikes disappear and it becomes a harmless one for the unwary to approach. The following day was glorious, and the summer sun of February was shining when we made an expedition to 'Paradise.' Do not be startled, kind reader, it was to a terrestrial and not to a celestial place that we travelled on the day in question, and if the lives of the people who inhabit this favoured spot are in harmony with the beauty of their surroundings, the place has not been misnamed. First we had to row across the lake a distance

of two and a half miles, to Glenorchy, which boasts of three hotels, but of scarcely any other habitations. We procured a carriage at the principal one, and the landlord himself drove us. It was he who had named the district to which we were driving, for he was one of the oldest settlers in the district. This he told me as we drove along, and that he had wished to call it after the Paradise ducks which used to abound in the locality. The second word in the name, however, fell out of usage, and as the place is very lovely, the omission was not wholly inappropriate. Our driver was much inclined to converse, and as he did so we could not fail to notice that he was a man of education and intelligence, and from what I had before and have since gathered, I am led to believe that he was by birth a gentleman. As his history is not very unlike that of a good many men to be found in New Zealand, I will pause to say a few words about him. He went out to the gold diggings when a young man, and he told me that one morning before breakfast he found a nugget worth £350. But money easily gained is easily lost. At the time when he had little use for gold he had plenty of it, and when, as a married man, he needed it, it was not ready to hand; for, after growing weary of a roaming life, he married and settled at the head of Lake Wakatipu. Poor man, fortune did not altogether smile upon him. His hotel, beautifully situated as it was, might have prospered, but with three other rival establishments, one on the opposite side of the lake, and two close at hand, the competition proved very severe, and when one sees him occasionally in rough dress, driving his own cart along the road, one feels that he has somewhat fallen from his former estate. It is a curious

fact that in New Zealand the man of birth, and with private means, frequently descends in the social scale, and ends by being the inferior of the man who, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, lands in the colony and by dint of work and perseverance rises to occupy posts of importance. In explanation of this fact, I ought perhaps to state that there is often a good reason for this reversal of fortune. The working man who rises, possesses qualities in himself which insure a certain amount of success ; whereas there are instances to be found of gentlemen losing caste through carelessness, want of perseverance and industry. Not seldom a ne'er-do-well in his own country is sent to the Colonies in the fond hope that he will do better elsewhere, and these expectations are not always realised. Still, there are great difficulties in laying out capital wisely and well, and many men of means have failed. New Zealand, it must be remembered, is a favoured land for the working man. He is, in some respects, in a better position than his employer, for 7s. to 10s. a day can be claimed by the unskilled labourer. But to return to our drive to ' Paradise.' After following a well-kept road for some miles, we came to the shingly banks of the River Rees, which had to be crossed. The waters here rush down from the glaciers, for just above towers Mount Earnshaw, over 9000 feet high (the second most elevated mountain in the colony ; Mount Cook attains the height of 12,349 feet) and the river is sufficiently wide and deep to require the services of a good driver and horses, as it has to be forded. But we had both ; our beasts plunged fearlessly into the foaming water and after we had been a good deal jolted about on great stones at the bottom of the river, we safely reached the

other side, where no made road was in existence. This, however, did not seem to impede our progress, and ere long we reached a fine forest with splendid trees, skirting the waters of Diamond Lake. It is also fed by glacier streams, which doubtless give to it the peculiar shade of green which it possesses. As we drove along the well-kept road through the forest, we were struck at one point by the fact that our surroundings were far from being unlike those seen in the approach to some beautiful country seat in England, though, in order to keep up the illusion, it was necessary not to inspect the trees too closely, or it would have been discovered that they were entirely different from our British timber. We drove through a very ordinary wooden gate which we were told boasted of the proud name of 'Heaven's Gate' as it was the entrance to 'Paradise.' This latter place stood on a high bank overlooking the lake and on the outskirts of a glorious bit of 'bush,' rich in trees, ferns, and mosses. The views to be seen of snow-capped mountain ranges, of winding river and wooded glens, were about the finest which we had witnessed in New Zealand. The lake district in which they lie is called the Switzerland of Australasia, for here there can be enjoyed much of the beauty to be found in the favourite playground of Europeans."

The Church of England Clergyman at Queenstown whose acquaintance we made—a relation of Lord Hardwicke (Yorke by name)—gave us a somewhat pessimistic account of the state of religion in New Zealand. He himself had an enormous parish one hundred miles long by fifty broad—and if I remember aright he only received

£150 per annum, £100 being the personal subscription of one man. This man when Mr Yorke arrived was living in concubinage, and as Mr Yorke felt it his duty to speak to him on the subject, the £100 a year was withdrawn. The main part of the remaining £50 was later on withheld as he attempted to stop an annual free fight which took place between two cliques in a village called Arrowsmith and he was personally abused and assaulted by both parties. He was ultimately compelled to leave the place, although a very fine specimen of a man and a very devoted Clergyman. Although Mr Yorke had ultimately to resign his cure for lack of support by his flock, we had personal experience that religious exercises were not entirely ignored in this wild neighbourhood. One Sunday we were informed that a settler of the name of Valpy was in the habit of holding an informal service in his farmhouse. So we mounted our steeds and rode off in search of Mr Valpy's residence, and this is Jeanie's description of our visit. She says :

“ *February 13th.* We had a novel experience, for we rode over to a service which is held in a Mr Valpy's house, who is a squatter or landowner. His wife seems to be a very devoted woman. Apparently the people come from miles round to attend the services. They do not appear to be Church people. When we reached the house, we enquired if a service was going to be held, and hearing this was the case, we gave the horses over to the care of one of the sons, and went inside, where Mrs Valpy, a quiet, middle-aged lady, received us in a very kind manner. Bibles and hymn books were laid out in one of the sitting-rooms, and before the service

began the chairs were all occupied. Something like twenty persons, including the members of their own family, had assembled. The service consisted in the singing of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Prayers were conducted by one of the sons. Mrs Valpy read the 40th Psalm, and commented upon it with much earnestness. Her extempore prayer, too, was excellent. It was satisfactory to find that there did seem to be some signs of religious feeling in the district."

Some time afterwards on our return to England, the Matron of the M.C.L. Home at Ottershaw, Mrs Brown, who during my father's lifetime had been housekeeper at Killruddery, told us that her brother had been at the service, and had written to tell her that we were there, but had been too shy to introduce himself. So close are the ties between the Home Country and its distant Colonies—which now, in 1921, have risen to the position of Sister Nations! Shortly afterwards Jeanie, with her usual thoughtfulness, invited any convalescents well enough to come from a small neighbouring Hospital to tea in our garden at "Kawarau," the delightful villa on the edge of the lake so kindly lent us by its owner, Mr Turnbull, director of the New Zealand Loan Company. Only two came, but curious to relate one of the two was the brother of one of my tenants in Ireland, and I was able to give him the latest news regarding his home and family, as I had paid them a visit only a very short time before leaving Ireland!

During our numerous peregrinations over the surface of the globe, Jeanie and I have been astonished to find so many who knew something about us, and invariably

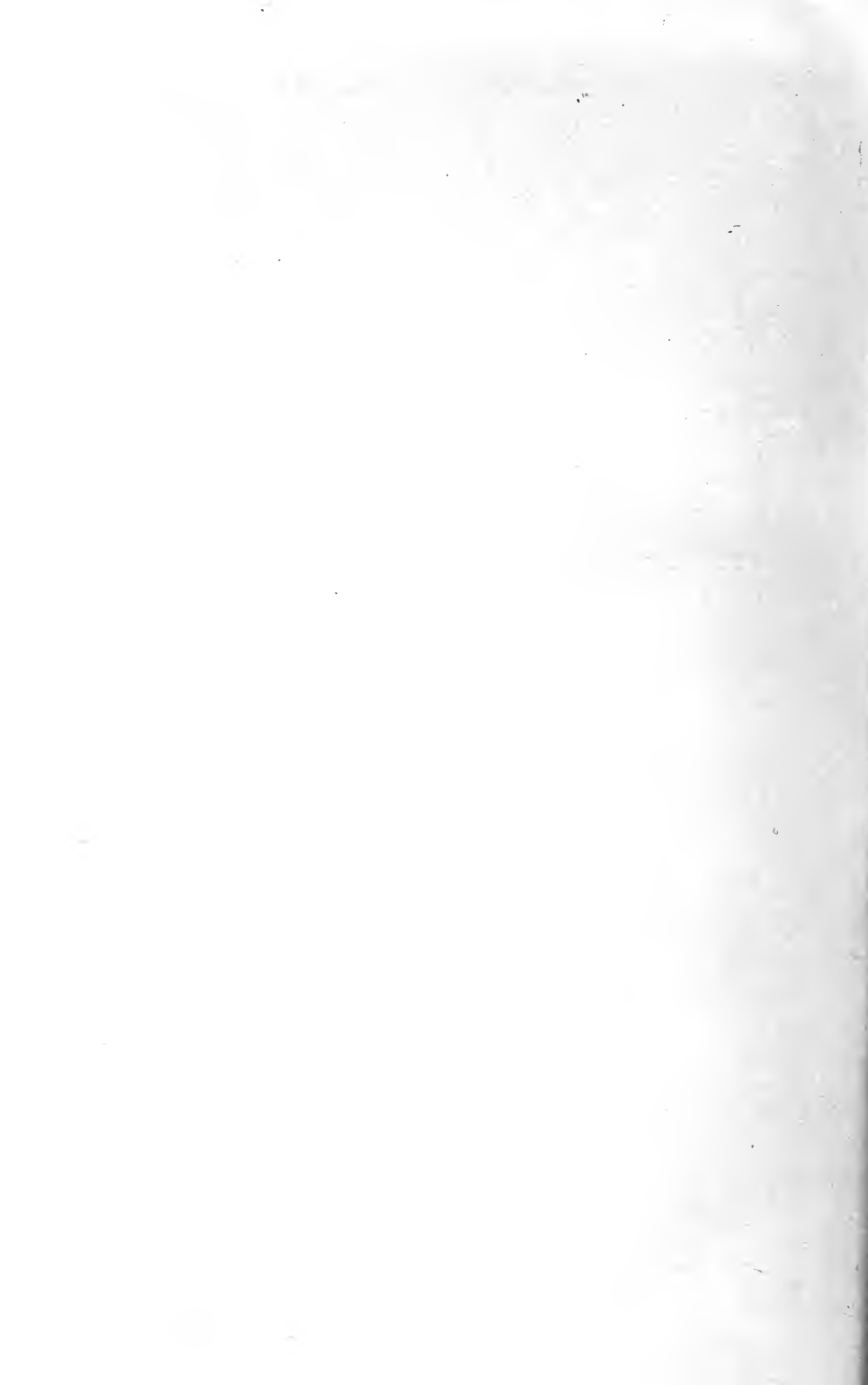
these unexpected links with our home life have shown us how much kindness and gratitude is to be found in the human heart.

On February 16th we paid an interesting visit to a small gold digging and I shall let Jeanie tell the story.

“ We ordered horses and set off under guidance to the gold diggings, which are distant only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To reach them we had to ride across meadows and a stream, or rather small river, which was much flooded, so much so that without our guide (as one finds so often in the Colonies, he was of good birth, the son or brother of a very well-known Member of Parliament in England) we should have hesitated to ride into the water. After mounting a steep bank we rode on to the shanty of one of the gold diggers. Here we dismounted, and accompanied by two of the men we went along a footpath at the side of a gully until we came to a place where a great iron pipe was emptying a volume of water into some wooden troughs or boxes, and a little further on was a tunnel, which the men had dug into the side of the mountain, and where it is thought that the river which we crossed had formerly run, leaving its deposit of gold. The men had made a little railway for the truck, which they filled with earth, to run on, and when this was done they pushed it along until it was opposite the wooden troughs. The earth was emptied into them, and as the gold was much heavier than the water, it soon sank to the bottom, whilst the earth was washed away. About once a week they turned off the water. There are wooden parallel bars in the trough and stones in between, and in the lower trough the bars are placed horizontally,



THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND CHILDREN BELONGING TO LADY MEATH'S M.C.L. HOMES, OTTERSHAW



something like venetian blinds, and the gold dust collects between the bars and is then taken away by the diggers. I did not go into the tunnel, as it was damp, and whilst one man went in with R., the other, a talkative Irishman, remained with me. I gathered that, like gold diggers in general, he had not been given to saving up for his old age. He told me that he had known of a man who had found three nuggets of gold worth £10,000 within half an hour, and his excitement was so great that he went off his head, and had to be shut up in a mad-house ! He told me this story because I said that the gold was not always a blessing to the people who got it. In the claim owned by the diggers whom we saw, they can secure sometimes only £3 a week, but they have got as much as £45. There are only three men for the money to be divided amongst, so that they do very well on the whole. Sometimes they have found nuggets of small value, but generally the gold is found in small particles. One of the men washed out some earth for us. He put a good deal in a metal basin and let it gradually be washed away in the rushing water. The earth grew less and less until, when only a little remained, he washed it more carefully in a pool, and as the earth disappeared, sure enough, the particles of yellow gold became visible. The man said that what we saw there was coarse gold—the largest piece was about the size of a threepenny-bit. One of the diggers was a very intelligent man, and R. thought it was possible that he might be a gentleman by birth, though I think this was doubtful. He said he thought nuggets were formed by volcanic action, and that fire fused the gold particles together. This man had a collection of ferns, which he had pressed. He had many

specimens of what he called the crape fern—a very pretty one with most delicate foliage, which is to be found at Diamond Lake. We came away much interested.

February 16th. Queenstown. I had my first M.C.L. meeting for children in New Zealand. We made one more expedition and this time to a very lovely and most secluded spot. We hired a boat and were rowed a distance of some eight to ten miles to Elfin Bay. Here we found our guide and some horses, and after an alfresco luncheon proceeded by a wooded glen to Lake Rere, hidden away in the 'bush' which surrounds all sides of it. On the way to and from it we were struck by the sagacity of the horses. A good many trees were lying right across the track which we had to follow; they had fallen two or three months previously, and for all we knew, they would be likely to remain there many months longer, for there was not the least sign of preparation to take them away. The clever way in which the horses surmounted the obstacles in their path was interesting to observe; they seemed to plant their hoofs with care and forethought, and they never made a mistake. Only once did my steed object to take me down a place where he was expected to go. A small wall had been built up, and at the bottom of it the earth looked unsafe and not altogether to be depended on. The horse showed decided misgivings as to the advisability of descending by this bit of masonry. As I shared his opinion I dismounted, and when freed from the weight of his rider he was able to face the difficulty. On reaching the brink of the water of Lake Rere, we found that even our clever animals were unequal to the task of following the path by the edge, and

so they were left to their own devices whilst we scrambled along as best we could. The sun shining through the interstices of the trees added not a little to the beauty of the scene. After leaving the 'bush' we climbed up a grassy slope from whence we could have a fine view of the picturesque valley down which the River Greenstone flows. On the hill I noticed some miniature daisies; they were far too small to be easily made into the daisy chains which are the delight of little ones at home, and they seemed as if more fitted for the grasp of fairies or of that of some Lilliputian child whose hands would be of a size suited to that of the modest little flower. The slope where we stood was once grazed over by fattening sheep, but broken, fallen fences told a tale of disaster, for the rabbits had driven away the former owner of the land. Lake Wakatipu has a well-earned reputation for changeableness. When sailing on its waters, at one moment the traveller may be almost becalmed, in the next alarmed at the violence of a sudden gust coming sweeping down the valley; consequently boating is not altogether safe, and this may partly account for the fact that we saw scarcely any boats about. Habitations are few and far between, and New Zealand is still a land of vast solitudes. It is hard to imagine that the whole of its population (600,300) amounts to only a fifth of that of inner London! Pleasant days and hours slipped by whilst we remained in the lovely neighbourhood of Kinloch. After a second visit, and putting off our final departure for two days, it was time to leave. The steamer had sounded a whistle, the impatient Captain had stated that he would wait for nobody, as we hastily snatched up loose articles and hurried down to the boat

on an exquisite summer's evening. The snowy mountains looked their best, their serrated peaks stood out in strong relief against a clear sky; they were tinted with rosy sunset hues when I saw them for the last time. Our passage down the lake was of some three hours' duration, and darkness had asserted itself ere the lights of Queenstown, the largest town in the district, came into view, but this darkness was relieved by the starlight. Above our heads the Southern Cross was glittering, whilst our old friend Orion, faithful alike to the northern and southern hemispheres, was to be seen and admired. Our sojourn at peaceful Kinloch was over, but I trust that the recollection of its beauties, and of the many mercies we there experienced, will not easily be forgotten.

March 9th. The weather was so delightful that we had our breakfast out of doors. The doctor came over to see us, and did not give a very lively account of my chest, but then he is a man who takes rather gloomy views; but I felt better and stronger in some ways, and the beautiful air and sunshine of Lake Wakatipu has certainly done me much good.

March 10th. Drove into Queenstown to get needful things before leaving. The thought of our going so soon made me feel quite sad. One thing required was money, and we went to the Bank, where we saw some of the gold which had been sent in by the diggers. Some had been run into a mould, and was like half a golden cannon ball."

The Bankers kindly offered to show us some day how the gold, as received from the diggers, is purified and

turned into ingots ; so after I had gone to Invercargill to read a paper which Jeanie had written on the M.C.L., as she was not well enough to read it herself, she paid the Bank a visit by arrangement and saw the process.

Jeanie says :

“ A tremendous heat was generated by a gasoline furnace. The crude gold was placed in a crucible made of plumbago. This was subjected to the heat which was intensified by continuous blowing with a bellows. A mixture of soda, borax, and nitre was put into the crucible, which I believe had the effect of making the iron and baser metals separate from the gold. Then with pincers, a piece of plumbago was put in to which the iron adhered. This process was repeated several times until the gold was thought to be sufficiently purified. The silver cannot be thus extracted, it remains in, and then the lid was taken off the little clay furnace, and with the aid of pincers the glowing crucible was taken out, and its contents poured into an iron shape which had been previously heated. The iron shape contained the initials of the company sunk into it, and so the little ingot came out with these stamped upon it ! After it had been dipped into two pans of cold water it looked something like a golden piece of chocolate. It was a small ingot and consequently was worth only about £70.

March 17th. The day of my final departure from the dear little homestead where we had been so happy. Dear R. met me at the end of the journey accompanied by Mr Turnbull, to whom we were indebted for the loan of the house. We took rooms at the Club Hotel in

Invercargill, which was the most comfortable of any at which we had stayed in New Zealand.

March 18th. Invercargill. This is thought the most southerly town in the world, and considering its small size it has many merits. The shops are fairly good, and the 'Athenæum,' containing a library and reading-room for both ladies and gentlemen, is an excellent institution. Mr Turnbull took me there to see if I could discover the names of the birds which I had seen, but, though there was a fairly good collection, I could not find them out. We had a meeting for the M.C.L. Mrs Watson, the lady who had been taking a good deal of interest in it, had just lost her daughter, so could not be present. The little gathering went off very well and I was able to wire to Mrs Menzies (Org. Secretary for New Zealand) to send fifty cards of membership to Invercargill.

Mr Denistoun'' [the Editor of the leading paper in Invercargill who had published some very sympathetic articles regarding the M.C.L. and Jeanie's work] "dined with us. He seemed to agree with us in thinking that the Clergymen belonging to the Anglican Church in New Zealand were not placed in a satisfactory position, and he also regretted the purely secular education (in the national schools).

March 19th. Invercargill. I did not look forward much to the voyage, and felt a dread of it. Bought some books for the sailors and walked to the station to be ready for the 1.45 train to the Bluff (the port of Invercargill). Mr Turnbull and Mr Denistoun came to see us off. The evening turned out fine, and the glass on board ship was rising. Our vessel, the *Wairarapa*, was not large, only 1700 tons, but comfortably fitted up. The evening of our

start was very pleasant. We remained up on deck till very late. The stars were brilliant, and we had a good view of the Southern Cross peering out at the foot of the 'Milky Way.' "

We arrived at Hobart on the evening of the 21st March, and the ship had not stopped when a man leapt on board with a letter from Miss Calder and another from Dean Dundas to say that a meeting of the M.C.L. had been arranged for next day at 11 a.m., which Jeanie addressed with very encouraging results. Next day our vessel started with us for Melbourne; we nearly got left behind, as it sailed half an hour sooner than the time the Captain had told us. When we reached Melbourne, to our immense astonishment, we saw on the pier Mr Irwin, who had been Presbyterian Minister at Bray, in Ireland, and we did not know that he had received a call to this distant part of the world. He had come to meet us, and took us at once under his wing. Mrs Hitchcock, the Branch Secretary of the M.C.L. for Geelong, had come all that way to meet us, and these two used their influence to obtain a reserved carriage for us on the railway, as we were going straight next day to Adelaide. Lord Hopetoun, the Governor of Victoria, was travelling by the same train and was very kind. Arriving at Adelaide we were met by Mr and Mrs Storrie, who most kindly entertained us, and showed us all the sights of Adelaide. They introduced us to a very distinguished and able man, Chief Justice Wade. He is deputy in the absence of the Governor, who was then Lord Kintore. The Chief Justice has a beautiful garden filled not only with choice, beautiful and rare plants and trees, but with

quantities of birds, of which he is very fond, amongst others a laughing-jackass bird, which is so called as he gives a human laugh if irritated.

On leaving Mr Storrie's we were entertained by Bishop Kennion. Jeanie says :

“ He is a delightful man, his cheery face beams with kindness and preaches an unspoken sermon.

March 29th. Had some delightful talks with the dear Bishop, and found he had really known me as a little girl, and we discovered that old Mrs Maitland (my step-grandmother) was his Godmother. It was very curious talking over such old days, and about a trip in the *Bee*, the tender to the *Excellent*” [commanded by Jeanie's father]. “ That day we received a magnificent reception in the Hall of the Y.M.F.S. arranged by the M.C.L. The Chief Justice was in the chair, and the Bishop and Town Clerk, and Clergy were present.”

The Bishop spoke in most laudatory terms of Jeanie's League, and she was presented with a beautiful basket of white flowers with “ Welcome ” in heliotrope across it, and a bouquet with long yellow ribbons, the colour which the Branch had chosen for their badges. In the evening we dined with the Kennions.

Later in the year Jeanie received the following letter from Bishop Kennion :

BISHOP'S COURT,
N. ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

6th August, 1892.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

You were good enough to ask me to put in writing something of what I said of the usefulness of the M.C.L.



CHILDREN AT OTTERSHAW M.C.L. HOMES

in Australia, at that pleasant gathering, in which we welcomed you and Lord Meath to Adelaide. I may tell you that at one time I was hardly inclined to support the League. The argument which is not infrequently brought against it—viz., the fear that by requiring its young members to endeavour to do at least one kind action every day, it would develop in them self-consciousness, and tend to form in them an artificial character, had much weight with me. But I have now (I think) convinced myself that the fear is visionary, and that the argument is not sound. The very thing we need most to teach our children out here is, consideration for others. But this is a habit formed from the practice of continually doing considerate acts. It is not natural in most children. And just as in the old story, it was proved necessary to pre-
judice the ground in favour of strawberries if one wished to see that fruit produced, so if we want our children here to do continual acts of kindness, we must train them, and not trust to spontaneous growth. Now I think your Society of little people is doing a great work in this direction. If faults exist, they are in the manner that here and there the branches are conducted rather than in the way your rules require the work to be done. I have no fear of the League producing "a set of little prigs," as a hostile critic said of it; but I do believe it is helping to form a wholesome, a kinder, a more considerate and a more Christ-like mind, in many little children, and I trust God will greatly prosper it. With our united kindest regards to Lord Meath and yourself, Believe me, Dear Lady Meath, Yours very sincerely,

G. D. ADELAIDE.

On the 18th April, 1892, we left Sydney for San Francisco, stopping at Auckland and Samoa. Jeanie thus described her first impression of the island and of its inhabitants :

“ As soon as we anchored we were besieged by native boats and canoes. Never before had we seen anything which so approached savage life, for the men, who were copper coloured, wore nothing except loin cloths and a necklace of leaves and berries. Some of the Samoan men who came in the canoes in crowds succeeded in clambering on deck, but they were forcibly ejected by the sailors. A few who remained began at once to endeavour to sell their wares. Shillings were in great request, for this seemed to be the only coin which the natives as a rule understood. Amidst vociferous cries from the natives we managed with great difficulty to secure a boat, but the fear then was that it might be overcrowded. Happily the sailors seemed to hold their own with the natives, and our boat was pushed off as soon as it was no longer safe to take more passengers. It was piping hot and natives as well as white people were in a very melting condition. It took us about twenty minutes to row to shore, and we were landed close to a coconut plantation, where there was a little pier leading up to the town. There was no doubt that we were in a very strange place. The women wore more clothing than the men. The elderly ones—they were mostly very friendly—wore long frocks or blouses coming down to their heels. Some of the younger girls wore only loin cloths, and a sort of handkerchief hanging loosely on their necks in sling fashion.” [This handkerchief, I

was told, was only worn when they met Europeans, in deference to their supposed prejudice, but that it was carried in the hand when amongst their own people. The missionaries, however, insisted on the Christian native girls wearing a blouse. Thus it is easy to distinguish the Christian from the pagan young women. Almost every girl wore a red hibiscus flower in her hair, which was very neatly dressed and suited well their dark colouring, and they all walked and carried themselves beautifully. Both men and women were the finest specimens of humanity I had ever seen.] "The men," says Jeanie, "had their legs and backs marvellously tattooed, sometimes the whole body, so that they seemed clothed. They do not disfigure their faces with tattooing, but apparently they dye their hair. I noticed the peculiar chestnut colour of the men's hair and was told that this was artificially produced."

Our time was limited, but we thought we could manage to take a short stroll into the wild bush surrounding Apia. We passed a native house. It had a thick, thatched roof supported on poles, without side walls, so that we could see all that was going on inside without entering the house. There was a fire made in a hole in the ground in the centre of the dwelling, but no chimney. The ground was covered with matting, upon which the inmates lay. We met a lady in a loose pink dress cantering by on a side saddle, mounted on a grey horse. Both men and women carried parasols, which were not superfluous considering the heat of the sun. After a time we came to a stream which barred our progress. A tree, however, had fallen right across it. I had noticed a bridge not very far off,

but as I thought I should like to see what there was on the other side of the stream I climbed across the tree, and asked Jeanie to meet me at the bridge, so I explored and presently met a native woman, who to my astonishment addressed me in excellent English, and asked me if I were seeking my wife. I said, "Yes"; she then replied, "You will meet her a short way on at the bridge," or some such words. This reminds me that during this voyage round the world the only places we touched at in which English was not the language spoken by the natives were the Canary Islands, Samoa, and the Sandwich Islands, and in each we found that English was understood—a wonderful proof of the enterprise and penetration of the Anglo-Saxon race. On the way back we looked into a Church in course of construction, evidently Roman Catholic. In it were two girls praying, before a recumbent figure, which Jeanie took to be a representation of the Virgin Mary. It really was a corpse. Happily she did not discover this, or it might have given a great shock to her nerves. She spoke to one of the Sisters of Charity afterwards who were standing outside the Church, and she proved to be British, having come from Liverpool. She said that there was going to be a native dance that evening, but unfortunately we could not wait to see it, as it was time for us to return on board our vessel. When we reached the shore there was no boat, but we persuaded the German Consul's boatmen to take us off in their launch, which they did after lowering the German colours.

