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THE FOURTH GENERATION

JANET ROSS.
By Frank Crisp.

THE FOURTH GENERATION

REMINISCENCES BY JANET ROSS

AUTHOR OF
"THREE GENERATIONS OF ENGLISH WOMEN"
TO WHICH "THE FOURTH GENERATION"
IS THE SEQUEL

FOURTH IMPRESSION

LONDON
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LTD.
1912

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PREFACE

I FEEL that the title of this book needs a few words of explanation. Life moves so swiftly nowadays that people are soon forgotten, and books written about them are put away on top shelves out of sight, and therefore out of mind. In 1888 when I offered Mr. John Murray, an old family friend, my *Three Generations of English Women*, to which this is a sequel, he was kind enough to say that the title was a good one. As several Three Generations (without the English Women) have appeared since, he must have been right. When friends urged me to write the present book, they all seemed to think that the story of my life ought to be linked in some way to that of my mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, and the words *Fourth Generation* were added to gratify them.

My life in England as a child, in Egypt as a young married woman, and in later years in Italy, has not been an eventful one, but I have known so many distinguished people who were fond of me for the sake of my parents and grandparents, that my reminiscences of them may prove interesting. Only a short time ago the Miss Berrys were mentioned, and Mr. Berenson, who was sitting next to me, exclaimed: "How I should like to have met someone who had known those two dear old ladies." When I said: "Well, here is someone; I knew them and remember them well," he looked astonished, and replied: "*You*, impossible." The truth is I often feel as though I had a dual personality—at times quite old, at others many years younger than I really am.

I have to thank Messrs. Chapman and Hall for kindly permitting me to take several pages out of *Early Days Recalled*, a small book long out of print and forgotten ; many friends for permission to include various letters ; and above all Mr. W. M. Meredith for the kind interest he has taken in the book, and for allowing me to print his father's brilliant letters to me.

Janet Ross.

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The Fourth Generation

. Reminiscences by Janet Ross .

CHAPTER I

> "They are but Phantoms now; their day is done.
> They lived, and loved, and died, and now are dust.
> Shadows, and passed into their shadowy land
> Whence there is no return. This is long past,
> Yet not so very long, but that a breath,
> A dreamy memory of them lingers still
> On air that once they breathed."

SOME months ago I made a pilgrimage to a corner of London once very familiar. It was called Queen's Square in the "forties." I hoped to see again—houses, streets, railings—something like the picture memory had retained vivid since my childhood. What I did see was for the most part strange with something familiar. The broad, steep, smoothly flagged entrance from Birdcage Walk, formerly impassable for carriages, has become an ordinary London street. Part of the dear old square, for Queen Square Place was really an integral part of it, has entirely vanished. The ponderous bulk of Queen Anne's Mansions has crushed it out of sight, and buried under its foundations the houses of John Austin, Jeremy Bentham, in whose house James Mill lived, and the pleasant garden of the sage in which my mother used to play as a child. My grandparents were poor, but Mr. Austin's learning and eloquence and his wife's rare beauty, masculine intellect, and warm heart attracted, to quote *The Times*, "as remarkable an assemblage of persons as ever met in a London drawing-room. There might be seen—a dim and flitting figure of the past—Mr. Bentham and his two disciples, James and John Stuart Mill, the Grotes, the rising lawyers of that day whose success has justified the promise of their dawn, Bickersteth, Erle, Romilly, and Senior, and all this wisdom and learning was enlivened in later years by the wit of Charles Buller, by the hearty sallies of Sydney Smith, by the polished eloquence of Jeffrey, by the courteous amenity of Lord Lansdowne, and by the varied resources of foreign visitors who found a home by Mrs. Austin's hearth."[1] The railing at the other end of the square with its gate and steps down into the lower level of Park Street has disappeared. The delightful old irregularities which gave the place its quaint charm and which I had held in fond remembrance have vanished. Queen Anne's Gate, for such is the modern name, has all the irreproachable rectitude of appearance and demeanour which characterizes the innumerable "gates" and "squares" of the fashionable parts of modern London. It was refreshing to see that some of the old houses were still unchanged externally, retaining their carved porches, and all my childish memories were kindled at the sight of the house with its projection, and the niche in which still stands the statue of "good Queen Anne." That house, No. 8 Queen Square, was my home, and the statue of the Queen had fascinated me, had urged me to make heroic efforts to "be good," had haunted me with hopes no disappointments quenched, and had been the object of much curiosity and a little dread. For my nurse had often told me that once a year, on the anniversary of her death, when she heard the clock strike twelve, the good Queen descended from her pedestal, walked three times round the square with a golden crown on her head trailing her royal robes behind her; but only *very* good little girls were privileged to see her. I tried hard to be good, and succeeded fairly well until my grandmother Gordon, in the spring of 1846, brought me a fine Leghorn straw hat from Italy. It flapped in my face with every gust of wind, and I hated it. It was to me what the apple tree was to Eve, and gave me a knowledge of evil which was not altogether void of pleasure. The third time I wore it to go to Hertford Street and thank my grandmother the wind was high; so I waited until my nurse was feeding the ducks in St. James's Park, tore it off, and put it in a convenient puddle where I sat down upon it. My father was highly amused when he was told in the evening of my misdeed, but the nurse was horrified, and I felt, as older people in other circumstances have done, that henceforward my chance of seeing the "beatific vision" was but small.

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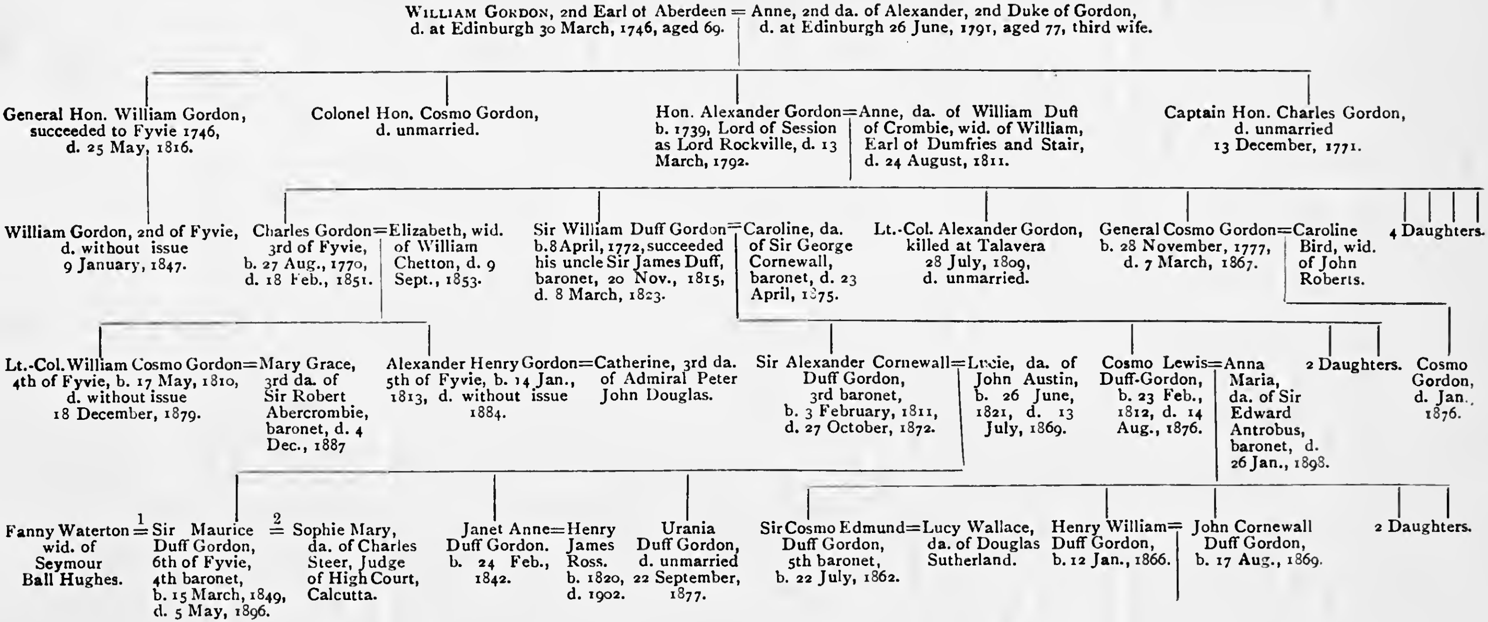
[1] *The Times*, Aug., 1868.

My father, Sir Alexander Cornewall Duff Gordon, born in 1811, was the eldest son of Sir William Duff Gordon and of Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir George Cornewall. Sir William died after three days' illness, when my father was only eleven years old, leaving his family comparatively badly off. So when my father left Eton he became a clerk in the Treasury, and always prided himself on not having cost his mother a shilling from that day. Tall and strikingly handsome, his charming manners, witty conversation, and knowledge of languages, soon gained him a reputation in London society. Through the influence of his cousin, Lord Aberdeen, he was appointed a Gentleman Usher to the Queen, and later in life became private secretary to another cousin, Sir George Cornewall Lewis when Chancellor of the Exchequer; who used to declare: "Whenever I have to say No to anyone I send Alexander; he is so agreeable and pleasant that the man goes away comparatively happy and contented." My father was the most unselfish and the kindest of men; no one ever heard an unkind word fall from his lips; and he spent his life in trying to make others happy. When Sir George became Minister for War he appointed my father one of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, an office he held until his death in 1872.

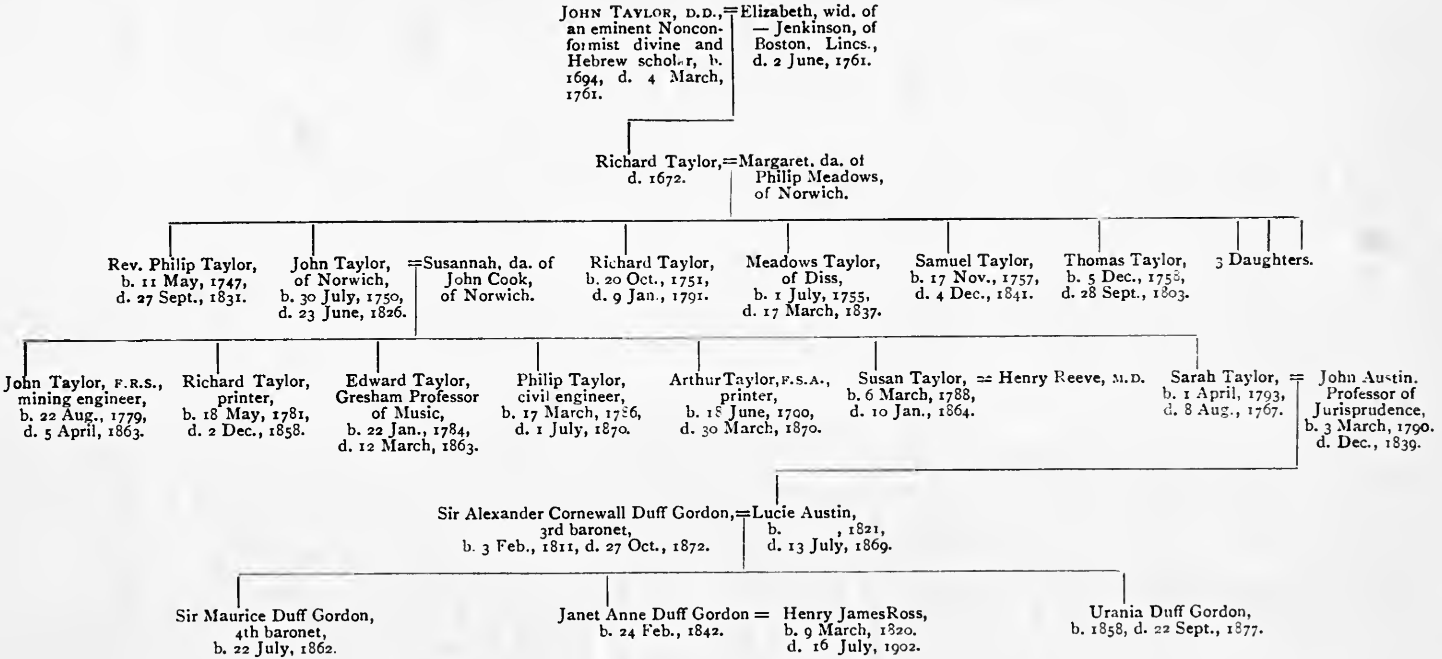
My mother, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, came from two families remarkable for intellectual force


William Gordon, 2nd Earl of Aberdeen = Anne, 2nd da. of Alexander, 2nd Duke of Gordon,
d. at Edinburgh 30 March, 1746, aged 69. | d. at Edinburgh 26 June, 1791, aged 77, third wife.
General Hon. William Gordon, succeeded to Fyvie 1746, d. 25 May, 1816.
Colonel Hon. Cosmo Gordon, d. unmarried.
Hon. Alexander Gordon = Anne, da. of William Duff of Crombie, wid. of William, Earl of Dumfries and Stair, d. 24 August, 1811.
b. 1739, Lord of Session as Lord Rockville, d. 13 March, 1792.
Captain Hon. Charles Gordon, d. unmarried 13 December, 1771.
William Gordon, 2nd of Fyvie, d. without issue 9 January, 1847.
Charles Gordon = Elizabeth, wid. of William Chetton, d. 9 Sept., 1853.
3rd of Fyvie, b. 27 Aug., 1770, d. 18 Feb., 1851.
Sir William Duff Gordon = Caroline, da. of Sir George Cornewall, baronet, d. 23 April, 1875.
b. 8 April, 1772, succeeded his uncle Sir James Duff, baronet, 20 Nov., 1815, d. 8 March, 1823.
Lt.-Col. Alexander Gordon, killed at Talavera 28 July, 1809, d. unmarried.
General Cosmo Gordon = Caroline Bird, wid. of John Roberts.
b. 28 November, 1777, d. 7 March, 1867.
4 Daughters.
Lt.-Col. William Cosmo Gordon = Mary Grace, 3rd da. of Sir Robert Abercrombie, baronet, d. 4 Dec., 1887
4th of Fyvie, b. 17 May, 1810, d. without issue 18 December, 1879.
Alexander Henry Gordon = Catherine, 3rd da. of Admiral Peter John Douglas.
5th of Fyvie, b. 14 Jan., 1813, d. without issue 1884.
Sir Alexander Cornewall = Lucie, da. of John Austin, b. 26 June, 1821, d. 13 July, 1869.
Duff Gordon, 3rd baronet, b. 3 February, 1811, d. 27 October, 1872.
Cosmo Lewis = Anna Maria, da. of Sir Edward Antrobus, baronet, d. 26 Jan., 1898.
Duff-Gordon, b. 23 Feb., 1812, d. 14 Aug., 1876.
2 Daughters.
Cosmo Gordon, d. Jan., 1876.
Fanny Waterton =1 Sir Maurice =2 Sophie Mary, da. of Charles Steer, Judge of High Court, Calcutta.
wid. of Seymour Ball Hughes.
Duff Gordon, 6th of Fyvie, 4th baronet, b. 15 March, 1849, d. 5 May, 1896.
Janet Anne = Henry James Ross. b. 1820, d. 1902.
Duff Gordon. b. 24 Feb., 1842.
Urania Duff Gordon, d. unmarried 22 September, 1877.
Sir Cosmo Edmund = Lucy Wallace, da. of Douglas Sutherland.
Duff Gordon, 5th baronet, b. 22 July, 1862.
Henry William = Duff Gordon, b. 12 Jan., 1866.
John Cornewall Duff Gordon, b. 17 Aug., 1869.
2 Daughters.

and liberal ideas, the Austins and the Taylors. I hardly remember her in the zenith of her beauty, or only indistinctly. But our old friend Kinglake wrote to me shortly before his death: "Can I, how can I trust myself to speak of your dear mother's beauty in the phase it had reached when I first saw her? The classical form of her features, the noble poise of her head and neck, her stately height, her uncoloured yet pure complexion, caused some of the beholders at first to call her beauty statuesque, and others to call it majestic, some pronouncing it to be even imperious. But she was so intellectual, so keen, so autocratic, sometimes even so impassioned in speech, that nobody, feeling her powers, could well go on feebly comparing her to a statue or a mere queen or empress."

My father met the Austins first at Lansdowne House, and was at once attracted by the mother and interested in the daughter. Lucie Austin's life was a lonely one, owing to her mother's literary occupations and her father's very poor health. The two young people used to go out walking together, and one day my father abruptly said: "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" Annoyed at being talked about, and still more at his way of telling her, she was just going to give a brusque answer when he added: "Shall we make it true?" With characteristic straightforwardness she replied by the monosyllable "Yes." They were married in Kensington old church in May, 1840, and my cousin, Henry Reeve, often spoke of the uncommon beauty of the bride and bridegroom, and of the bride's mother

A remarkable circle of literary and artistic friends soon gathered round the Duff Gordons, and when my grandmother Austin's foreign acquaintance came to London, they found a warm welcome in Queen Square. Thus from earliest childhood I heard brilliant conversation in various languages on many subjects. Politics, which never had any attraction for me, were keenly discussed because C. J. Bayley was then living with us, and writing leading articles in *The Times* which excited considerable attention. The debates on the Corn Laws in 1846 I regarded as personal enemies


JOHN TAYLOR, D.D., an eminent Nonconformist divine and Hebrew scholar, b. 1694, d. 4 March, 1761.
= Elizabeth, wid. of — Jenkinson, of Boston, Lincs., d. 2 June, 1761.
Richard Taylor, d. 1672.
= Margaret, da. of Philip Meadows, of Norwich.
Rev. Philip Taylor, b. 11 May, 1747, d. 27 Sept., 1831.
John Taylor, of Norwich, b. 30 July, 1750, d. 23 June, 1826.
= Susannah, da. of John Cook, of Norwich.
Richard Taylor, b. 20 Oct., 1751, d. 9 Jan., 1791.
Meadows Taylor, of Diss, b. 1 July, 1755, d. 17 March, 1837.
Samuel Taylor, b. 17 Nov., 1757, d. 4 Dec., 1841.
Thomas Taylor, b. 5 Dec., 1758, d. 28 Sept., 1803.
3 Daughters.
John Taylor, F.R.S., mining engineer, b. 22 Aug., 1779, d. 5 April, 1863.
Richard Taylor, printer, b. 18 May, 1781, d. 2 Dec., 1858.
Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music, b. 22 Jan., 1784, d. 12 March, 1863.
Philip Taylor, civil engineer, b. 17 March, 1786, d. 1 July, 1870.
Arthur Taylor, F.S.A., printer, b. 18 June, 1700, d. 30 March, 1870.
Susan Taylor, b. 6 March, 1788, d. 10 Jan., 1864.
= Henry Reeve, M.D.
Sarah Taylor, b. 1 April, 1793, d. 8 Aug., 1767.
= John Austin. Professor of Jurisprudence, b. 3 March, 1790. d. Dec., 1839.
Sir Alexander Cornewall Duff Gordon, 3rd baronet, b. 3 Feb., 1811, d. 27 Oct., 1872.
= Lucie Austin, b. , 1821, d. 13 July, 1869.
Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, 4th baronet, b. 22 July, 1862.
Janet Anne Duff Gordon b. 24 Feb., 1842.
= Henry James Ross, b. 9 March, 1820. d. 16 July, 1902.
Urania Duff Gordon, b. 1858, d. 22 Sept., 1877.

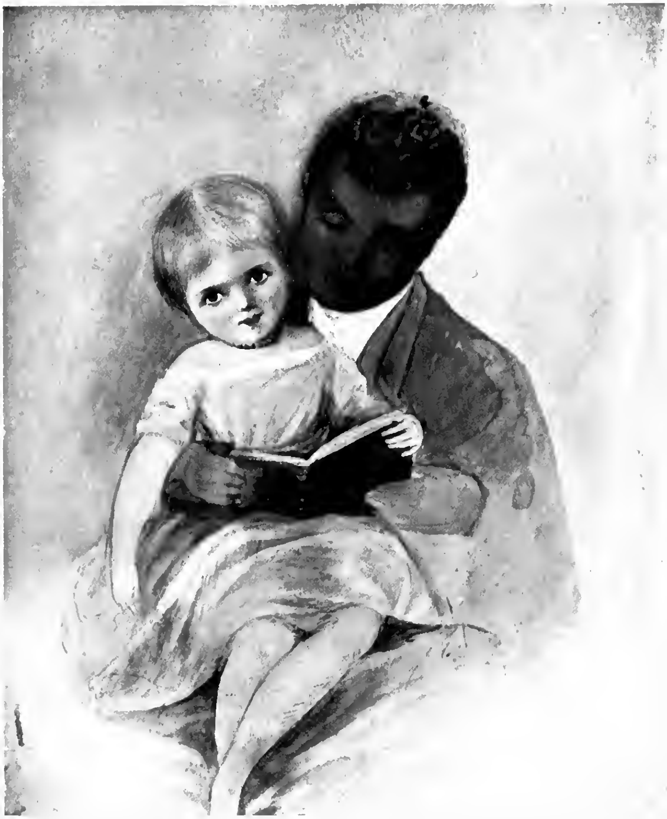
—they took up so much of Bayley's time. A smaller room behind the long dining-room was the *sanctum* of " our lodger," who was, I believe, regarded with awe by people who only knew him as the Thunderer of the then mighty newspaper. The kindest, most genial of men, dear little Bayley became my playfellow and slave, and great was my grief when he accepted the post of secretary to the Governor of the Mauritius, and left England in 1849. Laughter was loud and long when Bayley, Tom Taylor, Mowbray Morris and my father were together.

I was a spoiled and rather lonely child. Nearly all my friends were old people—old at least to me, contemporaries of my grandparents and of my father and mother. Richard Doyle I especially loved, because he drew for me the heroes and heroines of my fairy tales as I sat upon his knee. My nurse read aloud to me, and I can still remember the terrible blank in my young life when " Narty " married. Her successor scoffed at fairies and giants, so I painfully taught myself to read, much encouraged by Charles Dickens, who gave me what he called one of the most delightful of books, the *Seven Champions of Christendom.* My father, whom I adored, was away all day at his office, and my mother wrote a great deal. After her marriage she finished a translation of Niebuhr's *Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece*, which was published in 1842 under the name of her mother, Mrs. Austin. The following year her translation of the *Amber Witch*, still a classic, appeared, and soon afterwards that of the *French in Algiers* and *Remarkable Criminal Trials.*

My loneliness came to an end with the addition to our household of a small black boy, Hassan el Bakkeet, commonly called Hatty. He belonged to an Italian who lived in the same house as Signor Prandi, one of the many penniless Italian exiles to whom my grandmother Austin was kind and helpful, and of whom my mother was fond. Hatty had often been sent to our house with notes, and when his master turned him out into the street because he was supposed to be going blind, he came, as he said, to die on the doorstep of the beautiful pale lady. There my mother found him one night on her return from some party, and he became her devoted servant and slave, and my beloved playfellow. He was about twelve years old, and probably a Nubian. I believe he had fallen into the hands of some English missionaries when a baby, so that he not only spoke English well and without a foreign accent, but was always ready with phrases in use among pious people, and liked when he could to apply them as a means of giving honour to his beloved master and mistress. So that if, for example, it happened that a visitor called on Sunday and they were not at home, he was sure to be told by Hatty that Sir Alexander and Mylady were at church, or even, for his diction was equal to this, that they were attending divine service. I distinctly recollect Mr. Hilliard, the American author, being shocked at seeing me in Hatty's arms, and my rage when he asked my mother how she could let a negro touch her child. Whereupon she called us to her, and kissed me first and Hatty afterwards. I cannot remember the name of the oculist who cured Hatty's eyes, but he wanted the boy to take service with him, promising to dress him in scarlet and give him £12 a year. My mother advised Hatty to accept, but he threw himself at her feet in a passion of tears, and begged to be whipped rather than sent away.

My mother had the courage to practise true Christian kindness under conditions from which many people might often shrink. A certain Mary, known to the household, had brought herself into trouble by omitting the precaution of marriage, and to secure the girl a safe refuge my mother determined to take her into her service. Before doing this, however, she assembled the other servants and warned them that instant dismissal would be the penalty for saying a single unkind word to Mary. Then small, jet-black Hassan, possessed with an idea of the dignity of his sex, conceived it his duty to become the spokesman of the rest, and accordingly advancing a little in front of the neat-aproned, tall maid-servants, he promised in his and their name a full and careful obedience to the mistress's orders; then wringing his hands and raising them over his head, he added: "What a lesson to us all, Mylady."

When my first little brother, who died when a few months



JANET DUFF GORDON AND HATTY.
By The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

old, was born, Hatty announced triumphantly to all callers: "We have got a boy," and was so elated that I wished to change my sex, a boy being evidently so much more important than a girl. He was very careful of the reputation for hospitality of my parents, and one evening when Prince Louis Napoleon came in unexpectedly to dinner, he whispered to my mother: "Please, Mylady, I've run out and bought twopennyworth of sprats for the honour of the house."

One of my early recollections is seeing my mother dress for a party at Charles Dickens's, and thinking that, though she was rather too big, she looked like a beautiful fairy queen. At midnight I was awoke by violent ringing and knocking at the front door. A policeman had found my father holding on to the railings, and at first thought he was drunk, but soon saw he was too ill to get up the steps without help. My mother was acting in a charade, and my father, feeling unwell, had slipped away unseen. Our cousin and doctor, Edward Rigby, was sent for, and pronounced it a bad case of cholera. Soon afterwards my mother arrived, very uneasy, and I well remember how strange she looked next morning in her red dressing-gown, even paler than usual, her magnificent hair coiled round and round her head with a jewel stuck in here and there.

Our kind old friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, lent my parents his villa at Richmond, where my father soon recovered his health. "Here we are," wrote my mother to Mrs. Austin, who was in Paris, "in the most perfect of villas. . . . The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char [Lady Charlotte Lindsay] at Petersham, all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation master in London again this year, and finds us a godsend for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Aunt Reeve first, and the Gordons, Lord Lansdowne himself for a day or two in passing through London, and he 'was so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed,' Dwarkanauth Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, and Landseer and Eastlake. Our faithful friend Eothen [Kinglake] left us yesterday for Algeria, where he hopes to join Abd-el-Kader, if possible. I gave him several letters for Paris, and bade him find you out and call on you in October on his way back. I don't know whether you will make much out of him, for he is both shy and reserved. But when once the ice is broken he is very amusing, and he nursed Alick, and helped and cheered me with the gentleness and kindness of a woman. . . . Little Janet is grown so tall, quite a girl and not a baby, and she asks *vernünftig* [sensible] questions, and is *somebody*. She always quotes you as 'the danmama who let me play with ink.' She has quite Alick's figure, and 'turns her round lichtly as the Gordons do a'.' This house is Bowood, on a diminished scale, as to comfort, all *à la* Lansdowne. Élise's amazement and admiration were very amusing, and Hassan is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut*, he thinks me a great lady and himself a great butler. . . ."

I sometimes went to tea with the Miss Berrys and with Lady Charlotte Lindsay. Of Miss Berry I was rather afraid, but Miss Agnes was very kind and surreptitiously gave me more cake than I ought to have had. They always said "a dish of tea," which struck me as very funny. Long afterwards I asked my grandmother Gordon to tell me about the two sisters, with whom she had been intimate from 1811 until 1852, when Agnes died in January, and Miss Berry in November in her ninetieth year. "Mary Berry," said my grandmother, "was handsome and clever. After the death of her mother she became head of the house, as her father was a weak, undecided man. Agnes, the second sister, was not so clever, but very pretty and more feminine. Some wit of that day [1812] called Mr. Berry, 'Gooseberry'; Mary, 'Elderberry'; and Agnes, 'Blackberry.' Mary Berry was always fond of the society of clever, intelligent men, and when they settled in London the society that met at their house in the most easy, sociable manner was always agreeable; it was the only place where people of sense and talent (artists especially) and men of high position, such as Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Devonshire, all the Cavendishes and Howards, Lords Jeffrey, Brougham and Dudley, Sydney Smith, Madame de Staël and all distinguished foreigners, met together. I never thought Mary Berry was clever in what she said, still clever men liked talking to her. But she and her sister had the great talent of making people appreciate themselves, and of making them feel that they were liked and wished for and listened to. Horace Walpole's love for his 'favourite Berrys' is a matter of history; and had Miss Berry been less honourable and upright she might have been Lady Orford. He offered her his hand and a handsome jointure, promising that 'he would soon die.' All his property being entailed, he could only leave Little Strawberry Hill to the two sisters. His 'dear wives,' as he called them, persuaded him to write his reminiscences of the courts of George I and his son. One of the great charms of Miss Berry was her sympathy with and her constancy to her friends. She used to say, 'I put the mark in the book,' and no one moved it until, after any lapse of time, one returned to do so oneself. Another pleasant trait was the ease with which she was amused. I have seen her laugh *à gorge deployé* at mere nonsense. The loss of the Berry *salon* can only be understood by those to whom it had been open for more than half a century. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, 'dear Lady Char,' as her friends called her, was rarely absent from their fireside. Her playful imagination, wit (without a sting), and boundless good humour, made her the delight of old and young. She was like a ball, without any angles, and meeting her was like going into a warm room on a cold day—one felt happy all over."

My grandmother let me copy a faded slip of green paper, dated January, 1845, one of the yearly invitations to call in at 8 Curzon Street. This one was written by the Dowager Lady Morley.

"NOTICE.

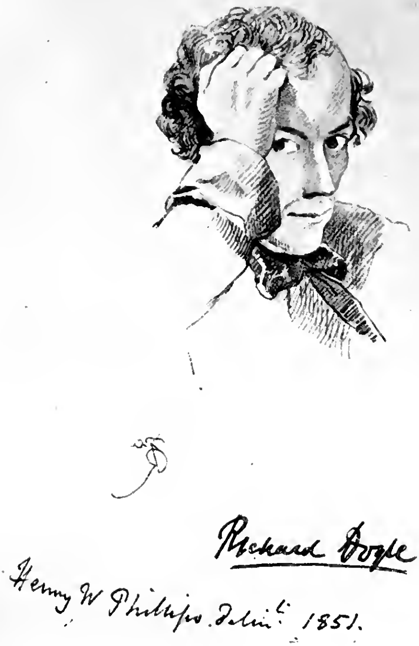
No. 8 CURZON ST., MAYFAIR.

M. AND A. BERRY

are happy in the occasion of this new year to offer their sincere thanks to all the numerous body of distinguished friends, affectionate intimates, and entertaining companions, by whose aid and assistance they have passed the last twenty years of their lives. This agreeable association must finally close. But on a much smaller scale an attempt will still be made to combine octogenarian cheerfulness with the valued society of such as may be disposed to allow themselves to assist the *Old Firm*, and to procure for its partners all they can now hope in the company they must ever the most enjoy."

In August, 1847, we joined Mr. and Mrs. Austin in the Ardennes. Prince Pierre Buonaparte was in the same hotel, and when introduced to my mother, he exclaimed: "*Mais, Madame, vous êtes des notres. Vous êtes une Buonaparte.*" Taking her hand, he led her to a looking-glass. "*On dit que je ressemble au grand Empereur, mais regardez, Madame, votre figure, c'est son image.*" In fact, Prince Pierre and my mother might have passed for first cousins. From Dinant-sur-Meuse we drove to the grottoes of Han. I have never forgotten them. It seemed to me that we walked for miles underground in narrow passages which led into vast halls, with stalactites hanging like great chandeliers from the roof. In one cave the torches held by our guides only lit up the small angle where we stood, and a man ran forward and far away up a winding path cut in the side of the cavern, shouting, as he ascended, till his voice became quite faint and his torch almost invisible. After walking along the bank of a little river which winds through these underground grottoes, we got into a boat and rowed along on the dark water until we saw a faint glimmer of light ahead. At last we emerged into bright sunlight and heard the birds singing. When I recounted our visit to the caverns of Han to some small friends next door, they would not believe me, and said it was only one of my fairy tales, but a very dull one, because there was no queen or handsome young prince in the story.

The great event of my life was my birthday, when I was allowed to dine downstairs, and to invite my particular friends. My fifth I well remember, for Thackeray played a trick on the "young revolutionist," as he afterwards called me, because I was born on the 24th of February. My guests were Mrs. Norton, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Bayley, Richard Doyle and Thackeray, who gave me an oyster, declaring that it was like cabinet pudding. But I turned the tables on him,


Richard Doyle
Henry W Phillips. Delint 1851.

RICHARD DOYLE.
By HENRY W. PHILLIPS.

for I liked it, and insisted, as queen of the day, on having two more of his. I still possess a sketch he made for the frontispiece of *Pendennis* while I was sitting on his knee. He often dropped in to dinner, sometimes announcing himself in verse. The following is one of his epistles :—

"A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be."

My sixth birthday in the eventful year 1848 was not celebrated by the usual dinner, to my great chagrin. My grandmother Austin had fled from Paris and was with us, much alarmed about her French friends, particularly about the Guizots. Every hour brought worse news. Instead of a dinner with dear Tom Taylor as toastmaster, an office he filled for many consecutive years to everyone's amusement and delight, my birthday was celebrated by barricades, bloodshed, the falling of a throne, and the flight of a king. On the afternoon of March 1st Lord Lansdowne sent to say that M. Guizot was reported to have landed in Jersey with the Duchess of Orleans and her two boys. On his arrival in London with his daughters they came to our house, and he often told me afterwards what a haven of rest it seemed. Well do I remember how disappointed I was when a small, neatly dressed gentleman came into the room, looking very much like anybody else, with rather cold, stand-offish manners. I had heard so much about the Prime Minister of France from my grandmother, who had a *culte* for him, that I expected to see a magnificent man covered with gold embroidery and all splashed with blood. I told my nurse that it had not been at all worth while to put on my best frock as there was nothing extraordinary about M. Guizot. Long afterwards a friend who was in Paris during the revolution, told me that one of the most impressive things he had ever seen or heard was Mlle. Rachel, draped in the tricolour flag, declaiming the "Marseillaise" at the Theatre Français. She looked, he said, like the Goddess of Revolution ; and he, a staid Englishman, was so carried away by her marvellous art that he stood up on his seat and cheered as frantically as his neighbours.

The revolution in France gave an immediate impulse to the Chartist agitation in England. Several people we knew left London early in April, fearing there might be trouble. My mother only smiled, and said : " Oh, my men will look after me." She had made friends with the men at Mr. Bridges Adams' works at Bow, where she started a library, and sometimes went to meetings and discussed politics with them. The men adored her, and called her " Our Lady." On the evening of April 9th, 1848, I remember standing on a chair between my mother and Tom Taylor, who had his arm round me, while a party of stalwart working men in fustian jackets sat at table cheering Tom Taylor's speeches to the echo. When at last my mother made a speech, winding up by calling the men her " Gordon volunteers," such a hip, hip, hurrah resounded that the Hawes, who lived opposite, were startled. My father had been sworn in as a special constable, and was out patrolling the streets with Prince Louis Napoleon. In a letter to Mrs. Austin, my mother describes the scene :—

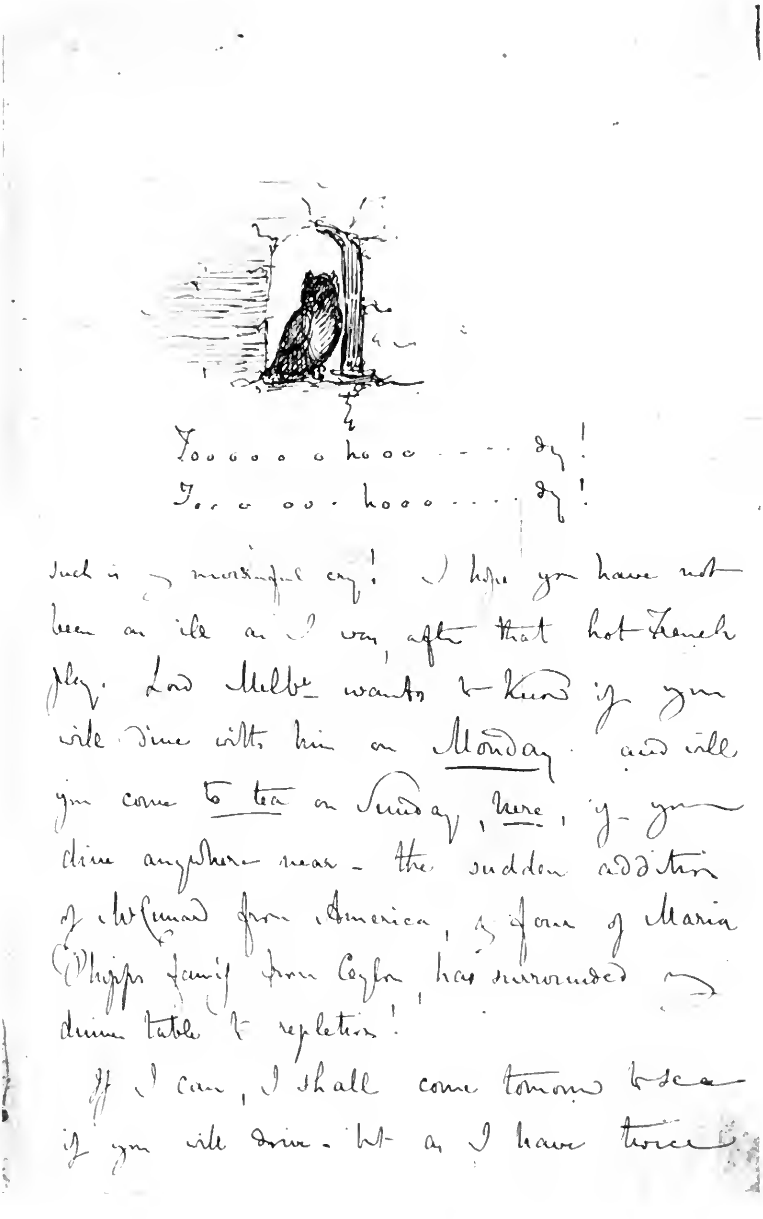
" I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had here last night. As all was quiet we had supper ; cold beef, bread and beer, with songs, sentiments and toasts, such as : Success to the roof we are under ; Liberty, Brotherhood and Order. Then they bivouacked in the different houses till five this morning when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman who looked rather wonder-struck. Tom Taylor was capital ; made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good humour ; and Alick came home and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly, pleasant evening. As no one would accept a penny we shall send books to the library, or a contribution to the school ; all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternize. I shall send cravats as a badge to the ' Gordon volunteers.' I enclose a letter from Eothen about Paris, which will interest you. My friends of yesterday unanimously agreed that Louis Blanc would just suit the 'lazy set.' We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop; indeed, I think one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six feet high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, or sleep in the house, would have scattered them. . . ."

My parents often went to Mr. Rogers's Sunday-morning breakfasts in St. James's Place, and he insisted that his "baby-love," as he called me, should come later for dessert. A great treat it was, for the old poet kept a bunch of grapes for me, which I ate perched on a chair and two cushions by his side. Would that I could recollect the talk that charmed me, young as I was, so much, that the highest praise I could think of for a grand Twelfth-night party at Baroness de Rothschild's was "It is almost as nice as Mr. Rogers's breakfasts." Long afterwards my mother told me that one morning the conversation turned on fame, and Rogers related how he was once dining at Pope's villa at Richmond with Byron and Moore, when the same subject was discussed. Singing was heard in the distance, and presently a boat full of people floated past. They were singing *Love's Young Dream.* Byron put his hand on Moore's shoulder, saying: "There, that is fame."

The poet told me to be sure and always get up early, like a good little child, and see the sun rise, and to look at the sunset before going to bed, and then perhaps some day I might write poetry. "Prose you will certainly write well," he added; "it's in your blood," an expression I did not understand. Seeing me stare into vacancy, a trick inherited from my mother, Mr. Rogers patted me on the head, and asked what I was thinking about. "Which is the most beautiful, Mamma or Aunt Carrie?" I answered. "Ah, baby-love, that would puzzle wiser heads than yours," said he, chuckling. I always called Mrs. Norton Aunt Carrie, although there was no relationship. She was an intimate friend of my parents, and my mother, in her impetuous way, had taken up her cause against her husband so warmly, that she refused every invitation to great London houses to which her friend was not asked. As she was extremely admired, and very popular on account of her beauty and her conversational powers, she was able to be of use to her. Aunt Carrie's glorious beauty and deep, rich, soft voice, had an extraordinary fascination for me, even as a small child. The following note, referring to the famous statue of Queen Anne, was written by her some time after the birth, in March, 1849, of my brother Maurice. "*Toodie*" was the name my mother went by among intimate friends, it was how she pronounced Lucie in her baby days.

As I remember Mrs. Norton's musical voice, so I remember Tennyson's as rather gruff and monotonous. He sometimes read his poems aloud in Queen Square, and told my mother he had her in his mind when he wrote *The Princess.* I don't think she was as much flattered as many of his admirers would have been. Once at dinner, when Tom Taylor and Kinglake were there, who both afterwards told me the story with amusement, Tennyson burst forth: "I never loved a dear gazelle, but some d——d brute, that's you, Gordon, had married her first."

My mother always loved animals, and had a special gift for taming them. A small mouse which lived behind the wainscot in the drawing-room came out regularly every evening at dusk, scrambled up into her lap, and nibbled a biscuit she held between her fingers. I was often allowed to sit at her feet to watch him. One evening I saw my mother's large eyes suddenly grow bigger, and forgetting all about her tiny pet, she hastily rose, exclaiming: "My dear Eothen, what, are you back?" The mouse scurried into its hole, and my mother went into the back drawing-room, divided from the larger room by an archway and heavy looped-up red curtains. I had seen nothing, but my mother declared that Eothen had walked across the other room. Hassan was called, and said the door-bell had not rung, and that no one had come in. No one could have entered the house, he added, as he was laying the cloth for dinner, and the dining-room door opened into the hall. Still, my mother was not satisfied, and lighting candles, she searched again. The hour and the minute were written down, and when Kinglake returned from his travels, he and my mother compared notes. There was no adventure to account

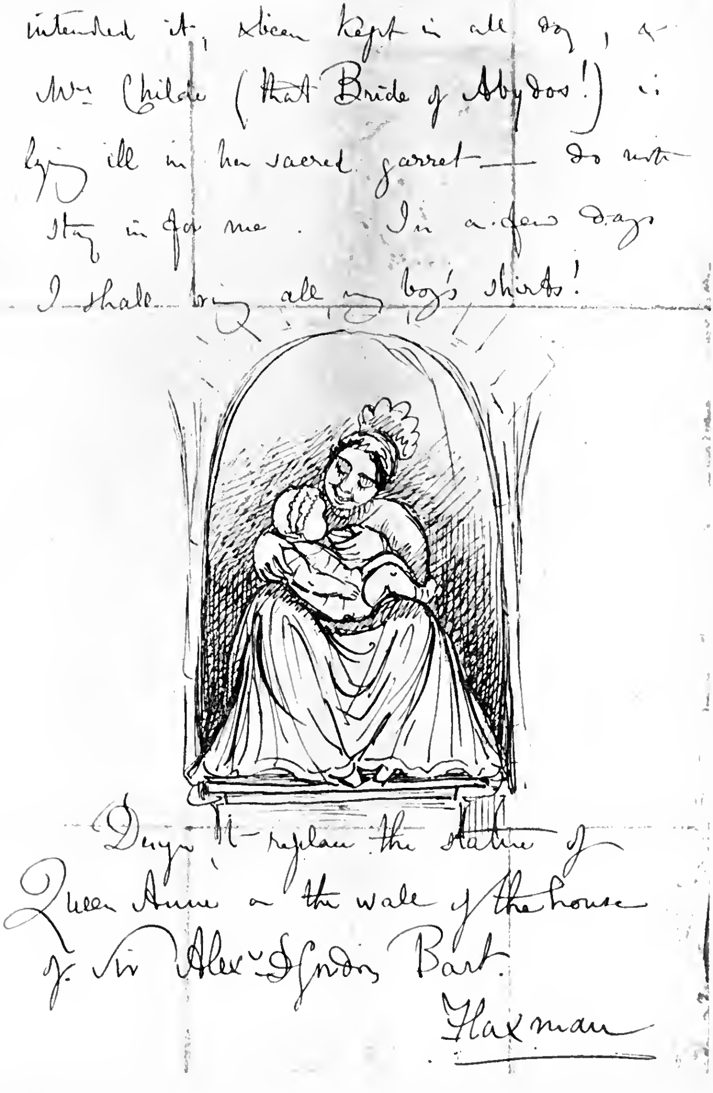


Tooooo o hooo . . . dy!
To . . o oo . hooo . . . . dy!

Such is my mournful cry! I hope you have not been as ill as I was, after that hot French play. Lord Melbe wants to know if you will dine with him on Monday. and will you come to tea on Sunday, here, if you dine anywhere near — the sudden addition of Mr Cunard from America, & of one of Maria Phipps family from Ceylon, has surrounded my dinner table to repletion!

If I can, I shall come tomorrow to see if you will drive — but as I have twice

LETTER FROM THE HON. MRS. NORTON



intended it, & been kept in all day, & Mrs Childe (that Bride of Abydos!) is lying ill in her sacred garret — do not stay in for me. In a few days I shall bring all my boy's shirts!

Design to replace the statue of Queen Anne on the wall of the house of Sir Alexr Gordon Bart.

Flaxman

LETTER FROM THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

for his wraith appearing to disturb the small mouse, which was very shy for many evenings after. Eothen was often told that he spoiled a good ghost story by coming back safe and sound.

CHAPTER II

MR. AND MRS. AUSTIN were driven out of Paris by the revolution, and rented a cottage, or rather two cottages with communicating doors, at Weybridge, where John Edward Taylor, my grandmother's nephew, lived. His eldest daughter, Lucy, was my constant companion and friend—a friendship that has never waned to this day. We were very like each other, the Taylor blood being strong; only Lucy, having sisters and a brother, was much better "brought up," i.e. not so spoilt as I was. It is a wonder my love for her was not turned to hate by hearing my nurse say so often, "I'm sure Miss Lucy would not be allowed to behave like that." We spent the summers of 1849 and 1850 in one part of Nutfield Cottage; and there, as a small child, I made two friendships which were very dear to me. In August, 1849, arrived M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire from Paris on a visit to my grandparents, and at once adopted me as his *petite-amie*. Long afterwards I asked him how he had first known Mrs. Austin, and he wrote to me:—

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Boulevard Flandrin 4, Paris.

"Ma chère Janet,

C'est en 1840 que j'ai connu Madame Austin, à qui M. Victor Cousin m'avait presenté; elle était encore fort belle à cette époque, son teint était éblouissant, et elle l'a gardé jusqu'à sa mort. Elle avait un air de vigueur extraordinaire, et beaucoup de calme, quoiqu'elle fût très-vive et très-gaie. Sa conversation était d'un grand charme; très spirituelle, et en même temps très-solide; elle était fort instruite comme la suite le prouva. A Paris Madame Austin avait un salon qu'elle

tenait à merveille ; comme elle n'avait pas de fortune, c'était l'esprit seul qui faisait l'attrait et l'ornement de la maison. Elle ne pouvait offrir à sa société, quelque distinguée qu'elle fût, qu'une modeste tasse de thé. Mais tout ce qu'il y avait d'éminent parmis les étrangers de passage à Paris tenaient à l'honneur d'être reçu dans cet humble appartement, dont l'intelligence seule faisait tous les frais. Les Français les plus illustres dans le parti conservateur et liberal, s'y donnaient rendezvous, et grâce à la maîtresse de la maison les opinions les plus diverses s'y rencontraient au profit de tous, et sans se heurter. Le salon de Madame Austin était un centre où se rencontraient la France, l'Angleterre, l'Allemagne, l'Italie, pour se connaître et se mieux apprécier reciproquement. Madame Austin parlait les quatres langues. Un grand service que'lle m'a rendu fut de me faire connaître l'Angleterre. En 1840 elle m'avait trouvé imbu de tous les préjugés internationaux si fâcheux de part et d'autre ; quand je fus plus libre avec elle, elle m'en fit rougir, et elle me demanda, pour me guérir de cette sottise, de venir visiter l'Angleterre. En 1849 je suis venu à Weybridge pour la première fois, où j'ai été reçu par une charmante petite fille qui m'a mené sur-le-champ voir les jolies fleurs qu'elle cultivait de ses mains dans un petit jardin. ' All my own ' me disait-elle avec fierté. Ma guérison fut rapide, je reviens charmé de l'Angleterre et plein d'admiration. Madame Austin m'a presenté chez quelques personnages, entre autres les Miss Berry, qui étaient alors fort agées, fort spirituelles, et jouissant vivement de la conversation d'un Français qui leur rappellait, surtout par sa prononciation, les sociétés du dixhuitième siècle où elles avaient brillé dans leur jeunesse.

Votre affectioné

B. St. Hilaire."

My grandmother said she began to realize she was getting old, as her grandchild monopolized dear St. Hilaire, who played at ball with little Janet in the garden, instead of talking philosophy with Mr. Austin and politics with her. The other friend was George Meredith, " my Poet," as I always called

him. We knew him through Mr. Peacock, whose novels my mother greatly admired, and whose daughter Meredith had married. I sometimes went to play with her little girl by her first husband, and my Poet used to take me home, often perched on his shoulder, telling me fairy tales all the way. He was at our house one day when M. de Haxthausen came, who impressed me deeply. Not because he was an interesting man who knew more about Russia and the East than most people, but because he had fought with the Queen of the Serpents, whose crown he wore in a little red silk bag that hung round his neck from a gold chain. With flashing eyes and vehement gestures he described how he fought with the Queen. " She called her subjects to her aid with loud, shrill hisses, and the earth became alive with snakes. I killed, and I killed, and I killed, and then ran for my life out of the burning hot gully, followed by hundreds of gliding, writhing, venomous creatures. The owner of this crown is the ruler and the head of all the serpents," said he, proudly tossing his head. By dint of much persuasion M. de Haxthausen was induced to show his treasure, which was inside a small gold box in the red silk bag. It looked like a miniature crown fashioned out of dark amber, and a doctor who was present said, after careful examination, that it undoubtedly was a bony excrescence from a reptile, and probably from the head. M. de Haxthausen was uneasy until his crown was once more safely hung round his neck, and said it had not been taken out of the gold box for more than twenty years. Meredith never took his eyes off M. de Haxthausen while he told his weird tale, and when next he brought me home he told me a marvellous story about the Queen of the Serpents, which was afterwards developed into Bhanavar the Beautiful in *The Shaving of Shagpat.* I think my mother instilled her love for the *Arabian Nights* into my Poet.

The cottage at Weybridge was cold and damp, and our dear Hatty fell ill in the autumn. The doctor ordered leeches to be applied to his chest, and my mother told the maid how to put them on. She answered with a toss of her head : " Lawks, my lady, I could not touch either of 'em." I can see now the look of pitying scorn with which my mother turned from the girl, who had but lately entered our service, which softened into deep affection as she bent over Hatty, and with her white hands placed the leeches on his black chest. He died in my father's arms in London on Christmas Day, 1850, from congestion of the lungs, and left a great void, particularly in my young life. I always attributed my mother's delicate health to the repeated colds she caught at Weybridge.

My grandfather I held in great admiration mixed with awe. He was remarkably handsome, with splendid eyes and a very erect carriage. Born in 1790 he entered the army before he was sixteen, and served under Lord William Bentinck in Sicily. In 1812 he resigned his commission at the request of his parents, after the death of his second brother at sea, and studied law. In 1818 he was called to the Bar. Lord Brougham, Sir John Romilly, and his great friend, Sir William Erle, told me in later days that his instructor and fellow-students, astonished by the force and clearness of his mind, his retentive memory, and the extraordinary vigour and precision of his language, foretold for him the highest place in the profession. All these bright prospects of success were, however, shattered by ill-health, chiefly caused by what Lord Brougham, in an article in the *Law Magazine* (1860) aptly calls "the insatiable demands which he made upon himself in striving after a degree of excellence unattainable in those who have to keep pace with the current of human affairs." The last twelve, and probably the happiest, years of his life, were passed at Weybridge. Sometimes he took me out walking with him, and in his rich, musical voice would impress upon me that it was most important to think distinctly, to speak my thoughts with meaning, and, above all, never to tell a lie. I learnt to reverence the names of Burke and Bentham long before I knew who they were ; indeed I think I connected them in some dim way with the Bible. When my grandfather was launched in a discussion, it was almost impossible to stop him. I remember one day being sent with a message to him from my mother when Dr. Whewell was at Weybridge. For a time I listened, but at length my patience was exhausted. "But, grandpapa, grandpapa, I can't get in a word. Do stop him," I said to the

Master of Trinity. After that I was forbidden to enter the study unless specially invited to go in, and then I was not to interrupt.

My grandfather's magnificent eyes, which my mother inherited, must have come from his grandmother who had gipsy blood in her veins. His father, Jonathan Austin, a miller and corn merchant, who had mills in Suffolk and Essex, married the only daughter of a small gentleman farmer, or yeoman. Well educated, gently nurtured, and possessed of exceptional abilities, she inspired her husband with her love for learning. His education had been neglected, but he was fond of reading and acquired a great deal of knowledge both of history and political economy. He had a very exact mind, and particularly disliked any kind of exaggeration. To an acute sense of fun was joined considerable enthusiasm, and a touching story or a noble action moved him deeply. He was determined that his sons should not be handicapped as he had been, and gave them all a first-rate education. Even as quite an old man, he was handsome, with silver-white hair. I dimly recollect his coming to Queen Square and sitting in the dining-room, smoking a long clay pipe. I do not think he was quite at his ease with a granddaughter who was addressed as "My Lady." His wife was deeply religious, though in no narrow way. She was charitable and helpful, but a strong tinge of melancholy, probably increased by delicate health and fits of nervous depression, overshadowed her whole life. This she transmitted to her children—to my grandfather in particular, tempered by the Austin family characteristic of wit and fun. My grandfather was eloquent, even as a child, and turned it to better advantage than in after life, for he used to sit by his father at dinner, and so engage him in talk that the worthy miller never noticed that John drank up his glass of beer.

My grandmother was descended from Dr. John Taylor, who was Presbyterian minister at Norwich in 1733. He is known by his *Hebrew Concordance*, for which the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of D.D. His son Richard married Margaret Meadows, and on his death their second son, John, was taken away from school at twelve years of age to help his mother in the business. In 1777 John Taylor married Susannah Cook, a clever, energetic, and handsome woman, with considerable conversational powers, and very decided liberal opinions. An aunt of the late Miss Florence Nightingale said to the late Henry Reeve: "Don't I remember your glorious grandmother dancing round the tree of liberty at Norwich with Dr. Parr." Her youngest child, Sarah, born in 1793, received a thorough education which served her well in after life. Latin, French, German, and Italian she learned as a child, and her reading between leaving school and her marriage with John Austin, in 1819, would alarm most young ladies of the present day.[1]

Mrs. Austin inherited her mother's beauty, energy, and talent, united to a marvellous capacity for work. She wrote well and forcibly; her translation of Ranke's *History of the Popes* is still a standard work, while the *Story without an End* has been the delight of several generations of small folk. Carlyle called her: "Sunlight through waste weltering chaos"; Sir James Stephen, "My great ally"; Sydney Smith, "Dear, Wise, and Fair"; Michel Chevalier, "La petite Mère du genre humain"; the Italian exiles, "La nostra bella Santa Protetrice." Deeply interested in popular education, she corresponded about it with Sir William Hamilton, Robert Southey, Victor Cousin, whose reports on the state of public education in Prussia she translated, and with many learned German professors whose acquaintance she made at Bonn. She wrote to Mr. Gladstone in 1853, urging him to "give us a scheme for *burgher schools*, to which the people shall pay a good price, and have in return as much as their money can procure." I suppose it was her strenuous advocacy of popular education that caused Lord John Russell to recommend the Queen to grant her a pension of £100 a year on the civil list in 1849. Mrs. Austin wrote diligently for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Athenæum*, and many periodicals, and was an admirable correspondent as the bundles of letters in my possession to her French, German, Italian, and English friends testify.

On one occasion, when Mrs. Austin was staying in Queen

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[1] See my *Three Generations of English Women* (second edition, Fisher Unwin), 1893.

Square, Leopold Ranke came to luncheon. The little man walked up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in English, German, French, Italian, and Spanish all mixed up together, with now and then a Latin quotation. It was almost impossible to follow him, as he talked very fast, and when by chance he did ask a question he rarely waited for an answer. My grandmother took me to see "The Historian," as Mr. Grote was called by his friends. I was rather taken aback when the stately, courteous old gentleman, on being told "This is my little Janet," took my small hand in both his, and with a bow, said: "I am indeed delighted to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Austin's granddaughter and Lucie's daughter." Mrs. Grote (known as Grota) was not nearly so alarming, but I got into disgrace one day when she showed me a portrait of herself as a young woman, by resolutely refusing to believe that she had ever looked like it. She was very proud of her small feet, and wore short dresses to show them.

It was, I think, early in 1851 that I went for the first time to a theatre. Lord Lansdowne had sent my mother a box for the last appearance of Macready as Cardinal Wolsey, and begged that Janet might be taken to see the great actor. The impression he made upon me was so strong that I can still call up before me the tall, rather gaunt figure in flowing red robes, and hear the fine voice declaiming the famous lines:—

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness."

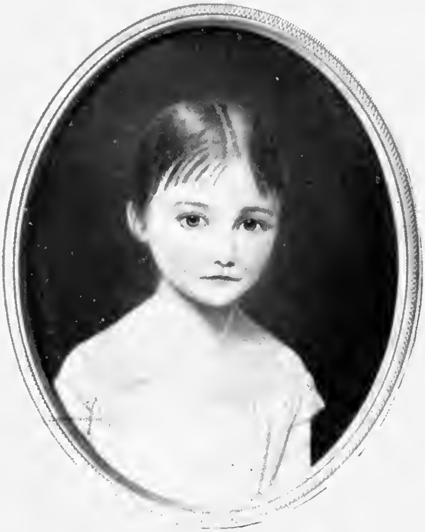
Of the other personages in the play I remember absolutely nothing.

Mrs. Opie, a friend of Mrs. Austin's mother, asked my grandmother and myself to lunch; the note was given to me to keep as a memento.

Mrs. Opie to Mrs. Austin.

"My dear Friend,

As mornings are the best time of day for me to receive visitors, I do most earnestly request that thou and dear Fanny M. and thy Janet Gordon will do me the favour to eat a hot



JANET DUFF GORDON.

luncheon with me to-morrow, the second of the month, or the next day, if it suit thee better. I hope thou art not going 'further afield' as yet, though, I am sure, thou canst not be spared from home long.

Believe me affectionately thine,
The lame and lazy,
AMELIA OPIE.

Castle Meadow, 10th month, 1st, 1851.

Please do not suppose that *I*, in my vanity, call Castle Meadow, what was, and is, Castle Ditches. Before I came hither 'Castle Meadow' in large letters was painted on a board, and hung up at the entrance of this lane—and there it is now. But 'What's in a name?' Louis Napoleon would say: 'A great deal.'"

Mrs. Opie I called my fairy godmother, and invented fairy tales about her, in which flashes of light and rainbows played a great part. Years afterwards, whenever I thought of the charming, soft-voiced and mannered, old lady, in her pretty, quaint dress, visions of curious rays of light were connected with her. Not many years ago I read Miss Brightwell's *Memoir of Mrs. Opie*, and there found that she had a great love for prisms. Then I understood why I had associated her with rainbows.

Mr. Babbage was another of our friends whom I was taken to see. He showed us his calculating machine, and was mightily amused by my emphatic approval. Sums were always my abomination, and I begged hard to be allowed to take the machine home. He also showed us a wonderful automaton figure, made, if I recollect rightly, of silver. This he called his wife, and I was rather afraid of the silent lady, who moved her arms and her head in a graceful, but weird manner. Mr. Babbage habitually looked very sad, and when my grandmother told me one day the story of Pygmalion I insisted that it was the story of Mr. Babbage and his wife, whom he was trying in vain to call to life. He and my father quite agreed on one subject, dislike of music, "a horrid noise which stops conversation."

My great-uncle, Charles Austin, then in the zenith of his extraordinary success at the Parliamentary bar, occasionally dropped in to dinner at Queen Square. Mr. John Stuart Mill describes him better than I can. "The effect he produced on his Cambridge contemporaries deserves to be accounted an historical event; for to it may in part be traced the tendency towards Liberalism in general, and the Benthamic and politico-economic form of it in particular, which showed itself in a portion of the more active-minded young men of the higher classes from this time to 1830. The Union Debating Society, at that time at the height of its reputation, was an arena where what were then thought extreme opinions, in politics and philosophy, were weekly asserted, face to face with their opposites, before audiences consisting of the *élite* of the Cambridge youth; and though many persons afterwards of more or less note (of whom Lord Macaulay is the most celebrated) gained their first oratorical laurels in those debates, the really influential mind among those intellectual gladiators was Charles Austin. He continued, after leaving the University, to be, by his conversation and personal ascendancy, a leader among the same class of young men who had been his associates there. . . . He was a man who never failed to impress greatly those with whom he came in contact, even when their opinions were the very reverse of his. The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which, combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world. . . . It is seldom that men produce so great an immediate effect by speech, unless they, in some degree, lay themselves out for it; and he did this in no ordinary degree. He loved to strike, and even to startle. He knew that decision is the greatest element of effect, and he uttered his opinions with all the decision he could throw into them, never so well pleased as when he astonished any one by their audacity. . . . He presented the Benthamic doctrines in the most startling form of which they were susceptible, exaggerating everything in them which tended to consequences offensive to any one's preconceived feelings. All which he defended with such verve and vivacity, and carried off by a manner so agreeable as well as forcible, that he always either came off victor, or divided the honours of the field."[1]

The following characteristic note of Charles Austin's, and a skit on Jeremy Bentham, I found among old papers of my grandmother :—

" Specimen of different answers by Mr. Southern's servant to the question Is Mr. Southern at home ?

Sir, he is not up.

He is unwell.

He is engaged, or particularly engaged.

Yes, sir, but he has a gentleman with him. N.B.—Gentleman is French for lady.

He is gone out, or he is just gone out. He is in the country. In short, he is not at home ; and as this, in all human probability, will be the case now, I leave this note just to ask about the proof sheets of *The Sacrifice of the Mess*, and to ask you, Mr. Southern, to procure a copy of Scarron's *Roman Comique*, on which my brother George is writing a paper.

Yours faithfully,
C. Austin.
Or rather,
Never See Austin."

"A CARD.

ORIGINAL IDEA WAREHOUSE,
QUEEN SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.

Jeremy Bentham, Codifer, and Legislator to the French and Spanish nations, and the world in general, condescendingly informs mankind and Reformists in particular, that he continues to carry on business as usual at his hermitage, Westminster, *for reputation only*. Executes orders with everything but despatch. All sorts of Political Plans, Projects, and Schemes built. Old Plans fresh cast, corrected, and remodelled equal to new. Words coined, Motives analysed, Intrinsic Values examined, and Moral Prejudices decomposed and carefully weighed. Jeremy Bentham will not be answerable for any articles unless bearing the unequivocal marks of his workmanship; Originality, Unconsecutiveness, Ruggedness, and Elaborate Classification. All others are counterfeit.

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[1] *Autobiography*, John Stuart Mill, 76 *et seq*.

N.B.—No credit given (but as much taken as can be obtained)."

The one of our many visitors to Queen Square whom I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle. He was a great friend of Mrs. Austin's, and professed to admire Lucykin, as he called my mother, very much. One afternoon he had a discussion with her on German literature, and her wonderful eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper and burst forth in his Scotch tongue: "You're just a windbag, Lucie; you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears as my grandmother always spoke with such enthusiasm about him; but furious at my mother being, as I thought, "called names" by so uncouth a man, I interrupted, and exclaimed: "My papa says men should be civil to women." For which pert remark I was reproved by my mother. Mr. Carlyle, however, was not offended, and only observed: "Lucykin, that child of yours has an eye for an inference." I did not see him again for some years, as in 1851 my father took a house at Esher and we left London for good. My delight was great as I was given a pony which I named Eothen, after our dear friend Kinglake.

Our house at Esher, christened by acclamation "The Gordon Arms," was much frequented during the great Exhibition by French and German visitors. All were unanimous in praise of Paxton's glass palace, of which it was reported that he drew the designs in a fortnight. Henry W. Phillips, the artist, as kind as he was handsome, took me to see it, as my mother was not well and my father very busy.

I remember nothing distinctly save a big fountain, and that I was sadly perplexed by the many foreign countries whose products we saw and of whose names I was ignorant. Phillips always prided himself on his talent for explaining, and used it to such good purpose that I was utterly bewildered, and was laughed at and called a little goose when I tried to describe to my mother what I had seen.

The vision of a golden age of peace, which was to follow the Exhibition, was shattered by the news in December of the *Coup d'État.* Barthélemy St. Hilaire, *l'honnête homme de la France*, as he was called, with many of his colleagues was imprisoned in Mazas for signing an Act proclaiming the fall of the President. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the revolution of 1848, in spite of his friend Victor Cousin's grave doubts as to its success; and for some time thought Louis Napoleon judicious and honest, and took his protestations of fidelity to the Republic *au sérieux.*

He wrote to my grandmother :—

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.

Paris, 4 *Décembre*, 1851.

" Madame,

Votre excellente lettre m'arrive au moment même où je sors de la prison Mazas où j'étais renfermé avec bon nombre de mes collègues pour avoir signé l'acte de déchéance du Président. Personnellement il ne m'est rien arrivé de grave. Je quitte Cousin qui est retourné à la Sorbonne, après avoir vainement essayé avec moi de passer les ponts pour aller chez Barrot. On se bat dans tout Paris. En voyant les actes, vous comprendrez toute la violence de la lutte.

Je suis bien touché de vos offres, et je vous assure qu'un séjour à Weybridge me tente beaucoup; mais vous le savez, c'est à une seule condition, c'est que ma pauvre patrie sera tranquille. Autrement je veux souffrir, et au besoin mourir avec elle.

Tout à vous de cœur
By. St. Hilaire.

Bien des amitiés à tout le monde.

P.S.—5 *Décembre*, la lutte continue."

The following year, rather than submit to the humiliation of taking the oath, St. Hilaire resigned his chair and the administration of the *Collège de France*, and retired to a small labourer's cottage at Meaux, where he worked hard as a market gardener. He was too poor to think of coming over to Weybridge, but he sent my grandmother some plants of sorrel grown by him, a vegetable then almost unknown in England. On the death of M. Eugène Burnouf, the Oriental scholar, the administration of the *Journal des Savants* appointed St. Hilaire to the vacant place on the staff, he having written on Sanscrit philosophy. The pay was small, but it enabled him to eat meat occasionally with his vegetables.

1852 began sadly. In January the West Indian mail steamer *Amazon* was burnt at sea. My mother's friend, Eliot Warburton (author of *The Crescent and the Cross*) was on board. He stood by the captain to the last, and went down with him. Years afterwards my father received a portrait of my mother done by a schoolgirl friend, which Warburton had with him, and which he consigned to a woman as he helped her into a boat off the burning ship, begging her to send it to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon in London. She forgot the name, and on the back of the drawing were only the words, "Lucie Austin." It was not until after my mother's death, in 1869, that the little picture came from the West Indies. Someone told the woman that Lucie Austin had become Lady Duff Gordon, and gave her my father's address.

In the summer of the same year Henry Phillips slipped down the steps at Waterloo Station and broke his kneecap. He was like a brother to my parents, and as soon as he could be moved came to Esher and stayed until his knee was well. He then painted a portrait of my mother, the only one that is really like her, although it does not do her justice. The suspension lamp was taken down, and under Phillips's direction an ingenious system of pulleys and cords was arranged to hang the canvas in such a way that he could paint while lying down.

The end of the year was saddened by the death of Miss Berry, on the 20th November, just ten months after her sister Agnes. With her was broken the last link with a great literary period. On my ninth birthday she gave me a copy of Pope's poems.

"Learn his Essays by heart, my little friend," she said; "they will improve your mind and your English." I obeyed her, and Pope has ever remained one of my favourite authors, despite the rather contemptuous wonder of the present generation, who prefer the "minor poets."

CHAPTER III

OUR house at Esher was, I believe, once an inn with a cottage close by, which had been connected together by two L-shaped rooms, the dining-room on the ground floor, the drawing-room above. An old-fashioned garden sloped up to the palings of Claremont Park, and was indeed cut out of it. Magnificent beech trees shaded the upper walks, and on the lawn was a fine old mulberry tree, in the branches of which I often sat. One afternoon I heard the well-known voice of Lord Somers: "Come down, Janet; here is the man who dug up those big beasts you saw in the British Museum, and he is called Mr. Bull." Mr. A. H. Layard [afterwards Sir Henry] was known for many years by his intimate friends by that name. Never had a child a kinder or a better friend and adviser. The Eastern question was "in the air" then, the weakness of Lord Aberdeen and the bad temper of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe were deplored, and one afternoon under the mulberry tree there was a great discussion. Mowbray Morris maintained that Lord Aberdeen would not go to war, adding that he had said so to Delane, while Lord Clanricarde declared that he would drift into what he wished to avoid, his language being calculated to encourage the Czar to reject all attempts at a settlement.

Mrs. Austin told us one day that Lord Brougham, whom she had seen in London the day after Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Budget in 1853, said to her: "It was the first time I put my foot in the House since I ceased to be its master (i.e. was made a peer); Monteagle was sitting behind me, and worried me so with his remarks that I hushed him down." Adding that the speech was so fine, that when he went home at four in the morning he sat down and wrote to express his admiration, and took it to the post before he went to bed.

G. F. WATTS.

AUSTIN HENRY LAYARD.

My parents suddenly realized that I knew little else but how to saddle a horse and how to ride him, and an accomplished young lady, Fräulein von Zeschau, daughter of a retired major of the Saxon army, who wished to see England, came as my governess and companion, chiefly to teach me German. As I made small progress, it was arranged that she should take me to Dresden, where I was to go to school. Never shall I forget the utter misery of the fortnight I spent at that horrible place. Two dirty Polish girls slept in the same room with me, and every day a string of dejected girls went out a dreary walk. I became ill, and Fräulein von Zeschau took me away to her parents' house, where I soon became one of the family, and was comparatively happy. Every morning I went to a day-school in the same house, but the mistress did not like me ; she said I taught the girls boys' games during the hour of recreation in the small garden, and was too independent and not respectful enough. For the first time I realized that my grandmother Austin was a well-known woman. The memory of "*die Austin*" was still fresh in Dresden, where the Prime Minister, Herr von Lüthichau, and his wife had been her intimate friends, as well as various learned professors, particularly jurists, who still talked of my grandfather's learning, and still more of his wife's beauty. They had also known King John and Queen Amélie. Their Majesties sent for me, and were very gracious, asking me to tea with the princesses, and occasionally sending me the key of the smaller Court box at the Hof Theater. I was, however, very glad when the following year my German was declared to be excellent, and Fräulein von Zeschau and I went back to Esher.

One day Tom Taylor brought M. Vivier, the famous horn-player and wit, or rather *farceur*, to lunch. After a couple of hours he declared we were such pleasant people that, with our permission, he would stay for a few days. He remained nearly three weeks (my father lending him shirts), and laughter resounded from morning till night. Vivier was a very clever ventriloquist, and a still better mimic. Though he knew no language save his own, he would stand at a half-open door and imitate to perfection quarrels between German students, political discussions between Italian patriots, and conversations between English *hommes sérieux*, which were extravagantly funny. One of his many tricks was to blow his nose and mimic the ringing of a bell. Then looking up innocently at the astonished faces around, he would say: "*Ah, pardon, j'ai oublié de vous avertir, c'est une maladie héréditaire dans ma famille.*" He was very kind to *la petite Jeanne*, as he always called me, and would lie on the floor under the table and tell me long stories, which somehow or other I understood, though I knew very little French, about frogs, birds, flowers, fairies, sea-serpents, and mermaids. At one time his practical jokes were the talk of Europe, and as he was a favourite of the Emperor Napoleon, indeed some said he was a cousin, if the police did arrest him, he was soon set at liberty. When he wanted to travel he was sent with secret despatches at the Government expense, and the Emperor named him inspector of mines at a good salary. Vivier was an adept at blowing soap-bubbles. He mixed gum with the soap and water, so that the bubbles became less liable to break, and could be blown of a huge size. He did this once in St. Petersburg, and declared that the Emperor Nicholas was alarmed, and thought the large iridescent bubbles foretold an insurrection. In London Vivier made a bet, and won it, that he would cause a crowd to assemble in Piccadilly and stare at nothing. Stopping short he pointed with his stick to the pavement, bent down and looked fixedly at the ground. People soon gathered round to see what was the matter. At last he raised his eyes, looked astonished, and asked what on earth they were staring at. In Paris one line of omnibuses was known as *les omnibus de Vivier*; on them he never paid his fare, as his fun and jokes were such a good *réclame*.

His power over animals was extraordinary. At Esher he caught a young starling, and after shutting himself into his room for two hours brought down the bird perfectly tame, and so obedient that it hopped at the word of command from one hand to the other, and on to the top of his head. He gave "Dick" to me, and it was a most amusing and mischievous pet for many years. When he left for Paris he took away a bantam cock he was teaching to play cards in an old hat-box. At Boulogne the custom-house officer told him to open the box, so Vivier handed him the key and gravely asked : "*Monsieur a-t-il fait son testament ?*" Angrily the man demanded what he meant, and again ordered him to open the box. Vivier then explained that he was conveying a most venomous snake to some doctor in the interests of science, "*Passez, Monsieur,*" was the curt answer.

I never heard Vivier play on the horn, but people said it was wonderful, and that he had invented some way of playing four notes at once, so that it sounded like four horns playing together. He sang, with very little voice, most charmingly. In London his public career was put an end to, quite unwittingly, by the late Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes). After endless trouble Vivier had been persuaded to give three concerts ; at the first Lord Houghton blew his nose (a war trumpet, as his friends will remember). This so unnerved Vivier that he could not go on, and threw up his engagement. "*Les Anglais,*" he used to say, "*ont des nez terribles, cêlà vous fait l'effet du jugement dernier.*"

Talking of noises, my mother used to tell a good story against our old friend Mr. Nassau Senior, who liked music no better than my father. Once at Bowood Tommy Moore had been prevailed upon to sing. All the party drew near to the piano save Senior, who sat at a small table and began to write with a quill pen on Lord Lansdowne's very ribbed paper. He was compiling an article on statistics, or something of that sort. Moore began, but he was so worried by the persistent scratch, scratch, that he stopped and looked round to see who was making the odious noise. Senior raised his head and said quite innocently : "Oh, you don't disturb me, I assure you ; pray go on, I rather like it."

When in March, 1854, our cousin, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he named my father his private secretary. Great was the rejoicing at the "Gordon Arms," for it was a pleasant change for my father, who, as one of the senior clerks of the

Treasury, always, with his usual good-nature, had done everyone's work. In the summer Sir Charles Trevelyan took Lady Byron's house at Esher, which was nearly opposite ours. Lord Macaulay had taken an ugly little cottage on Ditton Marsh, and often walked over to see his sister. He generally came in to see my mother, and I must have tried his patience severely, for as soon as I heard his voice I installed myself by his knee and imperiously said : " Now talk." I rather suspect my mother might occasionally have liked to give a counter-order, for she also talked much and well ; but Macaulay was impossible to stop when once launched.

In April, 1855, the Emperor Napoleon came with the Empress Eugénie on a visit to the Queen. They were well, though not enthusiastically, received. The beauty and grace of the Empress was admired, but everyone agreed that in manner and carriage she could not compare to our Queen. Lord Lansdowne told us she was evidently not at her ease, and showed her nervousness at dinner by perpetually crumbling her bread. Among the various Napoleonic stories that were going about was the change in Prince Napoleon's nickname of *Plon-plon* into *Craint-plomb*, as it was said that he left the Crimea quite unnerved. Then it was rumoured that the Emperor had determined to go to the Crimea and lead his troops in person against Sebastopol, but that the idea had been given up because Prince Napoleon claimed the regency as his right during the absence of the Emperor, and the ministers had threatened to resign in a body rather than serve under him.

On May 18th my father took me to see the Queen give medals to the invalided soldiers and officers. The weather was splendid and the sight was extremely touching. In front of the Horse Guards a platform had been erected from whence the Queen handed a medal to each man as he passed before her. Some were on crutches, some had lost an arm, others had bandages on their heads. When Sir Thomas Troubridge, both of whose legs had been shot away, was wheeled past in a bath-chair and the Queen went down the steps and gave him his medal, there was a movement in the vast crowd, many eyes were filled with tears, and something very like a sob echoed in the still air. A few weeks later came the news of Lord Raglan's death, and M. Guizot, St. Hilaire, and others sent Mrs. Austin extracts from letters of French private soldiers for Lord Ellesmere, who was writing some pamphlet. All extolled his courage and coolness, and many spoke of his kindly manners: "*Il était gentilhomme jusq'au bout des ongles*" was an expression which often recurred. Later, when Kinglake began his History, I hated the very name of the Crimea. General Todleben's book, *Unter dem Doppeladler*, had been sent to Eothen, and he, not knowing German, asked me to translate it. Of course this made me very proud, but I found the book so dull and the military terms so baffling, that only affection for my dear friend kept me at work. This was the first translation I did.

One evening in June my mother returned from Weybridge in very low spirits. The village was echoing with the failure of Dean, Paul, Strahan, and Co. We knew that Mrs. Gore was a great friend of one of the partners in the bank, and had placed the money she made by writing in his hands. Her daughter, brilliant, fascinating Cissy (afterwards Lady Edward Thynne), who rode splendidly, sang French songs like a Frenchwoman, and danced to perfection, often came to Esher. Once she brought two huge deerhounds with her, who at once rushed into the kitchen, knocked down the cook, and seized a saddle of mutton. With this they tore down the village street, followed by Cissy's groom, shouting: "Hi, I say, stop 'em; that's My Lady's mutton." Mrs. Gore was very stout, while Cissy had a beautiful figure and a remarkably small waist, so they used to be called "Plenty and no *waste*."

In the autumn a French friend of my mother's came to stay a few days with us. He had just come from the Crimea, and almost his first words were: "Within eighteen months you will have a rebellion in India." Coming from anyone else this statement would have been met with scornful laughter, but M. de Bammeville was so clever, had such an extraordinary insight into character, and such a level head, that dead silence followed his speech. A remarkable linguist, he spoke Russian, Polish, and Greek as well as other modern languages, and was well known as a great connoisseur of art. Extremely cynical, with a strong contempt for the weaknesses of human nature, he generally saw the worst, or at all events the ridiculous side of people, and expressed his views in no measured terms. At the same time he was a staunch, generous friend to the few he liked, a most interesting companion and a good talker. M. de Bammeville had met in the Crimea Indian emissaries he had known in Paris and London, and said the English officers abused the British privilege of grumbling before them. " The service had gone to the dogs. Our best men have perished in the trenches. The British army no longer exists ; it is composed of raw boys," etc. The Indians, who had left London deeply impressed with the power of England, took this wild talk for gospel, and when Bammeville tried to reason with them, they answered that the English officers must know better than he. From several things he heard he was convinced that as soon as these men reached India, some excuse would be found or made for rebelling against us. My father was so impressed by what Bammeville said that he reported it to Lord Palmerston, who pooh-poohed the whole thing and declared it was all nonsense.

In January, 1856, the news that the Emperor of Russia had accepted the " four points " was received with great joy in France ; but we had an uncomfortable feeling that the Emperor Napoleon had tricked us, and that peace had been forced upon us just as we were getting into fighting trim. On the 16th March the Empress gave birth to a son. Paris was illuminated, but instead of showing enthusiasm, the people made skits about the poor little baby. The following was sent to my grandmother as one of the best :—

" Par son père Hollandais,
Par son aïeul Irlandais,
Par sa grand'mère Écossais,
Par sa mère Aragonais,
Vous voyez, qu'elle étrange chance,
Il ne manque au fils de France,
Qu'une goutte de sang Français."

There was a congress at Paris, when England was represented by Lord Clarendon and Lord Cowley, and on the 30th March peace was signed.

It was a happy year for us. My father was named Commissioner of Inland Revenue, a post which suited him well as he was fond of travelling; and every year he was deputed to go for a month or six weeks to Ireland or Scotland to inspect the subordinate officers, and see they did their duty in putting down illicit stills. That part of his work he liked least, and I suspect many a really poor man got off with but a small fine.

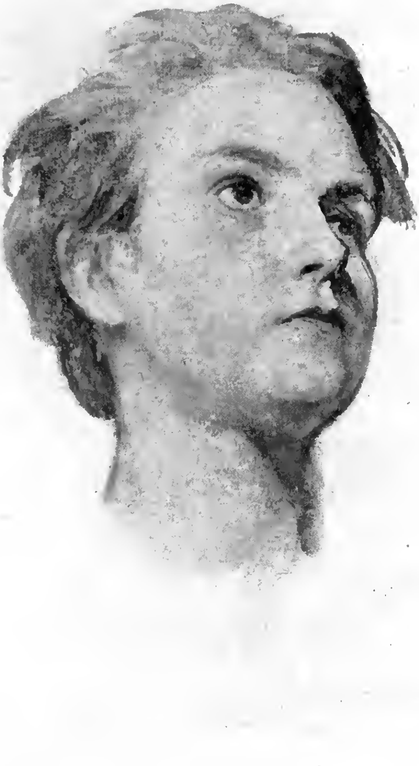
For six weeks during the winter I was seriously ill with scarlet fever, and, to my grief, my mother cut off my long hair and kept it short until I was sixteen. While in bed I read all Sir Walter Scott's novels, which my father brought down from the London Library. He was one of the first subscribers to the library Mrs. Austin helped her friend Mr. Carlyle to found. As soon as I was well Baron Marochetti asked my father to let me sit to him for a statue he had been commissioned to do by the Queen, of the Princess Elisabeth, for Newport church. I stayed for some weeks withMr.and Mrs.Tom Taylor at Eagle Lodge, near Marochetti's studio, and the statue took a long time, as the Baron had not been told the shape of the place destined for it. As is known, the daughter of Charles I died whilst reading her Bible, and Marochetti made a beautiful kneeling figure with the head bowed down on the book and one arm hanging over the front of a *prie-dieu*. When the Queen came to see it she said it would not do, as the statue was to go under an arch and must be lying down. So the whole thing had to be done over again. I could not have believed that it was so tiring to lie flat on one's back for hours, and, in spite of Marochetti's pleasant conversation and the kindness of the Baroness, I was much bored. William Millais, brother of the Academician, was tinting marble busts in the studio, and I was pressed into the service to sit for the colouring of a head in a large shell. A bust of the Princess of Coorg had just been painted, and it was amusing to hear the remarks of visitors through the half-open door. Many thought it like

Mme. Tussaud, others liked it. I agreed with the latter, as the sugar whiteness of new marble is to me disagreeable.

Little Holland House, where I sometimes stayed, was a great meeting-place, particularly on Sunday afternoon, for artists, men of letters, and the beauties of London society. Tennyson was often there, and it was funny to see how the fashionable beauties waited upon him. One would bring him a cup of tea, another press cream and sugar upon him, another fetch cakes or bread-and-butter. The same adoration, in a minor degree, was lavished upon Sir Henry Taylor, "Philip von Artevelde," as he was called from his play, which now one seldom hears mentioned. Mr. Watts, "dear Signor," lived at Little Holland House with the Prinseps, and, like all who knew him, I loved him. He was always good and kind to me, whom he had known as a small child, and many hours did I spend sitting in his studio watching those great pictures grow under his hand. One I remember interested me much, as he drew the figure first as a skeleton and then put on the flesh. I think it was the nymph Echo. One day a young violinist (I believe it was Joachim as a lad) came to play to "Signor," who loved music. I was sitting on the floor listening intently, when "Signor" put his hand on my shoulder and said: "Sit still, Janet, don't move for a few minutes." He then did the accompanying head of me.

The summer of 1857 was extraordinarily hot, and my mother's health consequently improved. The heat was attributed to a comet, which, however, did not make its appearance, but people were alarmed by wild reports that it would collide with the earth. One old lady in the village made her will, and asked my father to witness it for her. She told him she had left all to her nephew on the condition that her fat pony and two wheezy spaniels should be properly cared for. Why her nephew, the pony and the dogs, were to survive the destruction of the world was not clear.

One day my father came back from London raving about the beauty of the Countess Castiglione, an Italian lady said to stand high in the good graces of the Emperor Napoleon, whom he had seen at the Queen's ball. There was great



JANET DUFF GORDON.
By G. F. Watts.

discussion in London, patriotic Englishmen declaring that there were many Englishwomen handsomer than the fair-haired Countess. Lady Holland gave a tea, to which she invited Countess Castiglione and the well-known beauties of London—Lady Waterford, Lady Mary Craven, Lady Somers, Miss Brandling, Mrs. Norton, my mother, and others whose names I have forgotten—and strife ran high as to who bore away the palm. But all agreed that the little son of the Countess was the loveliest child that had ever been seen.

My cousin Henry Reeve, "the Great Henry," as we called him, while others irreverently knew him as "Baron Puffendorf," was always kind to me. When I stayed with him in Rutland Gate I took up my cob, and we used to ride in the Park with his friend Charles Greville, whom I did not much like, with Delane, jaunty and kindly, who had a smile and a nod for everyone and looked fresher than many of the young girls, although he was up till two or three every morning at *The Times* office, and with Mr. Carlyle. Henry welcomed Carlyle with effusion, but generally managed that Delane or Charles Greville should ride with him, while I had to go with Carlyle. One day, as we were trotting, his wideawake blew off; a civil working man picked it up and ran after us. Instead of giving him sixpence, or even twopence, Carlyle said: "Thank ye, my man; ye can just say ye've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle." I felt so ashamed that I told Eothen he must come and meet me in the Park and take me away from the Sage. Kinglake had appointed himself my "guardian," and thought it would be improving for me to hear speeches in the House of Commons. Nothing was going on the first time he took me but mere debate, carried on by chorus and anti-chorus, such as, "Hear! Hear!" in approval, or "Hear! Hear! Hear!" in derision; "Spoke! Spoke!" "No! No!" "Order! Order!" "Withdraw! Withdraw!" "Oh! Oh! Oh!" (said to be a substitute for profane swearing). I listened to what I considered misbehaviour of the silliest nursery type with considerable scorn, and when Eothen came to see whether I was properly impressed by the proceedings, I turned upon him indignantly and asked how he dared bring me to such a childish place.

A curious incident apropos of Kinglake's book *Eothen* was told me by Lord Houghton, who was in Paris in 1848. Mr. Monckton Milnes, as he then was, never missed an opportunity of seeing everybody and everything, and by great perseverance obtained an audience of M. de Lamartine. He found the Poet-Minister writing decrees and tearing up those of his colleagues, until paper was accumulated nearly up to his waist. Lamartine, who hardly gave himself time to eat or to sleep, vouchsafed scant words to the intrusive Englishman, who had waited a long time for his audience. Whilst waiting Milnes looked at the books on the table, and noticed one lying open, face downwards. Always curious, he turned it over, and found it was *Eothen* open at the description of Kinglake's visit to Lady Hester Stanhope, during which she mentioned Lamartine.

In the autumn our house was let to Mr. Charles Buxton, who was building Fox Warren at Cobham, near Esher. We went to Paris chiefly in order that I might learn French. M. de Bammeville had taken rooms for us at a small hotel somewhere on the Île de Paris until we found an apartment. It was much frequented by priests, consequently cheap, and the food was good. I remember well how astonished and rather shocked I was at my hot water being brought in the morning by a tall young chamber-man, instead of by a maid. Soon, however, we moved to a flat in the rue Chaillot. St. Hilaire was often there, and was much distressed by my methodless way of learning a language. He wanted to ground me in grammar, and forbade novels, as he wanted to make "*une femme sérieuse*" of "*la petite Janet.*" His exhortations were delivered in such exquisite French that I declared he should be my grammar, and between St. Hilaire and Victor Cousin I soon learnt enough French to be able to take keen delight in my frequent visits to the Sorbonne. There Cousin would talk to me by the hour, not about Plato, but about the beautiful ladies of the seventeenth century, particularly Madame de Longueville, until I felt I knew them personally. He never called me Janette, declaring that to be *un nom de paysanne*, I was always Jeanne to him. He rather backed me up against St. Hilaire about novels. One day he gave me *La Petite Fadette* to read, and then St. Hilaire coming in, pulled out of his pocket his own book *Du Vrai, du Beau et du Bien*, "to please our Aristotelian." Cousin was such a strong and imposing personality that I often wonder at the comparatively slight mark he has left on the world. The son of an artisan, he rose by sheer ability and intellect to be Inspector-General of Education, a Peer of France, Director of the École Normale, and Minister of Public Education. At twenty-three he was already teacher of modern philosophy at the Sorbonne under M. Royer-Collard (in 1815) until the latter was suspended for his liberal ideas, when Cousin shared his master's fate, and then began his famous translation of Plato. He travelled in Germany, where for some unknown reason he was suspected of being a *carbonaro* and was imprisoned, I think, in Berlin. But he did not complain of this: "*Cela m'a valu l'amitié du grand Hegel, qui venait voir le prisonnier français. Les pauvres geôliers! voilà des gens qui s'ennuyaient de nos conversations.*" My grandmother Austin, then in the height of her beauty, met him at Bonn in 1828, just before he returned to France. They became intimate friends, fraternized on the subject of popular education, and four years later she translated his report on the state of education in Prussia and Holland. In 1840 M. Thiers appointed him Minister of Public Instruction, but twelve years later he retired from public life, as he refused to take the oath or to serve under the Prince President. No words can describe the charm and the brilliancy of his talk. Incisive, vigorous, and vivacious, he swept his hearers away like a torrent. His voice was peculiarly sweet, yet powerful, and he managed it to perfection. He lacked height, but his head was fine and his large hazel eyes marvellous, now flashing and commanding, then soft and caressing, particularly when he mentioned *la grande et belle dame, Madame de Longueville*. St. Hilaire did not at all approve of his beloved master throwing away his time on Mesdames de Chevreuse and Longueville, and grudged every moment that he stole, as he expressed it, from Plato. M. Mignet, of whom I was rather afraid, Comte Alfred de Vigny, Léon de Wailly, whose clever novel *Stella and Vanessa* my mother had translated, Auguste Barbier, the poet, and others, came to see us in rue Chaillot, but my especial friend and playfellow, besides my two old philosophers, was Fletcher Norton, then secretary at the Embassy in Paris. I suppose my passionate admiration of his mother touched and amused him, for he was very good to me, and often took me to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, which was not far from us.

While in Paris we heard that Macaulay had been made a peer, and about the same time Lord Lansdowne wrote to my mother that after due consideration he had declined a dukedom, adding that he had been much gratified and touched by the many congratulations he had received upon the proposed honour. The Emperor, to whose credit it must be said that he did not forget people who had been kind to him in former days in London, sent several times to place a carriage at my mother's orders. She never accepted it, for at Esher we had become friends with the Orleans family, and also our dear St. Hilaire would have disapproved of her accepting any favour from *ce Monsieur*, as he called the Emperor with infinite scorn. Eliot Warburton had introduced Prince Louis Napoleon at Queen Square, where he used to drop in to dinner now and then, but no one liked him much, and as a small child I positively disliked the queer, silent man.

When we returned to Esher in November we found Claremont plunged in deep grief. The Duchess of Nemours had given birth to a daughter and was getting well enough to sit up. Her maid was brushing her long, beautiful fair hair, when the Duke came in to say good-bye before taking his two boys out riding. Gaily she said that the following week he must give up his daily ride and take her out in the pony-chaise. Before he had gone two hundred yards she suddenly cried: "*Je me meurs,*" and fell back dead. She was the ray of sunshine in that rather dull house, and the Duke never lost the sad look that settled on his face after his wife's death. His two sons, the Comte d'Eu and the Duc d'Alençon, were remarkably handsome lads, and the Duke himself was extraordinarily like the portraits of Henri IV. The Duc d'Aumale, most agreeable and kindest of men, started a pack of harriers about this time; and as the fields were small and the hedges big, hunting was capital fun. The Prinseps, with "Signor," used to spend the winter with an old aunt of Mr. Thoby Prinsep's at Esher, and whenever Mr. Izod, our friend and doctor, could not go out with the hounds "Signor" chaperoned me. He, however, always explained: "I am supposed to look after Janet, but in reality she takes care of me." He rode well, but always on the curb, and when there was a gate, or a blind ditch, I insisted on his going round by the road. I did not want to be accused of causing the death of the great painter. Izod was a magnificent horseman, and with him I hunted with the Surrey Union foxhounds. In spring and summer I often went fishing and boating on the Mole. Fish were scarce, but some amusement could always be got out of a water-rat with my pet bull-terrier, or a water-hen with its dash of scarlet on the head, which dodged in and out of the tall bulrushes and rosy-lilac loosestrife, and which I never succeeded in catching. Rowing downstream one passed the fine old red-brick tower, all that is left of the palace of Cardinal Wolsey. Picturesque and stately it was, garlanded with ivy, its empty window-sills fringed with the pink flowers and red stems of poor robin. I am afraid that Arthur Prinsep and I used to pretend more admiration than we really felt in order to row downstream and troll for jack, where the river was preserved by old Mr. Spicer, who once suddenly came out of the old tower and scolded us well. When we wanted to picnic we rowed upstream, passing, after about two miles, under an overhanging cliff, the "Lover's Leap," to a wood sloping down to the river, which in spring was carpeted with bluebells. One day we went with two boats: Dicky Doyle, Henry Phillips, Millais, M. Ary Scheffer, who was painting the portrait of Queen Marie Amélie at Claremont, his daughter, and ourselves. The wine had been hung over the side of the boat to cool, and a bottle had somehow slipped out of the string, so my father told the ladies to go away, stripped, and dived to recover it. We were immensely amused by hearing M. Ary Scheffer exclaim in a loud voice: "*Le malheureux, mais il va s'enrhumer*," as we retired into the wood. Millais did catch cold, though he did not dive, and was laid up at our house for a week with a very bad throat. I remember it because I had to sit by his bedside and change the iced bandages.

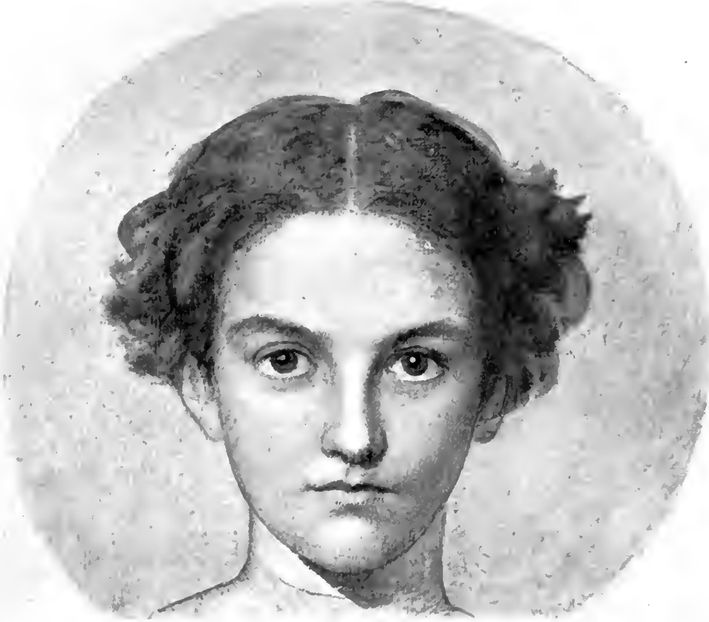
In Chesterfield Street, where I sometimes stayed with Mrs. Norton, I met many agreeable people: Lord Lansdowne, Lord Sligo, my grandmother Austin's old friend Hayward, who was always very gracious to me, Mr. Motley, Stirling of Keir, and many others. One day we went to buy plaster casts for one of her nieces to draw from, and the man, after displaying several hands, feet, ears, etc., held up a beautifully shaped nose. "There, ma'am, I recommend that; it's the Honourable Mrs. Norton's nose; hartists do buy a lot of 'em." Sitting by her in the brougham with full opportunity for gazing at her wonderful profile, I did not wonder that the cast of her delicate and perfect nose should be in such request. She drew and painted herself, and used to tell a good story of a model who came to sit. The woman stood looking about, so Mrs. Norton told her to take off her dress, as she wanted an arm and shoulder. "Oh Lor', ma'am," was the reply, "if I start an 'ook I'm Leda frightened by the swan."

My dear Aunt Carrie was boundlessly kind to me, and I always thought she was more agreeable and brilliant when we were alone, or *en petit comité*, than when there were many people; then she sometimes posed and seemed to try and startle her hearers. No one could tell a story better, and then it gained so much by being told in that rich, low-toned voice. Her singing I could listen to for hours. It may have been unschooled, but her voice was beautiful, and she sang with such expression that she brought tears into many eyes. I have often heard her hair called black—quite a mistake. One of her great beauties was the harmony between her very dark but brown hair, velvet-brown eyes, and rich brunette complexion. Her sister, Lady Dufferin (afterwards Lady Gifford) was also handsome, witty, and charming. One day my mother asked her when she was going to Highgate. Modestly casting down her eyes, she answered: "As soon, my dear, as Price has cleared the garden of all the cock robins." (Her husband was rather jealous.) No one else could have said, on hearing many shoes being cleaned outside her cabin door on a rough passage across the Irish Channel, when very sea-sick: "Oh, my dear Carrie, there must be centipedes on board."

The comet due in 1857 made its appearance in September, 1858. A magnificent sight it was, with a great tail streaming far behind. People were no longer frightened at it, but declared that it foretold war, and speculation was rife with whom. My father and I, "the inseparables," as we were called, went to Radnorshire to stay with Sir George Lewis at Harpton. He took us for long rides over the hills on wonderful little Welsh ponies which carried my tall father as though he had been a small boy. Those who only knew George as the author of the often-repeated sentence "Life would be tolerable but for its amusements," had no idea of the vein of humour which existed under his rather stern exterior. He was a dull speaker though, and a good story was told of how Bernal Osborne, after listening to a long and rather tedious speech, sprang to his feet, raised both arms, and in his ringing voice exclaimed: "I entreat the House not to be carried away by the fervid eloquence of the Right Honourable Gentleman," which caused a roar of laughter. The Latin skit, *Inscriptio Antiqua, in Agro Bruttio Nuper Reperta*, and *Suggestions for the application of the Egyptological Method to Modern History*, are good examples of George's learned trifling, and very amusing.

CHAPTER IV

LORD LANSDOWNE, friend of my grandmother Austin and of my mother, was always very kind to me, and sometimes asked me to stay at Lansdowne House. He took me to one of the Handel festivals at the Crystal Palace, and I was amused by the fine ladies who sat near us making much of me because they saw I was a favourite of the old Marquis. He told me that he was called " the dancing Chancellor," when as Lord Henry Petty he joined the Ministry of " all the talents, wisdom, and ability " as Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-six. Kind, fair, and tolerant, he smoothed away all difficulties by his courteous, suave speech and manner, under which one felt there existed a strong will and a habit of command. None will ever know the innumerable acts of generosity and kindness done by him in so charming a way that he made it appear that the recipient of the kindness was the one who conferred it. I never saw him angry but once. Crossing the hall at Lansdowne House, we found a shabbily dressed man sitting on the bench near the door. He came forward and was greeted with effusion by Lord Lansdowne, to the utter discomfiture of a young footman, who, seeing his shabby clothes, had told him to sit down, as My Lord was engaged. I forget who the gentleman was, but I am sure no ill-dressed man was ever told to sit down and wait by a servant in Lansdowne House again. After our excursion to the Crystal Palace Lord Lansdowne had a fit of the gout, and I lunched alone, with a butler, an under butler, and three powdered footmen to see after the wants of a girl of fifteen. I never felt so nervous in my life ; and after luncheon went into the study and told my dear old friend that if he did



JANET DUFF GORDON.
By G. F. WATTS.

not let me have lunch with him on his tray I begged he would send me home. He laughed, and promised I should dine and lunch with him in future. One winter we were at Bowood when the Duke of Beaufort's hounds met in the Park, and I asked to be allowed to go out. To my dismay, Lord Lansdowne insisted on my riding his pet cob Silvertail and taking his own steady groom to look after me. The groom I soon left on the wrong side of a fence, and the Duke was half amused, half frightened at the resolute way in which I rode the park hack. Silvertail enjoyed the fun as much as I did, and after a mistake or two carried me well. I brought back the brush in triumph, and presented it to my dear old friend in honour of his mare. Two days afterwards, being backed by the head coachman, I was mounted on a raking Irish hunter belonging to Lord Shelburne, and felt much more comfortable. Lady Morgan (Sydney), Miss Mary Boyle, and Tom Taylor were at Bowood on one occasion and acted charades. In one Miss Boyle was inimitable as a ploughboy. "Signor" was also there, painting the frescoes in the hall—of Briseis brought to Achilles, and of the Mother of the Gracchi. Lady Somers, Mrs. Norton, and my mother sat for some of the figures. Lady Somers was, I think, Briseis. I was pressed into the service, and stood for Patroclus, dressed up in a magnificent suit of armour, which hurt my shoulders. As a recompense "Signor" gave me the study of my head.

Lord Lansdowne always wore what I believe was the old Whig dress, a dark blue coat with gilt buttons and a buff-coloured waistcoat. Being perhaps aware of his *grand air*, he used to tell a story about Turner's old maid with great zest. Having rung the bell at Turner's house in Queen Anne Street several times without getting an answer, he was just going away when the woman appeared in the area, looked up, and said: "Be you the cat's-meat man?"

In the early spring of 1858 I was riding down to the station to meet my father, as I did every day, when a small boy fell in the road just in front of my horse. I jumped off, picked him up, and he made heroic efforts not to cry. "Papa says little men ought not to cry," he said, stifling his sobs. I asked him where his father lived, and he pointed to a cottage with a garden in front, where I knew lodgings were to be had. Telling the groom to ride on, I led my horse with one hand and the little boy with the other, and rang. A gentleman came out, kissed the child, and then looked hard at me. "Are you not Lady Duff Gordon's daughter?" he asked; and before the answer was out of my mouth he clasped me in his arms, exclaiming: "Oh, my Janet! Don't you know me? I'm your Poet." Meredith had left Weybridge before we moved from London to Esher, and though all his friends, particularly Tom Taylor, had tried to find out where he and his baby boy were, he seemed to have vanished into space. He did not know we were at Esher, and at once declared he would come and live near us. I was obliged to ride off to the station to meet my father, but on our way home we stopped and told him to come to dinner. Great was the joy at having found our friend again. Next morning I joined him in searching for a cottage, and we found one, fit retreat for a poet, standing alone on Copsham Common, near the fir woods behind Claremont Park. There Meredith installed himself; and when he went to London twice a week, being reader to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, he brought his little son Arthur to me, and I taught him German. We used to take long walks together. The Black Pool in the fir woods, where a stately heron was often to be found, was one of our favourite haunts. My Poet would recite poetry or talk about his novels. I made him write down some of the verses he improvised as we sat among the heather, and still have the faded scraps of paper with his characteristic writing in the well-known blue ink.

Evan Harrington (which was first called *He would be a Gentleman*) was *my* novel, because Rose Jocelyn was myself. (Sir Frank and Lady Jocelyn were my father and mother, and Miss Current was Miss Louisa Courtenay, a very old friend of my parents, who often stayed with us at Esher.) With the magnificent impertinence of sixteen I would interrupt Meredith, exclaiming: "No, I should never have said it like that"; or, "I should not have done so." A young Irish retriever, Peter, which I was breaking in and afterwards gave to little Arthur, was immortalized in the pages of the novel at my special request.

My Poet went to stay with a friend who was somewhat of an epicure and was going to give a dinner. He wrote to me from there : " Fitz goes about the house and neighbourhood with a large volume of Francatelli in his hand. Thus have we colloquized :—

" Fitz : Oyster soup is out of the question, with cod and oysters to follow. It must be brown. But if the veal does not come from Brighton. Good G——d ! what a set of heathens these people are.

Poet : Eh ? Oh yes, brown, of course.

Fitz : You haven't the slightest idea of the difficulties.

Poet (mooning) : She was dressed very becomingly in white sauce.

Fitz (taking it naturally) : *À la Bechamel.* That's what I'm most anxious about. Do you think Ockendon understood my directions ? The potatoes to be sliced about half an inch ; sauce poured over them ; then a fresh layer. (Becomes excited.) If well done, I know nothing better in the world than potatoes *à la Bechamel.*

Poet (writes) : And you are all I care for in the world, dearest Rose. I care for nothing but you on earth. (Answers a trebly repeated query) Oh yes, I like Maintenon cutlets very much.

Fitz (rubbing his hands) : I can trust to old Ockendon for them, thank Heaven.

Poet (getting awake) : Your wife should be a good cook, Maurice.

Fitz : Well, if she's at all educated and civilized she will be.

Poet : I know a marriageable young lady who hates potatoes, doesn't understand a particle of the great science, and finishes her dinner in two minutes.

Fitz : Lord help the man who marries her.

Poet : I think he'll be a lucky fellow.

Fitz : No accounting for tastes. (Pursues his theme.) The pheasant opposite you. I'll take the plovers. Ockendon says the jelly has set. Fancy your not knowing how much a gill is. A gill and a half of maraschino. I think the jelly will be a success.

Poet : Upon my honour, you look as radiant as if you had just touched off an ode.

Fitz : We won't open the champagne till the second course.

Poet : I stick to claret. What's the matter ?

Fitz (impatiently) : I've asked you half a dozen times whether you think the ratafias should garnish the jelly.

Poet : Just as you like. (Writes) : But a misfortune now befell our hero.

Fitz (with melancholy) : I've given up all hopes of the plovers' eggs. Heigho ! (Stretches himself in a chair in a state of absolute mental depression.)

Poet, regarding him, takes out notebook, writes : Life is a thing of circles, like Dante's hell. In the narrowest of them Despair may be as abysmal, Hope as great, as in the widest. The patriot who sees his country enslaved, the lover who wins a smile from his mistress one day and hears the next that she has bestowed the like on another gentleman ; these sorrow not, nor joy not more violently than one who is deprived of plovers' eggs, expectant of them, or greets a triumphant dish of potatoes *à la Bechamel.*"

My Poet was very fond of music, and his favourite song was Schubert's *Addio.* I complained about the commonplace German words, so he wrote for me the following verses, which have brought tears to many eyes :—

SCHUBERT'S *ADDIO*

"The pines are darkly swaying:
The skies are ashen-gray:
I mock my soul delaying
The word I have to say.

As if above it thundered
That we, who are one heart,
Must now for aye be sundered
My passion bids me part.

I dare not basely languish,
Nor press your lips to mine;
But with one cry of anguish,
My darling I resign.

Our dreams we two must smother:
The bitter truth is here.
This hand is for another
Which I have held so dear.

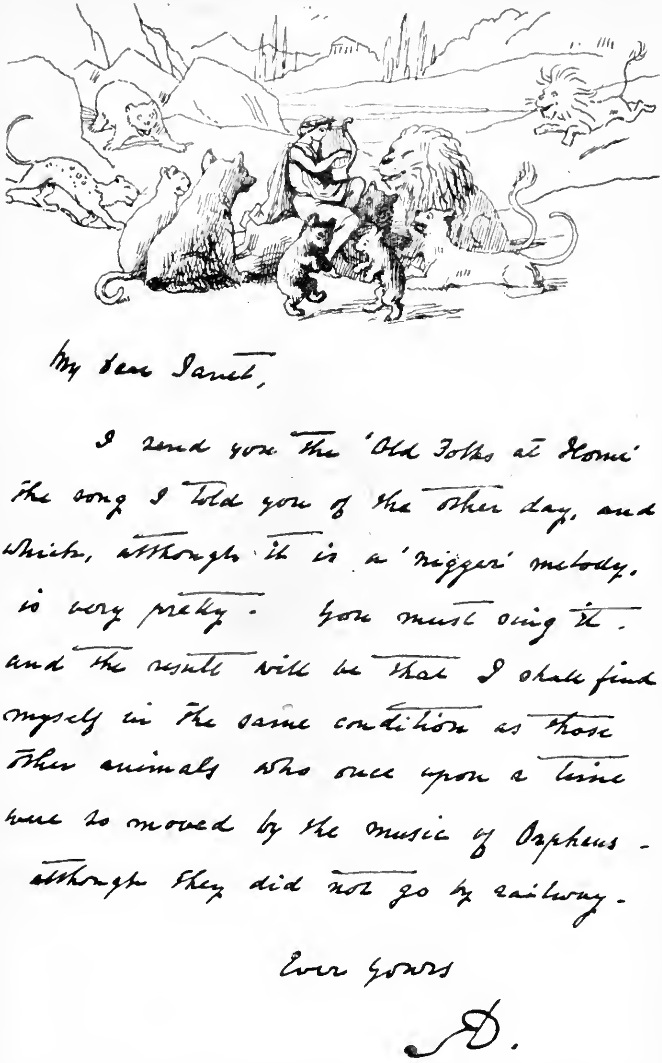
To pray that at the altar
You may be blessed above:
Ah, help me, if I falter,
And keep me true to love.

But once, but once, look kindly,
Once clasp me with your spell:
Let joy and pain meet blindly,
And throb our dumb farewell."

G. M.

Lord Lansdowne (to my father's sorrow) had given me a splendid Erard grand piano, and we always told my Poet when Mrs. Tom Taylor, a very fine musician and composer, or Mrs. Nassau Senior, came to stay with us. Even my father liked Janie Senior's singing. How lovely she looked with her crinkly golden hair, her sweet face changing with every note of her beautiful, clear voice. Her ringing laugh was a joy to hear, but those who only met her in society did not know the amount of practical good sense which lay under her bright manner. Mrs. Senior was the first woman appointed Inspector of the Local Government Board, and she wrote an admirable paper on female pauper schools, in which she insisted that what the little girls needed was "more mothering." Señor Manuel Garcia came with her one day and told us wonderful tales about his rides on the Pampas, so I persuaded him to go out riding with me, and show me how they picked up things from the ground at full gallop. We went to Copsham Common, and there Señor Garcia circled round and round, throwing his hat on the ground and picking it up with the greatest ease. I need not say that he rose high in my estimation after such an exhibition of horsemanship. He made me sing some German popular songs I had picked up by ear in Dresden, and declared that I had a good voice. "Remember two things," he said; "pronounce your words so clearly that people at the other end of the room can understand them, and avoid tremolo." Thus encouraged, I began to sing and play with enthusiasm. Dicky Doyle heard me one day, and sent me *The Old Folks at Home*, with the accompanying letter.

I often stayed with my cousins Sir Edmund and Lady Antrobus, either at Cheam, at Amesbury, or in London. Lady Antrobus, kindest and best of women, was my godmother, and occasionally remonstrated gently with my father about the way he spoiled me. She did not at all approve of my having so many men friends. When one day Meredith came to take me on the top of an omnibus to the Tower of London, which I had never seen, she wanted to send her daughter's French maid to act as chaperon. Fortunately Camille was busy making a ball dress, and could not be spared. My godmother was, however, somewhat consoled when she found that little Arthur was going with us. The concerts at 130 Piccadilly were always remarkably good. There I heard Mario and Grisi, Titjiens, Gardoni, etc. At one I realized what a difference dress can make. Mrs. Austin happened to be in



My dear Janet,

I send you the 'Old Folks at Home' the song I told you of the other day, and which, although it is a 'nigger' melody, is very pretty. You must sing it. and the result will be that I shall find myself in the same condition as those other animals who once upon a time were so moved by the music of Orpheus - although they did not go by railway.

Ever yours

D.

LETTER FROM RICHARD DOYLE TO JANET DUFF GORDON.

London with her brother, old Mr. John Taylor, and Lady Antrobus sent her an invitation. I had generally seen my grandmother in very *negligé* costume at Weybridge, or in a hideous poke-bonnet when she drove over to Esher, and never noticed that she was still singularly handsome. She came to the concert dressed in black lace, with one dark yellow rose in her black lace bonnet; and as Lady Antrobus went forward to greet her I heard people asking who that handsome woman was, while some rose from their chairs to see her better. She must have been then over sixty, but her complexion was like the inside of a shell, and her features were beautiful. I felt quite proud of my grandmother.

Sir Edmund was Master of the Tedworth hounds, and when I was at Amesbury he always took me out with him. One of my mounts was a splendid hunter up to sixteen stone, which he had bought from Lord Portsmouth. Sir Edmund was not a big man, but he rode heavily and leant on the bit, so with my light weight and light hand Portsmouth went like a bird and jumped anything. But I taught him bad habits and was in disgrace for a time, as after I left he gave Sir Edmund a fall by jumping a five-barred gate, instead of standing quiet to let his master open it. Fortunately my kind old cousin was not hurt, but he was very angry when one of the farmers told him he should have given the horse his head, "like that young lady." "Damn the young lady, sir," replied Sir Edmund, and no wonder. The old huntsman, a great ally of mine, complained that I had given him an attack of "the rumatics" by fording the River Avon to avoid a long gallop round by the bridge. The cob I was riding was only fourteen hands two inches, and the water came up to the edge of my saddle. The huntsman, of course, would not be beaten by a girl, so he came after me. It was an unpleasant sensation getting one's legs wetter and wetter, and I was afraid the wet saddle might give the cob a sore back. I thought I should never hear the last of my folly, tempting Providence, etc., from some older ladies who hunted in a pony-chaise. It was always a delight when my uncle, Cosmo Duff Gordon, kindest and cheeriest of men, was at Amesbury. An excellent horseman, with a jaunty and elegant seat, he did not think it necessary to go to the meet or to return from hunting at that dreadful jog-trot called, I believe, "butter and eggs." Sir Edmund always went that pace, and I shall never forget a ride home of eleven miles across the downs in a snow-storm, on tired horses trotting slowly about five miles an hour.

Before my little sister Urania was born in November, 1858, I was sent with Fräulein von Zeschau to an hotel at Freshwater Bay, in the Isle of Wight, near where Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson lived. They were kind to me, and I became very fond of her. A great invalid, she was always patient and gentle, thinking of others, and not of herself. In fine weather she was lifted into a long, low kind of carriage, which her husband pulled, and sometimes I pushed behind. One day the great poet's shoe-string came untied, and imperiously pointing to his foot, he said: "Janet, tie my shoe." I resented so imperative a command, besides which the strings were extremely dirty, so rudely enough I answered: "No; tie your own shoe. Papa says men should wait on women, not women on men." The moment the words were out of my mouth I could have bitten my tongue out. Visions of the beauties at Little Holland House attending to all the poet's wants rose before me, and I humbly tied his shoe. He afterwards told my father that I was a clever girl, but extremely badly brought up.

My mother's health seemed to improve so much after the birth of my small sister that she was able to pass the winter at Esher. We hoped she would gradually get really well and strong, and perhaps be able to ride a magnificent Arab that had been given to her some time before, and which I had always ridden, as his temper was very queer. He was the amusement of the half-past four train at Esher station, and people used to look out of the carriage windows to see the Arab spinning round like a top as soon as the train came in sight. I did not care for him, in spite of his great beauty and easy paces, as he could not be used for hunting. I taught him, however, to jump well on the old steeple-chase course at Epsom, and there one day I met Sir Francis Head, and we became fast friends.[1] My mother never could have ridden the Arab, and at last I persuaded her to let Sir Frank have him, for I forget what sum and a wonderful cob he sometimes rode when I met him. I must not forget to say that we had two fillies by the Arab out of Celia, a thoroughbred chestnut mare Kinglake gave to my father, because she pulled so hard that she was dangerous to ride in London. When the eldest was three years old I broke her in with Rarey's straps. Kinglake had taken me to see Rarey tackle the untamable stallion Cruiser, and I never saw anything so wonderful as the mastery he had obtained over a perfect demon. Cruiser followed Rarey about (I noticed that he never took his eye off the horse), shook hands like a dog, but when given a handkerchief to hold in his teeth, he shook his head, let it drop, and stamped with rage. Rarey insisted, when Cruiser gave a scream of fury, but took the handkerchief and held it for a second. All this was after the horse had been thrown down with the straps. Rarey afterwards told us, for Kinglake took me into the stables behind, that when horses were thrown down for the first time they seemed to be convinced that they could not rise unless helped by the hand that had conquered them. "Signor" bought the filly when I had broken her in, and rode her for some years, when I bought her back for Prince Halim Pasha.

Sir Frank wrote to me soon after he bought the Arab :—

Sir Francis Head to Janet Duff Gordon.

Croydon, *February* 12, 1859.

"My dear Miss Duff Gordon,

I cannot tell you how happy your little note has made me. I knew that Cobby was very fond of eating and drinking and jumping. But since I left you I have often thought in the day and dreamed at night that your saddle turned round, that when he met an ugly carriage he would turn round, and that, on the whole, it would turn out that because he was not thoroughbred, or an Arab, you would turn your nose up, and regret that you had ever lived to see him or me. It appears, however, that you have been

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[1] Sir Francis Bond Head (born 1793) served with the Royal Engineers at Waterloo, and under General Ziethen at Fleurens, where he had two horses shot under him. In 1825 he led a party to work gold mines in Rio de la Plata and described his ride of 6000 miles in *Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas.* In 1835 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, where he suppressed a rebellion, and repelled an invasion of "sympathizers" from the United States. For his services he was created a Baronet. Some of his best-known books are *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau. A Faggot of French Sticks. Descriptive Essays. The Horse and His Rider.*

> 'To his faults a little blind,
> And to his virtues very kind.'

I am so glad that he carried you so well, and I have no doubt that you rode him uncommonly well. I need not say how I should have enjoyed seeing you both go over that big stile; but he had never seen the blind ditches that are in your country, and I therefore feel much obliged to him for not having tumbled you into one.

I hope that as a reward for his steadiness you will adorn him by having his coat singed once more this season. If he were as old as I am the operation would bother him; but as he is only five years old, he naturally likes to look tidy. And as you have a nice habit, I think you should allow him to have a good coat.

With regard to my book, it will be full of chapters and incidents, and as soon as it is completed I will ride over to Esher and sit and sup barley-broth, while you read it out aloud.

Pilgrim [as Sir Frank christened the Arab] is going on capitally. I am *very* fond of him. He walks about in a loose-box, and is cleaned without being tied up. My quiet man has only to say occasionally in a gruff tone, 'Adone now, or you'll catch it.'

With my kindest regards to all, including the filly and the puppies,

I remain, my dear Miss Gordon,
Yours faithfully,
F. B. Head."

My old friend held balls in detestation, and attempted to convert me to his ideas. With the impertinence of a spoiled child I turned upon him and asked: "Sir Frank, were you never young?" This made him laugh, but he did not give up remonstrating with me about my love of dancing. Lord Macaulay taught me some lines (I don't know whose they are) with which to confound Sir Frank, but they had not the slightest effect upon him.

"Hail, loveliest art that canst all hearts ensnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.
Beauty can little execution do
Unless she borrows half her arms from you. . . .
Hence with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's Rigadoon shall live as long
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song."

Sir Francis Head to Janet Duff Gordon.

Croydon, *March* 18, 1859.

"My dear Miss Duff Gordon,

I was galloping most joyfully across the ridged and furrowed lines of your beautiful green note, when all of a sudden I almost fell head over heels on reading that you were thinking of *going to a ball.* Now pray let me advise you not even to dream of dancing until you are forty; for you have not the smallest idea of the inconveniences it will entail upon you. You know, I dare say, how dreadfully the gout hurts, and what a sorrow it is; but when a young lady of near seventeen deliberately determines to look grave, purse up her mouth, and dance, she is almost sure, sooner rather than later, to be afflicted with symptoms of a most astonishing description. For instance, when she awakes in the morning she finds her nightcap has crawled all over her face, and that her curl-papers have all vanished. When she dresses she is sure to put her stocking on her fingers, white kid gloves on her feet, and, unconsciously, to come down to breakfast carrying her crinoline in her hand. The tea tastes of tar, her mother's barley-broth like boiled sawdust. Every egg seems to be addled. When she sits down to work, she keeps pricking her thumb. In the garden, the sky appears to be green, the grass blue, and the birds flying with their toes uppermost. In short, nothing in creation appears to be worth looking at—but the moon—and even then there are shooting pains, here, there, and everywhere.

Now, if you will but keep clear of this dreadful 'ball-complaint,' you will have everything about you that can make you happy—good parents, a three-pronged saddle, a thoroughbred mare, a beautiful cob, a little pack of nine puppies, a rabbit for them to pursue three days a week, Epsom downs to hunt over, and possibly, one of these days, a very old man to meet you, on Pilgrim, as your whipper-in.

Now, if you will look on this picture and on that, I feel sure you will resolve to continue to bask in the sunshine of this world, and abhor fiddles and wax candles.

I remain, my dear Miss Duff Gordon,

Yours faithfully,

F. B. HEAD."

The puppies mentioned in Sir Frank's letter were rather a mixed company. They were the despair of the keepers of Claremont Park, into which they got through a hole in the palings, while I climbed over, and the young Princes and I hunted rabbits. As to my cob, he became famous with the Surrey foxhounds and the Duc d'Aumale's harriers. No fence was too big for him, no ditch too wide. As docile as he was handsome, he learned to pick up my glove or my handkerchief when I dropped them and turn round his head to put them into my hand. When I said *Hop!* he reared straight up and jumped high into the air, a performance that delighted Kinglake and alarmed some of our friends. But he would only do it for me, which was fortunate, as sometimes Mrs. Higford Burr rode him when she stayed with us. We could not put her upon Celia, who would have pulled the slight, delicate lady over her head.

In May, 1859, my father took me to spend a few days with his old tutor Dr. Hawtrey, the Provost of Eton, one of the most charming, courteous old gentlemen I ever met. An elegant scholar and a man of wide reading, he was delightful company. His translations of English poetry into Greek, Latin, Italian, and German, and vice versa, are excellent, as can be seen in his *Trifoglio*. Mr. Rogers had a copy printed on pink paper, and used to say in his solemn, *pincé* manner : "It is all stained with the blood of little boys." The Provost's house was delightful. Large rooms with small recesses opening out of them all crammed with books, for Dr. Hawtrey had a fine library, and the interesting gallery of former Etonians on whom the dear old man expatiated as products of his beloved school. The only thing I did not like was my bedroom, with a huge four-post bed and a heavy curtain in one corner, behind which I discovered an iron wicket opening on to a dark, steep flight of stone steps, and without a lock. However, I forgot all about it, and having the bad habit of reading in bed, took a fine old edition of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, a book I had never seen, to look at in bed. The horrible engravings of people being tortured, crucified, and cut to pieces, made me feel uncomfortable, and when the wind rose and the curtain bellied out into the room, I confess I was rather frightened, and felt glad when dawn broke. Dr. Hawtrey was the kindest and most gentle of men, and his tender devotion to his poor invalid sister was touching to see. He made us promise to come and see him later in the year at Maple Durham, his rectory, before we said good-bye.

My mother, having obtained permission to wear a high dress, presented me at Court. I never felt more shy and frightened in my life, and also very uncomfortable, as Lady Antrobus, who gave me my presentation dress, insisted on my wearing stays (for the first time), and having my hair done fashionably. My train was so terribly in the way that my curtsey to Her Majesty must have been very ungraceful, and I let my glove fall just in front of the Queen, and did not dare to pick it up. In the excitement of preparing for being presented I left the last pages of my translation of General

Todleben's book at Esher, and wrote to Eothen to explain. He answered :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Duff Gordon.

12 St. James's Place, 1859.

" My dearest Janet,

Fancy your apologizing to poor dear me. If you do this again I shall call you 'Miss Duff Gordon,' and if that does not frighten you, I don't know what will. I hope soon to make a rush down to Esher. Please give me a line when you are going to be absent, in order that I may not choose a day when you are elsewhere. As to Lansdowne House, they don't now send me cards for those festivities, but the 'guardian' quite approves your going there.

Always affectionately yours,
A. W. K."

My poor father was victimized by having to take me to a great ball at Orleans House, Twickenham. I well remember it, as the Princess Mary of Cambridge, looking splendidly handsome with a wreath of purple grapes round her wavy hair, collided with me in the lancers and knocked me flat down on my back. She was dancing with the Comte de Paris, I with his nice, jovial brother, Robert, the Duc de Chartres. But of all the princes of the Orleans family my especial friend was the Duc d'Aumale's son, the young Prince de Condé. He inherited his mother's kindly, charming nature, and, alas, also her delicate health.

After some days spent in August with Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr at Aldermaston, we went to Great Marlow, a place my father had known as a boy. The landlady of the small inn on the river resented our demand for two rooms. The house was full, other guests were expected, we had not written, and she scouted the idea that I was Miss Duff Gordon. She informed us that she had lived in titled families, and never heard any young lady address her parent as " dear old Boy," and would never have dared speak so to her own father. However, she became gracious at last, and we passed two happy days rowing on the river before going to Maple Durham. There Dr. Hawtrey took us to see the church, Mr. Blount's house and garden, and was pleased and rather astonished at my intimate knowledge of Pope. "You have brought her up well," he observed to my father.

At Aldermaston I spent many of the happiest days of my youth. The Squire, in spite of some little oddities, was kindness itself, and "Janet" became a privileged being who could do many things forbidden to others. One reason was that I was punctual, another that I was always willing to get up at unearthly hours in the morning and go out fishing with him. His wife, clever, sweet-tempered, and lovely, the best and dearest friend I ever had, was adored by all who knew her, except, as my father said, by women who were jealous of her. She painted beautifully, especially she copied old Italian frescoes to perfection. Some of the early Arundel prints are reproductions of her handiwork. Many a good friend did I make at Aldermaston. Among others the sculptress Miss Durant, a handsome and clever woman, a pupil of Baron de Triqueti. The following note from Layard refers to my persuading him and the late Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce) to ride with me, instead of going demurely in the carriage with Mrs. Burr and an old lady to see some house in the neighbourhood. On our return Layard proposed taking a short cut, as it looked threatening, with the usual result that we lost our way, were drenched to the skin, and had to jump several small fences, which he did not like as he was riding a coach-horse.

A. H. Layard to Janet Duff Gordon.

130 Piccadilly, *September* 2, 1859.

"My dear Janet,

I am glad that under the safe guidance of Miss Durant you reached London in safety and ultimately found your way to Esher. I am afraid our artist friend has found an angel in a wrong quarter—the eyes would suit a Sheitana better.

I hope you were satisfied with all the mischief you did during your short stay at Aldermaston. I am glad you were none the worse for your wetting. I have got a dreadful lumbago in my shoulders, and must expend tuppense on a poor man's plaister.

If Barante has twelve volumes I should certainly not have the conscience to recommend him to you. It is very long since I read the work, and I almost forget its length. I remember thinking it very interesting. I suspect that Barante and Guizot and the rest will return to the shelves when the hounds begin to meet and the young man from Melton is in the saddle.

If you behave exceedingly well, I will endeavour to write to you from Rome. On my return, after paying a visit, to which you know I am pledged, I shall come and see you. I hope you will have a very pleasant and happy autumn. We shall often talk of you and your merry doings. Do not forget the ' kranke arme Steer ' (excuse the spelling), but believe him ever to be,

Your very affectionate
Mr. Bull."

While at Aldermaston the Bishop of Oxford told a wonderful ghost story. The main facts I recollect, but not the name of the place or of the people—if he ever mentioned them—and certainly cannot tell it as did the Bishop in his mellifluous, expressive voice. Arriving late at an old country house, celebrated for its fine oak staircase and wainscoted passages and rooms, the Bishop had only time to dress for dinner and hurry downstairs. There was a large party, and he noticed there was a vacant chair at the other end of the table. Before soup was finished a Roman Catholic priest, of whom no one took any notice, came quietly in and sat down. The Bishop thought it odd, but the lady of the house was pretty and amusing, and though rather annoyed that his chaplain did not speak to his neighbour and talked across him to another man, devoted himself to his hostess and a very good dinner. He thought no more about the priest, who vanished when the ladies left the room. Then he asked his chaplain why he had not spoken to the Catholic priest. The answer was that he had not seen him, whereupon the master of the house looked uncomfortable and changed the conversation. The Bishop retired early, as he had letters to write, and a sermon or an address for the next day, and was hard at work when there was a gentle rap at the door and the priest walked in. Surprised and rather put out at being disturbed, the Bishop asked what he wanted, and the priest answered :—

" To speak to you, unless I alarm you."

" Speak ; I will listen," said the Bishop.

The priest sat down, and in a low, monotonous voice begged the Bishop to cause search to be made in the panelled lobby for certain papers relating (as far as I remember) to the succession of the house and property. " One of the panels," he said, " to the right of the dining-room door is movable ; in the recess behind it will be found papers which I, a sinner, helped to conceal there. Never have I rested in the grave since, and till now have found no man who would listen to me."

The Bishop informed his host the following morning of the singular visit, and persuaded him to investigate the matter. On carefully tapping the wainscoting, one panel was found to give a hollow sound, and after many attempts a secret spring was discovered. The panel slid back, and a bundle of discoloured papers was found. I believe the branch of the family to which they related had long died out, so that their discovery made no difference to the Bishop's host, save that the priest no longer haunted his house and terrified nervous guests.

Layard kept his promise and wrote from Italy the two following letters to me, which give an interesting picture of Central Italy after the expulsion of the Austrians :—

A. H. Layard to Janet Duff Gordon.

Rome, *October* 15, 1859.

" I cannot but admit, my dear Janet, that I have more than deserved the scolding I have received for not writing to you. The excuse that I have to make is not that I have forgotten you, but that I have been so much occupied with politics and art that I have really had scarcely any time to write to anyone. When I take my run abroad for a couple of months I usually eschew all manner of letter-writing, leaving my afflicted friends in darkness as to my movements and whereabouts ; so I beg you will consider my epistle as a special mark of favour. I am sincerely grieved to hear that your mother has been so unwell. I hope she will take good advice, and have a little wholesome care of herself. I have long felt anxious about her.

It is really a month since I left England—and yet the time has passed like a day. I have seen much of interest—more so than usual, even in Italy, as the present condition of the country is so full of matter for consideration and hope. I have paid various visits to old friends at Florence and new political ones, and was greatly interested in the condition of Tuscany. Since the expulsion of the Grand-ducal family the Government has been carried on with admirable vigour and order. Already great changes have been made in those details of administration, police, passports, custom-houses, which are so odious to the traveller and have been a curse to Italy during the existence of Austrian influence. I had opportunities of seeing most of the leading men, and of persuading myself that the change which had taken place was a strictly popular one, and that the Tuscans meant to persevere in the course they had entered upon, in spite of the threats and intrigues of the French.

I met Clanricarde at Florence, and saw as much of him as I could during the few hours he remained there. He received good information as to what was going on, and will, I hope, enlighten people in England on the true state of Central Italy. He seems quite delighted with Garibaldi (whom I hope to see on my way back), and declares that a dinner with the General reminded him of a day at the Gordon Arms—such was the simplicity and amiability of that charming family (they may be proud of the comparison).

From Florence I came to Rome by the shortest sea route.

I had intended making a tour in the Abruzzi, and started for the frontier at Subiaco ; but I found the difficulties of travelling so great, on account of the present condition of political affairs and the absence of high roads, that I have given up my intention. I remained a week at Subiaco, a most interesting, picturesque old city, built on a high rock jutting out in a wooded valley of the Sabine Hills. There, some seventeen centuries ago, and more, Nero had a villa, the remains of which, with even some of its coloured walls, still exist, and, blocking up the Anio, turned the valley into a series of lakes, whence the town takes its name. Truly a very pleasant and royal country residence it must have been. Nero's territories are now held by a parcel of Benedictine monks, scarcely less respectable in every way in their characters ; and although they have allowed his villa to go to ruin, they still eat his good trout and make wine of his grapes. The principal interest of the place to me consisted in two ancient convents and churches belonging to the Benedictine Order. One church is built over the spot where St. Benedict himself passed the greater part of his holy existence—a very uncomfortable hole in the rock, in a very lovely position—so that the old gentleman showed a taste for the beauties of nature, although he had renounced the world and the flesh. The churches are very remarkable edifices, on account of their very early fresco paintings, some dating from a period preceding by half a century the time generally assigned to the revival of the arts in Italy by the Tuscan schools—and on account of the presence of the pointed arch, used quite after the Gothic fashion as early probably as the tenth century, and of purely Gothic arches and tracery of about a century later. (You will have become so learned now that you have read Fergusson, that you will understand all this.[1]) I am now back in Rome, having returned yesterday, and here I find your friend Delane, with whom I have been passing the day, and from whom I have consequently been hearing every manner of gossip. I shall probably remain here till the beginning of

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[1] Layard had given me Fergusson's *History of Architecture* before he left for Italy.

November, and then return to Florence by land. I must make some visits to old friends and be kissed as usual.

Your first letter was full of projected balls, races, etc. These, I presume, have all been given up on account of your mamma's illness. Although I do not admit your inference as to the want of romance in my character, I still adhere to my opinion of the advantage of the eight or ten thousand a year; and I hope soon to see you—as the Easterns would say—the mother of such a pleasant income. I do not think you have quite thrown away your time in reading the books you are now engaged in. You will probably travel one of these days, and you will then find the advantage of feeling an interest in all you see. My greatest regret had always been that I left England unprepared for travel—half the usefulness of my journeys has been thrown away.

Fergusson's book is valuable, as it gives you a general idea of architecture without going into details uninteresting to any but a professional reader. Give my very kind regards to your father and mother. Please take care of yourself with the filly, and do not play tricks. I shall be back early in December, and will endeavour to write to you again.

Your affectionate
Mr. Bull."

A. H. Layard to Janet Duff Gordon.

Milan, *November* 21, 1859.

" My dear Janet,

I have no doubt that you have been grumbling considerably at my neglect of your letters. I have two of yours—nearly a month old!—unanswered. But I warned you not to expect a punctual correspondent. I have really been so busy seeing people, reading political documents, and looking about me, that I have not had time to think of anyone in England; even the Ottoman Bank, which supplies me with that which is dearest to me, £ s. d., has been almost forgotten.

I had intended writing to you from Florence; but my time there was entirely taken up—what with the National Assembly and various interesting events.

I had a very pleasant journey from Rome to Florence, and visited my old friends at Perugia and Cortona, and submitted to the usual embracings. It is really a source of immense pleasure and satisfaction to anyone who loves Italy, and wishes her to take the place to which she is entitled amongst the civilized nations of the world, to see the vast change for the better that has taken place since the degrading and brutal despotism of Austria and the Pope has been overthrown. Even during the few months that have passed since the breaking out of the war, the start which Central Italy has made is wonderful, and is an earnest of what will be done if the Italians are only left to themselves. No custom-houses, no passports, no hindrances to free communication, have given fresh life to Italy. Railways are beginning to spread over the country, and a wise system of free trade will soon supersede the old system of protection which each petty state pursued, and which paralysed the industry of the people. Notwithstanding the reputation which the Italians have so unjustly acquired in the other parts of the world, they are now showing how admirably fitted they are for liberal institutions and self-government. No population in the world could have preserved order as the Italians of Central Italy have done, without a regular government and under every provocation. I trust they will continue to do so. Garibaldi's resignation and withdrawal will remove one of the greatest dangers. For, although an admirable chief of partisan troops in war, honest, brave, and single-minded, he is a dangerous man in time of peace; and his headstrong character, worked upon by designing men and by the Reds at such a critical moment as the present, might have led to the most serious complications.

I was present at the sitting of the Tuscan Assembly when the Regency of the Prince of Carignano was voted. It was a most interesting sight, the proceedings being carried on with infinitely more decorum and dignity than any business in our howling House of Commons. Instead of an assembly composed principally of empty-headed young aristocrats and equally empty-headed millionaires, who are the representatives of family influence and demoralizing bribery, there were collected together some hundred and sixty of the most influential, respectable, and intelligent men in Tuscany, representing equally every class, sent to speak in the name of the people without corruption or intimidation. They met in the magnificent old hall of the Palazzo Vecchio, painted from ceiling to floor by Vasari with the great deeds of the Medici family. About a third of the apartment held the assembly upon a raised dais; the rest was filled with the public, who behaved with great propriety. Ladies were freely admitted. The speeches were short and to the point; the assembly maintained the strictest order, making no demonstration whatever.

Ricasoli, the present head of the Tuscan Government, is a man of the highest character and of the most legitimate influence in his country. Descended from one of the most ancient families of Tuscany, and one of the largest of her landed proprietors, he has devoted his influence and his wealth to the improvement of her agriculture and the development of her resources. At the head of the Government of the Legations and the Duchies is a man of a very different stamp—Farini. He has been named Dictator, chiefly from his political character, and for his known energy and very liberal views, which have enabled him to control the extreme Republican party so dangerous in Central Italy. He has shown himself a man of decision and honesty. I was much struck by his conversation. He is eloquent and somewhat theatrical, after the manner of Italians. It is to be hoped that the Italians will be left to themselves. If any attempt be made to force back the old Princes and the Pope, the results will be very fatal, as the people are exasperated against the priests. This fine old city is full of rejoicing. The only drawback is the number of unfortunate refugees from the Venetian states, in which the Austrians are pursuing their old system of brutal oppression.

I hope my lady is quite well again. I was truly grieved to receive such bad accounts of her from you. Give her my kindest regards.

So you have taken to read in bed again. All the lupin seed in the world will not save your complexion, and you will become, what even clever women don't like to become, a 'fright.' I shall remain here two or three days, and then go on to Turin, starting from thence on the 29th for Paris. My kind regards to your father. With every good wish,

Yours affectionately,
A. H. Layard."

CHAPTER V

IN November, 1859, my grandfather Austin fell seriously ill. It was a terrible time, as my mother was far from well, and my father was in Ireland on official business. Twice a day I rode over to Weybridge to see my grandfather, and at last could not hide from my mother that his condition was hopeless. She then insisted, in spite of our doctor's entreaties, on going to Nutfield Cottage, but would not allow me to remain there with her. It was heart-breaking to see her sitting by her dying father's side, as white as marble, her face set and stern, and her large eyes fixed on his face. At the last she sat up for several nights, and never recovered the chill of that cold, damp house. Mr. Austin's death on December 17th quite prostrated her, and she had a violent attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. I took her back to Esher, and then returned to look after my grandmother, who was almost beside herself with grief. She kept me by her bedside for a whole night to write letters to various people. Some of the answers I received contain curious traits about my grandfather, while all spoke of his noble character and of his wisdom. Sir William Erle, one of his truest and best friends, wrote :—

Sir William Erle to Janet Duff Gordon.

"My dear Miss Duff Gordon,

I read your letter telling me of the death of my old friend your grandfather with sincere sorrow. I knew his remarkable sense and worth well. In this life they were not appreciated and rewarded. I have comfort in the hope and belief that he has passed to a happier existence. I beg my kind condolences to Mrs. Austin, and I beg you to accept my best thanks for writing to me.

Yours faithfully,

W. Erle."

4 Park Crescent,
20th December, 1859."

Some time afterwards he wrote again, saying :—

" I came upon a mention of him (Mr. Austin) in the *Memoir of Sir John Patterson*, which I think might have some interest in showing an early recognition of his worth, which was so lamentably latent during his life. The memoir runs : ' One day a singular man entered the pupil room (at Mr. Godfrey Sykes', where Mr. Patterson was studying) for the first time, and presently announced to his companions that he had come there, not only to qualify himself as a special pleader, but to study and elucidate the principles of Law. This was John Austin.' Not unnaturally the others smiled at his apparent presumption, but as the late Judge used to say, ' we were wrong, for he has done what he proposed,' adding his meed of praise of that masterly work on the *Province of Jurisprudence*. This is not worth the trouble of making out my writing, but it is remarkable as showing his beginning with a set purpose for principle in preference to practice, and prevented him from rivalling his brother Charles in making money."

Mr. John Stuart Mill, who read Roman Law with my grandfather in 1821 and at the same time studied German with Mrs. Austin, of whom he was then very fond and always wrote to as *Liebes Mutterlein*, never even mentions her in the following letter to me. I saw that the evidently intentional slight cut her to the heart.

John Stuart Mill to Janet Duff Gordon.

"Dear Madam,

I have only just received your note informing me of the death of one of the men whom I most valued, and to whom I have been morally and intellectually most indebted. I had learned the sad news some weeks ago from the *Athenæum*, and it was a greater shock to me as the characteristic vigour of his assumption of authorship last winter had made me hope that his health had undergone a decided improvement and that the termination of his career was still far distant.[1]

I believe that few persons, so little known to the common world, have left so high a reputation with the instructed few; and though superficially he may seem to have accomplished little in comparison with his powers, few have contributed more by their individual influence and their conversation to the formation and the growth of a number of the most active minds of this generation.

For myself I have always regarded my early knowledge of him as one of the fortunate circumstances of my life. I am

Yours very faithfully,
J. S. Mill."

The dear Provost of Eton wrote, and to my great relief appeared at Weybridge soon after the delivery of his letter.

Dr. Hawtrey to Janet Duff Gordon.

The Lodge, Eton, *December 20th*, 1859.

"My dear Janet,

I cannot tell you with what sorrow I heard of the loss which you have had, and how deeply I feel for Mrs. Austin.

Your very distinguished grandfather was one of the wisest and most right-minded men I ever knew; and, what is more remarkable (for the world is unjust), I never met with anyone who had the Pleasure and Honour of his Friendship, or even of his acquaintance, and whose Opinion was worth having, who did not so esteem him.

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[1] *A Plea for the Constitution*, a pamphlet by Mr. Austin published early in 1859.

It has latterly been only seldom that I have been able to enjoy this privilege of seeing and conversing with him (for I always thought it a high Privilege), but I have always lived in the Hope of doing so; and I look back on the few days which he has from time to time given me at Eton as among the brightest of my life.

He will cause a painful void among his many friends; but with this comfort, which such men always leave behind them, that they will all love to recall his Words and Thoughts, and thus in a manner realize the Past; and among those friends none will feel this more than myself.

I am unavoidably detained here to-day; but I have a strong desire to come over to Weybridge to-morrow, not to press myself upon you, but simply to see whether (as your father is absent and Lady Duff Gordon and Mrs. Austin are so unwell) I can be of any possible use. Have no scruple about me if I can *not.* At least I shall have the Gratification of knowing myself to have been at hand in the sorrow of those for whom I have so sincere a regard. I have been absent from home, and have therefore only to-day seen your letter. I am, my dear Janet,

Very affectionately yours,
E. C. Hawtrey."

M. Guizot's letter is characteristic. There is more about himself in it than about his friends, and he never mentions my grandfather at all:—

M. Guizot to Janet Duff Gordon.

Val Richer, 21 *Décembre*, 1859.

"My dear Janet, vous m'avez donné de bien tristes nouvelles, et pourtant je vous remercie. J'aime mieux partager les tristesses de mes amis que ne rien savoir d'eux et de leur sort. J'espère que le courage de votre grand'mère soutiendra sa force; et que la santé de votre mère se rétablira tout à fait. Lady Gordon ne sait peut-être pas combien est affectueux le souvenir que je lui garde. C'est chez elle qu'après mon arrivée à Londres, en 1848, j'ai trouvé pour la première fois, avec mes enfans, un vrai petit dîner, d'amis, et presque de famille.

Parlez-moi de votre grand'mère, my dear Janet; elle n'a, ni en France, ni en Angleterre, point de plus sincère ami que moi.

Ne vous inquiètez pas de mes questions; vous êtes bien bonne de les avoir envoyées au Professeur Pillans. Croyez à la vraie affection d'un vieil ami.

Guizot."

In a long letter to me Sir John Romilly said: "The loss will be deeply felt by all his friends who used, even when they did not see him, to enquire what his opinions were on the subject of all questions of interest, political or social, moral or intellectual."

Layard wrote grieving that a good and true man had gone from among us, and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen deploring the death of one of his father's most valued and best friends. Mr. Nassau Senior lamented the loss of a friend of forty years' standing, and later he told me that he had spent an evening with M. Guizot, who talked of the friends he had made when ambassador in London in 1840. "Guizot only mentioned the dead. Hallam, Sydney Smith, John Austin, and Macaulay. As an original thinker he seemed to put your grandfather above them all; as a man of learning, Hallam; as a companion, Sydney Smith; as a man of information, Macaulay. He said he had been over Westminster Abbey with Macaulay, who knew the biography of the tenant of every tomb, and could repeat the finest passages of the works of all those whose busts are in Poets' Corner. Every one of these men, he continued, might be considered as a candidate for pre-eminence in the literary world and expected to show the mutual jealousy of men of letters. There was not a shadow of it. Austin's health kept him out of the great world, but the others lived in it as simply, as unpretendingly, and with as much mutual affection as if the idea of rivalry had never occurred to them."

Lord Macaulay and Mr. Hallam died in that same year (1859). For some time Mr. Hallam had been a mere wreck, and it was painful to see his fine intellect dimmed. But Macaulay's health, though by no means good, had not inspired his friends with the fear that they were to lose him so soon. He was a wonderful man, so learned and so kind. He seemed to place whoever he was talking to on a level with himself. Even to me, a young girl, he would say, "Don't you remember?" And when I said, "No," he would quote the title of a book I never heard of, the number of the page and the line, advising me to read it. After seeing him I always realized how utterly ignorant I was. What memory I have I owe to him. He inculcated on me the importance of trusting to it and not writing down what I wished to remember.

The fresco mentioned in the following letter is the one in Lincoln's Inn, and at the risk of getting into hot water, like my dear impulsive friend Layard, I must say that I do not think any one of the then living artists could have done so fine a work.

A. H. Layard to Janet Duff Gordon.

Aldermaston, *January* 2, 1860.

"My dear Janet,

... I am glad you liked my letter about Watts's fresco. It is very likely to get me into hot water with the artists. I have already had a taste in the shape of a very long and angry letter from one very distinguished member of the profession. Artists are the most jealous and irritable of men. I had hoped that I had so carefully worded my letter as to avoid giving offence to anyone, and certainly had no intention of drawing invidious comparisons between Watts and any other painter. But I *am* always getting into hot water with somebody.

I hope, at any rate, that my letter will have the effect of calling public attention to this great work.

I am glad Kinglake obeyed his orders. You must be proud of the readiness of your many slaves to do your biddings.

At Torquay I was very unfortunate, scarcely seeing the sun whilst there, and it is just the place where one wants the sun. The blue sea, the red cliffs, and the rich green vegetation must form a beautiful contrast in bright sunlight. My lecture went off very well and enabled me to give nearly £40 to the Mechanics' Institute. I begin to think that I ought to turn lectures to my own account and make a little fortune like Thackeray.

Ever, my dear Janet,
Your affectionate
A. H. Layard."

To my great delight and pride my Poet proposed that I should translate Herr von Sybel's *Geschichte und Literatur der Kreuzzüge* for Chapman and Hall, on condition that it should be published as edited by my mother, her name being so well known. I set to work with a will, but there were ten pages of "heroic" poetry which quite baffled me. As usual, dear Tom Taylor came to the rescue and turned the three ballads into swinging English rhyme. *The History and Literature of the Crusades* was finished in about ten months, but only came out in 1861.

On February 10th, 1860, Kinglake, always bent on improving his "ward's" mind, took me to hear Mr. Gladstone's budget speech in which he announced the treaty of commerce concluded by Mr. Cobden. The House was crowded, and a storm of applause greeted his graceful reference to Mr. Cobden.

Later Lord Lansdowne took me to see the opening of Parliament by the Queen, a gorgeous spectacle. I was interested and amused, and afterwards made the old Marquis laugh by imitating the pretty speeches addressed to me, as an evident favourite of his, by various fine ladies. Lord

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE.

THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE

Lyndhurst, who was always kind to me on account of the love he bore my grandfather's memory, told me he was going to make a speech, probably for the last time, and would send me a ticket. The 21st May was his eighty-eighth birthday, and he left a family party to speak on the Paper Duties Bill. No young man could have surpassed the fire and acuteness with which he maintained the right of the Lords to reject a Bill involving a remission of taxation. He never hesitated or repeated himself.

The review in Hyde Park of twenty thousand volunteers by the Queen in June was a fine sight and roused the John Bull spirit among the people. "We'll lick the Froggies," "My Alfred could beat three of those Frenchmen," were comments one heard on all sides. When the review was ended, such a cheer went up from the ranks that it brought the tears into my eyes. Surrey of course had its volunteers, and in August my mother presented a bugle to the 6th Surrey Rifles. Fortunately the day was fine. She made a capital speech, concocted by herself and Tom Taylor, and looked extremely handsome and imposing as she stood on a raised dais on the village green. She said :—

"Captain Fletcher, Officers and Men of the 6th Surrey Rifles Volunteers, the ladies of Esher and the neighbourhood have desired me to present to your corps a silver bugle, subscribed for by them.

We earnestly hope that it may never sound but for your training in those martial exercises by which you are qualifying yourselves to act as our defenders. But if the day should come when its notes must ring out on a field of battle, I assure you—in the name of the subscribers to this bugle—how confident we feel that it will stir up true and gallant hearts, ready to shed their blood in defence of our country, of our freedom, and of the Queen, who so faithfully serves and so truly represents our happy constitution—that constitution which has fostered the spirit of unanimity and self-reliance, which has once more called out the Volunteers of old England.

Already a moral triumph has been achieved; the *frank* assurances of renewed friendship, lately made to our Government by the French Emperor, prove that the British nation has found the way to win his regard. Let us on no account relax in our efforts to deserve it!

'Defence, not Defiance,' is your watchword; but should an enemy ever stand on these shores and so Defence become Defiance, may this, our bugle, be the first to sound the 'Advance' and the last to sound the 'Retreat.'"

An amusing story which was going the round of the Paris *salons* was sent to us about a scene at the death-bed of Prince Jerome Buonaparte. Prince Napoleon (*Plon-Plon*) went to enquire how his father was and insisted on going into his room. The doctor begged him not to disturb the dying man, adding that he probably would not recognize him. Hearing a step Prince Jerome murmured:—

"*Est-ce toi, mon brave?*"

"*Vous voyez, monseigneur, le Prince ne vous reconnaît pas,*" dryly remarked the doctor.

My father and I went to Aldermaston and took our horses with us by rail; he had long planned that we should ride back from there, making our way as best we could. Layard came down, at the same time bringing an old friend whose acquaintance he had made years before at Mosul on the Tigris. Mr. Ross sat next to me at dinner and told me stories about pig-sticking. How once when his horse put his foot in a hole and rolled over with him, the wild boar turned upon him, and would have gored, and perhaps killed him, had not Layard galloped up and drawn the beast's attention off; about the excavations they had done together at Nineveh; and the wild life among the Yezidis. So wonderfully vivid a *raconteur* I had never met, and longing to hear more, I asked him to come to Esher on his return from Scotland. My father and I started for our long ride early in the morning and only reached home in time for dinner. I believe it was between fifty and sixty miles, but neither the horses nor ourselves were overtired. In September I persuaded Kinglake to come down to Esher, as his eyes had been troubling him for some time, and proposed that I should be his secretary. He insisted on taking a lodging, but spent every evening with us, when my mother and he talked by the hour together. In the morning I went to him and he declared I did my work well, but my pride was lowered when he added: " Sometimes, my dear Janet, you even improvise a sentence before I, in my slow way, have decided what to say." My rapid improvisations were, I am bound to admit, generally altered, and often entirely rejected. He brought a horse and in the afternoons we used to ride merrily over the commons. He and Meredith often met at dinner at the " Gordon Arms," but I do not think they cared much for each other. Both were shy in different ways, and both were at their best when alone with one or two friends. Eothen's playful wit and quaint way of saying things were reserved for his intimates; when strangers were there, or people who were not congenial to him, he was absolutely silent. My Poet, in the early days when I saw so much of him, was a delightful companion when he knew he was liked; before strangers his shyness took the form of asserting himself rather loudly, and trying to be epigrammatic and witty; he gave one the impression that he was not quite sure on what footing he stood.

In September Layard went to Italy and wrote to me:—

A. H. Layard to Janet Duff Gordon.

Venice, *October* 2, 1860.

" My dear Janet,

I have received two letters from you and have hitherto answered neither, not a very amiable return for your kindness. . . . I have been rummaging about in various holes and corners in search of something to throw away my money upon. I have only succeeded in finding one picture which is worth having and within my means. It is attributed to Palma Vecchio, and may or may not be by him, but I think you will like it. The subject is St. George and the damsel he has delivered kneeling down to return thanks over the vanquished dragon. She has a grand Venetian head, like Palma's daughter, who is so often represented in his pictures. I have seen one or two other things I should like to have, but travellers spoil the market by giving absurd prices for worthless things. . . . Venice was in a great state of excitement yesterday at the news of the capture of Ancona, and of that goose Lamoricière. But the Austrians have made the most extensive preparations for defence and to keep down the population—so that any attempt at a rising or an invasion by Garibaldi would be an act of madness. It is to be hoped that the Italians will be prudent, and not allow themselves to be induced by Garibaldi to sacrifice the best hopes they have ever had of national liberty and independence by an insane attack upon Austria or France. Knowing how weak and impulsive a man Garibaldi is, and how surrounded by the very worst class of men, I am greatly alarmed at the prospect. Have you read the absurd accounts of that mountebank Alexandre Dumas, installed in a palace at Naples, with the royal attendants and a guard of honour, as head of the museums ? These things are so absurd that one almost fancies Garibaldi has met with the fate of Masaniello now that he has got Naples. Cavour is the only man who can save Italy ; and I hope the good sense of the nation, and there is plenty of it, will see this. Garibaldi's conduct is already exciting great alarm.

I was very much delighted with the New Museums at Berlin, which are by far the finest public buildings I have seen, as far as internal decoration is concerned. The arrangement of the collections is also admirable. I was for a few days at Munich, so I have had a good look at the principal German art collections.

I hope Kinglake will profit by a quiet sojourn at Esher. Give him my kind regards, if he be with you. My plans are still very unsettled, and I may, after all, have to go to Constantinople. I am now waiting for letters which will decide my fate. If I go it will be within a week of this. If, as I hope, my visit can be deferred to the spring, I intend to go to Florence before returning to England. You will, of course, hear what I may eventually do. I am very sorry to hear so poor an account of your mother. I hope she will take good care of herself and avoid cold during the winter. Kindest regards to the baronet and mylady. Can I do anything for them or for you ?

Yours affectionately,
A. H. Layard."

I always had a great ambition to hunt with the Surrey staghounds, but my usual chaperons, dear "Signor" and Mr. Izod, were faithful to the Duc d'Aumale's harriers and the Surrey foxhounds, so Lord Clanricarde promised to come to Esher one day and take me. Trusting to be able to hire a horse at Kingston, he did not bring his own. Not one was to be had, and my father's mare was in foal, so our groom suggested hiring a horse our butcher had bought, which had, he believed, been hunted, but was blind of one eye. Mounted on this Rosinante Lord Clanricarde seemed perfectly happy, and never did I see such an exhibition of perfect horsemanship. The brute blundered at his fences and went into several ditches instead of over them, while Clanricarde sat light as a feather and as elegant as a figure out of the Elgin marbles, aiding his horse with a matchless hand, and talking to me as though he was sitting in an arm-chair.

One October day the Comte de Paris was riding a new horse with the harriers. I saw the beast had no mouth and was too much for him, and begged him, but in vain, to change horses with me. In the fir wood behind Claremont, while the hounds were running fast, the Prince passed me like a flash of lightning, and I felt sure some accident would happen. I galloped by another path in the hope of intercepting him, and as I passed the Duc de Nemours I called out to him that his nephew's horse had bolted, and that he had better find Mr. Izod, who was following the hounds, in case he was wanted. A little further I saw the riderless horse and caught it, giving it to a boy to hold while I searched for the Comte de Paris. He had been dashed against a tree, and was lying on the ground with a broken leg. I halloed as loud as I could, and the Duc d'Aumale, the Duc de Nemours, and the Prince de Joinville soon came up with Mr. Izod. He sent me off post-haste to his surgery to fetch bandages. It was raining hard, and fortunately I had on a waterproof cloak, which was put under the Prince whilst the doctor tied his broken leg to the other and arranged a sort of litter to carry him home. The huntsman had the key of the side gates into Claremont Park and gave it to me, as by going through I cut off a corner. As I passed near the house it struck me that if the old Queen Marie Amélie by chance saw her grandson being brought home on a hurdle it would give her a terrible shock, and remind her of the death of his father. So I pulled up at the back door and made one of the maids call her faithful old servant. When I told him of the accident he burst into tears, and declared the Prince must be dead and that I was hiding the truth from him. I gave him my word of honour that the Comte de Paris was not dead, but had only broken a leg, told him to prepare the Queen, and then galloped off to the village, got the things Mr. Izod wanted, and returned to Claremont. Soon afterwards Mr. Ross came to Esher, but did not find my mother, who had already gone to Ventnor. My great-aunt, Miss Austin, was staying with us to do "propriety" for me, which I am afraid she did not find an easy task. I took Mr. Ross out with the Duc d'Aumale's harriers, and was much impressed by his admirable riding, his pleasant conversation, and his kindly ways. The result was that I promised to marry him, to the dismay of many of my friends, who did not at all approve of my going to live in Egypt. I at once wrote to Eothen, who answered:—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Duff Gordon.

Wilton House, Taunton, *November* 1, 1860.

"My dearest Janet,

I thought it was the duty of a young lady to cast down the eyelids, tremble slightly, falter out 'Speak to my guardian,' and then bring back her lips to the state in which they say 'plum,' but I have never heard a word from Mr. Ross. Is it serious? Where are the young couple going to live? Don't expect your guardian to consent to your living at Alexandria.

Always your affectionate
A. W. K."

When I answered that it really was serious, he answered a few lines ending with "kindest regards," which I resented, and he then wrote :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Duff Gordon.

12 St. James's Place, *November* 25, 1860.

"My dearest Janet,

It was not from coldness that I put 'regards,' but such is the complicating effect of the odd institution of marriage that, although I never saw him but once in my life, I am obliged to think of the question, 'What would Mr. Ross say?'

I have not, and don't pretend to have, the noble unselfishness of Alexander, and I can't be in a good humour with a marriage which takes you away from England. How am I ever to find my way to the Gainsborough Lane?[1] Every peasant in the neighbourhood of Esher will so miss you.

Your affectionate
A. W. K."

Mr. Ross wanted to give me jewels, but I asked him to let me spend the money in books, and we bought many at Willis and Sotheran's, who were to pack and send them out to Alexandria. My Poet mentioned some I ought to have, and as I was going to my mother at Ventnor, I begged him, when in London, to order them to be packed with the others. He wrote :—

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[1] A beautiful lane through the woods, so like one of Gainsborough's pictures that we named it after him.

George Meredith to Janet Duff Gordon.

Copsham, Esher, *Friday evening*, *November*, 1860.

" My dear Janet,

Yesterday I went to town, and of course forgot—not you—but your catalogue. I therefore called on Willis and What's-his-name and asked the latest period of the packing. Thereupon a melancholy man conducted me to an enormous box. 'That's choke full, sir, and we've got forty more volumes to stow in—somehow—*I* don't know how.' This was my time to tell him that you had bought half of Mudie's Library, and expected that as well to be got into the said box.—Why, wouldn't my Henry do it ?—Yes, but, my dear Janet, Willis and What's-his-name aren't in love with you, and they can't. Passion does not inspire them. As for your poet, he sinks to the lowest depths of prose, and suggests the necessity for a fresh box, a small one, in addition to the one of elephantine proportions and yet unequal stomach. You are to write to me and say that you consent to this, and I will call on W. and W. If this is clear, all right. But I feel utterly perplexed.

I have been, and am, knocked down again by the old illness. I hope it won't last, for it's horridly dispiriting.

God bless you, my dear girl. If you don't make a good wife, I've never read a page of woman. He's a lucky fellow to get you, and the best thing he can do is to pray that he may always know his luck. Watts and Coutts (the huntsman of the Duc d'Aumale's harriers) passed like doleful spectres this afternoon, in the fog. The hunt is Queenless evermore.

Your most faithful
George M."

In London I was photographed, and sent a copy to my Poet and one to Kinglake. It was very unlike, as are all photographs that have ever been done of me. Meredith answered by return of post ; Kinglake wrote three days before my marriage.

George Meredith to Janet Duff Gordon.

Esher, *November* 30, 1860.

" My dearest Janet,

A thousand thanks for the photograph; it is a good and fitting present at this awful instant. It admirably represents the occasion. Looking on it, I see the corpse of the maiden Janet. Just what she may henceforth give of herself, and no more. It isn't bad, it's pleasant to have, but it's Janet washed out and decorated with soot. Behind it lies her free youth. She looks darkly forward on the children of Egypt. It's Janet half Copt already. How do you feel? *Do* write down half a page of your sensations, and hand them to me, under seal, with directions that I may read them a year hence and compare with results. Not that you're romantic, and I don't suppose you flutter vastly just when you are caught, but still, dear Orange-blossom, you're a bit of a bird, like the rest.

By the way, when am I to have the photograph of Janet a wife, while Arthur takes the maiden?

Of course I'll send out my books and my poems to my best public. Unless I do them horridly, and I must soon get stronger, or I shall.

If I can come, as I trust to, I must return on Wednesday. I have all the writing on a paper now on my shoulders. Thursday is contribution day. I will return and spend a week with your mother when she is alone, and may want me.

And now, my dear, my future Copt, and good friend for ever, as I hope, farewell, till we meet. I pray fervently you may be happy.

I think of leaving Copsham, to live in two small rooms, that I may save for Arthur's education. The safest address to me will be Chapman and Hall's. God bless you; my compliments to your elect.

Faithful ever,
GEORGE MEREDITH.

Esher's in mourning. I must quit the place before Tuesday. The shock would be fearful here."

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Duff Gordon.

12 St. James's Place, *December* 2, 1860.

"My dearest Janet,

A thousand thanks for the photograph. It is like and yet very unlike. This exiling marriage of yours is diabolical. If you had married and dwelt in this country I could have gone to see now and then whether there might not be a 'reaction,' and whether there might not be some hope of your becoming a *femme incomprise* and telling your sorrows to your old guardian. But all charming pictures of that sort are destroyed by the notion of your 'departing into Egypt.' It's too bad. If Alexander had been half as selfish as I am, he would have thrown all sorts of difficulties in the way. You'll never understand what an uprooting it is till you get a polite note from me beginning, 'Dear Mrs. Ross.'

Your affectionate

A. W. Kinglake."

My marriage took place very quietly at Ventnor on December 5, and I fondly hoped my mother might have been persuaded to come to Egypt and stay with me. She was very unwell, unable to leave her bed, and it was a bitter parting from her and from my dear father, who I knew would be so lonely without me. My husband and I went to London for a few days, where Layard dined with us. He had been unable to come to Ventnor for our wedding, and promised me faithfully that he would often go and see my 'Dear Old Boy' and cheer him at Esher.

VICTOR COUSIN.

BARTHÉLEMY ST. HILAIRE.

CHAPTER VI

AT Paris we spent a week, and dear St. Hilaire and Victor Cousin came to dine with us. They both approved the choice made by *la petite Jeanne*, although he was twenty-three years older than herself. *C'est un homme*, wrote the old philosopher to my grandmother. We stopped at Malta to see Mr. Ross's parents and sister, and there I found that the name of Austin was still remembered with love and veneration. Several Maltese families asked us to their houses, which was an unusual thing. My grandfather and Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Cornewall Lewis had been sent to Malta in 1836 as Royal Commissioners to enquire into the grievances of the inhabitants, and the late Sir Adrian Dingli told me that Mrs. Austin had taken a leading part in the reform of the primary schools. She also contributed largely to break down the barrier raised by a clique of old English residents, who for years had kept the *natives* at a distance from the Government and from society. But the Maltese were still shy of admitting English people into their homes, and some of old Mr. Ross's friends were astonished when I said that we had paid visits to various of my grandmother's native acquaintances and been warmly received.

In January, 1861, I landed at Alexandria, my new home. From the steamer we drove through part of the native bazaars, which enchanted me, but my heart sank when we got into the European quarter, like a tenth-rate French provincial town. I felt more forlorn than I can say when my husband was summoned to Cairo the day after our arrival by Halim Pasha, uncle of the Viceroy Said Pasha. The bank, Briggs and Co., in which Henry was a partner, managed all H.H.'s business. I was left alone with a Greek cook, an old Maltese housemaid, who spoke only Arabic and Italian, of which I knew not a word, and Mohammed, a Berber *sofragee*, or waiter, whom I took to at once because he reminded me of our poor Hassan. He was about fifteen and very intelligent. Finding that his *Sitt* wanted to learn Arabic, he told me the name of everything I touched. I wrote down what he said as though it had been German, and the plan answered so well that in six weeks I knew enough Arabic to give many orders—with a superb disregard of grammar. I went into the stable, showed the *saïs* how to put on my saddle, and mounted Mr. Ross's famous horse "Governor," which he had brought from Mosul. Never having had a woman on his back, at first he did not like my habit at all. I took Mohammed with me, who rode remarkably well, and went a long ride to console myself in my solitude. Once outside the walls of the town the country struck me as wonderfully beautiful in a peculiar way. The never-ending stretches of sand, the waving palm trees, the statuesque, graceful people who smiled at me, and the glorious golden sunset, were intoxicating. When my husband returned we had to pay visits to the English residents, and I confess that, with few exceptions, they did not attract me very much. Halim Pasha had asked Mr. Ross what I should like as a wedding present; wisely he said an Arab horse. The Prince chose from his stud a fine *Hamdany*,[1] and sent him down with a message that he hoped I would soon go to Cairo and pay him a visit.