On May 4th we sighted land again about twelve o'clock and gradually the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, became more and more distinct. At this time

it was under native Government. For some years disturbances had taken place, and, as recently as on July 31st, 1889, the Palace had been attacked by a Mr Robert Wilcox (an American), a government military pupil, and one hundred men, on which occasion the attack was repulsed, and Wilcox surrendered. The King, David Kalakana, died in January, 1891, and was succeeded by his sister, Lydia Liliuokalani, who was Queen when we arrived. On the 20th of the same month Wilcox made another attempt at rebellion, and was again suppressed, and curiously enough I became aware, when it was too late to give warning, that this last rebellion was about to take place. We were leaving Honolulu, and I was leaning over the side of the vessel near a man who was talking to two or three on the quay. As the vessel moved off I heard one man on shore say to my neighbour on deck, whom I did not know, "Look out for the 20th." When we had left the harbour this man asked me if I had heard what his friend said. I answered "Yes." He then told me that a rebellion against the Queen had been arranged for that date. In those days there was no wireless. Ultimately the Queen, who had visited England for the Jubilee of 1887, was dethroned on January 19th, 1893, and a republic established under the control of the United States of America.

This is how my wife describes our first view of Honolulu :

"After a wearisome and somewhat exhausting voyage through the hot tropics, we woke up one May morning to remember the pleasant fact that we might hope before many hours were over to see land, and to have all the

enjoyment of finding ourselves on terra firma again. How accurately nautical calculations are made! Four o'clock had been long spoken of as the hour—on the day in question—when we were likely to arrive at Honolulu. Oahu, the island on which the capital of the group is situated, came into view about midday, and by three o'clock the outline of the serrated hills was becoming more distinct. Diamond Point, a bold headland, stood out as we approached the shore, whilst at the hour mentioned, almost to the minute, our vessel was alongside the pier. One glance at those assembled in expectation of our arrival was sufficient to show that we were in a very different locality from that of the Samoan Islands. The men and boys were in European dress, but they had contrived to have a few bright colours about them. The natives struck us as being of lighter colour than those of Samoa, and their hair was left black and untouched by the dye which the Samoans use so freely. The Hawaiians are by no means uncomely people. The women may be seen wearing a loose gown, gathered into a yoke in front like that which is worn by little girls in England; it forms a loose and easy dress for a hot climate. We were anxious to take a long drive before dinner time, so we made an effort to be amongst the first to leave the vessel. After the heat which we had experienced, the air seemed deliciously fresh, and as soon as a two-horse vehicle could be obtained, a party of four of us set out for the purpose of seeing a wonderful view at Pali, some distance from Honolulu. We drove first through the town, which seemed admirably laid out. The roads were excellent, and the villas standing in lovely gardens were most attractive. How could they fail to be so with such

luxuriant vegetation ; I noticed splendid palms, a banyan tree, the broad leaves of the banana, the pointed, and in some cases red, leaves of the mango, and numbers of plants unknown to us. We passed by a small plot of land where pineapples were planted in the ground just as turnips and carrots are in England. At one place the driver pointed out to us the 'Taro,' which produces a root something like a sweet potato ; of this the native food called 'poi' is made—a sort of gruel said to be very nourishing but not appetising to those who are unaccustomed to the taste. The native shows his lack of energy by allowing the Chinaman to prepare the poi for him, and we passed by a little shop where this food was stored in barrels ready for use. The road led us by the cemetery—one portion was reserved especially for royal use and a chapel stood upon it—it looked far from a doleful spot as we drove past, on account of the gay flowers which had been planted near the graves. After a while the good road—along which our horses had sped in true American 'go-ahead' style (we understood they were animals imported from San Francisco)—came to an end, and the poor beasts had to drag us through thick, sticky mud, which must have given them hard work. There had been torrents of rain shortly before we arrived, so the road was in an especially bad condition. However, the plucky animals did their duty well and it needed but a word from the intelligent driver, a Russian by birth, to make them put forth all their strength and rush up hills as if the road were like a well-kept avenue. We passed by a native woman riding astride as is the custom of the country, and with spurs fastened on to her naked feet. Soon we were passing through a wood with

trees of native growth, their closely twisted branches so crowded together that we could see but a few yards into the tangled mass. Not far off were numbers of Guava shrubs; the fruit resembles a lime. I did not like the flavour, but from it is made the famous Guava jelly so highly appreciated in England. We had been rising all the time and suddenly came upon one of the most remarkable views that I have ever seen. To the left of us rose some sharply pointed rocks going sheer down into the depths below, whilst before us opened out a vast plain bounded by the ocean. We alighted and found ourselves standing on the heights of Pali (the name signifies a precipice) and in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills encircling the green plains below. Evening shades were about to gather, hence perhaps the delicate rosy as well as the pale blue hue which was to be seen on the ocean. Fields of yellowish green rice were pointed out to us in the distance. Below our feet was a road going down in sharp zig-zags, but so steep was the place on which we stood that a fall might have had dangerous consequences. Pali was the site of a great battle, in which the chief of the neighbouring island of Hawaii defeated the natives of Oahu and drove them down this awful precipice. This battle is a famous one in the annals of the Sandwich Islands, as after it they were all united under this victorious king. We had little time to spare, and after making attempts to photograph so remarkable a view, we once more seated ourselves in the carriage and were shown what American horses could do. 'Come on, children!' said the driver to his steeds, and off they went, regardless of the bad road with holes upon which we came unexpectedly, to say nothing of the loose stones.

We found ourselves clinging tightly to the carriage for fear of falling out. One false step on the part of the horses might have had unpleasant consequences, but happily no mishap occurred, and the driver, pleased to have shown what his animals could do under his guidance, steadied them down to a quieter and safer pace. It was quite dark when our hotel was again reached, and we were not sorry to think that there was a prospect of getting dinner. However, when we sat down to one of the numerous tables scattered about the dining-room, and had asked for one dish after another, which we were told was not to be had, we began to be doubtful if we could succeed in getting a satisfying meal. Two ships had come into Honolulu on the same day and the great and sudden influx of guests had taxed the utmost resources of the hotel larders; and as we arrived on the scene after the dinner hour was past we had to be content with what had remained over—not too much, as we were told that even the supply of bread was exhausted! The bill of fare was a long one, so there was always a chance of lighting upon some dish that had proved less popular than the others. We were anxious to know of what ‘Queen’s fritters’ were made, an item we saw down on the menu. Our amusement was great as also the discomfiture of the Chinaman who was waiting upon us, when he said, as we thought, that they were made of fried tallow. We afterwards came to the conclusion that we must have been mistaken, and that he had said ‘Taro’ which, as I mentioned before, forms the staple food of the country. By dint of asking first for one thing and then another, beginning with a sweet and ending up with soup and fish, we obtained all that was necessary to satisfy hunger, and

then went into a concert-room which has been added on to the hotel building. The end of the room looking out on the garden was left quite open, and had a balcony as in a theatre. Chinese lanterns were suspended in picturesque fashion, and from the garden below rose the strains of the splendid Royal Hawaiian Military Band, composed of excellent musicians. A German bandmaster had gathered them together and trained them with most happy results. The performers sang as well as played. The natives are naturally musical, and this particular band is a better one than is often heard in Europe.

We received a visit from Mr and Mrs M.—very old residents of Honolulu, and they were able to give a great deal of information about the place and its inhabitants. They very kindly invited us to breakfast the next morning, and as eight o'clock was the hour arranged for us to meet, it was necessary to be astir early. This most of the guests in the hotel determined to be, for there was much to see and very little time to see it in. Soon after 6 a.m. I went out on my balcony. The air was deliciously fresh, and it felt especially so to us after the many mornings we had awakened in the stifling atmosphere of the ship's cabin. Here on the contrary was coolness, verdure, and beauty. When we reached our kind entertainers' house we found that it was like most abodes in Honolulu, guiltless of entrance hall, bell or knocker. We entered the pretty drawing-room straight from the verandah. They who reside in Honolulu live as much in the fresh air as possible. Doors and windows seem to be left constantly open. The draughts are consequently great for those unaccustomed to them, but the coolness is very acceptable to the residents, who enjoy a perpetual summer in these

beautiful islands. We were waited on by a Chinaman. The sight of strawberries once more—we had many strawberry seasons during our travels round the world—was very pleasant. The mother of our hostess was a charming old lady with recollections of the Hawaiians dating back over a long spell of years. Our repast over, we set out on sight-seeing bent. We were taken for a lovely drive along a road which winds round a high hill immediately behind Honolulu. On all sides beautiful views were to be obtained. The most lovely one, however, was that which showed the town itself, its palace, its public buildings, and its villas, half hidden from view by the luxuriant growth of the trees in the gardens. Beyond the city was the ocean with a long coral reef stretching out and impeding the entrance to the harbour, which, like that of Apia, in the Samoan Islands, is approached through a narrow passage. Diamond Point, the headland which we had seen on entering Honolulu, showed evident signs of its volcanic origin, whilst between us and it was a great plain, where rice and other agricultural produce were cultivated. Immediately at the foot of the hill a most attractive-looking institution was pointed out to us, a home for aged and indigent natives, where they are enabled to end their days amidst cheerful surroundings. This charming resort for the worn-out Hawaiians, as well as the hospital, and yet another charitable establishment, owe their origin to royal benefaction, as the Sovereigns appear to have been generous towards their people. After our drive round the hill it was time to visit the palace. Mr M., who was well acquainted with the Royal Chamberlain, had kindly obtained permission for us to visit it. The furniture of the palace was brought

from the United States, also a splendid piano not long ago presented to the Queen, the beautiful carving of which was made of wood of Hawaiian growth. We were shown the royal living apartments. All the books lying about appeared to be English. These rooms on the upper floor were approached by a fine staircase. Most of them opened on to wide balconies, the comfortable lounges on the latter looking as if the inmates of the palace took advantage of them to enjoy the pleasant look-out. If the royal residence boasts of no magnificent garden, yet the smaller villas around are possessed of plots of ground containing masses of blossoming shrubs and plants, sufficient to satisfy the most exigent horticulturist. I was told that all the year round there was summer and abundance of flowers, rendering Honolulu a gem of beauty. There is, at present, little or no poverty, but the advent of so many Americans to this lovely spot is having the effect of making living a good deal dearer than formerly, which must bring about a change. The native is not an individual who is content to plod on steadily at his work ; he prefers to labour and then remain idle for a while. They are very good-natured people, but little capable of carrying on business transactions. They have a valuable knowledge of plants used for curative purposes ; their native doctors employ them most effectively. Their women are adepts in a kind of massage which bears the name of ' lomi lomi.' On the other hand their treatment of infants seems to be of the most foolish description. So little care do these delicate beings receive from their parents that it is no wonder the mortality amongst young children is enormous. One of their absurd customs in dealing with an infant is that when it is only a day old

they carry off the frail creature on horse-back, sometimes a distance of fifty or sixty miles, in order that the grandmother may see it ! Instead of feeding the child on milk, the natural food of infancy, they make up a gruel of sweet potatoes for the baby and give it sugar-cane to suck. Then, again, they have a too-generous habit of giving away their children, though the recipients of these gifts may not have the faintest idea of how the poor infants should be treated. Civilisation must be considered to have reached a considerable pitch in Honolulu when the use of telephones has been introduced throughout the town in a way unknown to us in English cities, whilst the streets and gardens are illumined with electric light, rendering it far easier for the passing traveller to imagine himself in the capital of France than in that of the Sandwich Islands. An amusing origin of this name, founded, it is to be feared, on fiction, but nevertheless entertaining, is, that when Captain Cook first landed, he saw a pig standing between two bread trees, and in consequence of this occurrence he called the islands by this most unromantic name, now falling into disuse. They were, in point of fact, called after the Lord Sandwich of the day, who happened to be the First Lord of the Admiralty. The original natives were accused of being cannibals, but this statement is denied, though human sacrifices to the gods were not uncommon. Now Christianity prevails and has done away with former barbarities. We had luncheon at the British Commissioner's, whose pretty house was also entered by a verandah which led straight into the drawing-room. This very easy mode of access to dwellings speaks well for the honesty of the inhabitants of Honolulu. Our time for departure was fast approaching,

and after making a few purchases of little articles to remind us and our friends of this beautiful spot, we set off for our vessel. The dock was a scene of much life. A huge cargo of sugar (this and rice are the principal products of the island) had been stowed away on board our steamer, and now she was ready to depart. The dreary old dock had become, for the time being, quite gay. The strains of the Royal Hawaiian Band were heard, for the musicians had stationed themselves before the ship, native women were offering bright garlands of flowers for sale, for it is the graceful custom to adorn departing friends with these floral decorations. One carriage after another drove up and deposited its freight of travellers or of those who had come to witness the departure of dear ones and acquaintances on a long voyage to San Francisco.

On board ship there was a great crowd on deck ; the intending passengers presented a curious appearance, with many wreaths of flowers hanging round their necks, whilst some of the gentlemen wore them on their hats. When there were signs of our immediate departure, the band struck up a variety of national airs so that passengers of many countries might be gratified. English, Scotch, Americans, Germans—all were flattered to hear the strains most familiar to them. What a contrast this gay music, these beautiful flowers, the smiles of friends, the laughter and talking, formed, to that which was soon to follow, when the vessel ploughed her way painfully through the heavy ocean billows and cheeks were blanched and forms laid prostrate with dreaded sea-sickness ! However, it is a mistake to spoil the pleasure of the present with anticipations of the ills of the future. The

Hawaiians are content to give the *Mariposa* a cheerful parting greeting. Slowly and cautiously she steamed away, and we watched beautiful Honolulu becoming dim in the distance as we skirted the island of Oahu. Then another point of land was sighted. 'What is it?' we enquire. 'Molokai,' is the reply. How very curious to be gazing on the very island which Father Damien's heroism has rendered famous, and where now hundreds of poor lepers are ending their sad existence, for the terrible disease does not seem to be much on the decline. The prosaic sound of the dinner gong interrupts us whilst we are looking at a place of so many associations, happily not all of a painful kind, for here was an instance of how one single life of heroism can throw glad rays of sunshine on one of the saddest places of the earth. I was fortunate enough to be able to stay upon deck, and ere the shades of evening came on, to see the last of Molokai, where pain and suffering are being constantly soothed by the hand of love. Father Damien is gone, but there are numbers of noble-minded followers who, with their names unknown to fame, in self-imposed exile, are ministering to those afflicted with one of the most piteous of diseases. We need not waste our compassion upon them, for such self-sacrifice must have its own reward.

May 12th. We were awake very early and on looking out I saw a lighthouse on a small island, the first of the American possessions visible. Later on the approach to the Great Continent from the sea is very fine, the 'Golden Gate,' as it is termed, looking grand in the bright sunshine."

San Francisco is hidden away behind a hill, on the base of the rocks of which is the famous congregating place

of the seals. This is a most popular holiday resort for the citizens of the great city and their families, who love to watch these animals, which are carefully preserved. This is how Jeanie describes our first visit to San Francisco and California :

“Dwellers in the Far West of the United States have due cause to be proud of the entrance to the city of San Francisco, known as the ‘Golden Gate,’ as seen by Lord Meath and myself on a bright May morning after a tedious voyage from New Zealand. The Golden Gate is so called because vessels arriving have to pass between two headlands, behind one of which the city is hidden from view. It seemed strange to us to see so many ships, one from far-off Spain amongst the number, lying at anchor. On long voyages the isolation from all sights and sounds of an outside world is extreme. It is an extraordinary event to sight a single vessel, unless it be close to land. After we had passed through the Golden Gate the city at once came into view, and we were almost immediately alongside of a huge dock. Leaving our luggage to follow, we walked through a long line of vociferous hotel porters and coachmen, and found ourselves, after walking a few paces, in the streets of San Francisco, which near the docks do not present an imposing appearance. The roads, and small, roughly constructed houses are not calculated to favourably impress the visitor. However, a ‘ride in the street car’ soon brought us to a finer part of the town, and close to some immensely high buildings, one of which was the ‘Palace Hotel.’ I had long heard about this famous resort for travellers, and it was curiosity that brought us there.

Truly, it was a remarkable place on account of its gigantic proportions. The would-be guests, on their arrival, are driven into an immense courtyard, large enough to permit of what used to be considered a good-sized hotel standing in it, whilst in its long ground floor passages, are shops where the very various requirements of the guests can be supplied. It is not necessary to state, except for the benefit of those who have not travelled in America, that there is both a telegraph and telephone station within the building, for this is considered essential in these monster hotels in the United States.

Our first outing in 'Frisco—after a preliminary excursion to the Post Office, where a pile of letters was handed out to us by a clerk, charmed to get rid of such an accumulation—was an interesting one. Our cable-car (horses are no longer used in Western American cities for tramways) took us for the modest sum of five cents (twopence halfpenny) for a long drive through the streets of the city and out again, and landed us at the entrance of the Golden Gate Park, close to a miniature railway. The engine was only required to drag one or two carriages, and we took our places in that next to the engine. Soon the bell, which is almost invariably attached to American locomotives, began to ring, reminding us of former travelling experiences in the United States. The little railway has been made to skirt round the hill which forms one of the sides of the Golden Gate. Here the park is situated. The soil is extremely loose and sandy, but by judicious planting it has been made to bind. This headland has now become a favourite resort to lovers of the picturesque. It is especially pretty in spring time, as we saw it, with huge patches of the yellow and blue lupin. The railway

in its windings permitted us to enjoy splendid views of the Pacific, and finally landed us at a small station near Cliff House, which was our destination. This building is much frequented by visitors, and no wonder. In the first place it is perched on rocks on the very brink of the ocean, the rough waves dashing up against them. The house, therefore, commands a splendid view, and visitors, while sipping their coffee, or discussing ice creams on the balconies, can watch ships arriving from far distant ports, and sailing over a wide expanse of water. The principal attraction, however, of the place, is the presence of the so-called Seal Rocks, which are just opposite, the chosen haunts of the sea lions, whose roaring is to be heard above that of the waves of the, sometimes far from, Pacific Ocean. These strange beasts present a most curious sight. Their huge bodies lie closely packed one against the other, for, by Government order, they are not allowed to be molested. Some are so still that their rounded forms look like portions of the rock—others are awake and frolicking about, or erect and loudly roaring, the sound reminding the visitor of zoological garden experiences, only here the animals are to be seen in a state of nature. The sea lions, we are told, had a 'boss,' an enormous creature, as big as three or four ordinary seals rolled into one. He is honoured with the name of 'Ben Butler,' and we were informed that there was yet another animal boasting of gigantic proportions named Mrs Butler. We were also led to understand that the temper of the latter was far from serene, and that matrimonial squabbles were frequent. No such stormy scenes were taking place when we were present, though the huge form of the one, who judging from its proportions we

surmised to be 'Ben Butler,' was plainly visible. We spent some time during the next afternoon in visiting Golden Gate Park, a most delightful resort for city dwellers. Here special and most thoughtful provision is made for the children, from stout lads in their teens for whom baseball may offer great attractions, down to infants for whose special benefit miniature swings are provided. A merry-go-round under cover is worked by machinery, and happy little ones can enjoy a ride on payment of 5 cents, a sum which would be quite beyond the means of poor young Londoners, but in fertile California, where the problems of over-population have not yet to be painfully considered, things are very different. Probably the children find that their parents gladly give them the required coins. The æsthetic tastes of elders have not been lost sight of. There are leafy glades, glowing flower beds, and quiet nooks, perhaps none the less lovely because they are left to the hand of nature to adorn them with a beauty all her own. There is an aviary of the largest proportions, where feathered favourites can fly about in an enclosure so spacious that the birds can perch among trees and plants unconscious of captivity. In the children's corner there were also birds, and amongst them that most comical of feathered friends, the laughing Jackass. The Californian quail is a pretty little bird and very plentiful. Two large spaces were devoted to quadrupeds. Amongst them were some magnificent-looking elks, submitting very peaceably to their enforced confinement, as also did some buffaloes, who, with reindeer, occupied the neighbouring ground. A pair of the former animals had a little calf only three weeks old. Its light colouring and delicate frame formed a great contrast to its tawny-coated, thick-necked parents.

We passed by a beautiful lawn, sloping downwards. On this, numbers of gay peacocks were to be seen, their brilliant plumage glowing in the sunlight. The Golden Gate Park brings to my recollection San Francisco reporters. The inhabitants of this Far-Western city must needs be possessed of a more than usual amount of curiosity as to the doings of their neighbours, judging from the way their newspapers find it necessary to insert particulars about strangers who happen to be temporary residents. On board the vessel on which we arrived there was a prize fighter. No wonder that he was interviewed and long columns inserted about him! However, some of the other passengers were also interviewed, amongst them Lord Meath. Indeed, on one or two days the newspaper men seemed to be pretty constantly in attendance. One came to beg for pecuniary assistance; another, when Lord Meath quietly suggested that he had already spoken to an interviewer of the very same paper, seemed to think that this was no reason why his opinion should not be made public on some other subject. A third, hearing that my husband was going to see the Golden Gate Park, said that he would return after the visit was over to hear what an expert on parks thought of it. Happily the grounds were so beautiful that it was possible for him to express sufficient admiration to satisfy even, as some might have thought, Western American cravings for appreciation. But not so, for Lord Meath particularly stated in answer to the enquiry, that he did not think the park the very finest in the United States. This assertion did not please, for exactly the contrary appeared in print. It seems very wrong that if the interviewer is a necessary institution of American life, his assertions



KILLRUDDERY, CENTRAL HALL



MONKS' WALKS, KILLRUDDERY

should not be more reliable. On all sides one can hear of downright invention on the part of this individual. Surely no beauty of style, no sense of humour, no graphic description, ought to interfere with truthfulness. The first requisite on the part of the writer is that the reader may believe that what is stated be fairly accurate. Unhappily this is not considered necessary for interviewers, and falsehoods are sometimes published which may amuse the reader, but cause grievous pain to the person whose doings are being chronicled. As far as our own experience of Californian newspaper reporters is concerned, I do not think that we suffered any mortification at their hands. On the contrary, their notices of work in which we were engaged were very flattering, so I am not writing under a feeling of personal pique.

On leaving San Francisco a great treat was in store for us. We went to stay at one of the hotels which is stated to have been more advertised than any other establishment of the kind in the world. Strange to say its merits do not seem on the whole to have been overrated, for the Hotel del Monte, close to Monterey, is a magnificent establishment, well managed by courteous employés, whilst, as for the beauty of the surroundings, where nature, in her most bountiful mood, has been at work, and man has only stepped in to follow where she leads, the result has been most happy. A beautiful property in California, about 126 acres in extent, has been enclosed. On this was erected the hotel, a tasteful building, whilst surrounding it are gardens where flowers bloom in rich profusion. Besides these are palms, bananas, aloes, cacti, and other sub-tropical plants, whilst beyond the immediate vicinity of the house are walks and drives

which lead to innumerable vistas of beauty. It was curious to notice the Chinese tending the flowers. As is well known they excel in gardening. The live-oak of California is to be seen on all sides. This tree does not recall the British oak, nor does it the ilex, though it is an evergreen. Its wide-spreading branches with their thick foliage prove a delightful shelter from the heat, and in this district the sun knows how to shine warmly even in winter time. Living in the Hotel del Monte would, I fear, lead to a great deal of lotus eating. What more would some people desire than to live in a climate which knows no winter, where for the payment of $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 dollars a day, all creature comforts can be supplied without any trouble; where the guests can live in a palace surrounded by gardens which are more beautiful than some crowned heads can enjoy? If he wishes to drive, and can afford the expense, the hotel stables can produce an excellent carriage and horses, and whilst reclining on soft cushions he can be taken for a seventeen-miles drive round the promontory of Monterey, which drive claims to be one of, if not the most, beautiful one, in the world. If he fancies riding, a capital steed can be given him; or if he prefers seaside amusements he can find his way down to the sandy shore, where the surf bathing is excellent. There he may catch sight, as I did, of some tiny shrimp finding itself bestranded; or if he is more fortunate, he may chance to see huge whales at play. More probably the visitor, instead of surf bathing, would prefer the charms of a swimming bath of the most attractive kind that I ever witnessed. Several tanks of water are enclosed under glass. Beautiful fan palms standing in immense tubs, and numbers of hanging plants, made

this resort a scene of beauty. Moreover, far from being deprived of the society of the fair sex, the bather can swim in the company of damsels in dainty aquatic costume, he being arrayed in a less coquettish dress. The various tanks contain water kept at different temperatures, so that the tastes of many can be satisfied. We spent a Sunday at Monterey, and in the morning drove over to a little town—Pacific Grove—a most peaceful spot; Church and houses all nestling down amidst trees, whilst glimpses of the ocean added to the beauties of the surroundings. I was asked to talk to the Sunday School scholars about the Ministering Children's League. There was but a small attendance, but the audience seemed interested, and I trust some went home meaning to be more kind and useful than heretofore. On the grounds of the Hotel del Monte is a most quaint and artistic Chapel in which we worshipped that afternoon. The Church is very small; the hotel is very large. I thought it was somewhat of an indication of what is mostly the case in California; there is much pleasure-seeking, but a lack of religious feeling. The rush for gold more or less created California. And it is not to be expected that the inhabitants of this fertile state would be likely to be as earnest-minded as those in New England States, in which the good old Puritan influence is yet traceable. I felt quite grieved to leave the hotel and its surroundings. I should have liked to have lingered long in so lovely a spot, but anxious to see the big trees near Santa Cruz, we took train for this town, on the opposite side of the bay to which Monterey is situated. Here we secured rooms in an hotel standing high above the ocean with its sandy shore. Hundreds of white-winged gulls were

skimming over the face of the water. Men and women were enjoying capital bathing. In the hotel garden there was a wilderness of flowers growing in a profusion which I have seldom, if ever, witnessed. There was a hedge of gay pelargoniums, some of them eleven feet high, and the gardener told me that they had been cut down when they attained the great height of fifteen feet. No wonder if the hundreds of blossoms in their rich splendour attracted other than human admirers. The bees hung lovingly about them and yet another aerial being—the fairy-like humming bird. How beautiful he is with his little feathered body glittering with colours in the sunshine, which rival those of the ruby, emerald, and sapphire. He is a remarkably tiny creature with flimsy wings with which to support a substantial little person. As they are very light and are flapped quickly, they are scarcely visible in the distance. The humming birds have sweet little nests of their own with eggs like sugar plums. Another curious and interesting personage is the ground squirrel, especially when he is attended by an attentive Squire in the shape of a little bright-eyed owl. Curious to say, these two most incongruous creatures seem to keep house together. The owl appears to undertake the housemaid's work, and sees to the cleanliness of the establishment, and not only that, but he guards his friend from the attacks of snakes. The squirrel in return provides a safe and warm abode in which Mr Owl can comfortably lodge. After securing our rooms we took our places in the train, which deposited us in the heart of the forest, and in immediate proximity to the monster trees. They, though small in comparison with some to be found in the far-famed Yosemite Valley, are large

enough to satisfy the expectations of most travellers. The 'Giant' is sixty feet in circumference and three hundred feet high, whilst in the interior of another of these huge trees a trapper and his wife once lived. General Felton made it his headquarters during the Mexican War.