Cairo fulfilled all my expectations. I felt myself transported bodily into the *Arabian Nights*. The melancholy, good-looking young merchant from whom we bought carpets in the Khan Khalil was certainly Ganem who loved the beautiful Sultana, and my stalwart donkey-boy, Hassan, who escorted me to the bazaars shouting *riglick*, *shemalick*, *amenick* (to the right, to the left, take care), O sheykh, O maiden, O boy, was quite an ancient acquiantance. We drove to Choubrah to thank Halim Pasha for the bay horse, and he took me all over the lovely gardens and then sent me into the *hareem* to visit his wife, and a daughter by a former wife. The young Princess was about fourteen, very intelligent and beyond her years in most things. The Pasha, I think unwisely, brought her up as an European with a French governess. She rode well and drove four-in-hand some dear little Shetland ponies her father had given her ; of course, only in the grounds belonging to the palace. She fretted at the prospect of being married and shut up in a *hareem*, and envied me my freedom. Knowing that Halim was fond of music, I asked her whether she played or sang. Scornfully she answered, "No. My slave-girls do that. Besides, my father will soon no longer care for music ; it gets old like people, and then is thrown aside." "Surely," I said, "you like some old people ?" The girl shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. "With us it is so different, you can't understand." Pointing contemptuously to the other ladies, she added, "Who cares for them ? They are worse than children ; they will not learn and one cannot beat them. Why, they were frightened the other night at an eclipse of the moon, and actually woke me."

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[1] A famous breed of Arab horses.

Halim Pasha I liked. Small, agile, and darker in complexion than most Turks, he had pleasant manners and spoke French remarkably well. I was told that his mother was a Bedaween, the last love of the great Mohammed Ali. It must have been from her that the Prince inherited his passion for hawking and hunting, and his powers of endurance. He had a fine stud, and occupied himself more with his lands and his people than the other Egyptian princes. One of the handsomest men I ever saw was his favourite Circassian mameluke, Rames Bey, who saved his master's life on a memorable occasion. Several of the princes had been down to Alexandria soon after the railway was built, and on their return the bridge at Cafr-Zayat was by some mistake (evil tongues say on purpose) left open. So the whole train fell over into the Nile, and two or three of the princes were drowned with many of their attendants. Rames jumped out of the window of the carriage as the train fell, and managed to drag his master out with him, and swim to shore. He was a splendid fellow, over six feet high, with a figure like a Greek statue.

Mr. Nassau Senior had given me a letter to an old friend of his, an Armenian named Hekekyan Bey, whose devotion to the pyramids and learned theories about them will be remembered by the few still living who knew him in Cairo. He spoke admirable English and good French, and had the most charming, old-world manners. His wife took me to the marriage festivities of a young Turk, the son of one of her friends. The bridegroom was only twelve years old, and his mother, a widow, insisted against Hekekyan's advice on marrying him to one of her favourite slave-girls, a very handsome woman of twenty. " She will look after him and amuse him," she argued, " and when he is a man will choose a suitable wife for him and look after the house when I am gone." This struck me as a poor prospect for the beautiful, scornful-looking woman, who sat like a waxen image in the centre of the raised divan at one end of a large room. She bowed her head slightly to us, and then became again immovable. Her white satin trousers were heavily embroidered with gold, her *gibbeh*, or dress, was of pale green satin covered with gold embroidery, and she blazed with jewels. Deadly pale, with eyes which, thanks to the deep border of kohl, seemed larger and more brilliant than they really were, her hair in countless plaits interwoven with strings of pearls, which fell from under a jaunty little *takeeyeh*, or *tarboosh*, entirely covered with precious stones, she realized my dreams of the wonderful princesses in the *Arabian Nights*. A large diamond star was stuck on each cheek, and a large single stone dangled over her forehead. From three in the afternoon until the sun set we were entertained by dancing and singing girls, with interludes of funny, and probably rather improper tales told by two dwarfs, who made, I was told, large incomes by " dilating the hearts " of guests at marriage feasts. I was not sorry when Madame Hekekyan told me dinner was ready. Little did I imagine what an ordeal a Turkish dinner was. Sitting cross-legged is not so difficult for a short time on a low divan where one leg can be slipped down for an occasional change, but at dinner I was forced to sit close to the little inlaid table under pain of spilling the food into my lap, and I could not move my legs without danger of upsetting the table. The first attempt at eating with my fingers was also rather a puzzle. The dinner was, however, excellent; I wonder Turkish or Arab cooks have not taken the place of French *chefs*. According to our ideas the dinner was somewhat of a jumble, the dishes seemed to come up whenever they were ready, puddings and creams mixed up with meat and vegetables, and the rapidity with which they were served was extraordinary. Our hostess pressed one dish after another upon us until I realized what the schoolboy at our village feast at Esher must have felt, when he timidly answered the curate, "Please, sir, if I stand up I think I could eat a bit more."

After dinner there was more dancing and singing, and all the time the beautiful bride sat motionless. She did not dine with us, but was served later. The bridegroom, a nice-looking boy, was very shy and evidently afraid of his grown-up wife, at whom he hardly looked. At ten we took leave, and I never saw any of the family again.

In February my cousin Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore) came to Egypt to announce the death of his father to his eldest brother, who was up the Nile. The Viceroy lent him a steamer to tow his *dahabieh*, and he kindly suggested that we should go in her as she was empty. My Irish retriever was much admired by the crew when we went on board, but they became enthusiastic when one day, standing by the captain on the top of the paddle-box, one of my gloves fell into the river and Norah at once jumped in after it. "*Wallah!* thy dog's mother was a duck, and her father an *efreet*, for she understands thy language." The worst was that the boat had to stop to pick her up, and Sir Arthur was in a hurry. We only stayed a few hours to coal at various places on the way, so I saw but little. Lord Aberdeen was at Luxor and to our dismay asked his brother for the steamer for the use of some missionaries, and we had to hire a small *dahabieh* to take us down to Cairo. As my husband was anxious to get back to his work as soon as possible, we only spent one day at Luxor and then crossed over to the west side, visited the tombs of the kings, and saw the exquisite temple of Medeenhet Haboo. I grieved bitterly when at sundown we started on our homeward journey. We stopped at Denderah, and I regretted not having seen it before the Theban temples, as it is so well preserved that one would have understood them better. On one of the walls is a portrait of Cleopatra ; the artist must have maligned her, for Antony could never have loved so ugly a woman. Amusing and delightful as is the life on a *dahabieh*, it is not the conveyance one would choose for a man anxious to get back to work. Our *reis* said *Hadr* (ready) with a smiling face, the men rowed hard to their eternal chant *Eyah Mohammed*, *Eyah Mohammed*, and then came a bend in the river, the north wind, so welcome to those who are sailing up the Nile, caught us and we were reduced to being towed, which meant progressing like a snail. Even the sight of three large crocodiles, one of which my husband shot, did not console him. When at last we reached Alexandria I found many letters awaiting me, among them one from Layard complaining of my silence.

A. H. Layard to Janet Ross.

" My dear Janet,

You have not written me a single word since you have been in Egypt, an instance of ingratitude and forgetfulness only paralleled by my own conduct to you. But I have some excuse, you have none. I am busy day and night, you have nothing to do—at least I suppose so. I have really, after all, little to tell you, as my time is almost entirely engrossed with my constituents. I am in for meetings and lectures I don't know how many times a week. A few days ago I gave a lecture for Spurgeon in his new tabernacle. It was very successful. The building is splendidly adapted to its purpose, holds nearly 6000 people comfortably, and demands no effort of the voice. Mr. Spurgeon told the audience afterwards that the Lord would pay me for my lecture, but I have not yet received the money. Pray thank Ross for his letter, which tell him I read with great interest. I do not write to him now as I am writing to you. I have just been making my first speech in the House upon Syrian matters, denouncing the Christians to his heart's content. I don't know what the good people will say to it.

I am afraid we have got into a mess in this Syrian business, and I don't see my way out of it. I suppose that by this time you are *au fait* of Egyptian politics. I long to have a long letter from you with plenty of news of yourself, your views upon the Eastern quarrel, an account of your mode of life, etc. etc. Have you got a good horse? and do you ride? Are those hideous dogs alive still? Kinglake is flourishing; he promised to speak to-night, but did not. I want to hear him. With every good wish,

Ever yours affectionately,
A. H. Layard."

I was always glad when business with the Viceroy or with Halim Pasha called my husband to Cairo. Briggs and Co. had an old Turkish house close to the Ezbekieyeh Square where our agent lived, so we were not obliged to go to an hotel. Though Cairo was far hotter in summer I preferred its dry heat to the damp of Alexandria, where one's shoes were covered with white mould in a couple of days.

Tragic *hareem* stories were told me by the dozen, most of them rendered possible by the law that no Turk can enter his women's apartments if they have lady visitors. One struck me particularly, as I had heard of the impassioned and beautiful singing of the unhappy and unwilling hero of the tale—Silieman the Nightingale.

On the road to old Cairo lived a Bey who had been honoured (the honour is doubtful) by receiving a slave-girl from the Viceroy's *hareem* as his wife. These ladies often give themselves great airs, and make their husband's life miserable by threatening to complain to the *Validé Khanoum* (the mother of the Viceroy) of bad treatment whenever they are out of temper or their caprices are not gratified. At a *fantasia* the Bey's wife heard the celebrated singer and fell madly in love with him. She became melancholy, refused to eat, and maltreated her slave-girls more than usual. One old Dongola woman, who was rather a favourite, at last ventured to ask why the lady was so sorrowful. She promised to help her mistress, and suggested that "out of charity" one of the slave-girls, who had a fine voice, should be given in marriage to Sulieman. He accepted with joy, as he expected to get a handsome marriage portion with a wife from the house of a great Bey, and Zeneeb, the slave-girl, was envied by her companions for making so good a marriage. During the marriage festivities the old Dongola woman explained the situation to Sulieman and told him to come to the *hareem*, with or without his wife, as often as he could. For a time all went well until Sulieman discovered that he liked his wife far better than the great lady, when his visits to the *hareem* became less frequent and his *backsheesh* to the eunuchs diminished. One day the Bey overheard grumblings about *backsheesh* and Sulieman, and asked the chief eunuch what it meant. The man hesitated, but the *courbash* loosened his tongue and he denounced the old Dongola woman as the authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Calling the old slave, the Bey gave her the choice of bringing Sulieman to the *hareem* within an hour's time or losing her head. Terrified she rushed to the singer's house and implored him to come at once to her mistress, who was sick with longing to see the beloved of her heart. Zeneeb, alarmed at the old woman's manner, declared she saw death in her eyes and implored her husband not to go. He hesitated, and it was only when threatened with losing the patronage of the Vice-regal *hareem*, where her mistress had great influence, that he consented to accompany her, after swearing to his wife, by the head of his father, that this should be the last visit to the Bey's wife. So it proved, for as he entered the door the Bey cut him down with his own hands. Zeneeb, uneasy at her husband's long absence, sent his mother to enquire after him. The Bey pointed to the dead body of her son and bade her begone. She turned upon him and reproached him in such unmeasured terms that he drew his sword and killed her. Small black crosses, such as are worn by Copts, were hung round their necks to avert suspicion, and the two bodies were thrown into the Nile after sundown. Next morning the corpses were found entangled in the anchor-chain of a *dahabieh* and taken to a priest, who buried them in the Coptic cemetery, thinking they were Christians.

Sulieman's sudden disappearance caused some surprise, but was soon forgotten and would never have been thought of had not Zeneeb been summoned with other singing-girls to sing at a marriage *fantasia* of a slave-girl in the *hareem* of the *Validé Khanoum.* When her turn came she burst into tears, fell at the feet of the *Khanoum*, and declaring she could not sing implored justice. The Princess stopped the music and asked what she wanted. Zeneeb then recounted the insane passion of her former mistress for Sulieman, how she had been given to him in marriage in order to enable him to go often to the Bey's *hareem*, how weary he had become of the lady, and how he had been induced by the old Dongola woman to go with her, since which fatal day she had never seen him, nor his mother who had gone in search of him. The *Validé Khanoum* promised that justice should be done, and kept her word. The Bey was summoned before the Council, and sentenced to banishment to Fazaglou (the Egyptian Cayenne), whence few ever return, and his wife disappeared as mysteriously as poor Sulieman the Nightingale. Whether she was killed by her husband before he went into banishment or by the Viceroy's orders, or whether she was sent to the galleys, is a mystery. But it is unlikely that the Bey would have dared kill a woman who came out of the Vice-regal *hareem.*

More sensation was caused by another event, because Shaheen Bey, one of the actors, a good-looking young Turk, was well known among Europeans. His house was near that of a Pasha, who, contrary to the usual custom, had not married again after the death of his young wife Fatmé, called *Werd-em-Masr* (the Rose of Cairo), owing to her exceeding beauty. She left two little girls, Fatmé and Elmass, who were in the charge of their mother's old nurse and did pretty much what they pleased. Shaheen Bey had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs and been struck with her loveliness. Some years later he caught sight of her at a *musharibieh*, or lattice window, and begged his uncle to go and ask her in marriage. The Pasha replied that he was honoured by Shaheen's proposal, that he had no objection to make against his position or his fortune, but that he consorted with Christian dogs and was therefore no true believer. So he declined. Fatmé must have heard about Shaheen's proposal, for she contrived to let him see her occasionally as he rode past, and the result was that he became what the Arabs call "mad with love." He bribed the old nurse, got into the *hareem* disguised as a woman, and soon Fatmé, of the mature age of fourteen, was as fond of him as he was of her. Elmass, the younger sister, became jealous and threatened to tell her father, so the old nurse suggested that Shaheen should bring his young brother to amuse the girl, who would then tell no tales. For a time all went well until Shaheen, becoming foolhardy, committed the folly of entering the *hareem* in his ordinary clothes. As he was leaving he met the Pasha face to face, who seized him, but after a struggle was thrown down and the young Bey escaped. The eunuchs confessed that for some time they had entertained suspicions of the two friends of the old nurse, and in a towering passion the Pasha went to the Viceroy's secretary and told him the whole story. He, being a wise man, advised the Pasha to hold his tongue and allow the young people to marry, but the Pasha refused and went to the Viceroy, who ordered the two brothers to be sent to Fazaglou. The youngest, a lad of sixteen, died soon after passing Luxor, and Shaheen destroyed himself in a few months' time. Fatmé and Elmass, together with their old nurse, were condemned to death. Horrified at such a result of his complaints, the Pasha threw himself at the Viceroy's feet and obtained a commutation of the sentence on his daughters. They were imprisoned for life among the female galley-slaves.

These and other stories made one shiver when passing under the high walls of the *hareems*, where so many women were shut up leading dull and useless lives.

One of my favourite excursions was to the tombs of the Memlook Sultans, all, alas, in ruins (at least they were so in the sixties). Looking up at the springing arches seemingly decked with priceless lace, and at the graceful cupolas, I thought of Noor-ed-Deen, and wondered if a *Ginnee* would come and place herself at my orders if I slept one night in those beautiful buildings. I discovered from Hassan, my donkey-boy (who really was a tall fellow of about twenty-two) that the *Ginn* occupy the same place in the minds of the Egyptians to-day as they did in those of the personages in the *Arabian Nights.* We were caught in a storm one day near the tombs of the Memlooks, and watching a whirlwind of dust moving rapidly across the desert I exclaimed, "There goes a *Ginnee.*" "True, O lady," answered Hassan, murmuring a short prayer. "That *Ginnee* has committed an evil deed and has been smitten by the prayers of some holy man, so is running away. Allah is most powerful," he added piously. "When the *Ginn* become too wicked then Allah destroys them with a *shillab* (arrow of fire)." I stupidly did not connect a *shillab* with shooting stars, so did not understand what Hassan meant until I asked Hekekyan Bey. He told me that the Arabs exclaim: "May the dart of Allah destroy the enemy of the Faith," or "May Allah lead thee straight," when they see a falling star, hoping that it may kill a *Ginn.*

Hassan invited me to go to the shop of his cousin to see the *Doseh*, or treading, performed during the festival for the birth of the Prophet by the Sheykh Es-Saadeeyeh. The crowd was great. Sellers of sweetmeats and cakes were much patronized by the children, and the *sakkas*, or water-carriers, were perpetually called for. Hassan suggested that I should do a good deed if I gave a few piastres to one of them to distribute the contents of his skin among the thirsty poor in honour of our Lord Mohammed. The *sakka* walked up and down the street inviting all to partake of the charity of the English *Sitt*, and when the skin was empty came up, salaamed, and said: "Thanks be unto thee, O lady." I answered, "Thanks also unto thee, O *sakka*, and may the Prophet compensate thee," which was considered very polite on my part.

The *Doseh* is a wonderful sight. Loud chanting and the beating of drums heralded the approach of the procession. Then we saw flags waving, and behind a troop of wild-looking *darweeshes* rode the Sheykh on a handsome grey horse. Suddenly many men threw themselves flat down in a line close together on their stomachs in the dust, folded their arms under their foreheads, and stretched out their legs quite straight. Some of the Sheykh's followers ran over their backs beating small drums and shouting Allah, Allah, which the men repeated quickly in a low voice. Twice the Sheykh's people stopped and shoved the prostrate bodies closer together.

Not a muscle of Sheykh Es-Saadeeyeh's face moved, and his eyes hardly blinked, as he slowly approached the living path he was to ride on. A long white beard descended on a white cloth coat with hanging sleeves, and across the front of his dark green turban was a peculiar white band. A sob, rather than a shout of Allah, rose from the crowd as the grey horse, already in a lather of sweat, with quivering ears and switching tail, planted his fore-legs firmly in the ground and resolutely refused to step on the men. Two *saïs* sprang at his bridle and pulled, while two more joined hands behind him and pushed. With a snort of terror the handsome little beast threw up his head and ambled rapidly over the men's backs while the four *saïs* ran over their heads and feet. A great shout of Allah, la, la, la, la, la! resounded, and to my astonishment the trampled-on bodies sprang up and ran after the Sheykh. None of the men appeared to have been hurt. Hassan said the horse had been trained to step quickly and lightly and that he was unshod; also that the Sheykh and the men had met the evening before at the mosque, where they recited certain prayers which shielded all true believers from harm.

Whilst I was in Cairo H.H. Halim Pasha lent me a beautiful mare to ride. He had just bought her for 2000 napoleons from a Sheykh in Arabia Felix celebrated for his breed of horses. One day I rode to Choubrah, and the Prince boasted so much about the superior fleetness of Arab horses as compared to English that my patriotism was aroused, and I challenged him to a race between his mare and an English thoroughbred I had just bought in the square at Alexandria for £40. A lot of horses were brought over from England on speculation, as the Viceroy had said he wished to mount a regiment on big horses; but before they arrived he changed his mind. "Companion" was once the property of Lord Howth, for whom he had won some small races, and though lame on the off hind-leg, he was so handsome and so cocky that I insisted on buying him, and soon cured the sprain he got on board ship. The only condition I made with the Prince was that he should bring his mare to Alexandria and ride her himself, adding, with superb confidence in Companion's speed, that he might bring as many of his mamelukes as he liked to help him to beat an English racer. Halim Pasha came to Alexandria with eleven of his best horses and he rode the famous mare. Beyond Ramleh, which now is a town but then consisted of a few scattered houses, was a long stretch of desert. Mr. Smart, a friend of my husband's and a great lover of horses, was sent two miles ahead; we were to ride round him and back to the starting-place. The Prince and his mamelukes dashed off, and I had some difficulty in keeping Companion at a steady gallop in their rear. As we went round Mr. Smart, who was riding a powerful thoroughbred more than sixteen hands high with no more mouth than a brick wall, I saw he was losing control over the "Greek" and would be forced to join in the race. Close to him was a narrow belt of a dwarf prickly plant, through which we had ridden in single file on a narrow pathway worn by donkeys carrying stones from the seashore. Just as I entered this after circling round him I heard him shout, "Go on, Mrs. Ross, go. I can't hold him," and the thud of the big horse's hoofs close behind. I gave Companion one stroke on the shoulder and rode for my life. Mr. Smart weighed some fifteen stone, I weighed nine. His horse was fresh while mine had done two miles. Had he caught me we should probably both have been killed. Just in time I reached the end of the belt of prickly bush, swerved sharply to the right, and the Greek shot past. Companion's blood was now up and I let him go. Passing the Arabs one by one, I beat Halim Pasha, whose mare was going beautifully, by about a hundred yards, the mamelukes by quite a quarter of a mile. They did not like it—particularly being beaten by a woman. I still wear the gold Arab bracelet won by my gallant Companion. In a letter to Kinglake I described the race, as I knew he would be amused, and he answered :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

12 St. James's Place, *May*, 1861.

"My dear Janet,

I suppose indignant guardians, like parents, 'come round' in time, and I dare say if I were to see you on Companion astonishing the feeble Egyptian mind I should make my forgiveness complete. But it *was* a great shame of you to go and marry and 'settle,' as they call it, in Africa.

I glorify you for winning that race. It makes me so proud of you, Janet.

Of course I shall go to Esher when my lady comes back, but now I suppose the Gordon Arms is reduced to a private residence. How am I ever to find my way to the Gainsborough Lane? My kind regards to Mr. Ross. Always, my dear Janet,

Yours affectionately,

A. W. Kinglake."

By the same mail I had a letter from my Poet telling me about the various novels he had in his mind.

George Meredith to Janet Ross.

Copsham, Esher, *Friday, May 17th*, 1861.

"My dear Janet,

The little man has been in great glee to answer you. He had paper and everything ready to do so before your letter came, and his reply is all his own and from his heart. He must love you. Who could fail to love one so stanch and tender to him? Here have I waited silently thinking much of you, and incurring I know not what condemnation. I have not thought of you less because I withheld my pen. The truth is my experiences are all mental. I see nothing of the world, and what I have to say goes into books. However, I am now compelled by the state of my health to give up for a time. Your poet—dare I call myself that after hearing the rhapsodic eulogies of old Alder?[1] I assure you, my dear, I cannot equal him. I might put him into rhythm, but that would spoil his hearty idiom. I feel quite a friendliness for old Alder after hearing him speak of you. 'I never saw a young lady like her, and never shall again. She's a loss to Esher and to England, etc. etc.' You are compared with Miss Gilbert and Miss Reynolds; and men are dared to say that either fair equestrian surpassed you on horseback. Apropos of the former lady, Landseer has a picture of her in the Academy, leaning exhausted against the flanks of a mare *couchant*. 'Taming of the Shrew' the picture is named, and it is sufficiently bad. Millais has nothing. Hunt a 'Street Wooing in Cairo,' of which you could judge better than I. Leighton has a 'Paolo and Francesca'; painted just as the book has dropped and they are in no state to read more. You would scorn it; but our friendship never rested on common sentiments in art. I greatly admire it. I think it the sole English picture exhibiting passion that I have seen. I have the delight to stand alone in my judgment of this, as of most things, and I shall see the world coming round to my opinion, and thinking it its own. Does this smack of the original George M.? Never mind. Well, there is a *beautiful* portrait of Alice Prinsep by Watts. Idealized, of course—but my friend Maxse, one who is strong in points of feminine beauty (a naval man loose upon society) thinks her superior to the picture in physique. . . . Maxse is a very nice fellow, with strong literary tastes. He was naval aide-de-camp to Lord Lyons in the Crimea. I dare say you have heard of him. You would like him. He is *very* anxious to be introduced some day to Rose Jocelyn: I tell him that Janet Ross is a finer creature. If Rose satisfies him, how will not Janet? He has taken a cottage at Molesey, and we make expeditions together on foot. Talking of Rose, did you see the *Saturday?* It says you are a heroine who deserves to be a heroine. And yet I think I missed you. Your mother tells me that Mrs. Austin speaks in very handsome terms of the performance generally, and of the portrait in particular.

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[1] A retired, well-to-do butcher at Esher, who came out hunting with the Duc d'Aumale's harriers, but never jumped even a hurdle.

I have not seen your mother for some days. She has had another attack, a very serious one. It wears my heart to think of her. And yet I think her constitution rallies from time to time, and I have still strong hope of her ultimate recovery. She must not spend another winter in England. The baby is quite charming. Like you, but rosier, and with a tendency to be just as positive. She articulates admirably, and shows qualities equal to the psychological promise I have noted from the first. How I should wish Arthur to conquer a fair position in the world, and lead her away as a certain Janet was led. At present he is decidedly hopeful. I don't want to force him yet. I wish to keep him sound, and to instil good healthy habits of mind and body. In writing, spelling, and reading, in memory for what he acquires, few children surpass him. And he really thinks, without being at all instigated to think. I remained at Copsham for his sake, and perhaps shall not quit for some time to come. He will not go to a regular school till next year. I don't like the thought of his going; but it must be, and so I submit.

I have three works on hand. The most advanced is 'Emilia Belloni,' of which I have read some chapters to your mother, and gained her strong approval. Emilia is a feminine musical genius. I gave you once, sitting on the mound over Copsham, an outline of the real story it is taken from. Of course one does not follow out real stories, and this had simply suggested Emilia to me. Then, my next novel is called 'A Woman's Battle.' Query—good title? I think it will be my best book as yet. The third is weaker in breadth of design. It is called 'Van Diemen Smith.' It is interesting as a story. *Nous verrons.*

Last night I went with Maxse to the House of Commons to hear the debate on the Constitution. I saw your friend Layard, but did not hear him. Eothen was absent. Gladstone swallowed the whole Conservative body with his prodigious yawns and eloquence alternately. I never saw a man yawn so naïvely and excusably. The truth is that there is some honesty, but small stock of brains on the Conservative side. I could not wait for Bright. I heard Horsman, who is good enough and seems bidding for the Conservative leadership. He will perhaps get it; but he is not the man to prop a sinking cause. It is clear that we in England are going down to a lower circle. Natural development, no doubt.

I have made friends with a nice fellow lately: a son of the ambassador at Athens, Sir T. Wyse, whom your mother knew. He married a Bonaparte, a daughter of Lucien. . . . My friend is an odd mixture of Irishman and Corsican. He wants me to go to Athens with him. I may meet him returning and come home through Provence. He is intimate with the members of the new school of Provençal poets there, and wishes me to know them. Mistral I have read. He is really a fine poet. If I go I shall have something to write to you about.

The dear good Bart. looks melancholy riding alone. It's rather sad seeing him out. Otherwise he is as cheerful and of the same port as of yore.

My dear, I have been thinking many a month of a wedding present for you. I don't like jewels, and books you have enough of. It has struck me that a magnified photograph of your father and mother, Maurice and Rainy (my brother and baby sister) would please you best. Your mother will sit when she is well enough. What say you? In conclusion, let me beg you to send to me and tell me anything that you want that I may have the pleasure to get it for you. I rejoice with all my soul that you are so happy. By the way, Maxse introduced me to the Comte de Paris the other day, who said of your husband: 'Mr. Ross is a very clever man,' in a tone of conviction and esteem. Of you he spoke as it pleased me to hear. The Orleanists seem looking up, owing to the Aumale pamphlet. The Duke was chairman of the Literary Fund dinner last night and spoke capitally.

Remember me to your husband very kindly. And please write soon, and cordially forgive me. My heart is very much with you, and I am always at my Janet's service. God bless you. Your faithful

George Meredith."

CHAPTER VII

IN the spring of 1861 M. de Lesseps, an old acquaintance of my grandmother Austin, came over from Paris and dined often with us, talking of course much and enthusiastically of the progress of his beloved Canal. People about the Viceroy told me it would never have been made had the deep-sea cable then existed. As a young man de Lesseps was in the consular service in Egypt, and became very intimate with Said Pasha long before he was Viceroy. M. de Lesseps persuaded his old friend that the Suez Canal would be of immense advantage to Egypt, and still more to his own pocket, and obtained from him permission to employ forced labour, without which the work would have been impossible. With the Viceroy's firman in his pocket de Lesseps at once embarked for Marseilles. When Said Pasha told his ministers next day they were horrified. He was so impressed by their representations of the drain it would mean on the population of Egypt, that he despatched a steamer in pursuit of the Messageries Impériales' boat with a letter cancelling the firman. The Vice-regal steamer was, however, slow, and everything had been arranged and signed in Paris before the Pasha's messenger reached Marseilles. M. de Lesseps was a *persona grata* at the Tuileries as he was a cousin of the Empress, so he was able to push his business through rapidly. How many wretched *fellaheen* died in the Suez desert was never known. The loss of life must have been terrible. One heard sad tales of the misery of the women and children who were left practically to starve, as the men had to take all the bread away with them. My mother in her *Letters from Egypt* describes how at Luxor a *fellah* prayed at the tomb of Sheykh Gibreel: " Ask our God to pity them, O Sheykh, and to feed them while I am away. Thou knowest how my wife

GEORGE MEREDITH AT 35.

Souvenir d'Egypte à
mon amie madame
Ross. Ferd. de Lesseps

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

worked all night to bake all the wheat for me, and that there is none left for her and the children." To my sorrow and infinite disappointment, my mother was induced to go to the Cape of Good Hope, instead of coming to stay with us in Egypt. Kinglake wrote to me about her in June :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

12 St. James's Place, *June* 27, 1861.

"My dear Janet,

It is so kind of you to write to poor dear me.

I have been several times down to Esher, and I did not myself see any unfavourable change in 'Mamma,' but the doctors have come to the conclusion that a sea voyage is the right thing for her, and accordingly she is going, as you will have heard, to the Cape. She is in London, and I am expecting to see her to-day or to-morrow.

Please tell me as soon as you can all you know or can find out about Lesseps and his canal. I saw the 'Dear Old Boy' on Thursday, he was quite well. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for your letters, and I am so struck with the unfairness of the exchange between one of yours and one of mine. Somehow I never *talk* in a letter, but I am always, my dear Janet,

Your affectionate

A. W. KINGLAKE."

I had not time to answer by that mail, so I added a postscript to a letter I had written to Layard, asking him to send it on to Eothen. He answered :—

A. H. Layard to Janet Ross.

Foreign Office, *August* 15, 1861.

"My dear Janet,

You will have heard long before receiving this of my accession to office. Here I am hard at work, and likely to remain so all the autumn. Alas! no more Italian trips. However, being somewhat tired with Parliament, and not required at the Foreign Office until the middle of this month, I took a little run into Holland and the Low Countries, in order to examine the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting, of which I knew little. I was much pleased with Holland, and specially delighted with the galleries at Amsterdam and the Hague. The Rembrandts are truly magnificent, and P. Potter's bull is a splendid piece of painting, and has more merit than being merely like a Bull. The country is very queer. I would rather be there for a month than for a year. I was immensely pleased with the Flemish pictures at Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges. It is a pity that the cities themselves have lost their picturesqueness, owing to that atrocious love of whitewash which is ruining the picturesque and beautiful everywhere on the Continent. But the Van Dycks, Memlings, etc., are wonderfully fine. Did you read my article on Teutonic Art in the *Quarterly* of the spring ?

I received your letter on the subject of the Suez Canal a few days ago, and sent it off to Kinglake at once, as you seemed to wish me to do. I was much interested in what you tell me, and hope Kinglake will return me the letter, as I have requested him to do. I never expect it, although he swears that it shall be sent back to me. I saw him last Friday. I met him and your father by a happy chance at the Athenæum, and we dined together. Your father seemed very well. I shall be anxiously expecting news of your mother. I wrote to my brother to look out for the vessel, to go on board as soon as she was signalled, and to do anything in his power to make your mother comfortable at the Cape.

I constantly see some of your friends, who all ask after you. I have promised to run down to Eastbourne some Saturday to spend Sunday with your father, but I much fear that it will be difficult to keep my promise. I saw Dicky Doyle at Aldermaston yesterday. He seems to have revived with the appearance of his new series of manners and customs in the *Cornhill*. They are not, I think, so good as the old series; they lack the agility of pencil and peculiar character of his early things.

I hope you will write often and give me plenty of political news, as well as news of yourself. I'm writing in a great hurry and more illegibly than usual, I'm afraid.

Your affectionate

A. H. Layard."

A. H. Layard to Janet Ross.

Foreign Office, *September* 18, 1861.

"My dear Janet,

I have a whole bundle of letters from you to thank you for. The information you send me on the subject of the Suez Canal and other proceedings of your French friends is very interesting and useful.[1] I hope you will continue to keep me informed when you have a spare moment. I am astonished at the progress you have made in financial matters. You write quite like an experienced financier. Have you learned all this from Ross ?

I have little to send you in return for your excellent budget of news. London is a perfect desert—as much so as the great Sahara. I see no one. Your father promised to meet me at the Athenæum to dine on Fridays when he is in London. He proved faithless, and indeed could scarcely have been otherwise, as the Athenæum has been shut for a fortnight, and I have had to seek for a dinner in low and improper eating-houses in the Haymarket, where, according to Mrs. M., a lady *may* dine, 'if she runs very fast upstairs.' Last Saturday I went to C. Dickens for the Sunday, and spent a very pleasant day playing croquet violently with Dickens and his belongings. You have now the whole of my private life and adventures since I last wrote to you. Give my kindest regards to Ross. I have written you a short letter, but you must forgive me, as I am very busy.

Ever yours affectionately,

A. H. Layard."

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[1] I told Layard not to believe the stories about the Canal being impossible to make, and predicted that it would be a great success.

In the autumn of 1861 Sir James Outram came to Egypt for his health. He brought a letter to the bank of Briggs and Co., so I made his acquaintance and we became friends. When he was well enough to drive out I rode beside his carriage, proud of forming the escort of the Bayard of India. Still prouder was I when he gave me his book on the Persian and Indian campaigns, although I was not one of the companions in arms for whom it was printed. Rarely have I met a more lovable man, so simple, kindly, and always afraid of giving trouble. He was, though, easily roused to anger by any act of cruelty or oppression; then his eagle eyes would flash, his bent figure straighten, and his generally gentle voice become stern and sharp. His modesty was astounding. If our talk fell upon books, he would say: "You understand all that so much better than I do. I am, you know, only a rough old soldier." I went up to Cairo with him, saw him installed in his *dahabieh*, and said good-bye with rather a heavy heart.

Next day my donkey-boy, Hassan, persuaded me to go and see the dancing *derwishes*. The ceremony had not begun, and the *derwishes* were seated in a circle round their Sheykh repeating verses of the Koran. When they rose they began chanting *La ilaha, illa 'llah* (there is no God but God) in a low voice, while the musicians beat the *taraboukahs* and played various stringed instruments. Soon the chanting became louder and louder until it was deafening. One after another the men, clothed in flowing white robes, with conical felt hats on their heads, began to turn slowly round and round, holding their right arms straight out. Ever faster they spun with half-closed eyes and compressed lips, while their Sheykh swayed backwards and forwards to the measured beat of the little drums, now and again shouting Allah! as though to urge them to still more rapid movement. It was a weird scene, and when one of the whirling white figures fell in a heap on the floor foaming at the mouth, I slipped away, to Hassan's disappointment, who declared I had gone just when the exciting part of the entertainment was beginning.

Osman Bey, a Europeanized young Turk, invited us to dine at his kiosk on the road to Old Cairo, to hear *Werd-en-Neel* (the Rose of the Nile) sing. Brought up as a professional singer, her great beauty had won the heart of a rich old Pasha, who married her when she was about fifteen. He showered jewels upon her and was kind, but she could not bear the dulness of *hareem* life, went before the Cadi, divorced her old husband, and returned to her profession. Not a word could be said against her, as was proved by her dining with Osman's wife in his *hareem* before coming to sing in the kiosk.

After an excellent dinner with several French and Turkish friends of the Bey's, he went to fetch *Werd-en-Neel* and ushered her in with considerable ceremony. She was thickly veiled and attended by several women and musicians. After salaaming she came and sat by me on the divan. As my husband spoke Turkish and Arabic perfectly we talked merrily for some time, until he begged her to unveil and let us see "the Rose in all her beauty." She stood up, unveiled, and threw off her outer robe. Then we understood the infatuation of the old Pasha. Fairer than many an Italian, her brilliant complexion, perfect features, and almond-shaped eyes were ravishing. The slim, lithe figure was well shown off by her dress. Trousers of white satin thickly embroidered with seed-pearls, a very short jacket of pink satin covered with gold embroidery, and caught just below the breasts with a large diamond button, a shirt of India muslin with gold stars worked on it tucked into the belt of her trousers. Over all floated a thin sky-blue *abayeh*, or cloak. Perched coquettishly on one side of her head was a gauze handkerchief, twisted into the shape of a fez by ropes of pearls, while a sprig of pomegranate with brilliant red flowers was fastened above one ear by a diamond brooch. She was a beautiful apparition, and the Turks present uttered a long-drawn A-ah! Her five women had meanwhile crouched down in a half-circle behind her and the musicians, and after every verse *Werd-en-Neel* sang they murmured a short chorus. She had a beautiful and rather pathetic voice, and her singing was quite *hinreizend*.

The instruments were a *taraboukah*, or small drum (a cylinder of earthenware covered with lamb's hide, which is struck with the fingers), a *náy*, or flute, a *kamangeh*, or viol, and a kind of mandoline with only three strings and a handle five feet long. The fifth man appeared to be the leader of the orchestra and gave the time by clapping his hands. After two songs *Werd-en-Neel* asked for sherbet, so Osman Bey poured out what looked suspiciously like cognac into a tumbler and gave it to her himself. It was rather a shock when I found out that this delicately lovely woman was really drinking brandy. The Bey said she only sang her best after drinking two or more tumblers of the so-called sherbet.

At length one of the Turkish gentlemen begged *Werd-en-Neel* to show the English lady what really good Arab dancing was, adding that he knew she was a very gazelle for grace, and that the hearts of men made a carpet for her feet. She smiled, but looked uncomfortable, glanced at Osman Bey and at the open windows crowded with dark faces and eager eyes—the Bey's people who were listening to the wonderful singing. He then explained to me that *Werd-en-Neel* would lose caste and perhaps not be summoned again to sing in the great Turkish *hareems*, if she danced before a European woman in the company of men. My husband suggested shutting the windows and hanging carpets over them. " Then no one will know," he said, " and I shall be able to judge whether the ' Rose of the Nile ' is as superior to the ' Reed of the Tigris ' (a celebrated dancer and singer at Mosul whose fame had spread even to Egypt), as people have told me."[1] This diplomatic speech decided her.

While the windows were being shut and rugs hung up, *Werd-en-Neel* sat on the divan smoking a *narghile* and drinking more sherbet. She questioned my husband closely about Mosul and the " Reed of the Tigris." " Was she beautiful ? Was she fair or dark ? Did she sing well ? " etc. My husband answered : " As the owl is to the nightingale was her singing as compared to thine, O *Werd-en-Neel.*" "*Très bien*, Ross," exclaimed Osman Bey.

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[1] My husband spent several years at Mosul (1844–1848), where he first knew Layard and took him on a hunting expedition to the mounds of Nimrood. See *Letters from the East*, H. J. Ross. Dent & Sons, London.

On a signal from their mistress the five women rose and began to dance. I was terribly disappointed at such clumsy posturing, as unlike dancing as anything I ever saw, and regretted the really beautiful singing. Suddenly *Werd-en-Neel* rose. Shaking off her small pearl-embroidered slippers, she took a gauze scarf from one of the women and glided over the thickly carpeted floor. The lithe figure swayed to the wild, strange music, as with tiny steps she came towards us or retreated, her bare feet showing now and then under the heavy folds of the white satin trousers. When the plaintive wail of the *này* rose high above the other instruments she raised her arms as though to follow the sound, and as the notes died away she let them fall with a despairing gesture, and her head drooped as though all passion had died within her. "*Mais c'est du Taglioni tout pure*," exclaimed one of the Frenchmen, though anything more unlike European dancing it was impossible to imagine. One of the Turks tore his fez off and flung it at her feet, as he uttered A-aaah. Many a dancer did I see during my seven years' sojourn in Egypt, but not one who could compare to *Werd-en-Neel.*

I had written several letters to my Poet without getting an answer, so at last I declared I would write no more unless he sent me a few words. This brought the following answer :—

George Meredith to Janet Ross.

Copsham, Esher, *November* 19, 1861.

"My very dear Janet,

I plead health, I plead vexation, occupation, general insufficiency; I plead absence from home, absence from my proper mind, and a multitude of things ; and now I am going to pay my debts. But are not my letters really three single gentlemen rolled into one ? This shall count for ten. Now the truth is that my Janet is, by her poet at least, much more thought of when he doesn't write to her than when he does. Vulgar comparisons being always the most pungent, I will say, Lo, the Epicurean to whom his feast is still in prospect; he dreams of it, it rises before him in a thousand hues and salutes his nostrils with scents heavenly. He dines. 'Tis gone. 'Tis in the past, and with it go his rosy visions. Your P.G. [perfect gentleman], to wit ——, I saw the other day, and shall probably dine with him on Thursday. Quoth I, at a period of our interview—Have you replied duly to the fair Alexandrine? Then went he through much pantomime, during my just reproaches, and took your address, which may be an excellent P.G. performance and no more. You will see. He is in new chambers full of pictures. Old Masters we hear. For a fine, putative Leonardo he disbursed recently £400. And Sir Charles Eastlake said—never mind what. Then, too, a Masaccio, for which he gave £19 7s. 6¾d., was exhibited at the British Institution and the papers took note of nothing else. And Sir Charles Eastlake said—as before. Your P.G. is a good old boy. He has a pleasant way of being inquisitive, and has already informed me, quite agreeably, that I am a gentleman, though I may not have been born one. Some men are always shooting about you like may-flies in little, quick darts, to see how near you they may come. The best thing is to smile and enjoy the fun of it. I confess a private preference for friends who are not thus afflicted, and get the secret by instinct. As my Janet does, for instance.

The dear indifferent Bart. I meet occasionally: in the train, or on lonely Celia; looking as if he bore with life, but had not the exact reason for his philosophy handy. He speaks out like a man concerning your husband, and I should wish every husband to have a father-in-law who appreciated him as heartily. Your mother's Diary from the Cape of Good Hope will not, I suppose, reach you before this letter. On the whole it is very hopeful. Secondly, it is immensely amusing, and shows her fine manly nature admirably. O what a gallant soul she is! and how very much I love her! I had only time during the passage of the train to read it, and couldn't get to the end. As yet the voyage has wrought no *cure;* but the change and the sea-breeze and shaking have done good and produced favourable excitement.

I have new friends whom I like, and don't object to call by the name. A Mr. and Mrs. Hardman I met in Esher this autumn. She is very pleasant, and is one of the rare women who don't find it necessary to fluster their sex under your nose eternally, in order to make you like them. I give her private's rank in Janet's Amazonian regiment, with a chance of promotion. Also he is a nice fellow : a barrister, who does photographs, of his friends principally. On that head, let me say that I went (thinking of you solely) and was *done* the other day, and will send a copy to you immediately. It looks absurd ; but I must conclude it faithful. . . . Your slippers and kind letter for the little man have just come. How good of you. He is staying for a week with some people in Oatlands Park, named Virtue, who are fond of him. He will reply on his return.

You have had particulars of our travels ; at least items. Munich is a glorious city to pass through, and the Tyrol a wonderful country for the same. I had, the truth is, a miserable walking companion, to wit, Buonaparte Wyse (son of the minister at Athens and of Mde. Buonaparte Wyse, Lucien's daughter). He is half Prince, half Paddy, with little pluck, a great deal of desultory reading, a wretched stomach, and no control over his nerves. He couldn't walk in the sun ; he wouldn't walk after sun-setting ; the rain he shunned as if he had been dog-bitten—in fact, he was a double knapsack on my back. Certainly the heat was tremendous. The Tyrolese men are the handsomest I have seen ; the women the ugliest. The Alps gave me shudderings of delight ; but I can't bear being cooped long in those mountain-guarded valleys ; so I shot through them in two weeks, and then saw Italy for the first time, emerging by the Adige, which the Austrians are fortifying continually. Verona lies just under the Alps, and is now less a city than a fortress. You see nothing but white coats, who form two-thirds of the inhabitants. The little man asked innumerable questions about the amphitheatres, and the gladiators, the shows, and the Roman customs. Thence to Venice, where he and I were alone, Wyse parting for Como and his mother. Our life in Venice was charming.

Only I had to watch the dear boy like tutor, governess, courier, in one ; and couldn't get much to the pictures, for there was no use in victimizing him and dragging him to see them, and I couldn't quit him at all. We hired a gondola and floated through the streets at night, or out to Malamocco to get the fresh breeze. A fresh Levant wind favoured our visit. To the Lido we went every morning, Arthur and I bathing—behold us for a solid hour under enormous straw hats floating and splashing in the delicious Adriatic. The difficulty of getting him out of it was great. 'Papa, what a dear old place this is ; we won't go, will we ? ' I met and made acquaintance with some nice fellows (Austrians) in the water. The Italian fish are not to be found where they are. Venice looks draped, and wears her widow's weeds ostentatiously. Our gondolier, Lorenzo, declared that he had seen 'Lor Birron' when a boy. '*Palazzo Mocenigo, Signor ecco.*' On the Lido one thinks sadly of Byron and Shelley. I found the spot Shelley speaks of in Julian and Maddalo where he saw the Vicenza hills in the sunset through the bell-tower where the lunatics abide, on an island. Of the glories of St. Mark's who shall speak ? It is poetry, my dear, and will be expressed in no other way. In Venice I learned to love Giorgione, Titian, and Paul Veronese. I cannot rank Tintoret with them (Ruskin puts him highest), though his single work shows greater grasp and stretch of soul. Viennese Crinoline and the tyrant Whitecoat do their best to destroy the beauties of St. Mark's. Charming are the Venetian women. They have a gracious walk, and all the manner one dreams of as befitting them. Should one smile on a Whitecoat, she has the prospect of a patriotic dagger smiting her fair bosom, and so she does not ; though the Austrians are fine men, and red—but exclusiveness for an abstract idea sits not easy on any ladies of any land for longer than—say, a fortnight. Consequently Vienna sends Crinoline to her children. I made acquaintance with a tough Baronne, who had brought two daughters of immense circle. How quietly the pretty Venetians eyed them. The Square of St. Mark's is the great parade. The weather was fiery ; but we had no mosquitoes. Milan is for heat next door to

Pandemonium. The view from the cathedral you have heard of. I went to Como to see W——, who was with the Principessa. Before dinner we all bathed in Como, ladies and gentlemen *ensemble*. Really pleasant and pastoral. Madlle. swims capitally, rides and drives well. Thence over the Mount Cenis to Paris. The little man was in raptures at the thought of crossing the Alps. He would hardly close his eyes. I had him in my arms in the coupé of the diligence, and there he was starting up in my arms every instant, shouting, and crowing till dawn: when I had no chance of getting him to sleep. When we reached Mâcon at night I put him to bed and gave him a little weak coffee in bed. He slept like a top till morning. Whence to Paris, which you know. Arthur was impatient to be home: he cared little for Paris. I gave him a dinner at Véfours and at the Trois Frères. He appreciated it: but longed for his England. Paris is delightful. Under the circumstances, with a remonstrating little man, there was nothing for it but to return hastily. Thank Heaven, I got him home safe, a little worn: but he soon got over that and has improved his young mind considerably. The journey did me good. I am much stronger and am beginning to be able to work much better, but have to be careful. I have left Emilia Belloni untouched for months; and my novel is where it was. *En revanche*, I am busy on poems. I think it possible I shall publish a small volume in the winter, after Christmas. I have had letters from strangers, begging me to do so. One man, head-master of a grammar school, writes a six-page letter of remonstrance and eulogy, concluding: 'I have often said I wished to see three men before I died: Humboldt, who is gone; Bunsen, whom I had the fortune to meet, and,—guess, my dear! He says that the 'Enchantress' scene in Richard Feverel made him ill for twenty-four hours: and that he and his friends (Cambridge men) rank me next to Tennyson in poetic power; and so forth. I tell my Janet this, because I know she will like to hear it. I listen to it merely as a sign that I am beginning to be a little known. The man praises my first book of verse, which I would have forgotten. *Grandfather*

Bridgeman, an idyll, true to English life and containing a war episode, approved by friends who have heard it ; *The Old Chartist*, *The Patriot Engineer*, *Phantasy*, *A Love-match*, and *Cassandra* (about to be illustrated by Rossetti), are among my later pieces. When these are out I shall set myself seriously to work on a long poem. For if I have the power to do it, why should I not ? I am engaged on extra pot-boiling work, which enables me to do this ; and besides, I can *sell* my poetry. What do you think ? Speak on this point.

My housekeeper, good Miss Grainge, has just had an offer from Claremont to go and attend the Princesse Françoise ; and I am afraid she'll go ; which will be a complete upset here : for she is an invaluable person : excellent temper, spotless principles, indefatigable worker, no sex, thoughtful, prudent : and sensible. Where shall I find such another ? Of course I can't advise her to stay. It is a terrible bother. They have been hunting a little ; but the Prince de Joinville has not yet returned from America, so not much is done in that way. What do you think of the Comte de Paris' step ? I can excuse him better than his adviser. He was courteous and kind to me here (Maxse introduced me), and so I wish him well—and therefore well out of it. Let me hear what you think of Buckle, who has become a topic.

My dear, the well is not empty, but the bucket kicks. I have some things to do before I speak of them ; but I dare say I shall see you before I offer you your wedding present. I hate offering mere jewelry. I have thought of half a dozen things : but your mother's illness and inability to go to London prevented the likeliest. I have sent books, etc., to Sir Alick to forward when he can. You know I approve of the man you have chosen so much that I pardon him his mortal offence.

May all good be with you and yours.

Your faithful and loving
George M.

Frederick Chapman is just married. Your book is being well reviewed. I hope Lewes will do it in the *Saturday*."

Meredith mentions Buckle in his letter because I wrote to say he had arrived in Alexandria with two little boys, sons of Mr. Huth. They dined with us several times, and how I did enjoy hearing good talk. But I pitied the poor children. Mr. Buckle was so impressed with his responsibility that he swathed their hats in endless folds of muslin, and made them wear huge blue goggles. When they went to Cairo I followed, not wishing to lose the opportunity of listening to Mr. Buckle. One night Hekekyan Bey, who was a great talker, came to dinner to meet him. It was rather a failure, as the dear old man quoted the Bible in English apropos of something Egyptian; whereupon Buckle stuck out his chin and scornfully repeated the verse in Hebrew, giving his own translation and remarking that when people cited an authority they should do so properly. After that he had it all his own way, as poor Hekekyan was crushed. Mr. Buckle was not at all well, and we entreated him to give up the idea of going overland to Syria in the spring. But he would go, and I taught him how to load and fire off a pistol, which he imagined would be useful, and was rather annoyed when I advised him not to make use of his newly acquired accomplishment. Alas, our fears were realized, for Mr. Buckle died in Damascus in May, 1862. Towards the end of the year Miss Marguerite Power, a niece of Lady Blessington, came to spend the winter with us. It was pleasant to have a clever and charming woman as a companion, and the warmth of Egypt did her good. While with us she wrote *Arabian Days and Nights*, a bright description of life in Alexandria at that time. We heard all the court gossip as Mr. Henry Oppenheim was an intimate friend, and he had more to do with the Viceroy than my husband, who did much of the business of H.H. Halim Pasha, uncle of Said Pasha, though a younger man. I wrote rather an indignant letter to Layard about the underhand intrigues relating to a loan the Viceroy was negotiating, and he replied :—

A. H. Layard to Janet Ross.

Foreign Office, *January* 3, 1862.

"Dear Janet,

. . . The longer you live in the East the more your eyes will be opened to the disgraceful intrigues and petty interests which distort and influence every question, public and private. It is just such open-hearted, frank persons as yourself who are the most easily deceived, because they are unsuspicious and slow to believe wrong of anyone, and whose feelings are most quickly roused. I have no doubt that there has been a great struggle, political and commercial, in this loan affair, and that the unsuccessful candidates for the advantage of lending the Pasha money will fall upon the successful one; but I doubt whether they would have been inclined to have treated the Pasha with any more generosity than their rivals. . . . I have read your translation, and find a good deal of interesting matter in it. I should say it was perhaps a little too technical, especially in the second part, for the general public, but the analysis it gives of the authorities on the crusades is new and valuable. Why don't you take up something else more suited to the reading public? I haven't written to you since the death of Prince Albert, a very great and grievous loss to the country.

Your affectionate

A. H. Layard."

The hot summer of 1861 had rather pulled me down, so it was settled that I should leave with Marguerite Power in April, my husband following in June or July. I wrote to tell my Poet, and he answered:—

George Meredith to Janet Ross.

Copsham Cottage, Esher, *February* 15, 1862.

"My dear Janet,

You come in April. You are even now packing and preparing, and your heart is bounding for England. So

I will hope the best of you, my dear child. Though your letters have saddened me, and I see that your physical condition is lowered, I never liked the climate for you, though I perfectly approved of the husband. After all, it's merely a probation, not a settlement. There has been little hunting here this winter, owing to the absence of the Princes. The weather is good for it; the frosts are short, and the ground soft and wet, and not too much so. Haven't you heard from the P.G. yet ? He said he would write, and abused his P.G. reputation ; but I always have suspected him to have something of a woman's nature : *id est ;* he must see a body to be with a body. Now, you can't say that of me. What do you think (as a proof the other way) ? I was walking out with Hardman (the man being absent from his wife), and I commenced 'La, la-la—la-la- and so on,' ending 'La-la—la-la-ti-to-te,' in my fine voice, when he cried, 'Halloa!' and I meekly responded, 'That's my spoony song,' 'And it's mine,' quoth he. 'The song that always made me sentimental,' said I. 'The song that bowled me over,' said he. I told him, with a yawn (noble manhood's mask for a sigh), that I had written words to it. He and his wife petition for them. So, please, to spare me from having to write fresh ones, send me, if you have them, a copy of my lines to Schubert's *Addio*. If you have *any* objection, don't do it.

Maxse is not the man you saw with me in Esher. That was Fitzgerald. Maxse is quite a different fellow. He performed the celebrated ride in the Crimea, as Lord Lyons's aide-de-camp. Arthur and I attended his wedding, when the little man was much petted. The bride was very sweet and charming, and there was a wedding choir and all that sort of thing, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. I went with Borthwick, of the *Morning Post*, a very nice fellow indeed, whom I will ask to meet you when we have you here. By the way, I write for the *Morning Post* now, at odd hours, which pays your poet. And I've a volume of Poems coming out in three weeks ; but I won't send the volume. You shall have it when you come.

Can I meet you in Paris ? Nothing would please me better.

But I fear I can't leave my pen. Borthwick promises me introductions there. It would be pleasant. I will see. There's yet time. I will write again shortly. Pray give my *saluti* to Miss Power and your husband, and hold me ever

Your faithful
George M."

CHAPTER VIII

IN February, 1862, M. de Lesseps came from Paris, and asked us to accompany him on a tour of inspection in the Isthmus. My husband could not leave the bank, and as Marguerite Power promised to take care of him I went, dressed in my riding-habit, with my saddle and a very small handbag as all luggage. Ismailia did not exist in those days, and Port Said was a pretty little village of wooden châlets, with a shelving beach of fine sparkling sand and lovely small pink and blue shells. I wrote an account of the trip to my mother, which may be interesting as a picture of what the Suez Canal was like forty-eight years ago.

Janet Ross to Lady Duff Gordon at the Cape of Good Hope.

Alexandria, *March* 1, 1862.

" Dearest Mother,

You will have understood from Marguerite's letter why I did not write last mail, now I send you a real yarn. On the 20th February de Lesseps met us out riding. He had just come from Paris with some French gentlemen to make a tour of inspection in the Isthmus. Greeting me as usual as his *jeune et aimable* AMI, he suggested that we should go with him, and promised that his *Chefs des travaux* would welcome with enthusiasm the first woman who deigned to visit the Suez Canal. He certainly possesses the secret of eternal youth, and evidently looked forward with delight to a possible camp-out in the desert with our horses tied to our wrists. Unfortunately Henry could not leave Alexandria, so next morning I met de Lesseps, four young Frenchmen, and Dr. Aubert Roche at the station. At Kafr-Zayat we found a special train and reached Zag-a-Zig about four. Here we saw the lock the Company has made on the Bahr-em-Moise (Moses' river) which flows into what was the ancient Tanitic branch of the Nile, now only a small canal. M. de Lesseps had telegraphed to M. Guichard, his *Chef Agricole* at Tel-el-Kebir, to send a covered boat towed by camels, and the pony-chaise *pour une dame agée*. The four Parisians and our small amount of luggage were put on board the boat, while de Lesseps and I got into the pony-chaise with the stout doctor, who had some difficulty in stowing himself away in the small dickey behind, declaring that two such wild young people could not be left to their own devices. Words cannot describe the reckless fashion in which we flew jolting and tilting along the top of the dyke. At last Dr. Aubert Roche could stand it no longer, and solemnly protested that if we did not care for our necks he valued his own, and begged that Madame Ross, who being English could probably drive, would take the reins. After some seven miles we reached El-Wady (the ancient land of Goshen), an estate recently bought by the Company from Said Pasha. Soon afterwards, as night was closing in, we saw the flashing of *meshaals*, or torches, and horsemen galloping towards us. They were M. Guichard with his staff and some *bedaween*. Their surprised faces at seeing the *dame agée* dressed in a riding-habit and driving M. le Président were very funny.

We reached Tel-el-Kebir about nine at night, and were soon joined by the boat party. One of the dandy young Frenchmen roused the ire of de Lesseps by declaring that it had been *un voyage fort dangereux*. This inspired our handsome host to tell various gruesome stories about wolves and jackals. The latter were evidently in league with M. Guichard, for they howled, whined, and cried all night long. Several times I got up very quietly; the moon was so brilliant that I made sure of seeing them. But the moment I reached the window all was quiet, and they did not begin again until I had been in bed for some time. I have promised M. Guichard that when you come to Egypt you will pay a visit to Tel-el-Kebir. You would delight in the queer old Turkish palace, and the palm-shaded orange grove with its *sakyieh*, or water-wheel, shaded with the lovely creeper *Sitt-el-Hösyn*, or Lady of Beauty, one mass of rosy-lilac flowers shaped rather like bells. All night the Arab boy, who sat on the shaft and drove the buffalo round, sang a monotonous chant : ‘ Turn, turn, O *sakyieh*, and bring water to the orange groves of the righteous *Frangee*. Turn, turn, O *sakyieh*, for since our new master, with hair of silver and the face of a youth, has dwelt here our tears no longer water the ground. Turn, turn, O *sakyieh*, and bring water to the orange groves of the Tel.’ You would delight still more in the *bedaween*. Such fine independent fellows. We fraternized much on the subject of horses.

At seven in the morning we left Tel-el-Kebir. I asked de Lesseps to let me try a dromedary, and one would have thought that I weighed twenty stone by the way the beast groaned and complained while I was climbing up on to the saddle. Your Atlantic storm was nothing to the rising of the dromedary. I felt as though I should be chucked miles away, seized hold of the pummel, and shut my eyes. When I opened them I looked down on the top of de Lesseps’ hat. It was like sitting on a small pyramid. Seeing a bit of cord tied to the pummel, I took hold of it and pulled, with the result that my dromedary’s long neck turned up the wrong way and I could see down her wide-open mouth, while she roared like a lion, and then began to spin round and round. M. Guichard trotted up to the rescue, and bade me drop the cord and guide the beast with a tap of my foot on either side of the shoulder. I soon felt at home, and we sped away for three hours across the desert to Ras-el-Wady. There we found a boat towed by two camels, and said farewell to the pleasant inmates of fascinating Tel-el-Kebir. The tiny stations of Maxama and Ramses we passed at a great pace. I was sorry not to be able to explore the latter, as the Arabs told me of a wonderful colossal stone idol with three heads and six arms—*es Shaitan*—the devil. All at once the brilliant sun was obscured by a dense cloud, and the men exclaimed *juraudeh* (locusts). In an instant the ground, the canal, and the boat were a crawling mass of large brown-green, hideous grasshoppers. The camels’ feet went squash, squash, as they crushed hundreds at every step, and the boat surged through a writhing, living, thick pea-soup. We seized every pole, stick, and umbrella on the boat and knocked down as many as we could, while the boatmen performed a war-dance on the bodies of their dreaded foes. It was a horrid sight. Nothing I can say will give you any idea of the creepy feeling one had at seeing the earth walk about, as it were. The poor young Frenchman fell into yet deeper disgrace with de Lesseps by exclaiming perpetually: '*Quel pays; mon Dieu, quel pays!*' as he flicked off the locusts when they alighted upon him with his lavender-coloured kid gloves. He did not trouble us long. The ride to Ras-el-Wady had tired him, and when at Timsah we again mounted to ride along the line of the works of the maritime canal to El-Gisr he looked miserable, and we left him there next day in bed.

Lake Timsah, surrounded by sand hillocks tortured into every conceivable shape by the wind, with its tall rushes and large flocks of water-fowl, was beautiful. It is to be the great inland port, and the Viceroy's fête-day, July 15, will be celebrated by the waters of the Mediterranean falling into the quiet desert lake. Eight miles still remain to be excavated between Lake Timsah and El-Gisr, and twenty thousand men were swarming up and down the steep banks, chanting a sad, monotonous song as they carried the sand in small rush-baskets from the bottom of the cutting to the top of the bank. As each basket only held about four spadesful, it seemed to me a vast amount of work with a very small result. But de Lesseps declared that the Arabs insisted on working in their own way, and showed me a lot of wheelbarrows he had imported. The barrows were lying bottom upwards, and the men used them to sleep under. You may imagine what a hole has to be made in the sand when I tell you that the canal is to be 189 feet broad and 28 feet deep. I pitied the poor *fellaheen* their treadmill labour. Up and down the sliding sand-banks from sunrise to sunset, and a lick over the back when they did not go fast enough. That may, however, have been an extra display of zeal while the *Abou-et-Toural* (Father of the Canal), as they call de Lesseps, was looking on. Eight thousand of the men came from the Upper Nile between Philæ and Khartoum, a far finer race than the lower Egyptians and better and faster workers. There was more animation in their section, much talking, and some laughter, while the *Beheré* looked dispirited and melancholy.

The canal was already twenty feet deep near El-Gisr, a little town with a mosque and a few nice houses in the middle of the desert. Here we stayed with M. Gioja, the head engineer, a pleasant and clever Italian. The few Europeans who were at El-Gisr were asked to come to supper, and we had quite an evening party. Very droll it was. I tied up my habit, and M. Gioja sacrificed the one rose of his tiny garden to stick into my hair. We actually danced on the sand to an accordion which had lost two notes, and I need not tell you that M. le Président was by far the best *valseur* and quite the youngest person there.

Next day we started at noon in a conveyance which would rival your Cape Town waggon. How I wish you had been there! A sort of waggonette to hold six people, drawn by six camels—two wheelers, three in front of them, and one leader. It was an idea of de Lesseps and every one had opposed it, but camels proved themselves good draught animals, and we went a capital pace when the ground was firm; but in loose sand the wheels, though broad, sank deep, and the poor beasts complained aloud. I soon had enough of the jolting carriage and mounted a capital little Arab, which I jumped backwards and forwards over the *rigole*, or ditch, so in years to come I can say that I have jumped the Suez Canal.

At El-Ferdane we embarked in two small covered boats and were towed to El-Kantara, twenty-two miles. De Lesseps, who had gone to bed at four in the morning and was up at six, said to me: *Mon enfant, je vais dormir pendant dix minutes.* He did, and snored aloud. At the end of ten minutes he awoke a giant refreshed. I never saw such a man. Such energy and go, and his funny little ejaculation of *hein, hein,* between each sentence seems to give point to his talk. He is so considerate and so kind to everybody. No wonder his people adore him.

El-Kantara is a pretty little place on the caravan line to Syria. Six or seven hundred camels pass daily over the temporary bridge which spans the canal. Close by there is capital stone, which will be quarried for Port Said as soon as laden boats can get through Lake Menzaleh. Here we saw the first sea-gulls skimming over the water, and sea-fish have been caught not long ago. We had another evening party, three women and forty men, and at five next morning we embarked and went on very well to near Raz-el-Êche. There the mud from the lake became thicker and thicker, and we often had to get out and scramble up the banks to lighten the boat. The canal goes through part of Lake Menzaleh, and I believe the mud has proved to be a far more stubborn and expensive enemy than the desert sand. Double rows of huge piles have been driven deep down into the seemingly bottomless slush, and thousands of tons of stone, ballast, and cement have been thrown in between them to form the banks of the canal. But the mud always oozes out from the bottom, and although several powerful dredges were at work, they seemed incapable of vanquishing it. Raz-el-Êche we reached at four in the afternoon, a small encampment surrounded by water. The dry land on which the engineers live is only 110 metres in circumference. From here our progress was slow, partly owing to the mud and partly to the north wind, which had driven the water to the other side of the lake, which is 150 miles round. Wind, they say, has such an effect on the lake that three feet of water will disappear in a few hours from one end, and return as quickly when the wind changes. Port Said we reached at seven, very tired, very cramped, and very hungry. One of de Lesseps' wonderful qualities is that he can go all day on a handful of dried dates and be perfectly happy.

M. Laroche, the head engineer at Port Said, had a charming house, and my twentieth birthday was toasted with great honour. We drank your health too, my dear mother, and you are to consider yourself invited to Port Said. All the next day we spent there, M. Laroche showing with pride how he had beaten the Mediterranean and the Lake Menzaleh, which used alternately to flood the narrow strip of land, now ever increasing in height and breadth, on which Port Said is being built. The Cadi had just made a new census, and gave the number of inhabitants as 4200 souls. Two babies, born the day we arrived, made up the round number, to his evident pleasure. The pier runs a quarter of a mile out into the sea, with a tramway on it. A quarter of a mile further out a small bit of the pier has been built, so that stone can be landed there and the men continue the pier *towards* the land, a great saving of time and labour. Hitherto every block of stone had to be put into a small boat, the water being so shallow that no ship can come within half a mile. The sand at Port Said is beautiful. Firm to walk on, and so silvery that it positively sparkles in the sun.

We left M. Laroche's hospitable roof at six in the morning on the 26th, and embarked on the lake in an Arab boat. Very wide in the bows, she tapered off to a sharp point at the stern, and as the cabin was built in front, I had an odd impression that we were sailing backwards. The lake swarms with fish of every kind. Grey mullet grow to five feet long and more, and their roe is excellent. I have often eaten *botargo*, but never realized that it was the roe of the grey mullet. Pelicans, flamingoes, herons, wild geese and duck, swans, gulls, and other sorts of water-fowl abound. Sometimes when I thought we were sailing straight on to an island, suddenly thousands of wings opened wide and my island flew high into the air, like a rosy cloud. The flamingoes had been standing on one long leg fishing in the shallow water.

At five in the afternoon we arrived at Damietta. Such a picturesque town with beautiful *musharibieh* (carved lattice windows) and balconies overhanging the Nile! M. Voisin, the Company's agent, had such a perfect old Turkish house that I longed to carry it away. The Suez Canal Company have immense storehouses at Damietta and own a great deal of land. Twice a week they run a steamer to Samanoud, which takes passengers. In this we started next day at twelve o'clock with about forty people on board. I told Dr. Aubert Roche that the French engineer had evidently been drinking the health of M. le Président rather too often, and at nine at night the Arab fireman rushed up from the stokehole, exclaiming that we should all be blown up as the machinery was out of order and the engineer hopelessly drunk. The fires were put out, and we dropped down-stream until we met some of the ordinary Nile cargo-boats. With great difficulty we got six men to tow our party in an empty boat up the river, and in it we passed the whole night, slowly stemming the rapid current. I positively hated de Lesseps and the Doctor for their power of sleeping (and snoring) under difficulties. We reached Mansourah at midday where, to Dr. Aubert Roche's despair, I persuaded de Lesseps to requisition two horses from the governor and to ride to Samanoud. The Doctor declared we should be murdered or lost, that I was mad and M. le Président was madder, that he was the powder and I was the spark, and we left him in a towering passion. After waiting for more than an hour we at last got the horses and a *saïs* and reached Samanoud (about sixteen miles) at four o'clock. It was a wonder we did not break our necks, de Lesseps' horse fell twice and mine once. However, we got something to eat, and just as they came to tell us the special train was ready our companions arrived, very hungry and very ill-tempered. At midnight we were back in Alexandria.

In my last letter I forgot to tell you that Ingi Khanoum, the wife of H.H. Said Pasha, gave me a very pretty Turkish dress, and sent me home dressed up in it in one of the *hareem* carriages. There was a great to-do in the house when the eunuchs announced that a lady, a friend of the Vice-Queen, would go upstairs and wait for *Sitti* Ross. Poor Henry was turned out of the drawing-room, and when I, pretending not to know the way, walked solemnly after him into the library, he made me a beautiful speech in Turkish, carefully turning his head the other way and edging towards the door. Of course, I did not understand a word he said and burst out laughing. Ingi Khanoum was delighted at the success of her joke, but I was more delighted when I sent Mr. Browning a photograph of myself in the Turkish dress (an old promise), to hear that he told Papa the Turkish lady was not me, but *you*. O! how you will love Egypt, my dear mother, it is so exactly like our dear *Arabian Nights*, only the Europeans spoil it.

Your affectionate JANET."

JANET ROSS.

When Sir James Outram returned from his Nile trip, I sent him a copy of my translation of von Sybel's *Crusades*, and he answered:—

Sir James Outram to Janet Ross.

Cairo, *March* 14, 1862

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

I have just received and gratefully thank you for THE book, which I shall ever treasure as my most valued gift from a most valued friend. Of course, I have not yet had time to read it, but the glance I have had makes me think I shall like it much, though perhaps too little capable of appreciating its beauties.

Thank you, I have certainly benefited by my trip up the Nile, and purpose going home via Constantinople and the Danube about the middle of next month. I regret much that I shall not be in time to welcome you in England. It is rather windy here at present, but I manage to drive out.

With kindest remembrances to Mr. Ross, believe me, dear Mrs. Ross,

Very sincerely yours,

J. OUTRAM."

Alas, I never saw Sir James again. I called on him in London with my father in May, but he was too ill to see any one.

In April, 1862, I left Alexandria with Marguerite Power and joined my father at Esher. How pleasant it was to take up the old life again with my "Dear Old Boy" and to see my Poet and Arthur! I spent a week or so in London with Mrs. Higford Burr and met many friends, the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Somers, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Millais, Layard, and others. At a ball at the Nassau Seniors' I was amused by Holman Hunt asking me whether he had not improved in his dancing. I complimented him on it, but told him he must still practise hard before he could rival Leighton or Millais.

Mr. Hume was there, but did not float about over our heads or in and out of the windows as I fondly hoped. My father took me to a *soirée* at the Athenæum, where we talked much to a Parsee gentleman and his two daughters, who spoke English perfectly. There I met also kind old Sir William Erle and Sir Roderick Murchison, with his very stiff necktie (called, I think, a stock), who always would talk to me about Silurian rocks, which did not interest me at all. I was generally a favourite with old people, probably because my father had from my earliest childhood instilled into me that it was a duty to be very civil to them ; but sometimes it was rather hard work.

Before going to Homburg with my father to meet my husband, I stayed for a day or two at Lansdowne House, and was shocked to find how much aged and how feeble my dear old friend looked. His death the following year was a great grief to me, and to my mother, who heard it at Siout.

Of all tiresome places a German bath is, I think, the most tiresome, and I was not sorry when a telegram arrived announcing my mother's arrival in England from the Cape much sooner than we had expected. We hastened home and found her looking much better, but the damp, cold climate soon made her cough, and at the end of July she left Esher with my father for the Eaux Bonnes in the Pyrenees, where M. de Mussy, the doctor of the Orleans family, had unfortunately persuaded her to go. The intense damp made her very ill ; she was in bed for some weeks, and as soon as she was able to travel went to Marseilles to her uncle Philip Taylor, and embarked for Egypt in October. It was evident that she would never be able to live in England, so the old house at Esher was given up, and I passed a sad and weary time packing up pictures, china, etc., for my father. He gave me Celia's second filly by the Arab, and we sent her out to Egypt.

Before I left England Sir George Lewis sent me two copies of his pamphlet *Suggestions for the Application of the Egyptological Method to Modern History*, one for myself, one for my mother.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis to Janet Ross.

Kent House, *December* 3, 1862.

" My dear Janet,

I have much pleasure in sending you an Egyptological pamphlet, and hope that you will persuade somebody to write a book of modern history upon the plan which has been followed with such success by the writers on the ancient history of Egypt.

I will send you a photograph of myself in a day or two. I hope your mother will derive benefit from *her* Egyptological researches.

Ever yours affectionately,

G. C. Lewis."

The few Egyptologists then in Egypt were extremely angry when I quoted George's description of their method, " unrestrained and easy in its movements, graceful in its attitudes, and elevating in its spirit ; opening, by its lofty flights, commanding views of remote and unseen objects, etc." One old gentleman was so irate that he actually complained to my husband that I had turned him into ridicule.

In January, 1863, we returned to Alexandria, and in March I went to meet my mother in Cairo. She was not very well ; like so many people she came down the river too early in the year. While I was in Cairo Hassan, the donkey-boy, told me some Arab stories, prefacing them by saying : " O *Sitt*, if thou wert like other English who laugh at our customs I should be silent."

" Allah, sitting in heaven, kicked off one of his slippers, which fell into hell. ' O Adam, fetch my slipper,' he said. But Adam answered : ' O Lord, I am thy slave, but I am made in thy likeness, and it is not seemly for me to go among the *deeves*.' The Lord then turned to Halil Ibrahim (Abraham): 'O Halil Ibrahim, go, fetch my slipper.' Halil Ibrahim replied : ' Remember, O Lord, that I am thy beloved one, surely thou hast slaves who will do thy bidding ? ' So the Lord Allah said to Moses : ' Go, fetch my slipper.' And Moses answered : ' O Lord, am I not thy law-giver ? And do the evil ones not hate me ? ' Then Allah saw Jesus and asked him to go, but He replied : ' O Allah, am I not thy spirit ? ' At length the Lord called to Mohammed, on whose name be peace : ' O Mohammed, surely thou wilt fetch my slipper ? ' And our Lord Mohammed bowed his head as he replied : ' O my Lord, I hear and I obey, for am I not thy Prophet ? ' and went." Hassan added, laughing : " Christians, I mean proper Christians, not such as thou and the *Howagar* (master), would say that he never came back."

Another tale was about two *fellaheen*. One asked : " If Allah were to die, who would bury him ? " His friend answered : " O thou of small understanding, how canst thou talk so foolishly—like a child ? Of course, the angels would bury him." To which the first replied : ' O thou of little faith and no knowledge, thou talkest wildly. Will not our Prophet, who is sharper than any monkey, bury him ? "

While laughing at Hassan's story my donkey pushed against an old Arab, so I stopped to ask if he were hurt, and we were most polite to each other and parted with many salaams ; he telling Hassan that I must be a daughter of an English Pasha, because I was so civil. This set Hassan off, and he said : " It is most fortunate, O *Sitt*, that he was a well-bred man ; not like those who took the Copt before the Cadi. It is true he did not have the good manners to stop and make excuses."

" What is the story of the ill-mannered Copt," I asked.

" A Copt riding a fast donkey through a crowded street knocked down some Mohammedan children, and then urged his donkey on still faster. But he was followed, caught, and taken before the Cadi. ' Why, O Christian, dost thou knock down true believers ? ' The Copt shook his head and did not answer. ' Hast thou not a tongue, O man ? ' The Copt remained silent, and the Cadi turned to his accusers and said : ' Why do ye bring a dumb man, O ye oxen of no understanding ? ' ' O Cadi, O our Lord, he is not dumb, for he shouted, *riglick*, *shemalik*, *amenick* (To the right, to the left, take care) in the street.' 'Why then did ye not take the children from out of his path if he called to them and warned them, O ye foolish ones ?' "

The intelligence of my small black-and-tan terrier excited much wonder and admiration. "*Wallah*, the creature understands thy language. Art thou sure it is not a *Ginnee* ? Does it stay with thee during *Ramadan* ?" inquired Hassan rather anxiously. I did not understand what he meant and asked for information. He said that during the fast all the *Ginn* were imprisoned, so that if "Bob" were a *Ginnee*, he must be an *Efreet* among *Ginn* (i.e. most powerful) to be able to remain at large during *Ramadan*. "Sprinkle salt in thy rooms, O *Sitt*, on the first day of *Bairam*, saying, 'In the name of Allah the Compassionate,' then wilt thou know whether it be an *Efreet* or not."

Hassan waxed very eloquent about a tree which grows in paradise and is tended by the angels. "It has leaves like the sand of the sea, so many that none can count them. Every man has his leaf, whereon is writ his name and the name of his father, so that there may be no mistakes. In the evening of the middle day of the month of Shaaban, when the sun goes down, the tree quivers and shakes, and the leaves of those who are to die during the year fall, and none can save them."

The notion of lucky and unlucky days is not confined to "illiterate Arabs." A rich Jew in Alexandria would do no business on a Friday because it was an unlucky day. If a cat ran across his path as he left his house, he would turn back, go to bed, and take physic. I told him he was wrong about Friday, as the Arabs called it *el-fadeelah*, or the excellent. Whereupon he informed me that all Orientals were stupid and grossly superstitious.

In April Alexandria was *en fête*. The Sultan arrived on the 7th to pay a visit to his powerful vassal, the new Viceroy, Ismail Pasha. Intrigues at Constantinople, to prevent him from coming to see a country so far in advance of his own, had been so incessant that few people believed he would come. The firing was like a bombardment, and the illuminations in the evening were wonderfully picturesque. He drove through the streets with a guard of splendid men dressed like zouaves with white burnouses, which fluttered in the air as their horses shied and reared at the glaring torches and the bouquets of fireworks. Thousands of Arabs flocked round his carriage, the *saïs* beating them off right and left to make room. The "Son of the Sun" sat perfectly impassive, looking rather sulky, all alone in the middle of the gorgeous carriage, like a dressed-up doll. Next day he received the Consuls-General, when they say he made rather a good speech; afterwards he drove out to Moharrem Bey palace on the canal. In addition to his own guards there were thirty or forty of the late Viceroy's Saracen troops, dressed in old chain armour, like crusaders. They looked very splendid and picturesque, but rather theatrical. The following morning he left for Cairo, and I was told he was astonished and delighted with the railway, but at first afraid, and that he gave strict orders the train was to go very slowly. Many of the old-fashioned Moslems made their wills, believing that the end of the world was approaching, else the Representative of the Prophet would never have left his own country. Their belief was confirmed when on the 22nd we had rather a severe earthquake. Henry Oppenheim had brought a friend of his from Constantinople to dine with us, who turned green at the first shock, which I thought was only the violent gale shaking our house. The second was, however, unmistakable. The noise was tremendous, like a battery of artillery coming upstairs. With one bound Oppenheim's friend jumped into the embrasure of the window, and pulled the curtains round his terrified face. I could not help laughing, though I was frightened, and instinctively rushed to the lamp, which was rocking on the table, and held it tight. One wall of our house was split open from the bottom to the first floor, and the grooms had hard work with the horses; two of them broke their halters in their terror, and then began to fight. The weather was completely upset by the earthquake for more than a week; such wind I never felt before, and unfortunately my mother came down from Cairo to stay with us in the middle of the storm. After a fortnight she was forced to go back, as the damp of Alexandria brought on severe attacks of coughing. While she was with us, to her great amusement and to my pride, Mowbray Morris proposed that I should be the *Times* correspondent. I felt several inches taller, and at once announced the great event to Kinglake, who answered :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

House of Commons, *June* 1, 1863.

"My dear Janet,

Fancy your being raised to the dignity of 'our own correspondent.' One effect will be that I shall always read, and read with interest, the letters in the *Times* from Alexandria.

I was very glad to get your kind letter and to hear that you like poor old Eothen's attempt at a history. Always recollect, my dear Janet, that I did not publish the wicked book until after I had practised impudence by saying 'Bo' to those geese on the common near Esher.

I am sorry to say that I see the 'Dear Old Boy' very rarely. I am sure we both like each other as much as ever, but somehow we have got into different grooves of life, which seem to keep us asunder.

I wish you were coming home this year. It would do me good to see you once more, and be 'taken out riding' as in the old times ; but I fear you would find me more fettered for time than you can imagine possible in me. I know you never the least believed in me as a character sitting in committees and reading Blue Books, and calling upon 'the House' to take a serious view of this or that important question ; and I fear you are not so far from being right as I could wish.

Do you know, I was riding to-day in the Park with a little girl (thirteen years old) and filling her mind with wonderment at the account I gave her of you and your cob jumping up perpendicularly towards the sky. Remember me to your dear mother when you see her. Always, my dear Janet,

Your affectionate

A. W. KINGLAKE."

In June Prince Napoleon and his wife came to Egypt, and at a ball given in their honour M. de Lesseps introduced me to Princess Clotilde. She was certainly not good-looking, but her charming manners and peculiarly sweet voice were very taking. The Prince and Princess must have had extraordinary command over their countenances, for the collection of queer-looking people was great, all staring at them as though they were a Punch-and-Judy show. Halim Pasha came to Alexandria to pay his respects to Prince Napoleon, and met me out riding the filly my father had given me. He refused to believe that her mother was an English thoroughbred, declared she must be a very high-bred *Saglawee*, and to my disgust made such a point of buying her that my husband did not like to refuse. I told him a friend had her sister, and he asked me to get her for him. So when I sent my father what the Prince had given for the filly, I told him to ask "Signor" whether he would sell his mare. He wanted a bigger horse for hunting, so both Celia's fillies came out to Egypt.

CHAPTER IX

Janet Ross to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon.

Alexandria, *July* 28, 1863.

"I HAVE missed a mail, my dear Old Boy, but this budget will tell you why. M. Guichard asked us to go to Tel-el-Kebir, to see the fête of Abou Nichab, an Abyssinian saint who died hundreds of years ago near Assouan, high up the Nile. Long afterwards a devout *bedawee* stole one of the saint's arms and brought it to the Suez desert, where he built a small tomb near an oasis some twelve miles from Tel-el-Kebir, in which he buried it. Abou Nichab, being a saint, did things in topsy-turvy fashion, and instead of recalling his arm, transported his body to where the stolen limb had been put.[1] This being the six hundredth anniversary of the miracle, many *bedaween* were expected. Unfortunately Henry was alone at the bank, and could not go. I left Alexandria on the morning of July 20 and reached Zag-a-Zig at three in the afternoon. The heat was tremendous, and you may imagine my dismay when I found that my telegram to Guichard had not been sent on, the French clerk having gone to see the fête. His Berber servant said he thought he could work the telegraph, and sent a message, a wonderful rigmarole, to Tel-el-Kebir, asking Guichard to come and fetch me. I must tell you that the Tel is twenty miles away.

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[1] A feebler counterpart to Abou Nichab I afterwards found at the old Abbey of Settimo, near Florence. A small nephew of the prior's showed us a silver casket which contained the bones of S. Quentin. "More than a thousand years ago," he said, "S. Quentin was beheaded in Paris, and miraculously transported his body to that church you see on the other side of the Arno. But the saint did not like it, it is not nearly as fine as ours, so the silver casket floated across the river and in 1187 was brought here and placed in front of the high altar. *Ma non era ancora soddisfato, pover 'uomo* (but the poor man was not yet satisfied). Every morning the monks found him in this chapel, and here he is, but without his head, for he could not find it when he left."

Then I sallied forth to see whether I could discover any kind of conveyance. All I found was a camel bringing in a load of chopped straw. I wish you could have seen Jane's face when I proposed that we should scramble into the empty bags, one on either side. She does not like Egypt. Her sense of propriety is always being outraged. I had just settled to ride the camel to Tel-el-Kebir and send the pony-chaise to fetch her and our luggage, when a cabriolet, with one spring broken, came slowly along the dyke of the Bahr-em-Moïse, the fresh-water canal which flows past the Tel. The wretched mare had just done twenty miles, and sixty the day before. So I had her fed and rubbed down, and, to the horror of the *sais*, poured a bottle of beer I found in the telegraph office down her throat. Then I persuaded the owner of the camel to harness him in front of the mare. Our progress was slow, and after four miles the camel lay down in the middle of the road, grunted, and refused to budge. With infinite trouble we dragged mare and cabriolet over him and went on. It was getting dark, the jackals and night birds began to make strange sounds, and Jane, who was much alarmed when a shot echoed in the distance, heaved a sigh of relief as M. Guichard galloped up, followed by the pony-chaise. You may imagine how tired and hungry we were when we reached Tel-el-Kebir at ten o'clock. Before daybreak the whole household was bustling about loading camels with tents, mattresses, cooking utensils, live sheep, and caged fowls. At sunrise I saw from my window the little caravan start for Abou Nichab, the cook perched high on the top of a pile of mattresses, swaying backwards and forwards like a ship at sea. At two we mounted under a burning sun, but though the thermometer was near a hundred (far higher than in Alexandria), one did not feel the heat so much in the dry, light air of the desert. I left Jane behind with the old French housekeeper, Périne, as my tent was too small for two people to sleep in, and also because she could not ride. We took the greyhounds with us, and after skirting the cultivated land for about eight miles, struck straight across the desert. With our white *abbayeh*, or cloaks, and our *kuffieh* (large gaily striped silk kerchiefs) wound round our hats, one end being brought over the face, like a *yashmak*, to prevent our skins from being blistered by the sun, we looked like a troop of *bedaween*. A cloud of dust in the distance, shots, and faint shouting, heralded the approach of seventy or eighty horsemen. They charged down upon us at full gallop, and then circled round and round, firing into the air, and shaking their long spears, tipped with a tuft of ostrich feathers, above their heads, as they greeted Guichard, who is most popular. They eyed me curiously, and at last expressed their sorrow at my having lost a leg, and their wonder at my being able to sit a horse. A side-saddle was a novelty, as the *bedaween* women ride astride like the men. With our wild escort we galloped to the camp, and were met by music—a drum and a flute. On a small hillock a big tent had been pitched for our dining-room and for the men to sleep in, a tiny one stood close by for me. All round were the small brown tents of the 5000 or 6000 *bedaween* who had come to the *Eed*, or festival. Some were from high up the Nile, others had come from Syria. One of the Sheykhs, they told me, could call out 20,000 men to battle. He was invited with seven others to take coffee in the tent. Guichard's Berber servant, learned in European ways, brought the first cup to me, whereupon Mohammed Hassan, the great Sheykh, rose and walked away in high dudgeon, saying: 'Who is this, a creature without a soul, that she should be served before one who can summon a whole people to arms?' Guichard remarked to the others that the Sultan of the English was a woman, and that women were highly honoured in Europe. But I felt uncomfortable at having been the innocent cause of the Sheykh's anger.

At dusk we dined under difficulties. Our table tilted in the loose sand, our lights blew out, and a stray dog stole the roast lamb. We were a most jovial party nevertheless.

When the moon rose we strolled out among the Arab tents, and hearing the jingle of a tambourine went to listen to the music. The singer recognized Guichard from afar, and to our amusement and his evident discomfort came to meet him singing: 'O Frangi who loves the Arabs, who rides like a *bedawee*, whose shot never misses, who is strong as Antar yet gentle as a woman, who never oppresses the poor, whose house is open to all, who raises not the *courbash* against the suppliant.' '*C'est fort gênant*,' he said to me, as after every line a chorus of 'She speaks gold,' or 'By Allah it is true,' resounded. The graceful girl, her arms above her head striking the tambourine, her face hidden by a dark blue veil covered with strings of gold coins which glittered in the flaring light of the *meshaals*, or torches, made a wonderful picture against the wild, dark figures of the *bedaween*. They kept time by clapping their hands, and when they particularly admired a verse roared out A-a-a-a-h! Some *derwishes* passed with green and white flags, a drum, shrill wailing *náys*, and a crowd of men. We followed them, and found a *zikr*, or religious exercise, was just beginning. The men of God stood round the flags looking very jolly and unconcerned as they chanted rather lazily the attributes of Allah. 'O most wonderful; O most merciful; Allah is great, He is all-powerful. Our Lord Mohammed is His Prophet. Allah! Allah!' A circle of men formed round the *derwishes*, who gradually became more and more excited, bowing their heads to the ground, and shouting Allah! Allah! They began to tear off their clothes and foam at the mouth, and when an old man fell at my feet in a fit we went back to the tent.

Sleep was impossible. Two frogs—heaven only knows where they came from—sat on my bed; those I put outside; but many crickets and fleas were determined to be my bedfellows. Guichard's faithful *bedawee*, Saoud, son of the Sheykh who had settled in the Wady under French protection, had been appointed my bodyguard, and lay outside the door of my tent, where he snored aloud. The dogs barked, the tethered horses neighed and screamed, and the heat was stifling. I got up and opened a slit in the tent, when Saoud actually woke up and asked me what I wanted. If you knew how Arabs sleep you would realize that his responsibility weighed heavily on him. At three I dressed and sent Saoud to call Guichard. We had some coffee, and then went to look after the horses. To my utter dismay I found the *saïs* had left my saddle on Shaheen, one of the Tel horses, 'to keep him warm.' The beast had rolled, and the third pummel was broken off. You, my dear Old Boy, will enter into my feelings when I tell you that Guichard had sent to ask the scornful Sheykh Mohammed Hassan to lend *Sheitan* (the devil) a well-known and vicious horse, to the English lady. Visions of a disgraceful spill rose before me. To try whether I could stick on without a third pummel, we mounted and rode to see that the flags had been properly placed for a four-mile race for which Guichard had given twenty napoleons. The *bedaween* had not seen us go, but many came to meet us on our return, and escorted us to the tomb of Abou Nichab. There Sheitan was waiting, showing the whites of his eyes in ominous fashion, and while the men went into the tomb—I, as a mere woman, could of course not go in—I made Saoud put my saddle, and pelham bit with a running martingale, on him. The favourite for the race was pointed out to me, a white Anazieh horse, ugly, but with splendid hind-quarters, a short back, and sloping shoulders. I asked Guichard to let me ride in the race in order to quiet Sheitan, and to give the signal to start as soon as I was in the saddle. The horse tried to rear, but was balked by the martingale, and when he felt a light hand humouring him soon settled down into a swinging gallop. I confess that I carefully rode him through the deepest sand-drifts I could see, as I wanted, not to win the race but to sober my horse.

The favourite came in first by two hundred yards, his own sister second, and a horse belonging to one of Guichard's staff was third. The other thirty-two competitors complained loudly that the start had been unfair, so the race was run over again, and the white horse won by five hundred yards. You would have laughed at his jockey, a boy of fourteen, who deliberately stripped, and when told some clothing was necessary tied an old rag round his middle. He had no saddle and only a bit of rope as a bridle. The *Anazieh* rejoiced greatly at the victory of their favourite, for which they had refused £800. We were admiring him after the race when some of the *bedaween* came up and begged us not to notice him, for fear of the evil eye. He was sent away into the desert, and only brought back to camp after dark.

As we rode back from the tomb the greyhounds started a hare and we had a good run, Sheitan going like a park hack. When we pulled up, to my surprise the great Sheykh Mohammed Hassan rode up to me, salaamed, and to the amusement of my French friends, who teased me ever afterwards about my conquest, said: 'O lady, by Allah, thou ridest like ten *bedaween*, and Saoud tells me thy conversation is such that thy husband would not need go to the coffee-shop for entertainment or knowledge. When tired of thy white master come to the tent of Mohammed Hassan. By the head of my father, O lady, I will stand before thee like thy mameluke and serve thee like thy slave.' When we returned to the tent the Sheykh 'executed himself' handsomely, by insisting on bringing me coffee with his own hands, *alla Frangee*. So some day you may see your daughter the favourite wife of an Arab Sheykh, and come to hunt gazelles in the real desert.

The heat at midday was overpowering. Not a sound was to be heard save loud snores. Even the dogs were quiet. About four we were summoned to see a *fantasia*, performed in our honour, and sat in state in front of the tent, while the *bedaween* prepared for mock combat. Shouting their war-cries, they charged down on a supposed enemy, firing off guns and pistols and shaking their long spears high in the air. Then, with sudden swoop, they turned and fled, bending low on one side of their horses' necks and firing backwards. It was tremendously exciting and I longed to be amongst them. Then some of them rode up, made their docile little horses kneel before us, shake hands, kick and rear, while others planted their spears deep in the sand and galloped round and round them until it made one giddy.

At sundown twelve of the principal Sheykhs came to dinner. We all squatted down on the sand round a huge brass tray placed on a low stool, and a whole sheep roasted and stuffed with pistachio nuts and raisins was placed before us. Mohammed Hassan insisted on sitting next to me, and tore off pieces of the mutton which he put into my mouth—a great honour and one not to be refused; but it was rather trying, particularly as I saw smiles curling round the lips of the Frenchmen. Then came *baklawah*, layers of very thin paste with honey between, most excellent, and much approved of by our guests.

My kind host, knowing that I had not slept, proposed that we should ride back to Tel-el-Kebir and comfortable beds by the light of the full moon. We left at nine o'clock attended by the faithful Saoud. No words can describe how beautiful the desert was, or the queer sounds of the beasts and insects as we rode slowly across the sand-hills, our shadows looking like spectres by our side. We reached the Tel about half-past eleven, and then arose the question—how were we to get in? The maids did not expect us, the *kefir*, or watchman, was fast asleep, and we could not find the key of the door. You would indeed envy an Arab's power of sleep. We banged the man's head against the ground, we lifted him up and let him fall, we fired off a pistol close to his ear. Then we gave up the attempt to wake him. I suggested going round to the back of the old palace where Périne and my maid slept, and throwing stones at their windows. Jane had, however, heard the shot, and being too frightened to come down the wide, dark stairs alone, had called Périne, who opened the door to us in a very bad temper. She held the Arabs in profound contempt. '*Que voulez vous, Madame, des gens qui appellent le bon Dieu Allah, et qui gardent leurs chapeaux sur la tête devant Monsieur. Un tas d'ignorants.*' I should not have liked to have been the *kefir* next morning.

Guichard had promised me a day's hawking, so at daybreak we mounted and after an hour's ride saw a gazelle. Abdou, with the dromedary and the hawks, was not ready when we left, so she got away. We took the dogs to a little oasis to drink and rest under the palm trees while Saoud prowled around, and then came to say that a hare was asleep under a bush near by. We rode in the direction he pointed out, the hare woke, and breasting a hill led us a long chase. Guichard's horse was very fast, so he got near her, fired, and missed. As she turned towards Saoud and myself he stood up in his stirrups and with his long Arab gun put a bullet through her head. It was a splendid shot, and we cried out : '*Taib, Ya Saoud, taib* (Well done, O Saoud, well done).' Whereupon he turned to me, salaamed, and said smiling : 'O lady, hadst thou not been here I should have done nothing. It is the good fortune brought by thy beautiful eyes. The shot is thine, not mine.'

Abdou now joined us with M. de Carné and the hawks. From his high perch on the camel Abdou had seen a troop of gazelles, so we held a council of war. We rode against the wind about two hundred yards apart, and at a signal from Saoud two hawks were thrown up. Away we went, gradually closing in upon the game. The hawks singled out a gazelle, and swooping down at its head prevented it from running straight. Syrian greyhounds show their good sense by running 'cunning,' i.e. cutting off corners, which I remember was considered a deadly sin at Amesbury. After hard riding for several miles we got the gazelle. Abdou then signalled another troop, and again we spread out in a half-moon. But they saw us and went away as straight as an arrow. As a last chance two fresh hawks were thrown up, and Guichard made Elfah, the swiftest, but the most delicate of the greyhounds, jump up in front of him, and rode as hard as he could. One of the gazelles lingered behind the others, Elfah sprang down, and to our astonishment overran and knocked it over. Guichard, who was first up, jumped off his horse and saved it from the dog. It was a baby, so I begged for it, and it rode home on the camel, ten long miles. A goat was procured as foster-mother, and Guichard promised to send it to Alexandria when it was old enough. My hair, which you know is long, came down on the way back, and Saoud at first thought I wore a horse's tail as an ornament! How I wished for you at the Tel. *Inshallah*, some day you will come to Egypt, and see the old palace and its beautiful orange grove. . . .

Ever your affectionate *Werd bit el Tel-el-Kebir* (which translated means ‘ Rose of Tel-el-Kebir), my new name.”

When I returned from my desert trip I found our friend Mr. Thayer, the American Consul-General who was so kind to my mother, very ill. He had no one to look after him but Berber servants, so I had him wrapped up in blankets and brought to our house. There I nursed him day and night until he was well enough to go to Sicily in September. In October my mother returned from England and was obliged to stay with us for some time, as an extraordinarily high Nile had washed away miles of the railway between Alexandria and Cairo. While she was with us my foolish housemaid Ellen insisted on marrying our Greek cook. The ceremony was performed in our dining-room. Four Greek priests came at ten in the morning, and after chanting loudly for some time let down their back hair, which many women might have envied, it was so long and so fine. They took two rings and made the sign of the cross three times with them on a book (a copy of the Gospels) lying on the table. One was put on Ellen's right-hand little finger, the other on the cook's first finger. Two wreaths of orange blossom were then blessed and the sign of the cross made with them three times on the book, after which the wreaths were placed three times alternately on the heads of the happy couple, to the great disarrangement of their hair. Their little fingers were linked together, and a priest led them three times round the table while sugar-plums were thrown over them. The cook, solemnly walking along, crowned with a wreath of orange flowers cocked very much on one side of his head, carefully holding a lighted candle and blinking his eyes as the sugar-plums fell on his face, was quite the drollest spectacle I ever beheld, and I had great difficulty to prevent myself from laughing aloud. We all held lighted candles, and the state of my carpet can be imagined, with a mixture of candle-grease and sugar-plums crushed well into it.

My mother was obliged to hire a *dahabieh* to go up to Cairo, as the railway was impossible. She left at the end of October, and I rode some way along the Mahmoudieh Canal to see the very last of her. The devastation caused by the high Nile was terrible, but nothing compared to the cattle murrain which had been raging for two or three months. In Lower Egypt alone the loss was calculated at twelve millions sterling. Poor Hekekyan Bey had one bullock left out of seventy on his farm near Cairo, and even the gazelles in the desert died. It was pitiful to see the poor *fellaheen* trying to plough with a camel belonging to one man and a donkey belonging to another yoked side by side, or six or eight men and veiled women painfully dragging at the wooden plough. From Cairo my mother wrote that a M. Dervieu had promised to get her the loan of an empty house at Luxor called the *Maison de France*, which belonged to the French Government, but his promises seemed to be what the Arabs call " all cobwebs." So I went to the new French Consul-General, M. Tastu, and was received by his mother, a charming old lady, who I discovered had known Mrs. Austin in Paris in 1847. Through her I got the *Maison de France* lent to my mother, and there she lived for several winters, among the people who reverenced and loved her. The house had been built about 1825 by Mr. Salt, English Consul-General in Egypt, on the top of part of the ancient temple of Khem, when he was sent to Thebes by Belzoni to superintend the removal of the great bust of Memnon, now in the British Museum. It was afterwards bought by the French Government, and inhabited in 1829 by Champollion and Rosellini for some time. In 1831 the French officers sent from Paris to remove the obelisk which now stands in Place de la Concorde lived there; since then the *Maison de France* had been the abode of owls, hawks, and snakes.

George Meredith to Janet Ross.

Esher, *December* 1, 1863.

" My dearest Janet,

I have put back my letter, thinking I might get some book to offer you. You know I recommended you for Renan's

Vie de Jésus? But our worthy and most discreet Bart declined to have your name mixed up with it. Now of myself a little. Can I ever forget my dearest and best woman-friend? And I must be cold of heart not to be touched by your faithfulness to your friendships. I, who let grief eat with me and never speak of it (partly because I despise the sympathy of fools and will not trouble my friends), am thereby rendered rather weak of expression at times. The battle is tough when one fights it all alone, and it is only at times that I awake from living in a darker world. But I am getting better, both in health and spirit. It is my punishment that I have to tell you what I never prove, that I love you and do so constantly. For I hold nothing dearer than your esteem, my dear! Writing letters seems a poor way of showing it, and yet even that I don't do! But you never vary. If you were like me, our lights would soon pass out of sight of one another, leaving me many regrets certainly, but I acknowledge you to be the fixed star of this union, as you will be one of mine for ever. So, pardon the sentimentalism. As I said, it's my punishment to have to put my case in such a tone. I fancy, too, that your instinct believes me true to the memory of our old kindness, careless of it though I appear.

The noble Bart. gave me capital accounts of you and my lost lady. The accident occurred to Arthur while she was at Poole. When he went to Norwich I started at once for Italy, to get fresh scenery and extraneous excitement. I hoped to see her on my return; but I heard she was not alone, and in the end, as I was making up my mind to write for an audience, the news came that she had just reached Calais. I smote my undecided head. I am vexed beyond measure at having missed her. The news of her is so good that it tastes like fresh life to me. On this head please give me particulars. And if she could be persuaded to write, how glad I should be!

I am here at Copsham still. Next year I shall have the place to myself, to buy or leave. I hope to be able to buy it, and then it may be made agreeable for friends. At present none but men can come. Some are usually here from Saturday till Monday. Of the Esherians I see next to nothing.

By the way, Izod behaved very nicely in his attendance on Arthur. Just as you said would be the case. He was cheerful from the first. You can conceive my condition. From six in the evening to half-past four in the morning my darling was insensible, only saying once : ‘ Oh ! is it a dream ? ’ and staring wildly. He had elastic boots, and this fact saved him. If the boot had not come off, he would have been dragged till——I have looked over the pit. I don't think I misbehaved myself, and I certainly did not reproach poor Wyndowe—of whose folly we will not speak, seeing that he won't renew it. There is every reason to feel sure that Arthur has taken no damage whatever ; nor, I think, is his pluck at all lessened.

Your Holbeins ! I went to get them done, and was told that the Kensington Museum had been remonstrated with by photographers generally, and had abandoned the work. I tried to get Dante Rossetti to give me his. I have thought of various things to supplant them, but jewels seem the only resource, though I can't bear to see them either on arm, or neck, or fingers. You will receive something or other (overlooking my bad taste) with my novel in January. It is called *Emilia in England*, antiposed to *Emilia in Italy*, which is to follow—both in three vols. The first is a contrast between a girl of simplicity and passion and our English sentimental, socially aspiring damsels. The second (in Italy) is vivid narrative (or should be). I hope you will like it ; I can't guess whether you will. You saw, I suppose, that the *Saturday Review* has gently whipped me for *Modern Love*. I am not the worse. And doubtless the writer meant well. I regret to say that I can't give up writing poetry, which keeps your poet poor.

You were charmed with Kinglake's book ? In style it beats anything going, but in judgment it is bad, and it cannot take place as a piece of artistic history. Here is Maxse writing hard against it, he being a fervent admirer of Lord Raglan and a just man. Kinglake's treatment of the French is simply mean. And mean, too, is the position England assumes as critic everywhere—as actor nowhere, if it can be helped.

We are certainly in a mess about the Congress, and the French alliance is a matter of the past.

I read *The Times*' Alexandrian correspondent diligently, and catch the friend's hand behind the official pen.

Now, my dearest good Janet, adieu for a space—till I repeat it. Write to me. Give my warm regards to your husband, and know me as ever

Your loving
George Meredith."

I cannot remember exactly in what year Sir Henry Bulwer came on a visit to Egypt, but I think it was in the winter of 1863. He was received—as English ambassador at Constantinople—with great honour, lodged at the Viceroy's expense, and even his chemist's bills were paid. He was an extremely agreeable man, but I was glad when he went up to Cairo, as he used to send in the afternoon to say he was coming to dine with us and would bring several people; so after the first experience our cook was warned to be prepared to have dinner ready for ten or twelve at a few hours' notice. One evening a pane of glass had been broken in the dining-room window, and Sir Henry had a horror of draughts. I patched it up as well as I could, but he found it out, was rather cross, ate his dinner with two large shawls wrapped round him, and took more little pills than usual from various boxes he always brought with him. The following day my husband was summoned to Cairo. I had just finished dinner when our servant Mohammed rushed in to say H.E. the ambassador was waiting to take me to the opera. I went to the door and told Sir Henry I was not dressed for going to the theatre, but he begged me to come, declared boredom would make him ill, and looked so cross and disappointed when I again declined the honour, that I had to give way. The amusing thing was that a man who had just come from Frankfurt was in the stalls, and next day said to a German friend of mine: "What nonsense is talked in Europe about Eastern women being shut up. Last night I was at the opera, and the Viceroy came with one of his wives. But why was 'God save the Queen' played when they entered the theatre? The Vice-queen was as fair as a European woman, but she disappointed me. She had a white muslin dress on, no jewels, only a red rose stuck in her hair." He then described me most accurately, to the great amusement of my friend. Never did I pass such an uncomfortable evening. Sir Henry and I sat in front of the Viceregal box, while two of the Egyptian ministers, Shereef Pasha and Nubar Pasha, and Sir Henry's suite, stood behind us. At last I could bear it no longer and whispered to him: "Do tell them to sit down." He answered: "It does them good to stand." However, a few minutes later he deigned to ask them to be seated.

CHAPTER X

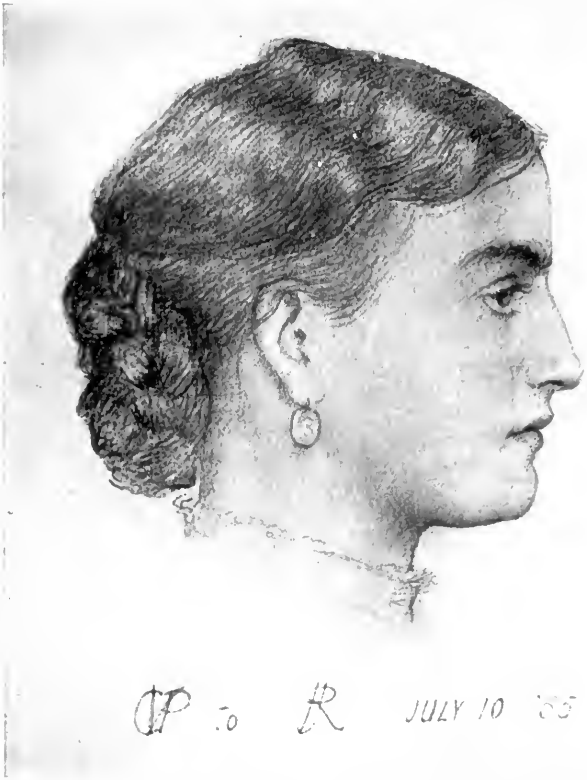
ONE day at Cairo Halim Pasha complained to my husband that a French artist he had picked up at some bathing-place did not satisfy him, and asked Henry if he knew anyone who could paint three large pictures for his kiosk. We at once thought of Phillips, and in March, 1864, to my joy the dear friend of my childhood arrived in Alexandria. The Prince was delighted with him and with his work, and Phillips was enchanted with all he saw, and declared artists ought to come to Egypt to learn what colour meant and how beautiful the human figure was when untrammelled by stays, shoes, braces, etc. Unfortunately he could afford neither the time nor the money to go up the Nile and see my mother at Luxor, as we had hoped. He did a quantity of excellent water-colour paintings, in which he caught the marvellous Egyptian light better than most people. With our donkey-boy, Hassan, he made friends, who afterwards asked me whether he was not my uncle, because, like the *Sitt-el-Kebir*, he spoke so kindly and did not laugh at Arab ways.

In May we had races at Alexandria; Guichard brought his fast mare from Tel-el-Kebir, while Saoud, with several horses and men of his tribe, encamped near the racecourse; the *bedaween* came to see me and I was struck with their perfect manners. Some of them had never been inside a European house, but they stared at nothing, and talked as composedly as though we were sitting in one of their tents. We had coffee and cigarettes, and Guichard afterwards told me they could not understand why I had so many things in my room and thought my mind must be much exercised in looking after them. They were, I saw, rather shocked at a small copy of the *Source* by Ingres; some of them glanced furtively at it while we talked of the chance of their different horses. Poor fellows! they did not win the *bedaween* race, and Guichard's mare only came in second in another, owing to the bad riding of her jockey.

We had a very hot summer, and altogether it was not a fortunate year. The old bank of Briggs and Co. was merged into the new Egyptian Commercial and Trading Co., which proved disastrous to us. I was very much against it, but the other partner in the bank wished to retire and persuaded my husband to consent to undertake the management of the new concern. A lot of Greeks who had already been appointed agents in Upper Egypt proved dishonest, and Henry had a very trying time from the first.

In November my father came to Egypt, and was interested and amused living *à l'Arabe* with my mother in Cairo. But the climate thoroughly disagreed with him, and even a few days of the fine desert air at Tel-el-Kebir, which place he wished to see after my description of it, did not do him any good. I was almost glad when he left for England, in spite of the delight of having him with me. Hassan said to me when I went to Cairo: "*Mashallah*, *O Sittee*, thy father is truly an Emir. He is never angry, and his smile is like the rising sun."

The following year I went to England and met a pleasant young Frenchman on the steamer, a Bréton and therefore a strong Legitimist, returning from Madagascar. He showed me in a queer wicker cage a withered bough with some green leaves on it. These were those curious insects which look so exactly like leaves that until they moved I would not believe they were alive. We gave them all names. A quarrelsome, warlike fellow was *Cæsar;* a lazy, fat one, *Bonne Grosse Mère;* a slender-waisted, graceful insect we christened *l'Impératrice;* and a tiny, rather emaciated one, *Prince Impériale.* The names of the others I have forgotten, but these I remember as they were the cause of great uneasiness to the French police. My friend wanted to stay a couple of days at Marseilles with some relations, and asked me to take his precious insects to Paris and to keep them warm. The weather was rainy and chill,


VP to JR JULY 10 '65

JANET ROSS.
By Valentine Prinsep.

and though I kept the cage wrapped up in a shawl before a good fire, poor slender *Impératrice* died and truculent *Cæsar* ate up the little one—at least I could find no trace of him and *Cæsar* looked fatter. *Bonne Grosse Mère* was always tumbling off her favourite twig, and looked weak and ill. In despair I telegraphed: *Cæsar a mangé Prince Impériale, l'Impératrice est morte, Grosse Mère mourante.* In consequence of my silly telegram my friend was followed by detectives to Paris, enquiries were made about me at the hotel, and I believe I was watched as far as Calais. The leaf insects all died, although they were taken to the Jardin d'Acclimatation. Many a laugh did we have over the fright they gave to the Government. Little did the French police know that I always took bundles of letters for the Duc d'Aumale, the Prince de Joinville, and the Comte de Paris, from and to their friends in Paris, whenever I crossed the Channel.

In London I stayed with Sir Claude Scott and his daughter Annie in Bruton Street. She was as fond of riding as I was, and had one of the finest mares in London, appropriately named Beauty, a famous trotter. Sir Claude treated me like a daughter, indeed he called me Number Two, and Annie, who afterwards married Captain Torrens, has always been like my sister. I dined several times with Mrs. Norton, and drove with her one day to see Lady Gifford at Highgate, who looked very ill. I also dined with Mrs. Simpson, and met our old friend Madame Mohl, more like a touzled Scotch terrier than ever, and, as usual, very amusing. Of course I went to Aldermaston, where I met many old friends—Sir Robert Collier, who gave me a charming sketch of the park, Val Prinsep, Kinglake, Layard, etc., and Signor Castellani, of Rome, who sang Italian popular songs to perfection. He had an ancient large gold coin, or medal, the head of a young man, and asked Val Prinsep to do a sketch of me for him to use as a *pendant*. I bargained that I was to have the drawing when he had done with it, but only succeeded in getting it after innumerable letters.

In July I went with my father and little sister to Paris to meet my mother, but she fell ill at Marseilles, and my father had to go there and bring her by easy stages to Kehl, where

I met them and escorted my mother and Rainy to Soden, as my father was forced to return to London. At Soden I heard bad news. Cholera was raging in Egypt; our housemaid was dead and my husband very ill. I telegraphed that I was starting by the next boat, but an answer came that Mr. Ross was better and would soon leave for Homburg. Afterwards I heard that a week after the cholera broke out not an English groom was left in Alexandria save our good Robert. All the others drank, and they died at the first attack.

At Homburg my husband quite recovered his health, so after spending some time with him I went by the doctor's orders to Franzensbad, in Bohemia, a dreary place near the picturesque old town of Eger. A friend had given me a letter to a kind but profoundly dull Austrian colonel, who had been wounded in the Danish war and was doing a *Kur* at Franzensbad. He was full of pity for the poor English who could not go out during the winter on account of the dense fogs, and more than half believed me when I told him we ate whales and drank oil in order to generate heat. I should not mention Franzensbad but for an adventure in which I was involved by the foolish impulsiveness about which Layard so often preached. My sitting-room was at the end of the house on the ground floor, and a writing-table stood against a door leading into another room. At ten the hotel was closed and everyone was supposed to go to bed, but I generally sat up reading. One night at about half-past eleven a carriage drove rapidly up to the front door, the bell was violently rung, and a loud, harsh voice demanded immediate entrance. In the next room a woman exclaimed: *Mein Gott, wir sind verloren! Mein Mann!* I grasped the situation, and without waiting to think pulled the table away, unlocked the door, threw it open, and rushed into the room. I did not look at the woman, but said imperiously to Lieutenant S., who had been introduced to me the day before: *Gehen Sie da herein*, pointing to my room and at the same time seizing his sword, which was in a corner. He obeyed, looking very sheepish, and I shut the door just as the owner of the harsh voice was walking quickly down the passage. The front door closed with a bang, and the thought suddenly flashed across my mind—how on earth is this white-coated officer to get out of the house ? I turned to him and asked : *Nun was wollen Sie jetzt anfangen?* He flushed scarlet, and stammered out that he must remain where he was until all was quiet and would then get out of the window. With tears in his eyes he thanked me for saving the lady, whose husband had a fiendish temper and made her miserable. I answered that I also had a husband, who, although not a fiend, might strongly object to a lieutenant being seen getting out of my window at midnight. The finale was that when all was still he climbed out, and I handed his sword carefully down, rather alarmed lest the chains and buckles should make a jingle.

I was so bored at Franzensbad that I joined my husband at Homburg, and in September we went to England, from whence Henry was soon summoned back to Egypt, while I remained at Sir Claude Scott's. In November I went to Woodnorton for a week's hunting, the Duc d'Aumale lending me a horse one day and the Prince de Condé on another. Henry Reeve was there and M. Estancelin, *le jeune*, as he was called, a very agreeable old friend of the Duke's, and the pleasant secretary M. Laugier. In the evenings we had much music ; the Duchess was an admirable musician and improvised accompaniments to my Italian and German peasant songs, both of which recalled to her youthful days. She told me she had sometimes accompanied our Queen (Victoria), and spoke with admiration of her voice, a high, clear soprano like that of Clara Novello. The Duchess was the most charming, gay-natured, kindly woman I ever knew, adoring her husband and her sons, and adored by them. To their great amusement and rather to my discomforture, *le jeune* Estancelin, who was older than my father, made violent love to me. He stole my photograph out of the Duchess's book and generally made a fool of himself. There was but one drawback to an otherwise delightful visit—the poor health of the Prince de Condé, which his father did not appear to see. Clever and ambitious, the lad worked far too hard. A day's hunting was paid for by studying far into the night, and I ventured to tell his mother that I thought my dear young playmate was pale and thin. She asked me to say so to the Duke, who replied that Condé would have plenty of time for doing nothing when he went round the world next year.

Lord Clanricarde gave me an Irish hunter, 16½ hands high called Cast Iron, which he said would jump anything, in spite of a crooked leg on which he wore a stocking. I only had two days with the old Surrey Union and tried him over some stiff fences, which he took like a bird. After riding the small Arab horses I felt as though I was perched on a camel, and when I took him out to Alexandria the Arabs cried out: " See, the *Sitt* has brought back an English camel; how ugly he is! " But they admired him when before the races I jumped him over the high wooden palings round the course. " *Mashallah*, that English camel has wings," they exclaimed. My husband also had a horse sent to him by the Shereef of Mecca, a milk-white, exquisitely shaped *Hamdany*, which looked like a mouse beside huge Cast Iron. Shereef could not jump, but he beat the Irish horse hollow in a long gallop.

1866 was a disastrous year. In March my husband caught a violent cold in the train coming from Cairo. As usual the windows were broken, and the night was cold. For many days he lay in imminent danger with inflammation of both lungs, and as he was slowly recovering the commercial crisis began which ruined so many. Fortunately the secretary of the Trading Co. was a clever man, but naturally he was afraid of responsibility and came perpetually to consult me—as though I knew about business! Several banks and commercial houses failed in Egypt, and I had a telegram from my father begging me to come if possible to London as he had heard that the Trading Co. intended to make a call of three pounds a share. We did not dare tell my husband how bad things were, and the doctor said he had better be taken away and suggested his going to Sicily to recruit. We took our faithful coachman Robert to look after him, and at Messina I invented a story that my father had been suddenly taken ill and wanted me, and went straight to London via Marseilles.

On that famous " Black " Friday when the Agra and Master-man bank and many others failed I went to the offices of the Trading Co. Crowds were standing in front of closed doors as I drove through the city; men and women with pale faces and red eyes. At the office I found five or six old gentlemen sitting round a big table looking very lugubrious, who greeted me kindly and asked whether I had brought any news, adding that if the Viceroy could not be persuaded to pay at once part of the large sum he owed us the Company must fail. I asked what steps had been taken to get the money. They did not seem to know and rang for the secretary, but he was out. I suggested that the Viceroy's agent in London should be applied to, that they told me had been done with no result. Then, I said, telegraph to the British Consul-General. That was quite an unheard-of thing and not to be thought of, they answered. "Well, what are you going to do?" I exclaimed in despair. They looked at one another, and the chairman answered he really did not know. I felt angry and extremely anxious as we held a great many shares of the Company, and not only all our available money had gone to pay the call, but my father had lent me what he could, and a kind anonymous friend, who I afterwards found out was Lord Somers, had put £5000 to my name at Coutts. "Well, gentlemen," I said, "as you can do nothing, perhaps you will allow me to try?" Sadly they gave me permission to do what I could, so jumping into a hansom I drove to the Foreign Office to see whether our dear friend Layard, who was then Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, could perhaps help me. He promised to telegraph to our Consul-General in Cairo, and the result was that part of the money owing by the Egyptian Government was sent over by the next mail. Meanwhile I ordered our newsagent to forget to send newspapers to my husband in Sicily, whilst I wrote him glowing accounts of imaginary dinners and balls to which I had gone. By the time the worst was over he had recovered, and went back to Egypt to try and retrieve some of the debts owing to the Company in the provinces.

The anxiety and worry had made me ill, and my father would not hear of my going to Egypt for the hot weather. I am glad I did not as perhaps I might never have known Italy. A pleasant party, Lord and Lady Somers, Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr, Mr. and Mrs. John Ball, Lieutenant-Colonel Malet, and Layard were going to Venice to see the entrance of King Victor Emanuel on the 10th September. They asked me to go with them and then return to Egypt via Trieste. When after a night in the odious diligence we arrived at Susa, I nearly shouted for joy at the sight of the masses of grapes hanging from the *pergole*. One day we passed at Turin another at Vicenza, where we so filled the rather inferior inn that I and my maid had to sleep in a room half full of apples. Our dinner was chiefly composed of a huge dish of *risotto* with three queer-looking leggy birds reposing on the top. Lord Somers speared one on the end of his fork and improvised verses on its forlorn appearance, much to Layard's discomfiture, as he had been extolling the excellent cookery of our host. Next day we went to Padua, and at the railway station next morning found that the railway, partially destroyed by the Austrians, was not yet repaired. A party of Cook's tourists at once hailed Layard as their saviour and their property. They were constituents of his from Southwark and evidently thought their member was bound to conduct them safely to Venice. Our poor friend was surrounded by a clamouring crowd of indignant Southwarkians, none of whom could speak a word of Italian. They appealed to him for help and utterly refused to listen to Cook's guide, who in vain attempted to explain matters. We watched the scene with great amusement, Lord Somers whispering rhymes to his wife and Mrs. Burr, of which I only remember two lines :—

"'Tis by her manner and demeanour
You can tell a Cookamina."

How we rejoiced at having been forced to take a boat at Padua when on emerging into the lagoon we saw Venice slowly rise from the sea. It was a most beautiful and poetical sight. The campanili gradually grew taller and taller and then the city seemed to float on the water. Even Layard was satisfied with my admiration.

The entry of the King was a splendid spectacle. Victor Emanuel, ugly as he was, looked every inch a king as he stood on the prow of the *Bucentoro*, hailed with the wildest enthusiasm from the fleet of gondolas on the Grand Canal and by the crowd on shore. All the palaces had magnificent sheets of damask or embroideries hanging from their windows, even in the poorest quarters of the town something had been suspended, a counterpane, a shawl, or a small flag. The tricolour waved everywhere, and patriotic songs resounded on all sides. The review on St. Mark's Square roused the Venetians almost to frenzy. When the agile little Bersaglieri tore round the Piazza the people positively danced with excitement and shouted themselves hoarse. Malet, who appeared in his red Guard's uniform, was followed and cheered all the way to our hotel—rather a trial for a shy Englishman. Suddenly I heard my name, Janet, called from the crowd, and turning round saw to my infinite joy my Poet. He was at Venice as correspondent of the *Morning Post*, and as most of the party I was with were bent upon bric-à-brac hunting, we made several excursions together. One whole day we spent at Torcello, most beautiful of islands, and talked of the dear old Esher days, of the novels he had written and was going to write. I tried to persuade him to come with me to Egypt, but alas, he could not.

I had heard much about an old friend of Layard's, Mr. Rawdon Brown, who long ago had come to Venice for a few weeks and had been there for thirty or more years. He was said to be eccentric and not easy to make friends with. One afternoon as we were drinking coffee on the Piazza he came up, greeted those he knew with effusion but took not the slightest notice of the others. He sat down between Layard and myself and put a large, rather shabby umbrella between his chair and mine as though to make a barrier. I looked attentively at it and at last he turned round and stiffly asked: " Madam, what is there in my umbrella to interest you ? " With a smile, I replied: " Well, I was only thinking it ought to be placed in a museum as a specimen of a Gamp." For a moment he looked stern, then began to talk, and ended by inviting me to come and see his house with frescoes by Longhi, promising to help me to find descriptions of old Venetian festivities I wanted for some articles I was to write for the *Athenæum*. It ended by our becoming fast friends, and I passed much of my time listening to his delightful talk. Rawdon Brown had a particular dislike of Queen Elizabeth, and declared he had traced an illegitimate son of hers into Spain, where he lost sight of him at about the age of twenty. Few people knew the Venetian archives better than my old friend; he was employed by the Record Office to ferret out and decipher the despatches of the Venetian ambassadors to the Court of St. James. My cousin Sir Henry Elliot, British ambassador to Italy, was at Venice, and through him I made the acquaintance of various political personages and of several Florentines, who afterwards became our friends.

The *Bora* was blowing hard when I left Trieste, and on the second day the gale was so violent that the cook could not give us any dinner, the captain's deck cabin was carried away, the mast snapped off, and part of the railings round the ship were torn away. Some of the Italian sailors were so frightened that they knelt down and prayed to the Madonna with tears streaming down their cheeks, for which they got well kicked by the Dalmatian captain. He was a splendid sailor and a pleasant man. I remonstrated against being sent below, and said I would rather know when we were going down than be drowned like a rat in my cabin; so he wrapped me in a mackintosh, tied a chair to the stump of the mast and me to the chair. The ship was so knocked about that my husband actually rowed past her in Alexandria harbour thinking she was a wreck.

In answer to a letter I wrote to Mr. Rawdon Brown I received the following characteristic reply, imbued with what Layard called his retrograde leanings:—

Rawdon Brown to Janet Ross.

Casa della Vida, Venice, *December* 18, 1866.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

Yesterday I took my stroll on the Lido in a fog, and on getting home was glad to find a blazing coal fire which showed

Longhi's ladies to great advantage. I sat down to write enjoying their mute society, and then came Toni announcing dinner and presenting a letter left with my Jew below stairs by 'un Signore.' It was delivered free, though in my opinion well worth postage as it contained good news of you. Like a spoiled child I began my dinner with this sweetmeat, and though the meat itself was neither plentiful or exquisite, selfishly wished you had been here, and that we could have had a chat over your coffee at the fire's side afterwards. I had a visit from Giovanelli, and after my compliments on his ball he commenced speaking warmly about one of its ornaments in a way to make Dona Maria jealous. His description being so graphic and so much in accordance with my own views that I took him up to your photograph, which is over my writing-table and near the schoolboard where you did your lessons. Dirge masses have been said for the *repose* of the souls of the Italian *martyrs*, *Garibaldians*, etc.: wherever those souls may be—high or low—I doubt their thanking their devotees for anything of that sort: does it not remind you of what Lear's fool remarked, touching the cockney, who buttered his horse's hay? A fortnight ago, sister Genoa sent sister Pantaloon a tri-coloured rag, brought by a deputation, consisting of sundry males and one female; all lodged at the 'Albergo Reale.' Saturday, the 1st, was the day appointed for conveying it processionally to the municipality, and at 10 a.m. the Civics and their penny trumpets marched to the Riva. The deputation appeared on the balconies, shivering; the female in ringlets, the males in white chokers, swallow-tailed coats, and canary coloured gloves, such being considered 'gala' costume. The flag was displayed—but suddenly an orderly express was seen hastening from the Ponte della Paglia, in which direction off went half the army, and the other half was called in like manner to the Arsenal. The deputation remained alone with the fifers, because the national forces were required to quell riots at the municipality and the Arsenal, the populace preferring bread to bunting, and clamouring for work, which being promised them, the Genoese, after two hours' delay, proceeded along the *mercerie* to the municipality, the female in a porkpie hat (probably a sempstress) tugging at a corner of the flag to display its embroidery.

I hope the three-pommelled saddle is in good condition and that you enjoy your rides. Often at Lido do I think of the race which brought the Sheik on his knees. Do you remember telling me about it there ? By the way, I rowed Toni for ever having dared to frown upon you, saying moreover that I was not at home. He pleaded 'not guilty.' Rely upon it that master and man will henceforth receive you with open arms, and believe me to be always, my dear Mrs. Ross, heartily and affectionately yours,

RAWDON BROWN."

Our winter in Egypt was not a gay one. Very wisely my husband had sold all our horses save two (poor Cast Iron died of colic in the summer) ; every one had lost money, many were ruined, and business was so bad that the directors decided to wind up the Egyptian Commercial and Trading Co. at a terrible loss to the shareholders. We determined to leave Egypt with what remained of Henry's hard-earned fortune, but I wished to see my mother before going, and Nubar Pasha very kindly offered us a Government steamer. We started from Cairo with a very low Nile, often sticking for hours on a sand-bank, and anchoring every night. From Luxor I wrote to my father :—

Janet Ross to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon.

Luxor, *March* 11, 1867.

" Dear Old Boy,

Here we are enjoying Mamma's wonderful talk, all we wish for is that you were here too. The little village is bubbling with excitement. *Eed keteer* (great festival) said a man. We got here at eight in the morning of the 9th and the heat was tremendous. You'll hardly believe that when my small black-and-tan terrier Bob, which I am going to leave with Mamma, ran ashore before me and immediately began to howl, I found his poor tiny feet had been blistered by the hot sand.

However, my mother enjoys it and declares this burning sun does her good. I can't say she looks well, and I find her a good deal aged. You have no idea what a power she is in the land. Henry, who knows the East, is astonished. At first when we stopped to coal or to try and buy food, we found the villages deserted. Only a few tiny children or very old women were to be seen, who said they had nothing, no sheep, no chickens, no milk, no bread. Our Mohammed grasped the situation. A Government steamer meant no piastres and *courbash* into the bargain, so he tumbled over the side of the boat, swam ashore, and cut across the fields, where the river made a great bend to the village where we were to anchor for the night. There he proclaimed aloud that the daughter of the *Sitt-el-Kebir* (the Great Lady) was on board, who, like her mother, loved the Arabs. The effect was magical. No more difficulties about food. Milk, fowls, lambs, etc., suddenly appeared at absurdly low prices, some were even brought as gifts and we had to insist on the people taking money for them. It is extraordinary how fast news travels here. As we got nearer to Luxor, we found people waiting at the landing-places with presents of bread, milk, fowls, etc. One man had been doctored by *Sittee Noor-ala-Noor*,[1] to another she had given a lift in her boat, and a man to whose child she had been kind rode all the way from Keneh to Luxor to announce our arrival. Mohammedan intolerance was shown by the *Ulema* bringing the religious flags to decorate Mamma's house in honour of our visit, while the villagers had stuck palm branches about the entrance, and the *sakka*, or water-carrier, had been at work since dawn sprinkling a path from the river's bank. We had not been long in the house before the notables came to have a look at us, and more coffee was consumed than Omar's frugal mind approved of. In the afternoon the *bedaween*, such rough-looking fellows compared to my handsome Saoud whom you remember at Tel-el-Kebir, came and did *fantasia* under the balcony. Such shouting and sticking of spears in the ground to gallop round! Next morning they lent us two horses, and some of them accompanied us to the tombs of the Kings on the opposite bank of the river. The ferryman would not let us pay for being taken across; as usual he had received some kindness from the *Sitt-el-Kebir*, and how could he take money from her daughter whose coming had dilated her heart? He looked poor and ragged, so we shall leave a present for him with Omar or with Mamma's beloved Sheykh Yussuf, gentlest and merriest of holy men. I shan't attempt to describe the tombs of the Kings, it would take hours and reams of paper. Perhaps you'll see them some day, only you must come much earlier in the year or the heat will kill you.

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[1] "The people here have named me *Sittee Noor-ala-Noor*. A poor woman whose only child, a young man, I was happy enough to cure when dreadfully ill, kissed my feet and asked by what name to pray for me. I told her my name meant *Noor* (light-lux), but as that was one of the names of God I could not use it. 'Thy name is *Noor-ala-Noor*,' said a man who was in the room. That means something like 'God is upon thy mind, or Light from the light,' and *Noor-ala-Noor* it remains" (*Letters from Egypt*, Lady Duff Gordon, p. 158, London, 1902).

In the evening we dined with Selim Effendi, the *Maōhn*, or magistrate of Luxor, a pleasant, jovial man, with a dear old wife who insisted on waiting on us at table, in spite of Henry's presence. Our procession to dinner was quite Biblical. Mamma on her donkey, which I led, while Henry walked by her side. Two boys in front had lanterns, and Omar in his best clothes walked behind carrying some sweet dish for which he is famous, followed by more lantern bearers. As we went through the little village the people came out of their mud huts and called on Allah to bless us, the men throwing down their poor cloaks for my mother to ride over and the women kissing the hem of her dress. The dinner was an elaborate one of many courses, during which we made no end of pretty speeches to each other, and then we had pipes and coffee, and the *Maōhn's* wife actually came and sat with us. Henry belonged to the *Sitt-el-Kebir*—that was enough. Yesterday we went to the ruins of Karnac close by, which are magnificent. But I long to tunnel under this house. It is built on the top of a big temple, and our floor is composed of the huge slabs of the roof. Where there are cracks one looks down into seemingly bottomless darkness. I don't think part of it is quite safe, indeed three or four rooms fell in last year, but not where Mamma lives. That side looks all right. Her balcony, looking over the river, is enchanting, and the sunsets are glorious. To-morrow we go up to Assouan as Mamma thinks a change will do her good, and thus we shall see Philae. I'll write again soon. Ever your loving

JANET."

Janet Ross to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon.

Luxor, *March* 17, 1867.

"I write, my dear Old Boy, but the letter will probably go down to Cairo with us, it will be quicker than the Egyptian post. Well, we stopped at Esneh for the night and then went on to Assouan, a small dirty village in a beautiful situation. Mamma is ever so much better, I think having a good talk has done her good. And how she talks! There is no one like her. At Assouan we crossed the river in our small boat and went to the island of Elephantine, where there are a few remains of ruins. I longed to dig. We slept on the steamer, of course, and next morning Mamma and Henry hired a little boat and were towed up the cataracts to Philae. I preferred to ride with some wild-looking, but nice *bedaween*, friends of those at Luxor who had recommended us to them. It was very picturesque going through the Cataract village and the place of tombs of Assouan. But what words can describe Philae. I can't even attempt to speak of its loveliness. There is a colonnade from whence one looks far, far up the river towards Ethiopia. Such a view I never saw, it made one long to go on and on up the mighty river. Then the beautiful people, so like bronze statues; the girls are *fully* dressed in a leathern fringe, and they walk like goddesses. I do hope that some day you will see all this, only I fear the intense heat would knock you up. Both Henry and I have bad eyes from the reflection of the sun off the sand, and the whole land shimmers and quivers with the heat. We hoped to find Mamma's *dahabieh* here, as she would like to go down to Keneh with us and then sail back, but we have just heard that Mr. Baird and Mr. Eaton, who hired the boat, will not be coming down the Nile for some weeks. We were lamenting over this when a Nubian trader, who had heard in the mysterious way people do hear things in Egypt, that the *Sitt-el-Kebir* wanted a boat, sent up to ask for an audience. With many salaams he came in and said he had taken all his goods out of his and cleaned her well, and that now she belonged to the *Sittee* who had saved his nephew's life when ill of cholera last year at Luxor. Mamma refused to take the boat unless the man let her pay for it, saying she could not detain him on his journey and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods without in some way making it up to him. The Nubian answered in an eloquent speech : 'My boat is, I know, not worthy of sheltering so great an *Emeereh*, but I hoped she would have accepted so small a thing. By Allah, I am sad and most mortified ! For my goods I care not one para. The *Sittee-Noor-ala-Noor* has, I know, often out of courtesy accepted a donkey to ride from a poor man, when she could have had the *Maōhn's* white one. But I am a *meskeen* (poor fellow). My boat will henceforth bring me nothing but bad luck.' Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that she was accepted and Omar promised to make the man take a present.

Siout, *March* 21. Our departure from Luxor was very touching. The inhabitants came to say good-bye and bring us presents. One had a chicken, another eggs, another butter, yet another milk, while one woman had sat up all night to bake so as to give us fresh bread. Dear Sheykh Yussuf gave me some beautiful things out of tombs, and Todoros, a Copt whose son Mamma has taught to read and write English and German, wanted me to accept an alabaster jar which some great lady had used on her dressing-table hundreds of years ago and still had faint traces of kohl inside. It was worth some ten napoleons, so I refused with many thanks unless he let me pay for it. He went away, but I have just found the jar hidden in my cabin. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the feast of Bairam, and when we declared we could not possibly take it she ran away leaving her lamb on board. At Keneh I bought another and sent it back to Luxor on Mamma's boat.

The *Maōhn* of Keneh was waiting at the landing place and insisted that we should go and dine with him. Such an entertainment he gave us—an excellent dinner, which lasted for nearly two hours, and afterwards the two famous dancing-girls of Upper Egypt, Zeyneb and Lateefeh, danced and sang. I had heard Omar speak of the *Maōhn* as *Oum Azeein*, and so I addressed him during dinner. I noticed that Omar, who stood behind Mamma, had some difficulty to avoid laughing and wondered what he found to laugh at, when he took an opportunity of whispering to me: 'O *Sittee*, that is not his name. People call him so because, as thou canst see, he is so very ugly and has but one eye.' (*Oum Azeein* means 'Mother of Beauty.') I was much put out and extremely sorry for my mistake, but the *Maōhn*, with true Arab politeness, appeared to have noticed nothing. We returned to the steamer in great state, and next morning I said good-bye to Mamma and we steamed away down the Nile. . . .

Your ever loving

JANET."

We had given up our house at Alexandria, and during our absence up the Nile the furniture, except what I had set aside to be sent to London, was sold by auction. As my husband still had business to transact he suggested that I should go to Florence and wait for him there. It would be warmer than England and I should be among old friends, as Lady Elliot was the daughter of Sir Edmund Antrobus and had known me since my childhood. So in April I sailed by an Italian steamer—and dirty she was—to Brindisi.

CHAPTER XI

FLORENCE was a delightful city in 1867 when she was the capital of Italy, but after Upper Egypt I felt the cold and went about in a fur jacket in May, at which every one stared. At the English Embassy I was introduced to many very agreeable people; Rustem Bey, the Turkish ambassador, who afterwards became Pasha and Governor of the Lebanon; M. Solwyns, the Belgian ambassador, whose witty sayings were enhanced by being spoken in a remarkably sweet, low voice; Ubaldino Peruzzi, the famous Syndic of Florence, who was always quoting the old proverb *Gente allegra, Iddio l'ajuta*, which unfortunately did not prove true in his case, and his clever and kind wife. With his dear old uncle Simone Peruzzi I made great friends. In the Grand Ducal days he had been Tuscan minister at Paris, where his wife knew Chopin intimately, and played his music as I have never heard it played since. He was busy writing an interesting book on Florentine commerce and bankers from 1200–1345, and often with a sigh would tell how his family had been ruined by Edward III of England, who repudiated his debts in 1339. Bonifazio di Tommaso Peruzzi then journeyed in all haste to London, where he died the following year, worn out by fruitless endeavours to induce the King to repay some of the 1,355,000 golden florins he owed the great banking house of Bardi and Peruzzi. Handsome old Marchese Luigi Strozzi often mounted me on one of the Arab horses bred on his large estates at Mantua; he rode and drove well, and his four-in-hand of grey or bay Arabs was a feature in the Cascine. The Marquis had been passionately in love with Princess Mathilde Buonaparte (indeed I believe he was engaged to her before Prince Demidoff with his millions came upon the scene), and he still adored her memory. One day he showed me her bust on a pedestal at the foot of his bed, saying no woman was ever so clever or so handsome. Princess Mathilde would have been a happier woman had she married charming, courtly Marchese Strozzi.

A raking young Irish hunter, a very useless horse for Florence, had been sent from London to my cousin Sir Henry Elliot, which I volunteered to break in for him. Riding one day in the Cascine with him, "Paddy" being very fresh, and bucking as we cantered along, a victoria with two gentlemen in it followed us persistently. We pulled up and I recognized King Victor Emanuel. He beckoned to Henry and asked who I was. Knowing that I wished to see the royal stud at Pisa, renowned for the number of fine Arab horses, presents from the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt, my cousin asked whether I might be allowed to see it. A permission came next morning and I went to Pisa with one of the King's gentlemen ushers, Simone Peruzzi, nephew of my old friend, whom I had met in Venice. The horses were splendid, and to my astonishment the head groom told me that these small Arabs bred in the desert were the King's favourite mounts when he went hunting in the Alps, and that they climbed like chamois. His Majesty must have weighed something like seventeen stone, and I pitied the poor wee things. The breed of ponies all round Pisa show signs of Arab blood, and are famed for their endurance. It was so odd to see camels, laden with pine cones and firewood, stalking along on the grass under trees. The first were brought to Tuscany more than 300 years ago I was told, and have not degenerated, only their coats struck me as thicker and rougher than those I had been accustomed to in Egypt.

My husband joined me in June and we went to England. There I got a letter from Mr. Bentley asking me to translate M. Jules Van Praet's *Essais Historiques et Politiques des Dernières Siècles*, which my grandmother was not well enough to undertake. She was to edit it and her name to appear on the title page. Her death in August prevented this, and our old friend Sir Edmund Head took her place. As Mr. Bentley wanted the book by the end of September my father helped me with the translation, but *Essays of the Political History of the XV, XVI, and XVII Centuries* only came out in 1868.

As usual I spent some time at Aldermaston, and Leighton came down for a few days and asked me to sit for a head. "All your old friends have had a try at you, now it is my turn," he said. How pleasant were the mornings I spent in his beautiful studio at Kensington. Dear "Signor," who lived next door, used to come in, when we talked of the happy days at Esher and lamented that we were all growing old.

My husband was not well, so we went to Homburg which always did him good, and there I heard of the death of my grandmother, Mrs. Austin. I had seen her in July when she was expecting Barthélemy St. Hilaire to join her somewhere at the seaside. He went over from Paris directly he heard of her fatal seizure, but arrived too late to see her alive. My father sent me the following notes from M. Guizot and Mrs. Grote, both of them very characteristic of the writers :—

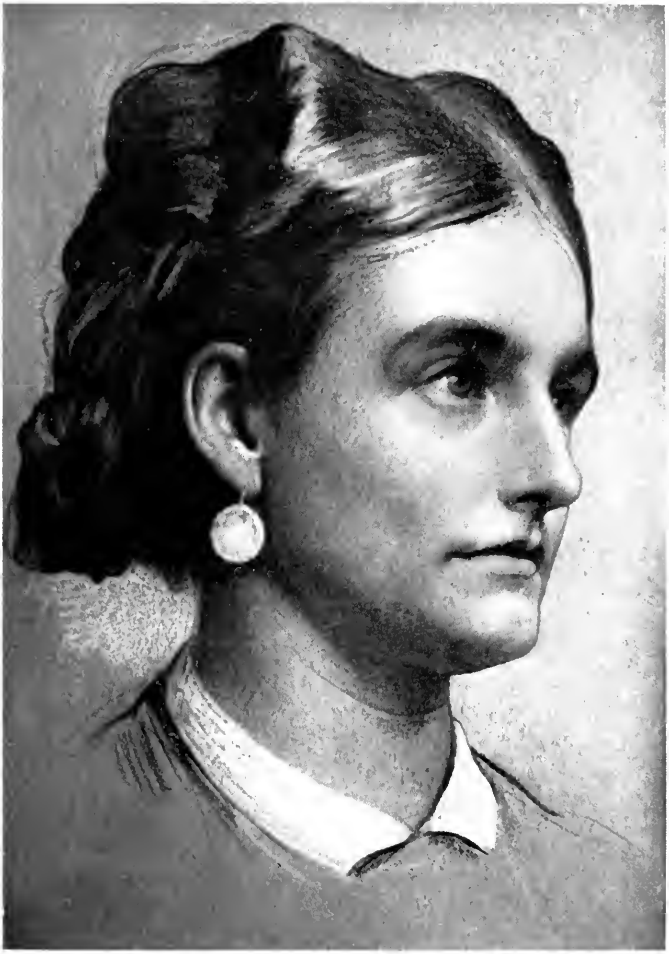
M. Guizot to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon.

Val Richer (par Lisieux, Calvados), 12 *Aout*, 1867.

"Mon cher Sir Alexander,

La mort de Madame Austin est, pour moi, un véritable chagrin, car elle était, pour moi, une véritable et intime amie. Je l'ai connue dans les temps les plus prospères et dans les plus tristes de ma vie, au sein de mon bonheur et de mes douleurs domestiques, de mes succès et de mes revers politiques. Je l'ai trouvée toujours la même, la même élévation d'esprit, la même sympathie de cœur, la même énergie de devouement. C'était vraiment une personne rare. Je n'espérais plus la revoir. Je le lui disais dans la dernière lettre que je lui ai écrite. Elle me disait presque adieu dans la reponse du II Juillet dernier. Mais qu'il y a loin de l'adieu prévu à l'adieu réel.

A-t-elle gardé, jusqu'au moment de sa mort, toute la force de son ame et la clarté de sa pensée ?



JANET ROSS.
By Lord Leighton.

Y a-t-il d'elle une bonne gravure, une bonne photographie ? grande ou petite. Je desirerais avoir d'elle un souvenir. N'oubliez pas mon desir, je vous prie. Et soyez, auprès de sa fille, de ses petits enfants, de ses amis, l'interprête de ma sincère sympathie. Mes filles me demandent de vous témoigner la leur.

Je trouve quelque douceur à penser qu'elle est partie avant sa fille dont la santé la préoccupait si vivement. Je fais des vœux pour que Lady Gordon tarde longtemps à aller rejoindre sa mère.

Tout à vous, mon cher Sir Alexander,

Guizot."

Mrs. Grote to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon.

The Ridgeway, Guildford, *August* 19, 1867.

" Dear Alex. Gordon,

I am much obliged to you for your letter. St. Hilaire, whom I saw *chez* Lady William Russell on Thursday, gave me the few facts he knew. I was of course seriously shocked, and felt I had lost the oldest intimate I had in the world, when I learned the news of poor Cummer's (Mrs Grote always called Mrs. Austin thus) departure. The notices of her in the *Times* and *Athenæum* are very pleasing tributes.

But twenty pages would not be too much to depict the character and capacities of that rare woman. Her faults were those of her position—or rather her no position and her social needs. Few comprehended better than myself her singularly compound nature—or could more clearly define her claim to the admiration of her species. In fact, a woman is *not* often comprehended, having more or less, when highly gifted, the attributes of the Sphinx. I continue extremely feeble and out of health, and depressed in spirits. But, as one is bound to do, not ' giving it up ' quite. Perhaps I may get ' vamped up ' enough to join the Historian in a bit of travel, after he has done his ' Exposition ' in Paris. Yours affectionately,

H. Grote."

Who wrote the notice of my grandmother in the *Athenæum* I know not, but it gives an excellent description of her. I give a few extracts. . . . " In her youth and till a late period of her life she was a beautiful, stately woman. She conversed well, rather than brilliantly. It is no wonder then that from her youth upwards she was admired, and that on her marriage with Mr. John Austin, a barrister, who afterwards became eminent by his labours in the question of jurisprudence, her house was resorted to by some of the deepest thinkers and most refined men of letters of the time. Hers was a *salon*, after its kind, as peculiar as that of Madame de Stael. . . . Shortly after her marriage she began to be known as a translator of the first class. Hers, indeed, were not so much translations as reproductions in another language of her German and French originals. Few have ever written English more nervously, correctly and elegantly; few have ever taken such conscientious pains exactly to represent every idiom, every turn of phrase; in short, everything included in the word *style*. Her versions of the travels of the ridiculous Prince Puckler-Muskau, —of Dr. Carove's delicious little fairy tale, *The Story without an End*,—her compilation, *Goethe and his Contemporaries*,—and her translation of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, succeeded each other at brief intervals. . . . That she was a shrewd critic many volumes of this Journal could prove, not to speak of more extended contributions to the Reviews. During her residence abroad, too, and after her return to England, Mrs. Austin was a frequent contributor to the *Athenæum*, and her travelling letters and her obituary notices are among the best things of the kind which have adorned our periodical literature. After Mr. Austin's death she bent herself to the difficult and grave task of arranging for publication the Lectures on the Principles of Jurisprudence, which his great delicacy of health had prevented him from putting in order. In brief, she was a complete, select, and distinguished literary artist, and we can name no woman who can precisely fill the void left by her departure."[1]

After my grandfather's death Mrs. Austin had consulted several of his old friends—Lord Brougham, Sir William Erle, and others whose names I do not remember—as to what should be done with regard to his Lectures on Jurisprudence. One volume of them had been published in his lifetime under the title *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined*, but had long been out of print. These she was advised to republish. With regard to the remaining Lectures which were still in manuscript, she was advised that " *all* the lectures should be published with only such revisions as might remove needless repetitions," and that under the circumstances the " safest editor " would be Mrs. Austin herself. With marvellous energy she began and laboured hard for six years, receiving considerable assistance from several of Mr. Austin's old friends, amongst others from Mr. Booth. But her constant advisers all through were Mr., afterwards Sir Richard, Quain and one of Her Majesty's Judges, and Mr., afterwards Sir William, Markby and Judge of High Court, Calcutta, who became near and dear to us when he married my beloved cousin Lucy Taylor, who as a girl was often with Mrs. Austin. The work was a difficult one for a woman, already old and suffering from disease of the heart, to undertake, and only what St. Hilaire aptly termed her *intelligence virile* enabled her to complete so noble a monument to her husband's memory.

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[1] *Athenæum*, 17th August, 1867.

In September I went to stay at Aviemore with my friends Tom Bruce, most delightful and witty of men, and his kind wife. One night we were called out of bed to see an Aurora Borealis—most wonderful it was, but all our admiration for the marvellous shooting colours could not stop the shouts of laughter at the absurd figures we presented. Tom Bruce looked more gigantic than ever in a great coat and a blanket over it. Phillips, who was there also, appeared artistically draped in a plaid, Mrs. Bruce and I looked like badly tied up bundles. We went long expeditions, the men walking while we women rode. Going through a wood Phillips suddenly stopped my pony and silently pointed ahead ; for the first and only time in my life I saw a stag. He looked at us for a second, then tossed his antlers and bounded away. Phillips was so well, looked so handsome, and was so full of projected pictures that it was a pleasure to see him.

The cold and damp of England made me ill. I nearly died of bronchitis, so we determined to go to Florence for the winter. Hardly were we settled in an apartment on the Lung' Arno Acciaiuoli when my husband got letters from Egypt begging him to go there and superintend the winding up, which was very intricate, of the Trading Co. He could not refuse and went to Alexandria in November, promising faithfully to be back before April. The financial condition of Italy was not brilliant then. Victor Emanuel had given up part of his civil list, Church lands were being sold, the army had been reduced, and specie had disappeared. There was even a dearth of copper, dirty little scraps of paper did duty for fifty centimes. Foreigners were the only gainers, as one sometimes got twenty-nine lire for £1. I wrote to Rawdon Brown to tell him my new address, and that I had made the acquaintance of Signor Giovanni Morelli, the great art critic, and he answered :—

Rawdon Brown to Janet Ross.

Casa della Vida, Venezia, 22 *November*, 1867.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

Rest assured that had your kind letter of 31 October contained any commission I should have answered it by return of post—even although when my friends announce intentions of going to any place, I somehow or other rarely find that my missives reach their hypothetical abodes. Moreover, what care you and I for the crown of Greece ? Which has been the topic here of late. I did not even see their majesties ; and the only persons with whom I have conversed of late are Mr. Alfred Montgomery and his daughter who were sent to me by Lord Somers ; so I took them to the Academy and amused myself more than usual, examining narrowly the picture representing the supper in the House of Levi. On Saturday, the 18 July, 1573, Paul Veronese was pulled up, here, before the Holy Romish Inquisition about it. Do you remember a Dog—in the foreground ? the Prior of Sts. John and Paul wished it to be changed for—*the Magdalen.*

'Ch'el dovesse far far la Maddalena in luogo de un Can.' The painter replied that he would do anything to oblige the Prior. 'Ma che non sentive che tal figura della Maddalena podesse zazer, che la stesse bene per molte ragioni.'

The inquisitors then ask him if he thinks it fitting to paint at the Lord's Supper—buffoons—drunken Germans—Dwarfs—and other scurrilous things. In his defence he says that 'Michael Agnolo in Roma drento la capella Pontifical vi e depento il nostro Signore Jesu Christo, la sua madre et S. Juanne, S. Piero, et la Corte Celeste, le quale tutte sono fatte nude dalla Vergine Maria in poi con altri diversi con poca reverentia.' [1]

The whole story was discovered in the archives here amongst the papers of the Holy Office by Baschet last May: he translated it into French and it has been going the round of the papers in France, England and Italy, but the Italians retranslated from Baschet, whereas I give you a few of the original Venetian words which will perhaps amuse Cav. Morelli, to whom pray remember me kindly. I can give him no news of the Princess, for now that the stoves are alight I darken no one's doors; but am not the less touched by your cordial invite to the Lung' Arno, and Toni bows to the ground and sends his very humble and grateful duty. One of my nieces is going to be married, and I have invited the happy pair to pass a part of their honeymoon under this roof. All that you say of your book is most satisfactory. Your editor knows his public, and it's sure to be a success, so 'coraggio.' I know not what comfort to give about the loss of the £70,000, but in truth I think that a very much smaller sum, without anxiety, is preferable to the wealth of Crœsus, liable to the hot-water tax. Are you not of my opinion? God bless you. Always affectionately yours,

Rawdon Brown."

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[1] "That he was to paint the Magdalen instead of a dog." "That he did not think that such figure of the Magdalen would fit in, or look well for many reasons." "That Michelangelo had painted in the Pontifical chapel in Rome our Lord Jesus Christ, his mother, and St. John, St. Peter, and the Celestial Court, all naked, from the Virgin Mary downwards, in diverse positions with small reverence."

In the early spring Mr. Rawdon Brown asked me to come and stay with him for a week. I accepted with great delight, and remembering that he had once told me something about having been obliged to hire a big bath for a lady guest, added an unfortunate postscript to my letter to ask whether I should bring my travelling bath instead of a box. This nearly upset our friendship. In reply I received a cold and sarcastic note to say that as evidently I did not consider his house was properly furnished I had better not come. Humbly I asked pardon and announced that I intended leaving Florence the day after he received my note, unless he hardened his heart, and telegraphed to say I was not to come. The dear old man met me at the station, kind, but rather more ceremonious in manner than usual, and when he ushered me into my bedroom I found it filled with baths of every shape and size. A huge one, such as is to be hired in all Italian towns, with a little stove attached for heating the water, an oblong and a round flat one, two sitzbaths and three footbaths. I only had time to say "O! Mr. Brown," when he turned to his nice maid and in a louder voice than was usual to him said: "Giustina, these baths must all be filled with hot water for the lady every morning." Then we went to supper, and it was not until I declared I should not go to bed and should leave by the first train next morning that Mr. Rawdon Brown relented. But the baths remained piled together in my room for two days as, I suppose, a sort of punishment for my impudence in daring to imagine that he did not possess them. When the "bath episode," as we called it, was over, he was the most delightful of hosts, and I learnt more about old Venice during my week's visit than a whole library of books would have taught me.

My husband found he could not leave Egypt, so in June I returned by a delightful route to England. The Duke of Sutherland gave me a letter to Mr. Fell, whose railway over Mont Cenis was finished, but not yet open to traffic. From Susa, a pretty village with a fine old Roman arch, I telegraphed to Mr. Fell at Modane, and next morning was told a train was waiting for me. The train consisted of an engine and one small carriage and Mr. Fell's son piloted me over.

Climbing up the high mountain, now and then hanging over deep precipices, in the bottom of which was a roaring torrent above which the train ran on iron stanchions rammed into the sheer rocks, was most exciting, but not suited to nervous people. After a little I begged to be allowed to stand on the engine, and young Mr. Fell let her go at what seemed to me headlong speed, in order to show how quickly and smoothly he could pull up in a few yards. It was like riding a well-trained racer. Often when going under the mountain in the stuffy tunnel I have regretted that the beautiful railway over it no longer exists.

With my father, whose holiday happened to fall in July and August, I went for a tour in Normandy. We were pleased with St. Malo and with Avranches, and wildly delighted with Mont St. Michel, where, in spite of the bad inn, we stayed three days. The chapel at the top of the steep hill, with one column in the middle like the stem of a palm tree, the roof being formed of its branches, was worth climbing up those innumerable steps. I have been told the place has been restored, and only hope it is not spoiled. We spent a week with M. Guizot at Val Richer, whose life was very patriarchal with his daughter Madame de Witt, her husband and children. It was my first visit to a French country house, and it seemed odd to have breakfast all alone in one's bedroom and to see nothing of one's hosts until the twelve o'clock *déjeuner*. Round the large drawing-room were hung full-length portraits of Louis Philippe and his wife, Marie Amélie; of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier; of the Queen of Spain and her husband. I eyed them with some curiosity, thinking of the Spanish marriages which did not redound to the credit of M. Guizot, and wondered he had not relegated the pictures to a garret. On Sunday we had service in M. Guizot's study, he reading the prayers and afterwards a sermon, if I remember rightly, by Bossuet. I need hardly remind my readers that the Guizot family were Huguenots. The old statesman read remarkably well, every word falling clear-cut from his lips. It was a splendid lesson in French. He was extremely kind to me, yet somehow I did not feel so much at ease with him as with Victor Cousin or dear Barthélemy St. Hilaire.

In November I returned to Florence, where I received a letter from Tom Taylor telling me of the death of our mutual friend Phillips. Tom, kind and good as usual, had undertaken the management of the sale of his pictures, and I wrote at once to beg him to buy two or three of the Egyptian water-colours for me. I was lucky enough to get a head Phillips did in our house at Alexandria of the daughter of our washerwoman, a pretty Abyssinian girl, and also a small sketch of Ingi Khanoum, the widow of Said Pasha, he did from my description of her. I heard that Holman Hunt was in Florence, so wrote to tell him of the death of poor Phillips. He answered :—

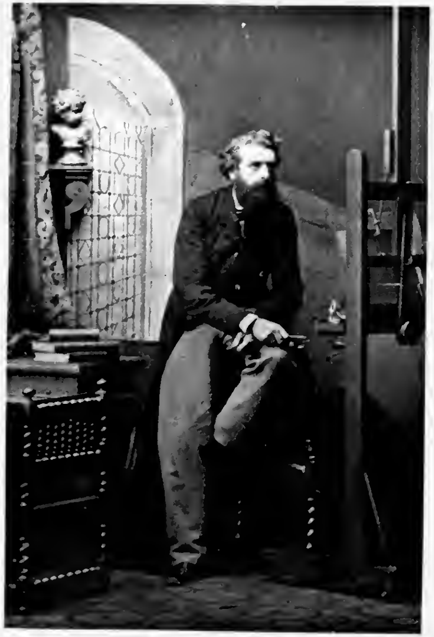
Holman Hunt to Janet Ross.

43 Borgo Ognissanti, Florence, *December* 20, 1868.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

I left your first note which I received yesterday, just as I was starting for Fiesole, to be acknowledged by word of mouth. I was very sorry to learn by your second that you were unwell. On Sunday next it will be a great pleasure to me to dine with you, and I shall be quite angry if you are not thoroughly restored.

It is a real affliction to me that good Phillips can never be seen again in this world. In the dreams of the repose of my old age, which I suppose we all indulge in, I had figured him as amongst the small circle of friends with whom I should be able to talk of the past very often—and sometimes even of the future. This was a selfish pleasure, but I am sure I had as much gratification in the thought of seeing him glorying in the beauty and ability of his own children, and now instead I picture to myself these in their full growth with more or less of a past shadow for their father. I have lost so many who have been dear to me that I should almost cease to think of myself as belonging to this world were it not for my jolly little boy. I am just writing to poor Mrs. Phillips, but what can I say ? I of course believe in eternity and believe we shall all



HENRY W. PHILLIPS.

TOM TAYLOR.

meet again, and even that somehow all that we suffer here is for the best, but all people will tell her that to no sort of purpose. . . .

Yours sincerely ever,

W. Holman Hunt."

I saw Holman Hunt often during the winter and spring. He was painting at Fiesole, from a study done in Egypt, an Arab girl with big Egyptian pigeons, some of which he had brought with him. The sight of them quite gave me *heimweh* for the land of sun.

Henry came in June and we went at once to London. My father had not been at all well and the anxiety about my mother told upon him. Before leaving Cairo Henry had seen her and did not think she was in any imminent danger. The telegram announcing her death on July 14, 1869, came just as my father and I were going to start for Egypt, a journey I dreaded for him. A few days after the telegram came my mother's last letters to my father—entreating him not to come, to me—to do all I could to prevent him. Though she had been ill and away from home so long, we had always hoped against hope, and her death left a void nothing could fill. Her friends mourned deeply that they would never again see those wonderful eyes or hear that eloquent speech. The best pen-portrait of her is by my dear Poet, who wrote an Introduction to the last and augmented edition of her *Letters from Egypt*, which I published in 1892.

". . . Poetical comparisons run under heavy weights in prose; but it would seem in truth, from the reports of her, that wherever she appeared she could be likened to a Selene breaking through cloud; and further, the splendid vessel was richly freighted. Trained by a scholar, much in the society of scholarly men, having an innate bent to exactitude, and with a ready tongue docile to the curb, she stepped into the world armed to be a match for it. She cut her way through the accustomed troop of adorers, like what you will that is buoyant and swims gallantly. Her quality of the philosophical humour carried her easily over the shoals or the deeps in the way of a woman claiming her right to an independent judgment upon the minor rules of conduct, as well as upon matters of the mind. . . . She preferred the society of men, on the plain ground that they discuss matters of weight, and are—the pick of them—of open speech, more liberal, more genial, better comrades. Was it wonderful to hear them, knowing her as they did, unite in calling her *cœur d'or?* And women could say it of her, for the reasons known to women. . . . The hospitable house at Esher gave its welcome not merely to men and women of distinction; the humble undistinguished were made joyous guests there, whether commonplace or counting among the hopeful. Their hostess knew how to shelter the sensitively silent at table, if they were unable to take encouragement and join in the flow. Their faces at least responded to her bright look on one or the other of them when something worthy of memory sparkled flying. She had the laugh that rocks the frame, but it was usually with a triumphant smile that she greeted things good to the ear; and her own manner of telling was concise, on the lines of the running subject, to carry it along, not to produce an effect—which is like the horrid gap in the air after a blast of powder. Quotation came when it sprang to the lips and was native. She was shrewd and cogent, invariably calm in argument, sitting over it, not making it a duel, as the argumentative are prone to do; and a strong point scored against her received the honours due to a noble enemy. No pose as mistress of a *salon* shuffling the guests marked her treatment of them; she was their comrade, one of the pack. This can only be the case when a governing lady is at all points their equal, more than a player of trump cards. In England, in her day, while health was with her, there was one house where men and women conversed. When that house perforce was closed, a light went out in our country. . . ."

But the grief of her poor neighbours at Luxor was even greater. Her almost passionate pity for all oppressed creatures, her kindness and ready sympathy, had won their hearts When she left, as they felt, for the last time, a man burst into tears and said: "Poor I, poor my children, poor all the people." To quote Meredith again: "The service she did to them was a greater service done to her country, by giving those quivering creatures of the baked land proof that a Christian Englishwoman could be companionable, tender, beneficently motherly with them, despite the reputed insurmountable barriers of alien race and religion. . . . Against the cruelty of despotic rulers and the harshness of society she was openly at war, at a time when championship of the lowly or the fallen was not common. . . ."

My father was so unhappy and so low-spirited that I insisted on his coming abroad with me, away from condoling friends who did him no good. We went to Courmayeur, in the Val d'Aosta, then a small village with one primitive but nice inn. The drive from Ivrea to Aosta was beautiful. We passed several fine old châteaux, and quite lost our hearts to one with great, square, machicolated towers, round turrets, and a massive crenellated gateway, standing in the valley near a swirling mountain stream. Our driver told us the name, Fénis, and that it was for sale with many meadows and a large forest extending up the mountain-side to the almost eternal snow. We counted up our pennies, made wild plans to buy the Château de Fénis, and at Aosta sought out the lawyer who was charged with the sale. Perhaps fortunately our castle had been sold two hours before for an absurdly low price. Courmayeur would be a delightful place for those who like high mountains. I always disliked them, save in the far distance, and many a playful quarrel did I have about them with our kindly, pleasant old friend John Ball, of Alpine fame.

Early in September I reached Florence, and set to work to arrange an apartment we had taken on the Lung' Arno Torrigiani, and unpack the furniture which had been stored for so long in London, so that Henry might find a comfortable house when he followed me from Homburg. Everyone was bursting with excitement. *Roma Capitale* was the cry all through the city. I admired the patriotism of the Florentines, for they must have foreseen what a loss this would mean to Florence.

Life was not so strenuous forty years ago. The Florentines were pleasanter in manner and far gayer than they are now.

Singing was to be heard nearly every evening, particularly on our side of the river, as there was considerable rivalry between the young men of San Niccolò and those of San Frediano. A certain Ulisse, by trade a whitewasher, renowned for his fine tenor voice, often passed at night down Via de' Bardi. At last I could not resist opening my window and calling out *Bene*, *Bravo*, whereupon Ulisse stopped and sang several songs, collecting quite a little crowd in the generally almost deserted street. I asked him to come some afternoon after his work to have a glass of wine and teach me some of his songs. We made friends, and he told me that an impresario had offered to keep him, have him taught music, " which I hear can be read like a book," and when he had learned " proper " music would give him 5000 lire a year for five years certain. *Ma chè*, said he, tossing his head, *amo la libertà*. Also there was an *innamorata*, rather jealous, who did not approve of " those theatre women." The only defect Ulisse had was to get drunk occasionally, a rare failing among Florentines in those days, then the *guardie* took him up and put him in prison. Twice I had to go to my friend the Syndic and beg him off. It was a little difficult to catch a tune from Ulisse, as he seldom sang it in exactly the same way. But I had a good ear and generally mastered even his *girigogoli*, as " *fioriture* " are called in common parlance in Tuscany, after hearing a song three or four times. The words I could always buy at the corner of the street for five centimes. The airs are often composed by two or three different people, or a Neapolitan song is so altered to suit the Tuscan taste that but a faint reminiscence of the original is left. Why has no musician collected the Tuscan popular songs ? Gordigiani and others have written charming imitations—but with few exceptions they have not the lilt of the real thing. The author of a *canzone* which had a great vogue at that time in Florence was a well-known cabman, who played the guitar admirably and sang, though with a harsh voice, with much expression. He fell in love with one of three or four Abyssinian girls, sent it was said by some as a present to the King, by others to be educated in Florence. *La Regina del Deserto* (The Queen of the Desert) was the favourite song for months. Pretty as it is, it did not touch the girl's heart, who married an officer.