California is a land of plenty, with a wonderful climate, as it is blessed with warm weather all the year round, whilst the water supply does not seem to cause much trouble. We were visiting this state during the month of May. Harvesting was already going on, and I believe as soon as this first crop is cleared away the farmer sets to work to sow another, which can be reaped the same year. California is a great fruit-growing country. Oranges, lemons, grapes, plums for preserving, besides the smaller fruits such as strawberries, raspberries, etc., are cultivated to a great extent. As might be expected, these products, as well as vegetables, are very reasonable. I found in a daily newspaper a list of market prices. They were as follows: Oranges, per dozen, $6\frac{1}{4}$ d.; lemons, 1s.; strawberries, per box (about 4 lbs.), 5d.; cabbages and cauliflowers sell at $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; bunches of carrots, turnips, etc., $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.; potatoes, 4s. a hundred weight; beef and mutton, best cuts, $6\frac{1}{4}$ d. a pound; veal, cheaper; pork is 5d. a pound; poultry, per dozen, 4s. This all indicates an unusual amount of productiveness.

Before starting eastwards, we returned to San Francisco, and one day took a drive to China Town, which was most interesting. Straight out of thoroughly American streets, the visitor suddenly finds himself in a bit of the celestial country dropped down into the heart of the city. A totally foreign population here exists, and if a stranger asks a question it is doubtful if it be understood; if not

a shake of the head indicates that the Chinese language is requisite to make the meaning comprehensible. The inhabitants of China Town have brought with them their own religion, manners, customs, and dress. The long, glossy pigtail hanging down a man's back leaves no doubt as to his nationality. A Chinaman he is, and means to be, and he allows no latter nineteenth century ideas to interfere with his own long-established ones. He comes to the United States, but unlike emigrants from other lands such as the German, the Italian, the Swede, and the Portuguese, he has no desire to become an American citizen. He leaves wife and children at home, imports his clothing from his own country, is content to work for lower wages than the white labourers, but beyond the dollars which he wishes to see transferred from his employer's pocket to his own, he does not seem desirous of having dealings with any except his own countrymen. Some go out as private servants, and doubtless do their work extremely well; but there is a strong prejudice against poor John Chinaman and in many cases he has not been treated with proper consideration. The Chinese labour question is a knotty one. To us outsiders, their race often seems to have been harshly dealt with, but at the same time there is no doubt that the massing together of these Celestials in large towns does not raise their moral tone. There is, therefore, little wonder that the Americans do not regard this influx of foreigners with favour.

All too soon it was time to start on our long journey across the vast American Continent. Wishing to avoid fatigue, as also to do some business by the way, we determined to take it in easy stages. Our first halting

place was Sacramento, the capital of California, a quiet, peaceful town in comparison with its neighbour, San Francisco. On our journey the whole train was transported bodily across the bay in a gigantic ferry-boat. This was done so expeditiously, and with so little noise or fuss, that it was quite possible for passengers to be landed on the opposite shore without being aware that they had been afloat. One cannot be long in Sacramento without feeling that the American is in full possession with his merits and demerits. To hint at the latter is to tread on dangerous ground, for it is not easy to have a few minutes' conversation with a Western American without it somehow transpiring that the United States is the best country in the whole world, and that everything therein in his eyes is very near perfection if not the acme of it. This is a pity, for I am sure that there is usually not the slightest desire to hurt the pride of the listener, as such boasting may easily do. It is partly a habit acquired from the days of childhood, and partly because—more especially in Western America—the stranger is constantly coming in contact with those who have no pretension to culture or to good breeding. In our own land we should scarcely look for good manners amongst those who have not those advantages, and have suddenly risen from the ranks, though politeness of the heart can happily be found amongst those of the humblest station in all countries. One difficulty which stands in the way of what can be regarded as good manners is the spirit of extreme independence in the United States, and things are said and done in the Far West which are difficult for English visitors to appreciate. For instance, in England, if a gentleman were to hire a carriage off the public

stand, he would be not a little surprised if, on paying the fare, the coachman were to invite him to take a drink with him ! But this actually happened to Lord Meath at Sacramento. No offence was intended ; indeed the offer was kindly meant. However, I strongly objected to a railway conductor, desirous of seeing my ticket, rudely touching me on the shoulder when he required it, without uttering a single word. Such a breach of civility ought not to be tolerated. Sacramento is a pleasant town, with numbers of streets along which trees are planted, their foliage giving delightful shade. Pleasant houses and beautifully kept lawns in front of them were to be seen on all sides. The State House is an imposing-looking building, situated on rising ground, and with a large open space around it. The day on which we left Sacramento we also quitted California. The train, in less than twelve hours' time after leaving the town, had carried us over the Sierra Nevada Range on the further side of which the State of Nevada lies. We had still over three thousand miles to travel before we reached New York ; but except at Niagara, which has a glory peculiar to itself, nowhere in the States did we find greater beauty or more enjoyment than in the sunny land of California."

I have not recorded the meetings of the M.C.L. which Jeanie attended in almost all the places we stopped at. A similar one was held by her at Colorado Springs. She says :

" People seemed very kind and sympathetic. We made the acquaintance of some very nice people, Mrs Roberts and a son and daughter. The boy was a cadet in the

college and a volunteer. His charming manners especially struck us.

May 30th. Decoration Day, as it is called in America. It is the custom to decorate the graves of those who fell in the American Civil War with flowers and flags on this day. We drove off to the Cemetery to see the ceremony. An impressive service was held and then the sons of those who had fallen fired volleys over the grave of one soldier to represent the others. That afternoon we drove out to the 'Garden of the Gods,' a place where the rocks assume most extraordinary shapes.

May 31st. We left for Denver. Bishop Spalding's son met us at the station and invited us to luncheon in the crypt of the Cathedral, where there are rooms used for such purposes. The luncheon was given by ladies belonging to the Cathedral. Mrs Spalding most kindly came to the hotel to fetch us accompanied by Dean Hart, an Englishman. A meeting of the 'Women's Auxiliary Society' met directly after the luncheon, and I had an opportunity of speaking about the M.C.L., and the ladies, Mrs Spalding at their head, were most kind about it. We went back to the Bishop's house for dinner and then came my meeting in the Cathedral crypt, which proved most satisfactory. People seemed really interested, and a number of ladies are going to meet to organise the Society in Denver. Went to bed much encouraged.

June 1st. Woke happy about League. R.'s article has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, so he, too, is satisfied.

June 2nd. Went by train to Omaha. It was the anniversary of our engagement day. Very solemn to think so many years have passed. Denver, which we are leaving, is exactly a mile above the sea-level. At first the country

was prairie, and somewhat desolate, but I liked to see the little prairie dogs, as they are called. They have nothing to say to the canine species. They are about the size of a very large squirrel without the bushy tail—they have a short, smooth one. The hair is a brownish yellow colour, and they sit up on the top of their earth mounds. They don't allow themselves to be disturbed by passing trains, but remain like little monuments looking calmly around at what goes on. That night, very late, we reached Omaha and were very glad to get to rest at the Hotel Paxton.

June 3rd. The Bishop's wife came to see us and took us off to her nice house on a height overlooking the River Missouri and Council Bluffs, the town on the opposite side in the State of Iowa. She is but just married, and we found that we had met her in Boston on the occasion of a former visit. The Bishop came to luncheon. He and his wife and mother all seemed fond of England. I spoke to the scholars in the Church school for girls, and then in the evening R. was asked to give an address on the M.C.L. and I followed with a shorter one. We reached Chicago on June 5th and went to the Victoria Hotel."

Our old friend Miss Arnold came to see us and organised several meetings for Jeanie. We saw the buildings in course of construction for the great Exhibition which was to be opened in about a year's time, and on the 8th June we found ourselves once more looking at the Niagara Horse Shoe Fall.

Jeanie remarks :

" We felt that during our whole tour round the world we had seen nothing so lovely. The rainbow effects

from the mist rising from the fall were quite magnificent. The mixture of beauty and force is so strong. The roar of the water, which makes the very floors of the hotel vibrate, and which pours down with such irresistible strength, is on the one hand very fearful, but then, especially in the sunshine, the lights are entrancing. The fresh green of early summer was visible in the parks, which are now much improved. On the Canadian side especially much has been done since we were last at Niagara. Mrs Henry Maclean, Organising Secretary of the M.C.L. in Michigan State, joined us and brought me good news of its prosperity. This is because she herself is heart and soul in the work and not only starts branches but points out ways in which Ministering work can be done. Three fonts have been supplied by the League to churches in Michigan. They are now furnishing twenty rooms in Bishop Grave's school. I have a good deal of writing on hand, including one called 'Three Thousand Miles across the American Continent.' "

On June 10th we left for New York, where we put up at the Windsor Hotel, where Jeanie met her good friends and fellow-workers in the League, Mrs Twing and Mrs Benedict. The last gave her the good news that one hundred and thirty new branches had been started since she accepted office in the Society. We drove to Mr and Mrs Jesup's, who as usual welcomed and entertained us most cordially. Mrs Jesup was in deep mourning for her sister-in-law, Mrs Cuyler, who had only been dead a month. Bishop Potter of New York had invited us to accompany him to Blackwell Island, near New York,

where he had to confirm some old people living in this National Almshouse, which corresponds to our Workhouse. In the front seats of the very pretty Chapel connected with the Institution sat the candidates for confirmation—not the young and bright, but the old and weary. After the service was over, the Bishop rose and, alluding to my presence, asked me to say a few words, saying that most of the congregation came from Ireland. This request I complied with to the best of my ability. The strangeness of speaking as a layman in a consecrated building had in some small degree worn off owing to previous experiences of a similar kind during my visits to America.

June 13th. Jeanie writes: “The hottest day which as far as I know I ever experienced. A hot wave, as it is called, had struck the Atlantic Coast and the heat was almost unprecedented in the month of June. We went for a very pleasant expedition to see Mrs Osborn, who has taken much interest in the M.C.L. She lives near Garrisons-on-Hudson, about one hour’s journey from New York. The thermometer at one time registered 98° in the house. Mrs Osborn took us in her carriage through shady avenues to the house inhabited by her father and mother-in-law, on the tip-top of a high hill commanding a splendid view of the Hudson. Garrisons is just opposite Westpoint, which stands very high, but on so lofty a perch does Mr Osborn’s house stand that the Military College seems to be low in situation by comparison. Sitting in the porch of this house the thermometer marked 87°. Mr and Mrs Osborn have two sons living in separate houses on the same estate, which has

been beautifully laid out by old Mr Osborn. Wild maidenhair fern and big bushes of kalmia were growing in profusion.

June 14th. The afternoon was simply broiling. We went to Riverside with Mr Dodge, the son of a philanthropist, a philanthropist himself, and the father of Miss Grace Dodge, who is also one. Mr Dodge seemed a delightful man. A carriage was waiting for us which took us straight up to a pleasant-looking residence with a charming view of the river from a wide piazza. Mrs Dodge and her mother-in-law welcomed us—the latter is a wonderful old lady of eighty-four who seems hale and hearty, and has only lately returned from a long journey to Palestine. She still has a quantity of fair hair, and had been driving about New York doing her shopping in the great heat.”

June 15th was our last day in the United States and we embarked for England on board an immense vessel, the *City of New York*, belonging to the Inman Line. A large party of our friends, the Cuylers, took passage by her as well as Dr Satterlee, who afterwards became a Bishop, and Dr Talmage, the famous preacher. On June 22nd we landed at Queenstown, having circumnavigated the world. Jeanie returned very much better in health and Sir Andrew Clark had to acknowledge that his fears for her, when she started, had not been justified. God be thanked! No sooner had Jeanie returned home than she directed her attention to the opening of the Home of Comfort for Epileptics at “Westbrook,” Godalming, the house and property she had purchased for this purpose before she left on our voyage round the world.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany most graciously consented to perform the ceremony of opening it on August 4th, 1892.

In 1893 the first report of the Meath Home of Comfort for Epileptics at Godalming was published. It was drawn up by Mrs Burrows, the wife of the Rev L. H. Burrows, Vicar of that town, and first Chairman of the Home Committee. He is now (1922) Bishop of Sheffield, and to these two, who worked indefatigably in the interest of the Home, a deep debt of gratitude will always be due. In this first report it is stated that on October 14th, 1892, the first patient, named Jemima Lemon, aged twelve and a half years, was received at the Home, that at Christmas, 1892, there were eighteen patients, and in August, 1893, the Home was full, and it has remained so ever since until to-day, August 22nd, 1922. In the 28th Annual Report of the Epileptic Home, published on December 31st, 1920, it was stated that there was accommodation for eighty-seven patients and that it had been full throughout that year. Of these, sixty-two were Poor Law cases sent from thirty-nine different Unions. Under the direction of Mrs Ritchie, Girl Guides District Commissioner, a company of Girl Guides had been formed with marked success out of the patients in the Home. It is also stated in the Report, that our eldest daughter, Lady Mary Holt, had joined the Working Committee, a matter of the deepest satisfaction to me.

In April of 1893 Jeanie published in *Great Thoughts* an article, "A Palace for Paupers," in which she describes the "Albergo dei Poveri" in Genoa; an ancient institution founded by Emanuele Brignole about 1656. In this palatial building, when she visited it, some seventeen

hundred poor people were housed and cared for and maintained, out of ancient and modern benefactions.

Jeanie held a conference at 83 Lancaster Gate, on October 23rd, 1893, at which, on the motion of Miss Twining, it was resolved that "it is desirable to form an Association for providing trained attendants for the aged and infirm inmates of workhouses, as distinct from trained nurses of sick wards," and she undertook to pay for the training of the first six attendants.

In this year appeared our combined publication, *Social Aims*, which was a collection of essays on philanthropic subjects written by Jeanie and myself.

I had been on a visit to my friends Mr and Mrs Pechell at their villa at Bellagio, Lake of Como, and had to return to Ireland, as I heard that my mother was ill. As soon as she recovered, I rejoined Jeanie, who had been on a visit to Miss Macdonald Lockhart, and afterwards to Mr and Mrs Gordon Oswald in their lovely villa at San Remo. Jeanie writes of this sad time :

"December 12th, 1893, was a very sad day for me. Just at the time when I expected dear R. to arrive, a telegram came saying that Lady Meath (my mother-in-law) was very ill, and I had to send the bad news on to Bellagio, where he was staying, and he left Italy without ever seeing us.

December 16th. Feeling so disconsolate at San Remo, I had arranged to go with Miss Macdonald Lockhart to Cimiez. Beautiful day and pleasant journey. Felt much cheered by the change of scene and companionship. Remained there until two days before Christmas. News still bad of Lady Meath, so my Christmas was a sad

time. Immediately afterwards the news improved and I became more hopeful of seeing R. again. At last on February 3rd R. returned."

On February 15th, 1894, Jeanie and I started from Genoa by sea to Gibraltar and Morocco. She thus writes of the voyage :

"*February 16th.* We had a beautiful view of the island of Majorca, Minorca having been passed earlier in the day. We steamed close by the larger island, so near that we could see the wild, rocky, picturesque shores extremely well. At first they seemed to be very desolate, but gradually some scattered habitations came into view, and later on some little hamlets. Steaming so close to the rocky, precipitous shore reminded me somewhat of the fiords of Norway. The Captain told us that later on the cliffs were covered with verdure. Towards midday a most beautiful pink glow was on the cliffs, as if sunset tints had come. Quantities of diver birds were skimming over the surface of the water, and porpoises were jumping in and out, much to our amusement. Towards 3 p.m. we were opposite to the island of Iviza, and soon afterwards said good-bye to land.

Nothing could be more enjoyable than the morning of the 17th February when I went up on deck. It seemed as if nature were rejoicing in the sunlight. The dancing waves and porpoises or skip-jacks leaping out of the water. Our Captain is a very friendly individual, and R. had long talks with several of the passengers during the voyage. The change of scene seems to have done him good. About 3 p.m. R. espied the Rock of Gibraltar hidden beneath some clouds which rendered it difficult to

be distinguished, but as we drew nearer we were able to get a fine view of it, and very grand and imposing it looks standing out by itself, and only united to Spain by the low line of sandy shore. It was five o'clock when our vessel approached the harbour and a little steamer brought a pilot on board. The Rock assumed quite a different shape when we came into harbour. Green slopes instead of pointed barren cliffs. A little steamer brought the passengers on board who were going on to America in the *Fulda*, whilst it took us off and the people who wanted to have a look at Gibraltar. These latter had little more than an hour in which to inspect the place. This small craft was very crowded, and it rolled about most unpleasantly, giving one a sense of insecurity. However, no accident occurred, and we landed in the midst of a dreadful scene of confusion, people shouting, screaming, and pushing, offering carriages for hire. There were little four-seated vehicles with curtains and a canopy to protect the passengers from the sun. Happily we and our impedimenta got through the crowd without mishap, and R. and I, jumping into one of these vehicles, went to the Hotel Royal, where after some difficulty we obtained very nice rooms. R. started off to call on Archdeacon Govett, who had established a branch of the M.C.L. here. It was a great disappointment, when he returned with the Archdeacon, to learn that no such branch was now in existence. Workers could not be found, and the Army Chaplains would take no interest in the Society.

February 18th. R. and I had a walk in the afternoon. The Alameda Gardens, formed on the side of the hill, are perfectly beautiful owing to the luxuriance of the vegeta-

tion. On the wall of the town is a magenta Bougainvillia, intensely beautiful in colour. This wall has a gateway with two arches. One bears the old Spanish, and the other the British, arms. In the Alameda Gardens is the monument to Elliot, who gallantly and successfully defended the Rock against the united forces of France and Spain for four years, from 1779 to 1783. The plants were beautiful, but I had no one to tell me their names. During our walks I saw bamboos, bananas, one in flower, hibiscus, and a strange-looking tree which I thought might be the dragon tree, but unfortunately since Teneriffe days I have rather forgotten its appearance. The climate being very warm, almost tropical plants can grow at Gibraltar. We were told by a Spaniard we met at the table d'hôte of the wonderful products of Malaga, which seem to be like those of Ceylon, for he said that tea and coffee, sugar cane, and tropical vegetation, grew alongside that of northern climes. R. went to see the famous fortification galleries cut out of the rock, but he was not shown much. The authorities seem very jealous of allowing people to see the defences.

February 24th. Sunshine again. Set off early to see a Review held in the neutral ground in the flat, sandy strip of land between the Rock and the Spanish frontier. Sir Robert Biddulph was in command. It was a rehearsal for next week when the Duke of Cambridge is to be here. A pretty sight. The troops drawn up in line, five thousand strong, under the great precipitous rock, dominated by the galleries. Lady Biddulph asked me to sit in her carriage. Then, leaving her, we took a cab to Linea—a wretched little town just on the Spanish border. Before reaching it we saw two Spanish gendarmes in cocked

hats, and a little further on came the sentries. There is a long line of sentry boxes. They made the greatest difficulty about letting us pass. We thought the custom-house people wanted to be bribed to let us through. Eventually they did allow us to pass. Linea is a miserable, untidy, neglected place, and the Spanish dominions are not well represented there. I wanted to get to the post office to obtain some Spanish stamps, but found it shut. Our driver seemed to think it usually was closed. Altogether we were not much impressed. As soon as we returned and reached the English sentry boxes, a difference was at once felt—the road was properly kept, and order, instead of the reverse, reigned.

Sunday. Had luncheon with the Governor, Sir Robert, and Lady Biddulph, at his house 'The Convent.' Fine rooms. There is a garden with a famous dragon tree said to be one thousand years old. If it really is so, it carries its years lightly. After luncheon I sat in the garrison library whilst R. and the Governor's son went up the Rock. The former returned very pleased with what he had seen, for he was taken to the Signal Station on the summit, and saw more of the fortifications than he did on his past visit to the galleries. The guns are wonderfully hidden. R. was so long absent that I got anxious about him. However, mercifully all was well, and he seemed all the better for his walk. At dinner we had a good deal of conversation with an Austrian gentleman who had affairs at Malaga, and who apparently has settled there. He told me that the principal commercial undertakings, including the mines, are in the hands of foreigners. The produce of the South seems to be extraordinary. Cotton, rice, silk, oil, all are produced.

The mango and guava will grow where cherries ripen. Grapes, of course, are the principal product in Malaga. The people in Spain are heavily taxed, and though the country is rich, they are ruined by this weight of taxation. The authorities do not make allowance for the heavy losses lately sustained through the phylloxera, and the lands are falling into utter neglect in places, for the unfortunate owners are unable to pay the exorbitant taxes, and their lands are seized by the authorities and allowed to become useless.

February 26th. A lovely day for our start for Morocco and Tangier. The business of getting on board the wretched little steamer *Hercules* was troublesome, owing to the people not being content with the tariff for carrying luggage. A more wretched little boat for linking Europe to Africa could scarcely be imagined, but fortunately the weather was good. It takes about three hours to get across to Tangier. As we neared the coast, R. pointed out the town standing on the side of a low hill close to some sandy desert reminding me of Egypt. In order to avoid disputes about payment, we put ourselves into the hands of the Captain of the steamer, who arranged that we should have a boat to ourselves and be safely landed, baggage and all, at the hotel for a fixed sum. It was well to be saved from bargaining, for it is a dreadful affair in the East, and the yelling and screeching on this occasion was as tremendous as usual, and reminded me a little of Jaffa experiences. We had a rather superior-looking native to take charge of us. Formerly all passengers had to be carried ashore on the backs of natives, but now there is a small pier." [When in 1662 Tangier was brought, as well as Bombay, by Catherine of Braganza



TANGIER FORT, MOROCCO
Visited by Lady Meath.



as her dower on her marriage to King Charles II, the English built a splendid breakwater and harbour, but on leaving in 1683 all these fine works were blown up, and the place abandoned.] “On our entry into the town, our first pause had to be made at the Custom House, where three Orientals, seated in solemn fashion, had the boxes opened before them. One man aroused himself slightly from his Eastern stolidity to raise a handkerchief which had been spread over something in the box. The third and principal official was in a little room within, reclining on a divan overlooking the proceedings. They all wore turbans twisted round a red fez, and a hooded sort of cloak called, I believe, a *Gelab*. They had baggy trousers, bare legs, and slippers.

Our room at the hotel had a charming look-out over the flat roofs of Tangier, or ‘Tandja,’ which means ‘The City protected by the Lord.’

February 27th. Perfect morning in point of sunshine, though I found the wind chilly. We set off about 10 a.m. on two rather sorry mules to see the sights of the town, accompanied by a guide whose English was of a very imperfect description. I was somewhat disappointed in Tangier. It struck me as a squalid and wretched place, though it is an extremely curious town. The streets are very narrow, so much so that carriages do not exist, and could not be used.” [On subsequent visits we discovered that one vehicle had been introduced into the outlying parts of the city.] “Indeed it is difficult even on donkey back to get past another animal if he be laden, except perhaps in the principal street which leads to the open space where markets are held, and where quantities of donkeys are to be found. The houses are whitewashed,

have few windows, and the shops are little dens, and when you peer into them from the narrow opening you can see the workers at their various trades. The streets were crowded with people. The men nearly all wore the *burnous* or cloak with a pointed hood which they pull over their heads. The women are enveloped in *haiks*—a great white shawl or wrapper which shrouds them from view, and they keep the face so covered up that sometimes it is impossible to see anything of it. The cloaks for men, and *haiks* for women, apply only to the Moors, for besides these there are quantities of Jews. They wear a loose wrapper confined by a sash or girdle, and their women do not hide their faces, which are very comely. They seem to be fond of bright colours. Besides the Moors and Jews there are negroes. We passed by a mosque which Christians are not permitted to enter. It had a square tower decorated with coloured tiles, principally green ones. At sunset a green flag is hoisted from this tower—the signal for prayer for the faithful. A beautiful custom, I think ; we could hear the call for prayer. We rode to the Kasba or Castle. Here the Pacha administers justice. Doors are left wide open, and in one place we were able to look right in to where the Pacha himself was seated. We also visited the prison, that is to say, we were admitted to the building where there is an outside passage with a hole made into the room in which the prisoners were confined. After luncheon we went for a walk, which we enjoyed all the more as we had no guide. The stones are most disagreeable to walk on, round and slippery, and it was not until we were fairly outside the walls of the town that walking became pleasanter. Here on the elevation above Tangier the houses of Europeans are to

be found. Roads there are none, but a very good bridle path, beautifully shaded in one spot. Our walk was very interesting. We met a large number of camels—some with shaggy beards—going to be loaded in Tangier. There were about twenty-one of them. Then we saw a flight of birds, which R. said must be wild geese. It was most curious to notice their flight. They had stretched themselves out in a prolonged V shape, one bird leading, and it was marvellous how they kept their line, flying off towards Spain. They must have flown like this probably for miles. When they were far off we noticed that a part of one line became detached, and joined itself on to the other side, thus forming a kind of triangle. The palmetto, a very dwarfed palm, grows freely, also a pretty little lilac flower and a large spiky plant which I thought must be asphodel. We passed a very fine caruba tree, also some trees which looked like olives, but I was not sure if they were. There are few or no trees in the neighbourhood except just here and there. We saw a man whom we supposed was a Mohammedan saint. He was covered with a ragged cloak with the hood pulled over his head and covering his face. He was perpetually rocking himself backwards and forwards saying 'Allah-bi.' He had his hand extended, but we did not notice that anyone gave him anything. His movements became more energetic apparently as people went by. The poor wretch must, one would think, be almost silly from leading such an existence. We saw a school where little boys were also rocking themselves backwards and forwards whilst learning the Koran under the instruction of a Moor. This was just opposite to the Mosque. The children seemed very young. We also passed a large Jewish

school, said to be a good one. Little girls with their books were coming away from it.