An old man from whom I had bought frames came one day with an air of mystery to tell me that a wonderful picture, one of *the* pictures of the world, could be bought for *un pezzo di pane*, would I go and see it? I persuaded my husband to go with me, and after climbing many stairs in Via de' Benci we found ourselves in the studio of Signor Tricca, a very clever cleaner and restorer of pictures. There we saw the School of Pan, by Luca Signorelli. Henry said to me in Arabic, "What a fine thing, we must try and buy it." The "bit of bread" was, however, rather a mouthful for us, 20,000 francs, but it seemed so little for such a picture that I suspected there must be something wrong. Tricca probably read my thoughts in my face and proceeded to tell us the story of the long-lost painting. It had come to the Corsi family as part of the dower of a Medici bride, and hung in their palace until a Cardinal Corsi, shocked at the sight of so many naked figures, had white shirts daubed over them. The picture was then declared to be so ugly that it was sent up to the attics with other rubbish and forgotten. Another Cardinal Corsi, who inherited the palace some fifty years ago, employed Tricca to clean several sacred pictures, and asked him to go up into the attics and see whether there was anything worth restoring there. Struck by the difference between the heads and the drapery of a big picture, he cleaned a small piece and at once understood that it was a Signorelli. With other ten pictures he took it to his studio, and when cleaned made a careful and beautiful drawing which was sent to Prince Napoleon with the idea of selling the picture to the Louvre, as the cardinal, like his ancestor, did not approve of nude figures. The war stopped any chance of selling pictures and the drawing was sent back to Tricca. As there were no buyers in Florence my old frame-maker thought of me, and we offered 15,000 francs to be paid in gold. *Tanto oro non si è mai visto* (so much gold was never seen before), exclaimed Tricca with glistening eyes, as my husband counted out the napoleons on his table. We carried off the School of Pan and were obliged to hang it in the dining-room, no other wall in the house was big enough for it. Some little time after we bought the picture Mr. Spence, who was not much given to pay visits, came to call. He told me what I already knew, that my old friend Sir William Boxall was expected in Florence, and that he had hoped to persuade him to buy a very fine Signorelli for the National Gallery, but unfortunately some Hungarian with big mustachios had just bought it. My husband had been very little in Florence and was not known by sight, and there was so strong a resemblance between him and General Türr that occasionally officers saluted him in the street. I was much amused, showed Mr. Spence the pictures in the drawing-rooms, but did not take him into the dining-room. When Boxall arrived we asked him to lunch and put him opposite the Signorelli. He was so much occupied in talking to me about mutual friends that for some minutes he did not look up. Suddenly he dropped his knife, exclaiming: " Eh, why good gracious, that's the picture Spence has been telling me about." Rather to my dismay, my husband offered Boxall the School of Pan for the price we had given, plus 10 per cent which had been promised to Tricca in case we ever sold it. The dear old man hummed and hawed, said it was rather undressed for the British public, and to my relief did not accept Henry's offer.

After the Franco-German War Tricca brought Dr. Bode to see the picture. He admired it, but said he could buy nothing without first sending a photograph to Berlin. Without asking my husband's permission, he ordered a man who was with him to go and get porters to take down the picture and carry it to a photographer. Henry quietly remarked that the picture was his and that he forbade it being touched. Evidently Dr. Bode was not accustomed to be thwarted; he looked astonished and angry, but finally, to my sorrow, bought the School of Pan for the Berlin Gallery for 66,000 francs, 6000 of which went as promised to Tricca.

CHAPTER XII

MY husband, who loved flowers, had always longed to have a garden, so we took, first for the summer months and afterwards by the year, a long, rambling villa near Signa belonging to a friend, Marchese Della Stufa. It had gradually grown out of a *loggia* under which wool was dried in old days when the *Arte della Lana*, or Guild of Wool, owned large tracts of country near by. The arches had been filled up, a first floor added, and wings built out in various directions. For years it had been uninhabited save by the *fattore*, or agent, who lived in one end. I turned a washhouse into my sitting-room and a large room next to it where the clothes were hung to dry into a drawing-room, while Henry thoroughly enjoyed himself in laying out a garden.

The outlook in France was so bad that we determined to remain in Italy. In May M. Estancelin wrote and told me that the Orleans Princes were about to demand permission from the Legislative Assembly to return to France. In a French newspaper I saw a report that M. Thiers had not only voted, but spoken against it, and wrote rather an angry letter to St. Hilaire, who answered :—

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Rue d'Astorg 29 bis, 11 *Juillet*, 1870.

" Ma chère Janet,

Je me hâte de vous répondre pour vous signaler l'injustice ou plutot l'erreur que vous commettez à l'égard de M. Thiers ; il a voté avec nous, et il est au nombre des 31. Le Journal officiel peut vous l'attester. Il n'avait point à parler

dans cette occasion ; il n'est pas un serviteur des d'Orléans ; il n'est que le serviteur de son pays. Estancelin était le camarade d'enfance des Princes ; et il a continué avec eux ses relations intimes que n'a jamais eues M. Thiers, et qu'il n'a jamais voulu avoir.

Je crains donc, ma chère Janet, que vous ne soyez allée un peu vite dans votre jugement si sévère. J'en appelle à votre equité.

J'ai voté pour les Princes tout en trouvant qu'ils avaient tort dans leur démarche ; il est possible qu'elle ait précipité les folies de notre auguste maître ; car c'est lui qui veut la guerre et qui l'aura.

Le 'jeune' Estancelin aura aujourd'hui votre lettre ; il a parfaitement parlé, et il sera heureux de votre approbation jointe à tant d'autres. Bonne santé. Votre tout devoué

By. St. Hilaire."

Only a few days after I received my old friend's letter the war he had foretold was declared. The French suffered defeat after defeat, as my husband, who had seen Prussian manœuvres often, predicted. My sympathies were all for France and my many French friends, and I wrote to St. Hilaire telling him so. He answered :—

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Rue d'Astorg, 29 bis, 16 *Août*, 1870.

"Ma chère Janet,

Je vous remercie de votre sympathie, et je reconnais là votre bon cœur. Nous ne sommes pas moins etonnés que vous ; et de plus nous sommes les victimes. La guerre n'a été voulue que par l'Empereur et ses complices, ministres et courtisans. Les désastres ont tenue à son incapacité absolue ; car vous voyez que les soldats se sont battus comme des lions. Voilà trente-six heures que notre armée se bat à Metz ; et nous n'y avons pas une seule dépêche. Il est probable qu'elle est coupée de sa ligne de retraite ; et on dit même que l'Empereur

est renfermé dans Metz, où il sera bientôt pris. Si l'armée est détruite, la défense de Paris devient presqu'impossible.

Voilà vingt ans que la France charge elle même la mine qui fait aujourd'hui explosion ; elle a tout permis au pouvoir personnel, et a recompensé toutes ses fautes par 7,300,000 voix. Il s'est tout permis et pour dernier caprice il a joué l'existence même du pays.

Merci encore une fois, ainsi qu'aux Italiens qui partagent vos sentiments.

Votre bien devoué
By. St. Hilaire."

When on September 20, 1870, the Italians entered Rome people went mad with enthusiasm ; they slapped each other on the back, swaggered about with a martial air, and men kissed and embraced each other in every street. One of the last court functions in Florence was the arrival of the Spanish deputation in December to offer the crown of Spain to the King's second son, Amadeo, Duke of Aosta. The procession from the station to the Pitti palace was a fine sight, but the Spaniards were not much cheered. It was a bitterly cold winter, and our house, on the wrong side of the river, got but little sun. I had several bad attacks of bronchitis and was extremely anxious about my French friends, particularly the Duc de Chartres, who I knew was fighting under the name of Robert le Fort. Estancelin was Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards of the Lower Seine and put the Prince in command of the Guides of the Department. At the battle of Etrepagny he distinguished himself, was attached to the Staff, and promoted to be major. Some time afterwards he showed me the decoration given by the French Government to Robert le Fort, he not having been recognized as one of the Orléans Princes. It was a relief when I heard from my father early in February that St. Hilaire had written to thank him for placing money at his disposal at a bank in Paris, and that he was safe and well. A few days later I got a letter from Guichard, who had quitted Egypt when the war broke out to enlist as a common soldier.

M. Guichard to Janet Ross.

Les Crêtes, près Clarens, 19 *Février*, 1871.

"Ma chère amie, merci mille fois pour votre bon souvenir, et votre aimable lettre qui vient de m'arriver en Suisse où je suis venu retrouver ma famille depuis le 12 de ce mois. Tout mon monde est en bonne santé, après avoir subi cinq mois de cruelles angoisses. Quant à moi, j'ai parfaitement passé mon temps de siège à Paris, et je n'ai qu'un mal, mais il est bien grand, c'est celui de voir mon pays vaincu, humilié, et de penser qu'il l'à merité. Non jamais sanction plus cruelle n'aura frappé un peuple, pour son aveuglement, sa sottise, l'abandon stupide de sa destinée entre les mains d'un lâche aventurier comme ce Napoléon. Mais ne croyez pas que ce pauvre peuple français soit lâche lui-même ; il est enervé, il est ignorant, il est incapable de tenir tête à la magnifique organisation militaire prussienne, avant d'avoir eu le temps de se reconnaître, mais il n'est pas fini, il aura sa revanche. Ma chère amie, j'ai fait ce que j'ai pu pour défendre mon cher Paris ; j'ai d'abord monté ma garde en simple volontaire, puis j'ai été élu chef d'un bataillon, puis quand la garde nationale a été mobilisée, je suis passé à l'état-major général comme chef d'escadron, enfin j'ai pris ma part de la défense comme j'ai pu, ayant jusqu'au bout la confiance qu'un corps d'armée de la province se rapprocherait assez pour nous permettre de faire une trouée et de trouver des ravitaillements a portée ; mais la triste réalite nous a été enfin connue ; toutes les armées de province refoulées, et plus de pain. Ça été un rude moment ; c'est le seul où j'ai réellement souffert, non pas materiellement, mais moralement, je vous assure. J'ai quitté Paris après les élections, je suis venu aux Crêtes rejoindre ma famille que j'avais envoyé avant l'investissement, car j'étais de ceux qui voulait voir bruler Paris tout entier plutôt que de le voir prendre. Demain je pars reprendre mon service de la Compagnie à Ismailia. Écrivez moi encore en Égypte quelques détails sur vous. Mes amitiés à Ross, je suis toujours votre tout devoué

JULES GUICHARD."

When M. Thiers was made *Chef du Pouvoir Exécutif* St. Hilaire became his right hand, and only had time to write me a hurried line occasionally. Then came the Commune, "a convulsion of famine, misery, and despair," as Gambetta called it, the signing of peace at Frankfort, fighting in Paris, and the burning of a *quartier* of Paris. St. Hilaire, I knew, was safe at Versailles, but other friends were in Paris. One wrote to me :—

M. Olagnier to Janet Ross.

146 Rue Montmartre, Paris, 19 *Juin*, 1871.

"Madame et bien chère amie,

J'ai reçu hier votre affectueux lettre du 14, et je m'empresse de vous répondre quelques mots, ne serait-ce que pour vous remercier de votre aimable et constante sollicitude à mon égard. Je suis sorti sain et sauf de l'effroyable crise que Paris vient de traverser. J'ai dû rester seul à l'étude, pour tâcher de la sauvegarder. Mon patron était absent depuis dix mois à cause de sa mauvaise santé, et tous mes clercs étaient partis après le 18 Mai pour échapper aux requisitions de la Commune. J'ai eu bien des moments de souci.

Une de mes grosses préoccupations était l'inquiétude où je sentais que ma mère était sur mon compte. Heureusement j'ai pu lui faire passer assez régulièrement de mes nouvelles, et la rassurer de mon mieux. J'ai pu aussi aller la voir des le 4 Juin, après 3 mois de séparation. Je ne vous dis rien de notre pauvre Paris ; vous en avez su par les feuilles publiques plus que je ne pourrais vous écrire. Je vous dirai seulement que vous n'êtes pas dans le vrai, quand vous pensez que ce sont ses propres fils qui l'ont traité comme cela. Beaucoup de Parisiens, assurément, beaucoup trop, hélas ! ont marché sous l'ignoble drapeau de la Commune, se sont battus, et se sont fait tuer aussi bravement que bêtement pour lui. Mais la c'est borné leur rôle. Les incendies qui ont déshonoré notre Paris sont l'œuvre de la lie de toutes les nations qui s'y était donné rendez-vous, soldée sans doute par Bismark, qui trouvait que la ruine de la France n'était pas assez complète. Pauvre France ! Pauvre Paris !

Viendrez-vous en France bientôt ? Je n'ose l'espérer ; nous sommes un peuple qu'on ne viendra plus visiter ; nous sommes tombés trop bas. Mais je serais si heureux de vous voir.

Votre bien affectueusement dévoué

AUGUSTE OLAGNIER."

It must have been about this time that St. Hilaire was sent on a private mission by M. Thiers to the King of Italy. He came to stay with us and arrived at Castagnolo on a Thursday. There were no tramways then connecting the outlying villages with Florence, and we were just going to send down to Lastra-a-Signa to order a carriage when Andrea, the *fattore*, came to ask whether we wanted anything next morning. Friday has, since time immemorial, been the great market-day in Florence, when the *fattori* of the country round meet to buy and sell and discuss the crops. St. Hilaire at once asked whether he might not go with him, to Andrea's perturbation. *Come, un tal pezzo grosso con me nel baroccino?* (What, such a great personage in the gig with me ?) exclaimed he, getting very red in the face. So at six in the morning the French envoy started in the *baroccino* and drove up to Palazzo Pitti about seven, where he was told to wait at the door, in spite of Andrea's nods and winks. To the supercilious porter's discomfiture, the King's private secretary came rushing down, received St. Hilaire with many apologies, and conducted him upstairs to the private apartments of Victor Emmanuel. We were much amused when he came back and described the scene, rather unhappy lest the porter might get into trouble. How could the man imagine, he said, that a *gros bonhomme* in a *baroccino* was a fit person to be received by his King.

It was so hot in July that we fled, Henry to Homburg, I to England. My father was not well and curiously low-spirited, so I persuaded him to come with me to Italy at the end of August We spent some happy weeks together at the villa, only clouded by my dear Old Boy's occasional fits of

SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON.

depression, when a look of pain came over his face. I was alarmed, but he assured me there was nothing the matter, and went back to London looking better. A feeling that all was not right continued to possess me, and I was only prevented from going to see after him by my husband's representations that I should be sure to get bronchitis and be a worry to my father. Alas, my presentiment was only too true. After seeing Sir James Paget, who advised an immediate operation for incipient cancer of the tongue, my poor father was induced by some American friend of my aunt's to go to Missisquoi, in Vermont, and drink the waters. Purposely he wrote to me too late or I should have done all in my power to stop him or else have gone with him. My brother Maurice, however, did go, fortunately, for I believe my poor father would have died had he been all alone. When they reached the much-vaunted place the grand hotel was but a miserable inn frequented by miners and navvies, rough fellows and terribly noisy, but kindly, and the health-giving water was a common spring. The cold was so intense that they could not get away and my father's letters wrung my heart. In May I received a telegram from my old grandmother asking me to come at once to London, as my father had arrived very ill. The goodness of my uncle Cosmo and his wife cannot be described; they sent away their children and insisted on our going to their house in Eccleston Street, where for five and a half months I watched by the bedside of him I loved more than anyone in the world. Kindness and sympathy we received on all sides, for my father was universally beloved. But at last I had to beg our friends not to come and see him, so many could not hide their grief at the sight of his thin, sad face, and at being greeted by a word scrawled with difficulty on a slate. On the 27th October, 1872, my father died, and I went to stay with Tom and Laura Taylor at Clapham until strong enough to return to Florence. Life was never the same again without that dear friend and companion.

The publication of a second volume of my mother's letters from Egypt had been interrupted by my father's illness. He left them in my hands, and I determined to write a short life of her and also to republish the letters from the Cape of Good Hope, which had appeared in a volume of *Vacation Tourists* and were not much known. I sent my first attempt to Kinglake, asking for help and advice. He replied :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

28 Hyde Park Place, Marble Arch, *January* 7, 1874.

" My dear Janet,

I have read the life of your dear mother as begun by you, and will send it on as ordered to Tom Taylor. You have inherited your mother's command of a pure, simple, classic diction, and so far nothing could be better, but I have a strong impression that the memoir should be written upon a somewhat larger scale, and that in that way it might be made very interesting. There was a classic grandeur about her which she maintained to the last; when knowing that death was approaching she *ordered* that she should be alone and that her son should not come to her. Even in the part of her life covered by what you have already written, there are circumstances which, if told in a little detail, would be extremely interesting, for instance, her christening, or rather the circumstances leading to it, and the way in which she and your father engaged to marry. If I, and one or two others who knew her at different periods, could have some nice long talks with you on the subject, I think there might result a famous memoir written in your capital language and containing matter sure to interest. A *meagre* memoir seems to me worse than useless. If contrary to my suggestion you write the memoir upon the present scale, there might be one or two changes usefully made. There is interest in representing her during her childhood as playing with John Stuart Mill, but an undue air of the Comic is added to it by bringing in Henry Reeve. I should recommend you to get back your MSS. from Tom Taylor and lend your mind to the idea of constructing a memoir upon a larger scale.

For Heaven's sake, my dear Janet, drive away that cough you speak of, and let me hear soon that you have done so.

Ever affectionately yours,
A. W. KINGLAKE."

Tom Taylor with his wife and children came to Castagnolo for the vintage in September. The weather was splendid and the grapes unusually fine, which the *contadini*, in their civil, pleasant way, attributed to the good fortune brought by the foreign friends of the Signora. The old *fattore*, or agent, Settimio, who had retired from active service but still superintended the vintage, admired the way the English visitors worked, often begging Tom to rest a little and telling Laura *Il sole d' Italia vi ha baciato bene* (the Italian sun has kissed you well). When I took out my watch and said I thought it was time for lunch under the poplar trees down by the little rivulet, he said: " *Scusi*, *Signora*, the *Ave Maria* has not rung yet." Little Lucy Taylor asked what he meant and he explained: " When the *Ave Maria* rings at midday we know it is time to eat; at sundown, twenty-four o'clock, it bids us leave off work; and at one o'clock (an hour after sunset) it rings again to remind us to say a prayer for our dead. Does not the *Ave Maria* ring in your country ? " We answered that clocks and watches kept better time than the priest who told his *donna* to ring when he felt hungry or delayed the ringing if he happened to be busy. The old man shook his head and said: " England must be a dreary place without the *Ave Maria*, one would never be in time for anything; I have a watch, but the spring broke so often that I no longer use it."

We were reminded of Virgil every moment. The plough is what he describes, and the peasant still asks his Padrone's permission to go into the wood and fell an oak to fashion into a plough-beam, a *stanga*, " stregola " (handle), earth-boards, *orecchi*, " aures " (ears), and share-beams with double backs, *dentale a due dorsi*, " duplici aptantur dentalia dorso," which hold the *gombero*, " vomero," or iron coulter for breaking up the earth. Old-fashioned peasants still call their plough *bombero* instead of *aratro*.

All day long the handsome white oxen, their heads gaily decked with scarlet and yellow tassels, dragged the heavy red cart with a large vat, full of the grapes we had picked tied on it, from the vineyard to the villa. There the grapes were transferred into huge vats in the *tinaia* to ferment. Every twelve hours the peasants, after rolling up their trousers and carefully washing their legs and feet, stamped down the fermenting mass to prevent the top layer from becoming acid by too long a contact with the air. This must be thoroughly done, or the contents of a vat, many hectolitres, would turn to vinegar. The scene in the *tinaia* in the evening was most picturesque. In the large building, dimly lit by little oil lamps shaped like those out of old Etruscan tombs, stood rows of enormous vats, up and down which the men scrambled with purple-stained legs singing *stornelli* at the top of their voice as they danced about vigorously on the grapes. Many of the tunes were noted down in the evening by Laura Taylor, who was an admirable musician. A certain Beppe, a famous *improvisatore*, wove the names of Laura, Lucia, and Antonio (Tom, he said, could not possibly be a name as it had only one syllable) into his verses, paying them high-flown compliments. Tom declared he did not the least recognize himself as the clever, handsome, stalwart Antonio who performed such wonderful feats.

Near Castagnolo was the picturesque old Orsi villa. We had made friends with the three young men, who all sang delightfully and came in often with their guitars. The youngest, Carlo Orsi, who will be remembered by some of my readers, was a sculptor. He had considerable talent, drew admirably, and had a thoroughly artistic nature. But marble is costly, and when Tom Taylor gave him a box of water-colours and a block he partially abandoned the chisel for the brush with great success. All the winter I worked hard at copying out my mother's letters, and in the spring the second volume of *Letters from Egypt* was published and met with the same success as the first.

In the summer I went to London. When dining with the Burrs one night in Eaton Place, Mrs. Burr told Mr. Fergusson how I had serenaded friends of hers in Venice, and how our gondola had been surrounded and followed down the Grand Canal by people curious to know who the unknown singer was whose songs were new to Venice. A smart, rather " superior " young officer sitting next to me said, with a supercilious air, that such things were all very well in Italy but would be impossible in London. I laughed and asked, why ? " Well," he said, " I bet a sovereign you would not do it." I answered : " Done, only you must come and take the coppers." He demurred, but everyone declared he was bound to go. Borrowing a wideawake hat and a coat from Mr. Burr, I pinned up my dress, slung my guitar over my shoulder, and sallied forth with my reluctant companion. We got three half-crowns in Eaton Place and several shillings in Eaton Square. Seeing Lady Molesworth's house lit up I begin to sing and a powdered footman came up to say her Ladyship wished me to go in, which I refused to do. Some of her guests came out on the balcony, encored the *Regina del Deserto*, and sent me down half a sovereign, which the poor young officer had to take from the footman. " If you are satisfied," I said, to his evident relief, " we'll go back." I have forgotten his name, but if he should read this it may recall our evening's excursion to his memory.

At Aldermaston later I met Miss Thompson (now Lady Butler), who was going to Florence in September to sketch the Michelangelo *fêtes* for the *Graphic*. She asked me about lodgings for herself and her sister Alice, so I invited them to come and stay at Castagnolo, from whence she could easily drive into Florence and do her drawings. While I was at the Burrs' Sir Frederick Burton came for a week-end and at once asked me about Signorelli's School of Pan. When I told him the story he looked quite savage and wished he had been Director of the National Gallery then. We made great friends and our friendship lasted without a cloud, which people told me was rather extraordinary, as Sir Frederick easily took offence. While the Miss Thompsons were at Castagnolo he suddenly appeared one day and asked whether we could give him a bed. He had fled from Florence because at the table d'hôte he had been worried by two gushing English spinsters who asked his opinion on Botticelli, Fra Angelico, etc. etc., and talked nonsense. So he expatiated on the enjoyment he had experienced from the works of two great masters, *Mortadella di Bologna* and *Coteghino da Modena*, which he was sure they would like. Next day they told him their search in the Pitti Gallery had been fruitless, but that a friend who knew the director was to take them next day to the Uffizi. Alarmed at the prospect of their indignation, he packed his bag and came to us, as Florence was so full for the *fêtes* that he had not been able to find a room.

Talking of galleries, one sometimes heard in them amusing remarks about the pictures or the painters. In the Pitti Gallery catalogues lie on the tables in every room with the titles of the pictures and the names of the artists in Italian on one side, in French on the other. One day I was standing in front of the *Bella di Tiziano* when three Frenchmen came up. Looking at the catalogue on the Italian side, one of them exclaimed: *Ma foi, c'est trop fort! Ces imbéciles d'Italiens ne savent pas même écrire le nom de Titien. Tiziano* (with a strong accent on the o), *c'est ridicule.*

The country round Castagnolo afforded endless subjects for sketching. The village of Lastra-a-Signa near by was most picturesque with its fine old mediæval gateways and walls, interesting to us because the walls were built, or at least restored, by an Englishman, Sir John Hawkwood, in 1377. The little place paid dearly for being chosen as a bulwark of Florence. Hawkwood's walls did not save it from being taken and sacked in 1397 by Galeazzo Visconti, sworn enemy of the Republic, and again by the Prince of Orange in 1529. The breach made by the Spanish battering-rams is still visible. In the garden of the monastery of S. Lucia, which crowns a hill to the south, are remains of the strong castle of the powerful Counts of Fucecchio, destroyed by the Florentines in 1107.

One day we followed the old Pisan road up the valley of Rimaggio. The tiny stream, which in winter gives itself the airs of a roaring torrent, was trickling quietly below among the boulders, and the steep hill-sides were covered with pine trees and tall heather, under which pink cyclamen and lilac colchicum gleamed here and there. Goats and sheep, the curse of Italy, were scattered about, destroying the young shoots of trees and making rapid inroads among the vineyards when they thought the shepherd was not looking. Men with no land of their own keep small flocks of sheep and goats, which they drive along the roads to feed on the hedges, and in the woods of other people, doing untold damage. There are laws against it—in Italy laws are plentiful, but not much observed. Half-way up the hill we passed an old farm-house, S. Antonio, which must once have been a fortress. A *contadina* asked us to go in and see the chapel, where she told us mass was celebrated on S. Anthony's Day. Under a faded, blue calico curtain behind the altar was an old fresco, S. Anthony seated, with three saints standing on either side and God the Father above. *Roba antica*, said the woman, which her Padrone had wished to restore, but artists were such grasping people and colours were so dear, so the curtain had been hung up to hide the dirty saints. After climbing a steep hill we saw the ruins of Malmantile standing out against the blue sky. The castle is more celebrated than many an historical fortress, for every Tuscan knows the mock-heroic poem by Lorenzo Lippi *Il Malmantile Racquistato*. Lippi's wit was better than his pictures. The proper names in the poem are nearly all anagrams, and the moral is that gay and greedy people generally die on a dunghill. From every side the view was splendid. Rolling hills faded away in lilac-grey beyond the Val di Pesa, and the twin towers of San Miniato al Tedesco, once the stronghold of the Emperors in Tuscany, where poor Pier delle Vigne was blinded by the order of Frederick II, rose high in the air. To the north the valley of the Arno was hid by oak woods, behind which rose on the horizon the grey mass of Monte Morello.

In April, 1875, my dear old grandmother Lady Duff Gordon died in her eighty-sixth year, having survived her husband fifty-two years, and nearly all the friends of her early youth. Her father, Sir George Aymand, who married Miss Cornewall the heiress of Moccas Court and took her name, was of French extraction, and his daughter owed much of her charm, lively wit, and genial nature to her French blood. Her unfailing cheerfulness was remarkable, cut off as she was from general conversation and from music, which she loved, by deafness. "Even with this drawback," wrote Tom Taylor of his old friend, "her company was eagerly sought by all who could appreciate the serenest temper, the kindest and soundest sense shown in her judgments of men and things, and the most shrewd, though genial, humour in her comments upon life and its accidents, which she watched as one who, out of the game as she was, had not ceased to take a cordial interest in the players. . . . Her bright face, her cordial voice, her cheery smile, the warm pressure of her ready hand, will live long as among the pleasantest memories of some grey-headed and many youthful friends. . . ." [1]

My uncle Cosmo did not long survive his mother. He died the following year, and Eothen wrote me what for him was a long letter :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

Transitory, and for the moment in Devonshire,
September, 1876.

"My dear Janet,

I have fallen into such hermit's ways as to be capable of remaining in strange ignorance of the events going on around me, and until your kind letter apprized me, I did not know of Cosmo's death. I never saw much of him, but associating him in my memory with your dear father I feel a pang at the thought of his death, and there was a charming brightness in his looks with a quick, agile manner which always made it pleasant to see him. Your mother used to be fond of old ballads and liked to think that the characteristics of particular families which they sometimes chronicled are to be recognized in the descendants at this day, the 'black Elliots,' for instance, being still as black as in the middle ages. But what made me speak of this was a family characteristic which one of the old ballads ascribed to the Gordons, and which Cosmo had to an extraordinary extent. What the ballad said was :—

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[1] *Morning Post*, 13 May, 1875.

'He turned him round lightly
As the Gordons do a';'

and Cosmo, if you recollect, had a way of moving round on his heel rapidly and yet with ease and grace. Cosmo so loved your dear father, and that alone was a great tie. I can well understand that you feel his loss.

I shall look for the Burmese Legend. You have so many of the qualities needed for writing what one may call a *book*, to begin with, such a capital style, that I think you ought to make the venture. I can imagine a capital book of this sort :

'Farm Life on the Arno (with illustrations).'

I have always understood that the 'Georgics'—farming business in Lombardy—were the best things that Virgil ever wrote. If you were to read them, and read again your mother's descriptions of things in South Africa and Egypt, and have some photographs made of the farm implements and of the peasant people, and then apply your mind to the subject, the pen which always serves you so well would do the rest.

I am very much touched and pleased, my dear Janet, with the kind earnestness you show in asking me to come to you in October. I have not discipline and method enough to travel without a courier, and travel *with* one is a bore if, as custom seems to require, such courier is to be a male. What I ought to have would be an active, resolute, wiry Swiss woman to act as my courier, but then perhaps I should have to go where *she* liked.

My dearest Janet, your affectionate

A. W. KINGLAKE."

In the winter of 1877 Sir William Stirling Maxwell came to Florence and dined with us. The meeting was a sad one.

I had not seen him since the death of my dear Aunt Carrie in June, only a few months after their marriage, and found him much aged. In my room hung the head of Mrs. Norton painted by Watts for my mother about 1848, which she mentions in an undated letter to my mother: "His head of me is much flattered, but a beautiful thing. I am sorry not to have sat more. I would not have gone to-day for anyone but you, for I was fagged and hurried to death." Sir William had evidently never seen it before, and looked at it with such longing eyes that I could not help saying: "Would you like it? It ought to be yours rather than mine." He wrung my hand silently and when he said good night begged to be allowed to take it with him, saying he would have a copy made for Carlotta Norton, and then murmured something about the Dublin Gallery which I did not quite catch. Only a few days later he died in Venice, and his executors were good enough to give me back the portrait. Some years later Henry Doyle, Director of the Dublin Gallery, came to see us at Castagnolo and exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Norton! What a fine Watts! We have no portrait of her, and nothing of his." Sir William's last words flashed across my mind, and in an evil moment I offered the portrait to him for the Dublin Gallery on the condition that he was to send me a copy. I say "evil" because Watts left the head cut off at the neck like those he did of me as a girl, and Doyle, without even asking my leave, added a horrible frill and a black dress. He did not send me a copy, but a very bad small photograph by which I saw how the picture had been spoiled and vulgarized by his ludicrous additions. [1]

At Castagnolo I had full opportunity for studying Tuscan agriculture, as our landlord, Marchese Della Stufa, was obliged to be a great part of the year in Rome in attendance on the King, and often wrote to me about the farms. The knowledge I gained was useful afterwards when we bought a place. One year I superintended the making of oil. At

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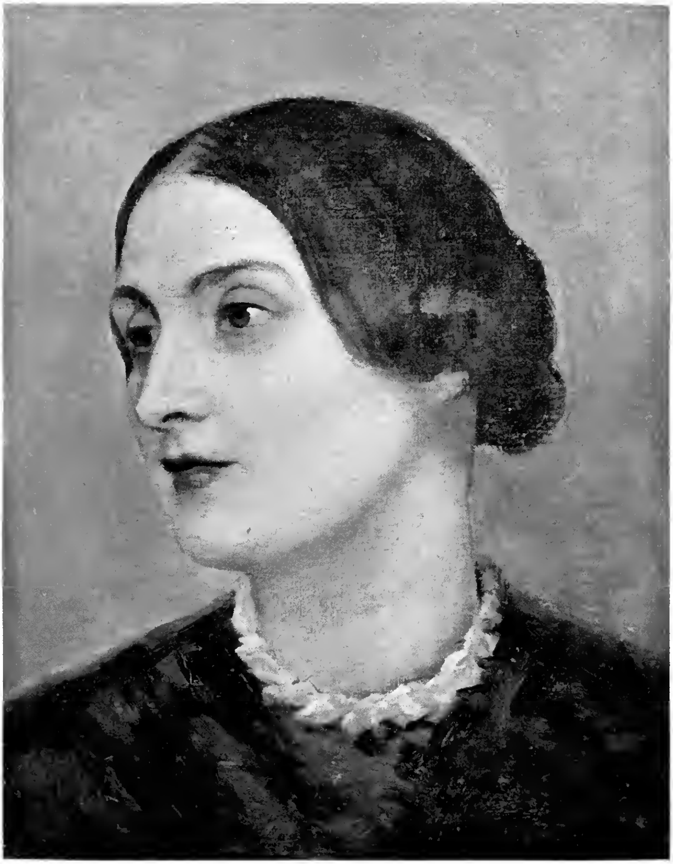
[1] Sir W. Armstrong was kind enough to send me a good photograph for this book. If the reader will hide the frill, and sloping shoulders—so unlike Mrs. Norton's—with a piece of paper, he will see how far finer the head looks.



THE HON. MRS NORTON
By G. F. Watts.

last the peasants had become alive to the necessity of carefully gathering the olives and not mixing them with those that had fallen to the ground and been bruised. In former times oil was simply oil, but the difference in price between first and second class oil had become universally known and was felt to be worth taking trouble for. As the olives are picked in November and December there is none of the out-of-door jollity which accompanies the reaping in June, or the vintage in September. A cold north wind does not tempt anyone to sing or to sit about; sometimes the men have to come down from off the ladders to stamp about and blow on their cold fingers. But in the evening when a big fire of brushwood and boughs is flaming on the hearth, friends and suitors come to eat *pan' unto*, toasted bread dipped in the freshly pressed out oil. The elders chat about the price of oxen and the prospects of next year's crops, the young men sing *stornelli* and pay court to the daughters of the house. My English notions were rather upset when, seeing that a certain Tonino was evidently in love with the second daughter of one of Della Stufa's peasants and she with him, I asked the *capoccio*, or head of the house, when they were to be married. "Oh, there's time, there's time, who knows," was the answer. "Tonino's sister must be married first and then he must get leave from his *padrone*, who may not allow Tonino to marry at all. He says when there are two women in a house it is like a fair, but when there are three it is hell. Tonino's elder brother has a wife, a good woman, but between ourselves she has a long tongue and a short temper."

The *mezzeria* or land tenure in Tuscany is peculiar, and a memory of its Roman origin still survives in the way peasants speak of themselves as the *gente* "gens" of their landlord. Some families have been for several hundred years on the land and have almost a feeling of absolute ownership. They pay no rent for their house, which the landlord keeps in repair, besides paying all the taxes and providing money for the purchase of cattle. If a beast dies the peasant and the proprietor share the loss, or the gain, if sold with a profit, and everything produced on the farm is divided between them.

People often ask how the proprietor can possibly be sure that he gets his fair share. If he has a decent *fattore*, or knows a little about what his *podere* ought to give, and if he treats his peasants well, he will not be cheated. As a rule the *contadini* are good fellows, and the knowledge that a man who is sent away for dishonesty would find it almost impossible to get another *podere*, and would sink to the far lower grade of a day labourer, is a great incentive to honesty. Every month the *capoccio*, or head of the family, comes to have his book written up by the *fattore* when the unfailing memory of these often quite unlettered peasants is seen—this experience has made me come to the conclusion that a knowledge of reading and writing enfeebles the memory. The word or signature of the *capoccio* binds his whole family, none of whom can marry or go out into the world without his consent, and that of the *padrone*. The eldest son succeeds his father as *capoccio* unless the landlord has reason to doubt his capacity, when he appoints an uncle or a younger brother. The *massaia*, or house-mother, is generally the mother or the wife of the head-man; she rules over the women and keeps the purse for their clothes, for salt and pepper, and sees that the girls work, save when there is much to do on the farm, a certain time every day for their dowry, at straw-plaiting, basket-making, etc. Courtship generally lasts some time, as the one object of a girl's ambition is to be able to say that she has a *damo* (a follower). Girls under sixteen are often engaged to lads of about the same age; this means waiting until he has served his three years in the army, which he enters at twenty. Every Saturday evening the *damo* visits his lady-love, unless she lives too far off, and on holidays. When the time has come the *capoccio* goes in his best clothes solemnly to ask whether his son, or nephew, is acceptable to the girl's family. This is a serious business; he tries to get as much as he can in the shape of dowry, the others to give as little as possible. When all is settled a *stimatore*, or valuer, is summoned, who draws up an inventory of the bride's possessions. The poorest girl is bound to bring with her a bed and sheets, a *cassone*, or marriage chest, now often represented by a prosaic chest-of-drawers, her body linen and two or three dresses ; also a *vezzo* of *scaramazzi*, several strings of irregular pearls ; or if her father is poor and she for some reason has been unable to earn much, one of dark red coral. The *vezzo* always represents one half of the dowry. The inventory is given to the *capoccio* of the bridegroom's family, for should he die without issue the widow has the right to claim the value of her dowry, and to leave the house. If there are children she may remain and look after them, but the *capoccio* is their sole guardian. For a week after the marriage the bride is expected to be up before sunrise, to light the fire and prepare coffee for the men before they go out to work, in order to show that she is a diligent housewife.

In the summer of 1879 I went to England while my husband took the baths at Aix les Bains. As usual I was for some time at Aldermaston, and met there Marianne North, a rare woman, simple, clever and humorous, very independent, and with a marvellous power of work, as her Gallery at Kew of flower paintings, done in every part of the globe, can testify. We made friends at once as she had known my mother as a girl, and said I was sometimes so like her in voice and manner that it made her feel young again. Miss North was also an admirable musician and liked to hear me sing Italian popular songs to the guitar. I stayed with her in London afterwards at the top of so high a building in Victoria Street that it made one very careful not to forget purse or pocket-handkerchief before going out. The flat was full of wonderful and beautiful things she had collected during her wanderings, the most charming to me was an opossum mouse, " Sir Henry," which became so fond of me that I think his mistress was almost jealous. We went to her Gallery at Kew one day, which was not finished, though some of her paintings were already fixed on the walls. There we found a large party of working-men standing round Miss Raincock, an artist who lived in Rome, and listening while she read out what had been written of the catalogue. They were much interested and wanted to know if " all those things were done by hand." In September Miss North came to Castagnolo to see the vintage and made sketches of the different kinds of grapes. My husband and she were happy together over his orchids, of which he was beginning to have a fine collection, and she encouraged me in my attempts to paint them for him.

The year 1880 will always remain in my memory as peculiarly sad. We went to London for a short time to stay with Mr. Steel, and a few days after our arrival I heard that the friend of all my life, dear Tom Taylor, was dangerously ill. I took a hansom and drove down to Clapham, but alas was too late to see him alive. A more generous, large-hearted, kind man never breathed. The number of struggling young artists and writers to whom he gave encouragement and help of every sort was never known, not even by his wife; all done so simply and with such a cheery smile, as though it cost him nothing. Often I joined Laura in begging him not to work so hard for others—to take some rest. He was unable to refuse. How much sunshine went out of the life of those who loved him on that fatal 12th July. One could no longer say, with a certainty of receiving excellent advice: "I'll ask Tom."

When we returned to Italy I found time hang rather heavy on my hands and began what I now see was perhaps an impudent undertaking. My French friends had often deplored that my mother's Egyptian letters were a sealed book to them. Little realizing the extreme difficulty of translating her terse, picturesque style into a foreign language, I determined to do them into French. St. Hilaire encouraged me, promised to correct the proofs and to submit them to M. Thiers. Dear old man—the alterations he made in my French, which sadly needed revising, were small, but he Frenchified the English names. My mother became Lady Lucie, or Lady Duff, my father Sir Duff. 92 Fahrenheit, for some unaccountable reason, was altered to 92 Wedgwood, *et ainsi de suite*. As the proofs went straight from him to M. Hetzel, I only knew what had happened when copies of the book were sent to me, and it was too late to do anything. In the following letter he acknowledges the last batch of proofs and my condolences for being again in office.

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, *Décembre* 12, 1880.

Ministère des Affaires Étrangères.

"Ma chère Janet,

J'ai reçu votre lettre du 9 ce matin avec les dernières épreuves, je les lirais avec plaisir.

Vous me connaissez assez pour juger fort bien que c'est malgré moi que je suis au poste que j'occupe. A tout âge, j'ai préféré rester avec Aristote ; mais à mesure que les années s'accumulent, le tête-à-tête devient de plus en plus nécessaire ; 'la peau de chagrin' se rétrécit avec une incroyable rapidité ; les années s'envolent ; et les pauvres volumes qui me restent encore à terminer m'attendent vainement. Mais par bonheur, les Cabinets ne sont pas éternels.

Madame Thiers est morte hier soir après de longues souffrances ; il y avait plus de deux mois qu'elle ne pouvait pas quitter le lit. Pour elle c'est une vraie délivrance. Sa sœur va rester seule de toute la famille, elle était la plus jeune. Mais la fin des choses humaines est toujours bien triste. La seule consolation, c'est que soi même on doit aussi finir.

Mais je ne veux pas attrister votre jeunesse.

Agréez, ma chère Janet, tous mes vœux pour votre santé.

Votre bien dévoué

B. St. Hilaire."

Having begun to write I bethought myself of Kinglake's advice and wrote, not a book, but several articles on the vintage, Tuscan country life, etc., which were published in Macmillan's magazine. I then suggested to my old friend Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Grove a book on Virgil and Tuscan agriculture. He answered :—

George Grove to Janet Ross.

29 Bedford Street, London, *August* 12, 1881.

"My dear Tuscan Farmer,

Your idea is a very pretty one. I have consulted the gods upon it and they shake their heads at the volume as a book. But perhaps you mean an article? If so, I am your man for ten pages. I send you a prose translation of Virgil of which the Firm begs your acceptance and a little book of notes on the second Georgic. I am sure you will do it well, and if you feel inclined to favour the Magazine I am (as I said) your man, but *that* I am always, as you know.

G. Grove."

This is the last day of my sixty-first year. Alas! Alas! How little done—how much left undone.

CHAPTER XIII

THE year 1882 is firmly fixed in my memory because at Aldermaston I made the acquaintance of John Addington Symonds. The train from London was late and I had only just time to dress and hurry down to dinner. There were several country neighbours in addition to the guests staying in the house, but I was so busy talking to Mr. Burr that I paid small attention to the people at the other end of the table. After dinner *Stornelli* were demanded and rather unwillingly I went to fetch my guitar, for it is uphill work to sing Tuscan folk-songs to an audience which does not understand a word you are saying. My guitar seemed to get flatter and flatter, and my singing more Britannic as I looked at the unresponsive faces, when a voice behind me exclaimed *bene*, *brava*. I turned round and Mrs. Burr introduced Mr. Symonds. Love of Italy and of Italian peasant songs was the first bond between us, which soon grew on my side to the keenest admiration for the frail, delicate man whose indomitable power of will and brain conquered bodily weakness and suffering which would have prostrated anyone else. How he ever got through the amount of work he accomplished I never understood: it can only be accounted for by his omnivorous reading and his excellent memory. Few Italians knew the literature of their country as he did. No obscure poet or old chronicler could be mentioned (sometimes with a malicious hope of puzzling him) that he did not know all about. Of his classical knowledge I am not competent to speak, but his daughter once told me of the arrival of Jowett, the Master of Balliol, at Davos, with two bags, one big, the other small. The big one contained the Master's translation of Plato, over which long evenings were spent in grave discussions about obscure passages, of some of which Jowett accepted his former pupil's reading. Symonds' brilliant conversation and great charm of manner are impossible to describe; his talk was like fireworks, swift and dazzling, and he had a wonderful gift of sympathy—even with the fads and foibles of others. No struggling young writer ever appealed to him in vain, both his brains and his purse were at his service.

While at Aldermaston Symonds said I ought to publish some of the Italian popular songs. I told him that though I had a very good ear and could pick up a tune easily I knew nothing about music, not even the names of the notes on the guitar, but I promised to try. So later with some difficulty I picked out the airs on the piano and sent them to Laura Taylor. There were many mistakes, in what to her amusement I called crosses and b's (sharps and flats), which she corrected. When the small collections of *Canzone* and *Rispetti* were published I sent them to Symonds, telling him his favourite *Rispetto*, "The Swallow," was not among them, as the words were so hard to put into English. An old man who went about the country selling boot and stay laces used to sing it and said he had learned it from his grandmother. Symonds offered to translate the words, and I sent them to Davos. Here are his admirable English versions of the *Rispetti*, and of a very fine patriotic song I picked up from a gondolier in Venice:—

John Addington Symonds to Janet Ross.

Am Hof. Davos Platz, Switzerland, *July* 14, 1883.

"O swallow, swallow, with the sea beneath thee,
How fair thy feathers shine, how free they hover.
Give me one feather from thy wings, I prithee;
Fain would I write a letter to my lover.
And when I've written it and made it charming,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow darling:
And when I've written it and gilt it over,
I'll give thee back thy feather, sweet sea-rover.

O love, you pass, singing, while night is sleeping,
I, wretched I, lie in my bed and listen;
I to my mother turn my shoulders, weeping;
Blood are the tears that on my pillow glisten.
Beyond the bed I've set a broad stream flowing;
With so much weeping I am sightless growing:
Beyond the bed I've made a flowing river;
With so much weeping I am blind for ever.

Dear Mrs. Ross,

The above are translations of the two Rispetti you sent me. I have made them into *double rhymes* because I thought they would suit the rhythm of the melodies better thus. If you would like them with single rhymes, I could send you much closer versions. But if I could only hear you *sing*, I could make the English words far more impassioned and far simpler. Alas, alas! And here let me say that it is truly a great pleasure to me to turn these things into English. If I can at all do them to your liking, please send me as many as you want, you will find me ready; for nothing touches me so deeply as these Tuscan *Volks lieder*, and the memory of their music; a memory with which, I need not say, *you* are indissolubly connected. . . . If I could have *heard* the printed music you sent me last March, should I not have written to you about it? *Should I not?* But who could make me hear it but yourself? You sent me a dish of Tantalus—for which indeed I thank you—but which I most yearningly must put by. I keep and treasure it, till someone comes. What will a piano do? There is only a piano here. And no voice, and no Italian. I am ill, and writing on a sofa. So excuse my feverish style. Do not forget me. Ever yours,

J. A. Symonds."

John Addington Symonds to Janet Ross.

Am Hof. Davos Platz, *November* 19, 1883.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

I am ashamed to think how long it is since I received your letter with the Prayer of Venice to her King, a truly heart-stirring patriotic song, as you rightly call it.

I enclose now such a version of it as I could make by keeping as close as I could to the rhythm, quality of rhymes and feeling of the original. I don't know whether you want to sing the translation. If so, I might have done better perhaps had I known the metre. . . . I am always at your disposal for translations. It is a pleasure to try one's best at such beautiful and spirited compositions.

Thousands of gondolas swept o'er my waters
When I gave troth to the sea that was mine :
Now are they few—sad and lone as my daughters,
Dark as the gaol where in fetters I pine.
    King, break my chains, give back freedom to me.
    Then, not till then, shall Italia be free.

Once on my towers in the pride of its bravery
Waved the great tricolor standard on high :
Now like the badge of my bondage and slavery
Floats the loathed yellow and black to the sky.
    King, give me back, give my banner to me.
    Then, not till then, shall Italia be free.

Guarding the book of my Saint in his glory,
Roared my brave lion through ages of pride :
Hushed on the waves is that voice, and my story
Sinks into naught while he dreams by the tide.
    King, from his sleep wake my lion for me.
    Then, not till then, shall Italia be free.

Believe me, always very sincerely yours,

John Addington Symonds."

One day in the late autumn of 1883 I met in Florence an old friend of my childhood, Sir James Lacaita, whom I had hardly seen since the days when his name was such a puzzle to me that I always called him Latata. He came several times to Castagnolo, and happened to be there on one of the evenings when the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess May and Prince Alexander, did us the honour of dining with us. Our dear old friend Mr. Peter Wells, who, like everyone who knew the Duchess, admired and loved her, was also of the party. Few women possessed the charm of the Duchess of Teck, she took interest in everybody and everything, and her ringing laugh when I reminded her of our collision at Orleans House years before would have made even a misanthrope smile. She sang some old German *Studenten lieder* with wonderful verve and go in a remarkably sweet voice and looked so handsome that I could hardly take my eyes off her. Many women look ugly when they sing, make grimaces, and give one the feeling that the exertion is too much for them. The Duke, still a very good-looking man, was very agreeable. He fell in love with my cockatoo, which quite appreciated his attentions and was, as he said, most condescending. The young Princess was a remarkably attractive girl, rather silent, but with a look of quiet determination mixed with kindliness which augured well for the future. Prince Alexander, then a small boy, got very tired as the evening wore on—curled himself up in a corner of a sofa and went fast asleep. I longed to put him comfortably to bed.

Sir James Lacaita was on the way to Leucaspide, his Apulian estate near Taranto, and asked us to go there in March and see what Magna Grecia was like, warning us that we should have to rough it. Our Tuscan friends were much excited and rather alarmed at our daring to go to such an unknown region as Apulia. I was advised by several people to leave my earrings and gold watch at home—"those *Meridionali* are all thieves and robbers, you may very likely be captured by brigands and murdered. It is a dangerous expedition on which you are bound." Few of them knew where Apulia was—"somewhere below Naples, and the Neapolitans are a bad lot." The North Italians hardly regard them as fellow-countrymen; indeed, when speaking of themselves Italians generally tell you they are Lombards, Venetians, Piedmontese, Tuscans, etc.

When on arriving at Massafra late in the evening we were met at the station by Lacaita's handsome guard with a big pistol stuck in his belt and a gun slung over his shoulder, who trotted by our side to Leucaspide, I wondered whether all the tales I had heard might not have some foundation. The moon was brilliant, and the huge olive trees, weird and fantastic in shape, looked as if they could harbour an army of brigands. But all such foolish imaginings vanished when we turned off the high road and saw a long row of arches in the distance on rising ground, lit up here and there with lamps. As we approached we were greeted with a carillon, cow-bells, sheep-bells, hand-bells—every inhabitant was armed with a bell.

No wonder Sir James loved his *bel paese*. Save the desert, no place ever attracted me so much; there was the same sense of immense space, with the addition of wonderful vegetation. Hedges of rosemary in full flower, lentisk, myrtle, gumcistus both pink and white, and, most charming of all, the exquisite *morea fugax*, the small iris, so abundant in places that it is like a bit of the sky lying on the ground. It is almost as good as a watch, for the flowers open at midday and fade with the setting sun; but as there are many buds on the slender stem it lasts for days in beauty. Squills are a pest to all save the snails; at a little distance the large green leaves look as though they had smallpox owing to the quantities of small whitish snails clustering about them; while the tall asphodel at the foot of the olive trees, weird and graceful as they bent to the sea breeze, gave out a strange, pungent odour unlike anything else. We were never tired of looking down from the *loggia*, or arcade, which ran all along the south-west front of the *Impostura*, as Sir James laughingly called Leucaspide, so imposing in its dazzling whiteness from a little distance, and giving itself the airs of a large palazzo. From the garden below came the scent of lemon and orange trees, laden with fruit and thick with blossom, of Parma violets and of stocks. Then some six miles of olive trees, looking grey against the young corn beneath them, with here and there a caroub tree, its bright green leaves glistening as though oiled, and then the Ionian sea with the snow-capped Basilicata Mountains on the further shore. To the south lay Taranto, white as snow in the sunshine, and the islands of S. Pietro and S. Paolo (the

Chœrade) floating on the milky sea near by. Far, far away were the rugged peaks of the mountains of Calabria. My head reeled as our dear host pointed out where Metaponto lay, and talked about Hercules, Alybas and Metabos, as though they had been his grandfather's friends, about Heracleia and Crotona, as though they had been destroyed last year, and for a brief space I felt quite a learned person. Horace and Virgil were so often quoted and talked about that I changed the baby-name by which I had always called Sir James into "Old Œbalian." He adopted it at once and always signed letters to me "your affectionate Old Œbalian."

Close behind the house is the *gravina*, or ravine, of Leucaspide. The precipitous rocks, clothed with rosemary, gumcistus, and lentisk, just coming into bloom and making crimson patches under the wild pear trees and Aleppo pines, descend almost perpendicularly about four or five hundred feet. With difficulty we climbed down some sixty feet to a ledge in front of a cavern which runs far underground. It branched off into two arms leading into large lofty halls round which seats, or couches, were cut in the rock. Owls and bats resented our intrusion and sometimes put out our candles and flew against us. The *gravina* runs down towards the sea, gradually becoming broader and broader until it loses itself in the swampy seashore.

Masserie, farm-houses, to the larger of which the country-house of the owner is generally attached, are few and far between in Apulia, and there are no cottages, for all field labour is done by gangs of men and women from the small towns, who often have to walk several miles to their work. These towns are all built on the hills some way from the coast, along which still stand the round watch-towers for signalling the approach of the dreaded corsairs. It seems incredible that until Lord Exmouth destroyed their power by the bombardment of Algiers in 1816, women, young boys, and girls were carried off by these Algerian pirates, and that no woman dared go near the seashore on that Apulian coast. Brigandage was rife till in 1862 a regular battle was fought near Taranto, when twenty-six brigands were killed, and eleven shot next day in the market-place. After that the Tarentine gentlemen could visit their *masserie* without the fear of being held up for ransom, or having to take a party of armed men to protect them.

We were often reminded of Egypt in Apulia. We noticed a short-handled, very bent hoe, rather like the one used in Egypt, while earth and stones were carried on the shoulder in small rush baskets, each holding about twelve handfuls, exactly as do the *fellahs*. It was curious to see the oxen return at sundown with their ploughs tied on their horns, and the shafts, which were slender bent boughs of olive or ilex, trailing on either side. The small coulter, roughly shaped with a hatchet, only scratches the soil when the man leans on a stick which he puts in a hole on the upper part. The lithe figures, brilliant teeth, dark complexions and rather blue tinge of the white of the eyes of the people near Taranto told plainly of Saracen blood.

I made friends with the shepherd lad, who must have walked many miles every day after his sheep—black creatures with bright yellow eyes like topazes—as it is supposed to be good for their health to keep them always trotting. Dressed in a goatskin waistcoat and trousers made all in one with the hair inside, and a dark brown jacket woven from the fleeces of his flock, he would grin from ear to ear when we met. *Salute* was his greeting, *state vi ben* (keep well) his good-bye. He played melancholy tunes on a reed pipe and was immensely amused when with some difficulty I made him understand that I wanted to learn how to play it. He poured out a torrent of incomprehensible *patois*, shouting ever louder when I did not understand, and then placed my fingers on the holes and blew into the mouthpiece. The result was not harmonious, and he exclaimed *Ma tu non sacce* (but thou dost not know how). Then he awoke to the fact that some of his sheep were in the corn, seized a few stones and with unerring aim hit the truants on the nose, who jumped high into the air. Promising to come later and continue the lesson he disappeared down into the *gravina*. Somehow I never mastered the intricacies of the pipe of Pan, but from one of the *tranier* (carters) I learnt to play the *ghitarra battente*, wildest and most inspiriting of instruments, unknown out of Southern Italy.

Our advent at Leucaspide caused a good deal of curiosity, as travellers, particularly women, were very rarely seen. From the *loggia* we used to watch a line of dust rising rapidly on the high road from Taranto and knew that visitors were coming. A Tarantine visit is no joke. Men and women sat and sat, sipped coffee, smiled indulgently when I admired the *gravina* and the flowers and showed little bits of Magnia Grecian pottery I had picked up. Did we not find it rather dull out in the country? Perhaps though, like Sir James, we were fond of reading. When dinner was announced our visitors, having dined early, sat in a row behind us, generally talking to each other. At first it was rather trying, but one got used to feed like beasts in a zoological garden. A visit in Apulia lasts from three to five hours, sometimes more, and one gets to the end of one's small talk long before the people go. One evening Sir James announced that the Archbishop of Taranto was coming to dinner next day, having heard that an *illustre scrittrice* was staying with him. "That means Monsignore will arrive about eleven and go away late at night; Ross, you had better go a long walk and botanize, and leave Janet to tackle the clergy." Unfortunately our dear host woke with bronchitis, so Mr. Ross and I sat on the *loggia* and talked with the Archbishop, a cultivated, agreeable and charming man, and with his Vicario, Monsignor Rossi, a jovial and musical man who played a *tarantella* with great go, claimed cousinship with us and declared that in future he would write his name without the final "i," and three priests who accompanied him, until lunch was ready. My husband then disappeared, and I wondered what I could do to amuse our guests when I thought of the *siesta*. "Monsignore looks fatigued with the long and dusty drive," said I, "and repose is good for both body and soul." He acquiesced, so I shut him up in one room, my new-found cousin in another, the three priests in a third, and went to tell Sir James what I had done, and ask his leave to make the Archbishop and the Vicario plant trees, as a way to keep them occupied. He was delighted with my idea, the *guardia* was summoned and told to prepare two holes at some distance from each other, and two young olive trees with good roots. When my flock emerged, still looking sleepy, I said to the Archbishop, with my sweetest smile, that the Senator begged that he and Monsignor Rossi would do him the honour to plant a tree each. "You know all illustrious persons, princes, dukes, statesmen, etc., who come here plant a tree according to our English custom, and who is there more illustrious than yourself at Taranto ?" Vit' Anton, the *guardia*, quite understood that I wanted to prolong the ceremony and had made the hole for the Archbishop's tree at some distance from the house. I don't think Monsignore was used to walk, as he got very hot, but performed the planting like a man. I asked him to bless the tree, and we all knelt down, while he blessed not only the olive tree, but the *masseria* and its inhabitants, including the foreign guests. The hole for Monsignor Rossi's tree had been made in a new little garden where stone had been excavated for building some ten feet deep, a good place for orange trees because the sea wind cannot burn the bloom. Vit' Anton proposed to fetch a ladder, but the agile little Vicario picked up his long skirts and jumped down, disclosing brand new black and white plaid trousers. "How well you jump," I exclaimed, "and what fine trousers those are, quite the latest fashion." "Eh!" he answered; "surely we of the Church may be allowed a little vanity." I saw the Archbishop looked rather grave, so proposed to go indoors and see whether Sir James had appeared. After dinner the cards for our usual game of *scopa* were laid out (a South Italian game with peculiar cards), when the Archbishop said he never touched cards and did not allow them in his house. How to amuse him and prevent Sir James from talking too much was a serious question. Suddenly I remembered that a halma-board had been put into my box, and with some solemnity I produced it and said to Monsignore: "This is a new game from England; it might, I am sure, be played even by the Holy Father, as I am informed our Queen patronizes it." "Ah! if such an admirable and respectable lady plays your game I am certain it must be innocent and also interesting," answered Monsignore. Halma was an immense success. I taught it to the Archbishop and to my "cousin," while the three minor priests sat round gazing with rapt attention and applauding, particularly when the Archbishop won. At last the clock struck ten and our visitors rose to take leave, when I begged Monsignore to accept the game of Halma as a souvenir of a happy evening. I heard long afterwards that Halma was still a favourite at the archbishopric in Taranto.

The shepherd had told me a wonderful tale about an ox which long, long ago disappeared from the herd, and after days of searching was found in a small *gravina*, kneeling inside a rock-hewn chapel before a picture of Our Lady. "It is true," he said, "my grandfather told me; besides, the *gravina* is called *Mater Gratia*." So my husband and I sallied forth to find the place and failed. Next day a man showed us the way. Pushing through a tangle of rosemary, asphodel and long trails of ivy, we got into the wild dell in which is a good-sized church with twelve or more columns standing in front, as if the architect had intended to make it larger. We wished he had been carried off by brigands before partly destroying and cutting into the ancient rock-hewn chapel, where there are still traces of painting on what remains of the roof and walls. Once a year people go on pilgrimage to the sanctuary of *Mater Gratia*. The doors of the church and of the house attached, which is falling to ruin, stood wide open; a white cloth and half-consumed candles in brass candlesticks and a brass plate were on the altar, which seemed to me to speak well for the honesty of the Apulians. The little garden, which had been walled round, was a wilderness, a few kitchen herbs and some rose bushes showed that it had once been cared for. The only living creatures were big green lizards, and a hawk hovering high above; altogether the place was decidedly uncanny. Opposite the church was a large cavern cut out of the rock, divided into three compartments, and a deepish cistern for rain-water, out of which I fished a pretty chestnut and green frog.

On Good Friday, the 11th April, we drove to Taranto to see the procession of the *Misteri*, as the life-size statues made of wood or of *papier-mâché* are called. The crowd was great in the narrow streets, but most good-humouredly anxious that "the foreigners" should stand in front and see well, and when I asked a question six or seven people answered all together. The Tarantine dialect is difficult enough to understand when spoken slowly and distinctly by one person, so I often had to ask again, and then everybody near shouted the answer and we all laughed. The municipal band came first playing a funeral march, followed by a large black flag and two barefooted men with long white staves in their hands. They represented the Apostles and belonged to the Confraternity of the *Carmeliti*. The first *Mistero*, a platform on which were the instruments of the Passion, was carried by four brothers of the *Addolorati*, in white cotton robes with bare legs and feet. The second was a statue of Christ kneeling, with extended arms and uplifted face. Above Him hovered a small winged angel with a golden cup in one hand. Two more Apostles walked between the second and the third *Mistero*, which was really horrible. A realistic representation of Our Lord tied to a pillar—emaciated, livid, and bleeding. The men who carried this and the following figures wore crowns of thorns, as did the bearers' attendants, dressed in their best clothes and each carrying a strong, short staff, with an iron crescent on the top, to rest the poles of the platforms upon. The weight of these was evidently great, the men staggered as they went along, and their shoulders suffered, for they borrowed handkerchiefs from friends in the crowd to bind round the ends of the poles. The fourth *Mistero* was a figure of Our Lord, crowned with thorns, in a long red robe and with tied hands. Then came the crucifix, which was so heavy that it required ten bearers. Some of the women near us showed signs of emotion and the men bared their heads as a large bier, borne by twenty or more men, came in sight. On a black velvet pall lay the effigy of Christ, covered with a fine muslin veil embroidered with gold rosettes. An Apostle walked at each corner and a *Cavaliere di Cristo*, a Tarantine nobleman in full dress, bareheaded and without boots, walked on either side. They looked absurdly modern and rather ashamed of themselves. The procession ended with a figure of the Virgin Mary in a black silk dress, holding a heart pierced with an arrow in one hand and an embroidered handkerchief in the other. She was attended by the last two Apostles and a crowd of clergy.

I was told that the privilege of carrying the *Misteri* was eagerly contested at auction and that prices ranged from forty to fifty francs. This seemed to me a large price to pay for having a bruised shoulder for some weeks. Every church in Taranto had its own Confraternity who jealously watch in order to obtain the honour of supplying the Apostles, who must never leave their places by the side of the *Misteri*, and start and arrange the whole procession. The *Addolorati* were in possession till six years before our visit, when during a violent storm of hail four of the poor bare-legged Apostles took refuge in a *café*. The Carmelites rushed in, took their places and have held the privilege for their church ever since. Some small boys who pushed against me got well scolded, and when one of them declared he had done so in order to find out whether I was a man (I wore a felt hat), he got his ears boxed to teach him the difference " between a man and a princess." The fisherman who thus defended me said: " You must forgive this fool, he is ignorant. Anyone with knowledge of the world can see at once that you and your companion are people of the highest distinction; besides, you come from *il Commendatore*." When people in that part of Apulia talked of *Il Commendatore*, one knew they meant Sir James; there were hundreds of *Commendatore* about, but he was *the* one. Popular and highly respected, friends of his were sure of a welcome from high and low wherever they went. Being with him was a liberal education. His memory was unfailing, he had read much, and he had known almost everyone worth knowing during a long life. To all this was joined a kind heart, a genial manner, a remarkable insight into character, and a strong sense of fun and humour, which made him the most delightful of companions.

On our return to Castagnolo I found everyone busy with silkworms. The price of cocoons had been so high the year before that the *fattore* had bought double the quantity of eggs; they had hatched out well and all available rooms were full of *castelli.* A *castello* consists of four square pilasters of wood, six feet high, with holes punched through them all the way up about eight inches apart. Movable pegs, fitted into the holes, support pairs of poles on which are laid the *stoje*, or mats, made of canes, which are seven feet long by five feet wide. The brief life of a silkworm is passed in eating for a week and then sleeping for twenty-four hours. This he repeats four times. After each sleep he wriggles his head about in an aimless way, rubs his mouth against the stem of a leaf, and with his two front legs and after great efforts, tears the sheath off his head and eyes in one piece. Then he rests and looks aimlessly about till he begins to creep out of the old skin which had become too tight, and leaves it behind him like a wrinkled old bag. After the last sleep, *la grossa* (the big one), of thirty-six hours, the worms wake so hungry that they must be fed every four hours both night and day. Now is the critical time, as they are very sensitive to atmospheric changes; cold north winds stop their eating and a thunderstorm may kill them. The evil eye is also a dreaded enemy. Roses are generally stuck here and there into the edge of the *stoje*, "because the worms like the smell" you will be told, but really it is to attract notice off the worms, and strangers are requested to throw them a handful of mulberry leaves "against the evil eye." The first worm which shows a desire to spin is put upon a small branch of olive blessed by the priest. The amount of mulberry leaves which are consumed is incredible, and the poor trees in the plain look most woebegone stretching their bare boughs and twigs up to the sky as though to protest against being stripped bare.

The cocoons, packed in large baskets, started for Pescia at night in order to get there early the next morning, for as the old *fattore* said: *Chi è primo al mulino, primo macina* (Who is first at the mill has his corn ground first). He was in his element, encouraging or gibing at the men in old proverbs. To one who was slow in loading he remarked : *Il mondo è de' solleciti* (The world belongs to the quick ones) ; to another : *Chi dorme non piglia pesci* (He who sleeps catches no fish).

Part of the summer of 1884 I spent in a very different country. By the death of a cousin my brother succeeded to Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, and I stayed there for some weeks. From Edinburgh I went to Leith, as the boat for Aberdeen left very early in the morning. Never shall I forget that night. There had been a fair and everybody was drunk. My Italian maid was so alarmed by the shouts and screams in the hotel that she begged to be allowed to stay in my room, and we neither of us slept. At four in the morning we left, accompanied by a small boy, the only sober person we could find, to show us the way to the pier. Shortly after our start the steamer was enveloped in a dense fog ; we slowed down and at last stopped altogether, sirens, hooters and whistles making the most unearthly noises all round us. " What a terrible country," exclaimed poor Maria ; " we shall certainly be killed." At last we arrived at Aberdeen many hours late, too late for the last train to Fyvie. In despair I went to the station-master, a civil, helpful man, who said an excursion train was just starting, and that he would order it to stop at Fyvie for me. For some reason this exasperated the excursionists, who greeted me with a storm of hisses, groans and curses, as I got out of the train. I began to think I had better have stayed in Italy, but the sight of the towers and turrets of the castle reminded me of some old French châteaux and my spirits rose. I had heard so much of the various traditions connected with Fyvie that I was keen to see the place and hoped to meet the famous Green Lady, with her fair hair and ropes of pearls, some night on the great staircase. The weeping stone, which occasionally glistens as though with tears, and half fills the basin in which it is kept with water, attracted me because of the prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer :—

"Fyvyn's riggs and towers,
Hapless shall ye mesdames be,
When ye shall hae within yr. methes [boundary stones]
Frae harryit kirks lands, stanes three;
Ane in the oldest tower
Ane in my ladie's bower
And ane below the water-yett,
And it ye shall never get."

This is supposed to refer to a curse on the Fyvie estate, part of which once belonged to the Church, that no heir will be born in the castle and that it will not descend in a straight line until the three weeping stones are found. But the object of my ambition was to open the secret chamber. Tradition affirms that it contains great treasure, but that the first person who breaks through the massive walls will fall dead, while the wife of the laird who orders search to be made will go blind. The common people firmly believe that the "black vomit," or plague, is imprisoned in the dungeons, and no Fyvie man would lend a hand with crowbar or spade for any sum of money. I had half persuaded my brother to let me try, but his wife was so strongly against it that reluctantly I had to give up the idea. It was known to be under the muniment-room which is on the first floor in the Meldrum tower. In this delightful room, panelled in carved oak with the monogram of Chancellor Dumferline twice repeated, and the arms of the Gordons on the vaulted stone ceiling, I passed many hours looking through the mass of charters. A huge fireproof cupboard with a heavy iron door excited my curiosity, the key of which was found after much search. This opened into two large recesses, and in the ceiling of the one to the right I saw remains of steps which had been broken away. These probably led down into the secret chamber, which some suggested was in communication with an underground passage to the little river Ythan close by. But I could not see what use there could be in getting to the shallow Ythan in times of danger. The great depth of wall in which the iron safe or cupboard stands exists also on the second floor where the Gordon bedroom (made hideous by being hung with Gordon tartan) and dressing-room are. The latter is above the muniment-room, and in the passage between it and the bedroom the panelling sounds hollow on the western side. This room has an evil reputation. People tell of strange noises; some even declare that they have been awakened by a cold hand on their forehead, and as they started up heard hurried footsteps and stifled shrieks. During the last illness of my cousin, Captain Gordon, he was moved from the Gordon room into one near by; partly because it was more cheerful, partly because of the tradition that every laird who died at Fyvie must die in the Gordon room. Mrs. Gordon was called away for a few minutes, and on returning, to her terror, found bed and room empty. She called, servants came running, and the laird was found in a fainting condition in the fateful room. When he recovered consciousness he told his wife that as she left the room the Green Lady glided in and beckoned to him. Feeling forced to obey her he staggered out of bed and along the corridor, and followed her into the Gordon room which seemed to be lit up by her presence. As she vanished the room became dark. Poor Captain Gordon died shortly afterwards (1884). I did my best to meet the ghostly lady by lingering on the great spiral staircase at midnight, down which she is said to float trailing her green satin robes behind her. But I saw nothing, and only heard the squeaking of the vanes, which sadly needed oiling, on windy nights. I ought to add that I do not believe in ghosts.

In old days Fyvie Castle must have been an almost impregnable stronghold. The river Ythan defended it on two sides, and on the other a morass, not drained till 1770, barred approach. Its walls are from seven to eleven feet thick and one of its towers has seven stories. The place had a long history ere it came into the hands of the Gordons. In 1296 its lord, Reginald Le Cheyne, entertained Edward I of England during that King's hasty march through Aberdeenshire. Thereafter it became the property of the Crown, of the Lindesays, the Prestons, the Meldrums and the Setons. Additions to the castle, the Preston, the Meldrum and the Seton towers, mark the succession. The last-named was built by that Seton who was Chancellor under James VI, and created Earl of Dunfermline, as was the magnificent staircase twenty-four feet wide, which circles round a massive pillar or newel. The whole edifice shows traces of the influence of French architects and bears a marked resemblance to the Château de Montsabert on the Loire. All its towers, including the later Gordon tower, are turreted, and every turret is crowned by a rude sandstone figure. The one facing the old mill of Tifty is that of Andrew Lammie, the Trumpeter of Fyvie, whose sad story is told in a ballad which used to be acted at rustic meetings in Aberdeenshire. His love, Bonnie Annie, done to death by a cruel brother, lies in Fyvie churchyard. There are also buried the Gordons of Gight, the last of whom, Catherine, was the mother of Lord Byron. When Miss Gordon married the Hon. John Byron, a local bard wrote a prophetic ballad, the first verse of which runs :—

> " O whare are you gaeing, bonny Miss Gordon ?
> O whare are you gaeing, sae bonnie and braw ?
> Ye've married wi' Johnny Byron
> To squander the lands o' Gight awa'."

James, the fourth Earl of Dunfermline, who followed James II (VII of Scotland) to St. Germain, was outlawed and his estates were confiscated by Parliament in 1690. The Earl of Aberdeen bought them from the Crown in 1726 and they were settled on his third wife, Anne, daughter of the Duke of Gordon, and her children. From her third son, Alexander, one of the handsomest and tallest men of his day, we are descended. Often when riding in the picturesque Den I pictured to myself the scene when the Duke of Cumberland and his army marched through on his way north before the battle of Culloden. The widowed Countess was standing by the roadside with her little son and the Duke asked who she was. " I am the sister of Lord Lewis Gordon," was the proud reply. " I hope your boy may become as strong and valued a supporter of the House of Hanover as your brother is of the House of Stewart," he answered. The " Cock of the

North," as the Duke of Perth called Lord Lewis, stayed with his sister at Fyvie in December, 1745; he was the hero of the popular ballad beginning:

> "Oh send me Lewie Gordon hame
> And the lad I daurna name."

Though the park and the above-mentioned Den were beautiful, the country round Fyvie was ugly, and after the pleasant smiles and kindly greetings I was used to in Italy the people struck me as singularly hard and ill-mannered. They seemed to resent being wished good day, and I do not believe they knew how to smile. The weather was not pleasanter than the people, so I took refuge in the muniment-room and the library, and wrote a little account of Fyvie Castle and its lairds, of which one hundred copies were printed for private circulation.

On my way back to Italy I went with Mrs. Higford Burr to Aix-les-Bains, where she was to take the baths. At table d'hôte I sat next to a very attractive woman, and we began to talk. A man, evidently her husband, sitting by her, joined in, and I happened to mention acacia trees. With a funny little laugh which sounded rather supercilious he said he supposed I meant robinias. "I never heard of robinias," I replied; "I mean acacias, and, as I saw once in spring, their flowers here are of a delicate pink instead of white." "Pardon me, those are not acacias, they are robinias," he insisted. I answered by the monosyllable "Oh!" and that was the beginning of a lifelong friendship. Dr. E. Perceval Wright and his wife had both been injured in a carriage accident in Switzerland, which rendered him lame for life and caused her death a year or so after I met them at Aix-les-Bains. When I found out that he held the chair of botany at Trinity College, Dublin, I begged his pardon about the robinias, but in after years often made him cross by forgetting the proper name and calling them acacias. Though rather peppery and obstinate he was really the gentlest and kindest of men, as I discovered when a few days later I got an attack of bronchitis and he nursed me well again. He was a doctor as well as a botanist, and on my recovery told me I had better go back to Italy out of the damp of Aix-les-Bains. After his wife's death Dr. Wright never let a year pass without paying us a visit. He and my husband had not only a common interest in plants and flowers, but also in politics. Both were Radicals, and sometimes made me rather angry.

During the winter Carlo Orsi did a water-colour head of me, of which I sent a photograph to various friends, among others, to Sir Frederick Burton, who answered :—

Sir Frederick Burton to Janet Ross.

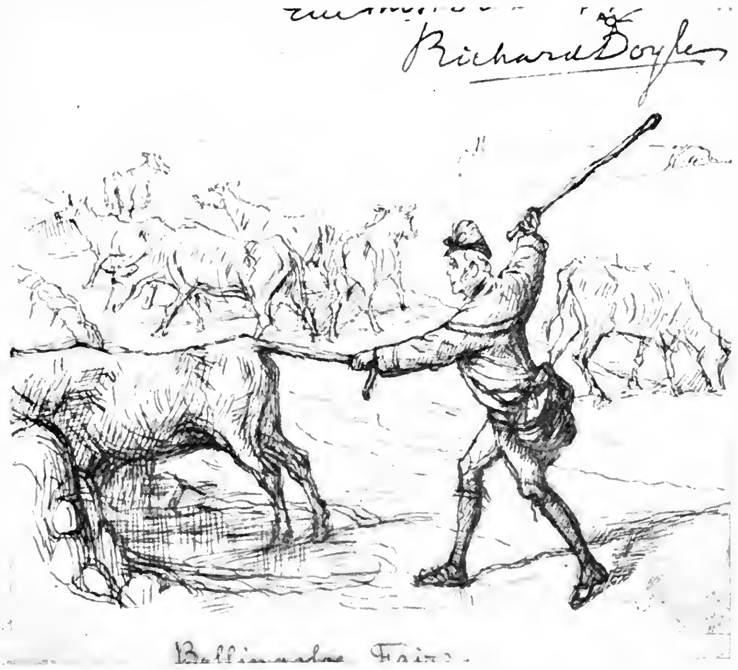
43 Argyll Road, Kensington, *January* 13, 1885.

" My dear Friend,

Accept all my kindest wishes for the New Year and for the future, and at the same time forgive me for leaving you so long without a word from me. I did, of course, receive 'your head'—not on a charger—but on a piece of paper, and was grateful to the warm-hearted owner who thought of sending it to me. If it is not all I could have wished, that is not her fault, but due to nature, who put something into the original that artists somehow don't seem to have the power to reproduce. It is like, no doubt—in a way—but not in the way that pleases me quite. In short, it is Janet, with the part of Janet left out. But I am glad to have it all the same. I can fill up the deficit from memory.

Is the blessed sun to be seen at Florence ? Here not at all. Oh ! the sickening black pall that excludes every ray of light, with just now and then a watery livid gleam of something the colour of a frost-bitten orange ; which, if it only lasted an hour or two, would be a welcome change.

Poor Dicky Doyle's works at the Grosvenor are delightful. Although to see them mingles pleasure with deep sadness for his loss. Never in any man's work did the genial spirit of the man himself more strongly reveal itself. Such true comedy, without one taint of cynicism. Such exuberant fancy without vulgarity. Such sympathy with his kind. And far more


Richard Doyle
Ballinasloe Fair.

THE MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE DRIVING HIS CATTLE TO BALLINSLOE FAIR.

By Richard Doyle.

than fancy; for I see true imagination in many of these drawings, as true as it is original. Kind regards to all.

Ever affectionately yours,
FREDERICK BURTON."

As soon as the little book about Fyvie Castle was printed I sent a copy to Eothen, and was heartily ashamed at the slip of my pen, which he laughs at in the following letter:—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

28 Hyde Park Place, Marble Arch, W.,
July 10, 1885.

"My dearest Janet,

Since Tuesday (when I heard from our friend Miss North of what, I fear, is only too true) I have been 'pitying myself,' as they say in the Cumberland country, for the privation inflicted upon me by the fate which prevents your coming to England this year, and now your kind present, *Fyvie Castle and Its Lairds*, invites me in the midst of my thanks to say how sorry I am—of course in the most selfish way—for the prospect of being left all this summer without that burst of new life which comes into my world at the sight of dear Janet and the sound of her voice.

I think your little record of Fyvie is capitally managed in all respects, and though necessarily dealing with pedigrees, is—to *me* at least—very attractive. The introduction of the Ballads was a very happy thought. They surround the old stones with human interests. Then, of course, your pure style of writing—your inherited style of which I have often spoken—gives perfectness of its kind to the volume. I see one word which, I suppose, must have grown to be right, since you use it—the word 'over' instead of 'more than' at the foot of p. 33. Is that accident, or do you really decree that (in obedience to the Americans and the newspapers) the word 'over' in this sense must at last be accepted?

My dear, dearest Janet,

Your affectionate
A. W. KINGLAKE."

For some time I had been thinking of making a selection for publication among letters my father had given me, chiefly to Mrs. Austin. Becoming interested in the work I determined to collect what information I could about the Taylors of Norwich, and my grandmother's and my mother's early life. I wrote to Henry Reeve, one of the few who could recollect my great-grandmother, Mrs. Taylor, and who knew my grandmother, Mrs. Austin, as a young woman. His answer is characteristic. It is the Great Henry with his chin stuck high in the air, extremely patronizing, crushing me with his superior knowledge and not offering me the help on which I rather counted. I ought, however, to add that afterwards my cousin, of whom I really was very fond, made ample amends for his snubbing by most generous praise of the book.

Henry Reeve to Janet Ross.

62 Rutland Gate, London, *January* 14, 1886.

" My dear Janet,

I should say your proposed work would be interesting if you had the necessary materials; but I am not aware that you have any knowledge of the life at St. George's—of the Whig and Presbyterian Party in Norfolk eighty years ago—of the Octagon Chapel—of Dr. Parr, Mr. Homes, Sir J. Macintosh, Mr. Windham, Basil Montague, and others of that date—or of the W. Taylors, the Traffords, the Smiths, the Houghtons, the Barbaulds, the Woodhouses, the Aldersons, Bishops, Bathursts, and other members of the Norwich society. Unless you have access to all this you can make nothing of the life of your great-grandmother.

I also think you know nothing of the life of the Austins in Queen Square, with the Mills and all that set, and Santa Rosa, S. Marsan and others who congregated there after 1821. Their life in South Bank you may be better acquainted with, for that brings the Bullers, Stirlings, Carlyles, Romilly and Tookes on to the scene, and Hayward. All this is essential.

You must recollect that these three Memoirs embrace about one hundred years of literary and social life, much of it in the provinces—indeed, it may be traced further back to the Commonwealth. The Taylor family and their forbears always belonged to the Presbyterian party, and I can myself remember that they disliked the Independents as much as the Tories. It requires to have lived among all these people and things to describe them.

Yours affectionately,

H. Reeve."

CHAPTER XIV

IN the early spring of 1886 I spent several weeks at Leucaspide in most excellent company. Mr. Theo Marzials, whose acquaintance I made in Florence, went with me and provided music and quaint humour. We found there Sir Charles Clifford, handsome, courteous, and learned, as became a Fellow of All Souls, who told anecdotes against our dear host Sir James, and my old friend Sir Charles Newton, who superintended the excavation of a tomb close to the house. With much solemnity, in a speech of which I understood nothing as it was in Greek, he presented me with the small terra-cotta jar which was the only thing that had been found. Hamilton Aïdé joined our party and made many sketches of the big olive trees and the old churches. He won the hearts of the Tarantine visitors by the charm of his manners and the elegance of his clothes. For years afterwards he was remembered as that Englishman who dressed in grey satin, because of a shiny grey waterproof coat he wore. Our expedition to Metaponto, where Newton wanted to see the ruins, I shall never forget. To catch the early train from Taranto we had to leave Leucaspide at four in the morning, very sleepy and some of us rather cross, as people are apt to be at that early hour. Sir James did not come, but being a director of the South Italian railways, armed me with a letter to the station-master at Metaponto requesting him to help us. We should never have got to the old temples without this. Across a very high two-wheeled cart without any springs, drawn by buffaloes, the kind man tied two planks, on which he put some cushions from a railway carriage. We climbed with some difficulty up the wheels, and then holding on as best we could, slowly jolted over the bare tract of land, often sinking deep in slush and tilting from one side to the other in alarming fashion. But the sight of the fifteen great columns, all that remains of the temple, repaid us. It was only spoiled by the high wall built round to prevent further destruction. Not far off stood another large temple, discovered and partially excavated by the Duc de Luynes in 1828. Buried in mud and slush, it serves as a quarry for the country round. Seeing part of a face lying in the water close to what seemed a green mound of firm earth, I jumped, went over my ankles in horrible black mud, but got a beautiful antefix. They all declared I was very silly, that I should have fever and probably die, etc. etc., all of which I attributed to jealousy. When we got back the station-master lent me a pair of shoes, and we had supper in the primitive restaurant while waiting for the luggage train to which a carriage was to be attached for us. We did not reach Taranto till midnight.

Some miles from Leucaspide on a hill-side is the village of Statte, to which we went to see the enormous cistern and the aqueduct which supplies Taranto with excellent water. Many of the inhabitants still live in the rock-cut houses of the ancient dwellers in Magna Grecia. To some an entrance porch had been built where the women sat spinning cotton, which is much grown about there, or weaving *felpa*, a sort of corduroy made of cotton. The larger caves, for that is what these houses are, contained three or even four rooms, shared with goats and fowls. A few of the families had bedsteads instead of sleeping on the old seats cut out of the rock by the ancient cave-dwellers. Tradition says the aqueduct was made by the wizard Virgil (for the great Latin poet has been transformed into a wizard in mediæval legend) when disputing with the witches for the dominion of Taranto. It is a wonderful work; a tunnel four feet high and two feet four inches wide runs through the rock for four miles, its course being marked here and there by air-holes. When it reaches the level ground the aqueduct is supported by two hundred and three arches of comparatively modern construction. In the night the witches found out what Virgil was doing and hastily began to build the aqueduct of Saturo, but dawn broke ere they had half finished, and when they heard the joyous shouts of the

Tarentines acclaiming Virgil and the clear, pure water flowing into the city, the witches fled shrieking to Benevento and left their aqueduct in ruins, as can be seen at the present day. Thanks to Virgil, Taranto is one of the few cities in Apulia that is well supplied with water. There are no rivers and but few springs in that thirsty land. In a dry summer at Foggia water costs more than wine; it is brought by train, and the station is besieged by people with pails, jugs, basins, and bottles, who buy it by the litre.

Before leaving Leucaspide we were all invited by Don Eugenio Arnò, Sir James's nephew, to come to Manduria. I had long wished to see the place where our dear host was born and began his education with the priest Don Michele Amoroso —such a delightful name. The padre's sister wove cotton corduroy and Sir James and his half-brother had to throw the shuttles. Good marks for learning depended on the amount of stuff woven in the day. We started very early by train for Oria, once an important city, through which passed the Via Appia leading from Tarentum to Brundusium. The castle, with a huge square tower and two tall round ones standing on the top of the highest of the two hills on which the town is built, is in outline rather like Windsor Castle. Surrounded by a double line of walls with forty-five smaller towers, it stood up proudly against the sky. An Orian friend of Don Eugenio met us at the station and was delighted at our admiration. He informed us that Oria was two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five years old, having been founded by the Cretans three generations before the siege of Troy. A generation might be calculated as thirty years; so as Troy was burnt nine hundred and seventeen years B.C., if you add ninety to nine hundred and seventeen years it was clear that the city was founded one thousand and seven years B.C. Turning to Sir Charles Clifford, who was evidently a good deal more than thirty, he added that many people thought a generation would be much more than thirty years, in which case the foundation of Oria was so ancient that it might be called fabulous. I afterwards found out that all his learning was taken from an old book *Della Fortuna di Oria*, printed in 1775, only our friend had added on one hundred and thirteen years to bring his calculation up to date.

A diligence on very tall wheels, painted bright yellow and with the motto *L'Invidia crepi e la Fortuna trionfi* (Let envy perish and Fortune triumph) written on the back, took us quickly along the six miles of straight road to Manduria. I shall not attempt to describe the remains of the great Messapian double walls which surrounded the old city, and held Fabius Maximus at bay for some time in 209 B.C. In one corner of them nestles the modern, clean, and very Oriental-looking Manduria. The famous well described by Pliny is quite half a mile distant, near the ancient walls. At the bottom of a circular cavern into which we descended by thirty rough-hewn winding steps were some peasants filling their pitchers, and to my surprise one of them in offering us his mug said: "You of course who can read know what Ovid [*sic*] writes of our well? *Ne que crescit, ne decrescit.*" The Mandurians are very proud of it and declare that the level of the water never alters. How I longed to dig for the wonderful golden hen with twelve gold chicks said to be buried near by, which will bring great good fortune to the finder. But to discover them you must cut the throat of a five-year-old child in the cavern, or a pregnant woman must stand by while you dig, clasping a serpent to her bare breast. When the treasure is found the serpent will disappear.

We lunched at Don Eugenio's house and with some difficulty I induced him to tell me about *tarantismo*. He would not mention it at Leucaspide because Sir James laughed at him one day, saying:—

"Non fu taranta, ne fu tarantella
Ma fu lo vino de la caratella."

(It was not taranta nor was it tarantella, But the wine of the cask.)

Don Eugenio explained that there is wet and dry *tarantismo*, and the insects which are said to cause it are of different species and different colours. Women working in the cornfields are most liable to be bitten, as they wear little clothing on account of the intense heat. The illness begins with violent fever and the person bitten rocks backwards and forwards moaning aloud. Musicians are called and play different tunes until one pleases the *tarantata*. He or she then springs up and dances frantically. If the dancer has dry *tarantismo* her friends try to discover the colour of the tarantola that has bitten her and tie bits of ribbon of that colour about her dress. If they cannot, ribbons of all colours are used. In a case of wet *tarantismo* the musicians sit near a well to which the *tarantata* is attracted, and while she is dancing friends pour buckets of water over her. "The lot of precious water used," observed Don Eugenio feelingly, "is terrible."

Superstition is of course rife among the uneducated population of Southern Italy. Signor Gigli, a clever young Mandurian gentleman who has since written about his native province, told me various bits of folk-lore. If you dream of shoes, something fortunate will happen; if of a white horse, expect bad news; if of a carriage and horses, you will inherit a fortune. No woman who loves her husband will brush her hair on a Friday, it would bring about his death; but if you are born on a Friday in March no witchcraft can touch you. These beliefs are probably widely distributed, but one may be indigenous to Manduria, as it mentions a grotto, or cavern. When there are signs of an approaching storm a child under seven stands in the middle of the street with three small bits of bread in its hands. One piece it throws in front, one to the right, and one to the left, saying:—

"Oziti, San Giunni, e no durmiri,
Ca sta vesciu tre nubi viniri;
Una d'acqua, una di jentu, una di malitiempu;
Do lu portamu stu malitiempu?
Sott' a na grotta scura,
Do no canta jaddu;
Do no luci luna,
Cu no fazza mali a me, e a nudda criatura."

(Arise, St John, and do not sleep, For I see three clouds coming; One of rain, one of wind, and one of evil weather; Where shall we take this evil weather? Into a dark grotto, Where no cock crows; Where no moon shines; So that it shall do no harm to me, or to any creature.)

Soon after I got back to Castagnolo my cousins, Sir William and Lady Markby, came to stay with us, and I "personally conducted" a rather heterogeneous party to San Gimignano and Volterra—the Provost of Oriel, his brother Mr. Monro, and Theo Marzials, who came from Florence and begged to be allowed to come. At San Gimignano we more than filled the primitive little inn, now no longer in existence, so Marzials was sent out to sleep in the palazzo of a countess who had known better days, while the son of the landlady, who was the waiter, gave up his own room to me. In the evening we hired the municipal box at the theatre for four francs, and saw the *Maître des Forges* very well acted. When the principal actress appeared Marzials declared he had seen her before, and going behind the scenes, found out she had acted Desdemona with Salvini in London. As we strolled about the beautiful old-world city next morning a pretty boy, about nine years old, followed us, and at last shyly sidling up to the Provost took his hand and asked whether he might come with him. I told Monro this was a homage to his chimney-pot hat, which he evidently could not live without, for when I asked him why he had chosen such a head-gear for coming to San Gimignano he answered: "Well, one never knows, we might have to pay a visit." All day the small boy clung to Monro listening attentively to the explanations of the guide. When we sat down to rest outside the walls near San Jacopo, the ancient church of the Knights Templar, he pulled a dilapidated old purse out of his pocket and took out a fragment of a small brass chain. This he gravely put into the Provost's hand, saying: *Tiene questo per un mio ricordo* (Take this in memory of me), and turned to go. Monro called him back, fumbled in his pockets, and produced a silver pencil-case, which he begged the child to accept in exchange. The boy's eyes filled with tears as he looked longingly at it, but he said: "No, thank you. I am sorry you think I want a present in exchange. I shall never forget you." Turning to me, the Provost asked me to induce the boy to take the pencil-case, which at last after much persuasion I accomplished. We afterwards heard he was the son of the principal actress. Next morning we were to start at ten o'clock for Volterra, but no Marzials appeared. So I despatched the others in the big carriage with two horses, and walked down the street to the Comtessa's house. In vain I knocked, and at last I shouted Marzials, Marzials, when a plaintive voice replied: "Oh, Mrs. Ross, do come in and deliver me from the decayed Countess." The street door ceded to a vigorous push, and opening a door to the right I found an old, old lady, sitting at the foot of Marzial's bed and volubly pouring out her life's history into his unwilling ears. With some difficulty I lured her out of the room, and at last we started in a small trap with one horse in pursuit of our friends. My companion was cross at having missed the breakfast, which I described in glowing words as he munched bread and a hard-boiled egg after hastily swallowing some tepid coffee at the inn. We caught the others up as they were resting for lunch by the roadside, and laughter loud and long greeted my description of the musician imprisoned in his bed by an ancient decayed countess.

Who can describe Volterra and the queer, savage country round, which looks as though giants had tossed and hurled it about in sport? Our driver assured us that a most learned Professor had told him—indeed had written a book which proved it—that Noah founded the city and gave it the name of his grandson Vul. Thus it became, of course, his land (*terra*). But others say it is only an Etruscan city, he added apologetically. Only an Etruscan city! I felt I knew more about Noah than about any Etruscan. A visit to the fine museum only made one long more and more to have the problem solved as to who those mysterious people were, sitting on their cinerary urns with such pronounced Napoleonic faces. There was the great Emperor and his mother opposite, while fat Plon-Plon might have posed for three or four of them. The Etruscan ladies must have been learned, they are often represented with an open book in one hand. The men evidently believed as devoutly as the Neapolitans in the evil eye; some made the well-known *corne*, or horn, as their hands lay on their laps, others held a *patera* in one hand which had a hollow underneath into which the two middle fingers went while the first and the fourth stood out on either side. The urns, on the front of which were represented scenes of everyday life, often very pathetic, were, I thought, more interesting than those which depicted the spirit of the dead on horseback and hideous old Charon. One is remarkable, as on it is carved the Porta all' Arco, that splendid old Etruscan gateway with three formless colossal heads which guards Volterra. Until this urn was found the huge lumps of stone were thought to be lions' heads; now we know that the central one is the head of a woman, and the two side ones warriors.

Sunday was some local saint's day and a member of Parliament was to be elected, so we had an opportunity of seeing the people well. They are a fine race, the girls often handsome with long, almond-shaped eyes, which they knew how to use, and strong chins. We went into the cathedral and were in time to hear part of the sermon. The bishop pointed often to a large silver bust on the high altar and extolled those who believed in and worshipped relics of the saints and martyrs. Raising his voice he exclaimed: "You will hardly believe me, atheists exist who dare to call us idolaters for praying to the sacred bones of saints and martyrs. What do they worship?" Here he seemed to fix his eyes on us and made me feel quite uncomfortable. "The heretical English come to Italy; for much money they buy the greasy old hat of Gasperone (a famous bandit) and take it back to their country as a holy thing. The French, alas! no longer love our Holy Father"; the bishop sighed audibly, and after a dramatic pause continued in an awe-stricken voice, "they grovel on the earth and kiss the slipper of the arch-demon Voltaire. The Germans—ah, you may well shudder, my brethren—go on pilgrimage to the cell of that unfrocked priest Luther, whose very name is an abomination, scrape the whitewash off the wall, and preserve *that* as a relic." The sermon was suddenly stopped by loud shouts of *Evviva il nostro deputato liberale*, and a band playing Garibaldi's hymn; the bishop scowled as he wiped his face with a yellow and red cotton handkerchief, which looked rather odd with his magnificent crimson satin vestments and white mitre.

In the evening we went to the theatre Persius Flaccus, paying fivepence each for stalls. The opera was old, tuneful *Poliuto*, and the prima donna sang and acted very well; so did the chorus; but the Roman senators, mindful of the prevailing fashion of wearing hats *alla Bersagliera*, had cocked their fillets on one side and the effect was irresistibly comic. From Volterra we drove to San Vivaldo to see the curious terra-cottas by Gambasso in various chapels in the wood. Some of them, particularly the Deposition, were very fine. We lunched under the big trees and then drove down to a station on the line to Siena, and so, as dear old Samuel Pepys would have said, "merry as might be, with great pleasure and content" went home.

The year closed sadly, for my dear old friend Mr. Higford Burr died. At Aldermaston I had spent so many happy days for so many years and made so many good friends that I felt as though I had lost my second home. I was busy all the winter collecting and revising my articles on Italy and Italian life, which Mr. Kegan Paul published the following year with illustrations by Carlo Orsi. The little book, *Italian Sketches*, was quite successful, but one critic scolded me so unmercifully about my exuberant use of commas that even now, after so many years, I sometimes pause and ask myself whether I have not put in one too many. I was also at work reading through old letters for *Three Generations of English Women*, which Mr. John Murray was to publish the following year, and writing to people whose father's or grandfather's letters I wanted to put in my book. At Christmas I wrote to Kinglake and to Sir Frederick Burton and they answered:—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

28 Hyde Park Place, Marble Arch, W.,
January 1, 1887.

"My dear Janet,

Your welcome note has just reached me—at night—and I hail it as offering me a fair prospect of our meeting this year. It is much too long since I have been cheered by that burst of new life which comes into my world at the sight of dear Janet and the sound of her voice.

I fear I have no anecdote to tell you of Mrs. Austin. When I first saw her she was very handsome and she was intellectual. She had no idea of a joke ; and indeed, as far as she could make out, a joke of any kind was to her a detestable interruption of serious reasoning and statements. That did not prevent some publisher from selecting her to write the life of Sydney Smith ! But I don't think she performed the task. . . .

Your affectionate
A. W. KINGLAKE."

Sir Frederick Burton to Janet Ross.

43 Argyll Road, *January* 11, 1887.

" My dear friend,

. . . It was a drop of balm to get your signs of remembrance. I am ' awfully glad ' to hear that you are coming over to us this year, and with the agreeable duty of looking after the publication of your ' last.' Alas ! for Aldermaston ! There we shall never meet more. There I first met you and I think we ' cottoned ' from the first—for which reason, by the way—I have the less fear of our misunderstanding each other.

You are kind enough to ask for my photograph. But I have none that faithfully render the mingled traits of Plato and Adonis as it ought. The photograph's camera has a malicious way of misrepresenting everything, and when the subject sees what it has made of him he is horrified to find that art and science, which profess to be truthful and quite ' objective,' have villainously conspired to make him something quite unlike himself. Surely he must know himself, after years of inspection and introspection and ever-increasing admiration. Well, I must look out the thing. Give my affectionate regards to all at the villa while remembering me as your ever-sincere friend,

FRED BURTON."

St. Hilaire, whom I asked to have my grandmother's letters to him ready for me to pick up on my way through Paris in July, wrote me a long letter, of which I give an extract, curious as coming from such a pronounced Republican. On June 19, 1887, he says :—

> " . . . Demain l'Angleterre va offrir le plus grand spectacle moral qu'aura vu le XIX siècle. Un chef d'État aimé, honoré, respecté, par une grande nation après cinquante ans de relations constantes. Heureux les États où l'on peut se rendre ce témoignage, qu'on est profondement sincère de part et d'autre ! Hélas ! "

In London I saw Mr. John Murray, who having published for my grandmother and my mother, was good enough to take interest in my proposed book. He declared that I must translate the French and the few German and Italian letters I proposed to put in into English. I refused to believe that educated English people did not know enough, of at least French, to read them, but he insisted they did not, and that the sale of the book would suffer if they were not translated. I then suggested printing both originals and translations, to which he did not agree. I was by no means convinced, so when I went to stay with the Markbys at Oxford I asked various people's advice as to translating the letters. Many, indeed most, said " Translate them." So I was forced to confess that Mr. Murray was right and set to work to turn the letters of Guizot, Auguste Comte, St. Hilaire, etc., and my grandmother's letters to them, into English, and hard work it was. Sir William gave me a delightful account of a meeting of Doctors of Divinity at Oxford in the early spring. Under the statutes of the University any Master of Arts may bring a charge of heresy against the preacher of a University sermon who he thinks is guilty of such an offence. The charge has to be tried by six Doctors of Divinity with the Vice-Chancellor as president. Such a charge was brought and the doctors met. Three were of opinion there was heresy in the sermon, three that there was none, and the Vice-Chancellor gave his casting vote in favour of the delinquent. One doctor it was reported delivered the following judgment: "The account in the Bible is unintelligible. The sermon is unintelligible. Whatever the meanings may be they are not the same."

Meanwhile I wrote to several people who I thought might be able to help me in obtaining information about my Norwich forbears. Some of the replies I give. Dr. Jessopp's, because so amusing, and so characteristic of the man I always wished to meet and alas, always missed; my unknown old cousin, Mrs. Wilde's, because it gives so graphic an account of middle-class life in the early part of the last century; and Lord Albemarle's, because it confirmed a dim reminiscence of my childhood, when someone told me that Mrs. John Taylor was called Madame Roland of Norwich, partly on account of her resemblance to the handsome Frenchwoman, partly on account of her pronounced liberal opinions and her conversational powers.

Rev. Dr. A. Jessopp to Janet Ross.

Scarning Rectory, East Dereham, *August* 16, 1887.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

It is always pleasant to me to find Miss North a link in any chain which brings me into communication with others, but there was no need for you to wait for any auspices before doing me the honour of writing to me. I have long been in the habit of thinking you a goddess moving in a celestial ether and surrounded by a halo.

Years ago an adoring worshipper of yours used to talk of you in such words as only he can use, and your name is to me the name of an enchantress—gifted with every grace human and divine.

As to Norwich—I fear there is very little to be learnt about Taylors and Opies and that gifted set now.

John Gunn who married one of the Dawson Turners is still alive, he is some years past eighty and retains a good deal of his old force and intelligence, but he always was an impracticable old dog ever since I knew him and he is not more practicable now. I shall see him in a few days and will see if anything can be got out of him. When I first settled in Norwich in 1859 there were many men alive who had odd scraps of gossip about the Taylors, Opies, and others—but I was young in those days and foolish and missed my opportunities, and forgot that old people die and carry their odds and ends with them to the grave, ' where all things are forgotten.'

James Martineau is pretty sure to be able to give you *some* information. That very unamiable sister of his quarrelled with him (as indeed she did with most people) for many years —but I am pretty sure he came to her funeral and I have a dim suspicion of his having odd scraps of tales to tell.

I will make enquiries about the —— in a day or two and let you hear the result. Believe me,

Faithfully your servant,

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP."

Rev. Dr. A. Jessopp to Janet Ross.

East Anstey Rectory, Dulverton, *September* 13, 1887.

" My dear Mrs. Ross,

I am not surprised that Mrs. —— is dead, she was as I remember her just the sort of person who would die when she was wanted to keep alive and to keep alive when she ought to have died. I will try to look up her son when I am in Norwich next month. As you say, the chances are that little is to be recovered now—years pass over us and we get obliterated. Perhaps it is just as well. We are always trying to create for ourselves a fictitious immortality. Is posterity worth living for ? The chances are that the generations yet unborn will be no better or nobler or more generous than the generations that are or were, and as a rule Man is ' a mean cuss.'

How I used to wish to get to Italy—but I shall never go now —not even to pay you a visit. I will dream of you and your

Italy, but I am not fit to pay visits to anyone. I am a lumpy man—sleepy—heavy-eyed and failing—lumps under my waistcoat—lumps in my speech—lumps getting in my way when I attempt to think consecutively, smoothness nowhere. You would shake me—hurl me Heaven knows whither. I should be but as a clod lumbering awkwardly over mountain-tops and through quagmires driven by you the hurricane. Let us look on enough. In this life I shall not see much more. But in a spiritual world I have a large plan marked out for my soul, and there and then (if indeed 'there' and 'then' are not only of earth earthy) our spheres will somehow approach and God knows what else.

Faithfully yours,
A. JESSOPP."

Mrs. Wilde to Janet Ross.

Hadley, Barnet, *November* 5, 1887.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

I duly received your kind note and will now give you my reminiscences as well as I can, but they are so far back that I fear they will be of little use to you. Our relationship dates from my grandmother and your great-great-grandmother who were sisters, two Miss Meadows, and were both left widows when very young, each with seven children, five sons and two daughters. As they lived in adjoining houses in Magdalen Street, Norwich, you can easily imagine that the cousins were brought up as brothers and sisters—hence the love and affection that has bound us all together. The eldest of the Taylor family, a Presbyterian minister, lived in Dublin, and whenever he came over to this country all the united families met together at Norwich and celebrated their meetings with family songs. The Taylors were all musical. The first of these meetings seems to have been in 1784. The next in 1796—my grandmother still living to preside. Then came one in 1801. Then one in August, 1807. Then one in August, 1814. All celebrated by songs from your great-grandfather.

Then the last was in August, 1824—when we had got too large a party for any room, so they hired a steamboat and went to Richmond, a very large party—this was the last.

Your great-grandmother [Mrs. John Taylor] was a most remarkable woman. In 1812 I was at school near Norwich, and the kind old lady used to draw together some fifteen or twenty of the young people and after a hospitable regale of tea and cake set us down to games—your grandmother [Sarah Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Austin] presiding. I always felt an ignoramus amongst those clever girls, and remember to this day the historical commerce and my horror lest I should mismatch my Kings and Queens.

When I was seventeen I was again at Norwich, and then it was that I was so struck with Mrs. Taylor's wonderful conversational powers. One day in particular I was sent to her with some message from my mother. It was on a Saturday, market day. I was shown into the humble sitting-room. Two farmers were talking earnestly to her, whilst she was industriously at work. I sat quietly by, but soon got interested in the talk, such conversation as I seldom had heard before. When they were gone I found that it was to Mr. Coke of Holkham and Lord Albemarle that I had been listening so attentively. It was their habit on a market day to indulge themselves with a talk with the clever old lady. Then on a Sunday she used to excite our envy—we used to see her *nodding* all through Mr. Madge's good sermons, afterwards she would criticize every part, whilst we, who had been listening with eyes and ears open, could remember so very little.

The winter of 1813 was the first time I ever saw much of your grandmother Sally Taylor. We were passing the winter at Bath, and she, accompanied by her brother Arthur, had undertaken to travel from Norwich to Tavistock. It was very severe weather and at Bath she was taken ill, so my mother and I started off to the White Hart to see how we could help. We found her really very ill, so we put her into a sedan-chair and marched off with her to our lodgings. She was with us I should think about ten days, lying on our sofa with no dress but a riding-habit. It was just when her beauty was at its height, and I remember how our drawing-room was besieged by gentlemen to see the recumbent beauty.

The first time I saw your grandfather John Austin was at a supper-party at your great-uncle's Richard Taylor in Fetter Lane. I had been to see the new steam press at *The Times* office, it was about 1816. The maker and inventor of the press formed our party. Your grandfather was standing on the rug when one of the party asked him why he had forsaken the army to enter the law. 'Because I was a coward; I felt sure I should disgrace myself and run away.' I thought how much more true courage it took to confess to being a coward. Now, my dear Mrs. Ross, I must have tired you as well as myself. Should I be still living when you return to England I should be very glad to welcome you to Hadley. I have given you a long, prosy letter with nothing really to help you in it.

Believe me yours very truly,
Margaret Wilde.

I undoubtedly accept the cousinship."

The Earl of Albemarle to Janet Ross.

Lydhurst, Hayward's Heath, Sussex,
November 26, 1887.

"Alas! dear Cousin Janet, I cannot help you in your researches. When I was preparing *Fifty Years of my Life* for the Press, I had access to the letters of 'Coke of Holkham' and to my father's. If I could have lighted on the handwriting of either John Taylor or of that lady who was known as the 'Madame Roland of Norwich' [Mrs. John Taylor] I should have been only too proud to give the MS. a place in my reminiscences. Nor can I give you any additional anecdotes of your distinguished great-grandparents. All my 'Tayloriana' will be found under date of 1820 of my memoirs. Among the members of that gifted family your beauteous and charming mother holds a place.

Your affectionate kinsman,
Albemarle."

While at Oxford I made great friends with that handsome and agreeable anthropologist Dr. Tylor, who set me a difficult task in the following letter :—

Dr. E. B. Tylor to Janet Ross.

Museum House, Oxford, *December* 6, 1887.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

In talking with Markby yesterday, it occurred to me to ask you about a piece of Florentine witchcraft reported by Mr. Leyland in the *Folklore Journal*, July, 1887. It refers to the use of a *ghirlanda*, a long twisted cord stuck full of feathers put in crosswise, which is hidden in a person's bed to cause sickness and death. This interests me in connection with a rope stuck with feathers, about five feet long, which was found hidden in the thatch roof of a cottage in Somerset, and is considered to have been used for sorcery. If you can find out what the Florentines really make that resembles this on a small scale, and what they mean by it, it would help to clear up the matter, and possibly you are enough in their confidence to get a model made for me. I have excellent information about Neapolitan witchcraft in Pitré's books, but little about North Italy. We are reading your late book with much pleasure, and I could not get to sleep on the hearth-rug on Sunday for hearing the sorrows of La Gioconda. . . .

Yours sincerely,

E. B. Tylor."

In obedience to Dr. Tylor's request I asked various inhabitants of Lastra-a-Signa about a *ghirlanda ;* no one had ever heard of such a thing—or at any rate would not admit they knew about it. At last our gardening lad, a sharp, not over well-conducted fellow, beckoned me into a secluded part of the garden, and in a whisper said he could get me a *ghirlanda della morte* from an old woman who was a witch. But it would be very expensive ; a napoleon in gold, and I must promise never to say anything about it. I accepted with alacrity, and in a week a small wreath made of dirty feathers, old decayed teeth, and wisps of hair, was brought by the boy. I put it into the oven at once as it smelt extremely nasty, and then packed it carefully in silver paper and a wooden box and sent it to Oxford. The next time I walked through the village I noticed that people looked askance at me and whispered, while they glanced pityingly at my husband. My old Giulio, who tended the fowls, disappeared when I went into the garden and no longer lay in wait to indulge in a long yarn. At length I discovered that everyone believed I had bought the *ghirlanda* in order to get rid of my husband! I wrote to Dr. Tylor that thanks to him and in the pursuit of science I had lost my reputation entirely, and should probably soon rank as a witch. He wrote saying that it was "a remarkable object and in some future age may very likely be treasured as the only relic preserved of an ugly magical device."

In reading through Mrs. Austin's letters to our old friend St. Hilaire, I came upon a sentence in which she said she regarded him as a beloved brother. So, when sending him for Christmas a little collection of Italian popular songs, I told him that it followed as a matter of course that he was my great-uncle, a title he at once adopted.

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Boulevard Flandrin 4, 13 *Janvier*, 1888.

"Ma chère Janet, ma petite nièce, puisque j'étais le frère de votre grandmère. J'ai reçu votre lettre avec le charmant petit rouleau. Je ne vous savez pas ce talent; et je compte bien vous demander de me chanter quelques-uns de ces airs populaires, la première fois que j'aurais le plaisir de vous voir. Je ne suis pas en état de lire le musique à livre ouvert, mais les paroles sont fort jolies et les sentiments sont des plus naturels. Toutes ces populations italiennes sont étonnement douées; et il est bon qu'on ne laisse pas perdre ces aimables inspirations. Mais vous n'êtes pas seulement musicienne; vous êtes poëte aussi ; et vos compatriotes doivent vous savoir gré de la peine que vous avez prise pour eux.

Je ne veux pas de mal à M. Gladstone, tant s'en faut ; mais je crois qu'il serait heureux pour lui et pour l'Angleterre qu'il fut tellement enroué qu'il ne pût plus parler. Je regarde qu'il se fait à lui-même ainsi qu'à son pays le plus grand tort, en employant son eloquence ainsi qu'il le fait. Bien des amitiés et des remerciements, et tous mes souhaits de bonne année.

Votre grand-oncle bien devoué,

By. St. Hilaire."

In January, 1888, Sir James Lacaita lent his apartment in Florence to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and they were to come to lunch at Castagnolo with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gladstone and Miss Gladstone. We waited and waited—no tram passed. At last we heard that the engine had broken down half-way, and that our guests were stranded. Fortunately Mrs. Hodgson Burnett had driven down, so her carriage was at once despatched while the *fattore's* barrocino and my donkey-chaise were got ready in all haste. Mr. Gladstone was rather irate, but soon became interested in talking about Tuscan land tenure. He thought I was wrong in several things, and I saw by dear Mrs. Gladstone's face that she was rather nervous lest I should contradict him too flatly, so I changed the conversation. After lunch he and our landlord, Marchese Della Stufa, who came up from Rome a few days before, had a long talk, and Mr. Gladstone, courteous and charming as ever, called to me and said it was partly my fault that his knowledge of the *mezzeria* was not more exact. "You ought to have written an article about it as you have done about other Italian matters and then I should have known." Later I wrote the article which is included in my little book *Old Florence and Modern Tuscany*, published by Messrs. Dent.

I must here mention a curious instance of the influence—or should I say fascination—wielded by Mr. Gladstone. A Radical Scotch friend of ours, a lame man who never travelled abroad, heard that Mr. Gladstone had spent some hours with us at the villa. He wrote a most indignant letter asking why I had not telegraphed to tell him to come. Did I not know his great wish in life had been to meet the great statesman? He never really forgave me.

CHAPTER XV

WHEN last at Leucaspide I had promised Sir James to try and write about his beloved Apulia, so I began reading books on the subject, among others Dr. Hodgkin's fascinating *Italy and Her Invaders*. Writing to my cousin Markby I said : " Would that I knew the author. He knows so much, I know so little, and here can only get Italian histories and consequently only the Latinized names of the Lombard Dukes." Sir William replied that when he got my letter Dr. Hodgkin was sitting in his study at Headington Hill, and that he had handed it to him. Whereupon Dr. Hodgkin had said that he would willingly look over my proofs relating to the Longobards, and that I was to write to him. Naturally I seized on such a splendid offer and received in reply the kindest of letters, which followed me to Leucaspide :—

Dr. Thomas Hodgkin to Janet Ross.

Tredourva, Falmouth, *April* 18, 1888.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

Your kind letter is very gratifying to me and (through my fault and nobody else's) rather depressing. I have to confess to you with shame that I am making no way at all with the Lombards. I have written the first chapter of the book which deals with the obscure movement of the Longobards in Pannonia and the like, and have just got Alboin on to the stage, and then I have laid the work aside for the present. The reason is that I find a second edition of my first two volumes is called for and I am not satisfied to republish them without a very thorough revision and amplification. Especially of the early chapters. I have felt for some time that though the third and fourth volumes and part of the second are (though not good) yet about as good as I can make them. But this is not the case with the early part of the book, especially the history of the reign of Theodosius. So I am now going over all that part of the book much more thoroughly than before. Experienced authors tell me that this is not worth while; that you never get credit for any improvements that you may make in a second edition; but my literary conscience says it has to be done, and I must obey. All this work I hope before many months are over to have put behind me and to get back to those to me still shadowy Lombard Kings. So as you will see I am in no condition to offer help, though I have no doubt I shall receive it from you and I shall be very grateful for it. I fancy that Theodelinda will be the most interesting figure in the new volume, and after her perhaps Luitprand. I fancy also that I shall have to show that the Lombard Kingdom and duchies were not so much *overthrown* by Carolo Magno (as we used to suppose) as taken over, and provided with new kings out of his own family. (The sort of process in fact which Napoleon hoped to carry out with Holland and Spain, rather than that which he adopted with the departments which he actually annexed to France.) But as to all this I confess that I write as one still very much in the dark.

If, after all this confession of ignorance, you still care for me to look at any of the sheets of your forthcoming book I shall be delighted to do so. I congratulate you heartily on your subject. The Fall of the Hohenstaufens is one of the most pathetic tragedies of the Middle Ages and has not yet—as far as I know—found its 'sacred poet.' Professor Freeman, as you probably know, is working hard at the Normans in Sicily and must come very near to your period, if he does not actually touch it. Would you care to be put in communication with him (if you are not so already)? On such points as the authenticity of Matteo di Giovennazzo (as to which I am ignorant) he will probably have formed a decided and reasonably safe opinion. No doubt in dealing with our German fellow-workers we have often to be on our guard against what they themselves call 'Ueber-Kritik.' I think one often feels in German work the absence of that habit of weighing evidence and attributing to it its full weight, nothing more and nothing less, which generations of jury practice have made a second nature to the English intellect.

Now I must end this I fear very unsatisfactory letter. *If* I can still be of any use to you either as to Longobards or otherwise pray use my services freely. I feel sure that your book will be a success because it has evidently been written with the true historian's enthusiasm for his subject.

I am yours very truly,

Thos. Hodgkin."

In April I started with Carlo Orsi, who was to illustrate the book, Sir Edward Poynter's son Ambrose, and my maid, for Barletta and Trani, towns loved by the Emperor Frederick and his son Manfred. We spent the day at Barletta, where Manfred, "dressed in green, the colour of hope and youth, was often pleased to go about the streets at night singing strambuotti and songs." I only hope the town was cleaner than when we were there. Our cabman took us first to the huge, but ugly, bronze statue of the Emperor Heraclius, *il Colosso d'Arachi*, he called it, and then to the cathedral with a fine west front of the twelfth century. Near Barletta the Ofanto, "proud Aufidus," the only river along that coast for two hundred and sixty miles, enters the sea. It was Holy Week and the inn at Trani was rather full and pretty dirty, but a nice custom prevails in Apulia of bringing sheets and blankets neatly folded on a tray to show that they are clean, so the beds are reliable. My travelling-bath excited great wonder, and at last the landlord decided it must be some novel musical instrument, and that we were probably musicians. But when the wicker basket was lifted out and hot water was asked for, the landlady, her daughters, and the cook came to see it, much to my maid Maria's indignation. Our relationships also puzzled them. At last they settled that Carlo Orsi and Maria were man and wife, and that I was probably the mother of Ambrose. Why therefore did we want four rooms ? Surely married people could sleep together, and my son might be content with a tiny room opening out of mine.

On Good Friday we went to see the procession and a kindly barber offered us seats in his shop. He was eloquent about the luxury of women nowadays. " They want necklaces, and rings, and silk dresses, and with this blessed progress they learn to read and write, but they don't learn how to sew and sweep." The people stared at me and my hat, as the women all wore shawls over their heads like the Venetians. " Are you a man, that you wear a hat ? " asked a small boy. Some nice-looking young men at once reproved him and asked me to excuse the bad manners of an *ignorante*. They then offered to show us the way to the cathedral and made way for us through the crowd. On Saturday my companions went to sketch, and I returned to the cathedral to see what the *abbavescio di Cristo* was, for which I had been asked to give some pennies. I met our friends of the day before, who complimented me on the courage I showed in walking about alone. " It is an admirable quality," they exclaimed. " Where do you come from ? " When I said I was English they poured forth a torrent of compliments on my Italian, and I replied by admiring Trani and the civility of the Tranesi. As the clock struck eleven a great curtain which hid the high altar fell, and the noise which followed was frightful. The whole congregation shouted, knocked their sticks on the pavement and dashed chairs against the walls, while the bells rang all over the town. This was the *abbavescio*, which I discovered meant the resurrection of Christ. When I turned to go my friends called out that a *Signora forestiera* wished to reach the door, and the people at once made room. The noise outside was even worse. Crackers, paper bombs, and rockets were exploding all over the place, and on the pavement in front of every house were lines of little brown-paper parcels full of gunpowder, which went off with deafening effect.

This was the *batteria di Gesù* (the battery of Jesus), a demonstration of joy at His rising from the tomb.

The magnificent cathedral with its wonderful bronze doors cast by Barisanus of Trani about 1175, and the seven-storied campanile built on a great archway, I shall not attempt to describe. But the harbour brought handsome, fair-haired Manfred vividly before us. Here Helen, the beautiful daughter of the despot of Epirus, disembarked and met the young King, and from here, a broken-hearted young widow with four small children, she attempted to fly. Contrary winds prevented her ship from leaving the harbour, and the Castellano treacherously delivered her up to the tender mercies of Charles of Anjou. It is a curious coincidence that one of Frederick's many distichs runs: *Fugite Tranenses ex sanguine Judæ descendentes.* (Avoid the Tranesi descended from the blood of Judas.)

From Trani an hour's drive took us to Andria on our way to Castel di Monte. "In spite of our host's warning not even to get out of the carriage in such a nest of thieves and assassins, we went to the cathedral hoping to find the tombs of the two Empresses Yolande and Isabella of England, but there was not even an inscription. A good-looking young artisan came up and said we really ought not to leave Andria without seeing *the* Duke, and directed us to an old church, S. Domenico, near by. In the refectory of the abandoned convent lived an old man who led us through a picturesque cloister in ruins to a chapel. He unhooked a rudely painted board on which was written the titles of Duke Francis of Balzo, or de Baux, who died in 1482, and we saw an open coffin, with a sheet of glass on the outer side, in which lay a brown mummy with some white hairs on the head. The horrid old man took hold of the poor mummified Duke, lifted him high up by one leg, and explained that this was a favourite *divertimento* (amusement) in Andria.

The drive to Frederick's castle was long. A broad, straight road, slightly uphill, leads to Corato, with almond trees, and vines grown in the Apulian fashion each in a little hole and only a foot high, on either side as far as we could see. From Corato we had to walk part of the seven miles to the top of the Murgie hills, as the track, road it could not be called, was in some places covered with large lumps of stone. Only gallant little Apulian horses could have got along.

For days Castel del Monte had stood up against the sky, and Gregorovius' poetical description in his *Wanderjahre* had made me keen to see it near. Up a steep, bare, conical hill we climbed, almost on hands and knees, to the octagonal castle with low octagonal towers at each corner. An old guard who lived in a hut near by greeted us with delight. His life was a lonely one. "There is nothing to see in here," he said; "since the Government bought it the shepherds are no longer allowed to stall their sheep inside." Nothing to see! The principal doorway all of rosy marble; the eight great halls, three of which have doors opening into the courtyard; the vaulted ceilings with rosaces of flowers and heads uniting the marble ribs which support the roof; and then the view! "You can see the whole world," said the guard, "so we call it *La Spia delle Puglie*" (The Spy of Apulia). The rooms of the great Emperor were no doubt upstairs, as two of them had large marble chimney-pieces and the vaulted roofs are in mosaic. There we lunched, having invited the guard to join us. Before drinking his first glass of wine he got up off the pink marble steps of the window where we sat and said: "It is a fortunate day for me when such distinguished and learned people come into my solitude," and then breaking into rhyme about the intellect of man which could control all things—tigers, elephants, lions, and women—ended with :—

"And I drank up the wine."

A faint reminiscence of the great Emperor's Eastern retainers lingers round Castel del Monte in the name of a flower. The yellow asphodel is known there as *Arrusha*, which is the Arab word for a bride.

We stopped at Bari in spite of the warning of Frederick II, "Avoid a Barian as thou wouldst a drawn sword," and perhaps because of his warning we did not like the people. The inside of the old cathedral is sadly spoiled by stucco, whitewash, and alterations of the eighteenth century, but the carving round doors and windows outside is beautiful. San Niccolò, the great fortress-like priory, delighted us, particularly the wonderful crypt. A forest of pillars with intricately carved capitals seem to rise straight out of the earth, as owing to infiltrations from the sea the pavement has been raised at different periods. At one end was the silver altar under which lie the bones of the popular saint Nicholas. They must repose in an often-replenished tank, as every pilgrim, and thousands flock hither in May, crawls flat on the ground to the altar, and is given a sip of the *Manna di San Niccolò* out of a small silver bucket which the priest dips into the tomb. I had been warned that the manna was like bad brown sugar and water, and besides the bucket did not look very clean, so I declined tasting it. But when I gave the priest a franc he was so pleased that he insisted on my putting my head into the hole and looking down into the watery grave of the saint. I saw nothing of course, but some pilgrims who were waiting for their manna congratulated me in extraordinary *patois* on my good fortune. It was in this crypt that Pope Urban II, unable to convince the Greek prelates as to the dogma of the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, called upon Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, to " ascend this throne and defend thy mother Church whom the Greeks are trying to overthrow." Anselm's eloquence delighted the Latins and displeased the Greeks, so, says old Lupo, " the Pope without losing any more time, excommunicated all those who held opposite tenets."

After spending a few days at Leucaspide, getting from Sir James much information and letters to various stationmasters, we started for Lecce, the " Florence of Apulia " as the inhabitants fondly call their city, because better Italian is spoken there than elsewhere in the South. Our inn was quite comfortable, but the host could not understand why we wanted eggs, and bread and butter, and milk with our coffee at nine in the morning. Why did we not drink black coffee when we got up and then have a proper breakfast at twelve? Surely we had not learned such a custom in Florence? Florence was a civilized city like Lecce.

Fortunately it rained hard in the morning, which enabled us to see a Leccese custom we should otherwise have missed. The streets all sloped towards the middle, so after a heavy shower a broad and deep stream rushes along. We stood in a church door wondering how to get across, when a man trundled up a long, broad plank, with two wheels at one end and feet at the other. Thus was the water bridged. We crossed dry-foot and found two or three of these contrivances in every street; which I should say are broad enough for carriages to pass on either side of the wooden bridges.

After seeing the cathedral and its very tall *campanile*, which serves as a landmark for ships going from Otranto to Brindisi, the Prefecture and the church of S. Croce, both one mass of rococo ornamentation, we went to San Nicola e Cataldo. Built by Tancred, last of the Norman Counts of Lecce, before he became King of Sicily in 1189, its beauty quite took our breath away. I grieve to see from Mr. M. S. Briggs's exhaustive book on charming Lecce,[1] that the entrance doorway has been restored, i.e. spoiled, since we were there. On going to the museum we found it was closed, and were told the Duke Sigismondo Castromediano had the key, and that he lived some miles out of Lecce at his half-ruined castle of Cavallino. Sir James had told me, with tears in his eyes, something of the horrible imprisonment the Duke had suffered under Ferdinand II, so I hushed my companions' exclamations of disappointment and wrote to ask for permission to visit the museum founded by him. He sent early next morning to say he would meet us there at ten.

In the doorway we found a very tall, half-blind, courteous old man, leaning on the arm of his secretary and surrounded by various professors, some of whom had put on tail-coats and white gloves in honour of the visit of a learned lady. I felt very small in my travelling-dress, and with my absolute ignorance about Messapian, Oscan, and other unknown languages. On thanking the Duke for his kindness in coming to show us the museum, he answered that nothing gave him such pleasure as to see an Englishwoman; he had been so kindly received when with Poerio and other political exiles he had taken refuge in England. We were talking when suddenly he peered down into my face. "Forgive me," he said, "but your voice recalls so strongly that of a woman, no longer quite young but very handsome, *La Santa Protetrice degli Emigrati* Santa Rosa called her. I cannot remember her name; her husband was a great jurist. She was so good to us." "*Signor Duca*, it must have been Austin, and she was my grandmother," I answered. The old man dropped my arm, saying: "Will you, *Signora*, grant me a favour? Will you allow me to embrace you?" Of course I said yes, and there, in the Lecce Museum, with those learned professors of dead languages standing solemnly round, the Duke kissed me on both cheeks. I confess that a lump came into my throat. I asked him later to tell me about his eleven years' imprisonment and wrote down the terrible tale that evening.[1]

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[1] *In the Heel of Italy*, p. 348.

The Messapian professor told us we ought to drive to Rusce, the ancient Rhudiæ of which little remains, and to observe the tombs on our way, from whence came many of the hundred and twenty-two Messapian inscriptions. One of the museum guards volunteered to go with us and informed us that Rusce was a fine city long before the fall of Troy and its antiquity was proved by Malennius having made an underground passage from it to Lecce. I had no clear idea who Malennius was, so looked wise and said, O certainly. I asked him about proverbs, so with a wink at my companions he said there was a favourite one, but perhaps the *Signora* would not like it. "*La donna non la sopportò neppure il diavolo*" (Even the devil could not stand a woman.) Why? we asked. "Well, the devil married, but his wife worried him so much that he divorced her within a week. Now, Donna Silvia, his old grandmother, cooks and keeps house for him, and when he is tired he lays his head in her lap and she sings him to sleep." Carlo Orsi laughed and remarked that he supposed Donna Silvia was a woman. "O yes, but then she is old and belongs to the family, so she does not count." On our way back we passed a wooden booth with a big doll hanging outside, so after dinner we went to see the marionettes, paying a halfpenny each for *posti distinti.* The play was Samson with interludes of Pulcinella, and when Delilah, with the spasmodic, irresponsible walk of a marionette, appeared, and cut off Samson's wig with a large pair of scissors, applause was loud, and shouts of: " She's the hairdresser for me," " How much a shave ? " etc., resounded. But Pulcinella was the favourite. Dear Pulcinella, dressed in white with a pointed hat, came dancing on and made violent love to Delilah, but just as she sank into his arms the heavy father rushed in and kicked poor Pulcinella off the stage.

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[1] See *The Land of Manfred*, p. 218.

Sir James had impressed on me that Galatina must be seen, so we determined to drive there via Soleto to see Raimondello Orsini's campanile, built in 1397. Very beautiful it was, indeed to my mind one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. While Orsi was making a sketch we walked about the town, curiously Eastern-looking with its white, flat-roofed, low houses. " Ah, you are looking at the tomb of our king," said a man, pointing to the *campanile ;* " he died so long ago that no one knows his name." The interior of a small church, S. Stefano, near by, is covered with frescoes very Byzantine in treatment, though sadly faded and spoiled they were solemn and grand. But we were in a hurry to get to Galatina, about which I had heard so much, so did not examine Soleto closely. We were not disappointed. The exterior of the church of S. Caterina with its three doors was beautiful, and the rose window above the middle one magnificent. Inside it was a perfect glory of colour. Round the lofty nave, the roof of which is divided into four flattish domes, runs a lambry frescoed with life-size saints, and the frescoes on the domes, particularly on the first one, are so exquisite that they recalled Fra Angelico. To the right of the high altar is the fine tomb of the founder Raimondello Orsini, and by its side is a majestic fresco of S. Catherine, in Norman costume, sitting enthroned between two angels. Scenes from her life are depicted round the choir. Behind the high altar is a lady chapel with eight-ribbed roof, built by Raimondello's son Gian Antonio, for his own magnificent tomb. Of the two aisles on either side of the nave, those next to it are narrow and low like corridors; in the right-hand one the frescoes, signed *Franciscus De Arecio fecit MCCCCXXXV*, are much defaced, saving the portrait of Raimondello clad in armour, kneeling at the feet of S. Anthony. Professor Cosimo De Giorgi of Lecce had given me a letter to Cav. Cavoti, inspector of monuments, and the sacristan was so ignorant that we went to call on him and ask for information. At first Signor Cavoti was very curt, but thawed when he heard Carlo Orsi was a painter, showed us some admirable copies he had made of the frescoes in the old church, and offered to go back there with us. On the way he dropped behind with Orsi and asked anxiously whether I was a spy of the English Government. A woman who travelled about and read inscriptions on old tombs was suspicious. He knew England was a rich country and someone might wish to buy S. Caterina, "the glory of my city," and carry it away; he had heard of such things. In the end, however, we became great friends.

Galatina so enchanted us that when we went to lunch at the small inn we asked whether we could sleep there for the night. It was with difficulty we could make the people understand, but at last they showed us a long room with five beds in it close together. Two were already engaged, and they offered us the other three. So reluctantly we had to go back to Lecce late in the evening, after Orsi had sketched what he could of S. Caterina while we walked about to see the strong walls, also built by Raimondello Orsini, and some pretty baroque houses with fine carved balconies, in the well-paved streets. The peasants talk a mixture of Greek and Italian patois of which it was almost impossible to make out a word.

Going by train to Otranto from Lecce we suddenly saw a lake with boats sailing on it just in front of the train. A mirage, I exclaimed, at which my companions laughed, until it faded as we got nearer, when they acknowledged I was right. One celebrated *mutate*, or *scangiate*, as the people call it, occurred in the fifteenth century. A Turkish fleet was seen all along the coast from Mount Garganus to the Capo di Leuca. Messengers were sent to warn towns and forts of the approach of the dreaded enemy, and the whole province was put into a state of alarm. An old legend tells of another when Manfred was born. Two colossal figures were seen fighting in the sky from sunrise to midday during a great thunderstorm. One suddenly vanished; the other assumed the semblance of a monk and was driven northwards by the violent wind.

We were heartily welcomed by the station-master, to whom I had a letter from Sir James. He seldom saw strangers, and as only four trains go to and come from Lecce in the twenty-four hours, we were a godsend. The view from the ramparts of the great castle built by Alfonso of Aragon is magnificent. The day was clear, so we saw the coast of Albania some fifty miles across the sea quite plainly. At our feet lay the bay, the bright blue sea shimmering in the sun, and the air was so exhilarating and light that I rather scoffed at the ever-recurring fear of malaria. "Wait till you go down into the town," said the station-master; "up here it is different." A steep winding road led down to the shore, and then crossing the dirty little stream Idro, we passed through a long vaulted gateway into the town. Uphill a little way and we were at the cathedral. Built by Roger, Duke of Calabria and Apulia, son of Robert Guiscard, it is unlike other churches hereabouts, being of the basilican type. The nave and aisles are divided by splendid green marble and Oriental granite columns, which came from a temple of Minerva and Mercury in a village near by. But the noteworthy thing is the wonderful (and amusing) mosaic pavement, which is in remarkably good preservation, considering the Turks stabled their horses in the cathedral after they stormed the city and massacred the inhabitants in 1480. A priest named Pantaleone laid it down in 1163, and many pages would be necessary to describe it. Cain, Abel, Rex Arturus, Alexander Rex, the tower of Babel, queer animals with many heads or many bodies, Noah's Ark with many animals walking in, while the faces of Noah and his wife at a window are expressive of intense disgust. In the centre is a tree whose roots start from the door, and in one of the branches near the high altar sit Adam and Eve eating fruit. They were pointed out eagerly as the monkeys which once lived in Otranto. The crypt is most beautiful, with its forty-two pillars of various marbles, porphyry, and Oriental granite, and capitals of diverse forms, evidently the spoils of some ancient temple. The station-master came to lunch with us, and said the memory of the awful massacre of 1480 had never faded from the minds of the people; mothers still threaten their disobedient children saying:

> "Li Turchi se la puozzono pigliane.
> La puozzono portani a la Turchia,
> La puozzono fa Turca da Cristiana."

(May the Turks take her. May they carry her to Turkey, May they change her from a Christian to a Turk.)

The huge stone cannon-balls to be seen in every street no doubt also serve as a reminder. How such enormous things, two feet in diameter, and so many of them, were brought in the Turkish ships, disembarked, and fired, was to me a marvel. Looking at my watch, I lamented that we had not time to go up again to the castle, as the train left at half-past three. "It cannot go without me," observed our friend, "the *Signora* can stay as long as she likes; it is so pleasant to converse with learned people," he added with a bow. The result was that we left the station only at half-past four, and when I apologized to the one occupant of our carriage for being late owing to the many beautiful things to be seen in Otranto, he repeated the station-master's words: *Non c' è furia* (there is no hurry).

We went back to Leucaspide for a few days and there parted from our pleasant companion Ambrose Poynter, who went to Naples, while Orsi, I, and my maid started for Foggia armed with a letter to Signor Cacciavillani, the station-master, who proved a most valuable friend in need. In Foggia, a dirty, dusty town, nothing remains of the palace built by Frederick II, where his second Empress, Isabella of England, died in 1241, save one ornamental arch built into the front of a house. But nine miles distant, across the great rolling plain, lay Lucera, where the great Emperor built a splendid castle for his faithful Saracen troops. The massive walls with many projecting towers crown the abruptly rising hill, and it took us more than twenty minutes to walk round the inside of the walls. On the eastern side are remains of the Emperor's palace, and between it and the largest circular tower are ruins of the keep with vaulted corridors, now used as stables for sheep. Orsi was sketching, so I wandered through one of the double gateways and came upon an old woman with her small grandson, who was extremely anxious to take me down a steep staircase which he declared led into a subterranean passage to the town of Lucera. As I was giving the boy a franc his father appeared, a handsome, smiling shepherd. But his face suddenly changed when he saw the money. He snatched it out of the child's hand, held it out to me, and exclaimed: "Are we beggars, that you should insult us?" Begging his pardon, I said that on the contrary I was just going to ask him to give me a present—one of his queer wooden sheep-collars. With the air of a prince he gave it to me, together with the franc, so I said I could not accept a present from him if he did not let his boy take one from me. His old mother now intervened, and we parted such good friends that I promised to go and stay with them if ever I went to Campobasso. As we shook hands the shepherd said: "I see you are a stranger, you don't know our ways. When you come to the Abruzzi do not give money, it offends us. A shake of the hand and a smile is the payment we like, and," he added with a bow and a wave of the hand, "the *Signora can* smile."

We only saw the outside of the cathedral in Lucera, as the Government railway engineer who was restoring it had taken the key away, so we went to a photographer and asked for photographs of the castle and the cathedral. The man stared at us in astonishment, and explained that he was an artist and only did portraits. Had he any of peasants in their holiday dress? Oh no, such people were not fit subjects;

he only did *Signori*, with the exception of the *carabiniere*, because it was useful to stand well with the authorities.

The next morning we drove some six miles across the great plain, the *tavogliera delle Puglie*, passing many *traïni*, or tall carts with enormous wheels drawn by three mules or horses abreast. They were full as they could hold of people protected from the sun by awnings. The dust was stifling, and one pitied the poor *cafoni*, as the peasants are called, toiling through it on foot. Round the church of the Incoronata is a small oak wood, the last remnant of the great Emperor's royal chase, and as it stands on a hillock we could see miles and miles of the great green plain. Here and there thin black lines gradually grew into caravans of from fifteen to eighty pilgrims, led by a *capo*, or head-man, who carried the offerings for the shrine. Some of them walk eighty miles or more to visit the Madonna, then go up to Monte Sant' Angelo to salute St. Michael, and then to Bari to the feast of St. Nicholas. Men and women chanted alternately as they came in single file under the oak trees. Wayworn and footsore, with long staffs on which hung gourds of water, they tramped three times round the church and then knelt in front of the closed door. The priests were taking their *siesta*, they told us, so we strolled among the peasants sitting on the parched grass. A party in full Abruzzese costume were dancing the tarantella; they smiled at us, spread a clean cloth over a pack-saddle, and invited me to sit down. My clothes interested them quite as much as theirs did me, and they all talked at once, raising their voices louder and louder when they saw we did not understand. The *capo* came to the rescue; he had been with Garibaldi and then in the regular army for two years. When Galubardo, as he called him, was mentioned, he took off his hat and said to me, " First comes the Madonna, then Galubardo." Orsi made some sketches of these handsome people, who all wanted copies; they thought it was like photography, and could not understand why the *Signore* took so much trouble to make little lines on the paper instead of doing it with a machine—click, and it was done. Some of the men were playing *scopa* and asked me whether I knew the game. When

I said yes, they wanted to know whether my luck was good at cards. "Mine is very bad," said one, "and for years I've been looking for a lizard with two tails. There is a man at Naples who is quite a great gentleman, I am told; he wins so much money because he has a lizard with two tails."

While we were talking the church doors had been opened, and we found them thronged with poor pilgrims on their knees dragging themselves towards the altar. Some women were flat on their stomachs licking the filthy pavement as they wriggled along. Their faces were soon such a mass of dirt that they no longer saw where they were going, and a relation led them by a handkerchief held in one hand. Near the altar the pavement was streaked with blood, and it was revolting to see the swollen, cut tongues of the wretched, panting creatures, sobbing hysterically as they tried to call upon the Madonna to help them.

The usual legend is told about the black Virgin of the Incoronata. Wood-cutters heard music and looking up saw angels adoring a picture in a tree. The Bishop of Foggia went in procession, climbed up the tree, and took the Madonna to the cathedral. Three times she fled from the town and returned to her wood, so a church was built for her there. The picture was covered with necklaces, watch-chains, rings, brooches, etc., and round the altar were hung *ex-votos;* legs, arms, eyes, ears, hearts, in silver and wax, and primitive little pictures of shipwrecks, carriage accidents, and fires, with the black Madonna above who had saved people. A man who was selling *ex-votos* at the church door offered me one, and I asked him where he got them from. "When the pilgrims are gone the priests let me buy back the *ex-votos* at one-third less than their first cost; in this way," he added, reverently raising his hat, "the Madonna and I both do good business."

Like other pilgrims we were bound for St. Michael's Mount, and Signor Cacciavillani said he would go with us to Manfredonia, as he knew the innkeeper, an *originale* who would shut the door in our faces and leave us to sleep in the street if he did not like our looks. The railroad passed close to the ancient church S. Maria di Siponto standing solitary in the green swamp which now covers the site of ancient Sipontum. Here Pope Alexander III embarked for Venice in 1177, and here Conrad was met by his half-brother Manfred in 1252. Manfred was so struck with the intense malaria that when he became King he built a new city some miles away, moved all the inhabitants, and called it Manfredonia. Charles of Anjou in vain tried to change the name to Novo Siponto after Manfred's death.

Don Michele Rosarii de Tosquez, host of the inn at Manfredonia, was delightful. He held the lamp up to my face, then put it down, slapped me on the shoulder, and said: *Tu mi piacc'* (thou pleasest me). When Signor Cacciavillani asked him to prepare his famous fish soup, he rushed off to give the order, and waited upon us himself at dinner, producing a bottle of good old wine, which we invited him to share with us. So he sat down and told us his story. "I am a Baron, but an innkeeper can't call himself Baron, though I only keep an inn for people who please me and know how to behave. My ancestors were Spaniards and I was born at Troia; but when I was a small child the brigands came, burnt the *masseria*, hung my father from the pigeon tower, and killed my two elder brothers. My mother died of fright. Curse them," he exclaimed, bringing his fist down heavily on the table, "that ruined us."

All night we heard the pilgrims pass chanting hymns in honour of the archangel, and early next morning we found an excellent carriage with three stalwart horses waiting to take us up the mountain. Don Michele brought a basket with food and wine, and put in some silver forks and a fine old Spanish silver mug. I remonstrated, said I could not walk about all day with a mug in one hand and forks in another, and that they would certainly be stolen. "Stolen! Nobody steals here. *My Signora* shall not drink out of other people's dirty glasses." We were smothered in dust during the three miles' drive to the foot of *Lo Sperone d' Italia* (The Spur of Italy), as the end of Mount Garganus is called. The zigzag road up was admirably engineered and at every turn we crossed the long line of pilgrims toiling up the mule path, once trodden by popes and emperors. Some were reciting litanies in honour of S. Michael, others were singing *rispetti;* one of which I learnt from some peasants who had come all the way from Benevento (we walked up a short cut with them to save the horses at a very steep pull) :—

> "A l' Angelo di Puglia voglio ine,
> Vutu pe te, Nennella, voglio fane,
> Scavezo e scaruso a lu camminane,
> La turnatella nun ce, magniamu pane,
> Chiunque m' affronta dice : povero meschino!
> Sta penitenza chi te la fa fane?
> Me la fa fane na donna crurela,
> Stu core nun e boluto cuntentane."

(To the Angel of Apulia I will go, Prayers for thee, Nennella, will I say. Breakneck and stony is the road I walk on. There is no turnatella, so we eat bread. Whoso meets me says : Poor wretch! Who has laid this penance on thee? A cruel woman has made me do it. She has refused to content my heart.)

Monte Sant' Angelo to our surprise was quite a big town, and the people were fair with brilliant complexions. No Saracen or Greek blood had tinged their hair or sallowed their cheeks. The men walked with the air of conquerors. Their dress was jaunty and picturesque—short brown velveteen jackets, brown cloth waistcoats with bright buttons, black velveteen breeches, and black worsted stockings tied under the knee with a bunch of black ribbons ; while round their waists were dark blue girdles. This costume was crowned by a dark blue knitted cap, with a sky-blue floss-silk tassel, worn quite on the back of the head. These caps were peculiar, and a young fellow, seeing me look at them, took his off, pulled it out to a bag two feet long, which he neatly folded up, plait after plait, until it again became a small cup-shaped cap. I then saw that the men shaved the backs of their heads, leaving the hair in front to be brushed up and frizzed out like that of a fashionable lady.

We followed the crowd of pilgrims to where two beautiful

Gothic arched doors—one of them surmounted by a bas-relief of the Virgin and Child with two saints and the inscription *Terribilis Est Locus Iste. Hic Domus Dei Est Et Porta Coeli*—led into a large vaulted hall. From there a long, dark, winding staircase, partly cut in the rock, with pointed arches, took us into a small courtyard. I thought we never should have got down. The crowd was dense, and at every step the pilgrims stopped to pray and to scratch the outlines of their hands or feet on the walls or the steps—*per devozione*, they told me. One young fellow was most anxious to cut the shape of my foot with his knife, "only it would be better for the soul of the *Signora* if she did it herself." The courtyard has evidently been a graveyard; two fine tombs bore the date 1407. The church was reached by steps which the pilgrims ascended on their knees, until they reached the magnificent bronze doors made by Pantaleone of Amalfi in Constantinople in 1076, with the life of S. Michael in twenty-four compartments in *niello* work. There were many inscriptions on the doors, but the crowd, all trying to shake the great ornamental rings on them, was so great that I could only spell out two. One was quaint, and I wished the priests had obeyed its behest, for I had to rub the *niello* work hard with my glove, when it shone out like jewels.

Rogo et Adjuro Rectores Sancti Angeli Micha. ut Semel in Anno Detergere Faciatio has Portas Sicuti Nos nunc Ostendere Fecimus ut Sint Semper Lucide et Clare.

(I pray and adjure the priests of S. Michael to cleanse these doors every year in the manner which I have shown, so that they may shine forth bright and clear.)

A canon pushed through the crowd and said: "The *Signora* must be English, they always copy old things other people don't look at; these are difficult to read." I begged him to be good enough to read one higher up, but he answered that he was too much occupied and bade us follow him to a long counter at the entrance behind which sat five priests, counting up the money given by the pilgrims. He told them we were to be admitted at any hour, even during the *siesta*, "because the *Signora* is a learned person who knows all languages, both living and dead, and *un illustrazione del suo paese*," an honour to her country, as we should say. Whereupon the five priests got up and made me a profound bow, to the surprise of the people round. Orsi whispered to me, "That means ten francs at least"—not dear for such glorification.

The church was a most extraordinary building. Half of the huge nave was the original cavern, untouched by the hand of man, the other half was in masonry with Gothic windows. It must have been very dark at ordinary times. When we saw it the irregular rock above the high altar was lit up by hundreds of wax candles, whose flickering seemed to make the statue of S. Michael, about three feet high with pink cheeks and flaxen curls, move its large white wings, tipped with gold. A priest told me it was a wonderful work of art; he could not remember whether Donatello, Raphael, or Michelangelo made it, but probably the latter, "because of the name."

We left the church by a narrow staircase behind the counter where the five priests were arranging their coppers into little piles. It led up to a balcony overhanging the courtyard by which we had entered. A steep flight of steps took us on to the roof of the holy cavern, covered with outlines of feet and hands, where an old oak tree in one corner was hung all over with stones with a hole bored through the middle—another *devozione* of the pilgrims. More steep steps led us into the street near the fine octagonal campanile built by Charles of Anjou, which Orsi sat down to draw and soon had a crowd round him. I asked where the inn was, as we were hungry. "Inn! there is no inn," several voices answered at once. Then the same young man who had shown me his cap said we might come to his aunt's house which was to let. The house was empty, but kind neighbours soon brought a table and chairs, while Orsi went to fetch the basket from the carriage. We invited our young friend and his aunt to lunch, and she was most pressing that I should take her house. "Fifty francs a year, five rooms and a kitchen, fine air, good water, and the *gran divertimento* (great amusement) of the pilgrimages in May and in September, what can you want more ?" She might have added the view, which was glorious. Nobody would accept a present, so Orsi, my maid, and I shook hands with dozens of smiling people who declared they would never forget such pleasant pilgrims.

Don Michele had a capital supper ready for us and was quite indignant at the impudence of the old woman who had offered us her house. "Live at Monte Sant' Angelo ! Up in the clouds ! That is no place for the *Signora*.'

Next morning when I asked for the bill Don Michele gave me a long slip of paper ; meat, fish, bread, a chicken, eggs, salt, pepper, coffee, etc., were written down, but no rooms, candles, or attendance. The sum was so absurdly small that I said there must be some mistake. "That is what I have spent in the market for the *Signora*. Did I not tell you I kept an inn for my own pleasure ? If you will give me a franc with a hole in it to hang on my watch-chain I shall say thank you—nothing else." Orsi grasped the situation, pretended he had forgotten something, ran upstairs and gave Don Michele's daughter a good present. Afterwards I heard from Signor Cacciavillani that our host had written to ask for my address, in order to send back the money, and had sworn never more to take in English people who insulted him by paying for their rooms, as though he kept an inn for their convenience and not for his own pleasure.

We passed through Foggia again on our way to Benevento, where we found another rather funny inn. The Locanda di Benevento did not possess a fire-place, and my demand for hot water was disconcerting to the handsome young waiter Nicola. He rushed across the street and brought me some in a coffee-pot from the Stella d' Italia, where we were to go and dine. A disconsolate party were eating *maccheroni* simply boiled, without even a little cheese for flavour, and drinking water. We soon discovered that they were actors whose manager had disappeared leaving them penniless. They eyed our dinner so hungrily that I told the host to give them a big dish of beefsteaks and some flasks of wine. Their spirits rose, they made verses in our honour and declared they could face the world better now that their stomachs were full. When we went back to our inn a civil old woman came forward and asked me whether I did not think her husband very handsome. I must have looked blank, for she disappeared, and then returned holding Nicola by one ear. "There, is he not handsome, look at him," she said with pride. Nicola seemed very fond of his ancient wife, who was old enough to be his mother.

Benevento was a most extraordinary jumble of ancient splendour and modern squalor. Miserable hovels had doorways of verd antique or of cipolino, and at one street corner a rose-coloured marble column had been placed to protect lath and plaster from passing carts. Cippi, broken capitals, bas-reliefs, garlands, and sometimes marble heads, had been used as building material. Fortunately the splendid triumphal arch of Trajan was intact. Near the great castle built by Pope John XXII we offended the porter of the adjoining Prefecture by laughing heartily at a most drunken-looking lion, with his tongue lolling out of one corner of his mouth, perched on an octagon marble pillar covered with delicate arabesques. The porter came up and said: "Let me tell you this is a beautiful antique, extremely ancient; it is the emblem of the majesty of Benevento. There is nothing to laugh at." Feeling humbled, we went on to the church of S. Sophia and S. Juvenalis (740–774). As usual, bits of Roman sculpture and inscriptions turned upside down had been employed in the building. Of the ancient Longobard cathedral hardly anything remained, and earthquakes have played havoc with the building of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The great bronze doors are very inferior to those at Trani, but the antique columns sustaining the nave and the four aisles are very fine and the ambones are of great beauty. On the square mediæval campanile is the famous bas-relief of the boar with a garland on his head and a priest's stole on his back. His "wife," *La femmina del Porco nostro*, was pointed out to us outside the church of S. Maria delle Grazie—a formless beast of Egyptian granite which may be a God Apis or a hippopotamus.

But we had come to Benevento to see the field of battle where Manfred

> "Lo cavalero piu fino,
> Ch' è fiore Ghibellina
> Sovr' ogn' altro latino,"

as an old Sienese sings, lost his life. The road to Ponte Lebbrosi, two arches of which look almost Etruscan—huge blocks of stone well fitted without cement—goes through an old burial-ground, past the little church of S. Cosimo. Close to the bridge was the cairn of the unfortunate son of the great Emperor. A wild rose was growing out of it, the soft pink flowers trailing on the grey stones, on one of which sat a shepherd boy, drawing long, sweet notes like those of a nightingale out of what looked like a straight twig of poplar. I asked him first whether he had ever heard of Manfred. "Oh yes, he was a King's son, but the witches had carried him off." Then I asked him about his pipe. "*È lu fisch' de la primaver'*" (it is the pipe of spring), he answered, "I've just made it. To-morrow it will be dead; it is a pity one can only have them for a short time—two—three weeks." A straight twig of poplar or of fig is cut before the leaves are out, about two feet long, and the bark is gradually worked off entire. The mouthpiece, cut from the thicker end, is stuck in and the tone is modulated by the finger of the right hand at the bottom of the thin end. I bought the pipe, and when we got back discovered that Nicola, besides being good to look at, could sing, play the guitar and *lu fisch*. So after dinner we had a musical party—Nicola, his cousin, and a friend. They described and sang part of a curious masquerade which is sung and acted at carnival time, *I dudici misi* (The twelve months). Each month had its song and dance. Carlo Orsi and I sang some Tuscan *Stornelli*, and my maid showed them how the Tuscan peasants dance the *Trescone*.

I enquired in vain for the famous walnut tree, trysting-place of the witches, and was told it had been cut down by S. Barbato when, helped by his disciple the Duchess Theodorada, he destroyed the golden two-headed dragon worshipped by Duke Romuald (about 660). According to Nicola, witches were still plentiful in Benevento; he told us of a hunchback who met a large party one night singing, "Welcome Thursday and welcome Friday." He answered, "Welcome Saturday and Sunday too." They laughed and invited him to dance, when the women pulled off his hump, played at ball with it, and then kicked it out of sight. When he returned home his wife refused to let him in, and he had to leave the town. A woman who wants to become a witch takes a familiar spirit, a *Martinetto*, who gives her an ointment. "When she puts some on her forehead she can do much harm," said Nicola, crossing himself, "it is better not to offend her."

CHAPTER XVI

NOT being able to get the books I wanted in Florence about the Hohenstaufen, I determined to go to London and read in the British Museum. I wrote to tell Eothen, who had been ill, that I should come to see him at Richmond. He answered :—

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

7 Park Villa West, Richmond Hill, *May* 24, 1888.

" My dear Janet,

Your nice, kind, animating letter was very welcome to me. It did me good to hear what Murray says of the Apulia. It is really very high praise, for I suppose that ' Dicky Ford ' (to whom he compares you) must have been his very ideal of a traveller, knowing how to write with freshness and power.

I am very glad too to hear that Henry Reeve approves of the *Three Generations.* From him, even if only looked at as a moral sanction, the judgment is equal to a Papal ' imprimatur.'

You are quite right, my dear Janet, in warning me against being *desœuvré*, but how you will be able to save me from becoming thus ' stranded ' I don't yet see. Is not this a touching story in illustration of what you say ? The great Eltchi Lord Stratford de Redclife, after his retirement from diplomacy was travelling with his family and found himself at Rome. Naturally, he passed some of his time at the British Embassy, and there, one day, confessing his desire for work, work, work, he suddenly said : ' Do, do, give me something to copy.'

Of course, my dear Janet, I have always meant you to have any copy you might do me the honour to wish for of books attempted by poor dear me (who was never in your eyes a grave historian or indeed a grave anything else), and this time if you are in the humour to load yourself with volumes of mine, I shall be proud.

The prospect of your coming to see me is indeed delightful.

Ever affectionately yours,

A. W. Kinglake."

On the way to London I stopped a few days in Paris to see various friends and wrote to my husband :—

Janet Ross to Henry James Ross.

13 Rue d'Alger, Paris, 13 *June*, 1888.

" Many thanks for your letter and enclosures. I write down what I remember of dear old St. Hilaire's talk, with whom I dined the night before last, as I think it may amuse you. I told him that among my grandmother's letters to him I had found one in which she calls him her beloved brother, and therefore I claimed to be his grandniece. He adopted me enthusiastically, and rather sadly said he had no family—no relations. 'I was too poor to marry as a young man,' he added with a sigh. About Boulanger St. Hilaire said : 'He is being run by Mr. Bennett of the *New York Herald*, the proprietor of the Grand Magasin du Louvre, and Madame Arnaud de l'Arriège. The speech he made the other day was written for him by M. Naquet, and he did not know it properly. He came to the *Chambre* dressed as though for a wedding and much perfumed. When Minister of War the first thing he did was to abolish the ten o'clock *rentrée* of the *sous-officiers* and to allow them to remain out of barracks till one in the morning ; to permit the soldiers to wear their beards as they pleased and to smoke in the streets. In private life his conduct is said to be licentious.'

To-night I dine with Guichard, so shall probably hear the other side about Boulanger, that is if he agrees with his sister, Madame Arnaud. The impression here, as far as I can gather, is that the good-looking general is *nul.*

St. Hilaire then talked about M. Thiers, whose power of work he said was prodigious. He and St. Hilaire were always up and at work every morning at five, and often the latter worked all night. Thiers used to undress and go to bed for a hour and a half before dinner, and he had that enviable faculty of sleeping when he wished. 'I was called one day during a Council to give some explanations,' said our old friend, 'and sat at the right hand of M. Thiers. I had been working for two whole nights and fell fast asleep during the discussion. M. Thiers woke me and explained to the ministers, *Messieurs, pardonnez à ce pauvre St. Hilaire; je ne ferais pas le quart du travail si je n'avais point cet ami si devoué.* That repaid me,' added St. Hilaire, with a proud smile. He went on to mention other public men. Freycinet he described as having been first a Bonapartist *enragé*, then a Republican, then a Gambettist, and now again a Republican. An admirable orator, cleverish and unscrupulous, he it is who ruined the French finances with his railway schemes, which cost the nation many milliards. Carnot, *honnête homme et scrupuleux, mais sans initiative*, was incapable of putting the administration into order, which then went to the devil under Grévy, who never occupied himself with anything and allowed his son-in-law to *tripoté* in all kinds of schemes and to disgrace the Élysée. The state of France our old friend considers precarious. War is impossible, as though there are more men and *matériel* than under Napoleon, the nation is absolutely unprepared. Boulanger, he went on, has three things in his favour. First, he represents the party of *revanche à tout prix*, which is small, but noisy. Secondly, he is supported by the many malcontents who think anything would be better than the actual state of things. Thirdly, there is no man of real eminence, and he is a good figure-head, being tall, good-looking, and profuse in promises.

St. Hilaire is vigorous as ever in talk, but is rather bent and looks older than when we last met. He saw Henry Reeve in

Paris not long ago, and I know it will please you to hear that the great Henry told him the *Three Generations* was an excellent piece of work, and that he doubted whether, with all his experience with the Greville Memoirs, he could have done it better (I had sent Reeve the proofs to look over). Our dear old friend complimented me on my *travaux plus que viriles*—you can hear him say that—and has given me his two new volumes of Aristotle (which had never been translated into French). To-morrow I go with him to hear a debate in the Senate. Léon Say made, it seems, a splendid speech yesterday, and the Government was beaten hollow. St. Hilaire told me to go and see the marvellous things in the Louvre from the palace of Darius at Susa, dug up by M. and Mad. Dieulafoy.

14 *June*. This morning I went to the Louvre. You must go there next time you are in Paris. There are the sides of a great hall, all glazed tiles in high relief of the most wonderful colour. Lions, a procession of archers, and part of a staircase. The figures are quite half life size, and the whole thing takes one's breath away. It will interest you immensely as you know all that country. The debate in the Senate was not exciting, but I made the acquaintance of M. Léon Say, who welcomed me as a cousin. You know, or probably you don't know, that a Say married a Taylor. He is very pleasant and has a nice voice. In the evening I dined with Guichard, who evidently does not share his sister's admiration of Boulanger. *C'est un farceur*, he said, *qui a deshonoré notre armée en voulant faire de la politique. Il n'a pas le sou et dépense* 200,000 *francs par an*. M. Brisson was at dinner, and after Guichard telling me that he would certainly be President some day I was disappointed in him. Stiff and cold in manner, he did not strike me as a man who would ever make any great mark. I told Guichard afterwards that he would make a far better President than his friend M. Brisson.

Day after to-morrow I shall be in London, from whence I shall write again.

Your affectionate

JANET."

I passed a fortnight with our old friend Miss Courtenay in London, and Sir Charles Newton introduced me to Dr. Garnett at the British Museum. He was very kind, gave me a table in his own room, and had the books I wanted brought there. So I was quite happy. But before I had finished my work Eothen wanted me at Richmond. It made me very sad to see how feeble he had become, but the old charm of talk and manner was the same. Luckily it was fine weather, so we were able to sit on the terrace and talk. Among other stories he told me an excellent, but probably unintentional witticism of the Queen's. After dinner she went up to the Duc de Nemours, who was always somewhat of a *poseur*, and asked him to join in a round game. The Duke answered: *Merci, Madame, je joue qu'avec les armes.* The Queen then said: *Mais le Duc de Wellington y est.*

From Richmond I went to see Miss North in her new home at Alderley, where she had made a wonderful garden. She wanted some water-plants for a pond, so with Sambo, the black retriever, I went down to the ruins of Monks-mill. A brawling stream edged with blue forget-me-nots, golden kingcups, purple loosestrife, bulrushes, and water-weeds, amongst which water-hens scuttled away as Sambo dashed after them, flowed through a meadow. Opening a five-barred gate into a field, I saw a grey wall to the right with a tangle of white roses flung over it. Another gate led through a deserted garden to a house whose porch was overgrown with jasmine and pink roses. After knocking at the door I pushed it open and found the house as deserted as the garden. Pretty old-fashioned paper covered the walls, and anyone with a talent for concocting ghost stories might have given their fancy full play. The tapping of a bough against the window made Sambo bark and rush out after an imaginary enemy, so I followed him to the ruined mill close by. I returned with a basket full of water-plants and gave Miss North a glowing description of the place, which took the fancy of another of her guests, as the following letter shows:—

Marianne North to Janet Ross.

Mount House, Alderley, *September* 15, 1888.

"Dearest Janet,

I have a delightful houseful. A. R. Wallace and his wife, the F. Galtons, and a New Zealand cousin. I am trying to find a cottage for Mr. Wallace, he would be a most delightful neighbour. Like you he took a great fancy to Monks-mill, and if our conservative General [Hale] had not been so determined to keep it as it is, would have made a nice place of it. The house is so dry that the paper on the walls you liked so much looks quite good enough after so many years. The mill Mr. Wallace wanted to turn partly into a rock-garden, throwing the walls down inside—so as not to have the cost of carting away—filling up some of the holes, and gaining a south wall for fruit and other delicate things to grow under. It would have been a nice end to your romance to have the greatest of our English naturalists there. But Mrs. Wallace was glad when the General's ultimatum came, for she would have been very lonely, and he is too near seventy for such a work. . . .

Yours ever affectionately,

MARIANNE NORTH."

When I returned to London I went back to the British Museum, but was stopped at the glass door leading to Dr. Garnett's rooms. Alas, my kind friend had gone away for his holiday. So I went to the centre of the great reading-room and asked humbly for my books. "Look out the numbers in the catalogue," was the answer. I asked where the catalogue was and the man waved his arm in a circle. Thinking this meant somewhere in the bookcases round the room, I spent much time in looking for it, and then went back and asked again where it was. He pointed down, and at last I found what I wanted, wrote down names and numbers, and went back. "Put your papers into that basket," said the autocrat.

Seeing a big basket not far off, I deposited my papers, sat down at a desk, and waited. Nothing came, so I returned to the man, who rightly looked at me with contemptuous pity. "That is the waste-paper basket," he said; "that small one is the proper place." Having thoroughly disgraced myself and misspent much time, I at last got my books. Louisa Courtenay laughed long and loud over my stupidity, and told me I had always had too many people to do my biddings and to help me, so that I was incapable of doing things properly —which was partly true.

While in London some years before Miss North had taken me to see a charming old lady, Miss Swanwick, who wanted to hear Tuscan folk-songs. I heard she was staying with Dr. Martineau, so wrote to her, asking her to find out whether her host remembered my great-grandmother, or any stories about Norwich in her days. She answered :—

Miss Anna Swanwick to Janet Ross.

Aviemore, *August* 2, 1888.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

Yesterday, after spending a delightful fortnight with my dear friend Dr. Martineau, I bade him farewell and am now the guest of another friend. Shortly before leaving the Polchars I received your welcome letter, telling me of the interesting work in which you are now engaged, a memoir of *Three Generations*, which will, I should imagine, be hailed with peculiar satisfaction by Sir Francis Galton, as illustrating his favourite doctrine of Heredity, more especially as the literary genius of the family has been transmitted to the fourth generation. I delivered your message to Dr. Martineau ; he fears, however, that as he left Norwich at the age of fourteen, he cannot help you to any facts concerning the old Norwich days. He retains a vivid remembrance of your great-grandmother, Mrs. John Taylor, of whom he speaks as of a very remarkable woman. It was the custom, he says, to contribute papers to the budget read at the meetings, held at intervals of a few years, of the Taylor and Martineau families, the descendants of two sisters, and who, at last, were upwards of seventy in number. These Papers consisted of Essays, Poems, and Dramas, the latter being acted by the younger members of the two families, and in which he well remembers taking a part.

And now, having executed my commission, I may be allowed, I hope, to add a few words on my own account. I retain, I assure you, a most pleasing remembrance of the guitar and of Her who made it speak such excellent music and sang so delightfully.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Ross, yours very sincerely,

ANNA SWANWICK."

Our dear landlord Della Stufa had been ailing for some time, and the news about him was so bad that my husband and I left the Isle of Wight, where we were staying with Sir Charles Clifford, and went back to Castagnolo at the beginning of September. For some years I had been urging Henry to buy a villa and spend his money on his own land, and he now decided to do so. For weeks he scoured the country round Florence; several places which might have suited us did not suit the beloved orchids. Their houses were obliged to have a particular exposure and be sheltered from the north wind. At last when almost in despair he saw an advertisement of a villa near Settignano, and as Della Stufa was slightly better I went with Henry to see it. I did not like it, but my unfortunate husband was so weary of house-hunting that I said: "Buy." Driving down the hill we passed under an old machicolated castle with fine trees close by. "There," I exclaimed, "if you bought that I should be quite content." We asked the name, and when we got back told Della Stufa we had seen a place from the outside which I liked and its name was Poggio Gherardo. He smiled and asked me whether I would not like to buy Palazzo Pitti. Next morning the post brought a letter from the son of our kind doctor, Grazzini, saying that friends of his were in *villegiatura* in an old castle he was sure I should admire, and that they thought if properly managed it might be bought. Its name was Poggio Gherardo. I waved the letter in Henry's face and exclaimed: "There! there's my villa." We were advised not to appear as buyers, for being English the price would be raised. So after going over the place as visitors to Grazzini's friends, we made no sign, but charged Carlo Orsi's brother to buy it *per persona da nominarsi*, as the saying is in Italy. Things move slowly in this country. Though we bought Poggio Gherardo in November we did not get possession until end of January. They were sad, weary months. When not nursing our poor friend I was packing up goods and chattels. The only bright spot was the success of my book the *Three Generations of English Women*. The reviews, even those which are chary of giving praise, said it was well done and only found fault with the index.

Our old friend John Ball, of Alpine fame, who had been ill, pleased me mightily by praising "the excellent taste and judgment shown in avoiding anything that might have given offence to survivors of the writers of any letters published in the book." Like many other people, he lamented that the French letters had been translated, so I told him that it had been done by Mr. Murray's express desire. My cousin Henry Reeve aptly wrote: "It is a remarkably undisguised and honest book. Many of the predictions are wrong. Much of the enthusiasm is misplaced, but that is the way of the world. One can't help smiling at dear St. Hilaire's faith in the Republic of 1848, which was as rotten as that of 1793. When do you expect that your *Manfred* will be published? I have made arrangements to review it. . . ."