February 28th. Lovely sunny morning. Went on to the little pier where we found a venerable-looking Moor in a lovely orange-coloured *burnous* who shook hands with R. and then asked for money! We walked on by the sandy shore to where the water-carriers with their skins were filling them up at a well, walled round. A pail or skin did duty for raising the water, and then the men, using funnels for the purpose, filled up the skins which they carry on their backs with a piece of leather to keep the wet away from their bodies. These men had bells, which they rang to attract notice. R. and I went out riding, and took a Moor with us. We rode down some pleasant bridle paths and saw quantities of blue iris, also great bunches of white broom in full flower. Leaving the bridle path, we went across the hills, and had fine views of the sea and the coast of Spain. R.'s horse, a nice little grey, behaved well, except when we met a stray camel going along the road quite on his own account. Then R.'s animal, and my poor old horse, good at walking, but not at cantering, got frightened, though they must have had many opportunities of getting accustomed to the sight of these animals. R. dined at the British Minister's, whose house is exactly opposite the windows of my room.

March 1st. Went out early on a wretched little donkey to see the Medical Mission and other sights. It was market day, and the 'Soko' or market-place was a mass of people selling all sorts of goods—vegetables, fruit, animals, jars, etc. I noticed that they were selling the roots of the palmetto as food. Some men were beating

tom-toms, whilst one man danced about and pretended to be in a sort of frenzied condition. The crowd was terrible, but a nice lad who was with us got me and the donkey through it and brought us to 'Hope House,' to which the Tullock Memorial Hospital is attached. We found a lady and a young doctor in the garden. The former, who was out with little children and a servant, proved to be Mrs Terry, the wife of the doctor. Shortly afterwards the doctor himself joined us. There seems to be a great need for a lady doctor, as she could see patients whom the doctor would not be allowed to visit. At present only the lowest classes of women attend the hospital, owing to the men occupying wards under the same roof. The hope of being able to procure for them a lady doctor cheered me much, for there seemed to me to be something useful which I could do on this journey. Alas! there seemed to be so little for me to do with no League meetings on hand." [Jeanie from this moment began to think how she could establish a woman's small hospital under the charge of a lady doctor, which respectable Mohammedan women could visit. This was ultimately accomplished. A couple of upper floors in a house on the top of the walls of the city looking over the "Soko" were hired, and Miss Breeze, a qualified doctor, was placed by Jeanie in charge, and, until their deaths, which both occurred about the same time, this useful institution was carried on to the immense relief of many respectable Mohammedan women patients, both outside and inside this small hospital.] "We called on Mrs White, the wife of the English Consul. The house is a new one, very well situated. Mrs White, speaking about the lack of justice to be found in Tangier, said that, if

a native accumulated money, some neighbour would be sure to denounce him to the authorities as shirking taxation, and he would be thrown into prison, losing all the money he had saved. We saw some prisoners being tried by a Judge, a venerable-looking man with a white beard, who was squatting on a mat with witnesses sitting on either side of him.

March 3rd. We got a couple of mules and started off for the house formerly owned by the late Sir Drummond Hay. He was Consul-General and Minister, and the most influential man in Morocco. His widow and daughter are now living in a smaller house close by the larger one. It was the prettiest ride we had yet taken. The bridle path is a very good one, and we passed by several nice residences belonging to Europeans. Quantities of periwinkles were in bloom, also coronilla and gorse. The laurustinus seemed to grow most freely and the bloom is larger and more conspicuous than in England. We had quite a shady ride with the trees and shrubs on both sides of the road. On turning into the grounds belonging to Lady Hay, the place looked neglected, but it was a beautiful wilderness. In one spot large white arum lilies and gigantic violets grew together, and made quite a picture. We were most hospitably entertained by Lady Hay's daughter, as her mother was unwell. She took us over the garden, where there are lovely views. From one place she said the lighthouse on Cape Trafalgar in Spain was visible, and she said she had seen a man who had witnessed the battle from this African coast. We had a long talk with her about the idea of having a lady doctor. She said she had long wished to have a hospital for women started in Tangier, and she promised to talk to her sister,

Mrs Brook, about it, and also, if possible, to let me meet the Sheriffa, who is a widow and an Englishwoman. She was originally a governess and was induced to marry this influential Mohammedan (a descendant of the Prophet Mahomet). She has remained a Christian, and seems to be a charitable woman, and to work amongst the Moors, with whom she has much influence. Archdeacon Tribe, the English Clergyman, and Mrs Tribe and Mr and Mrs Terry came to dinner. I don't think they had all met before, so I hope it will be a good thing to bring them together. The Archdeacon is a very gentleman-like man, and liberal-minded. He was formerly Archdeacon of Lahore, and had been in Ceylon after we were there.

March 4th. After luncheon we set off for Mr Brook's house. It is called 'The Wilderness,' and a very pretty place it is and the owner is justly proud of it. There is one part very like an English park, and a stranger, who had been wandering about shadeless Tangier, and to whom Mr B. was showing his place, thanked him very gratefully for giving him an opportunity of seeing 'the *shady* side of Tangier.' Trees and plants seem to grow extremely well in this garden—the date palm trees are very tall. I saw some geraniums growing almost as high as some I had seen in California. Those in this garden must have been ten feet high. There were a great many mimosas in bloom. Near the house banksia roses were already flowering and wistaria just coming out. I met here, as arranged, not only Miss Drummond Hay, who was very friendly, but also the Sheriffa. She was a fine-looking woman, and inclined to be very amiable. Mrs Brook told me she had done a great deal of good. She

had with her own hand vaccinated numbers of natives. We began to talk about the lady doctor, and all seemed to think that the idea of having one was excellent, but they did not like her being connected with the Mission. However, when I said that she would not be bound to read the Bible when she visited private patients, they seemed to come round to the idea. The Sheriffa promised to do what she could to help, and to go with the lady doctor to introduce her.

March 5th. A great deal was crowded into our last day at Tangier. Had a capital donkey and with my boy set out for the hospital to have an interview with Dr Terry. I read him the letter which I proposed to send to the Hon. Secretary of his North African Mission, proposing to provide a lady doctor. I found him very friendly and very much inclined to help her even supposing she were not connected with his Mission, which I thought was liberal on his part ; he is so sure that there is great need for such a person, and thinks, if she did come, it might be the beginning of a great deal that is good. On my return I found that Mrs Tribe was ready and anxious to take us to the house of some very rich Greek-Americans, Perdicaris by name. He is an artist, and they have built themselves a magnificent house. We were shown into a large saloon in semi-Moorish style, and afterwards into some rooms purely Moorish. The chairs and electric light were, of course, unorthodox, but the rest gave one an opportunity of seeing and studying Moorish articles better than in a real Moorish house, as such beautiful embroideries and curious things had been brought together in a way which would have been impossible in a native dwelling. Talked to our host and

hostess about the idea of the lady doctor. He is an agnostic, though a very generous man, and, as was to be expected, he was opposed to the idea of its being a Mission venture, and they gave their reasons against cooperation with Hope House. Opinions differed in Tangier. Mrs White and Lady Green, the latter the widow of a former Minister, spoke highly in favour of the Mission work, and thought the others were mistaken, so the best way is to make up one's mind, and to stick to one's decision if it seems right. I intend, therefore, to make my offer to the Mission. Our afternoon was very full, for Mrs White took Mrs Tribe and me to the Pacha's house. We entered through the hall in which he reclines when judging the prisoners. Some guards were at the door and we passed them, and a man hammered at an entrance which led into a tiled courtyard, with a fountain in the centre—not playing. Some women were there. Mrs White spoke to one whom she told me was the Pacha's wife. I never should have guessed it from her appearance. If she had been darker in complexion I should have thought her a slave. She had a bright-coloured handkerchief bound across her forehead. Her hair was tied with wool into a long tail hanging behind her. She wore a white *caftan* or robe over a coloured one, and trousers. Her feet were bare, and she slipped in and out of the slippers according as she entered or left the house. The room, which was her living and sleeping apartment, had beautiful carving in the Moorish style, but was utterly devoid of furniture, except for a row of ugly chairs which had been placed for our special benefit. Long cushions, which served alike for bed or sofa, were laid on a part of the floor, which was raised a few inches.

There was a rich loose carpet over the remainder. We were told to sit down, after shaking hands with our hostess, and then she disappeared into the courtyard. Presently our hostess returned, and squatted down on one of the divans, but not on the centre one. Mrs White, who talks Arabic, carried on the conversation. She told her of the proposal to bring out a lady doctor. The poor Pacha's or Bashaw's wife, as it is pronounced in Morocco, said she hoped she would come soon to see her baby which was ill, and the sickly little child was shown us in the arms of a female attendant. Female slaves were about, and a little black boy slave did the duties of footman. He brought a kettle like a Russian samovar on a tray with cups and a teapot. The Pacha's wife then proceeded to make tea. She took a lot of green tea in her hand, and put it into the pot together with huge lumps of sugar, and some mint, or some such herb. Over all this she poured the boiling water, and very quickly emptied it out again into the cups. She first tasted it herself—a custom necessary in such barbarous countries, to show that it was not poisoned—and then gave it to us. The guests are expected to take three cups of this brew. I escaped with two. It is not thought polite to refuse, but I kept my first cup after the others had handed back theirs. Stale sweet cakes were also handed round. The Pacha's wife was, I thought, not pretty, but she had a pleasant face. She had a broad, rich, stiff sash of golden and coloured threads round her waist, in which she kept articles, for keys were handed backwards and forwards, which she kept in her girdle. She told us that a little girl in a bright-coloured *caftan*, who, though only about three years old, squatted down and drank green tea with

us, was a niece, and being a girl was not sent to school—the boys are taught but not the girls. I asked if she could work, the answer was ‘yes,’ but as she was a great lady, apparently it was not right for her to do this. I gathered that she never went out except to her father’s residence. Mrs White said that she had invited the Pacha’s wife to her house, and had told her that on that day Mr White would be sent away, but she had never paid Mrs White a visit. After we had done tea our hostess handed a cup to a woman who was a slave. She also gave some to a friend of hers who seemed still less like a grandee than herself. We were shown the baby in its cushionless cradle in an adjoining room, even more bare than the one in which we had been sitting, and shortly afterwards we took our departure. Outside we found the Archdeacon, a young Syrian, much interested in the prisoners, and his servant. R. was also there. They had brought bread for distribution amongst these unfortunates, ordinary round cakes such as are commonly used by the natives. The Syrian’s servant was allowed to go through a very narrow door into the room where the poor prisoners are to be found, and a cake was given to each. They chanted a sort of prayer as a thanksgiving for the gift. What the Syrian had to say about the prisoners was horrible in the extreme, and R. was deeply touched. Some are put into prison for debt; some for no reason except to get money out of them, as the poor wretches are so miserable that they are willing to pay almost anything to get out. These are mixed up with those who are really criminals. At night their necks are fastened into iron collars attached to a stiff long iron bar, so that the poor wretches cannot lie down unless all the

others wish to do the same. They had chains fastened to their feet during the day."

We saw a woman taken up, and she would have been sent to prison had not one of us witnessed the trial. The Judge dismissed the case, which was one of a street quarrel, but she had not sufficient money to pay her captors—the soldiers (there are no police) are practically unpaid. They are allowed to charge a fee for their trouble in arresting persons whether guilty of crime or innocent. As the woman had not sufficient money to pay the soldiers' fee, they hauled her off screaming in the presence of the Judge, who made no remark. We then enquired the cause of the disturbance and offered to pay the small amount. They declined then to release her unless we paid double the amount demanded of the woman. This we refused to do; ultimately they released her on payment of the proper fee. I threatened that I would appeal to the British Minister and get them punished. I was told that it was the commonest possible thing for soldiers in want of money to create a quarrel, and then arrest all present, simply in order to obtain money for themselves. We had intended to leave for Gibraltar on March the 6th, but the weather became so boisterous that we changed our minds. Lady Green called. She said that the Sultan had told Sir William (her late husband and former British Minister) that, though at first he had disliked the idea of the ladies belonging to the Medical Mission going to the capital, Fez, he had learnt to see that they were doing good. After hearing this, Jeanie was very pleased to think that she had decided to place the lady doctor under the wing of the Medical Hope Mission.

I accidentally witnessed the veneration of the people for the sons of the English Sheriffa, whose acquaintance Jeanie had made. Their father was dead, the eldest, therefore, was followed by a crowd in the street, who clung to his stirrup leathers, kissing his feet and legs, he being a descendant of the Prophet.

To continue Jeanie's Diary :

“ We rode up to Lady Drummond Hay's, and found her and her daughter. The latter told us a dreadful story of injustice. The boy of one of their servants, a lad of about fifteen, was employed by a Spaniard, who dismissed him after three days. The boy returned to his father, who was ill, and was told that he ought to ask for his money for the three days. The Spaniard thereupon accused him of taking 20 dollars, which Miss Hay thought he had never taken. He was brought before the Spanish Consul, who reported him to the Pacha, and the latter had him put in prison without any trial. The boy escaped, and then they actually came and took another child of nine years from the same family, and put him in prison instead of the brother. The mother, fearing the youngest child would die in prison, persuaded the older boy to give himself up, which he did, and then they actually kept both boys shut up. In the meantime the father got better and went off to a Frenchman who had formerly employed the older boy, and had found him very honest. This man seemed to have been very kind-hearted and went to the Spanish Consul, who, when questioned, said he had reported the boy because the Spaniard had complained of him. They then went to the Pacha, and he said that the boy had been imprisoned because the Consul had accused

him, and eventually the two boys were released. There is no attempt at justice in this country, and we heard that the man who is Judge is only paid three dollars a month, consequently he must take bribes in order to live.

March 7th. Went to Lady Green's and listened to stories of dreadful injustice. The Sultan began his reign well, but had apparently become very depraved and cruel. She told me of men who were beheaded by his orders, and their wives and mothers, when they could be got hold of, were made to carry the trunks of the unfortunate victims. R. urged her to put down in writing some of her experiences of the way in which prisoners have been treated, but she was very reluctant to do so. Her son is living in the country, and I believe she is afraid of doing him harm. Her late husband, the British Minister, was a most active man, and I believe that he killed himself by overwork. At any rate he appears to have been very kind in protecting persons from injustice. (Foreigners in Morocco are very rightly exempt from native injustice, and can only be tried and punished by their own Consuls. This very exemption, however, sometimes leads to grave injustice towards the natives, if the Consuls, as is the case in some instances, are open to bribery.) Lady Green told us of one man whom her husband wished to have taken under British protection just before his death. This event prevented his doing so, with the result that the man was killed, and the son thrown into prison, where he now lies. The offence of the man, according to Lady Green, was having rendered too much service to Christians. Before he was killed, he was beaten, and a donkey's bit placed in his mouth. I went with R. a second time to Mr Brook's house, and again admired his

garden which the owner is proud to show to strangers. I rode on to Miss Jay's (mistress of a Mission School for Girls) and had a nice talk with her, and found she would be very ready to start the League of Kindness (a branch of the M.C.L. specially adapted for non-Christians) amongst her little scholars. She seemed quite pleased with the idea, and I wrote to Cairo for cards and papers to be sent her. The Arabic cards will come in usefully here. We ended up by going to Mr and Mrs Perdicaris' house, where we found a number of people, it being their 'at home' day. Mr Perdicaris spoke in a friendly way about the attempt to establish a lady doctor here, and Mr Satow (late British Minister) upon whom we had called in the morning, gave his warm approval of the 'Hope House' workers. I was glad of this as most of the Church people here seem to know little about them, and not to take interest in their work. Miss Jay seemed so pleased to have a visit, and said it was seldom that she had people coming to see her. She gave me some little articles to read which she had written in the *Daily Graphic*. They were most interesting. The state of the Moorish women seems to be deplorable. They are beaten. She described a cruel beating of over two hundred strokes which she had known two women receive for little or no cause. A paper of divorcement can be purchased for 2½ dollars. The women seem to be little better treated than superior animals. Reading her papers made me feel what grand work these ladies are doing, going in and out amongst the Moorish women. A servant in Lady Green's employ, who was a fanatical Mohammedan, instead of calling them lady doctors as he used to do, now refers to them always in Arabic as 'dear friends!'

March 8th. Received a budget of letters just as we were starting. One from Miss Mary Johnson speaking of women actually going to be trained as attendants in Workhouses, so this work has really commenced, and I ought to be very thankful. The Workhouses too are applying fast for the Brabazon Employment Scheme grant" [both organisations started by Jeanie], "so that also is progressing well. I heard, too, that at Tangier they are proposing to start a little branch of the M.C.L. This I did not seek for. It seemed to come of itself. At Mrs Tribe's suggestion Miss Green took the matter up. So, just before starting for Gibraltar I gave her some papers and a few instructions about it.

Arrived safely and went to the Bristol Hotel, which we found much more comfortable than the Royal, where we lodged when last in Gibraltar.

March 9th. Rain fell in the night and during the day, which made me hope that it was going over to Morocco, for rain was desperately wanted there. Indeed we were told that there was likely to be a famine for the lack of it. We attended morning service, and then I stayed for an immense time making purchases of Moorish things, having found a shop where they were cheap and plentiful. R. went to see the 'Maxim Gun' fired. There is great commotion in the place owing to the presence of the Duke of Cambridge on a tour of inspection. R. heard there was likely to be a sham night attack on the town, and went out after I had gone to bed, but was disappointed. A surprise attack, however, came next day, and some of the heaviest guns were fired by electric current. The Duke of Cambridge was on board a torpedo boat and witnessed the manœuvres.

March 10th. Went with R. across the Bay to Algeciras. This was the first time I had ever been on actual Spanish soil, except on the day when we drove in and out of Linea after the review under the Rock of Gibraltar. Algeciras is a pretty-looking town, as seen from the sea, with a little fortress on an island lying just outside the harbour. After Tangier, it seemed almost a handsome city, but the pavements were very bad, and the streets not very clean. The little hotel was fairly good, and from a charming projecting window with ironwork in front of it we enjoyed one of the best views to be had of Gibraltar—the Rock looking something like a lion couchant. On going out we saw a number of Spanish soldiers in front of the hotel. Their uniform is a little like the French, for they wear red trousers, but not as baggy as the Frenchmen's. Apparently, the soldiers were men who had just completed their term of service, for a number of raw recruits were also grouped together, as if awaiting to take their places. The men in uniform soon marched off chaffing the recruits. Perhaps they were not a little pleased that their time of discipline was over. We mounted some wretchedly caparisoned donkeys with no proper saddles or reins—all tied together with string or twisted wisps of straw—and visited the remains of the Roman Aqueduct, a standing reproach to the modern Spaniard, who outside the towns has fewer of the conveniences of life than these ancient rulers of the then known world possessed. We returned through meadows of asphodel, of orchises, and of yellow broom—nature, unlike man, rarely retrogrades—and then we returned to Gibraltar.

On March 12th we again crossed to Algeciras, and took

the train by the English-managed railway to Ronda, which is 2500 feet above the level of the sea, and then passing through Bobadilla reached Malaga.

March 14th. Drove to the villas belonging to the family 'Aredia' and to that of the Marchese Lariot. In these gardens we saw what good cultivation could produce out of the soil. Grand palms of most varied kinds—coconut amongst them—were growing luxuriantly and reminding one of India; tall bamboos, strelitza with a banana leaf and growing like the Traveller's Palm, which possibly it is—a tall palm with a bulging smooth trunk reminding me of the sago palm. It was called *Oreodoxa Regia*. At the Lariot Villa there was a large covered-in space with chairs and tables. The creepers were growing most luxuriantly over the iron framework, forming it into a completely roofed-in arbour of great size and length. There were *Bougainvillea* and a white bignonia covering it. A perfectly beautiful sight.

March 15th. My birthday. Dear R. very kind and loving. He has done so much to make my life happy, and the fact that so much that I have attempted to do has succeeded, owing to the right workers being found, ought to make me very thankful to God. We drove in the afternoon to Torremolinos, a village about seven miles from Malaga. This drive gave us quite a different impression of the fertility of Malaga, for we saw great tracts of country well cultivated, beans, wheat, and especially sugar-cane, of which an enormous quantity was growing. The British Consul, Mr Finn, dined with us. He seemed to trace the general decadence of the country to the ridiculous taxation under which the people labour. He thought that great corruption prevailed, and that not

only locally but in the Central Government, the more enterprising man gets discouraged, finding that bribery is required.

March 17th. Returned to Gibraltar. We met in the train the Editor of the *Eclair*, who dined with us. Had much pleasant conversation.

Sunday the 18th. Embarked on the German liner *Columbia*. Found ourselves seated at dinner near a very nice girl who turned out to be our American friend Bishop Potter's daughter.

March 19th. Landed for a few hours at Algiers, and continued our voyage to Naples, which we reached on the 21st, and on the 22nd we landed at Genoa, and arrived at San Remo on the 24th March."

During the early months of this year my wife's pen was active, and, amongst other contributions to periodicals, appeared one in the *Girls' Own Paper*, called "A Day's Expedition in Virginia," in which she described her visit to that state on the occasion of her last trip to America.

Jeanie writes under date of January 10th, 1895: "Just ten years ago the M.C.L. was born, and just on this day the 'Lega Promatrice del Bene,' as the Italian Branch is to be called, was actually started."

Next day we went to Genoa, and on the 12th we embarked on the great Hamburg-American liner *Fürst Bismarck* for Naples, where we stayed at the Hotel Vesuvio. Here, as usual, Jeanie occupied herself in forming several branches of her League. We visited Pompeii, and were greatly interested in the wonders of the famous Aquarium. Sea anemones of a glorious coral colour,

the tiny sea-horse, and the hideous octopus were amongst the marvellous sights.

On the 18th we took ship in the *Coralie*, a small, wretched steamer, which conveyed us to Messina, and from thence we went to Taormina, at the foot of Etna, where we visited the well-known "Naumachy" used by the Romans for naval combats, where Jeanie records that she read out to me and that we were very happy.

Shortly afterwards, we embarked from Syracuse for Malta. We made the acquaintance there of a Dr Wisely, who had been forty years in the island, and who showed us all that there was to be seen of interest, not omitting the monument to Jeanie's famous kinsman, Sir Thomas Maitland (King Tom) which is erected on a most conspicuous spot overlooking the harbour of Valetta. Sir Arthur Fremantle, the Governor, Lady Fremantle, Count Strickland, the Chief Secretary, Lady Dingle, Sir Victor Houlton and Lady Seymour, wife of the Admiral, were most kind and hospitable, and assisted Jeanie greatly in her indefatigable efforts to promote the interests of her beloved League. Sir Arthur showed us over the ancient palace of the famous Knights of St John, who ruled over Malta for so many years. Little did I think at the time that I was destined to become a Knight of Justice of the resuscitated English League or Branch of this distinguished Order. There we saw the armour which belonged to the first Grand Master, L'isle D'Adam, and also that of La Valette, after whom Valetta is named.

On the 7th February we left for Tunis on board the *Villa Tunis*, and arrived there on the 8th. We here made

the acquaintance of Consul-General Haggard, afterwards Sir William Henry Doveton Haggard, K.C.M.G., brother of Sir Henry Rider Haggard, K.B.E. He most kindly introduced us to M. Millet, the French Resident and Mme Millet, who in turn enabled us to visit ancient Carthage under the very best guidance, namely, that of Père Delatte, who is responsible for almost all the most recent excavations, and whose knowledge of them was unrivalled. He showed us the ruins of the Amphitheatre where St Perpetua, the martyr, met her death, being killed by a wild cow in company with another female martyr. As I was anxious to see for myself the harbour and town of Bizerta, the fortifications of which were in course of construction, about which much discussion had been carried on lately in the British Press, I left Jeanie at Tunis, and whilst I was away she visited the ladies of a native house accompanied by one of the North African women missionaries.

Jeanie writes :

“ The first house was that of a well-to-do lady who seemed to be very pleased to see Miss T. and was very cordial in her reception of a stranger. She gave me to understand that I was very welcome, and that all she had was mine. The living room was upstairs, and this, like all the rooms, seemed to open on to a marble floored courtyard which had no roof. The apartments struck me as being very Europeanised, and the inmates much brighter and more intelligent than I had expected. The women do not have any education, but at any rate they have some occupation, and I was surprised to see how much work they did. I spoke about this, and they

brought out articles of female attire which the lady had made. Dresses and a sort of short chemisette. These had insertions of a kind of lace which they make with a needle and thread, and which must take up a great deal of time. A good deal of washing was going on as we entered, and the hostess sent some children—girls of perhaps eleven and nine, to assist in it. She did not approve of their idling and looking at us. In the meantime some refreshments were brought in on a small tray placed on a low wooden stool. Miss T. and I sat down on the divan, a sort of mattress put on the floor with cushions, to eat bread, dates, cheese, and a very excellent preserve. I tried to express my gratitude, and the hostess replied through Miss T. that everything was mine. She was very emphatic after I had eaten some of the bread which she called not by the ordinary Arabic name, but as 'the gift of God'—the symbolic name for it. She poured rose water, which was very refreshing, over our hands when we had finished, and in short was friendliness itself. The Eastern salutations are beautiful. We passed by a house where Miss T. wanted to leave a message, but the pretty young woman who opened the door did not seem contented that we should not go in, so we accepted her invitation. In a little room on entering there was the tomb of a grandfather. In this little apartment the family perform their devotions. In both houses Miss T. seemed very welcome, and the people were also very friendly towards me, and not given to ask many questions. Miss T. was asked in one house if I were married, and why she did not take a good husband too. In the third house we went to there was a young man who had been offered to Miss T. as her husband. The proposal had been made by the mother,

who was a nice, bright-looking woman, busily engaged with her young daughter, already divorced, in making a kind of silken braid. By doing this, they can earn a few pence a day. This family seemed a favourite one with the missionaries, as the man and his wife were so happy together.

February 15th. A busy day, for I was off betimes to Mr F.'s school to talk to the elder girls in French. It was the first time I had attempted to address children in French, but it came easily. I had felt very hopeful beforehand, and I found the children charming, answering so well and so responsive to what one said. We drove off to the 'Asile des Petites Sœurs des Pauvres.' Two of the sisters had come to beg of me in the morning. One was an American. They seemed anxious that we should visit the establishment. It is a fine building with a large garden standing outside the town. A rosy-cheeked Mère Superieure and a very nice sister took us round. Everything was much the same as in the other establishments of theirs which we have visited. They were most cheery, friendly women.