Mr. Grenfell's letter is so characteristic that I give it in full:—

H. R. Grenfell to Janet Ross.

2 Upper Grosvenor Street, London,
December 30, 1888.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

I have just finished your book on the *Three Generations*. I was so interested in it that I galloped through it

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT.

and have now bought it to read more slowly. My only criticism is that there is too much of Mrs. Austin and too little of your mother. Or rather there is too much of Mrs. Austin's friends. I was a boy in Germany when she paid her visit to Berlin and Dresden. And I can testify to the accuracy of her description of the German feeling both towards England and France. I don't think the feeling of Germany towards this country is very friendly now. Mrs. Austin's friends were many of them tiresome. Guizot *must* have been tiresome. As long as it was expected that we had entered into a new phase and that virtue was going to govern us, Guizot was all very well. But when it came to be discovered that virtue (that is Guizot) was not virtuous and that the world did not want to be governed by it, Guizot's reason of being departed. We resorted to Palmerston, and France to that Leicester Square Frenchman Louis Napoleon, who was in my opinion quite good enough for Frenchmen.

Surely it must have been Sydney Smith, not old Sussex, who said that it took nine men to make a Taylor.[1]

The Heine story is a novel in itself. The broken English letter from the refugee contains, to those who know Italians, as lovely a picture of all that is best and holiest in the Italian character.

And now what a future we have to look to. Boulanger in France. Milan of Servia who will make the *casus belli* which was wanted in the Danube. And the incoming Secretary of State in America who is determined to annex Canada whatever happens.

So we are in for wars, civil in Ireland and uncivil everywhere else.

Yours faithfully,
H. R. Grenfell."

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[1] Mr. Grenfell was wrong, for Miss Howes wrote to me: "The Duke of Sussex came to Norwich on some Masonic business. My father walked in the procession with a Bible on a cushion as Chaplain to the Grand Lodge. Mr. Edward Taylor was prominent in the business, and the Duke in a speech at the dinner said he had often heard the saying that it took nine tailors to make a man, but now, from all he heard in Norwich, he was disposed to think that it took nine men to make a Taylor."

Sir Henry Layard also wrote to me from Venice saying :—

Sir Henry Layard to Janet Ross.

Ca' Capello, Venice, *January* 2, 1889.

" My dear Janet,

. . . I have only had time to skim your book and to read your dear mother's letters, which I have done with the greatest pleasure and interest. They remind me of many happy days spent at 'The Gordon Arms' when we were all young and hopeful. Alas ! How few of those who used to meet there are still living—Kinglake and myself are, I believe, the only two—and it cannot be long before we follow our friends. It was kind of you to think of sending me your book. I heartily wish it every success and may you make 'something handsome' out of it. But books of this kind do not pay now as they did in former days. To get at the pockets of the public you must write 'Penny Dreadfuls' or sensational stories.

I am deeply grieved to hear of poor Stufa's serious illness, don't overtax your strength in nursing him. Kindest regards to Ross. . .

Your affectionate

A. H. Layard."

Our dear landlord and friend died in February, and we had months of hard work to get things at all straight in our new home. Everything was in sad disorder. The *poderi*, or farms, had been left to a *fattore*, who of course had taken all he could out of the land and put nothing in : the peasants' houses were wretched—there were not even windows—only heavy wooden shutters, which had not been painted for years and were half rotten. The condition of the villa itself was deplorable. On trying to kill a wasp on the front door my stick went straight through. Just before leaving Castagnolo my faithful Giulio had entreated me with tears in his eyes to take him and his wife with us, and then the man who looked after my pony made the same request, so we had people we could rely on. When it was known that we wanted labourers a lot of men came from the Mugello, twelve miles away, and as there was no place near where they could sleep we let them have five rooms upstairs with a separate entrance, which had been occupied by the *fattore*. They were above my husband's room, and in order not to disturb him in the early morning the good fellows did not put on their boots until they were out of doors.

The " English ideas " of the *Padroni* were a source of great wonder to the *contadini*. Henry's objection to bits of paper littering the carriage drive and to clothes being hung out to dry on the rose hedges they thought absurd and inconvenient ; and my insisting on air and cleanliness in the cow stables was met with dismay, and evasion whenever possible. They were an inferior lot of people, as the *fattore* had behaved so ill to the peasants who had been on the property for generations that they had left, and no decent family would take a *podere* under him. The old Tuscan proverb, *Ogni muta, una caduta* (every change is a disaster), had certainly proved true in this case, for the land was covered with that terrible pest couch-grass, ditches had not been cleaned out for years, and the carriage drive was like a stony watercourse. We decided to divide a big *podere* and to build a new peasant's house, as one family could not possibly do the work properly on twenty or more acres, and I set to work planting vines and fruit trees. I also determined to try and find out something about the history of our old castle. Hearing that in the National Library of Florence there was a manuscript written in 1740 by one of the Gherardi, I went there, but after waiting a long time I was told that it had been mislaid—could not be found. By great good luck old Mr. Temple Leader came to call and said he had a copy, made for him when he bought Vincigliata many years ago, which he would lend me if I cared to have it copied. There I found the history, not only of our villa, but of many others on the Fiesole and Settignano hill-sides. Ruberto Gherardi's ancestor Gherardo Gherardi bought the Palagio del Poggio in 1433 from the Zati family and changed its name to Poggio Gherardo, or Gherardi, and it had been in the possession of the Gherardi until we bought it. By students of Boccaccio it has always been identified with the *palagio*, immortalized in the *Decamerone*, " on a small hill equidistant on all sides from any road," to which the joyous company of youths and ladies went first from Florence to escape the plague. Two short miles to the east of the city they came to the foot of a hill " on the summit whereof was a palace. In the centre was a pleasant and large courtyard, with arcades and halls and rooms, each one beautiful and well ornamented with jocund paintings ; surrounded by fields and with marvellous gardens, and possessing wells of purest water, and cellars full of precious wines more suited to curious topers than to sober and virtuous women." Here Pampinea was crowned queen, and here she commanded Panfilo to begin the series of wonderful tales. At the end of the first day she ceded the garland, emblem of royalty, to " the discreet maiden Filomena," and the company then went down to a stream of clear water (the Mensola) which from a height near by flowed among rocks and green herbage through a valley shaded by many trees. Barefoot and with naked arms they entered the water and disported themselves until the hour of supper being nigh, they returned to the palace and supped with great content.

Alas, the " jocund paintings " had all disappeared. The rooms had been papered, and with what paper ! When I ordered it to be all scraped off and the walls to be simply washed a light grey stone colour, the workmen exclaimed : *Ma, Lei sa che è carta di Francia ?* (But do you know that it is French paper ?), in tones of respect and dismay. Of the " marvellous gardens " no trace remained, save that in digging we sometimes came upon bits of old masonry which might have belonged to anything—walls, arbours, pedestals for statues. My interest and amusement in working at the amelioration of our own place recalled to me St. Hilaire's description of the small girl's pride when she showed him her bit of garden, saying " all my own," but it was saddened by a letter from dear Eothen's nice nurse Miss Alice, telling me of an operation to his throat and that he was very low. So I determined to write him a long letter every other day to cheer him, and until he died, save when I went to see him in London, I sent my budget of news regularly. On May 18 he scribbled me a line in pencil: "Dear Janet, your most kind, most delightful letters are balm to me."

I described to him the wonderful view from our terrace—when clear we saw the top of Monte Nero above Leghorn to the west, while Vallombrosa, covered with snow in the winter, lay to the east—ninety-three miles as the crow flies. And how we were in the midst of splendid art-memories; Settignano, where Desiderio was born, and near by the house belonging to Michelangelo's father, to which the baby boy was brought to be nursed by the wife of a stone-cutter. "I drew the chisel and the mallet with which I carve statues in together with my nurse's milk," he told Vasari. Behind us was Maiano, the birthplace of Giuliano and Benedetto da Maiano, and the tiny village of Corbignano, from whence the sons of a sculptor, Giusto Betti, emigrated to France and became famous in French art-history as *Les Justes de Tours.* In the same village is also the little house bought by Boccaccio di Chellino when he came from Certaldo to Florence. Ruberto Gherardi declares that "here was born our Master Giovanni in 1313. . . . I am the more persuaded of this because it lies about a mile from the valley of Ameto, under which name he speaks of himself in the *Commedia delle Ninfe Fiorentine.*" With infinite patience and long-winded dullness old Gherardi identifies the different spots mentioned in the *Decamerone*, the *Ninfale Fiesolane*, and *Ameto.* But what amused Eothen more was my description of how I stood over the peasants to see that they dug deep enough to destroy the roots of the wild tulips, anemones, and irises, in the fields. This they did unwillingly because their children got a few pence by selling the flowers; never calculating that wheat and potatoes properly grown paid far better.

When the *Land of Manfred* came out, although very well reviewed, particularly in the *Edinburgh*, it met with little success. I was much disappointed, as I had worked hard and thought my work was good. Mr. Murray declared it was the fault of my title, which did not explain what the book was about—people, he said, thought my hero was Byron's Manfred! I was somewhat consoled when a publisher at Trani asked permission to have "the only book, since Gregorovius' *La Grande Grèce* which is more historical, about our beloved and much-maligned *Italia Meridionale*," translated, and by letters from friends. Dr. Hodgkin, who had so kindly corrected names and dates in the chapter on Benevento, wrote :—

Dr. Thomas Hodgkin to Janet Ross.

St. Nicholas Square, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
June 13, 1889.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

Among the many pleasures of my home-coming after a much-enjoyed visit to the East, has been that of finding your delightful book *The Land of Manfred* on my table. I am reading it with great interest, and think you have been remarkably successful in blending the two interests of modern travel and of ancient history. Most people who have any knowledge of history *feel* this blending of two harmonious notes, but it is not everyone who can make others feel it as you do. To me the power of transporting oneself into the past makes the chief part of the pleasure of travel.

I am glad to find that your sympathies are so entirely and undisguisedly on the side of the Hohenstauffen. I always was a Ghibelline and have felt from a child something like personal hatred for Charles of Anjou, only tempered by the remembrance that after all he was the brother of St. Louis, whom I take to be one of the noblest characters of the Middle Ages.

Ever yours truly,

THOS. HODGKIN."

Before I finished the *Three Generations* Kinglake had been anxious that I should make it *Four* and put myself in. But I demurred. He then suggested that I might follow it up by a small volume, and gave the title *Early Days Recalled*. Chiefly to please and amuse him I began, and sent him some MS. From his answer I discovered that he wanted me to write a historical work. Six long letters followed this one, all full of the 10th of April, telling me what to read, and almost angry when I answered that I had not the requisite knowledge for such a book.

A. W. Kinglake to Janet Ross.

17 Bayswater Terrace, Kensington Gardens,
August 25, 1889.

" My dear Janet,

First let me thank you for your most kind invitation to your Tuscan castle—one even including Miss Alice, though in my present state I have to remember that for an invalided old boy the proper place is his home. I shall never be able to thank you enough for your dear letters.

I have read your MS. with great pleasure, for my memory, like yours, is familiar with most of your *dramatis personæ.* Of course your narrative is without much ' backbone,' not purporting to be more than anecdotical, and I don't know enough of things literary to be able to say whether people not having my knowledge of your old home in Queen's Square would think the reading solid enough for their august minds. I fear that the result of a merely anecdotical book might be disappointing, not from any want of skill in the telling, but from the fact that the human subjects of the anecdotes are forgotten people. I am told that of the now reading world hardly any remember Mrs. Norton, or the fame that her transcendent beauty left behind her for at least a few years. But there is one part of your narrative which suggests to me a plan for not only giving it the needed ' backbone,' but even offering to your readers some knowledge of (as I think) great value which is not, as far as I know, recorded in any good book. That ' 10th of April, 1848,' for which your dear father and mother so well prepared in the way you describe, was really a great day for England, and even for Europe, and so you will say, if you make yourself mistress of the subject. The interest, of course, being hugely augmented by the fact that the great Duke of Wellington commanded in the battle and splendidly won it. The part taken in the business by your father and mother within that sphere of action which you describe was noble and wise, and furnished a beautiful sample of what ought to be the fraternization between 'gentle and simple' in times of national danger. Your drama would open with the flight of kings and falling thrones, and then pass on to the wonderful '10th of April,' which you, as a small child, may be said to have seen 'making ready' at the supper-party in Queen's Square.[1] The story is a grand one, as I think, and glorious to England at a time when the Continent (except Russia) was shaking with terror. The French on the 9th thought it was all over with England, and one of their newspapers said: *La Reine s'est sauvée avec son Cobourg dans l'Isle de Wichtchl!*

My dear Janet, ever your affectionate
A. W. Kinglake."

When I was at Oxford in 1888 I made the acquaintance of Mr. Tozer, well known to my husband by his books on Turkey and Armenia. As he was going to Apulia I gave him letters of introduction which he found useful. The following year he sent me his monograph and I wrote to thank him. He answered:—

Rev. H. F. Tozer to Janet Ross.

18 Norham Gardens, Oxford, *November* 3, 1889.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

I am much pleased that my monograph meets with your approval. As you think I may venture to present a copy to the Public Library of Lecce I send one, but I must request that it goes under your auspices. I know Vito Palumbo's translations into Salentino Greek and am much interested in them, but I was not aware that he lived in Kalimara. I venture to send a copy for him, if you think he would like it.

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[1] See p. 14.

I have been in Trebizond, and found that the greater part of the population of the city and the neighbouring district speak Greek. It is a very peculiar and interesting dialect of modern Greek. ' Concealed ' Christians, such as you describe, are found in various parts of Turkey ; I know of them in Crete and in Macedonia ; the real Christians sometimes call them ' linsey-woolseys.' They are known to baptize their children, keep the saints' days, etc. But about the classical Greek I am afraid I am rather sceptical.

Believe me yours very truly,

H. F. Tozer."

In November Mr. Symonds came to Poggio Gherardo, which was beginning to be comfortable. He was not very well, but the brilliancy and fire of his conversation was a perpetual delight. After this visit my dear Historian, as I dubbed him, came to see us every year. From the Countess Pisani's he wrote :—

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Vescovana, Stanghella,
Wednesday, November 26, 1889.

" My dear Janet,

This is how I am going to call you, if you will allow me. I had a very quiet journey on Sunday, and found at Bologna a letter from Mad. Pisani begging me not to pass her by without a visit. So here I have been since two o'clock on Monday, and now I am going on to Venice.

Fortunately the weather is extremely beautiful, and so this vast plain, intersected by the Canals of the Adige, looks its very best—like a silvery dreamy Holland with richer soil and most luxuriant vegetation, and the Euganean Hills for great permanent blue clouds upon the northern horizon.

I drove with the Contessa over a large part of her estate yesterday, visiting I don't know how many farm-houses, inspecting (she said) nearly three hundred head of huge white oxen, and blowing up—at least the Countess blew up—every unfortunate man, woman, and child that came in our way. It took nearly four hours, and gave me considerable respect for the Pisani property. They have one fascinating old house for *villeggiatura* right on the Adige, built deep below the level of the dykes, but rising to a high aerial storey which looks down into the swishing mass of water and across to the Apennines, and backwards to the Euganeans and the Alps. I should like to inhabit that *altana* for a while.

I find on the back of an envelope this rhyme, done, I think, from one of your Tuscan lullabies :—

Carnival, Carnival, fly away home.
They've made a fool's cap to set on your crown :
Each tag is a sausage that dangles down.
Carnival, Carnival, fly away home.

What are you to do with *fegatello* (Each tag's a black-pudding) ?

I wish I had been stronger and more capable of enjoyment. In some strange way *j'ai perdu ma force et ma vie*. I wonder whether they will ever come back again, even in part.

Please remember me with affection to Mr. Ross, and believe me always most sincerely yours

J. A. Symonds."

My dear " Old Œbalian," Sir James Lacaita, begged us to go and spend a few weeks with him at Leucaspide, but Henry was too busy building another orchid-house, so I went alone. It was a good year for olives and a great number of women were engaged in picking up the fruit under the big trees. Several of the girls were handsome ; one in particular was like a Greek statue and had the hands of the Medicean Venus, small, with curved fingers. Several of the women were good dancers, so one evening we had a party. There was a guitar, two *ghitarre battente*, one admirably played by a carter, and a tambourine. The music of the Apulian dance the *Pizzica-pizzica* was wilder and more exciting than anything I ever heard, far more so than that of the tarantella. Occasionally the players would burst into song :—

> " Lassat*e*li balla' ! lassat*e*li balla' !
> Lassat*e*li balla' ! chiss do' diavulà !
> Ca tén*ene* la tarant, ca tén*ene* la tarant
> Ca tén*ene* la tarant, sott' a li pieda
> Uhe', uhei la ! uhe', uhei li !
> Uhe', uhei li ! d*e* nott*e* m*e* n*e* sci
> A lu lusc*e* d*e* la lun*e*
> No ma va' v*e*de' nisciun*e*.
>
> Oh, quant ball bon*e* ! oh, quant ball bon*e* !
> Oh, quant ball bon*e* ! chessa coppia !
> Iun*e* è 'nu mulid, iun*e* è 'nu mulid
> Iun*e* è 'nu mulid, e l' ald*e* 'na v*e*rn*e*cocca.
> Uhe', uhei la ! " etc.[1]

and the whole company joined in the chorus of Uhe', uhei la ! uhe', uhei li ! The Greek beauty danced like a sylph. Holding the corners of her apron with the forefinger and thumb of each hand, she glided swiftly down the room, then suddenly flinging one arm above her head and bending the other backwards on her hip, she circled round her partner, snapping her fingers and seeming to defy him to follow her. The man, a bricklayer, had a splendid figure ; his eyes sparkled with excitement, the backs of his hands resting on his hips as he flew after the girl. As one dancer was tired another sprang into his, or her, place. At last Sir James, who in his youth had been a famous dancer of both the *pizzica* and the *tarantella*, could bear it no longer; he jumped up and put them all to shame by the neat grace of his steps. They tried to teach me, but one must be born in Magna Græcia to dance the *pizzica-pizzica* properly. After some glasses of wine a *sonetto* was called for from a shepherd who I saw admired the Greek beauty. "He makes songs," I was told. Addressing himself to me, but with an occasional impassioned glance at the girl, who was sitting by me, he sang to a wild, melancholy air, very Eastern in its long-drawn-out notes:

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[1] The italic *e*'s are pronounced like the *e muet* in French, in *ne pas*, for example.

> (Let them dance ! *bis*
> These two devils !
> Who have the tarantula *bis*
> Under their feet.
> Uhe', uhei la ! Uhe', uhei li !
> Uhe', uhei li ! At night I'll go out.
> By the light of the moon
> No one will see me.
>
> Oh, how well they dance ! *bis*
> This couple !
> One is an apple, *bis*
> And the other an apricot
> Uhe', uhei la ! etc.)

"Quanno s' affacce tu, donna reale,
Ognuno dicera: Mo spande 'lu sole;
Non è lu sole e manco so' li stelle
È lu splendore che caccé sta donna belle."

(When thou lookest forth, royal lady,
All will say: Now the sun is shining;
It is not the sun, neither is it the stars,
It is the splendour this beautiful woman sends forth.)

I claimed the performance of an old promise—that I might dig at the *Tavola del Paladino*, or Paladin's table. With four men we started for San Giovanni, one of Sir James's farms about two miles from Leucaspide, where we met Professor Viola, then head of the museum at Taranto. On a small, round hillock in the middle of high, flat tableland stood a huge, irregular slab of stone, nine feet nine inches long and seven wide, supported on four upright smaller stones more than three feet high; evidently the tomb of some forgotten hero buried near an ancient chariot road, the deep ruts of which could be followed for miles. We soon saw that the tomb had been opened before. All that came out was one perfect jawbone, pieces of two others with most enviable teeth, a few human bones, and some broken prehistoric pottery, called *Bucchero Italico*. This was the first megalithic tomb excavated, Viola said, in the province. I saw the workmen looked sceptical at the word megalithic, and while the professor was talking learnedly to Sir James I asked one of them whose the tomb really was. "Christian, no doubt," he answered. "Impossible," I remarked; "the remains date from long before the birth of our Lord." "That has nothing to do with it. In those days the Christians did not die. The pagans buried them alive, and then the paladins killed the pagans and sat round this table to eat and drink after battle. It is not a tomb at all. It is a *tavola* (table)." [1]

My visit to Leucaspide was cut short by news that Henry was ill, so I rushed back to Poggio Gherardo. He had slipped down some steps and hurt his back, besides having a bad cold. Often I begged him not to be so rapid in his movements (the *contadini* had nicknamed him "steam-engine" on account of his quick walking) and to remember that he was no longer twenty. But it was no use. He would order something to be done in the garden and then, if the men did not at once set to work, he would do it himself. At the end of June he went to Aix-les-Bains and I to London to see Eothen, who was far from well. I stayed for a little with Miss Courtenay, and, as usual, caught cold and had bronchitis. Then Kinglake said he wanted me all to himself and took rooms for me close to Bayswater Terrace. Every afternoon we went and sat in Kensington Gardens, where he would fall asleep. It was pitiful to see how feeble and low he was; and when the time came to say goodbye I felt I should never see my beloved "guardian," the best of friends, again.

In the late autumn Symonds came to Poggio Gherardo and fell ill. The first time our doctor, Grazzini, saw him he was rather taken aback by Symonds at once asking him whether he was a descendant of *Lasca* (A. F. Grazzini, founder of the famous Academy of *La Crusca*). "*Per Bacco*," exclaimed the doctor, "you seem to know our literature better than most of my Italian patients." They became great friends; Symonds soon got better, and Grazzini gave him much good advice—which of course he did not follow.

When he got back to Davos he wrote:—

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[1] Mr. Lacaita tells me the men were right and that it was a sacrificial table.

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

A. Hof, Davos Platz, Switzerland,
December 11, 1890.

"My dear Janet,

You see I am here. I arrived on Saturday, having had a very dull, gloomy three days' journey from Venice. But within five miles of Davos I emerged from thick fog into the glorious clear sunset of the upper Alps—white pyramids, tinted like red and amber coloured jewels by the sun's rays shooting into cloudless serenity of blue. And so it has been ever since. I feel on the whole really the better for my Italian holiday, for the delightful days of gentle almost summer at Poggio Gherardo. And I am going to rest as much as I can from work for some time. Grazzini is quite right about that. By the way, when you see him, do give my kindest salutations to that charming man.

I hope Gozzi reached you. I will write to-day to have my poems sent, but I do not expect you to care for them. They are a very mixed lot, and the best are sonnets in Vagabunduli Libellus: which means, you know, the little book of a little wanderer or vagabond. With my kindest regards to Mr. Ross, believe me always yours,

J. A. Symonds."

To St. Hilaire I had written my good wishes for the new year and told him about the vines and fruit trees that had been planted. He answered :—

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Boulevard Flandrin 4, *Décembre* 31, 1890.

"Très-chère Janet, ma petite nièce,

Votre aimable souvenir du nouvel an m'a fait grand plaisir en me prouvant que vous allez fort bien, malgré les rigueurs de cet hiver. 16,000 ceps de vigne, 2000 arbres,

John Addington Symonds
July 1890

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

c'est superbe, d'abord à planter, puis ensuite à voir croître. Devenez agriculteur, sans cesser d'écrire. Les deux forment une excellente existence. Je voudrais bien avoir organisé la mienne de cette façon. Maintenant c'est trop tard. J'ai 85½ ans, c'est un avantage sans doute ; mais que de tristesses de voir tout tomber autour de soi avant de tomber soi-même.

Vous continuez à écrire et à dessiner avec votre energie ordinaire. Moi j'ai fini Aristote depuis quinze jours, après cinquante-neuf ans. J'imprime les derniers volumes, qui seront en tout au nombre de 35. Je remercie Dieu de m'avoir fait cette grâce inespérée. Vous avez bien raison de penser que je ne regrette pas d'avoir donné ma vie au génie d'Aristote, quoique j'eusse préféré la passer avec Platon et Socrate. Mais je suis toujours dans la Grèce, c'est à dire avec le beau et le vrai. Penser qu'à l'heure qu'il est, en France, on s'efforce de détruire les études classiques ! Ce sera le coup mortel pour notre intelligence. Agréez, ma chère petite nièce, tous mes vœux pour votre santé, vos travaux et votre bonheur. Votre bien dévoué

B. St. Hilaire."

Shorter and shorter and more illegible became the few lines Kinglake sent in answer to my long letters ; in December only "dear Janet" was in one from his nice gentle nurse, Miss Alice. On January 2, 1891, he died, having borne a painful malady with the same tranquil courage which first attracted Lord Raglan's attention in the Crimea. It was on the day of the battle of the Alma. The Commander-in-Chief and his staff rode to the front and were followed by a miscellaneous crowd of sightseers. One, mounted on a rampaging, vicious little stallion whose loud neighs and screams were intolerable, attracted the notice of Lord Raglan. Some members of his staff suggested ordering the crowd of idlers to retire, but he said : "No, they will tail off fast enough when we get under fire," and cantering along a road swept by the Russian fire, he crossed the river to a knoll close to the enemy's position. The sightseers had "tailed off" as Lord Raglan predicted—all save the civilian mounted on the vociferous pony. He was quietly examining the Russian lines. Struck by his pluck, the Commander-in-Chief sent one of his staff to find out who he was. When he heard that he was Kinglake, of Eothen fame, he rode up and asked him to dine that night. The two men became fast friends, and when speaking of Lord Raglan Eothen's eyes dimmed once or twice. Few, very few, men had such a power of descriptive talk, or, when roused by some story of injustice or wrongdoing, such a power of scathing sarcasm, rendered even more withering by the quiet tone of voice and the courteous manner. At the same time he was the most generous and most charitable of men. About his literary work there can be no two opinions. He was a master of English prose. With infinite care and patience he corrected and recorrected proofs ; sentences were written and rewritten until they satisfied his fastidious taste ; and even his shortest notes have a wayward grace of style.

CHAPTER XVII

ALL my Historian's fine resolutions about resting from work in obedience to the doctor's orders were swept away like fleecy clouds in less than a month. He became possessed with Michelangelo and could write of nothing else. Early in January, 1891, he asked me to go to Alinari and order photographs of all Michelangelo's work to be sent to Davos immediately, adding—to our amusement—"he may probably never have heard of me, and I think it better to open negotiations through the mediation of one so well known in Florence as you are."

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Davos Platz, Switzerland, *January* 14, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

Thanks to your energetic action, for which I am sincerely grateful, I received a whole mass of photographs from Alinari. I only wish now—this is my fault—that I had asked to have them mounted. They would have taken more room indeed, but would not have curled up like so many hundreds of Aaron's rods turned into serpents on my table and my floor, as these superb shadow-pictures of great art-work are doing now. I can hardly grapple with them. But, as I hope to buy a very large number, I can have them mounted for me here. The fact is that we live just now in climatic conditions hostile to unmounted photographs. The thermometer register last night was 27 Fahr. below zero, or 59 degrees of frost. The house is well heated, and the sun heat in the day is high. And there is not a scrap of moisture anywhere, except in human bodies. Consequently, things like wood, paper, leather, woollen garments, acquire an extraordinary dryness.

Tell the Padrone of our temperature. It will remind him of Erzeroum—except that here we have little wind. I do not know whether there, in Erzeroum, he profited by as much sun as we have, which enables me to sit out in my wooden loggia when the thermometer behind the planks registers 15 below zero at noonday.

I am going to plague you with another request. I have a friend here who wants to find a place in Florence. His object is to learn Italian. He can correspond excellently well in German, well in French, and understands book-keeping, etc. . . . Now you will exclaim: 'A plague on the Historian. He comes in each letter to make some claim upon our friendship.' True, dear lady; true, Padrona cara, Donna e Signora di Poggio Gherardo. But your poor Historian does not really make demands. He only asks whether in the multiplicity of your connections with Florence you can think of some place in which to stow away Anton for a season. Love to you all.

Yours ever,

J. A. Symonds."

Several people had told me that it would be very difficult, indeed almost impossible, to obtain permission to examine the archives in Michelangelo's house, owing to the will of the last of the Buonarroti, who left the house and its contents either to the Government, or to the city of Florence, with strict injunctions that his ancestor's letters and papers should not be made public, or even examined by anyone. I therefore went to Dr. Guido Biagi, the well-known librarian of the Laurentian Library, told him of Symonds' projected work, and asked what could be done. He suggested that a formal application should be made to him to forward to Rome. I then wrote to my Historian to tell him what I had done.

Early in April he came with his daughter Madge to stay with us. She and my niece Lina Duff Gordon, who had come to live with us after the death of her mother, became great friends, perhaps because they were so different. One dark, with splendid eyes, a nervous excitable temperament like her father, and a passionate love of nature and flowers; the other tall, slender and fair, fond of books, but with tastes and talent only just developing. My niece had come straight from the Sacré Cœur convent at Paris (her mother was a Roman Catholic), and her physical well-being had been as little attended to by the nuns as her education. They naturally grieved at her coming to live with heretics, and a letter from one of the mothers showed the opinion they had of us. Lina had written a description of Poggio Gherardo to one of them, and among other things mentioned a handsome Maremma dog called *Leone*, the usual name in Tuscany for these big sheep-dogs. This proved our moral obliquity. "Oh," wrote Mère Eugénie, "that you should be compelled to live with people who have so little respect for our Holy Father as to call a dog by his blessed name!" Half the Maremma dogs round us, belonging to good Catholics too, were "Lions" because of their savage disposition. A few days later I called on a neighbour, and when he reproved his *Leone* for barking at me I looked shocked, and remarked that it was the name of the Pope. "So it is, I never thought of it, but it is such a good name for a Maremmano."

While Symonds was with us he helped me to select some of my mother's translations of Heine's poems, done when she was in Paris in 1855 to please the dying poet.[1] They were published in *Murray's Magazine* in June. About the same time St. Hilaire urged me to translate M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's book on Russia, *L'Empire des Czars*. He had the profoundest mistrust of Russia. "Le public," he wrote, "fera bien d'avoir les yeux ouverts sur la Russie; ses vastes desseins pourraient éclater plus tôt qu'on ne pense; et la Providence réserve peut-être à cette Macédoine-Slave, la domination de l'Occident Gréco-Romain. Je tremble d'être prophète; et je ne suis pas le seul à voir cet avenir."

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[1] See *Three Generations of Englishwomen*, p. 223 *et seq.*

I sent a copy of *Early Days Recalled* to dear Signor and received a letter of wonderful length from so bad a correspondent :—

G. F. Watts to Janet Ross.

Monkshatch, Guildford, *June* 17, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

I have never thanked you enough for your interesting and charming book, how especially interesting to me recalling days perhaps the most delightful I have ever known I need not say. I should have written before, but I have been horribly ill with this fiendish influenza.

I wonder whether you are coming to England this summer. In your place I should hardly be tempted. Dear Firenze! I don't suppose I shall ever see it again, and indeed almost shrink from visiting it, dreading the changes which I hear have taken place, changes which in these days of extraordinary diminution of the sense of the beautiful I know must be the destruction of so much not only of historical interest but of artistic delight. I should shrink from coming to see the lovely old city even if the chance were offered, and that cannot be, as I have no health for travelling, and time grows short with me; this is my seventy-fifth year! But I rejoice that some people are enjoying what I cannot. Now there is one thing you can do for me, if you are poking about in Florence or have friends with plenty of time for hunting and would be interested in the sort of thing. I so very much wish to find a certain school-book my Italian master got for me when I first went to Florence in the year 1843, and which was the delight of my life; it is a selection of chapters from the historians of Florence—Villani, Guicciardini, Malaspini, and others. It seemed to be an ordinary school-book. When I left Florence, intending to return, I did not carry the book with me, and when my things were sent home the book was not with them.

I have made enquiries from time to time without success. If this book can be found I would gladly pay many times its price. If you will institute a hunt for it I should be much obliged. After so much silence I would like to send you a letter with some degree of interesting stuff in it, but I am the worst of all scribes, but always your affectionate

SIGNOR.

Mary, my wife, sends her love."

I hunted through all the book-shops in Florence, but could find no book answering to "Signor's" description. I begged old school-books of friends; Signora Villari thought she had it and it was sent to Little Holland House, but it was not the right one. In all five books were despatched, but *the* one was never found.

My husband took Lina to Switzerland as she suffered from the heat, while I remained to superintend some work that had not been finished. It was rather dreary all alone in the big house, and my joy was great when a telegram came from a very kind friend, Mr. Somerset Beaumont, inviting me to meet him and his party at Bayreuth and hear *Parsifal* and *Tannhäuser*. The theatre was, I thought, ugly, but the *mise en scène* wonderful, save that instead of a milk-white swan a grey goose fell to Parsifal's arquebuse, whereat an irreverent neighbour said in a stage whisper "Apple sauce." The orchestra was very fine, but the German singing I confess I did not enjoy. I should have preferred all the singers to have been marionettes. The small theatre in the town was the most charming building; the scenery was mounted ready for some opera, and I longed to hear Gluck or Mozart sung by Italians in such an old-world, dainty setting. We all went to beautiful Nuremberg for a few days, from whence I returned to Poggio Gherardo, where I found a letter from Symonds, of which I quote a few lines as they show his extraordinary power for work :—

". . . I think of leaving Davos about the end of September, and if you could take me in for a few days it would be such a pleasure to me. I shall have to go on to Rome. I cannot properly remember the M.A. architecture there. Since I came up here I have now spent ten weeks on my work, writing about eight hours a day. It is a tremendous strain. But I have finished (or at least laid down on paper) eleven chapters out of the fourteen I planned. My work is already a substantial thing before me. . . ."

I too was busy. My mother's *Letters from Egypt* had long been out of print, and I always felt that Mrs. Austin had "edited" them far too much—partly from necessity, not to get people into trouble. But things had changed in Egypt. One had no longer to fear that a Viceroy would vent his displeasure at the outspoken words of a dead Englishwoman on the defenceless heads of her poor Egyptian friends. All her letters had been left to me by my father and I copied them faithfully, only leaving out purely family matter. I had written to ask "Signor's" leave to put a very beautiful pencil head of her, done by him in 1848, as frontispiece to the book. Mrs. Watts answered for him, and at the same time told me that Leighton was coming to Italy. I knew he wanted to know Symonds, so wrote at once to him and my letter followed him to Perugia.

Sir Frederick Leighton to Janet Ross.

Perugia, *October* 16, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

Many thanks for your most kind letter. I am sincerely sorry to say that I *can't* do what you so amiably suggest. I am this year more than usually tied by my work (a wretched 'Presidential discourse'), so much so that I have, to my grief, to forego my visit to Rome and Michelangelo—on which I had much reckoned. I shall indeed pass through Florence; shall probably be there on Friday, but the day will barely suffice for what I have to do. Apart from the great pleasure of seeing you again in your home, I should particularly like to meet J. A. Symonds, and I need not add how glad I should be to find our dear old Lacaita. If I can possibly manage to drive out in the afternoon for a *mezz' oretta* to greet you I will certainly do so; but this, my dearest Janet, is the extent of the hope of

Your affectionate

FRED. LEIGHTON.

Does Symonds never come to England? I should so much like to see him."

When the dear Historian left us he was in the mood for writing. His first letter was from Bibbiena, where he stopped on the way to Rome in order to drive to La Vernia, from whence he rode to Caprese. Caprese he described as "a lonely country—I cannot call it town or village—for it is a sort of scattered district made up of hamlets buried in vast woods of chestnut and oak. The old castle, where M. A. was born, stands by itself on the top of a wooded rock, and would make, I think, a good sketch. You look down the Tiber valley toward Città di Castello and then far away rise the Apennines beyond and behind Perugia, Monte Aguto, etc. . . ."

The next letter was from Rome.

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Hôtel du Quirinal, Rome,

October 29, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

I have just arrived and found your letter and those you so kindly forwarded. In spite of mixed weather I have enjoyed my journey since I wrote to you from Bibbiena. Orvieto, as usual, left upon my mind a sinister impression of ancient guilt, and Signorelli, as formerly, dominated my imagination almost painfully.

I passed Terni without stopping, and came to Aquila by an interesting mountain railway. The upland where Rieti is struck me as excellent in air. But the Apennines are so stony and ugly, destitute of charm or outline beauty. Aquila is worth a long journey. Its position in the very centre of the highest Apennines is highly attractive, and there are some interesting relics of art—not much, since a great earthquake in 1703 destroyed nearly the whole of the old city.

Sulmona is hardly worth going to. It has an Angevine aqueduct of some picturesqueness and a fine façade of a building which is now a hospital. Nothing more to my eyes at least, except the stony Apennines, and the people, who are as ugly and rude as the abominable twangle jangle wrangle music of the superficial South.

I could not get De Nino's book on Ovidio in the only bookshop of the town !

The railway to Rome is on the whole uninteresting. Endless barren hills—stones, stones, stones, and a few black olive trees, three or four large oaks. One passes Tagliacozzo—the great battlefield of the Hohenstaufen tragedy — and then Tivoli, Tivoli seen from a railway, and on a dreary day. Then down into the grand dramatic Roman Campagna, all indigo and Venetian red under a brooding heaven of cloud.

I do not want to stay longer here than is necessary for my work on M. A. B. I hate an hotel like this.

Probably I shall go to Seravezza (on M. A. B. business) and then—I do not know. Be good and write to me frankly whether you would let me come to you again ?

Ever yours,

J. A. S."

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Hôtel du Quirinal, Rome,

October 31, 1891.

" My dear Janet,

I cannot resist the impulse to write to you, because I have just done something which is entirely out of your line, I think.

Rome is whipping its enthusiasm up about Mascagni and Amico Fritz. To-night is the first representation. At the table d'hôte dinner (to which I go for penance and discharge of duty) I sat next a friend of his. A pleasant young man, who talked very agreeably and listened to my bad Italian, being somewhat Anglo-maniac. Well, he offered to take me to Mascagni's private box, introduce me to the Maestro, and let me share the tremors of the situation. I refused. With abundance of thanks, and pleading previous engagements, which existed only in my own imagination. I don't suppose you would have done this. And I am not sure that I am right to have neglected such an opportunity.

Alas ! I can only do two or three things at one time. Not four or five. The Sistina has exhausted me to-day ; and a visit to a German artist of great skill in painting nudes. I am going to make him pose models in the impossible positions discovered by M. A. B.

M. A. B. is my vampire at present. If only the work would come out worth the pains I take about it.

He beats every artist quite clean out of the field. Raffaello is insipid. The Stanze after the Sistina are like milk or gruel after wine. Only the antique bears the comparison. But I must confess that the bronzes recently discovered, and placed in a new museum at the Baths of Diocletian, beat Michelangelo. There is a young man there in bronze, called Meleagar, who is stupendous.

Ever yours,

J. A. S."

The Historian came back to Poggio Gherardo for a few days, and how we talked about Michelangelo ! He had overdone himself in Rome and was coughing a good deal, so I insisted, to my loss as I told him, on his going to bed early, and was called *la tiranna* (the tyrant) in consequence. When he left the sky was grey and lowering and rain threatened. From Zurich he wrote :—

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Hôtel Bauer, Zurich, *November* 13, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

Since I left your hospitable feudal keep of Poggio Gherardo yesterday, I have got along well enough except for coughing. Well. The Gothard was never more drenched, dripping, grand in a vast style of Alpine squalor, than I saw it to-day. We got into thick snow and icicles at Airolo. Then emerging from the tunnel, spring or tardy summer reappeared. On the Swiss side, all was a respectable late autumn evening, tuned to pensiveness. The lakes of Lugano and Zug brooded, steely-grey, with their crags and woods, under an indolent dove-coloured heaven. A great change from the deluge-devils of the Italian 'versant.' I found none of my family here, and no news of them. So I hope to get up to Davos to-morrow, and to go ahead in earnest again on M. A. B. I think of you so much and your continual kindness that I spend this atom of time in talking to you. It makes up for not being able to sit dreaming, gossiping, sauntering across a thousand fields with irresponsible feet of meditation, ventilating paradoxes, dissecting neighbours, over the wood fire in your dear drawing-room; while the presence of the Arno valley and the hills is always felt inside the house, adding a dignity and charm, not ours, to what we say. For this poor wanderer on the world your room in the evenings, with you and Mr. Ross, both so tolerant of nonsense, and so delicately kind to weakness, will retain an abiding and ineffaceable impression of genial and active life. May you both live long and prosper, amid all your projects for the good of selves and others, and may you have no more hard times.

This is the heartfelt wish of your obliged and humble well-wisher—as the old letter-writers often put it,

J. A. S.

Bourget's book is on the whole good. I have given it full justice, read it all *à petites gorges*. It is made up *a stento*.

Not an effusion spontaneous from the heart and passion of the writer. On a small scale. But a good book, of a good boy, naively anxious to secure sensations, and still sufficiently devoid of cynicism to cook them for his appetite out of cabbages and the husks of the wayside. It seems to me wholly original, so far as it goes. A very striking contrast to his novels. Which is the real man—the man of the novels, or the man of the pretty diary ? The latter is the real man, I think. The modern French novel is a sort of machine."

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Am Hof, Davos Platz, *November* 14, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

I am arrived. This morning at Zurich, when I was selecting my carriage, I heard the voices of my two daughters, Madge and Catherine, calling to me from the train. They had tracked from London with a large party who have gone on to Brindisi for Cairo. So I took up my girls when they were journeying alone.

And finally, as so often happens, out of the unutterable fog and filth of Lombardy, the drenched squalor of the Gothard, the repellent dullness of Lower Switzerland, we emerged before sunset into the aerial splendour of our snowy mountains, with their pure clear air and graceful summits cleaving upward to the stars. It is like getting back into an enchanted crystal palace, after the humdrum of a mediocre world.

The luxury too of finding a house with perfectly dry air in it and an equal temperature. Many as are the drawbacks of spending one's life at Davos, it has æsthetically and sensually the greatest pleasures which an epicure can hope for.

All the Apennines from the Consuma and La Vernia, through Rieti, Aquila, Sulmona, Tivoli, have not a single line of beauty in them equal to what lies about us everywhere in this region. The beauty here, of line and profile, is so overwhelmingly rich that artists cannot deal with it. I understand their feeling after poorer districts, where 'bits' make a distinct pictorial effect, and where atmospheric influences and varieties of vegetation suggest subjects. But here we have the greatest beauty, that which defies art. The only supreme beauty in nature which art *can* grapple with is the human nude.

There. I have written an Aesthetik in small paradoxes. So good night. My chest is raw. But what of that? Love to the Padrone, from my wife, and also from me. Ever yours.

J. A. S."

After these letters I only got short notes from my Historian, asking me to look out words in the Della Crusca *vocabulario*. Not content with Michelangelo, he began a book together with his daughter Madge, mentioned in the following letter :—

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Davos, *December* 10, 1891.

"My dear Janet,

You will have some right to be cross with me for this prolonged silence. I never thanked you for your notes upon the use of the word *gonna*, nor have I told you how very much flattered I was by your verses to me. They are indeed a delightful compliment. I only wish I deserved it.[1] I have been dreadfully hard at work, finishing up M. A. B. The whole book is now complete and I shall send it to London in a few days.

---

[1] "Faithful and truthful, generous, modest, kind,
Many the virtues which in thee I find.
So wise art thou that flattery is vain
To fill with vanity thy steady brain.
Made to discern the characters of men
And calmly trace their real meaning, when
They would dissemble. Large and just thy view
Of all humanity, and clear and true
Thy judgment, which nor fear nor favour rules,
But justice metes to sages and to fools."

We have had no snow to speak of yet. Our lake is frozen and affords splendid skating. Madge and I are going to produce a book in common. Did I tell you about it? It is to be all about our life here. I cannot find a good title. What do you think of 'Our Life in the High Alps,' or 'Alpine Highlands?' I wish you would invent a good one. I have no talent for this. Your *Land of Manfred* shows that you have. Remember me to the Padrone and believe me to be affectionately yours,

J. A. SYMONDS.

I shall be glad to get the photo of the Stufa M. A. B. I see the picture mentioned in Fortune's essays on the 'Portraits of M. A. B.' He doubts the attribution to Bugiardini. My impression is that it may be by Jacopo del Conte. Colvin sent me eight photographs from the British Museum which have been of use to me lately. But I am in difficulties about the illustrations."

The new year opened sadly. Mrs. Higford Burr, who had been like a second mother to me since my first visit to Aldermaston as a girl, died at Venice on 22nd January, 1892, after a few days' illness. Though no longer young when I first knew her, she was still very lovely. Small and delicately made, her complexion was truly the "milk and roses" of the poets, and she had those wonderful large, soft eyes which sometimes go with short sight. She had read much and had a strong sense of humour, and though she talked well was an admirable listener. Few professional artists worked harder than Mrs. Burr; many of her copies of old frescoes were published in the Arundel Society's series, and an afternoon spent in looking through her many portfolios of water-colour paintings was like paying visits to Italy, Spain, Egypt, Montenegro, etc. etc.

In March, 1892, my husband, Lina, and I went to Leucaspide. I wanted her to see that wonderful country, and the old friend of three generations to know the fourth. She was bitten with the same desire I always felt there—to dig for something. So on the 1st April Sir James ordered a broken vase that had been found some time before to be buried in an ancient filled-up well. Before lunch Lina came in dishevelled and hot, but triumphant, with her vase. Great was her disgust at being hailed as a *Pesce d'Aprile* (April Fish), the Italian version of April fool. The Archbishop came to dine one evening and was much interested in the fair young English Catholic girl. On our plates at dinner we found the following lines, written by Lacaita's nephew, who besides giving valuable advice to the cook, celebrated his handiwork in rhyme.

"Dell' Arcivescovo per la presenza
Sconvolta s' è del cuoco la sapienza
Si ch' egli fra confuso e preoccupato
Il pranzo come segue m' ha dettato :

Ostriche fresche serviran d' invito
Ai cari convitati all' appetito ;
Una leggiera zuppa alla Reale,
Una Spinola in bianco e un Fritto misto
Brio metteranno in ogni commensale.
D' un Gallo d' India seguira l' arrosto
Con Verde ad insalata intorno posto ;
E sara dato a raddolcirvi un poco
Di Ricotta un soufflé montato al fuoco ;
E completare la minuta tutta
Quagliato vi sara, Formaggio e Frutta."[1]

[1] The presence of the Archbishop
Made the cook nigh lose his head,
So confused and preoccupied
He dictated me the following dinner.

Fresh oysters will serve to excite
The appetite of the honoured guests,
A light soup à la Royale
Spinach with white sauce and a Fritto
Will put them all in good humour ;
A roast turkey will then follow
Garnished around with green salad,
And then to sweeten their palates
A soufflé of curds hot from the fire ;
To complete the menu
There will be junket, cheese, and fruit.

Often when staying at Leucaspide I had begged our dear host to write his memoirs and offered to be his secretary. I told him that he had seen so much, known so many interesting people, and been so intimately connected with the making of Italy, that it was a thousand pities not to leave some record of so full a life. He said he was too old, and also, I think, he was saddened and disappointed that Italy had not made the progress he had hoped and expected. In vain I said that Rome was not built in a day and that it would take a long time to weld together the northern and southern Italians, so diverse in character as to be almost different races. He shook his head and repeated that he was too old. But I induced him to tell me again the dramatic incident of his going to Lord John Russell's house and upsetting the agreement between France, Naples, and England, which would have delayed, perhaps altogether prevented, the making of a United Italy. I wrote down what he told me when I went to my room as nearly in his own words as I could remember :—

" Well, you know how in 1848 Ferdinand II stamped out the revolution in Sicily with the help of the French and English fleets ? Francis II hoped to do the same in 1860. Two of his ministers were sent to Paris to sound the Emperor Napoleon, and to try and raise a loan. Fortunately Nigra was *très bien vu* by the Empress, and one evening she said something which showed him that the Emperor had acceded to their request for help and that England was likely to follow suit. Nigra at once sent off a courier to Cavour at Turin, who took counsel with his friend Sir James Hudson, devoted to Italy, but who as British minister would have been bound to carry out orders from London. The Sardinian minister in London could not be charged with a negotiation which would show that his Government had an understanding with Garibaldi, and Hudson suggested me to Cavour. I was in bed with bronchitis when one morning d'Azeglio came to my bedside with a message from Cavour and said : ' Get up at once.' ' I can't,' I answered ; ' I am too ill.' ' You must, there is no time to lose, the Neapolitans are already in London. Go to Russell, you know him well.'

I jumped out of bed, coughing and shivering as I dressed, wrapped a plaid round me, called a cab, and drove to Lord John's house. The servant, who knew me, answered that Lord John was not at home. I said I knew he was in and must see him. The man hesitated and then told me that M. de Persigny was there, that an Italian gentleman had just arrived, and that his orders were peremptory to admit no one.

'Well then I must see Lady John,' I answered.

'Her ladyship is ill in bed,' was his reply.

So I took out my card and wrote: 'By the love you bear your father's memory I implore you to let me see you for an instant,' and told the man to send it up at once to his mistress. He returned, looking rather shocked, and gave me in charge of a maid, who showed me into Lady John's room. I did not even say thank you or ask after her health, but began:

'You remember, dear friend, what happened when your husband let the English fleet help the French to blockade Sicily? You remember what your good father said, and how he lamented the consequences? At this moment Lord John is about to commit the same error, but the result will be far more disastrous. I implore you to send for him; he is downstairs. Let me speak a few words to him. I am sure I shall convince him.'

Lady John was never strong and her husband was always anxious about her, so when a bit of paper with *come at once*, written in pencil, was sent down to him, he rushed upstairs, and his face was a study when he saw me sitting on the sofa in his wife's room, breathless and coughing.

'What,' he began, but I at once said:—

'You are about to join with France and Naples in blockading Sicily.'

'How do you know that?'

'It is so, Lord John, you can't deny it. I know it too well. It will be the ruin of Italy and the ruin of your reputation as head of the Liberal party. Remember where France dragged you in 1848. It will be far worse now, for you and for us. Garibaldi will not be stopped. Either he will elude your ships and the whole world will laugh at you, or you will send him and his to the bottom of the sea—your responsibility will then be overwhelming. I cannot leave this room without a reassuring word from you.' I was then seized with such a fit of coughing that Lord John was quite frightened and went to fetch a glass of water. While I was still gasping Lady John signed to me to go away.

So I had the pleasure of outwitting Franceschiello and his worthy ministers. Lord John told me afterwards that if the Neapolitan envoy, Marquis La Greca, had not been late, the agreement would have been signed before he was summoned by his wife. I blessed Neapolitan unpunctuality. When Persigny found out that I had seen Lady John he understood who had crossed their path and told the Neapolitan Government. They then offered me the post of minister in London and the title of Marquis. How I made Cavour laugh when I described the scene."

While we were at Leucaspide Symonds sent me proof after proof of his book on Michelangelo, as I wished to write a review of it. I proposed it to Henry Reeve for the *Edinburgh*, but he did not care for reviews written by an intimate friend. To some passages of the book I had ventured to demur, and my Historian answered : " I will follow all your suggestions except perhaps two. I cannot omit the phrase from Aretino nor a part of Condivi's apology. But all the rest shall be altered in your sense. The chapter will gain in dignity and not lose anything in point." These words greatly relieved my mind, for after I had sent my letter I was seized with the fear that he would think me presumptuous.

On the way home we stopped at Naples in order that Lina should see Pompeii, Vesuvius, and above all the marvellous Museum. It was my second visit to Pompeii, and spite of the very great interest and the beauty of everything, I had the feeling that it was a dolls' city. Everything was on so small a scale that it was like looking through the wrong end of an opera-glass. With all its beauty I disliked Naples, and the people still more. When we got home I found a letter from my Historian :—

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Zattere, Venezia, May 2, 1892.

"My dear Janet,

I am glad you got home safely from Leucaspide. Thank you for what you say about Chapter XII. I know the matter is one which requires delicate handling. I should be greatly obliged to you if you will mark on the proof exactly the sentences you think might be omitted or altered. The criticism of people like Lombroso, and von Scheffel, is quite necessary, because their view of M. A. B. is only just beginning to be adopted, because it is in the main true, and because a thorough definition of his real temperament ought to be made once for all.

I want to do this. But I should be sorry to render the book unreadable by anybody. I believe you have a set of proofs of Chapter XII. If not I'll send a duplicate. I got a long letter to-day from Edward Poynter, who is, I am glad to say, managing the illustrations of M. A. B. for Nimmo.

Ever your affectionate

J. A. S.

I daresay it is odd to turn from Mrs. Barbauld and her friends to M. A. B. and Febo di Poggio and me. They are both of them very attractive sets of people."

(I was working at a second edition of the *Three Generations of English Women* and told the Historian that the contrast was great.)

In May our friend Professor Fiske, who lived near Fiesole, brought a delightful man to see us, Mr. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain. We at once made friends. The more we saw of him the more we liked the kindly, shrewd, amusing, and quaint man. He asked whether there was any villa to be had near by, and from our terrace we showed him Villa Viviani, between us and Settignano. I promised to get him servants and have all ready for the autumn, and it was arranged that he, Mrs. Clemens, and their eldest daughter should lunch with us and go to see the villa afterwards. The door opened and I stood expectant. "Well, and Mrs. Clemens?" A look of blank dismay came over his face. He was to have picked her and their daughter up in the hotel sitting-room and forgot all about them. Luckily they arrived soon after; no doubt they were used to his shortness of memory. We went to the villa; they liked it, took it for a year, and then went to Germany for the summer.

My husband had been suffering from rheumatism and was advised to try the hot sulphur baths at Bagni di Casciana. It was cooler in July than Florence, being some five hundred feet above the Pisan plain and only twenty miles from the sea. Casciana began life as Castrum de Aquis about 823 and was afterwards called Bagni d'Aqui, until some sixty years ago the Bagni was coupled to the little town of Casciana on a hill about two miles off, and its name changed. I need hardly add that the people of the Bagni cordially disliked the inhabitants of Casciana. Like so many places in Tuscany, Bagni di Casciana is connected with the great Countess Matilda by a legend that her favourite hawk was losing its feathers and regained them after bathing in the hot spring, and that she then erected a bath-house for herself. The health-giving waters were certainly known to the Romans, for many Roman coins were found when the foundations of the present baths were laid in 1870. Early in the twelfth century men and women bathed together in one large tank, with holes in the walls round in which they put their clothes. The overflow went into an open pond where lepers were allowed to bathe. Some two hundred years later a separate tank was constructed for women. Later, no doubt, bath-houses such as are depicted in old pictures and prints were put up. These were small, probably made of wood and covered with cloth curtains tightly stretched over the framework. They contained an oval wooden tub, so deep that the water came up to the armpits of the sitting bather, and generally large enough to hold two persons. The water was conducted from chamber to chamber by wooden conduits.

As in Hans Memling's picture of Bathsheba, the door or curtain was thrown open to admit light when the bather was dried and rubbed with towels.

Now the baths are excellent, like small tanks of white marble, and everything is clean and well managed. The very hot water bubbles up out of the earth into a large tank built of brick, and is clear as crystal. From this it flows into the separate bathrooms, and the overflow goes into a large pond where, instead of lepers, horses which are suffering from rheumatism stand for hours.

To geologists the country round must be interesting. The very metal of the roads chiefly consisted of queer fossils and huge oyster-shells, some as big as plates. Here and there blue cliffs rose a hundred feet straight out of the red soil. Wild-flowers were abundant, and my husband and Dr. Wright, who joined us there, botanized to their hearts' content, while I admired the gorgeous butterflies. At Terriciola, where once stood a strong castle the object of great dispute between Pisa and Florence in bygone days, the front of a fine Etruscan cinerary urn, which had been found in a field close by some years before, was built into the wall of the sacristan's cottage. The old man said it was "a pagan with animals," and the reclining figure above he explained as "their idea of the Holy Virgin, poor people." The country round was tunnelled with caves, and the peasants kept their wheat in the old cisterns cut out of the rock, much as they do in Malta.

Above the Bagni stood the ruins of the castle of Parlascio on a bluff of rock. The view from there was splendid. Monte Moro above Leghorn stood out black against the sky, and the sea stretched away far to the horizon beyond. Pisa, embedded in a lush green plain, with mountains rising in ridges behind, lay beyond a queer land of rounded, water-washed hillocks, each one crowned by a grey village clustering round a tall *campanile*, while to our right was Volterra perched on the edge of a high hill. On one side of the door of the little church of Parlascio a marble head with a Gothic inscription had been built into the wall, and on the other a longer Gothic inscription surrounded the bas-relief of a bishop. "*Poverini*, they died a thousand years ago, they were priests," said a peasant woman. But the most striking place near Casciana was Lari, on a hill. In the centre of the market-place stood a quadrangular castle, built of red brick. The splendid massive walls were so high that we had to toil up ninety-five steep steps to reach the courtyard, decorated with the arms and escutcheons in Della Robbia ware of the various *Vicarii* who ruled all the country round for Florence after the fall of the Pisan Republic in 1406.

Many of the peasant girls were handsome; dark, with fine features and magnificent eyes. From carrying jars of water, bundles of grass for their cattle and baskets of fruit, on their heads, they walked with the graceful swing of an Arab. The men too were better-looking than usual in Tuscany, and had peculiarly small round-shaped heads, which I was told denoted an Etruscan ancestry. When we returned to Poggio Gherardo in August I found a letter from Nauheim:—

Samuel L. Clemens to Janet Ross.

Bad Nauheim, *August* 9, 1892.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

It will not be possible to thank you adequately for all your kindnesses to us, in words; but we feel them and appreciate them, that we *can* do, in full measure, and that we *do* do.

Your note of caution arrived this morning; it makes me fear that things are happening on the frontier that we are ignorant of. And that may be, for we have no source of information but German newspapers. *They* ought not to be printed—it is a waste of good ink. They are more valuable as clean blank paper to wrap up things in than they are after they have been smutched with stingy little paragraphs of idiotic and uninforming information.

We are packing and shall go to Frankfort Saturday, and begin telegraphing the officials on the Swiss and Italian frontiers through their Frankfort consuls. If we find we can pass without detention we shall start either next Monday or Tuesday.

Sincerely yours,
S. L. Clemens."

The Clemens family were very pleasant neighbours. He used to drop in at all hours, declaring that Poggio Gherardo was the nearest way to everywhere. I confess I preferred Mr. Clemens, keen-sighted, sensible, and large-hearted, to the amusing, laughter-provoking Mark Twain. Mrs. Clemens, one of the most charming and gentlest of women, was already in very bad health, and her husband's devotion, and almost womanly tenderness to her, was very touching. One evening we persuaded him to sing some of the real negro songs; it was a revelation. Without much voice and with little or no knowledge of music (he played the bass notes hard with one finger) he moved us all in a wonderful way. It was quite different from what one had generally heard sung as "negro melodies."

The following letter from my cousin Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore) describes an accident to Mr. Gladstone which I do not think is generally known, and which was borne in a manner very characteristic of the man :—

Sir Arthur Gordon to Janet Ross.

Hawarden Castle, Chester, *October* 18, 1892.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

Lacaita was very unwell for some time before he left London, and the day he crossed was a rough one; a circumstance which always greatly affects him. I should be immensely obliged if you would find time to write a line to tell me in what condition he has arrived at Florence.

My daughter and I are going to spend a month, not in Italy, but in Scotland, and are now on our way to Haddo, to which place please address your letter if you write to me. Our journey to Malta is now postponed till January. Shall we find you at Leucaspide, if we return that way? I hope so; for it would greatly enhance the pleasure of a visit there.

I walked in the procession at Lord Tennyson's funeral last week, and was thus able to see what appeared to me the most striking feature of the ceremony; the enormous crowd which filled every portion of the abbey, and through which we passed on our long progress up the nave, and through the choir and north transept to the grave. There was perhaps something slightly theatrical in some of the ceremonies; the Union Jack, as at a military funeral, and the fussiness with which purple was substituted for the usual black. But with whatever drawbacks, it was a most impressive scene. Mine host, though he begins to show some signs of ageing, is still certainly a G.O.M. physically as well as intellectually. Most old gentlemen of eighty-three would have been killed by the shock of being thrown down flat on his back by the butt of a cow. He only, as he expressed it, 'withdrew himself' from under the cow, and retired, facing her, to the shelter of an oak tree, where he sat down 'rather out of breath.' But he said nothing about it till evening, when he complained that he was rather stiff, as a cow had knocked him down. Discussion rages all day as to the new Poet Laureate. Mr. G. raises a very Gladstonian distinction between the *best English Poet* and the *best Poet Laureate*. I mean the best to fill that court office. As you know, Mr. G. goes every morning to early service at the parish church and loudly repeats the responses. It was rather striking to hear him roll forth this morning, 'the days of man are threescore years and ten, and though man be so strong that he come to fourscore years, yet is his strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth he away and we are gone.' *Labour* he has in plenty, but his fourscore years are hardly 'full of sorrow.' May I ask to be remembered to Mr. Ross?

Yours truly,
A. Gordon."

Early in November I had a few lines from Symonds announcing that Michelangelo had been a real success and that he liked my review of it in the *Nineteenth Century.* The second enlarged edition of *Three Generations of English Women* was also published in November by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and I had many letters of congratulation. Among others from dear old St. Hilaire, and from Henry Reeve, who wrote :—

Henry Reeve to Janet Ross.

Foxholes, *December* 20, 1892.

"My dear Janet,

It is time to wish you the compliments of the season and all happiness for the New Year. Unwin has sent me the new edition of your book, with which I am perfectly delighted. I heartily congratulate you, for it is an admirable piece of quiet family biography. I have read it all through with increased pleasure and I have endeavoured to trace out the additions. There are many things I do not find in the first edition—Sydney Smith's letters, a letter or two of Carlyle, and the excellent sketch of Mr. Austin's life and character.

The French are (as usual) in search of a Dictator to get them out of their scrapes. Carnot (worthy man) is not up to a Dictatorship, and there is no one else. Even the Royal Family are worked out. They will have to take a Corporal!

Yours affectionately,
HENRY REEVE."

In February, 1893, my cousins Sir William Markby and his wife came to stay with us and liked Mr. Clemens as much as we did. He came to dine several times and we had planned some excursion together, when I received the following note :—

S. L. Clemens to Janet Ross.

Villa Viviani, Settignano, *March* 20, 1893 (*Night*).

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

It was my purpose to run in and indulge my great pleasure in the society of Sir William and my Lady a little more, and I count it a loss that I failed of the chance; but my time has been taken up in clearing the decks for America. I shall go over and pay my dinner-call the moment I get back from America. This seems unprompt; but I have a trained conscience, and I quiet it by telling it I am on my road to pay it *now*, merely going by the way of New York and Chicago for the sake of variety, and because it is much more creditable to go 8000 miles to pay a dinner-call than it is to go a mere matter of 600 yards. *Auf wiedersehen.*

S. L. Clemens."

Symonds had been invited to give a lecture on Michelangelo at Florence; "an absurd affair," he remarked, "but the honour is so great that I could not refuse." At the same time he had promised Sir James Lacaita to go with his daughter to Leucaspide, and had run things rather fine. He wrote to ask me whether it would not be possible to have the lecture translated into Italian and read for him; "it seems so ridiculous to read it in English."

I went at once to Cav. Bruschi, librarian of the Marucelliana, to whom everyone appeals when they want help, and he suggested Signora Falorsi as translator, and said he was sure that excellent critic and lecturer, Professor Nencioni, who had the greatest admiration for Symonds' work, would read it. I wrote to Leucaspide to tell my Historian what I had done, and received two letters in reply, full, as I expected, of admiration for Leucaspide and the country round:—

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Leucaspide, *March* 24, 1893.

"My dear Janet,

We came here last night, and I found your letter. Thank you very much. I send the MS. of my lecture.

The excellent Senator has given me his library and a little bedroom opening out upon the lemon *terrazzo*, where the violets are all in bloom. He is all kindness and hospitality.

There is something extremely fine in the broad sweep of view from this height—that exquisite curve of the bay toward Metaponte with the silver shimmer of light along its margin—and then the olive trees along the coast and, nearer, dotted over the green of the young corn with sombre shadows. I feel already that I should learn to love it.

I have already been into two of the *Gravine :* one of them at a distance from the house, where Sir James is rebuilding a *masseria*, is a very picturesque and interesting place. All the grey rocks are bloomed over with blue-grey rosemary. But there are few signs of flowers and the earth is like iron. They say that the drought of the season has been most injurious to the country.

On the Adriatic coast I did not notice so much dryness. And never have I seen anything to equal the orchards between Bari and Bitonto. Fortunately I drove out in an open carriage by a road different from the tramway ; and here in a more protected situation the almonds and peaches in bloom mixed with the olives are magnificent.

Ever your affectionate
J. A. S."

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Leucaspide, *March* 25, 1893.

" My dear Janet,

I am sure that you will be interested to know the little events here. So before going to bed I shall write a few lines.

Now I must begin by saying that I have danced the *Pizzica*, with what applause I dare not tell you. It satisfied my English awkwardness. I think Madge stirred the *Pizzica* up this morning. But at all events it came off to-night. The people have heavy hearts, however. All their crops are ruined by the drought. The olives have been nothing, and you know what that means here. The Guardiano, Vit' Anton, Isabella and the kitchen-boy, and one of the musicians who came from Massafra were admirable. Madge looked pretty, but rather romped about the place. Sir Arthur Gordon turned round like a hop-pole. I tried to skip in a 'frac' and felt very stiff. How I envied the scullion-boy's beautiful toes. I have been out walking all day. In the morning through the fields of olive westward for three hours. In the afternoon I went to your Mater Gratia, and made friends with the funny old man who lives there, and saw a party of *contadini*—mother and daughter and *sposo*—paying their devotions, for what purpose I could only guess, at the rustic shrine. It seemed to me a little living bit plucked out of old Greek life. So like something in Alciphron or Longus. (A visit to the Nymphs or Arcadian Artemis.) There is a dell in that *Gravina*, where the asphodels are in full bloom, and the spring seems to have come.

I am already in love with the place. But I do wish you were here. I am afraid that our old friend the Senatore is very near to failing. He likes his friends about him, and he takes thought for everybody in the most affectionate and charming way. But he is fatigued; and I think the presence of guests would be bad for him, were it not compensated by the pleasure he takes in being kind to others and hearing movement in his neighbourhood.

March 29.—Some days have elapsed since I wrote the last. And now I have seen more, and lived into far more, of Leucaspide. I have walked for two hours up the *Gravina*, have walked to Statte and all over it, have walked to the Tavola del Paladino and the *Gravina* di San Giovanni, have driven into Taranto and seen the *Tesoro* (such as it is) and the Duomo, have driven to Massafra and gone about the town and the ravines thereof. I am chokeful of Leucaspide and its natural beauties.

Lord and Lady Wantage have been added to the party; and that is enough to say that it has become most sociably pleasant. Madge is having a 'high old time.' She will tell you all about it in her young, enthusiastic style, which is so different from my dried almonds and withered figs of experience. Recommend me to the Padrone.

Your affectionate friend,

J. A. Symonds."

A few days later he wrote from Salerno, on the way to Rome :—

J. A. Symonds to Janet Ross.

Salerno, *April* 3, 1893.

" My dear Janet,

We came from Taranto yesterday and saw Paestum to-day. I am anxious about Catherine [Mrs. Symonds]. Last Friday came a telegram to say she was down at Venice with gastric fever. I have had daily telegrams since and hope the attack is quite a light one.

The last days at Leucaspide were very pleasant. We all planted olive trees on Friday morning. The Senatore seemed to fluctuate in health. But his spirits were wonderful. He brightened in society and told the most charming stories. My anxiety about my wife prevented me from going to Oria or Manduria. But I drove with Madge to Luperano and Pulsano.

It is very good of you to have engaged Nencioni for the reading of my lecture. He shall certainly, as you suggest, have a copy of the *Renaissance*. I read the *Land of Manfred* again on my journey and find it admirable on the spot. It is only too full of various information, and suffers perhaps a little by want of composition—I mean throwing into relief and subordination. I am too tired to write more.

Your affectionate

J. A. S."

Just before going into Florence to the lecture on the 15th April I got a short note from Symonds saying that it was a good thing that someone else was to read his paper, as he was in bed with a bad cold and sore throat, adding : " Would it suit you if Madge and I were to come to Poggio on Monday or Tuesday next week ? I am so stupid that I can think of nothing. So good-bye." The lecture was exceedingly well translated by Signora Falorsi, and Signor Nencioni, prefacing it with a few graceful words of praise of Symonds and of regret that he had not delivered the lecture himself, read it admirably. All the time I sat listening and wishing that my Historian could hear the applause I had a feeling of intense anxiety. Alas! The last word of his letter was prophetic. He died almost at the moment I received his letter, and we had unwittingly been applauding the words of a dead man. I only knew the sad news late in the evening from Lord Ronald Gower, who telegraphed from Florence, having heard from a friend in Rome. Madge had telegraphed to me, but evidently the message was never sent or got mislaid. What his loss was to me I cannot express. Ever-ready advice, sympathy, kindly encouragement and criticism, and perfect friendship he gave with open hands. After listening to his brilliant talk one felt as though cobwebs had been brushed away from one's brain. Even now, after so many years, I often find myself sadly wondering what he would think or advise. He was too young to die.

CHAPTER XVIII

AS usual, I sent Signor some flowers on his birthday in February; as I got no acknowledgment I was afraid he might be ill, but later his wife wrote :—

Mrs. Watts to Janet Ross.

Limnerslease, Guildford, *April* 26, 1893.

" My dear Janet,

I am filled with shame and remorse when I think of your beautiful roses and violets, the sweetest of greetings; which came so well timed and were on Signor's breakfast-table on his birthday, and yet have not been thanked for. It was the sweetest of messages and the one he cares most to have. The flowers went into the studio and have helped in a picture of a little lazy boy-sprite among flowers.

You will have been sorrowful lately for the death of your dear friend Mr. Symonds. He is a great loss to the world. We have not had his *Michelangelo* yet, but we look forward to reading it together. You will be interested to hear that Signor has been painting another friend of yours and of Lady Duff Gordon's, whose memory seems green and beautiful in his mind still. I mean Mr. George Meredith. Signor had long wished to have his portrait among the representative men he has painted. I think it will be fine. The last sitting is to be towards the end of May, if both are well. Mr. Meredith is very attractive to me. He is better than his work. I mean he gives himself out more *simply* and with as fine a touch when he talks. I had the delight of sitting by when Signor painted, and to be ears for both; alas, both are rather deaf and both are frail in body. Mr. Meredith is working hard and is crowned with honour in his old age, much as my dear one is. It seems to be the seal of the true prophet, to be reviled at first, then tolerated, and then crowned, and if they live to have grey hairs crowned one can wish for nothing better for them.

Signor's love and he will write some day himself.

Your ever affectionate

M. E. Watts."

A few days later I received the following note from Mr. Clemens enclosing two letters printed in some American newspaper of which he sent me the cuttings:—

S. L. Clemens to Janet Ross.

Chicago, *April* 14, 1893.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

I asked Secretary Morton to send some water-melon seeds—and told him I had a key to your garden and that you kept no dog I was afraid of. Here is his answer.

Yours sincerely,

S. L. Clemens.

Dear Mr. Mark Twain,

I have your note of the 18th petitioning for choice breeds of seed corn, and promising in return therefore to support the Administration in all ways, honourable and otherwise.

The support you offer is so strong that the seed corn is forwarded at once. It is hoped that the 'crop of support' may be much larger than is now promised among some of our friends in New York.

I am much pleased that you are become an agent for the introduction of corn as a food among the Italians, and it is to be hoped that by a vigorous effort on the part of the English lady who is to cultivate the cornfield and a strong appetite upon your part when the corn shall have been grown and boiled, that this delicious food may be popularized among the deluded consumers of macaroni. The water-melon seeds are also sent, and will no doubt produce fruit calculated to inspire larceny among all the youthful *lazzaroni* who may long for lusciousness.

Very truly yours,
J. Sterling Morton.

Here is also the letter I wrote him :—

To the Honble. J. Sterling Morton.

Dear Sir,—Your petitioner Mark Twain, a poor farmer of Connecticut—indeed the poorest one there in the opinion of envy—desires a few choice breeds of seed corn and in return will zealously support the Administration in all ways honourable and otherwise. To speak by the card, I want these things to carry to Italy to an English lady. She is a neighbour of mine outside Florence, and has a great garden, and thinks she could raise corn for her table if she had the right ammunition. I myself feel a warm interest in this enterprise, both on patriotic grounds and because I have a key to that garden, which I got made from a wax impression. It is not very good soil, still I think she could raise enough for one table, and I am in a position to select that table. If you are willing to aid and abet a countryman (and Gilder thinks you are) please find the signature and address of your petitioner below. Respectfully yours.

Mark Twain,
No. 67 Fifth Avenue, New York.

P.S.—A handful of choice (Southern) water-melon seeds would pleasantly add to that lady's employments and give my table a corresponding lift."

Mr. Clemens had insisted that no corn (i.e. maize) was grown in Italy, and when he dined with us before leaving for America he promised to send me "real corn" together with water-melon seeds. The latter were, however, not nearly so good as our own.

In July our doctor sent us to the baths of Rapolano, not far from Siena. He warned us that we might find the accommodation poor, but said the waters were wonderfully good. The inn was certainly primitive and uncomfortable. My maid dined with us at the table d'hôte (so called) and was much offended by the host saying to her as he triumphantly brought in two very thin roast chickens: "There, I'm sure your *Padroni* don't get roast fowls to eat every day." She answered: "No, they have better things, *we* eat the chickens," a statement he treated with silent contempt. Ten hot baths cured Henry's sciatica and I took two, which brought out dormant rheumatism in my right shoulder so painfully that I retired to bed and exhausted the village chemist's supply of chloroform. But my arm did not hurt me again for several years.

The country round Rapolano was picturesque and curious. We had noticed an odd intermittent puffing noise which came from a wood not far from the village—like an engine blowing off steam at intervals. Our coachman offered to drive us there, but not too near, as it was dangerous. Leaving the carriage, we walked through high heather under oak trees towards the noise, and came upon broken bits of masonry and stone before reaching a large bare spot, out of the centre of which a strong puff of very nasty smelling air suddenly burst out of a hole about a foot and a half wide, while a shower of small stones fell near us. Then all was quiet again. A small boy appeared who said: "I'll wake the devil for you, only go farther away." He threw a stone into the hole and then ran fast towards us. Underground rumbling began, than came an explosion of mephitic gas, and stones, some as big as cricket-balls, shot high up in the air. The devil evidently resented being interfered with. He had indeed shown this when the owner of the wood some time before tried to turn this blow-hole to practical use by building a saw-mill round it of which the devil was to be the motive power. All went well till the roof was finished, when a big explosion blew the building to pieces and killed two masons. The pieces of masonry we had seen were the remains of the mill.

At the baths the familiar and very nasty rotten-egg odour of sulphurous water was mixed with other disagreeable smells, and on one side a bit of land had been enclosed. Some years before a man, tired after his hot bath, lay down to sleep here and was found dead, so a high wall had been built. The people told me birds were sometimes picked up just outside the enclosure killed by the poisonous fumes. I was not sorry to leave Rapolano. It was rather *unheimlich*, besides being uncomfortable.

In September Henry Reeve wrote to me from Chantilly, where he was spending his eightieth birthday with the Duc d'Aumale, about some Italian novels noticed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* He asked me to read them with a view to a possible article in the *Edinburgh Review.* Novels never had any great attraction for me, and had it not been for a severe attack of lumbago I never should have had the patience to wade through so many—some excellent, but many the reverse. However, my article on the popular literature of Italy was accepted and declared to be "highly satisfactory and very interesting." But what pleased me far more was that Henry Reeve added that some Poggio Gherardo wine we had sent him was the best Italian wine he had ever tasted, good enough to pass as good French wine.

In February, 1894, a small box of violets went to Signor, and Mrs. Watts wrote :—

Mrs. Watts to Janet Ross.

Limnerslease, Guildford, *February* 26, 1894.

"My dear Janet,

I must not wait till Signor can write himself to tell you how exquisitely well timed your little sweet Parma violets were—arriving just as we were sitting round the birthday luncheon-table. Signor supported by my little wee nephew and niece (who had just been page and bridesmaid and were dressed in their picturesque Vandyke costume to take Signor to his seat of honour). ‘Violets,’ Signor gave out, and reading out ‘from your affectionate Janet,’ the small boy (of four years) remarked ‘What Janet?’ (being Scotch he had one of his own and had a right to enquire), which was received with shouts of laughter and ‘Signor, indeed you have too many Janets,’ from the elders. It was a very happy birthday altogether. It so happened that your wine was at the feast and everyone liked it. I cannot pretend to judge, being almost a teetotaller from habit, but as it is for our friends I am glad to think it is so good. How dear and kind and clever of you to remember his birthday, it does make it a happy day for him now, for it calls forth so many kindly words and thoughts for him. I generally try to have children here for the day. My brother's children are near us for this winter and they delight in ‘Uncle Signor.’ The little girl, who has a poetic turn of mind, told my sister, with whom she is staying, on the morning of the birthday, that she was sure all the birds and everything loved Signor, as she had heard them singing so loud that day.

He was very well on Friday, but since then a change in the weather or something has knocked him up, and when your letter arrived on Saturday he could not hold up his head to open it, or we should certainly have sent a telegram of good wishes for your 78th!!! birthday.[1] As that could not be he waits to see what is being done from his portrait of Mr. Meredith. If the result is good he must send his dear contemporary a proof. I know you will like it for the sake of both the friends.

Signor's dear love and thanks.

Yours affectionately,

M. E. Watts.”

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[1] “Signor's” birthday was on the 23rd February, mine on the 24th, so ignoring the difference in years, he always said we were contemporaries, divided by only twenty-four hours.

For some months we had been very anxious about our dear friend Sir Henry Layard. He died on July 5 and my husband felt his death keenly. Their friendship dated from 1845, when Layard arrived at Mosul, and Henry, who was known far and near as a great sportsman, took him, under the pretext of a hunting expedition, to the mounds which covered the ruins of Nineveh. They carried a pickaxe with them, and when one was tired the other wielded the pick. My husband often described their intense excitement when the first bit of a marble head appeared. When Layard left for England in 1847 Henry carried on the excavations at Konyounjik.[1] To me Sir Henry was always the best and staunchest of friends. A *real* friend, because he never hesitated about telling me of my faults. The impulsiveness which made him so lovable in private stood in his way in public life. Generous and high-couraged to a fault, he would rush into the fray, and occasionally make assertions he could not prove without giving the name of his informant and getting him into trouble—a thing he would rather have died than do. A sentence in one of his letters to me as a young girl: " I *am* always getting into hot water," [2] was only too true. He had many enemies, but far more friends who loved him deeply, and felt how much sunshine had gone out from their lives with the loss of his handsome, cheery face, with those kind blue eyes, and the hearty shake of his helpful hand.

I wrote to Barthélemy St. Hilaire on his eighty-ninth birthday and his answer was written in the same beautifully clear handwriting as the first letter I received from him with such pride as a very small girl in 1848. Then I could not read or understand it, but that did not matter, the great French "fewlosophee," as I called him, had written me a letter all for myself addressed to Madlle. Duff Gordon. Now, fifty-four years later, he wrote :—

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[1] See *Letters from the East*, by H. J. Ross, p. 49. Dent and Son, London. 1902.

[2] Page 77.

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Boulevard Flandrin 4, *Septembre* 12, 1894.

"Chère Janet, chère petite-nièce,

Votre lettre du 9 m'a fait grand plaisir; et je vous remercie de vos vœux que je vous rends bien cordialement. Je suis entré dans ma 90 année, le 19 Août. Heureusement Dieu me permet de travailler à peu près comme par le passé. C'est une grâce assez rare.

Je conçois vos regrets de la perte de M. Layard; c'était un ami bien ancien. Il y a plus de quarante ans que je l'ai vu à Weybridge, quand il revenait de Ninive. Le Comte de Paris est aussi une perte pour vous, vous l'avez connu pendant son premier exil. Sa mort ne change rien à l'état de nos affaires. Elles ne valent pas beaucoup mieux que celles de l'Italie. J'ai grande confiance dans le courage et le devouement du nouveau Président. Mais les difficultés sont énormes, et je ne sais pas qui pourrait se flatter de les surmonter. Qu'elles écuries! et quel Hercule les nettoira? Le Général Bonaparte l'a fait durant quelque temps. Sur une moindre échelle, Casimir Perier, le grand-père, l'a fait aussi en 1831; mais en 1894, c'est bien autre chose. A la grâce de Dieu, 'qui protège la France,' disent nos monnaies.

La semaine prochaine j'aurai deux volumes d'imprimés sur trois, chacun de 700 pages, mais d'un gros caractère, très lisible. Le tout paraîtra vers Novembre, avec une photographie très resemblante. J'ai donné surtout des documents, qui montreront le vrai Cousin, au lieu de sa caricature. Je me rappelle au souvenir de Monsieur Ross et de la jeune Lina. Bonne santé à tous trois. La jeunesse verra bien des choses dans le XX siècle, qui sera encore plus agité que le nôtre.

Votre dévoué grand-oncle,

B. St. Hilaire."

In the late autumn two friends of "Signor," Mr. and Mrs. Kerr-Lawson, came to Florence with a letter asking me to do all I could to help them. We at once liked both husband and wife, but as "Signor" did not say what Mr. Kerr-Lawson's profession was, or what I was to do for them, I was rather puzzled. At last I asked him point-blank, rather I think to his surprise, as he thought "Signor" had told me he was an artist. They settled at Settignano until they found a charming little nook, the old cottage that had once belonged to Boccaccio's father at Corbignano. We became very intimate, and Kerr-Lawson did an admirable portrait of Henry of which I give a reproduction.

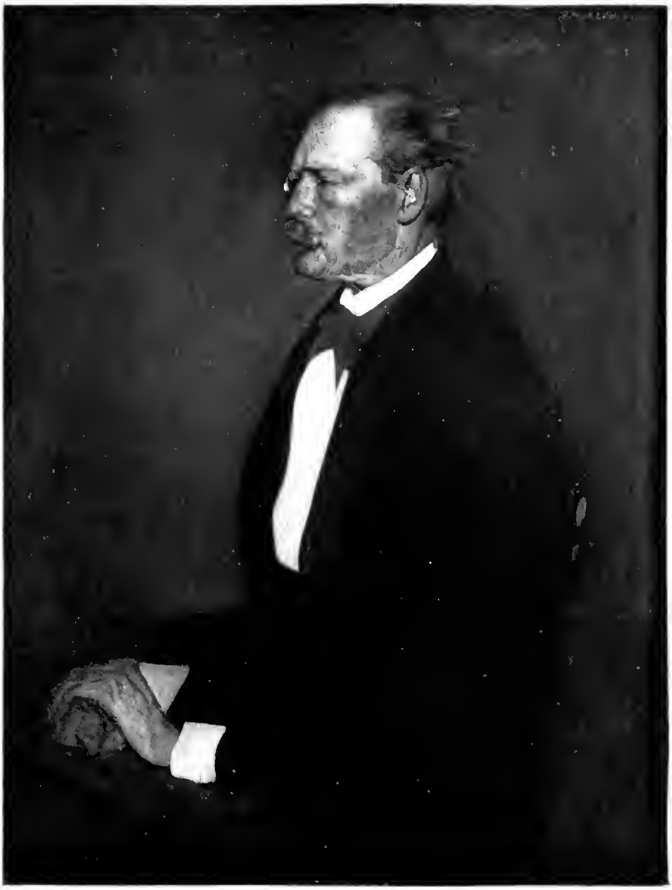
The Dean of Lincoln, Mrs. Wickham, and some of their children had dined with us on New Year's Day when they were in Florence, and at the end of the year he wrote to remind me of the pleasant day we had passed together and also to ask after our common friend Sir James Lacaita :—

Rev. E. C. Wickham, Dean of Lincoln, to Janet Ross.