February 16th. We left Tunis by an early train. It was well that we had not settled to go by steamer, for the weather was boisterous. Bône was our destination, and in fine weather it is pleasant to go by sea. Mr F. came to see us off, notwithstanding the early hour. He told us that the children had been asking their mistress more about the League, so they were evidently interested. The railroad goes through very desolate country, for human habitations in that part of Tunisia are few and far between. After passing the frontier into Algeria, the country became more inhabited and more cultivated.

It was quite dark when we reached Bône and found an omnibus to take us to the Hotel d'Orient. Bône is close to the ancient Hippo of which St Augustine was Bishop. Went out and searched for some account of St Augustine and for a guide book. The Bône people don't seem to take much interest in the former, for I could find no book about him. A stork with its long red legs and black-tipped wings was standing for a long time on the top of the theatre opposite my window.

February 19th. Drove off in the morning to see Hippo, or Hippone as it is called locally. It stands like Carthage on a hill, and there was a cathedral in course of construction, but apparently the funds to complete it are coming in slowly. After looking at this uncompleted cathedral, we went to the establishment of the 'Petites Sœurs des Pauvres,' and were shown over it by the Aumonier. That afternoon we left Bône *en route* for Constantine. The train took us through vast tracks of flat land planted with vines. Owing to the floods, some portion of the line must have been damaged, as we had twice to get out of our train and walk to another which was waiting for us, so that we did not arrive at Constantine until nearly 1 a.m. Next day we drove to the foot of the deep ravine which surrounds the town on three sides. The river thunders down the ravine in several separate falls. There had been so much rain lately that the falls looked particularly grand. From the extreme heights above, upon which a barrack stands, down to the bottom of the ravine is a thousand feet. Constantine is such a strong place that it seems as if the Arabs ought to have been able to defend it against the French, who found it very difficult to capture. Mr Leitner, the head of the Oriental

College at Woking, dined at our table in the hotel. A most interesting man.

February 21st. We left Constantine. At El Kantara the railway passes through a fine gorge before entering the desert. All of a sudden a great oasis filled with palm trees burst into view. Then the desert again. It was long before Biskra was reached. At length lights came into view, and we were very pleased after our long journey through the dreary desert to get into the Royal Hotel.

February 22nd. Found the weather very warm. Strolled about in Count Landon's garden." [Since these days the whole world has read about the Garden of Allah through Robert Hichens' famous novel.] "The Count is a most generous man, and allows the people staying at Biskra to wander freely throughout his garden, which is a very lovely one. He has shown what can be done with desert land if it be irrigated.

February 25th. Hurried off to catch the train to the hot springs in the desert. On the way we passed through the real desert, where nothing but peculiar plants grow which are accustomed to such land. Our train was full of people who had come for the purpose of bathing or drinking the water. One can see the water bubbling up. It has a disagreeable smell of sulphur. Notwithstanding this, some geese were amusing themselves very happily in it, and I saw some pigeons come down to drink. In walking in the desert, I was surprised to find so much life—lots of blackbeetles crawling about—a burying kind, I think, but not the same as at San Remo, two lizards, one a very large one who pretended to be dead when I touched him, and one very slim and small, grass-

hoppers of three sizes, ants, bees, butterflies, and even birds. It is true that where I walked there had once been water, and by the growth of the vegetation and by the formation of the ground one could see that there had been a little stream. Still the land was dry and sandy. I noticed, too, that there was a considerable variety of plants. One extraordinary looking plant was said to be an orchid. There were lilac tops to its flowers, almost like a kind of toad-stool. There was also another with similar lilac flowers. I think I saw the same plant in Mr Hanbury's" [afterwards Sir John Hanbury] "garden at Ventimiglia, on the Riviera. This was armed with strong projecting spikes. Another was a tiny plant, apparently a variety of the ' Old Man ' or ' Southern Wood ' with a strong smell, and white fluff about it like cotton grass, only firmer. I suppose a botanist would have found a dozen different kinds of plants, if not more.

February 26th. Stayed in until after ten and was able to get some writing done. Then we wandered in Count Landon's beautiful garden. Hedges are made of bamboo. The wooden bridges over the streams which water the garden, of which there are many, are made of bamboo sticks over which sand is laid. The sand, after being watered, well rolled, and beaten, forms excellent paths. A French resident to whom we spoke told us that in summer the thermometer rose to 50 or even 52 degrees (Centigrade). Fifty Centigrade is 122 Fahrenheit. I enquired about the cultivation of palm trees. They have to be irrigated about every fortnight. The dates, he said, ripened on the trees, and the palms required to have ' le pied dans l'eau, la tête au feu ' ; so much heat do they require.

February 28th. We talked of going to Sidi Acha but decided not to go, as it was windy and staying quiet seemed pleasanter, so we lost the opportunity, through our love of ease, of seeing what is said to be the oldest mosque in Africa. It is an eighteen-mile drive across the desert. We wrote instead, and went into the Count's beautiful garden. This time he outdid himself in hospitable thoughtfulness, for we found not only comfortable seats in which to take our ease, but also interesting books apparently left about for our amusement and instruction ! R. was very curious to know about the French soldiers at Biskra, because he did not see them going about the streets, and therefore thought that they must belong to a ' Bataillon Disciplinaire ' or to the ' Corps d'Afrique.' In this latter are civilians who have committed crimes, and who instead of being shut up in prison are sent to do soldiering in Africa. The former, although they have only committed some military offence, are the most severely dealt with. The ' Bataillon Disciplinaire ' is not allowed out of the fort except when drilling and manœuvring.

March 1st. At 4.40 a.m. we were called for a very early start from Biskra *en route* to Algiers. We had to dress in the dark. Before starting I went on the terrace. The sky was lovely with the lights of morning and the air deliciously fresh. Just as we got out of the station the rising sun burst upon us, changing the dull smoke of the engine into a golden red colour. The mornings at Biskra are certainly beautiful. In the desert especially the sunrises and sunsets are lovely, as if nature were adorning herself to make up for the lack of beauty in the landscape. After passing the gorge of El Kantara we crossed vast plains with no hedges or fences to divide the ground.

The Arabs seem to do the agricultural work, for Europeans are few and far from each other. We slept the night at Setif. The Hotel de France was far more comfortable than we expected. A wearisome journey next day brought us to Algiers, but fortunately its length was not so much felt by us, on account of an interesting conversation which was being carried on in our compartment between a French lady, the wife of a landed proprietor (she had much to say) and a member of the French administration. We gathered that the Arabs don't fare well under the French Government. They are losing their money and their land. No native is permitted to buy land from a European, so that gradually the natives will be landless. This, according to the French official, was the deliberate policy of the Government. The French people are bad colonists. Only those who have money to sink in the land come, but not the labouring class. It was 1 a.m. before we were settled in the Hotel St Georges at Algiers.

March 3rd. We found Archdeacon Tribe here, who had been in Tangier when we were there last year. Lady Kingston, who is a great invalid, most kindly took me out for drives in her carriage, and we met two Misses Gladstone, nieces of the Premier.

March 5th. Went to see Mme Gensoul, the wife of the Procureur Général. She was very nice and kind about the League, and advised me to see the Pasteur, which I did, and it was arranged for me to address the children of the Sunday School, and to have cards of membership printed in French. Wrote a circular letter addressed to M.C.L. secretaries in the United States. Very happy about the League.

On March 8th we went to the La Trappe Monastery. We had brought some sandwiches of meat with us which, as it happened to be Friday, greatly disturbed the composure of a dear old monk who received us. He was only pacified when we handed the meat to him, which he locked up in a cupboard. We were not allowed, however, to starve, for the monk brought us an excellent omelette and dish of potatoes, and another of lentils, bread, and honey. There was also wine, but I did not taste this, also a liqueur. The two latter are made by the monks and are a source of income to them. In the monastery proper no women are allowed, so Mrs Talbot and I had to sit where we were, whilst R. was conducted into the part reserved for the monks. Here no one speaks, and when R. addressed a question to his guide, he was shown by a sign that silence had to be observed. It must be a terrible life for the poor men. They work out of doors, and cultivate large tracts of country with the help of native labourers. We saw one monk mounted on horseback. R. said they had a nice orange garden, and that the monks sat about reading."

We left Algiers on March 10th, 1895, and Jeanie says :

" We went on board the *Normannia* bound for Gibraltar. We had a rough passage. A strong south-west wind was blowing as we entered the harbour of Gibraltar. We anchored near the *Royal Sovereign* and other men-of-war, in a spot most unfit for landing. There was no boat of any kind to take us ashore. When the doctor, who had to inspect us, came aboard, he had to climb up a rope ladder, whilst his poor little steamer rocked about in an alarming manner. I felt greatly frightened at the idea of landing,

but as time went on, and as the tender, when it came back again, was sent away at least once, if not oftener, I began to hope that we were not to be landed in such weather. Squalls came on, and then the sea grew rougher than ever. However, my hopes were doomed to disappointment. Towards five o'clock, when the sea was supposed to have grown quieter, the Captain decided that we were to go. We had had news of the state of the sea from a passenger who was determined to go to America in the *Normannia*, and had arrived in a lifeboat. His accounts were not altogether cheering. Cook's Agent, too, had been on board, and the story we afterwards heard was that he had had to pay £2 for the trip! My heart sank as we unfortunate victims stood ready to go in the boats. The first little band were gentlemen, and the difficulty they had was not encouraging for the poor women. However, in the third boat I had to go, and was led down the companion ladder by an officer who instructed me to give my left hand to another officer, who most bravely stood in the boat below, which was dancing madly up and down. Courage was not given me, but submission to my fate, and when I was told to let myself down I did so, and the kind, good officer almost fell as he caught me, and deposited me in the boat, while other unhappy victims shared my fate. Sometimes a whole minute, which seemed like an age, had to elapse ere the boat was in a position to enable the person to get into it. Sometimes dashing up close to the ship, and endangering anything or anybody coming in contact with it; sometimes carried too far away. At length the poor little boat was launched on the big waves, and now it seemed to me as if a new danger stared us in the face, for we appeared to be

coming into collision with the tender. However, it turned out that we unhappy passengers were to be transferred from the boats to the tender. This, too, was accomplished, though not without a certain amount of risk to life and limb. The strong arms of the sailors seemed of iron, and they and God's mercy kept us safe. The scene on the tender was not pleasant. One lady (I am glad to say not an Englishwoman) completely lost her head, and was crying and taking up the place which others ought to have occupied, but fright makes most of us frail mortals sadly selfish. Others were frightfully sea-sick. At last our little cockle-shell of a boat was off, with waves dashing over it, and then came a dreadful swing round which might have thrown us into the deep; but no, we are safe, riding on top of a huge wave, and shortly afterwards we found ourselves in the 'haven where we would be.' 'Thank God!' ejaculated someone, and, wet and dishevelled, I stood soon afterwards a melancholy object on the shores of Gibraltar. No wonder we had had a stormy landing, for the storm had been a most unusual one. The barometer had fallen in an alarming manner, and communication with the ships in harbour had been stopped."

Jeanie occupied herself busily in pushing her M.C. League in Gibraltar and obtained the aid of several officers' wives in forming new branches.

On March 25th, Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived, and was received with a royal salute from the guns of the fortress. The same day Miss Breeze, the lady doctor employed by Jeanie to look after respectable sick Mohammedan women in Tangier, came over to visit us at

Gibraltar. She had had very hard and trying work, and looked tired and delicate. Next day we lunched at the Governor's house, but Lady Biddulph was not well, and did not appear. The garden was looking beautiful with a Judas tree in full bloom. Jeanie went with a Mrs Gordon to a barrack school where about forty soldiers' children were gathered. The teacher was most interested in the League, and had already talked to them about it. Jeanie says :

“ I was told all the children wanted to join. Some had already done so. I was very pleased with the ready way in which they answered my questions. They knew the rule well. I discovered that the poor children had never had a treat, so it was settled that this omission should at once be rectified, and Mrs Gordon and I went off to Mr Ogilvy to find out about treats, as we thought the Band of Hope had had them. It was arranged to take the children to Algeciras, and a permit had to be obtained to get the provisions through the custom house free. Next day R. and I went over there to arrange about the picnic. We had a very rough passage, and many women were sea-sick.

March 31st. Dr Breeze examined my chest and reported I had some slight trouble in the upper part of my left lung—a fact of which I was quite unaware.

April 1st. The day was not fine enough for me to go to Algeciras with the children, but R. accompanied the party. They seem to have had a great deal of enjoyment, which was in a certain measure shared by the Spanish population, who were much interested in the games. R. joined in the fun and played with the children in the

open public space of the town to the amusement of the Spaniards. We just got our entertainment over in time, for next day we could not have taken the children into Spain. It blew a hurricane. One of the worst storms ever felt at Gibraltar. Three times during the day a gun was fired from the Signal Station on the top of the Rock, signifying that three ships were in distress. I was much troubled to hear that the ship we proposed to embark in, the *Bengal*, was expected to arrive early next morning, and R. went out to find out what other ship we could go by. R. was making himself unhappy, too, because of the anxiety of taking me on a voyage with a delicate lung. But how unnecessary it is to anticipate evil, for the wind had quite gone by night time.

Next morning, April 3rd, I woke up at gunfire to find a perfectly calm morning. The *Bengal* started soon after nine o'clock, and we were delighted to find how smooth the waters of the Mediterranean were after the previous day's hurricane. We sat next the Captain, who proved an agreeable man. Opposite to us was Sir Charles Hall, an M.P., who told us a story of a young girl, who, wishing to avoid having to reply to an over-complimentary speech which had been made in her honour, said that when she was a little girl, she was told not to speak with her mouth full, and that now her mouth was in that condition for her heart was in her mouth! The Captain also told us next day that once when he arrived in Egypt the donkey boys offered him donkeys bearing various names, such as Lord Salisbury, Lord Beaconsfield, Mrs Langtry, etc., and he asked if they hadn't a Mr Gladstone. One of them immediately answered, 'No got donkey bad enough!'

April 6th. Returned to Naples. I was in a poor plight on arriving, having suddenly developed a frightful cold in my head. The prospect of a cold on the top of the last one was not encouraging and I felt in very low spirits when we reached the Grand Hotel. I went straight to bed, and R. sent for the doctor.

April 7th. In bed all day. R. went off to hear news of the M.C.L. branches, which seem to be going on fairly prosperously.

April 10th. My dear friend Mrs Goldingham arrived, Easter Eve. Started for Sorrento with Mrs Goldingham after saying farewell to R., who was going off by steamer to Marseilles. Returned to Naples and went to the West End Hotel on the 16th. Next day Mrs Goldingham and I lunched with Lady Haldon, who occupies a flat in a Palazzo on the Chiaja. She and her two daughters, who were very kind, drove us to Portici, where we gave the M.C.L. children a treat. We brought some toys with us, and got up races and tugs-of-war for the children, which I think they enjoyed. Some very nice little girls I discovered were Jewesses, and poor little things, as it was their Passover, they were not allowed to eat the cakes. There was no elder person to insist upon it, so it was very honest of them, nor could they eat the sausages, which were made of pork. This was a very unfortunate oversight. They seemed very attractive children, and, I believe, are amongst the best workers.

April 18th. I went to the Church room at the back of the English Church where the last meeting of the League was held. It was very nice seeing the children actually at work, and I was glad to see such a large staff of helpers.

I asked Lady Haldon to become Correspondent for Italy, which she consented to do. That afternoon Mrs Goldingham and I left for Rome, and took apartments in the Hotel Russie.

April 21st. Weather cleared—a great blessing for me, as I could not shake off my cold. To my surprise saw Miss Johnson and her sister in Church. They came back with us for luncheon. It was nice seeing Miss Mary J.'s bright face again, and to feel the influence of her cheerfulness. Went with Mrs Goldingham to St Peter's. I should like to have found a quiet place to kneel down and think about the League, but there was no such place, and I did not feel inclined for the mere sightseeing part. A guide-book was not what I particularly wanted just then. We returned in time for luncheon, and then went out driving with Miss Johnson, who was as good as a walking Baedeker. We had to hurry after dinner to an M.C.L. meeting of Italians arranged by Professor Filipino. I expected 'une vingtaine de personnes' as I had been told, but I was much perturbed when I saw the people pouring in at such a rate that there was nowhere to put them—neither sufficient chairs nor refreshments. However, an hotel has resources, and more coffee and chairs were forthcoming. We asked for a larger room, but this could not be had, so we had to make the best of the room we occupied. Owing to the crowd and the heat it was absolutely necessary to have the window open, and as some were standing outside, the door had to be opened too, but strange to say I was not much the worse for it all. The people could not understand English. This, too, was a difficulty, for I had meant to speak in my own tongue. So I had to speak in French, but the worst was,

that an unhappy grasshopper came in as an uninvited guest, and perturbed the excitable Italian women so much that they started to scream when the poor little thing hopped. Happily it was caught at last, for really it was terribly difficult to speak in French with all this disturbance around me. Professor Filipino afterwards repeated in Italian the pith of all I had said. He did it splendidly, and afterwards I begged, through him, that they would appoint a committee to bring the meeting to a practical conclusion. This was done in a very satisfactory manner, and all the leading men and women seemed very kind and helpful. So after all everything went off well, and I went to bed satisfied.

April 25th. Left for Florence, and put up at the Hotel Arno. Lately had been feeling very weak and unfit for work. The air of Rome was enervating, and though my cold was getting better, yet the weakness after it was depressing. Owing to the kindness of a Dr McDougall, however, who seemed very appreciative of the League, a meeting, which was held in his fine drawing-room, was very fairly successful.

April 28th. Went to the American Church, which was very crowded. Mr Venables, an English Clergyman, runs the Church, and gave out a notice that a meeting of the M.C.L. would take place on the following Monday. He said he did not know whether a branch could be established, but he wished people to come and hear about the League. After luncheon we went to see some Homes, or rather Orphanages, established by Signor Comandi and his wife. They seem to follow the example of Müller of Bristol and trust to God for their daily supplies of food and money. They are responsible for the support

and education of something like one hundred boys. We were shown into what was something like a large box at a theatre, situated at one end of the Chapel. It was crowded with boys of all ages, and a number of Roman Catholic adults had come to listen to Signor Comandi, and doubtless also to the music, for the boys sang quite charmingly in parts, and the hymns were delightful. The service began with one, then Signor Comandi offered up a prayer, and afterwards introduced me. I felt very uncomfortable, for it seemed as if a sermon should follow instead of an address from me. I explained the awkwardness of my position, and said that I would read out a paper which had been prepared for boys and not for adults. I think I got through well, for Mrs Goldingham, who could watch the faces of the audience, told me afterwards that they had listened eagerly. After the visitors to the Chapel dispersed, and two hymns had been sung and a prayer said, the boys apparently reassembled and discussed my address, for they asked permission to sing to me, possibly as a sort of acknowledgment. Their singing in parts was lovely, and, before all dispersed, it was very nice to see some little girls, who had been present, coming up to join. One brought a little offering of 2 centimes. They shook hands with me. Dear children! I think they really were anxious to 'minister.' It seems a new idea in these parts, and to take the fancy of people. Signora Comandi told me that my visit had done good, that it had given an 'élan pour le bien' to all. This perhaps was an exaggeration, but if it were only partially true, it was something for which to be very thankful. She said that after my visit some boys, who usually were troublesome, had behaved better. I

am very glad that one little boy, who was too young to take in very much of what I said, thought I loved children. 'Questa Signora ama molto, ma molto, i bambini,' he said. I am glad he thought it, poor child.

Mdlla Thommassi called for me with her mother, and took me on April 29th to an Orphanage for girls situated outside the town. There were about forty to fifty assembled, and I was asked to address them. One girl's face I specially noticed. She seemed such a bright child, and apparently grasped all I said. I trust she will act upon it. The school possesses a nice white sheep dog, not too friendly to strangers, but very fond of children. He gets them together for prayers. If one girl is missing, he goes off to fetch her. Mrs Goldingham and I had a nice drive to Fiesole—our last together. We talked about the wish I have to build a cottage of our own at Ottershaw, which can eventually become the property of the M.C.L." [This wish was gratified, as Jeanie built "Chaworth House," in which I live (1923) under a life lease from the M.C.L.]

"Next day Mrs Goldingham left, and I followed the day after as far as Genoa, where I met Mrs Miller, the wife of the Presbyterian Minister, who arranged two meetings for me. Her daughter, a nice, bright girl, with little sisters, who also appear much interested, consented to become Secretary for the Branch at Genoa." [She afterwards became Organising Secretary to the League for Italy, and was most successful and still holds that position in 1921.]

Shortly afterwards Jeanie went on to San Remo, where she met again her old friend, Miss E. C. Macdonald

Lockhart, and established herself at the Hotel Belvedere. There she found George Bigelow Chase, our American friend, who had settled at San Remo, and was still in his winter quarters.

My dear Jeanie in February, 1895, published a description in *Great Thoughts* of her visit to Malaga, under the title of "A Visit to a Spanish Port."

The opening of the year 1896 found Jeanie at San Remo, and on the 2nd January, I joined her from England. She says in her Diary :

"R. arrived at San Remo in a terribly dilapidated condition. A doctor who had been attending our son Ernest in typhoid fever frightened R. by leaving the impression on his mind (though R. had never consulted him) that he (R.) was suffering from locomotor ataxia. R. was most thankful, after a bad night spent in Paris, to reach me and to get a little consolation." [Later on a specialist informed me that my nerves were upset by overstrain and anxiety about Ernest, but that I had none of the symptoms of the terrible malady with which he had threatened me.]

"Notwithstanding all the cheering we gave him, the first night at San Remo was a suffering one, but next day I called on Dr Freeman, and he prescribed sulphonal, bromide, and champagne, with the result that he had a good night. In about a week's time he went with May and Arthur to Cannes, where they all had a pleasant time.

On the 18th January, after leaving the two children in the care of our friends, the Chases of Boston, we started for Genoa and Nervi. There we saw a good deal of Princess Salm (Dyck) whose acquaintance we had made when staying with Miss E. C. Macdonald Lockhart

at San Remo, where she had taken a great interest in my League. Princess Salm introduced me to a Countess Königseck, who is a lady-in-waiting to the Empress. As we thought a sea voyage would be the best remedy for R.'s nerves, we embarked on board the *Normannia* at Genoa on January 20th. Owing to our having travelled by her last year, the chief steward was very civil, and gave us a splendid cabin with the luxury of a wardrobe and bath in it. We had a smooth passage; it was a lovely moonlight night, and R. slept without much medicine. The noise of the screw seemed to soothe rather than excite him.

January 21st—Naples. Visited Lady Haldon, and walked about the Chiaja in warm sunshine. Had a happy day with R., who was better. Visited some of my M.C.L. branches and gave an address in Italian to the Waldensian children. Lady Haldon very kindly invited Prince and Princess d' Abro to her house to meet me. He has started a fine orphanage, and is a very charitable individual. His wife is charming, and we talked to her about the M.C.L. She seemed to think that there ought not to be any difficulty in starting it amongst Catholics, so I felt much encouraged, especially as Lady Haldon is so nice and warm about the Society. R. saw Charles Swinburne, the poet, who is suffering from the malady which R. was wrongly supposed to have.

January 27th. Set off early for Posilippo to see Princess d' Abro's orphanage. She seemed a charming woman, natural and kindly, and loves her work amongst the orphans.

January 29th. Went to Pompeii, and saw for the first time a most perfect house which has been lately discovered



THE HON. ERNEST BRABAZON
Lady Meath's fourth son.

—about a year ago. It gives a wonderfully good idea of what it must have been like nearly two thousand years ago. Had a long conversation with Gräfin Harrach, whom I had known in Berlin when we were living there in days long gone by.

January 30th. Drove to Posilippo to call on Princess d' Abro. The villa is situated close to the sea and the waves come dashing up into the centre of the building.

February 2nd. Left for Algiers and Gibraltar on board the *Normannia*. There was a German Secretary in the diplomatic service going to Washington who sat near us at dinner, and who told us that he had served under our friend Count Münster, when he was Ambassador in Paris. We arrived at Gibraltar on the 5th, and stayed a few days there."

Jeanie inspected the branches she had established there last year, and on the whole was well pleased with the progress they had made, and on February 14th we crossed over to Tangier and stayed at the "Villa de France."

Jeanie in her Diary under the date February 22nd, 1896, speaking of the publication of my article "Reasonable Patriotism," writing at Tangier, says :

"R. was very pleased because his article was kindly spoken of, and I am specially glad it should have appeared at this time when he is so low in spirits, and inclined to despond about his future, thinking, as the stupid doctor put it, that his life's work is over. But the appearance of the article helped him to be more cheerful, and I am happy in thinking that I have some influence in getting him to shake off his depressed views. I finished the MS.

of a paper I was writing. Dear R. helping to copy it out and correct it.

February 29th. Dr Terry came to see R. and was able to cheer him up a little. He advised me not to write just now" [Jeanie was suffering from writer's cramp] "on account of a lame arm.

March 1st. The doctor's visit turned out badly, as R. got very nervous, and did not sleep properly. Moral. Don't have doctors, and don't think too much about ailments! Went to see the Sheriffa of Wazan. Quantities of dogs and men at the gate. The house is insignificant, enclosed within four walls. We were shown into what might have been an ordinary English sitting-room, if it had not been for a magnificent piece of Moorish embroidery, gold thread on green and red velvet. The pattern contained inscriptions in Arabic. This was the covering of the late Sheriff's tomb, and it is placed over it on great occasions. His widow takes care of it, and it forms a most striking feature in the adornment of her room. There was also a silver embroidered bride's dress, sixty years old. The Sheriffa was very kind about Miss Breeze (the lady doctor) and seemed quite pleased she should be going to get a holiday. She said her sons were in bed, as it was Rhamadan time, the Mahommedan fast. The Moors, who are free to do so, turn night into day, so as to get over the difficulty of the long fast during the day, but she said her sons would see us in the evening. Accordingly they appeared. We were called out from dinner to receive them. The eldest is an officer in the French Army, and it was comparatively easy to talk to him; but the second was painfully shy. The elder one wore a light blue cloth tunic, enormously wide knicker-

bockers, with a large sash round his waist, Wellington boots and spurs. Over his shoulders he wore a *haik*, or cloak of striped Algerian silken stuff. The younger was more Moorish in his attire. His white *haik* was huddled round him like a big bathing towel. He wore yellow slippers. His face was more of the negro type than that of his brother. Fighting has been going on in villages not very distant from Tangier, and the Government apparently have asked the brothers to go and stop it. The elder brother seemed to have no doubt that they could do it. It seemed so odd to see those young fellows sitting there, and having the power to stop such a disturbance, but being descendants of the Prophet invests them with an authority which the religious feeling of the people respects. The elder brother rides on a green saddle, this being the sacred colour.

March 3rd. Left our hotel soon after nine o'clock on a lovely morning. Had a farewell ride on my favourite donkey down to the pier. Called at the hospital on the way, and found Miss Breeze had already set out, and was waiting at the Custom House. The steamer *Joaquin Pielago* was not in sight, but when she was still in the far distance the men hurried us off. It was low tide, so we were carried, in the old-fashioned manner, in the arms of strong Moors. The clamouring for money after we were safely deposited was dreadful, and when at length our boat got off, the quiet was refreshing after the terrible din of voices. The day was exceptionally fine, and the sea of a lovely colour. It was somewhat rough, but the strong, bracing air which we felt when sitting on the extreme bow of the ship was not only a good tonic for R.'s nerves, but took away all feeling of sea-sickness.

We landed at Cadiz, and stayed in the hotel of the same name, situated in the Plaza della Constituzion. It is an attractive town with its narrow streets, with upper windows projecting so much that only about a yard and a half or less is left in between them. Only one carriage at a time can pass down many of them. There are nice open spaces with trees and shrubs where people can sit out in the mild air, and lately a park has been made. The streets are very rough and stony, but there is a pleasant drive by the sea. Even in this there are places where the road is very uneven. The women seem to be great churchgoers, for I saw many in Cadiz with black veils on their heads, and apparently prayer books in their hands.

March 6th. R. and I set off for the Spanish boat, the *Catalina*, in which we are to start for the Canary Islands. The passengers were all Spaniards, and we made most funny attempts at making ourselves understood. There was a honeymoon couple with whom we made friends. The bridegroom had been very civil to us, and we wished to tell him that we regretted much that we could not talk to him (what he put down on paper we generally understood) and so we told him that we had 'muchos dolores' (many regrets). He, seeing R. depart, understood that he had a headache. I, wishing to make it clearer, pointed in the direction of my heart, which he interpreted as meaning that R. had a stomach ache!

March 10th. Went upon deck about 7.40 a.m. and found that the Grand Canary Island, with the town of Las Palmas mounting up the hill, was in view. We were greatly disillusioned in our so-called Spanish friends, who, having promised to assist us in the difficult business

of landing, deliberately deserted us in our hour of need, although we appealed to them and reminded them of their promises, and as for the port, it turned out to be one of the most desolate places we had ever seen, dumped down in a sand-heap which got into eyes and ears and nostrils. It was a mystery to us how English people could leave their comfortable and pretty homes to live in this desert of sand. Afterwards we found that further up the hills there was verdure and civilisation.

March 14th. We drove to a village called 'Monte.' It was a steady rise almost the whole way. The country looked at first most unattractive. We saw large plantations of bananas, but the tops of the leaves looked brown. As we approached 'Monte' we found ourselves in quite different country, much more fertile, fig trees, loquats, carubas, and other trees grew there. Sugar-cane, corn, and later on quantities of vines were cultivated, the latter growing out of ashes, which abound. The whole of the island is volcanic. After resting the horses at 'Monte,' we drove to the famous crater. Flowers seem to like the cindery soil, for we saw lots of wild flowers, and in particular the lilac cineraria growing quite wild in the hedges. I had never before seen it wild. We had to leave the carriage at the entrance to a villa, and went on foot up and down a hot, ashy pathway under the escort of a little Spanish boy, to a spot where the great extinct volcano has formed an immense crater. It is said to be a thousand feet deep, and a mile across. In the very centre is a farmhouse, and the banks sloping towards the centre are for the most part green, but in the other parts the black ashes are plainly to be seen, looking as if the volcano had but lately been active.

March 15th. My birthday, and dear R. came early to wish me joy.

March 20th. Were not very sorry to say good-bye to Las Palmas. Embarked in a 'Forwood' boat, the *Wazzan*, a cargo steamer plying between the Canary Islands and England. We had a most uncomfortable voyage. Fortunately we arrived at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, next morning."

Here we met the author of *The Light of Asia*, Sir Edwin Arnold. He had been searching in the municipal archives of Santa Cruz for historical documents relating to Nelson's attack on the town of Santa Cruz in 1797. His researches, he told me, had been rewarded by finding a knightly correspondence between the Spanish commander and Nelson, which took place after Nelson had lost his arm in the action. The Spaniard said he deeply regretted that so brave an antagonist as Nelson had had the misfortune to lose his arm, and sent him a cask of Canary wine in the hope that it might assist in his recovery to full health. Nelson, not to be outdone in knightly conduct, wrote his first letter with his left hand to thank the Spaniard for his good wishes, which he reciprocated by sending him at the same time a barrel of British Ale, and an English Cheese!

In our search for a perfectly dry climate without cold winds we went to Guimar, a village situated on the opposite side of the island to Orotava. This was certainly the most equable and driest climate we found in our extensive searches for a model health resort, in Europe, Canada, the United States, South Africa, and Australasia. Here we made the acquaintance of Dr

Swete, Head of the Divinity School at Cambridge, and author of many religious works. At dinner I sat next to a gentleman of German origin whom I did not know. He appeared to be much interested in nature, and told me he had found two "bugs," as he called all insects, which were the only ones of that species ever found in Ireland. I asked him where he had discovered them. He said, "One at Lord Meath's place, 'Killruddery,' and the other at Killikee in the Wicklow mountains." I made him describe the exact position where he found this rare insect, and it turned out that he had found it when crawling along my main house drain at Killruddery! He did not know my name, so I had to declare myself. He turned out to be the Head of the Dublin Natural History Museum!

Jeanie thus describes our life at Guimar :

"The days follow one another very quickly, and one is much the same as the other. I always play on the piano before nine o'clock breakfast. I have coffee and milk betimes, and play and sing during the hotel breakfast and beforehand. Every afternoon we ride out. The mules are very good, and there is a nice horse. The worst part of our stay at Guimar is that R. and I are both somewhat idle. He talks a great deal, and I feel much disinclined to do anything else but learn Spanish, and play the piano and idle. R. and I had a delightful walk together and were happy, and I hope not unthankful for mercies received.

April 20th. Up quite early. Had a final practice before starting off from Guimar at 9.30 a.m. We were very sorry to go. It was a piping-hot day and our drive

to Laguna took us about five hours. R. was feeling well, and, far from being knocked up, was quite ready to go out for a ride, which we did. Laguna in fine weather is charming. Instead of being cold, as we had found it to be on former visits, it was very hot.

On April 20th we left for Las Palmas and arrived after a six hours' voyage. We found the Hotel Metropole this time empty, and we consequently obtained some good rooms overlooking the sea. The air at Las Palmas is decidedly fresher than that at Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, where the thermometer had stood at 99 in the shade."

April 23rd. Jeanie, with her usual love for animals, patted a big dog belonging to the hotel, who was chained up, and he immediately bit her, drawing blood. Miss Breeze advised her to have caustic applied to the wound, which she bound up tightly to prevent the blood from circulating. Jeanie was agreeably surprised to find how little the caustic hurt. That night Miss Breeze left us to return home. We went to Monte and visited cave dwellers at Atalaya. These excavations are supposed to have been inhabited since the time of the Guanches, the original natives of the island, who are said to have been of African descent. After a very pleasant stay at Monte, which did us both good, we embarked on board the *Nord America*, the largest vessel of the Italian "Veloce" line, and arrived at Genoa on May 6th. From there we went to San Remo, and Jeanie records that we both took our first lesson in bicycling on the eastern sea-front promenade. She says: "He (R.) went alone the very first time; not so I, as it seemed very tiring and uncomfortable."

On the 18th I went to pay a visit to my great friend, Hervey Pechell, and his wife in their villa "Sans Soucis" at Bellagio, whilst Jeanie and Miss Johnson, who had joined us at Genoa, went to Geneva to pay Claud, our son, a visit, who was studying there, and also to look after the welfare of her recently formed M.C.L. branches under the fostering care of Jeanie's Swiss friend, Mme Hoffmann.

In June they went on to Lausanne, and prosecuted an active M.C.L. campaign in that city of schools before returning to England.

In reply to a letter from Jeanie on the subject of her Godalming Home of Comfort for Epileptics, Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., author of the *Light of Asia*, wrote her the following sympathetic letter :

225 CROMWELL MANSIONS,
KENSINGTON, S.W.

July 10th, 1896.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

I have received your ladyship's letter with great pleasure and with an unabated interest in the works of noble compassion which you preside over. I have lost no time in placing upon our list of public incidents to be sympathetically attended to, the celebration of August 4th, and I hope that the *Daily Telegraph* may be able to send a specially chosen descriptive reporter to do all in his power to aid your Institution. Be kind enough to note that I must not absolutely promise this—because, in journalistic life, the unforeseen constantly thrusts aside what was prepared. But I hope to arrange for it—and will do my very best to prove the great respect with which I regard your admirable efforts.

Be pleased to send me a line of reminder containing any available particulars of the Godalming Retreat a day or two before the affair comes off.

With best regards to Lord Meath, I am, always sincerely yours,

EDWIN ARNOLD.

In September of this year (1896) Sarah A. Tooley contributed an article to *The Humanitarian* on "Social Philanthropy. An Interview with the Countess of Meath."

On the 3rd November, 1896, Jeanie started with Miss Mildred Hichens for the Continent, sleeping the first night at Brussels, and the next at Cologne, and from thence they went to Heidelberg, and Bâle. They reached Geneva on November 7th, where Jeanie met her friend and Swiss M.C.L. worker, Mme Hoffmann, and with her laboured hard to strengthen existing and to form new branches of her organisation.

The 14th November found them at Turin, engaged in similar labours.

On the 16th they started for San Remo, passing by Genoa, where they lodged at the Hotel des Iles Britanniques, and on the 26th they went to Cannes to visit Lady Lauderdale's grave.

Jeanie writes :

"The grave looked much neglected, but some crocuses had been planted, and were likely to come up later, and a dear little violet had planted itself on the grave.

November 27th. Mildred returned to England, and I went to spend a nice visit with Miss Lockhart at Villa Teresa.

January, 1897. We, R. and I, went to Nervi, where Princess Salm was staying. She dined with us that evening, and next day we went on board the *Fulda* at Genoa, and took passages to Gibraltar, by way of Naples, which we reached on the 23rd. We called on our friends, Lady Haldon and Mrs Irving, who gave us good news of the M.C.L. Going back to the ship, we were caught in a dreadful storm of wind and rain. The 'fiddles' were placed on the tables, but after all the ship did not start as advertised.

January 24th. The ship remained in harbour during the night and did not start until the storm had subsided; but not long after we left Naples a fresh tempest arose, the rolling of the ship making sleep almost impossible. On the afternoon of the next day a complete change took place in the weather, and that evening was perfectly lovely, and the sea continued calm until we reached Gibraltar on the 26th. We made the acquaintance of some delightful Swedish people—a Captain Mont D'Or and his pretty young daughter." [She afterwards married and became Baroness Louisa Palmstierna.] "They stayed at our hotel, the 'Bristol,' where we found familiar faces, and the people seemed glad to see us again."

On February 3rd we crossed over to Tangier, and were glad once more to see Miss Breeze, the lady doctor maintained by Jeanie. On the 12th we paid a visit to her hospital. Jeanie writes:

"It was the day when out-patients were being received, and twenty-two came that morning. The women were receiving their medicines, etc., and one poor old thing required very special instructions to be given her as

she seemed to wish to *eat* her ointment. I was in the consulting-room, and saw the doctor at work. The first person had a sore on her heel. She was soon prescribed for, the bell was rung, and the native female attendant arranged for another patient to take her place. This patient was a poor woman with an inflamed foot—a thorn had run into it, and it seemed very sore. The injured toe was dressed, and then a poor little child was brought in with a sad history; her father was dead, and the mother had sold her to a woman who had treated her most brutally. The child having displeased her, she forced her down upon a charcoal fire in a brazier. The poor little child was most patient whilst the doctor applied a soothing ointment, and bandaged her, and then came the great reward. She was to have a doll given her sent by the M.C. League. I was asked to choose one out of a number of others. The one selected was a lovely flaxen-haired dolly with a pink frock, trimmed with white ribbon, and hat and shoes to match. A little curly-headed, dark-eyed cousin had come with her, and Miss Breeze said that it was impossible to give a doll to one child and not to the other, so I selected a much smaller and more insignificant dolly to give to the uninjured child. Dollies are greatly coveted, for the instant I passed by some women waiting for their medicines, one of them begged me to give one to her. I had carefully hidden the more attractive dolly under my cloak, or I don't know how I should have got past them. Poor little Fatima's grave face lighted up with a bright though sickly smile as she hugged her treasure. She wrapped it up in the small cloth that covered her own little person, and tenderly glanced down at it with

a motherly eye. The other child was made happy too—a bonny little thing, very like its mother, who was delighted with the presents the children had had. She made one of them kiss my hand in gratitude, so I had to ask Miss Breeze to explain to them that I did not give the dolls, but that they were sent by children in England. Finally the women and the two children departed, little Fatima completely hidden from view, as the Moorish women wear enormous cloaks called *haiks*, which cover them from top to toe. The wee girlie was carried on the woman's back, and consequently the *haik*, which is like a great sheet, covered her entirely, whilst the woman had only part of her face visible. Miss Breeze told me that as the burning of this child had been so very severe, even the Moors, who do not object to a little burning as a punishment for children, thought the mother ought to be punished, and two soldiers were sent to take her to prison; but justice is somewhat strangely administered in Morocco, as the woman had only to give some money to the soldiers in order to get off any unpleasant consequences. It was nice to find that the women treated at the hospital departed breathing blessings on the lady doctor.

March 1st. R. went to Gibraltar to consult with Miss Cornwall Legh about a publication which, in conjunction with Mrs Jackson, they propose to write on the British Empire." [This literary venture ultimately resulted in the publication of two volumes, under the title of *Our Empire Past and Present*, namely, Vol. I, *Great Britain in Europe*, and Vol. II, *Great Britain in Asia*. The three other volumes on *Great Britain in Africa*, *Great Britain in America*, and *Great Britain in Australasia* still remain

to be written. If these are to be produced, the public will have to look to some new writer, as insuperable difficulties have prevented the original editors from completing their task.]

“ *March 5th.* Miss Green came, and wrote at my dictation a little account of my visit to Morocco to be sent to the *Factory Girls' Paper*. She had already written for me a short article called ‘A Sunday at Tangier’ for a children’s magazine.

March 7th. Mrs Moore and her daughter came to see me to accept an invitation for the latter to go with us to Spain.

The 10th of March was a warm and most perfect day for our expedition. The sky was of the purest blue, scarcely broken by the lightest of clouds. We had had a tempting invitation to go to a country house situated some three or four miles out of Tangier. Accompanied by Lord Meath, I mounted a famous donkey. He rode a mule with a red saddle and with the queerest of stirrups. We set off to join the party. They met us on the road, an imposing array of equestrians. Donkey riding is greatly in vogue in Tangier, so I was not prepared to find our kind host and hostess and their guests mounted on handsome horses, and I felt rather disconcerted to find myself on the humbler animal. However, luckily, I knew his paces were capital, and I fondly hoped that he would not lag behind. Nor was I disappointed in his prowess. He scuttled along in a famous fashion. I more than once found myself the one who followed next, in the long line of procession, to a most picturesque Moorish soldier who headed us. He was a fine specimen of his race, for he was said to be between seventy and eighty

years of age, but he sat upright on his fine black horse with its long, flowing tail—a sight to behold. In Tangier the richer foreign inhabitants are allowed to have a soldier to protect their houses. Their military duties are of the most nominal description, and they become practically the servants of their employers. As there are no police in Morocco, some sort of guard is necessary, but it is very odd to see the sort of kennels destined to hold a man, and not a dog, which are visible at the entrances to private grounds. Some are made of straw and shaped like a beehive, others are of wood, and one might easily imagine that they were intended to act as a shelter to a four-legged rather than to a two-legged animal. Some of the soldiers are, however, much better provided for, and so was the individual who rode proudly before us in his turban and long, blue, hooded cloak, which floated over his horse's tail, leaving visible high yellow leather embroidered boots. We rode past the market-place, and on over a roughly paved road which led by pretty villas with shady gardens until we came to open country, where some negro women, their black faces looking all the darker for the white draperies they had, were washing clothes beneath a hedge of the so-called prickly pear—a kind of cactus, whose grotesque and thorny leaves form a wonderful defence against intruders. These and the sharp-pointed aloes are constantly used as hedges in the East. The road led us on to a bridge, which, in proper Moorish fashion, stopped just where the water commenced, giving it a most comical appearance, necessitating that riders and walkers should pass through the river. The reason of the queer situation of the bridge was that the river had changed its course. It now flows

beyond the bridge instead of under its arches. Our animals had a pretty steep hill to mount after leaving the river, and soon we had a splendid view of the distant Atlas mountains, which are situated further in the interior of Morocco ; the snow does not remain on them the whole year. On the hillside were lovely flowers to cheer us. There were masses of a kind of yellow broom ; a large white rock cistus had beautiful blossoms, and by the roadside there was a flowering white hawthorn which on African soil would be misnamed May, as it flowers in March. When we entered the grounds of the beautiful house which we were about to visit the vegetation became still more attractive, as shrubs and flowers had been planted to beautify the property. Very lovely were the young fronds of the bracken, just springing up, whilst underneath them the blue flowers of the periwinkle could often be seen. The house was splendidly situated at the top of a wooded slope reaching down to the blue waters of the Atlantic with its white-crested waves. At the entrance to the house, in a sort of courtyard open to the sky, luncheon had been laid out. The guests did ample justice to the good fare provided, and afterwards we had a stroll through the beautiful wild grounds. As we did so, we came upon portions of the paths which had been made very untidy by the snouts of the wild boar, who, it appears, abound in the district. Our kind host and hostess, being fond of animals, are much averse to their being destroyed on their property, but the wild boars are such bad gardeners, digging up, and devouring plants and vegetables, that once or twice a hunt had to be organised in their grounds. Nor are wild boars the only animals who enjoy themselves on this attractive

property. Porcupines are also bad gardeners, and one of them had to be killed lately. Jackals and even pole-cats have been seen. Every now and again we rested on benches placed where lovely views of ocean and wooded hill were visible. I must not omit to mention one individual in particular, who had accompanied us on our ride, and was strolling over the grounds. This was a magnificent St Bernard dog called 'Bonny.' We were told that he had a grand pedigree, anyhow he looked a most noble beast with an insinuating manner. His huge white paw would constantly be lifted to remind his mistress, or some other friend, that he wished to have a little attention, and when his mistress, to whom he is devotedly attached, seated herself on a bench he immediately jumped up alongside of her, taking up quite as much room as a grown-up person would have done. Nor was he the only quadruped who claimed a little attention. A humble little friend of Spanish breed also appreciated a little coaxing. If, however, too much attention were lavished upon him, the ignoble passion of jealousy seemed to be excited in the grander and more noble beast, and a low growl like distant thunder would occasionally be heard. 'Bonny' did not seem to appreciate the presence of a pariah dog in the grounds. These animals are the scavengers of the East, eating up all sorts of refuse. In consequence of this, and as they are utterly neglected, they are apt to be a mangy, miserable race of dogs. Anyway 'Bonny' seemed to think so, when the poor cur in question ventured to appear, and he rushed after him with the hair of his back literally standing up on end in his rage and excitement. The sight of so formidable an antagonist was too much for the

plebeian dog, who beat a hasty retreat with his tail between his legs, nor did he venture to reappear upon the scene. The beautiful house and grounds, which we so greatly admired, were deserted during a large portion of the year by their owners, principally because, as there is no proper road from Tangier, provisions have to be brought on the backs of men and animals, and during bad weather this becomes a matter of considerable difficulty. But the Moorish gardener lived on the place, and our host mentioned, as a proof of the seclusion in which Eastern women are kept, that, though the property had been owned by him for ten years, he had never once seen the face of the wife of his gardener. The sunshine enjoyed in these beautiful surroundings was so delightful that it seemed a pity to break up the party, but the sunset hour is not a desirable one for delicate people to be out near Tangier, as fever is sometimes contracted, and anyhow the difference of temperature caused by the absence of sunlight is so great that a bad cold may easily be caught, so it was well to hurry home before the evening shades set in. After bidding farewell to our host and hostess, and thanking them for a sight of their beautiful property, we mounted our animals and were off. My donkey again distinguished himself by the swift and sure manner in which he bore me over the steep, stony, uneven path, so much so that the rest of the party, who followed not long after on horseback, failed to catch me up. Again there was the beautiful view of mountain and sea visible, and flowers in full bloom to tell how beautiful God has made the world; but soon there was a sad sight to remind one how man's neglect and cruelty mar what nature has made so perfect. A number of heavily-laden

donkeys were coming from a far-distant place, and one poor animal was lame, and had sickening sores upon it. This is an all too common sight in a beautiful land. Cruelty is the plague spot of Morocco, and without love to God, to man, and regard for our poor dumb friends, how can peace and happiness be enjoyed?

March 12th. Had a last ride on the sands at Tangier, which I greatly enjoyed, with dear R.

March 13th. On the roof at 6 a.m. Lovely sunrise, but much wind in the night, and felt very doubtful if we could start for Cadiz. Miss Moore, the Clergyman's daughter, came with us. Long passage in an old boat, the *Mogador*. Sat out with R. on deck and felt happy. That evening, after our arrival at Cadiz, just as I was going to bed, R. came to tell me his mother was in a precarious condition.

March 14th. Slept very badly, and was most unhappy at the prospect of R. leaving. There was no Church to go to in Cadiz, so we had service together, and then went to the Cathedral—a very fine one. In the midst of sadness felt glad that something had been done for others. We started off for Seville in the afternoon but discovered that it was very doubtful if even then R. could catch the steamer at Gibraltar, so bad is the communication with other cities. Arrived at Seville at 8.30 p.m. A lovely moonlight night. Went to Hotel Madrid.

March 15th. My birthday. Had a sad parting from R., who started off for Ronda and Gibraltar."

On leaving Jeanie I went straight to Killruddery and found my mother very ill, but not in a precarious condition, as she had rallied since the telegram to me had been

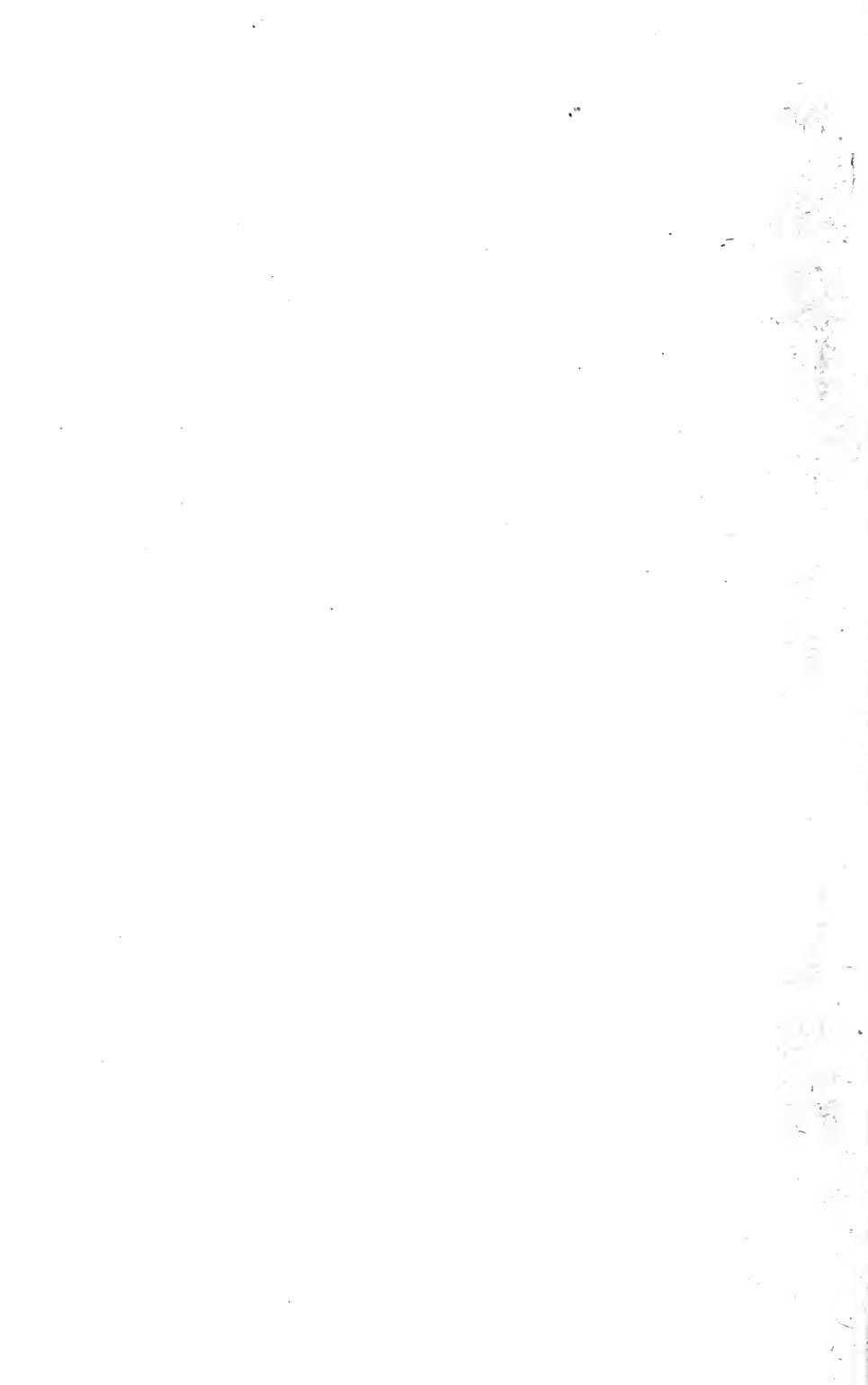
despatched. During the voyage from Gibraltar to Plymouth the vessel in which I sailed was very nearly wrecked in a dense fog. The Captain mistook Mounts Bay for the Channel. We should inevitably have run upon the rocks had not, mercifully, a vessel steaming from east to west round the Lizard Head warned us through a megaphone of our danger. As it was, we only just managed to avoid the rocks by putting the helm hard to port, and we could see the surf of the breakers on the starboard side, quite close to us. It was the nearest possible shave, and, as the cliffs there are precipitous and high, and the water deep, we should have had little chance of escape from drowning.

Whilst I was in Ireland, Jeanie wrote an article, which was published, called "A Sunday in Seville," and as this describes her feelings and actions in this famous Spanish city far better than I could give expression to them, I shall quote the following.

"A telegram arrived which gave the sad tidings of the severe illness of a near relative; consequently, next day I had to remain in Seville whilst Lord Meath hurried homewards. Our introduction to this beautiful southern city involved a very sad parting. Most fortunately a young friend was with me at the time, and her presence cheered me, not only then, but especially afterwards, when I was feeling very forlorn, being laid up with a bronchial cold, and knowing that the one who was my nearest and best was steaming away far from me. However, when Sunday morning came round I was feeling decidedly better and more cheerful, for it is wonderful how the very slightest taste of illness makes one far more



THE LADY MARY HOLT AND ELDEST SON
Lady Meath's eldest daughter and grandson.



appreciative of the blessing of health ; and so I hope I can give you, dear readers, an account of a day which was not a doleful one. Worship in the Roman Catholic Churches in Seville apparently begins very early in the morning, for soon after 3.30 a.m. began the sound of a peculiarly deep-toned bell, which I presumed belonged to the Cathedral, and was summoning worshippers to a four o'clock service. Those who belong to that religious persuasion are apt to attend Church in the morning and to spend the rest of the day in amusement or in attending to their work ; so that Sundays abroad are very different from the day of rest in our own land. There were other bells besides those proceeding from church towers, which afterwards struck my ear, for the Spaniards are very fond of suspending bells from the necks of their animals, and I was soon attracted to the sound of those attached to the necks of cows who were going their rounds to the houses where milk was required—consequently there was no need for any milk-cart driven by some reckless youth. A great economy is the result, as no horse, conveyance, or driver is required, and the customer is ensured the luxury of pure, unadulterated milk. Before I became unwell, the cows used to make me quit my downy pillow betimes, for I liked to see the little company of these animals, with several calves in attendance, and a man mounted on a donkey following behind, whilst the last of the group was a goat—possibly some customer preferred its milk to that of the larger animals. I should think that the cows at Seville might well envy the lot of our beasts in England, reclining in rich, verdant pastures, as the former poor things have to wander about for hours in the streets—up to eleven o'clock at night !—

and are allowed comparatively little time to feed and repose. Tall, handsome donkeys are very conspicuous in Spain. Trains of these animals, more or less heavily laden, are to be seen in the streets, and the leader usually wears a bell, so that their approach can be heard from afar. Their trappings are very picturesque, being ornamented with coloured wool, red being the favourite here. After a stay in Morocco, I was struck by the great improvement in the condition of these beasts in Seville, when comparing it with the pitiable state of those animals in the African country. There the sores constantly visible are sickening, and the Moors are perpetually belabouring their donkeys with blows. On the other hand, little can be said for Spanish compassion for animals when one's thoughts drift towards the terrible bull fights which are a disgrace to the humanity of any land, and more particularly to one which professes Christianity. Even little children are taken to see the barbarous sight, and it soon acquires such attractions that I learnt that boys are known to run away from home to live with the matadors, who are their great heroes, as they are the men who, in gorgeous array, fight with the bulls. The meaning of the name 'matador' is 'killer,' a title which has no very attractive sound to many ears. I have never seen, and never intend to witness, the awful spectacle of a bull fight, but have heard descriptions given of it which are odious in the extreme, especially as poor old worn-out horses are brought into the arena blindfolded; they are certain to be gored by the bulls, and sometimes die in agony before the eyes of the spectators, unless some hand puts a sudden end to their miseries. In justice to the Spaniards one must remember that

custom has a great deal to answer for. From their earliest childhood the people hear the glories of the bull-fight extolled. It has become a national institution. There are many humane persons who are opposed to it, but it will be very long before general feeling is awakened to the barbarity of the show, and it is to be feared that yearly thousands of innocent beasts will have to be sacrificed to the depraved taste of man. As I had to spend much of my time shut up in my rooms, it was most fortunate that they were pleasantly and cheerfully situated. They looked out on the Plaza San Fernando. This square is named after a favourite monarch, to whom the town of Seville submitted after it had been taken possession of by the Moors, who long held sway over Southern Spain. In such repute is this canonised king held, that, three times every year, a band of soldiers with military music repairs to the Cathedral, where San Fernando is buried. After death the body was embalmed, consequently it is still in preservation, and on the occasion of this military ceremony the soldiers salute the poor corpse as if it were a living person, and martial strains are heard echoing in the aisles of the Cathedral. King Fernando did not accomplish the feat of recapturing Seville unaided, for the power of the Moors was then divided and breaking up, and Muhamed Abu Alahmar, who was the ruling Sovereign of Granada, and the founder of the famous Alhambra Palace, feeling that resistance to the Christian Sovereign was in vain, became the vassal of King Fernando. Consequently, when, later on, the latter wished to recapture Seville, in the year 1248, he summoned the Moorish ruler to come to his aid. It is said to have been sad work for poor Muhamed to have

to go to battle against his own people, and it is on record that in a moment of depression he exclaimed, 'How straitened and wretched would be our life, if our hope were not so spacious and extensive!' But to return to the view from my windows. It was easy to see that I was not looking out on an English open space, even if the red and yellow flag of Spain, floating over the Town Hall, had not emphasized the fact. For all around the Square were grouped tall, fruiting date palms, whilst beneath them the brighter green of orange trees could be seen. In the centre of the Plaza a large bandstand was visible, but it was not in use, though later in the season a military band performs from half-past seven until half-past ten at night. Beneath the shade of the palm trees, marble benches had been placed, which in the morning were comparatively empty, but were not destined to be so after sunset. In the Plaza one could see a fair specimen of Seville life on a Sunday morning. Ladies could be noticed, either on their way to or from Church, dressed mostly in black, and wearing instead of hat or bonnet, the graceful mantilla, made either of lace or gauze. Notwithstanding the heat of the sun, the warmth resembling that of a day in July or August in England, they did not seem to consider a parasol necessary, but carried along with their prayer books a fan, which, when extended, afforded a slight protection from the scorching sunbeams. It was curious to notice fans in the hands of quite little girls who had accompanied their mothers to Church. These children wore hats, as the veil is not adopted till the girl attains the age of thirteen or fifteen years. Poorer women content themselves with a handkerchief as their headgear, but usually they are to be

seen in the streets wearing nothing on their heads, unless it be two or three flowers, which they coquettishly stick into their dark hair, and in March there was no lack of trees and plants in full bloom. A lovely little nosegay of lilac and rosebuds was kindly sent that morning to cheer me, and a particularly large kind of carnation had also been given me. The dress of the men in Seville, after coming from an Oriental town, did not seem very distinctive. The old Andalusian costume is seldom seen, the wearers of which have high boots left open at the side, showing white stockings with long tags of leather hanging down over the aperture. The short trousers worn with them are trimmed with bright red. Soldiers were to be seen in gay uniforms, blue and crimson in colour. A constant cry heard in the Plaza is 'Agua! Agua!' It is that of the water-vendor, who goes about with a porous earthen vessel on his shoulder, carrying in his hand a little stand with glasses, and a box containing small cakes at the top of it. In the afternoon, I was able to make my first outing after my indisposition, but it was not a very distant one, as I only went up to the roof of the house, which was quite flat, and so, too, were those of the neighbouring houses. One had been transformed into a little garden by a number of flower pots being placed round it. This is a frequent practice in Seville, and it has a very pretty effect, but I should have thought the custom a dangerous one in the case of high winds arising. I had a fine view of the Cathedral. It is one of the largest in the world, and it is partly owing to the ambition of its builders that some of the pillars have proved insufficiently strong to support so lofty and magnificent a structure. It was filled with scaffolding

on the occasion when I visited it. It contains no less than thirty-seven chapels, and treasures of great value. The name of Christopher Columbus is perpetuated in this sacred edifice. His son is buried here, and the remembrance of his celebrated father's achievements is kept alive by a stone on which is engraved, 'A Castille y a Leon, Nuevo Mundo dio Colon.' (To Castille and to Leon, Columbus gave a new world.) Visitors are afforded an opportunity of judging of the beauty of the paintings of the artist Murillo, who was a native of Seville, and is held to be one of the most famous artists in the world. The 'Assumption of the Virgin,' in the Cathedral, is but one of many on the same subject which the great painter portrayed. Behind the central figure is to be seen a kind of cloud of glory, largely composed of little cherubs' heads and forms. The artist never seemed to tire of depicting such. Like the famous Italian painter, Raphael, Murillo is an artist of beauty and sweetness. A picture of Murillo in the Cathedral has had a most adventurous history; it is called the 'Vision of St Anthony.' It represents a monk in his cell at the moment when the infant Saviour appears to him as in a dream. Here, too, is a glory cloud largely made up of cherubs, and the painting is considered a triumph of art. Naturally it is of great value, and some thieves, in the year 1874, appreciating this fact, managed to cut the whole picture out of its frame, and make off with it. Had it been an ordinary picture, and one little known to the public, there might have been a chance of disposing of it, but it was different in the case of so celebrated and valuable a picture. A few months after its theft, it was discovered to have been taken to America; it was brought back, and now it

again occupies its wonted position. A young Spanish girl spent some time with me that afternoon. She was in the habit of giving me some instruction in her language, a slight knowledge of which is almost a necessity for foreigners visiting the southern peninsula, as other tongues are scarcely known. Her visits to me were very interesting, not only on account of the opportunities they afforded me of learning Spanish, but also because she could give me much information, and especially concerning the Church of which she was a member. She belonged to the 'Iglesia Española Reformada'—the Reformed Spanish Church—which appears to be the same, with, of course, slight differences, as that which is known in other countries as 'Old Catholic.' It greatly resembles the Anglican Church. The supremacy of the Pope is not acknowledged; the Bible is put into the hands of their people; the worship of the Virgin Mary is forbidden; and their Clergy are free to marry if they desire to do so. I asked the Spanish lady to allow me to see a copy of the prayer-book in use in their churches. There was a great deal of resemblance in the services of their Church to those of our own. The 'Iglesia Reformada' has been established in Spain for twenty-seven years, and the father of my young friend joined it after it had been only two years established. It now numbers some twenty thousand members, but it is presumed that a good many others are at heart Protestants, though they are afraid to declare themselves as such. A certain amount of persecution of professors of that faith has existed up to the present time, though now they can obtain protection at the hands of those in power. That persecution has so long prevailed is scarcely to be wondered at, considering

that the terrible Inquisition, with all its horrors, was not suppressed in Spain until the commencement of this century, the nineteenth. A great deal of narrowness and bigotry still prevails. Roman Catholic priests, and even bishops, have stated from their pulpits that Hell is the ultimate destination of Protestants. If the priests honestly believed in the truth of such a doctrine, and in the eternity of the torments which the non-Catholics would have to endure, and at the same time possessed compassionate hearts, what sad reflections must have been theirs ! As the afternoon drew to a close, and glowing sunset tints appeared, Seville seemed to wake up. Carriages appeared, bearing people off for drives. Loungers assembled to occupy the marble benches of the Plaza. The merry voices of children were heard, and even little babies were carried about at an hour when, in England, they would have been laid down to rest for the night in their cradles. Little girls seemed to grow very excited at the strains of a barrel organ, and ready to dance merrily to the music on the pavement. Boys' voices were also audible. This life in the streets late in the evening, and practically late into the night, does not seem to be productive of very good manners amongst them. A friend of mine, a great traveller, said that she had never experienced such rudeness among young men and boys, except when travelling in China, where the natives are especially hostile to the foreigner. The Spaniards are very polite in their modes of speech : for instance, when a gentleman addresses a lady, he says he kisses her feet ; and if a stranger admires anything in his house, he says that everything is at the disposal of his guest. These are very fine phrases ; they do not necessarily mean much,

but though true politeness, in whatever shape or form it assumes, is not to be despised, and a courteous demeanour is pre-eminently worthy of being cultivated, yet one might think that the Spaniards could well employ some of the time taken up in fine phrases, in teaching their youth to be more respectful to the foreign ladies who may chance to visit their land. A good deal of the boys' rudeness may possibly be laid to the door of our English women being mistaken for Americans. (Spain was at this time threatened with war by the United States.) The street boys' knowledge of geography seems to be limited; consequently, the threatened interference of the United States with regard to the question of the war in Cuba raised a storm of indignation which some of our own people are made to answer for. The Plaza was still quite full of life, when, somewhat exhausted, I retired to rest—men, women, and children were still chatting and children playing.”

After leaving Seville, Jeanie, on March 21st, went on to Cordova, and on April 3rd to Granada.

On April 6th Miss Moore left to join her mother at Tangier by way of Gibraltar, and Jeanie returned to Seville. Here she witnessed the famous Holy Processions, which take place in this city annually during Holy Week, and she thus described them in an article published by the *Quiver*.

“ The Holy Week, as celebrated in Seville, has obtained a great reputation on account of its religious processions. Unlike Rome, that which attracts the multitude at this time goes on outside rather than inside the sacred edifices.

In the streets of Seville, a town which boasts of a past in which Mohammedan history is closely involved, are to be seen the 'Pasos,' richly gilded portable stands, on which images of sacred persons are placed, and borne through the principal streets by the twenty-five 'Confradias' or Confraternities of the day. The first 'Pasos' I saw were on Palm Sunday, but on Holy Thursday I found myself, in the company of a friend, at the ceremony of the 'Lavatorio,' or washing of the feet; it was held in a chapel of the Cathedral which was once the Parish Church, but was swallowed up in the present vast and splendid structure, with its famous Moorish Giralda Tower, dating from the time when on this very spot stood a magnificent mosque. We arrived in good time, and consequently were able to obtain places not distant from that where the Archbishop's chair had been placed between two others. Near by were twelve seats destined for the old men, who, arrayed in new garments, were first feasted at the Palace, and afterwards came in, each with a towel over his shoulder, to take his place on the right and left sides of the altar. This was closely veiled with a long violet, silken curtain. The same ceremony was on this day performed in Madrid, only the Queen herself undertook the office of the 'Lavatorio.' Not long after the men were seated, the Archbishop arrived. A procession was formed of many ecclesiastics, the Prelate being the central figure. They were clad in violet or black, some wearing white cassocks, whilst the Archbishop had a very long train of the former hue. After he had taken his seat, with two priests, probably Canons, on either side of him, they had to give way to two higher ecclesiastics in gorgeous red and white vestments. On

bended knees a silver tray was handed to the Archbishop. On this his violet train was deposited, and he was arrayed in a not dissimilar vestment from those of the two Bishops on his right and left. I cannot remember, and it would be tedious to describe, all the details of this ceremonial, dressing and undressing; suffice it to say that eventually the magnificently embroidered garment, which it was evident could not be worn when the Prelate was about to imitate the example of Him Who was at once the greatest and lowliest of men, had to be discarded. Finally, the Archbishop, with mitre on his head, and a towel round his waist, proceeded to kneel in front of each of the poor men in turn, in order to wash their feet, two other priests assisting him in the task. When the ceremony was completed, the Archbishop was once more arrayed in purple; and soon afterwards a round-faced priest mounted the pulpit, and commenced preaching about the love of Christ, as exemplified in the act of supreme humility which had just been commemorated. We did not wait for the conclusion of the sermon—there was still much to be seen that afternoon. We had received a welcome invitation to see the 'Confradias' pass from a house in the very centre of the Plaza della Constitucion. In this square a stand had been erected at the back of the Town Hall and the central position was occupied by the Governor and Mayor of Seville. All round this stand, leaving a space for the procession to pass, hundreds of chairs were ranged in rows, and for the sum of one 'peseta,' a seat could easily be procured. From the balcony of the house to which we had been invited we had a splendid view, not only of the Plaza itself, but also of the Calle Sierpes down which the

processions came. This dwelling is owned by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and its locality was specially chosen because in olden days sentences of death used to be pronounced by the hateful Inquisition in this very square on persons who were ready to die for the truths proclaimed in the Sacred Book, which now can be freely bought and sold in this establishment. It was some time before the processions approached, but already the chairs were filling, as well as the more expensive seats on the stand. A curious scene of Spanish life was before us, but it would have been almost impossible to connect it with any pageant of a religious character, far less with what concerned the awful tragedy of which we are year by year reminded during the solemn week preceding Easter. Ladies were dressed as if they were going to a flower show; the brightest imaginable hues adorned, not unbecomingly, these dark-haired and dark-complexioned daughters of the South. Sometimes yellows, reds, and the most vivid of pinks seemed to come into closest contact on the persons of the wearers. On the approach of the first 'Confradia' the object that was most conspicuous was a large cross held up by a man, a member of the Confraternity. The dress of these individuals, who are called 'Nazarenes,' would stamp the show as being worthy of the name which has been bestowed upon it, viz. 'The Holy Carnival.' The men assume this garb, it may be from most excellent motives, the principal one being that they should not be recognised; but unfortunately it makes them look like masqueraders. They are clothed in enormously high-pointed caps, with a flap entirely covering the face, leaving two slits for the eyes; the cloak is long and full, and confined to the

waist by a girdle ; a loose robe is worn underneath. Their extraordinary dress reminded me not a little of the dominoes which persons put on when they wish to take part in carnival festivities. The road was kept clear by a row of gendarmes walking six or eight abreast. The first ' Paso ' was a strange one, and treated in a peculiar way. Our Saviour was represented as a child ; the image looked about two feet in height. He was standing under an orange tree, the fruit hanging down. He was blessing ' the Angels of the Passion ' who knelt at his feet. The platform on which this representation was carried, was, like those that followed, immensely heavy and was borne by twenty-five to thirty men. The next subject treated was ' the Descent from the Cross. ' "

Jeanie describes the different " Pasos " or representations she saw, but as they are numerous I shall refrain from giving her descriptions, though interesting. She ends her account thus :

" The crowds in the streets were very great, but when we learnt that six more ' Pasos ' were expected, we departed to return to our own temporary home as best we could. Thanks to the help of kind friends we passed through the crowd without difficulty, and were in time for a nine-o'clock dinner. That night I did not sleep very soundly ; again and again I heard the sound of music accompanying the procession, which went on continuously, and on looking out of my window the next morning a passing ' Confradia ' was plainly to be seen. "

On April 27th Jeanie left for Ronda, Algeciras, and Gibraltar.

In December of this year, she offered to contribute £2000 for the establishment of two Homes, one Protestant and

one Roman Catholic, for the training of Workhouse girls for domestic service ; unfortunately she was never able to obtain the consent of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy to this proposal, and so the project fell through. In commenting on this offer, the *Dublin Daily Express* of December 14th, 1897, wrote : " The contribution of the Countess of Meath for the purpose of improving the condition of Workhouse girls in Ireland, is one of the most notable features in recent benevolence. No better means could have been sought than this, to raise the status of the girls in the Workhouse, who have so small a prospect. The condition of girls in Ireland, where there is so small a demand for remunerative labour, is particularly deplorable. Emigration is the only means by which a large number of young people have been rescued from becoming hereditary paupers. To provide in Ireland employment for Irish girls has at all times been one of the most difficult topics with which our local authorities have had to deal. The proposal of Lady Meath is a practical solution of the difficulty, and there should be no real reason why some practical plan should not be devised to train girls in the Workhouses, and make them suitable for domestic service. The sum which Lady Meath has devoted to the purpose—£2000—is a most munificent one, and will form a very substantial basis for the endowment of a scheme to train servants for the multitude. Domestic servants are difficult to find, and the contempt expressed for some of the Irish girls who are retained in cockney households is easy to understand. The Association for the Reform of the Workhouse System in Ireland is, up to the present, not in a position to show very practical results, which is not surprising. From the time

the first Workhouse was opened in Ireland, down to the present day, there has been a series of attacks directed against the system from people of all sorts of opinions in Ireland, yet the system, in all its naked horror, still remains. The poor-house brand is, for the lot of children in Ireland, almost as terrible in its effect as the Scarlet Letter. If the children could make their own way in the world, and knew which side to turn when they took their last look at the stone building in which they were reared, there would be a change for the better in the world. This is what Lady Meath desires, and everyone who wishes to see the condition of our people improved, must hope that her benevolence will mean a great benefit to the people in Ireland who are in most need of assistance." Alas! that she should not have been permitted to carry out this benevolent desire, through short-sightedness of the real interests of the country!

In June 1898, Jeanie published an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, called "The First Woman's Hospital in Morocco," from which I shall quote some extracts, as it explains in her own words how she came to establish in Tangier the Hospital for Women which has already been alluded to in these pages. "On the occasion of a visit to Tangier, Lord Meath and I chanced to meet Dr Ernest Hart, who was then taking advantage of his travels to inspect some of the hospitals in the towns through which he passed. He it was who invited us to visit Hope House, a building owned by the North African Mission, part of the property being devoted to the care of the sick. It was this portion of the institution which had met with the doctor's approval; he considered that

it was conferring great benefits on the Moors, and was well and economically managed. We gladly complied with this request, and were taken round the hospital by the resident medical man, who for six years has devotedly laboured amongst the natives, his skill and kindness having won for him gratitude and well-deserved esteem. Dr Terry drew our attention to a very weak point in the management of the establishment, as it was then conducted. An attempt had been made to carry on the work after European fashion, giving women as well as men the opportunity of being treated under the same roof. According to Mohammedan ideas this was wrong, and he felt that it had been a mistake, and his great desire under the circumstances was to limit his sphere of action to native men. The women necessarily would have to be otherwise provided for ; but how was this to be accomplished ? Fortunately, in these days, when ladies are content to undergo the arduous labour involved in passing medical examinations, the way out of the existing difficulty could easily be found. A lady would have to be appointed fully qualified to practise amongst her suffering Moorish sisters, and we readily undertook to assist in the welcome task of endeavouring to procure such a worker. Until enquiries were actually set on foot, with a view to engaging a fit person, I had no idea how hard it would be to meet with a suitable candidate. Truly, from a worldly point of view, there are few, if any, inducements for women of refinement and education, unless they be inspired by the highest sense of duty, to undertake the onerous labours involved in becoming a missionary-doctor in an uncivilised country. The salary offered is a very small one ; the hardships and difficulties

are not slight, and often undertaken at the risk of health, if not of life itself ; whilst to our shame as Christians, it must be said, that anyone who is known to be a missionary is apt to be looked down upon by those who nominally profess the same religion. Of this fact I first became aware when travelling in India, and its effect upon Hindoos, Mohammedans, Buddhists, etc., cannot fail to be damaging to the cause of our faith. Only one candidate presented herself for the post in Tangier, and that not until a period of six months had elapsed. One other, it is true, had offered her services, but, not being fully qualified as a physician, she could not be selected. Consequently the only lady doctor who applied was appointed, and results have proved that it was most fortunate for sufferers in Morocco that she presented herself. For nearly three years she has been attending to the needs of Moorish patients, and she was not even allowed sufficient time to acquire Arabic, the language of the country in which her work had to be performed, before her medical skill, as well as her devotion, was taxed to the very utmost. An outbreak of cholera occurred, and a doctor was required to go to Tetuan. The need for help being very urgent, she responded to the call, and when mounted on an animal *en route* for this place (carriage roads are all but unknown in Morocco) she met some Moors flying from the stricken town. ' Back, back,' they cried, ' there is death in the city.' ' That is why I am going,' she replied—a response which greatly astonished her hearers. Her work amongst cholera patients was pre-eminently successful. Out of twenty-five sufferers only one death occurred. This she modestly accounted for by saying that at times ' it takes a great deal to kill

a Moor'; but doubtless, under providence, much can be laid to the door of the doctor having had to act as nurse as well as physician; and the attendance on the sick had to be carried on under difficulties from which, if I mistake not, many medical men would have shrunk. For instance, when it became necessary to apply a mustard plaster, the doctor would be granted the use of a basin in which to mix the compound, but was denied a spoon, as the Moors refused to allow her to apply to the body of the patient that which she would not touch with her own fingers. A blistered hand was the result. Worse still, medicines could not be taken unless the unfortunate individual who prescribed them consented to take herself doses of the cholera mixture! When she first settled down to practise in Tangier, she had only private rooms in which she could receive patients. These apartments had been secured in a narrow street in the native part of the town; more space and air became a necessity if the work were intended to spread. A building was eventually discovered suitable for a small hospital, standing on the walls of the city. It was likely to prove a healthy residence as on one side it looked out on open country. The house consisted of two flats; in the upper one the doctor and her helpers now reside, whilst the lower floor, with a separate entrance, is devoted to hospital purposes. If anyone were to visit this institution, accustomed to the beautiful fittings and convenient arrangement of many of our English establishments, they might be sadly disappointed. Lack of funds is answerable for a good deal, but also it must be remembered that the requirements of Moorish women are very different from those of our own people. For instance, the waiting-

room for patients in the Tangier institution is guiltless of all furniture ; but so, too, was an apartment which I once visited, occupied by the Basha's wife, who lately died. Morocco women squat on the floor, consequently sofas, chairs, and similar pieces of furniture can very easily be dispensed with. A native's idea of pictures is also peculiar. On one occasion a patient was admitted to a room on the walls of which hung a representation of the ' Prodigal Son.' On catching sight of the painting, she hastily gathered round her face the folds of her *haik* (a sort of blanket which enveloped her from head to foot) saying that she could not sleep in a room in which a man was to be found ! Up to the time when larger accommodation was secured, the work had to be confined to the treatment of out-patients. It now became possible to receive a certain number needing prolonged care. The women, however, showed great signs of fear about entering the institution, and it was only the braver spirits who would face such an ordeal. Amongst these was a country-woman, who, when suffering from an affection of the chest, determined to enter. Two days after her arrival the hospital was besieged by anxious friends and relatives, who informed her that she was either to be poisoned, cut to pieces, or turned into a ' Nazarene ' by being made to eat pork ! The woman was undaunted. She had informed the villagers that she was likely to die any way, and that she might just as well end her days in the hospital as elsewhere. After she had once experienced the missionaries' kindness, she was not very likely to allow herself to be scared. I am glad to say that the heroic Moorish woman's pluck was rewarded by her returning to her village within a short space of time, in a greatly

improved condition of health. Soon after this event, another invasion of the hospital occurred, but this time by would-be patients from the village to which the woman belonged, who, finding that she had recovered, thought that they too would like treatment. Another inmate of the hospital was a 'Sheriffa' or descendant of the prophet Mahomet; and not only that, but she was also entitled to bear the name of 'Santo,' because she first saw the light of day in a shrine above the spot where a holy man lay buried. This propitious fact, however, did not save her from the ravages of disease, for she was found wandering about the market asking for the 'Tabeeba'—lady doctor. Another woman, thinking it an honour to assist so sanctified a person, brought her to the hospital. On her arrival the native women there assembled asked for her blessing. These feelings of reverence do not seem to have been shared by her own relatives, who sent a messenger to say that they hoped she would die, and not one of them had the humanity to come near her during the five weeks she lingered in hospital. Disease had taken so firm a hold on her that the doctor's skill was unavailing to arrest its progress, and hers was one of the only two deaths which have as yet occurred. The nineteenth century independence of youth seems to have found its way even into Morocco, for one day a young maiden of some nine summers appeared stating that she intended to become a resident. She had heard that other people had been cured of their maladies at this institution, and she too wished to become so. At first she proved a very intractable patient, but her stubbornness yielded to the kindness of the good doctor, who used to take her on her knee and tell her stories which the

child loved to hear. She submitted very patiently to the painful treatment necessary for her to undergo. Feeling much better, she one day announced her intention of departing, but one thing troubled her. She had arrived in a dirty, neglected condition, clad in one garment only. After due cleansing she was allowed the use of no less than three articles of clothing. Would she have to leave all these borrowed possessions behind? She would catch cold, she insinuatingly suggested. The doctor was touched and allowed her to retain the much-prized garments; not only this, but she was permitted to carry off a very precious doll, the only remaining one of those sent out from England. The question of food for patients in hospital is important, not only from a medical point of view, but principally because of the prejudices of the people. It had, therefore, been wisely arranged that the cooking should be done by a native woman. The ordinary dietary consists of bread given in the morning with very weak and much-sweetened coffee, without milk; the midday repast is composed of bread and raisins; the principal meal is eaten at six o'clock, for which meat, vegetables, and rancid butter are boiled together and seasoned with pepper and salt. This year the hospital was partly closed during Ramadan, the well-known Mohammedan fast. Certainly the treatment of patients at this season must become a matter of serious difficulty, as from sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food can be swallowed, nor a drop of water given to quench thirst; the very medicines have to be given at night. This did not prevent the out-patients attending as usual, and one morning I went to the hospital to watch the proceedings. I was allowed a seat in the consulting-room, and did not

feel guilty of any indiscretion in so doing, as conversations were carried on in Arabic, an unknown tongue to me, and the doctor could tell me as much or as little as she thought right. The first patient was suffering from indigestion. She said that 'a ball went round and round her stomach.' A prescription was given and she departed. The next woman ushered in after the expected bell had been sounded was a native of Fez. She was a servant in the family of a Moorish gentleman (?) who, when the doctor was calling on his wife in company of a young English girl, then and there expressed his wish to marry the latter. The elder ventured to point out that he had already a nice wife of his own, but this was considered no impediment to his proposal. He could divorce her, he said. So easily and lightly can the marriage bond be broken in a barbarous country like Morocco. Our young countrywoman fortunately did not understand the conversation, or she might have felt somewhat embarrassed under the circumstances. Another woman and her little daughter were the next to enter the consulting-room. They were extremely poor and none too clean. The sad-looking child was suffering from swollen glands. The mother seemed to be fond of her, and said that the little girl was her only child, and she thought she was about to die; but the doctor was able to reassure her, and they left cheered. The next woman had a gentle face with a sweet expression. She sat down on a stool by the doctor and spoke to her in a confiding way. She wished to procure medicines for a very-suffering daughter, whom the doctor had already attended. The patient who followed her was a very curious-looking woman with a gloomy expression of face. Her raven-black hair fell

in plaits ; her *haik* being thrown back, I could see that her neck and arms were all tattooed. She was badly marked with smallpox ; indeed, the disease had almost deprived her of the sight of one eye. The other was now giving her much trouble, and she had come on a three days' journey in order to see the doctor. After she had been treated, a more cheerful person entered, though there had been much in her past history to cause her depression. She had probably been injured for life by the barbarous treatment she had received at the hands of a jealous wife. On the occasion when I saw her, her mouth was troubling her, for she lamented that 'her flesh was mounting and leaving her teeth naked.' She was much gratified by receiving a toothache remedy. A little girl, a child servant, appeared with a very inflamed finger, but it was too dirty to be properly examined, and she was dismissed with the native attendant who was told to wash it for her. A grandmother then brought in a very handsome boy with magnificent black eyes, very becomingly dressed in a white *gelab* (cloak) with its pointed hood drawn over his head, a bright pink *caftan* (a long indoor garment) being visible beneath it. The woman seemed devoted to this child and kissed him affectionately. Happily there did not appear to be very much the matter with this attractive little fellow, and the Granny with her precious charge soon made way for a sweet-faced woman with a very sad history. Her husband, who, unlike many Moors, was very fond of his wife, and had refused to divorce her because she had no son, was then lying in prison. He had happened to live in a house next door to one in which a murder had been committed. Though guiltless, he was seized, and efforts had been unavailing

to release him, as, unfortunately for him, he had some property which, in the iniquitous country of Morocco, could be 'squeezed' out of him. A friend who was accompanying me had to leave early, so we could not hear particulars about the next patient. However, I trust enough has been said to prove that the suffering women of Morocco are sorely in need of aid, and perhaps this can be afforded in no better and more practical way than by the establishment of medical missions. It is needless to say that the doctors work under great difficulties. I have alluded to that of lack of funds; another consists not only in the acquirement of a very hard language, but also in the right understanding of the patients' descriptions of their maladies. I will give one which might puzzle even a very expert physician in his diagnosis of the case. It is as follows: 'My head is imprisoned, it is all contracted. Sometimes I have no eyes. I am dead and cannot raise myself off my bed. Something got into my head, whether from my ears I do not know, it then went down into my chest, then journeyed into my breast, from there to my stomach; it then went into my legs. Please, I want some medicine to take away the pain from my head and the illness to go out of my feet.' The woman was suffering from a cold in her chest and neuralgia.

There is one branch of the work for suffering women and children in Tangier which has scarcely been touched as yet—that amongst patients of a higher social grade. In some ways the poorer native women are better off than their richer sisters. The work done by females is often arduous and unfitted for women, but at any rate it is better for them to labour than merely to exist,

alternately eating and sleeping. The idleness and indifference engendered by the total lack of interest is lamentable. The doctor on one occasion, hearing that a child was ill, made her way to the house where a richer Moorish woman resided, but failed to obtain admittance. She was put off with the message, 'the child is better,' but in a day or two the little one was no more. However, with time and patience the medical missionaries will doubtless overcome prejudice and gain access to houses where, as yet, they have failed to enter. They have done much, and the natives are beginning to realise this, judging from a remark I recently heard. Passing by the market place in the company of the doctor, we heard a woman in the loud guttural tones of unmusical Arabic, saying some such words as these, 'When a man falls we walk over him, but the Nazarenes pick him up.' To 'raise the fallen' is the blessed work the brave workers of the medical mission have been endeavouring to carry out. They have had considerable success. Would that English men and women going amongst people of different race and creed, could oftener be known as accomplishing so noble a task!"

In September 1898 Jeanie wrote the following letter to the *Dublin Daily Express*: "Yesterday I visited one of the saddest spots in Dublin, a street where disease of mind and body are rampant. I should not have ventured to have entered some of the houses, had I not been accompanied by a lady who has been a true friend to the unfortunate inhabitants, and who is well known in the district. It is terrible to think that innocent children are brought up in such sad surroundings, and

are unconsciously trained to become thieves, drunkards, and bad characters. Can nothing be done to help them? If I mistake not, a law has been passed facilitating the removal of children from distinctly vicious homes, and, merely from a utilitarian point of view, such legislation would commend itself. Money can be better laid out in industrial schools than in increasing our prison accommodation. The houses I visited had been pronounced by an expert to be so bad that they ought to be condemned, but at a meeting recently held, both the Lord Mayor and Sir Charles Cameron stated that there was no place to which the unfortunate people could go when dislodged from their dwellings. Lack of dwellings is a great evil, but in a few years' time it may to a great extent be remedied. The Dublin Artizans' Dwellings Company have done splendid work, and, as a shareholder, I can testify that their dividends have been regularly paid. Capitalists nowadays find great difficulty in investing their money. Why should they not lay it out in a manner which is calculated to be a distinct benefit to their fellow-creatures, whilst a reasonable rate of interest is ensured to them? It is proposed early in next year, if a site can be obtained, to erect tenement houses on the Meath estate. The rents are to be collected by a lady, as Miss Octavia Hill's system is not only conducive to regular payments being made, but also to the well-being of the tenants, who find in the collector one who takes an interest in them and helps them in the best way, i.e. by teaching them to help themselves. A point, however, which the Philanthropic Reform Association has indicated as requiring immediate attention is the lack of proper sanitary inspection of dwellings. Some of the



REGINALD, 12TH EARL OF MEATH, P.C., K.P., G.C.V.O., G.B.E.
Lady Meath's Husband.



backyards I visited yesterday were in a terrible state of filth, and even two reformed tenement houses, on which £1000 had been expended by philanthropic persons, though fitted with every appliance to make them clean and healthy, were rapidly deteriorating, owing to the untidy habits of the inhabitants, unchecked by proper inspection. I have great hopes that the appointment of lady inspectors will help to ensure proper supervision, and when this is secured, the wealthy will doubtless come forward and find a way of investing their money, calculated to be of great use, as though such buildings might not accommodate the very poorest, yet the better housing of the less indigent would tend to leave room for those whose means are still more restricted."

I regret that although we spent a considerable sum in transforming two old houses on our own Dublin property into a model tenement house, with every convenience and modern sanitary improvement though without luxuries, we also found that the lack of supervision and compulsion on the part of the Corporation, and the ingrained dirty habits and destructive tendencies of large numbers of the class of people accustomed to live in tenement houses, rendered the experiment unremunerative, and it had to be abandoned to our great grief. But I am still convinced that the misery in which these people often live might easily be improved, if their character were changed, and instead of destroying property they recognised their own responsibilities in their own material interests. I fear, however, that without the assistance of a benevolent compulsion on the part of the local

authority, ancient habits and ancient prejudices are most difficult to eradicate.

In October of 1898, Jeanie, having discovered that in some Irish Workhouses the epileptic patients were placed in the lunatic wards, was very seriously distressed by this discovery, and thought it her duty to bring the matter to the notice of the public through a letter to the *Irish Times*, in which she said :

“ Will you be so good as to allow me to draw attention to a very great wrong, and one calculated to render the lives of an afflicted class of persons almost intolerable. Having intended, had my health permitted, to be present at the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers at Norwich, where the subject of the care of epileptics is to-day to be brought forward, I wrote to three medical men in Ireland to know whether it was true that these patients in Irish Workhouses were placed in wards with lunatics, and in each case I had an answer to the question in the affirmative. One of the writers describes it as a ‘ barbarous ’ system, and another says, ‘ The lot of a young epileptic placed in these wards is one of life-long dreariness. The lunatic poor are treated in some cases worse than the criminal classes,’ and yet the poor epileptics are sometimes ‘ shut up amongst insane persons, frequently unprovided with a paid attendant to minister to them. They live their lifetime through until death relieves the ratepayers of the burden of their support.’ The third letter from a well-known specialist says : ‘ I have a very practical knowledge of the evils of consorting epileptics and lunatics in Workhouses. It is a dreadful evil, and does not stop here,

because in many of the Workhouses, idiots, epileptics, lunatics, and infirm old persons are all mixed up together. I know nothing more dreadful, or more calculated to make a doubter question the decrees of Providence, than these and other horrors in Irish Unions.' When words like these are written, not by a mere sentimentalist, but by a medical man at the head of his profession, is it not time for the matter to be looked into? For the last six years I have had frequently the opportunity of watching epileptics cared for in an institution not very distant from London. I have seen them busily employed at their work, playing with spirit at cricket, and other games, dancing, singing in chorus, and even acting a pastoral play. I have also seen them gathered together for public worship in a Chapel especially provided for them. These patients as a rule lead an active life, and except when ill, one resembling those led by other people, though they are not allowed to be out of reach of the help afforded them by the ever-watchful nurses who are on duty night and day. How different would be the fate of these young women if they had to be confined in Irish Workhouses, shut up in dismal wards, possessed of their mental faculties, and yet compelled to consort with the insane, and this without any trained attendants to succour them when epileptic seizures for a time incapacitate them, or to defend them from possibly dangerous attacks of the unhappy lunatics. The reform of Irish Workhouses is a most necessary and urgent undertaking, and one which it is to be feared will take years to accomplish. The sooner it is earnestly taken in hand the better. Happily an Association has been formed for this purpose, Lord Monteagle being President and Mr Kennedy, Hon.

Secretary. Surely even in those institutions where the terror of increasing the rates has as yet proved a barrier to progress, some measure might be discovered whereby, without increased expenditure, the poor epileptic, whose life is any way darkened by the shadow of a mysterious and seldom curable disease, might be saved from the additional and wholly unnecessary suffering involved in being treated as a lunatic whilst still in full possession of his or her senses."

My dear wife was very ably supported in this protest by a section of the Irish Press, and as far as I know, she was very largely successful in her benevolent efforts to put an end to this cruel scandal in some of the less civilised Workhouses in Ireland.

The Right Reverend Winnington Ingram, the present Bishop of London (1922), when Bishop of Stepney, wrote the following letter to my wife relative to her annual money gift for Church purposes in the East of London.

OXFORD HOUSE,

BETHNAL GREEN, E.

December 26th, 1898.

DEAR LADY MEATH,

Thank you for your very kind Christmas greeting and good wishes for the New Year. I will think carefully over your suggestion of doing more concentrated work in Spitalfields, and will have a talk over it with the present Rector, when I see him.

I quite agree with you that it is best to use your money in a lump in one district, rather than fritter it away in small sums.

You have practically completed now the Mission in the Isle of Dogs and so we have a free hand for the future. I shall not in any case pledge any of next year's money away without first consulting you. I hope some time on your return, that we may manage to have a good talk together, and get to know one another further. Give my very kind regards to Lord Meath. Tell him that I enjoy my work too much for it to knock me up.

With best wishes for the New Year to you both,
I am, Yours very gratefully,

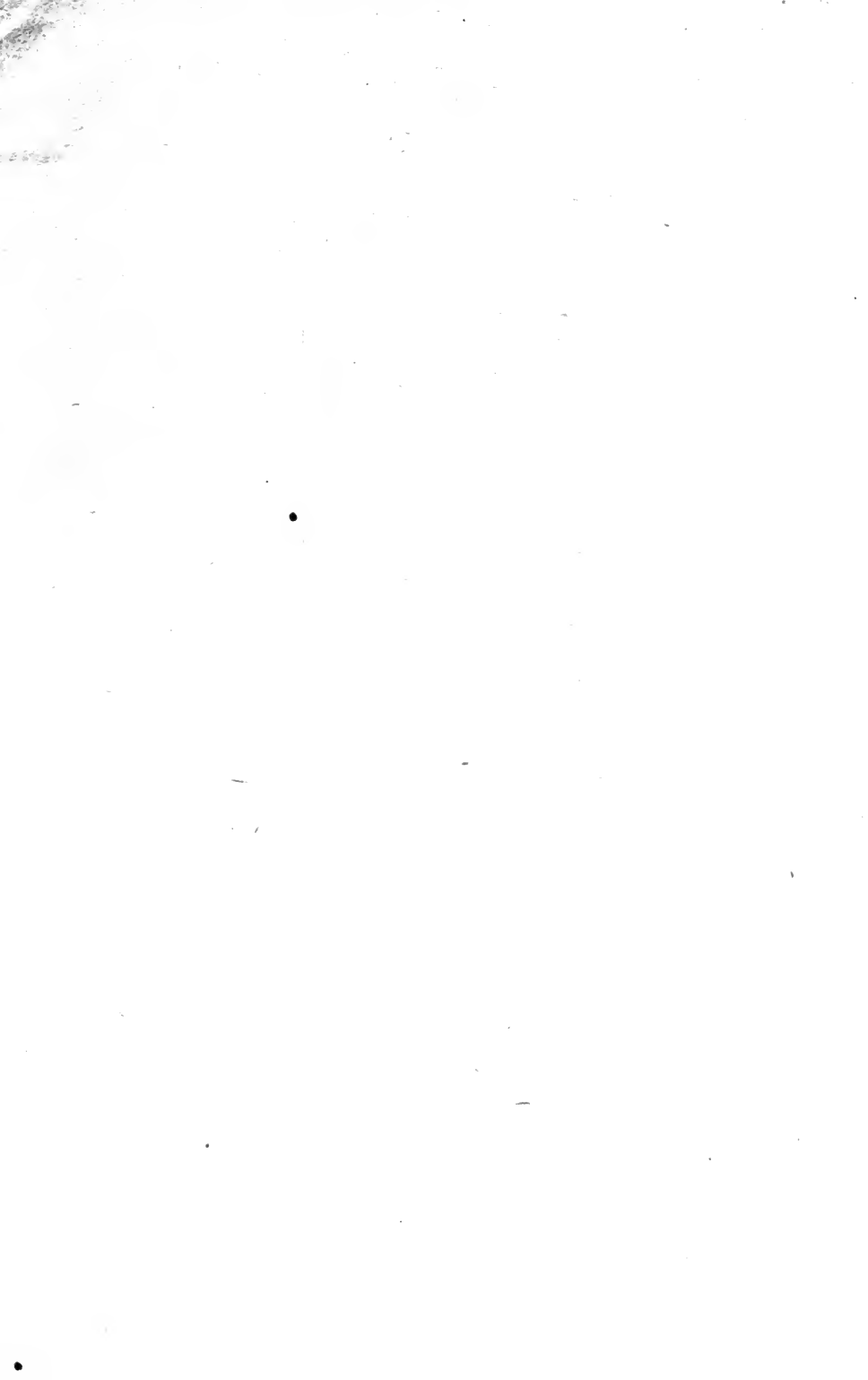
A. F. STEPNEY.

Lady Meath and I endeavoured this year, through the agency of the Philanthropic Reform Association, to bring together by means of a social "At Home" at Killruddery, the members of all Dublin and Wicklow Local Government official bodies, in whose hands rested the working of Local Government Acts, with a view to the extension amongst them of a more intimate knowledge of the details of the Acts in the interests of the masses of the people. Speaking of this novel "At Home," the *Daily Chronicle* remarked: "It is distinctly a gathering with a purpose, for, in addition to the usual hospitalities, a kind of informal conference will be held to further several urgent social reforms. Addresses will be delivered on industrial schools, the state of tenement houses in the cities, improved classification in bridewells for women, first offenders, and children; and on many other matters directly affecting the welfare of the people. Invitations have been issued irrespective of party or creed, to members of the Dublin Corporation, several District and County Councils, and many philanthropic associations."

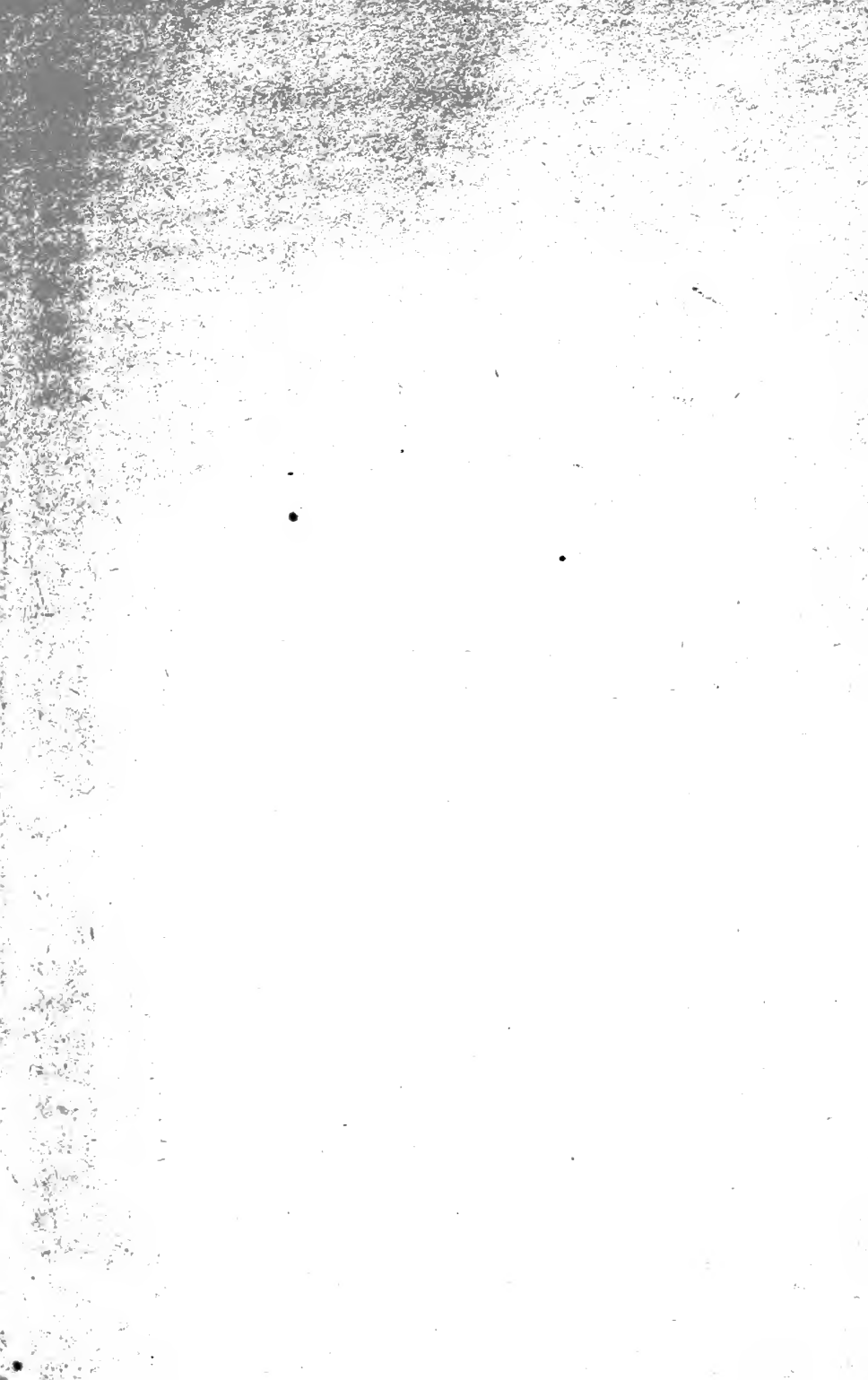
In July 1899 was held the seventh anniversary of the opening of the Meath Home of Comfort for Epileptics at Godalming.

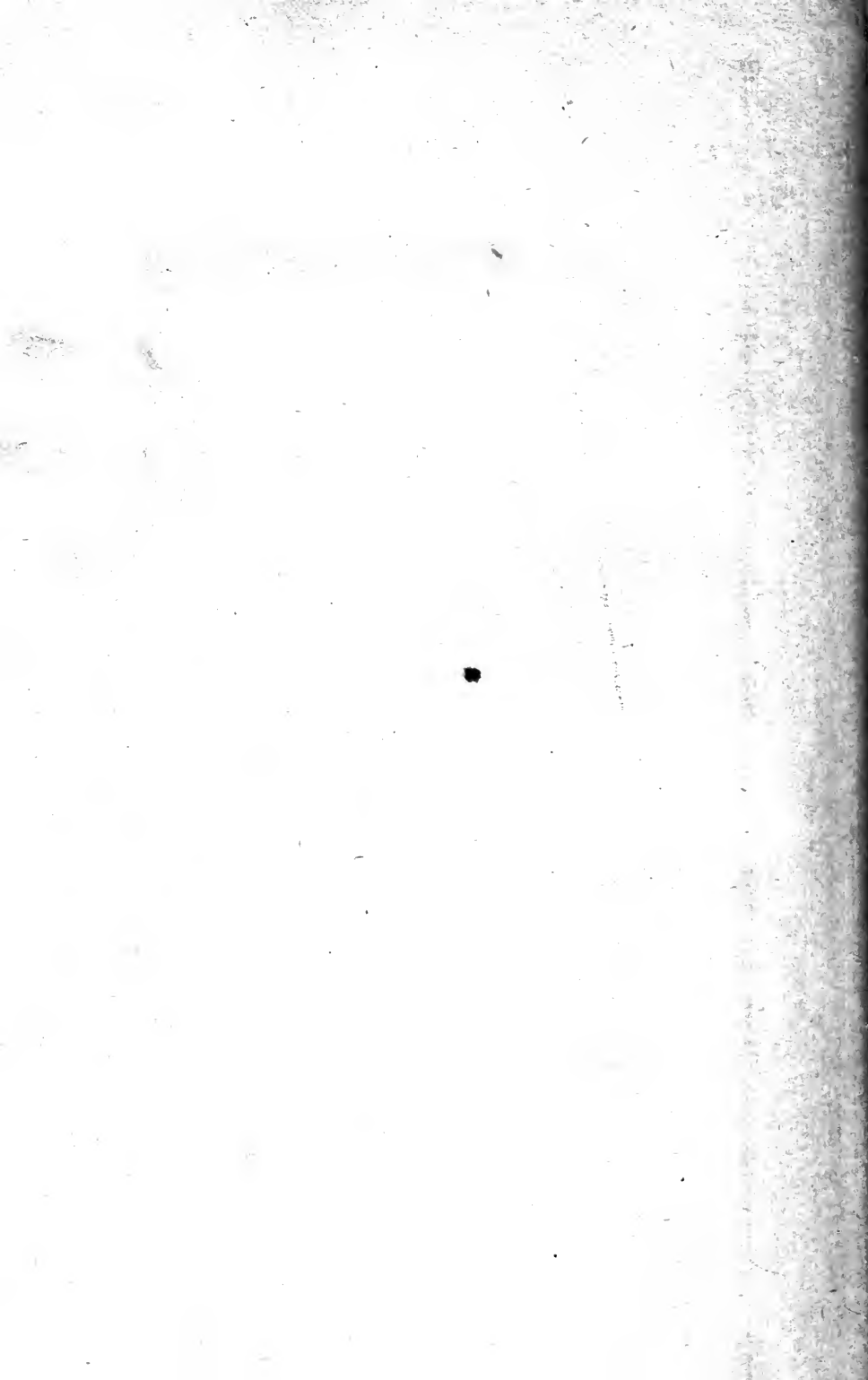
And now, having reached the year 1900, I must cease to quote from the Diaries and writings of my wife which, as already mentioned, must perforce end at the commencement of the twentieth century. Perhaps at some later date, if my life be spared, it may be permitted to me to edit some further records of our united activities carried on until the year of her death in 1918.

FINIS









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Meath, Mary Jane Brabazon
(Maitland), Countess of
The diaries of Mary
countess of Meath

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