Deanery, Lincoln, *December* 29, 1894.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

I am writing at the general desire of my whole family to wish you and Mr. Ross a Happy New Year and to tell you that we have not forgotten your expansive hospitality last New Year's Day. We should all much like to be looking out on the Val d'Arno and sunning ourselves on your terrace. We have a comfortable house, but quite sunless at this time of year, as it is on the north side of our huge Cathedral and close up to it. I miss also the beautiful Tuscan hills with their carpet of lavender and myrtle and their lovely views. Mrs. Wickham and I talk of taking a holiday when our school-children leave us, in the south somewhere—whether we shall get as far as Florence I doubt. I want very much to know what people on the spot think of your Italian crisis. On the face of it to prorogue Parliament so as to avoid a debate on several charges against you, is a measure only to be justified



HENRY JAMES ROSS.
By J. Kerr-Lawson.

by a fresh appeal to another open tribunal—and by an early dissolution. And I gather, but cannot verify it, that your 'Secolo' is against the Government. That *and* Rudini, sounds like a combination which is not brought together by mere faction. Poor Italy! She certainly wants a 'heaven-born Minister.' You will have felt very much Sir Henry Layard's death. How little we thought his end was so near when we met him in Rome and found him so bright and full of interest in everything that was going on there. We have heard nothing very lately of dear Sir James Lacaita, and we are wanting to know how he is getting through the winter. I have not got Symonds' Life yet, but I see appreciative reports of it, and am hoping to have it soon. I am writing on Mr. Gladstone's birthday; we have excellent reports of him. He is fully at work with his books again. Our kindest remembrances to Mr. Ross. I hope the orchids are flourishing. The only thing towards a garden that we have here is a little glass, and we get as far as eucharis lilies, but not to orchids.

Yours sincerely,

E. C. Wickham."

Alas! the news I gave Dr. Wickham in my answer was very sad. I had seen Sir James in Florence in the late autumn; he looked ill and feeble, but talked hopefully of regaining health to a certain degree in the fine mild air of Posilippo, near Naples, where he was going to spend the winter. I had said good-bye to him with a heavy heart, and on January 4 he died. The loss to me and to many, many friends cannot be described. Kind and helpful to all, he was universally beloved. No one ever appealed to him in vain, indeed sometimes he was prodigal of help to people who hardly deserved it. As a companion he was delightful, full of knowledge of books and men, with a strong sense of humour and fun, as those who heard him tell Neapolitan stories will remember. To the last his memory was extraordinary; Horace and Virgil, Dante and Petrarch were at his finger ends. With all this he was the most modest and retiring of men; few save his intimate friends knew what a part he had played in politics and in the making of United Italy. As I write the memory of his genial greeting and bright smile of welcome comes before me, and I feel the loss of that kind old friend as though he had died yesterday.

Henry Reeve, who was the same age as Sir James, wrote to me as soon as he heard of his death :—

Henry Reeve to Janet Ross.

Foxholes, *January* 8, 1895.

"My dear Janet,

Another old friend gone. You have had your share of these terrible losses in Symonds, Layard, Newton, and now Lacaita—all in a few months. I feel as if I had outlived everybody I cared for. The last time I saw Lacaita at the Athenæum we were comparing ages—which are about the same—both of 1813. However, I am fairly well, he was a shadow. Henry Ponsonby is also a great loss, especially to the Queen. He cannot be replaced.

I am much obliged to Mr. Ross for his Italian papers, but I cannot fathom the depths of Italian politics. The politicians all seem to be liars and rascals, and they have got the worst Government in the world—only to be surpassed by an Australian Colony. Nay, our own Ministry is not much better.

Yours affectionately,

HENRY REEVE."

I had written to St. Hilaire, as I heard he was ill, to ask how he was and again to beg him to write a short account of his own life, to show young men what determination, honesty, and application might lead to. Often I had told him what an admirable lesson it would be. I reminded him that all his contemporaries were dead, and that their descendants, who only knew him as an old man, would be deeply interested to know about his early life; how as a poor boy he had worked hard to educate himself and to help the old aunt who brought him up. He answered :—

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Boulevard Flandrin 4, *Février* 10, 1895.

" Chère Janet, chère petite-nièce,

Je vous remercie de votre sympathie pour ma santé. Je ne puis pas dire que le froid ait augmenté mes maux. Non, mon mal incurable, c'est l'âge ; et j'ai beau le combattre, je ne réussis pas à le vaincre. C'est un ennemi invincible.

Je ne pourrais répondre que de vive voix à votre désir de connaître ma jeunesse. Je n'aurai ni le temps ni l'intention de rien écrire sur moi. Toute la leçon à tirer de ma vie, c'est qu'en travaillant sans cesse avec energie et dévouement, on est sûr de réussir ; et si l'on ne réussit pas, on a en soi de quoi se consoler.

J'ai regretté profondément la résolution de M. Casimir Perier ; elle a surpris tout le monde, et moi tout le premier. Cette mobilité dans la première fonction de l'État est bien fâcheuse. Elle le serait partout ; mais elle est chez nous plus qu'ailleurs. Depuis 1789 nous avons changé quinze fois au moins de gouvernement.

Je félicite Miss Lina de son progrès et de ses lectures sérieuses. Je n'approuve pas celle d'Herbert Spencer. Elle ne peut qu'égarer de jeunes esprits. Platon, Descartes, Bossuet, Leibnitz, voilà surtout ce qu'il faut étudier dans la jeunesse. Rien de notre temps n'en approche, et Herbert Spencer moins que personne. Il fait beaucoup de bruit de son vivant ; mais il ne restera rien de lui. Bien des amitiés à la famille.

Votre dévoué grand-oncle,

By. St. Hilaire."

Early in February Professor Fiske brought Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Warner, who were staying with him at Villa Landor, to see us, and we at once, to use a familiar phrase, cottoned to each other. Dudley Warner was not only a delightful talker and a highly educated man, but handsome, with winning manners and a sweet voice. His wife was charming and an admirable musician. Charles Fletcher, the violinist, who was with us for a week or two, said he knew very few professionals who accompanied so well. We had very bad weather, it even snowed, and Dudley Warner caught a bad cold and was in bed for some days. I wrote him a rhyming letter foretelling a fine spring with roses, irises and violets, and he answered :—

Charles Dudley Warner to Janet Ross.

Villa Landor, San Domenico, Florence,
February 26, 1895.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

At the time it came I could not even read it, nor for days after. You see the doctor would allow me nothing solid, or agreeable to the taste, and Spring Poetry was forbidden altogether. I am now only just allowed spring chicken. The night it came, however, some of it was read to me and it helped to create that world of beautiful illusions in which one lives in Italy, if he lives at all. And that night in which I wandered about in a lovely intellectual wilderness, I wrote a sonnet. Now when I am well and not in bed I cannot write a sonnet to save my life, or yours. I did not write it all to be sure, only about half of it, and some of the ends of lines were not arranged, but it was not a pretty kind of sonnet about a sigh and a perfume and all that, but a real oriental, mysterious, incomprehensible sonnet, the sort that you cannot tell exactly what it means, but that you felt mightily. Now I am up and expect to go downstairs some day, and hope when I do to find that the ground you have so skilfully prepared by your muse will be all ready for the spring you prophesy. I do not doubt your good intentions or your sincerity, but I should be happier if we had a little less weather and little less of promising.

My book about Egypt is found, and I would have brought that to you, or any other you would take the trouble to look at, if I could have ventured out. With kind regards to all at Villa Ross,

Yours sincerely,
Charles Dudley Warner."

"Signor" wrote to thank me for a letter of good wishes on his birthday, unaccompanied, alas, by any flowers, as the English post no longer allowed them to pass. He felt the loss of so many old friends, but with the indomitable spirit in his frail body wrote: "The *probabilities* for me only make me more keen to do some good work, so give me your best wishes—but those I am sure of. If I live till next year I shall be seventy-nine, and have worked sixty-four years, literally, for I began to work seriously at the age of fifteen. . . ." I wonder how many young artists of the present day begin as early.

The year 1895 I shall never forget. On May 19 there was a severe earthquake which did great damage to many houses—to ours among the rest. Fortunately it came at nine in the evening, before people had gone to bed, or the loss of life would have been great. As it was only nine people were killed. My niece had been at Pistoja with Dudley Warner and was tired; she was just going to bed when my husband called her back to ask some question. This saved her life. All at once there was a terrific noise underground and the old villa rocked and swayed like a ship in a heavy sea. The chandelier swung round and round and I thought would have come unhooked. The walls cracked, pictures fell, and china came crashing down. But we only heard the roar of the earthquake under us. Lina was terrified—no wonder—and clung to my husband, who said to me, "Is there an arch?" I knew what he meant, for I had always been told the safest place during an earthquake was under a doorway if it had an arch. Meanwhile oddly enough I did exactly what I had done in Egypt, and rushed to put out the lamp, fearing it would fall and set fire to the villa. But seizing some matches, I struck a light and we rushed to the back door and went out with the servants, who came tumbling down the kitchen stairs with white, frightened faces. The night was dark, and my husband, who was short-sighted, stumbled over something as he went out. "Damn these people, they always leave things in the way," he exclaimed. By the light of my match I saw that what he had stumbled against was a block of masonry, and then we saw many others. They were the ruins of our tower, which luckily had fallen mostly outwards. Lina was shivering with cold and fear, and we went to her room to get her a shawl. The door would not open, and next morning we found that the room was full of stones, bricks, and rubbish from the tower, which had come through four stories, destroying pigeon-house, fruit-room, the cook's room, and then smashing through the vaulting of the ceiling of her bedroom. If Lina had gone to bed when she said good night she would have been crushed. Some of our machicolations fell—luckily outside, not on to the roof of the villa—and many of the doorways were slit open from the top of the door to the ceiling. Our peasants' houses suffered severely, of one of them the north wall came bodily away and tilted outwards, so that one saw the landscape through the slit. I was interested to see how the wall of the house was drawn back into its proper place, very much as Baldinucci describes Alfonso Parigi's doings at Palazzo Pitti in 1640, when the façade of the oldest part was more than eight inches out of the perpendicular, leaning towards the Piazza. Baldinucci says: "First he bored the wall of the façade in as many places as were needful for placing certain large iron ties made on purpose . . . these were secured with the usual bars very big and strong, which were afterwards hidden under the stone facing. He passed the ties under the floors and walls of the passages and rooms, and at the extremities of these same ties, at the back of the building, he placed the wonderful instruments furnished with screws invented by himself. With these, by means of certain levers, first one and then another was tightened and pulled so that this great force was exercised little by little and always equally. . . . To ensure it for ever from any new danger the ties were clenched also in the courtyard."

Our clever little smith used no instruments, but when the holes had been made through the opposite walls a strong iron rod with a loop at either end was laid under the floor. The looped ends stuck out from the walls, one entirely through, into which a stout bar of iron about a foot long was passed, while the other barely appeared. Then the long rod in the floor was covered with charcoal and several men blew with bellows until it was red-hot. This caused it to expand and lengthen enough to admit the other iron bar being put through the loop which had come out of the wall. When this was accomplished cold water was thrown over the whole length of the rod, which in contracting pulled the wall back to its proper place. The operation was performed to the three floors of the house, and but for the iron bars across the wall outside no one would have known that any damage had been done.

Earthquakes continued for some months, but only small ones; I counted fifty-two. It is terrible to feel the earth, which one never thinks of save as a solid comfortable mass to build and to walk upon, suddenly sway, shake, and quiver under one's feet. For months, nay for years, afterwards, if a door banged or any bit of furniture cracked during the night, I used to wake up and find myself standing in the middle of the room having jumped out of bed while still asleep.

The expense of mending our old villa and the peasants' houses was very heavy, and the Italian Government made a great parade of diminishing for some years the taxes of those who had suffered much damage. But the diminution was ridiculous—only a few francs. It also had evidently suppressed news about the earthquake. I wrote at once to several friends in England to say that we were safe, but that the villa had been much knocked about, and was half angry, half amused at being asked what on earth I meant. The newspapers hardly alluded to the severe earthquake, and people who came the following winter to Florence were surprised to find how many buildings were still being repaired. My husband and I of course gave up any idea of going away for the summer, there was far too much to see to and to superintend, so Mr. and Mrs. Warner kindly took my niece to England with them. Soon after their arrival he wrote to me :—

C. Dudley Warner to Janet Ross.

Limmer's Hotel, George Street, London,
June 28, 1895.

"Dear, dear friend,

It was certainly very stupid, and I do not like to own it was in character to give no address on my card to Mrs. (or Lady) Eden. But I deserve to be shut out of Paradise for my blunder. I fancy that as many fools as wicked people miss Eden.

It is not for want of love and sympathy that I have not written to you before. In fact I have too much sympathy. You have been very much in my mind. Many times a day I think of you there struggling with earthquakes and all sorts of discomfort, and it is quite true (and you know it) that my heart is very sore for you. I hate to think of you and Mr. Ross in the midst of your ruins and keeping up your spirits with the rising bills of the masons. I wish the Lord had given me a lot of money. I would rebuild your tower and send you two off instantly on a holiday. You dear people.

I took your letter to Mr. Watts, but they were in the country. But I shall (having had a letter from Mrs. Watts) see them on Sunday. I am very busy, doing nothing. But I have already overturned one government and shall see another set up. The thing was very sudden, and fortunately I was admitted to a Speaker's seat to see the wind-up. I had dined the night before the fatal Friday with Arthur Balfour at the Littletons', and none of them anticipated the blow. I have just this evening seen Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and he is delighted to get out. And Mr. Bryce seems very much the same way. But still people like to be shown not kicked out.

Do not forget that I love you all dearly.

Yours ever,
C. Dudley Warner."

I must not forget to mention that to Dudley Warner I owe one of the good friends of my later years. Talking one day after the earthquake about two pictures I had bought when I first came to Florence, and wondering whether they were what I had always supposed and therefore worth something, he proposed to bring Mr. Bernard Berenson to see them, whose opinion would of course be conclusive. One result of the visit was that my beloved pictures were sent off to dear "Signor's" studio in London and very soon sold—they paid for our iron ties, which cost several hundred pounds. The other was gaining a friend, whose pleasant and brilliant conversation is a great resource, and whose kindness is never-failing. Like so many others Berenson fell under the spell of my husband's remarkable gift of relating his adventures in Asia Minor as a young man. He was a born *raconteur*, and his memory was extraordinary. He never the least realized how picturesque and graphic his descriptions were of pig-sticking on the mounds of Nineveh, of life in Asia Minor and Turkish Arabia, of hair's-breadth escapes among the wild Koords, of the Fire-worshippers, of Pashas and Dereh Beys, and was always reluctant to "bore people" as he said.

In August there was a big eruption of Vesuvius and people predicted more earthquakes. The prediction evidently was talked of in France, as towards the end of the month I received a letter from St. Hilaire in so shaky a handwriting that I was alarmed. Alas, it was the last, and ends fitly with a pæan of praise to the Greek philosophers he loved so well.

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire to Janet Ross.

Paris, Boulevard Flandrin 4, *Août* 27, 1895.

"Chère Janet, chère petite-nièce,

Votre lettre du 24 m'a prevénue de peu; depuis plusieurs jours je voulais vous écrire pour savoir où vous étiez de vos réparations à la suite de ce terrible phenomène. Il faut espérer qu'il ne se renouvellera pas, en dépit du Vésuve.

Je suis né en effet le 19 Août, 1805; me voici donc dans ma 91 année. C'est un poids enorme à porter; mais heureusement pour vous, chère Janet, vous ne savez pas encore ce qu'il pèse. Je travaille toujours, grace à Dieu; et je fais une seconde édition du Platon de M. Cousin. Comme les Dialogues sont autant de fragments, j'en ferai ce que je pourrai. Je donnerai le premier volume vers la fin de l'année, et je continuerai tant que je serai de ce monde. C'est un ravissement de vivre avec Socrate et son disciple, surtout après l'austère Aristote. Il n'y a rien de plus grand dans le domaine de la philosophie.

Je me rappelle au souvenir de Monsieur Ross, à qui je rends cordialement tous ses vœux pour moi. Nos pauvres affaires se traînent toujours misérablement.

Bonne santé à tous.

Votre bien affectionné grand-oncle,

B. St. Hilaire."

Only a few days later I saw his death in a newspaper. The thought that I should never again see that handsome, rather austere face, or hear the musical voice always raised in praise of work, truth, and honesty, made me very sad. For forty-six years—a lifetime—I had loved and revered the man who lived like a Spartan and was so generous to his friends and so thoughtful of his servants. He always rose at half-past four and lit his own fire in order that his *bonne* should not be obliged to get up so early. His first letters to me—and I have several hundred, contain reiterated injunctions to play at ball, to learn La Fontaine's fables (which he had given me) by heart, and always to speak the truth.

I had given my cousin Lady Markby one of my water-colour paintings of an orchid which Mr. Nettleship saw. He told her he had been to Kew to look at orchids for the background of a picture, but those he wanted were not in flower, and asked her to find out whether I would lend him some of my drawings. I sent him a number, and when he returned them he wrote:—

J. T. Nettleship to Janet Ross.

58 Wigmore Street, London, *November* 8, 1895.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

I cannot thank you enough for so generously lending me your beautiful paintings of orchids, many of which are exquisite work. They have been of the greatest use to me, and I hope the picture (or pictures) which they will enable me to do may be worthy of the chance you have given me. For the picture I am doing for next spring, the purple or red-purple orchids will be the most used. The subject is two jaguars playing, one rich golden-tawny with pure white under-surfaces and marked with large deep black rosettes; the other black altogether with here and there the rosettes showing damasked in the lights. I have made careful studies from all your paintings of American and several of the Asiatic orchids. . . .

Believe me, yours gratefully,

J. T. Nettleship."

Later he told me that the picture, which to my amusement he said I had helped him to paint, was in the Royal Academy and much liked by the painters whose opinion he valued, but that he was far from being satisfied.

Just before the earthquake a friend introduced Graf Fritz von HochBerg, son of Prince Pless, to us; from our terrace he saw Villa Hall, and was interested when I told him it had once belonged to Cenni di Giotto, a relation of the great painter, then to the Valori, and afterwards to the Del Nero, who enlarged the villa and laid out the garden. Graf von HochBerg fell in love with it, declared he would buy it, and smiled rather incredulously when I told him the owner not only would not sell, but would not allow anyone to see it. The earthquake knocked the villa to pieces (the only good thing it did), and Mrs. Hall, to avoid the expense of rebuilding, sold the place to HochBerg. Translating his name into Italian he called it Montalto, and by the people about soon became known only as the Conte di Montalto. He was his own architect and landscape gardener, and my husband often told him it was a pity he was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, he ought to have been forced to use his talents.

1896 opened sadly. In January Lord Leighton died—a loss to the world, but a far greater to his friends, for never was a kinder or more generous man, or one more gifted. His knowledge of languages, even of the dialects, was astonishing. The Duc d'Aumale once said to me, "He not only talks French like a Frenchman, but he has the manners of a *grand seigneur de la vielle école*"; which was true. It is not often that the gods give beauty, intellect, and charm to one favoured mortal with such lavish hands. I feared the effect his death might have on "Signor," and wrote to Mary Watts to ask about her husband. She answered:—

Mrs. Watts to Janet Ross.

Limnerslease, Guildford, *February* 16, 1896.

"Dearest Janet,

I am sorry I have left your kind letter so long unthanked for. Leighton's death was a terrible shock to us; we would not believe the reports that so often called his malady angina pectoris, and he continued to the last to believe and assure us that there was no organic mischief. You know what a loss it is to Signor. Ever since your grandmother [Lady Duff Gordon] introduced him, a delightful young fellow not much more than twenty years old, they have been the dearest friends. I used to think that Leighton had become like a second self, the half that went into the thick of the battle of life, rejoicing in strength, and successful at every point. Each new honour to him rejoiced Signor far more than it did Leighton. The sorrow of it now is that he feels he had just got to a field of far wider influence and opportunity. He had longed for him to get beyond the restraints of the mere Academy work ; he had done all that was possible there, and he wanted him to be serving art as it had never been served before in the House of Lords. It is very awful to think that probably the same amount of gout or much more, if it had showed itself in a joint, might have been tiresome and no more, but it must needs send its fatal drop to that artery near the heart. It seems impossible to believe that that embodiment of vitality was there, being carried still and silent through the mourning crowd at St. Paul's.

My dear Signor's grief was very bitter at first, but now he is calmer, and has his work to turn to and be absorbed in, though I believe that till now he never painted a touch without the thought that Leighton's eye would see it. About the photograph I am going to try and get you the only one that at all represented the real man ; it was done in his studio, and I will send it as soon as I have it.

Your ever affectionate
MARY.

Signor sends many messages of love and affection."

Lord Dufferin had written to ask me whether I had any letters of Mrs. Norton's, and I sent him all I had. Early in 1896 I asked if he could, through the Embassy at Rome, send me a packet of my grandmother Mrs. Austin's letters to St. Hilaire and his to her, which I had claimed from his executor, and at the same time return those of Mrs. Norton. To my dismay when the packet came hers were not in it, though Lord Dufferin had written to say they had been put in. I wrote at once and he answered that they could not be found at Paris. In answer to my letter he wrote :—

The Marquis of Dufferin to Janet Ross.

Paris, *May* 14, 1896.

" Dear Mrs. Ross,

It is very dear of you making so light of the loss of Mrs. Norton's letters. It is quite evident that they never left this Embassy, and what can have become of them I can't conceive. My private secretary handed the parcel of her letters, which he had in charge, and which he duly put into an envelope, as well as St. Hilaire's packet, to the Chancery servant to be carefully packed in the usual way. After this operation the packet was brought to him to be addressed, and it never entered his head that the packet with Mrs. Norton's letters had not been put in in accordance with his instructions. Unluckily when I examined the Chancery servant, who is a most careful man, he was compelled to admit that he is in the habit of packing so many parcels every day that he has no special recollection of this particular one. For a moment I thought it possible, as we have a Mr. Norton amongst my secretaries, that the packet might have been handed to him, or rather sent after him, for he was at Cannes. He telegraphed to the hotel at Cannes, and in reply he was informed that a letter had come for him after his departure and was being forwarded. On hearing this I had hoped that it would turn out to be the packet we were looking for, but it was not. In the meantime I am having my copies of the letters copied for you, and you shall have them in a week or so.

Yours very sincerely,

Dufferin and Ava.

P.S.—By the bye, I must not forget to send you the enclosed letter, which disposes once for all of that horrid story about Mrs. Norton. Luckily Reeve wrote me his important letter just before he died, and he had just time to stick a note into his review of Mr. Meredith's works which he happened to have written when I addressed him on the subject. Meredith has promised to introduce an adequate refutation of the story he has so powerfully helped to promulgate into the next edition of *Diana of the Crossways*, so that I have had the pleasure of vindicating 'Aunt Carrie's' memory of that atrocious accusation." [1]

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[1] The accusation was that Mrs. Norton had communicated to *The Times* (in 1845) that the repeal of the Corn Laws was imminent, a secret Sidney Herbert, who had just joined the Cabinet, was supposed to have told her. The truth was that Lord Aberdeen himself gave the information to Delane, the editor.

The copies Lord Dufferin sent me were far from complete, nearly all the letters to me were wanting, and of course the charming illustrations which were in many of those to my parents were gone for ever.

My husband was very ill with influenza, and just as he was getting better he had a slight stroke which frightened me horribly, as it affected his speech, and for a day or two his power of writing, so that he could not make me understand what he wanted. However, that went off in a few days, and our doctor said he would probably quite recover. He was much amused at a letter I received from Mounteney Jephson, who had been appointed a Queen's Messenger some time before :—

A. J. Mounteney Jephson to Janet Ross.

Shere, *May* 30, 1896.

" My dear Mrs. Ross,

So many times I have begun a letter to you and have never finished it. But now I am with Somerset and have been talking much about you, it is a good time to send you a few lines of very friendly greeting while you are in my thoughts. First of all let me say how sorry I am to hear of Mr. Ross's illness, it must be such a terrible anxiety to you.

I find my new billet of Queen's Messenger much to my liking. It gives me plenty of time to write and does not tire me in the least, for one travels so comfortably. I get so soon bored with London, and then one can just put on one's hat and start for Petersburg, Constantinople or Berlin. It throws one into contact with numbers of interesting people, and I get, from the people I meet, much ' copy ' for future articles and stories.

I have not very long got back from Constantinople, which interested me much; it was my first visit there. It was just in the height of all its beauty, and the hills on either side of the Bosphorus were purple with flowering Judas trees. Constantinople itself is disappointing. I have seen many Eastern towns, but never one so dirty and squalid. Its squalor is not even picturesque. The Curries are not a great success there. He loses his temper, and that is a fatal thing to do with Orientals unless you are *very* strong. There is a good story told of Lady Currie. She had an audience with the Sultan, who asked her the usual question as to how she liked Constantinople. She answered in rather a 'high-faluting' way that she did not like it much at present, as she had not yet arranged her 'inner life.' You may imagine how little the Sultan understood what she meant, and he answered through the interpreter, 'Tell her Ladyship to try hot water; I'm told it is an excellent thing.'

At Sofia I was presented to Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who had just returned from his feet-kissing tour through Europe. He is not a nice-looking creature. His nails are long like bird's claws, and his fingers are covered with rings, and he smells so of scent and perfume that the very dogs sneeze as he passes.

Servia pleased me much, it was so green and well cultivated, with charming open glades among the woods. There were little shepherd-boys playing upon pipes as they tended their flocks of Biblical-looking sheep, for all the world like a Wagner opera. There were little girls too looking after their geese and knitting, like Millet pictures. Then there were big droves of elongated woolly-backed pigs with long drooping ears, that set one thinking of the Prodigal Son, or of running violently down a steep place and perishing in the waters. A most Biblical-looking country. From Vienna to Munich I travelled in the next compartment to the Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria and her mother. They had with them a crying baby with whom I sympathized much, for he was evidently the little Boris weeping at being rechristened so often.

And now I must end up this unconscionably long scrawl. I sat down to bless you with a few lines, and, like Balaam, I have cursed you with a long volume.

I am settled now in London at 22 Ryder Street, and shall be so glad to get a line from you. With kindest regards to Mr. Ross, believe me, dear Mrs. Ross, yours always sincerely,

A. J. MOUNTENEY JEPHSON."

In the summer we were advised by our doctor to try the baths and waters of Chianciano, between Asciano and Montepulciano, which were so strongly recommended by the Roman doctor Senator Baccelli. In those days the hotel was very inferior, but the waters and baths certainly did Henry good, and we both enjoyed the drives in so picturesque a country. The little townlet of Chianciano, about two miles from the baths, was a joy to look at from our windows. Perched on a hill, surrounded by massive grey walls, and with tall campanili standing out against the blue sky, it was exactly like the background of an old Tuscan picture. One day we drove to Asciano across an undulating stretch of country with huge oak trees dotted all over the fields. I remarked to our driver that they were not very good for the wheat, which had just been reaped. " Oh no, but they are for the *animali neri, con rispetto parlando* (black animals, speaking with due respect)," was his answer. No Tuscan ever calls a pig anything but " a black animal," and always adds, " speaking with due respect," as he does when mentioning anything dirty. We saw several droves of the long-snouted, long-legged, thin beasts, more like greyhounds than pigs, along the edge of a wood routing about for cyclamen, which in Italian are called *pan porcini*, or pig's bread. As Montepulciano was not very far off we determined to drive there, and our host said he would take us himself, as he could not trust his man in the narrow, steep streets of the hill-city. We started directly after lunch, and after breasting a hill looked down on a valley enveloped in mist. We soon discovered that the mist was sulphurous vapour which puffed up from tiny hillocks; my silver knife-chain became slightly discoloured while going across. We drove up through a wood and on emerging saw the walls and towers of Montepulciano before us. Through an old gateway we entered the main street, narrow, steep, and slippery, with solid brown palaces on either side, and then twisting and turning round very sharp corners our gallant little horses took us at a gallop up to the Piazza, the very summit of the high hill. I had heard that the view was very fine, but it was far beyond what I expected. Away below to the right the lakes of Thrasymene and Chiusi glittered in the sun, and the Chiana in the plain beneath us wound in and out like a white ribbon in the lush green land. To the front, to the right, and to the left, were hills crowned with grey townlets clustering round tall bell-towers, and beyond range after range of mountains faded away into the horizon. Dark Perugia, and Cortona, spreading up her hill, we easily distinguished. Our coachman, though pleased at our admiration of the view, thought we paid too little attention to Montepulciano itself. "You know it was the *villeggiatura* of the great King Porsena; and the Romans loved the city because of its excellent wine, which Redi says is the best in the world.[1] Our Duomo too is famous." So leaving Henry in the carriage I went into the cathedral, which had evidently been spoiled at some bad period of art by "restoration," and at the same time the magnificent monument to Bartolomeo Aragazzi by Donatello and Michelozzo was torn to pieces and scattered about in the church. The effigy of Aragazzi is superb, with noble draperies, but all scratched and cut about by the irrepressible small boys, who swarm in Montepulciano. Let into pillars opposite are two bas-reliefs, one the Virgin enthroned, the other men and youths, probably members of Aragazzi's family, which are adorable. Three more bits of the tomb have been built into the high altar. Poor Aragazzi, he little imagined how his fellow-townsmen would mutilate the monument on which he spent so many thousands of scudi.

As we returned down the main street our coachman pointed out a tablet in the wall of a palace. "There is another glory of Montepulciano," he said; "there Poliziano was born; he *was* a great man."

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[1] "Hear, all ye drinkers,
Give ear and give faith to the edict divine;
Montepulciano's the King of all wine."
Bacco in Toscana, by F. Redi, translated by Leigh Hunt.

CHAPTER XIX

THOUGH Chianciano certainly did Henry good, he never really recovered his health, and was more or less of an invalid for the rest of his life. A friend gave us such a glowing account of Valdieri, high up in the Alps, and of the excellent hot baths, that we determined to spend the summer there, and at all events be cool. We slept at Savona and went to Cuneo by the strategic railway. The scenery was very fine, but crossing deep ravines on what looked like a slight cobweb structure of wood was rather alarming. From Cuneo, a clean, attractive town, we started early in the morning for a drive of about nineteen miles; for the first five we trotted gaily along a good road through a well-cultivated country with many apple orchards, but at San Dalmasio the ascent began, and our horses dropped into a walk. The baths of Valdieri were at 4600 feet above the sea, and the road generally followed the tearing little river Gesso—a good name, for its waters were whitish, like all streams that come from the eternal snows and from glaciers. At one place, Andonno, the road had been excavated out of the rock which hung right above us. The little village of Sant' Anna di Valdieri, where the present King of Italy has a hunting-box, was a green and smiling place; we stopped there to bait the horses and have lunch. Afterwards the scenery became stern and majestic, and the road zigzagged up between high mountains on either side, while in front we sometimes saw the snow-fields of Cima dei Gelas over 10,000 feet high, and of Cima Brocon nearly the same height. A shrill whistle made me turn round, and Henry laughed as he said " a marmot." My recollection of marmots went back to my early days, when small Savoyard boys in pointed hats trimmed with many-coloured ribbons, short corduroy brown jackets, knickerbockers and sandals, carried them about in London, begging for pennies with such appealing eyes and a broad grin which displayed their brilliant white teeth. But I had no idea that a marmot could whistle like a small steam-engine.

At last we crossed the Gesso and arrived in front of the hotel, a huge building three stories high with a covered portico in front, where the road came to an end. To the right and left rose steep hills, and in front the valley appeared to be closed but a short way off by a chain of tall mountains. Just below the road in front of the hotel the Gesso roared and foamed as it tore down from snow-capped Monte San Giovanni, so I was thankful that our rooms were behind, as sleep would have been almost impossible with the rushing water almost under our windows. Splendid beech trees grew close to the hotel, higher up were larches and firs, and higher still barren grey rocks. It was an unceasing amusement to watch the squirrels playing about, and to hear and see various kinds of little birds. As Valdieri was in the royal preserves shooting was forbidden, and it was a delight to see the birds flying about and to know there were no *cacciatori* round the corner to shoot at them, perfectly regardless as to whether they shot you at the same time.

Our dear old friend Dr. Wright joined us at Valdieri, and the remarkably civil landlord gave us a table to ourselves at one end of the large dining-room, as the table d'hôte with three hundred people lasted too long for my husband. The view from the portico which ran along the whole length of the front of the hotel was very curious. Cascades of perfectly limpid but scalding hot water came down the side of the mountain opposite into the stream below, from whence, when it rained and at night, rose clouds of white vapour. Where the water slid over the rocks or over boards placed on purpose there were lumps of nasty green, reddish-brown stuff like thick jelly. It looked more like bits of rotten liver than anything else. Dr. Wright was very irate at my flippant description of so rare a plant, and forthwith wrote down for my edification: "The *muffe* plays an important part in the treatment at the Terme. In the streams pouring from several of the hot sulphurous springs on the slopes of Monte Matto and flowing into the Gesso, various Algæ grow—conspicuous among them being one called *Leptothrix Valderia*, the elongated confervid cells of which are enclosed in a slimy mucus. With it are entangled other closely allied forms, the whole forming masses of varying size which harbour many minute forms of animal life. The growth of this alga is promoted by letting the hot water flow gently over pieces of wood placed on the descent, to which the alga clings, and its masses present various hues from bluish green to an ochreous red. The dead forms soon bleach to a dirty white. It is a rare instance of the cultivation of a fresh-water alga. It grows in water the temperature of which in the open air sometimes reaches 131 Fahrenheit, flourishes in one of 122, and seems to die out at one of 77." Into a mass of these *muffe* my husband had to put his poor crippled hands every morning for half an hour before taking his bath.

The air at Valdieri was so fine and exhilarating that we asked Carlo Orsi, who had not been well, to come and stay with us. One day he and I hired donkeys and rode up to Vallasco, King Victor Emmanuel's hunting-lodge in the very heart of the Alps. In about two hours we came to a vast green meadow surrounded by high mountains whose peaks were still here and there covered with snow. At the extreme end a fine waterfall came, our guide told us, from the lakes of Val Oscura. Twisting about in the grassy plain, which was bright with flowers, was a brilliantly clear streamlet well stocked with trout. Near the King's little palace, with two machicolated towers, were barracks for a regiment of *Alpini*. Some of the soldiers were just starting for an excursion, and they showed us how quickly their mountain-guns took to pieces and were loaded on the magnificent mules. One mule carried the two wheels, another the gun-carriage, a third the gun. I should have been sorry to go on my hands and knees up the places over which these big, rather heavy-looking animals climbed like chamois. The men were evidently proud of their mules and told me they seldom had an accident. They were taking small tents with them in which two short men could just lie packed like sardines. Orsi was so tired after our expedition that I was alarmed, and clever Doctor Sansoni confirmed my fears that his lungs were affected. In August he found it too cold and returned to Florence, but we stayed on till the 20th, when snow fell on the mountains above, and it was impossible to keep warm.

While we were at Valdieri I received from M. Lechelier, who succeeded St. Hilaire at the *Institut*, the *Éloge* he had pronounced on his predecessor. He had quoted from my article in the *Cosmopolis*. In return I sent him my book which contained many letters of my old friend to Mrs. Austin. He answered :—

M J. Lechelier to Janet Ross.

16 Rue Stanislas, Paris, *Novembre* 2, 1897.

" Madame,

Je vous dois maintenant des remerciements, non seulement pour vos *Three Generations*, mais encore pour tout le plaisir et tout le profit que j'ai trouvés à les lire. Vous n'aviez peut-être songé qu'à me fournir de nouveau renseignements sur mon vénérable prédécesseur à l'Institut, j'ai lu, en effet, avec interêt, ses lettres à Madame Austin et celles qu'il a reçues d'elle. Mais je vous assure que bien d'autres choses encore m'ont intéressé dans votre volume. La correspondance de Madame Austin avec tant d'hommes distingués, soit de votre pays, soit du mien, et en particulier avec M. Guizot, que je mets maintenant en dessus de tous nos autres hommes publics à cause de l'estime qu'il a su lui inspirer. Ses relations (et aussi les votres) avec notre famille royale pendant son exil en Angleterre, enfin ses jugements sur les affaires publiques et l'évolution très sensible de ses opinions, qui touchaient d'abord d'assez près à celles de Bentham et des Mill, et que notre infortunée révolution de 1848 n'a pas peu contribué, ce me semble, à rendre conservatrices. Mais il y a quelque chose, je vous l'avoue, qui m'a intéressé encore plus que tout cela, c'est le caractère même des personnes dont vous descendez et que vous avez voulu faire connaître au public. C'est cette vie de l'intelligence si active, si variée, si riche, qui a soutenu Madame Austin à travers les épreuves d'une existence difficile, et Lady Duff Gordon, dans sa longue lutte contre la maladie. C'est cette richesse encore plus grande de la vie du cœur, qui a fait adorer l'une des pauvres pêcheurs de Boulogne, et l'autre des pauvres Arabes du Caire et de Thèbes. J'ai pensé quelque fois en vous lisant, qu'il y aurait peut-être lieu un jour (mais un jour, je l'espère, encore éloigné) de grossir le volume d'une quatrième partie et de l'intituler *Four Generations.* Mais j'ignore s'il y a dans le cinquième génération, ou dans les suivantes, quelqu'un qui soit en état de tenir dignement la plume. Veuillez agréer, Madame, avec mes remerciments l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus respectueusements dévoués,

J. LECHELIER."

During the winter I read General Della Rocca's autobiography, which was very interesting but far too long—like so many modern Italian books. I suggested an "edited" translation of it to Mr. Fisher Unwin, but when I wrote to Countess Della Rocca she objected to the two volumes being cut down to one. However, at last she consented, and when the translation came out the following year was not dissatisfied with what I had done. Early in 1898 my cousins the Markbys started on a journey round the world; from Japan he wrote me a graphic description of all they had seen :—

Sir William Markby to Janet Ross.

Kyoto, Japan, *May* 22, 1898.

"My dear Janet,

Here we are in Japan—in the old capital, and I only wish you were with us—for I am writing in a balcony with a most lovely view. Immediately around us on the slopes of the hills on which our house is situated there are beautiful woods, mostly deciduous trees with their fresh new foliage, maples, cherries, camphors (especially the latter), with here and there wild azaleas in full bloom, and with a few huge firs like glorified Scotch firs. Below is the city of Kyoto stretching wide over the plain—and a line of blue hills beyond. It is really as fine a view as one could see anywhere.

We are not in the least disappointed with Japan. We have been about five weeks in the country, and have had a real good time, as the Americans say. We have been mostly at Tokyo, the present capital. It is not particularly interesting as a city, but I always like to begin by a visit to the capital, and in this case it turned out very well, for to our great surprise we were warmly received not only by the English but by the Japanese. I had known some in England as students, and it so happened that a law book of mine has been much used here and even translated into Japanese, and the little Japs could not do enough for us. This enabled us to see them in their own homes, which is very interesting and not always very easy to do. I wish you could see a Japanese house of the better kind. We were shown over one by Count Matsura. Nothing but wood unpainted and unvarnished, and mats—no furniture! In each room as many silk cushions are brought in as there are guests and you sit on the floor. If it is cold there would be a beautiful brazier containing charcoal (the one we saw at Count Matsura's was three hundred years old and came from Korea). In a recess is hung a picture, *one* work of art is placed there, and these are frequently changed. The rooms are divided by screens sliding over each other in grooves. The outside walls are formed by similar screens. There is no glass, but the oiled paper of the screens admits light. The charm of the house consists to a great degree in the exquisite delicacy and finish of every detail, and penetrate where you will there is not a dirty or untidy corner to be found. And to a great extent (except as to the value of the art treasures) the houses of greater and smaller people are the same. Even in the old palace of the Mikado (which we visited yesterday) there is nothing more, and in a good Japanese tradesman's house there would be nothing less—but always the same daintiness and finish—and always in every room in use in every house a picture, and at least a flower vase with a flower. This love of some simple decoration is universal. Only yesterday I saw a man sitting at work in a factory with a flower placed by his side in a pot, just for himself to look at whilst he was at work.

I have told you nothing about our journey out. We enjoyed it immensely. We landed at Singapore, which was very hot, but the Mitchells put us up at Government House, and anything more beautiful than the vegetation it is impossible to conceive. It is far finer than that of the West Indies. The Amherstias were in full bloom, so also was the Antigonum (?), (I think that is right), a lovely pink creeper from the Sandwich Islands, and scores of others. We also landed at Hongkong, but we saw nothing of it as we found we had three days, and that a boat was going to Canton, which we were most anxious to see. We had been warned against it as risky in various ways, but I had good ground for a strong suspicion that there was no real risk, nor was there, and I would not have missed it for anything. We had a delightful journey there and back in a very good steamer, on board of which we lived all the time, and Canton is undoubtedly one of the most curious cities in the world. It is indescribable. Every house in the city is exactly alike—good substantial houses of black brick; the front of the house consists of one room only which is the shop and is entirely open to the street, and in which the wares are displayed to great advantage. No street is more than eight feet wide and some scarcely that. There are no wheel carriages and no pack animals. You must either walk or be carried in a chair, and everything which has to be moved is carried by human beings. This is the Canton land, but nearly half of the million inhabitants live in boats on the water. The space covered by the city, including the river quarter, is extremely small, and consequently one gets the impression of a mass of human beings in motion very similar to that of looking at an ants' nest when you stir it up with a stick. Canton is a very rich city, and enjoys the advantage of being far from Pekin, and so is comparatively let alone.

Here in Kyoto we are surrounded by temples, some Shinto, some Buddhist, and some a compound of the two. As I sit I can hear the old priest of one beating his wooden drum to call the Deity's attention to the fact that there are some worshippers whose wants must be looked after. It is a very common notion that the Deity requires to be thus constantly reminded of his duty. There is generally a bell for the purpose which the worshipper himself can ring. There is not the least outward indication at present of religion being dead in Japan. On the contrary there is something of a religious revival, but it is not unlikely that education may kill it, and I fancy that religions die somewhat suddenly.

The temples are entirely built of wood, massive pieces of timber put together without a nail or fastening of any kind, but kept together by the enormously heavy tiled roof. They have no architectural beauty, but the curved lines of the roof are graceful, and their massiveness makes them somewhat impressive. They are most of them crammed with objects of art; these are so crowded together that they destroy one another. This is very curious, as it is precisely the reverse of the Japanese habit in their own houses. Of course to the connoisseur they are extremely interesting, and I do not mean that anyone would fail to find much to admire in them—but I get a little overdone by them, for the number is enormous. The excess of ornamentation is Buddhistic, i.e. Chinese in origin, for a *true* Shinto temple is absolutely simple, but there are very few such now in Japan. I have only seen one.

I was very much surprised to find how completely the Japanese had got hold of some of our European methods, and how successfully they were working them. They seem determined to do everything themselves. The foreigners in Japanese service are very angry at this and predict failure. This is natural enough, because they lose their comfortable berths, but I am inclined to think that this spirit of independence is exactly the quality which raises the Japanese above all other Orientals. And they have also the very unoriental quality of dogged perseverance.

We at first intended to leave Japan for Vancouver on June 17, we have already postponed our departure to July 8, and we are now hesitating whether we shall not postpone it till July 29. If the weather gets hot we can go to the hills—but the weather in Japan is a very uncertain factor in one's calculations. Until within the last week or two we have been wearing our mid-winter clothing and delighting in a fire. For a few days we had it very hot, but to-day it is again rather cold.

This is a most incoherent letter. I feel quite ashamed of it, perhaps it will amuse you. I hope all is well at Poggio Gherardo. I wish you would send me a line, to Balliol College, from whence it will be forwarded. Our love to your husband.

Yours affectionately,

W. Markby."

While Mrs. Symonds and Madge were with us for a few days in the spring Madge got a letter from Mr. Dent proposing that she should start a new series of books about medieval towns by writing the Story of Perugia. She asked my niece Lina to help her with the historical part, so the two girls, with Mrs. Symonds, spent several weeks at Perugia and wrote an admirable little book.

In July we went again to Valdieri, where I finished the translation of the General's book. My husband was wonderfully better, able to walk more than the year before, and even to botanize a little with Dr. Wright, who came to be with us for a month. But we were all made very sad by the death of poor Carlo Orsi. I had been to see him at Signa, where he was living with his sisters, before going to Valdieri, and could hardly keep back my tears as I felt there was no hope. Everyone loved gentle, kindly Carlo, the talented artist and charming singer; to us he was like a son.

In the beginning of September we returned home, and for the first time had a good vintage, as a vineyard which I had planted was beginning to bear well, and I felt quite proud when I told Henry that it had given us twenty hectolitres of wine. Altogether Poggio Gherardo had got into much better order, and at last the *cacciatori*, or sportsmen, after we had caught one or two (when they were fined and lost their guns) were beginning to understand that we objected to our fences being broken down, our land trampled over, and our olive trees peppered with shot. To see a so-called sportsman stalking a tomtit or a robin would be very funny, if it did not make one so angry. Occasionally a hen or a pigeon belonging to the peasants proves too great an attraction to be resisted, and then there is sometimes a chase, very seldom followed by a capture. As the sportsmen are often bad characters the pacific peasants prefer to put up with the loss of a fowl to making an enemy who might use his knife. I ran after a man in our wood one day, and as he stumbled over a root and fell I caught him, and conducted him in triumph to the Municipal Offices of Fiesole, which were then in our grounds in a villa belonging to us. It was very amusing to be complimented by the secretary upon my "great courage."

In October I got the following letter from Sir William Markby; at last they were coming home after their long journey:—

Sir William Markby to Janet Ross.

Hotel Albemarle, New York, *September* 24, 1898.

"Dear Janet,

As you see, we are now near the end of our journey. It was very good of you to write to me, for I am afraid you have been working very hard and must be sick of pen, ink, and paper. We are very glad indeed to hear so good an account of your husband. I hope that is also a relief to you from the heavy anxiety and watching.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the death of your dear friend—and I may say our dear friend, Carlo Orsi, for though he was not to us what he was to you, we liked him greatly, and I think he liked us. He was one of the most lovable of men.

We have certainly had a very good time. We landed at Vancouver on July 19. There we met the Aberdeens, who carried us off to their ranch in British Columbia. We then wandered for a time in the mining districts, which are very beautiful, very interesting, and to our great surprise, quite decently civilized. In the Canadian territories there is none of the rowdiness which one finds in most of the mining centres of the United States. We then visited the Rocky Mountains, which are grand beyond description. After that we spent some very pleasant days on the prairies seeing some of the large horse and cattle breeding establishments, and so down to Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec, taking what is called the 'Lake Route.' From Quebec we came into the United States, spending our time at Bar Harbour (where we had several American friends), on the coast of Maine, Boston, and here. The hospitality we have met with has been boundless. At Bar Harbour we were not able to accept half the invitations we received, and we have met a great number of most agreeable and interesting people. Americans do certainly understand how to make life pleasant. There is very little country life. They spend most of their winter in the cities and summer at the seaside—not so much in lodgings or hotels as we do, but in houses of their own, so that in each place they have a society also of their own. The men, no doubt, work hard, but Lucy thinks the women have a very good time, and that their main duty is to dress well and make themselves agreeable. They certainly succeed in doing both. I am surprised at the great number of well-appointed, handsome houses we have seen, but I fancy very few people care to leave any money behind them, and think their children may shift for themselves.

I have hardly met a single person who derives any satisfaction from the war. There is much difference of opinion as to what should be done now it is over, but I think nearly everyone would be glad if it had not taken place. But why did not they think earlier of the responsibility which a successful war would entail upon them? It is not because they were not warned. Godkin, who with W. Lloyd Garrison edits the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*, warned them distinctly enough. So, I believe, did Bryce, whose words generally carry great weight here. But it is too late now. We know well enough that when the game of expansion has once begun you cannot stop. Chamberlain is over here and of course proclaiming loudly the blessings of Imperialism, but I don't think he produces much effect. I feel sure that the nation would gladly retreat from its present position, but it cannot.

We sail on Wednesday next, the 18th, in the *Teutonic*, and we ought to get to Liverpool within the week. We shall be glad to be at home again, but we do not regret our somewhat venturesome undertaking. Mentally it has given us a great fillip, and we have both been wonderfully well all the time, I am thankful to say.

I must now go to bed, for we have had a long day's outing, to pay a visit to some friends about fifty miles up the Hudson river, which is one of the most beautiful rivers I have ever seen. Our friends have a house just opposite West Point, which we were much interested in visiting. Good-bye, dear Janet,

Your affectionate

W. Markby.

We found at Boston that everyone had read the *Three Generations* and was delighted with it. The name of 'Austin' is greatly venerated there. If you were to go there you would see what American hospitality is like with a vengeance."

In the spring of 1899 Mr. Dent paid us a short visit, and Lina undertook to write the Story of Assisi and also a small book of recipes for cooking vegetables. So many friends had asked me, or rather our old cook, to tell them how to cook vegetables that I was tired of turning grammes and litres into ounces and quarts, and of putting Giuseppe's rather discursive Italian into decent English. My niece very soon got tired of such dull work, so I took it up and was rather amused, and I confess puzzled, when I sent the last pages to London, by Mr. Dent asking me to write a "literary introduction" to *Leaves from our Tuscan Kitchen.*

In July, as we heard the hotel at Valdieri was not to be opened, we went to a place in Switzerland just across the Italian frontier called Le Prese. It was rather pretty with the lake of Poschiavo close by, and as our friends Sir John and Lady Strachey and their son Sir Arthur and his wife were there, we had pleasant company. But the hotel, on the high road to the Engadine, was noisy, and Swiss people, to me, were singularly unattractive.

As I knew that Mrs. Watts was almost a vegetarian I dedicated the little cookery book to her, and she wrote: "We shall hail the book; my cook and I are struggling just now to be good and take pains. A friend of mine says it is so stupid not to be greedy." The amusing part of it all was that I know nothing about cookery, never having even boiled an egg in my life; but I *do* know if a dish is good or bad. Every recipe given by friends was tried by us, and our old cook, who was a *cordon bleu*, suggested alterations or additions until it was declared worthy of inclusion in the book. His portrait, by our dear friend Hallam Murray, forms the appropriate frontispiece.

In the winter Henry had another stroke, was speechless for thirty-four hours, and also lost the power of writing. In vain he tried to tell me something, putting his hand to his mouth as though he wanted to eat or drink. I offered him everything I could think of—a shake of the head was the only answer. At last he smiled sadly and made a sign that he gave up trying to explain. As soon as he recovered his speech he told me he had been afraid that in my fright about him I had perhaps forgotten to feed a poor nightjar that had been shot through the wing and fallen in our vineyard. It was brought in, and my husband, who loved all animals, made me feed it with raw meat. I had not forgotten it, and never imagined that Henry would have thought of the bird and that he was referring to it when he raised his hand to his mouth.

In January, 1900, the Markbys came and passed two months with us, a great resource to Henry and to me. My husband was so much better that we were able to go to Varese in the summer, a delightful place, and the Hotel Excelsior, an old villa standing in a large park, was excellent. The public garden in the little town was the prettiest and quaintest place I ever saw, with walks shaded by trees trained like *pergole*, and from the top one saw the snowy range of Monte Rosa. One day my niece and I drove to Castiglione d' Olona to see Masolino's wonderful frescoes which Berenson had told me not to miss. The country round Varese was very green after burnt-up Tuscany; trees grew luxuriant and little rills watered the big meadows. We had to climb a stiff hill up to the little church standing on one side of a gorge which was dominated on the other by the fine old castle of Castiglione. Ruined as they are the frescoes were even more beautiful than I expected, and we lamented not having time to cross the gorge and see those in the castle. But I did not like to leave Henry for too long.

I have said in an earlier chapter what a wonderful *raconteur* my husband was. Often friends had deplored that all those tales of his early life in Turkey and Asia Minor and his intimate knowledge of Eastern manners and customs should die with him. So we entered into a conspiracy. One or the other would drop in and lead him on to talk, while I sat behind his chair and wrote down what he said. But I could not keep pace with him and one day begged him to dictate to me a story I particularly liked—the one he had told me at Aldermaston when first we met. He said he could not do it, and quite derided the notion that people could be interested in his adventures. " Well, give me at least some dates," I said. He promised to look for his accounts with the British Government during and after the Crimean War, which had been sent here when his stepmother died and put away unopened.

Next day he gave me a bundle of yellow letters, some of them with great slits in them, showing that they came from places where plague was rife. " There, I've found among the accounts letters I wrote to my poor sister when I went to Turkey as a lad sixty years ago. They cover twenty years of my life. Read them—if you can, and then burn them. I don't think you will have the patience to look at many." I began, and was so interested and amused that I determined to type them at night when Henry had gone to bed, as no one else could have deciphered the very faded writing on such thin paper. There were all the tales we delighted in, told in the same vivid picturesque words, and many others he had evidently forgotten. Henry laughed at my enthusiasm, but deprecated my sitting up at night over such rubbish. Mr. Dent came to us for a few days, and I gave him some of the letters to read, with the result that he offered to publish them. Henry declared they were not worth printing, but I could see he was pleased. As the classical names of towns and rivers had to be given as well as the Turkish, I often had to turn to him for help, and the work served to while away many an hour that would have been dreary for my dear invalid. I worked very hard, as besides copying his letters I was writing a book on Florentine Villas, which was published in 1891 in a very fine edition by Mr. Dent, with reproductions of Zocchi's old prints, and drawings of the villas as they now are by my friend Miss Erichsen. I had tried in vain to buy a copy of Zocchi; fortunately my dear old cousin Lady Crawford had one and lent it to Mr. Dent.

In the spring Miss Venetia Cooper came to help me, as my niece had gone to England. She was in great sorrow herself, as her father and mother had died within a few days of one another. It was perhaps good for her to be obliged to occupy herself with her uncle Henry, as she always called him, though we were not related. Her mother had been a good friend to me for many a long year, and I looked upon Venetia almost as a daughter. After she left, our friend Signora Turri, who my husband used to say was like a sunbeam coming into the room, often drove over from Villa Salviati to see him until the heat drove her away from Florence. On July 19 my husband died, and the loss of the dear friend and companion of forty-two years left me more utterly lonely than I can say. I broke down, and to add to my cares my faithful maid developed typhoid fever and nearly died. When she was out of danger I went to the Baths of Lucca, and was fortunate in finding a clever and most kind young doctor who nursed me as though I had been his mother. For seven weeks I was more or less in bed, and Dr. Giglioli told me afterwards that he had been very anxious about me for some time. I shall never forget the kindness of Senator Pasquali Villari, who in spite of age and more to do than most people, made time to come from Florence and see me when I returned to Poggio Gherardo. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," truly says the old proverb. The success of the new edition of my mother's *Letters from Egypt* was a great pleasure. The first editions had been so severely edited, for reasons already given, that much of their charm had disappeared. Some time before I had copied her *real* letters, only cutting out family matters, but my husband's illness prevented my finishing the work. My Poet wrote a preface, such as only he could write, a tribute to his friend who he declared "was of the order of women of whom a man of many years may say that their like is to be met but once or twice in a lifetime."

Our dear neighbour Fritz von HochBerg had been ill all the summer at Breslau, and when he returned to Montalto in late autumn I did not think he would live through the winter. There had been a strong affection between my husband and the young Graf, who now transferred some of the love he had borne Henry to me. I often went to sit by his sofa, and on Christmas Eve he insisted that I should dine with him and see the Christmas tree. A touching sight it was. Fritz lying pale and thin on his sofa giving the presents which his old nurse brought to him from the tree to the servants and the labourers. No one had been forgotten. Cloth for a coat, a warm waistcoat, woollen socks, or a dress or cloak for the wife, rejoiced the heart of the Italian labourers, who had never heard of, much less seen a Christmas tree in their lives. Tears were in the eyes of some of the men as they went to receive their presents. In January my cousins the Markbys came to cheer my solitude. They were here when Dr. Marmorek came from Paris in March to see Fritz, and were as much struck as I was by the strong and engaging personality of the doctor. When the Graf left in an invalid carriage for Paris no one expected to see him again. But Dr. Marmorek was a magician. In September Fritz was so well that he went to Pless and accompanied his father out shooting.

In November, 1903, I was sitting rather disconsolate, thinking how I should get through three months of solitude until the Markbys came towards the end of January, when the door of my sitting-room flew open and Fritz appeared. I did not know he was back and before I could say a word he exclaimed : " I've sold Montalto, and you are to come with me to Egypt. You know we often planned to go there together. You must meet me at the station on Tuesday at midday ; your berth is taken." It was Friday ; I had no proper clothes for a journey, and I stammered, " But." " Oh, there's no but in the matter. You must come. Good-bye. I'm very busy." We left Genoa in a splendid ship, a German Lloyd steamer with an impossible Japanese name, and the difference in the comfort of travelling in 1903 as compared to the sixties was extraordinary. The only drawback was the superabundance of music. A bugle awoke us early ; then the men sang a hymn ; a band played about eleven, and during lunch and dinner, so that conversation was impossible. The sight of the statue of my old friend de Lesseps at the entrance of the harbour of Port Said made me feel rather sad, a feeling which increased when we landed and I found an evil-smelling, large, dirty town, instead of the pretty little place I remembered so well.

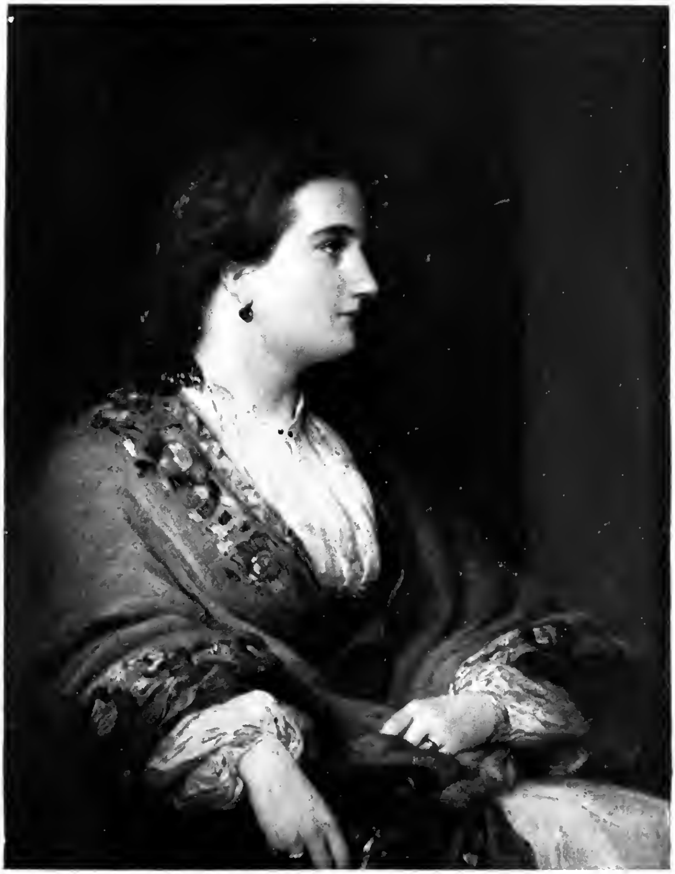
Cairo was so altered that I recognized nothing. The Ezbekieh had been half built over, huge hotels had sprung up, trams bustled along, and no donkeys were to be seen for hire. I missed " Come 'long, Ma'am, Gladstone, very good donkey," or, "Here, lady, this Bismarck, good donkey." I was informed I could not possibly ride a donkey into the bazaars—it was quite out of the question. Besides, there were none to ride. We were at the Continental Hotel, a huge place where we were numbers, not human beings. The people I had known were dead or had left Egypt. In vain I tried to find Hassan the son of Ali, my old donkey-boy, and in reply to enquiries at Alexandria I heard that my mother's faithful servant Omar had died some months ago. The only places at all like the Cairo of my youth were the carpet and the tent bazaars. There was, however, one change so much for the better that it almost made up for the Europeanizing and spoiling of Masr-el-Kebeer. Ophthalmia had nearly disappeared. Formerly every third or fourth man one met in the street had bad eyes or was blind, and the blear-eyed children were horrible to look at. Also the people looked more prosperous and were better clothed. Lord Cromer did me the honour to call and asked whether I found Egypt much changed. When I told him that the great diminution of ophthalmia had struck me extremely I could see he was pleased. What amused me was that in the hotel I became a person instead of a number after Lord Cromer had been to see me, and no longer waited an hour before I could have a bath in the morning.

It seemed so odd to take tickets for Assouan—to get into a sleeping-compartment at Cairo in the evening and find oneself at Luxor next morning. During the short time spent in waiting for the train to Assouan I went out of the station and asked, with some difficulty, as, alas, I had almost entirely forgotten my Arabic, whether Sheykh Yussuf, my mother's friend and teacher, was still alive. None of the men knew his name, and Luxor was so altered that I no longer recognized the place. The *Maison de France*, my mother's old house built on the top of the great temple, had, I knew, been swept away in 1884, when the temple was dug out by M. Maspero. It also seemed to me that the bed of the Nile had rather changed and was farther away from the village. I felt a stranger in the land, and with somewhat depressed spirits got into the train for Assouan. That journey was hotter and dustier than I could have imagined anything, even in Egypt, could possibly have been, so the pull across the river from Assouan to the island of Elephanta was delightfully refreshing. Fritz had taken rooms at the Savoy Hotel, and when looking out of my window on to the pretty garden, the waving palm trees, and the great river, my spirits rose, and I felt happier than I had been for many months. We were early travellers. The brown earth was being sown and watered several times a day, and in an incredibly short time the whole place was green and the grass ready to mow. The river was sinking fast, and every morning the Arab women from the village behind the hotel dibbled seeds into the strip of mud off which the water had retreated during the night. Every evening we watched the wonderful afterglow—no words can describe it—as though all the jewels of the world had been showered over an opal sky. I was struck by the absence of water-fowl. When in 1867 I was at Assouan, pelicans, wild geese and ducks, and all kinds of plover and small birds abounded. Save hoopoes and grey kingfishers birds were as scarce as in Italy; and I was told that the Italians, who had been employed in thousands to build the great dam below Philæ, had shot them all.

The head of the works at the dam, a pleasant Scotchman, sent his steam-launch one morning and we went up the river. Disembarking at the dam we walked some way along it, and I could not help thinking how jealous the old Pharaohs would have been of that mighty work. The great river was bridled, stopped in its rushing, tearing course, and instead of dangerous foaming cataracts there was a large placid lake up which we rowed to Philæ. I confess that in spite of my admiration for the colossal barrage, and the knowledge that it had brought food and prosperity to thousands of *fellaheen*, and would prevent seasons of scarcity or of devastating floods such as I had seen in bygone years, the first sight of Philæ was really painful. The waving palm trees were all dead and stood out yellow-brown against the blue sky; the *sunt* bushes were dead, a tangle of withered branches wrapped in withered weeds left by the receding waters of last year; the beautiful temples no longer stood high on a green island, the water nearly touched their steps, and in a few weeks would rise and rise and cover them nearly to the roofs. I sought out the Osiris chamber where my mother slept when she went up to Philæ in May, 1864, or rather tried to sleep, but was driven out by the heat, and passed the night on the parapet of the temple. The foundation of all the buildings had been carefully strengthened with cement and all that was possible had been done to save them from destruction—but Philæ, beautiful, wonderful Philæ, was no more. For a few minutes hatred of the utilitarian science which had destroyed such loveliness possessed us.

We were to have gone to Khartoum, but one morning early Fritz sent for me, quietly said he felt very ill and was sure he had appendicitis. We sent at once for Dr. Schacht, a Dane who was at the Cataract Hotel but came over to dine occasionally at the Savoy. My anxiety can be imagined when he confirmed the Graf's diagnosis of the malady. The people in the hotel drove me nearly wild by advising me to telegraph at once to his father Prince Pless, and telling me that I should incur grave responsibility if anything happened to Fritz and I had not let his family know. Reflecting that Silesia was not exactly next door to Egypt, that the Prince was no longer young, and that he could not possibly reach Assouan in time if the illness took a bad turn, I determined not to telegraph but to write every day, in the hope of catching different steamers from either Port Said or Alexandria. Afterwards the Princess thanked me for not alarming her husband, and fortunately my letter announcing that Fritz was out of danger reached Pless the day after one which contained bad news. For some days Fraülein Hentschel, Fritz's old nurse, who had fortunately come with us, and I, were terribly anxious, but Dr. Schacht, and our dear invalid's imperturbable good temper and patience pulled him through.

In January I left Assouan on my return to Florence to meet the Markbys, and stopped two days at Luxor to see the place once more. As I entered the hotel an old German



LADY DUFF GORDON.
By HENRY W. PHILLIPS.

gentleman came up and asked me whether I was the daughter of Lady Duff Gordon, and then introduced himself as Dr. Scheinfurth. The great traveller was a delightful man; we made friends at once, and he took me to see Todoros, the German Consul, whom I remembered as a slip of a boy to whom my mother gave English and German lessons, and whose father had given me the alabaster *köhl* jar in 1867. I asked him whether he recollected the *Sittee Noor-ala-Noor.* " Who could forget her ? " he answered, and then poured forth a torrent of praise and admiration. "And I remember her daughter *Sittee* Ross who rode better than any *bedaween*," etc. etc. I interrupted him and said, " But, Todoros, *I* am *Sittee* Ross." He looked incredulously at me, and then his face grew very long as he slowly exclaimed : " *What*, so old ? " I could not help laughing, particularly at Dr. Schweinfurth's look of dismay, and told Todoros that he was no longer the young boy I had seen so many years ago. I asked after Sheykh Yussuf—he was dead and his family had gone elsewhere. Indeed all the people I had seen at Luxor were gone save my mother's old *bowab*, who was still the guardian of the great temple on the top of which she then lived. How well I remembered trying to look down between the cracks of the huge slabs which formed the pavement of her rooms, and really was the roof of the temple. The old *bowab* summoned all his family to see the daughter of the *Sitt-el-Kebir*, and soon there was quite a crowd round us, all talking at once at the top of their voices and kissing my hands.

By great good luck Princess Henry of Battenberg arrived, and in her honour the temple of Karnak was illuminated that night. The illumination was of the simplest, and extraordinarily effective. As the Princess advanced one large stack of long canes after another was set on fire. The effect of the flames shooting high into the air, throwing a brilliant light on those magnificent ruins and then dying down, when the columns looked bigger and more imposing than ever, was one of the most striking and beautiful spectacles I ever saw. Next day I left for Cairo, where I found a telegram from Saoud, in answer to a letter I wrote from Assouan to ask whether he still remembered me, and to tell him I should pass by Tel-el-Kebir on my way to embark at Port Said. The translation made for me by one of the telegraph clerks is as follows:—

"Illustrious Dant Ross. I have had the honour and the pleasure to receive your letter, and I thank you. Your firm friendship has made me very joyful. I also keep the old love and thus shall rejoice to see you, as I feel the love. I hope before you leave Cairo you will write me a letter, and thus I shall be prepared to receive you. As I find myself in perfect health as of old I keep up the habit of hunting, and till now have preserved the memory of the affection and keep your name in my heart to think on and thank God that you are well and will be seen.

SHEYKH SAOUD."

At Tel-el-Kebir I looked out and saw no one at the little station. How changed it all was! The beautiful garden of orange trees had disappeared, and the place was desolate and forlorn. I made up my mind that my letter had miscarried, and was grieved not to see my old hunting companion again. At Ismailia, now quite a big town, there was a crowd on the platform. I was telling two ladies who were in the same carriage that I had known it when there was but one house and a few tents, when a stalwart, well-dressed *bedaween* followed by two others came up to the window, salaamed, and said: "The eyes of the Rose of Tel-el-Kebir." It was Saoud, who knew me by my eyes! Certainly no one in the train knew who I was—how could they? I should never have recognized the slight lad I had known in the sixties in the burly, self-possessed man whose face beamed with pleasure at my surprise. We shook hands *alla Frangee*, and in my very halting Arabic I said how glad I was to see him again. He wanted me to leave the train and come to spend some days with him in the desert, promising me a good horse and many gazelles. He had left Tel-el-Kebir and was now Sheykh of the tribe in the Suez desert, as his father was dead. How many memories the sight of Saoud called up. He and I were almost the only ones left of those joyous days in the desert : de Lesseps and Guichard, my father and my husband were dead. Saoud was a middle-aged man, I was a white-haired old woman. Tears came thick into my eyes as the train moved out of the station and I waved a last farewell to Sheykh Saoud.

CHAPTER XX

THE sea was so rough between Port Said and Naples that the boat was delayed, and instead of receiving the Markbys at Poggio Gherardo, they received me. I thought I had timed it so well, but winds and waves made me twelve hours late. My Egyptian holiday had done me good, and I began once more to occupy myself with my *poderi*, helped by my faithful David, who was and is my mainstay. Having been born a peasant, he could set me right if I did anything that might clash with the intricate laws of *mezzeria*, while at the same time my people were perfectly aware that he looked after my interests as though they were his own. During Henry's long illness David had managed everything, and at the same time helped to nurse my husband. If rung up during the night he would appear smiling, as though it was quite a pleasant experience to be called out of bed after a hard day's work, and when I was so ill he was gentleness and consideration personified. In the autumn my old friend Dr. Wright paid me a long visit, and in January the Markbys came as usual, so I was not lonely. In 1904 I went to stay with the Miss Coopers in London, but my visit was saddened by the illness and death of dear "Signor." Till he died I never realized what an influence he was in one's life, or how much, without at all being aware of it, one tried to live up to his high standard. The memorial service in St. Paul's Cathedral was the most wonderful testimonial of love and reverence. Next to me sat a workman with his wife and child. The little girl was sobbing as though her heart would break, and the man could hardly restrain his tears as he said rather apologetically: "He was so good to us and she did love him." I shook hands with the man, for I could not speak. There were not many people in St. Paul's with dry eyes. As I went out I met my old friend Annie Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter, whom I had not seen for some years; neither of us could say a word.

I had written to my Poet to ask when I could go to Box Hill to see him, and he answered:—

George Meredith to Janet Ross.

Box Hill, Dorking, *July* 8, 1904.

"My dear Janet,

A crowd of applicants to come here has kept me from fixing the happier day when I may see you. Thursday next I am free. Tell me if it should suit you and the train you choose from Victoria to Box Hill by the L.B. and S.C. line. A fly will meet you at the station. That is your friend's 'carriage.' It will be a revival of old pleasures to see you, with some clouds of memory overhead, but no longer obscuring. The death of Watts will have grieved you as it has me. My friends are dropping to right and left, and I ask why do I remain.

Ever warmly your

GEORGE MEREDITH."

It was indeed a "revival of old pleasures" to see the Poet after so many years that I had been unable to go to England. He had aged and his deafness had increased, but the old fire and brilliancy were there, and we talked for two or three hours about old times and old friends, most of them, alas, dead. "You have something of Rose in you still, my dear," he said, smiling rather sadly as I got up to go; "those were pleasant days."

In the autumn Mr. Dent published *Old Florence and Modern Tuscany*, a selection of various articles I had written for various magazines, and I began to collect materials for a book on the palaces in Florence. Hunting up the histories of the families to whom they had belonged was interesting and amusing work, but it took a long time, so *Florentine Palaces* only came out in December the following year, with illustrations by a clever young Florentine lady, Signorina Marchi.

In 1905 while the Markbys were with me in March, Mr. Lacaita asked us to go to Leucaspide. We slept at Rome and at Salerno in order that my cousins might see the country, especially the grand mountain scenery between Salerno and Metaponto. They had heard me speak so often about Apulia that I was afraid they might be disappointed. But Sir William was extremely interested in everything, and strode with our host over the fields with his coat hanging on one shoulder like a young man, while Lucy found only too many subjects for her brush and could not paint fast enough. We drove to picturesque Massafra and lunched on the great staircase which leads down into the *gravina* where is the modern church Madonna della Scala, built on to an ancient rock-hewn church in one part of which were saints above life-size and a majestic Virgin and Child painted on the rock. While we were with Lacaita a railway strike was declared, to Sir William's dismay, as he was due at Oxford for some meeting, but rather to Lucy's joy, as she hoped it would keep them longer in Leucaspide. The first day it abated, with true British determination, Sir William insisted on starting and was rewarded by travelling like a royal personage. He and Lucy were the only people in the train, and save a small row at the station of Bari, when the guard stood manfully at their carriage door, nothing happened. I remained with Lacaita, and some days later went with him to his beautiful place Ravello, above Amalfi. Built in the eleventh century by the Rufoli, powerful merchant princes, it would take many pages to describe. From the principal entrance under a square tower a broad walk led to the court, with exquisite arches supported on double columns of white marble, which is a marvel of architecture. The great tower beyond, a hundred feet high, part of the ancient palazzo, is still habitable. The gardens descend the mountain-side in terraces (Ravello is 1100 feet above the sea) and the view of the coast is superb. Capo d' Orso, with the towns of Minori and Maori in the middle of lemon and orange groves, while beyond the bay of Salerno we saw the distant plain of Paestum and the mountains of the Cilento. This old palazzo and its gardens remains in my memory as one of the beautiful places I have seen in my life.

The magnificent pulpit in the cathedral was the gift of one of the family, Nicola Rufolo (in 1272), and is the work of *Magister Nicolaus de Bartholomeo di Fogia.* The mosaic panels with peacocks, small birds singing among tendrils, griffins and other monsters, are like delicate jeweller's work. Above the doorway of the pulpit is the famous bust, said to be his wife, Sigelgaita. The wide gap in which it stands has been formed by roughly cutting away much of the mosaic panel over the doorway, and is not, as Crowe and Cavalcaselle say in a very inaccurate account of the pulpit, the "key of the arch of the doorway." No one knows when this was done or whether the bust ever formed part of the pulpit; it may have stood on Sigelgaita's monument, no longer extant. Some art critics declare that it is not Sigelgaita, but Queen Joanna of Naples (which ?) or a symbolical figure—the Madonna, Mother Church, the City of Ravello. Whoever it is, the bust represents a gloriously beautiful woman, and the work is as fine and impressive as anything Greek. On the sides of the ambo, opposite the pulpit, are two large triangular mosaics; one representing Jonah being swallowed by the whale, is queer, very happy-looking monster, the other the whale spitting Jonah out with such a look of disgust and sea-sickness that I could not help laughing aloud. Donor of the ambo was Bishop Constantine Rogadeo (1094–1150), who also gave the high altar. The foundation of the cathedral itself is lost in obscurity; it is attributed either to Orso Pappice, first Bishop of Ravello in 1086, or to Nicola Rufolo, who lived in the beginning of the twelfth century. The wonderful bronze doors are so like those of the cathedral of Trani, and those of Monreale in Sicily which bear the maker's name, *Barisanus Tranensis*, that they are probably by the same artist, particularly as many of the subjects of the panels are identical.

Ravello is now little more than a village, but in the eleventh century she had thirty-three thousand inhabitants. The nobles lived in a quarter by themselves, and in an old history is written: "Here, surrounded by high walls the nobles decided to dwell, built sumptuous palaces, and called the place the Toro, which is a marvel to behold, being situated in the centre of the city of Ravello in an elevated position and strongly fortified. A doge of Amalfi gave them permission to build a church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the most beautiful seen within many hours' journey along our coast." Consecrated with great pomp in 1069, San Giovanni del Toro is fast falling to decay. The pulpit is very fine, covered with mosaics, Jonah and the whale among them, but not nearly so funny as in the cathedral. The arms of the Bovio who built it, two golden bulls, shine out on a groundwork of trefoils. There are some faded frescoes here and there and a figure in high relief, carved in yellow stone, which was discovered some years ago bricked up in a niche. It represents St. Catherine with her wheel, but gave one the idea that it was a portrait of some dignified lady.

Before the death of my husband we had made acquaintance with Sir William MacGregor, who was then Governor of Lagos, where he waged successful war against the deadly fever which killed so many of the inhabitants by exterminating the mosquitoes. All his friends were anxious when he was sent from so hot a place to icy Newfoundland. With characteristic energy he went to see for himself what Labrador was like and wrote to me:—

Sir William MacGregor to Janet Ross.

Government House, St. John's, Newfoundland,
March 6, 1906.

"My dear Mrs. Ross,

Confess honestly to yourself that you are not very familiar with the affairs of Labrador. Well, it is supposed to belong to this Colony, but no one here, except the fisher-men that go there, takes any interest in it. It has been under the Governor of Newfoundland since 1763, and I am the first of the caste that has ever gone north of the Straits of Belle Isle, to visit that paradise of desolation. I am sending you a copy of my Report on the Coast. Most unfortunately I had to leave it at the best time, and return here to spend my money and waste my time in receiving a division of the British Navy, so that my visit to Labrador covered only one month. I hope to return next summer, and to do the Hamilton Inlet and Rivers opening into it. There is much apparent irrelevant matter in my Report, because Canada is trying to 'jump' our claim; we have a great boundary question with the Dominion. We once had aboriginals in this country, but we have hardly a bone of the race in our possession now. Their story, sad and pathetic in the highest degree, will centuries hence be told to the infamy of British rule. Our glorious 'pax Britannica.' But in looking into the history of the Beothuks and Innuits I have had great comfort. I have had several papers sent me lately from Australia to show me that the Commonwealth Government, the Senate especially, is 'solid' in favour of the policy introduced by me in British New Guinea. And I have had letters lately from some leading men expressing the hope that I might go to Australia to advise them what to do. I wish I were in Florence. The spring here is very, very disagreeable, if indeed it can in justice be called spring. I am alone. My wife took the girls home to the school of Domestic Economy, With kind regards, ever faithfully yours,

W. MacGregor."

To gain a real friend is an event in one's life, more especially when youth is long past and only the memory of old friendships is left. So 1906 was a red-letter year to me when I met Principal Lindsay of Glasgow, kindest and most indulgent of men, a scholar whose knowledge was tempered with wit and humour—a rare combination. The amusing thing was that having been introduced to me as Dr. Lindsay and bearing no outward or visible sign of clericalism, it never entered my head that he was a Presbyterian minister. Long afterwards a friend saw me direct a letter to plain Dr. Lindsay, and asked why I did not put his proper title of Reverend Principal. I added an apology in a postscript and he answered:—

Rev. Principal Lindsay to Janet Ross.

37 Westbourne Gardens, Glasgow,
November 10, 1906.

"Dear Mrs. Ross,

I really ought to apologize for coming to you as a wolf in sheep's clothing; but I dislike uniform of all kinds and never wear clerical collars out of Scotland. They are quite a nuisance in travelling. A clerical garb is a sort of placard. 'Enquire here for everything,' especially to ladies, who demand string, paper, ink, pens, the names of hotels, the proper tips to give, etc. etc. I remember once at Waterloo station when I was in uniform, a very ecclesiastical lady accosting me. 'Are you a Churchman, sir?' I naturally said 'Yes,' forgetting for the moment that I was in a foreign land—then recollecting said, 'I am a Presbyterian.' The poor thing was quite dismayed at contact with a schismatic and gasped out, 'Bu–bu–but perhaps you can tell me the way to the underground railway.' Apostolic succession was not needed to give correct information on that point at least.

As I must act up to my profession I enclose a 'tract' or what will do as well—some more jottings from the *Recueil des Historiens des Croisades.* I am sorry I gave you its name and set you hunting for it. It consists of eight huge folios, but contains, after all, but little information. The same things are repeated over and over again without variation. I think that with this last set of extracts I have taken out all that can be of any use. The *Resgesta*, on the other hand, is full of information; but I have sent you the cream of it. I am not quite sure that I have translated all the words correctly. *Casale* I have always translated 'site'; but I suspect that it sometimes means 'farm with buildings and serfs.'

Then *Curia* I once translated 'space of ground without buildings'; that was, if I recollect rightly, the Curia at Babylon; but on reconsideration I believe that there, as in other places, it means 'law-court,' and the privilege granted was that all disputes among the Pisans were to be settled in a law court of their own and according to Pisan laws. . . ."

A few weeks later he replied to a letter of mine (I was writing the *Story of Pisa*):—

". . . As to your troubles about statistics I think no one can accept mediæval or even classical statistics—only no one can correct them. Of course it has to be remembered that hordes came from Europe on foot. Pope Urban himself confessed that if the first hordes did not recover the Holy Sepulchre their march eastward benefited Europe. It was a general jail delivery of Europe, he said. And Bernard said something the same of a later crusade. Then on ship-board men packed close in those days and later. Think of the number Francis Drake stowed on board his small ships. Still when all is said I never read about the crusades without recalling the confession an old Admiral made to me, a stripling. He was a devout old naval officer and read his Bible with great assiduity—most of it, that is, not all. He got no spiritual contentment out of Joshua or Judges. 'When I come to those Books,' he said, 'the numbers get so *high* and the morals so *low*, that I can't stand it.' The narratives of the crusades are not unlike Joshua and Judges. . . ."

I told Dr. Lindsay that he was like a rotatory bookcase well filled with books of reference, to be turned round when I wanted information.

During the winter Edward Hutton and his wife were staying near Poggio Gherardo and we soon became firm friends. An enthusiastic lover of Italy, an assiduous and rapid writer, and possessed of a brilliant and personal style, Hutton occasionally overworked himself. Then I, with the authority derived from age and white hair, stepped in and decreed a day's repose, which generally consisted in much talk about Boccaccio, whose life he was engaged on. In order to take him away from his desk I suggested that he, being an indefatigable walker, should explore the country round Florence and write a much-needed book about the beautiful walks, the wayside tabernacles, and the old-world villages. The result was *Country Walks about Florence*, which came out the following year. Hutton turned the tables on me by making me promise to help him in collecting all the printed poems of Lorenzo the Magnificent, which were scattered in many old and some modern volumes of poetry. In an evil moment I undertook the task, which was slower and more laborious than I ever anticipated.

When the Markbys came in the spring we often talked about the want of sympathy—not to use a stronger word—existing between Englishmen and their Indian fellow-subjects. To me, an ignoramus, it seemed to have increased since the old days when the voyage out took months instead of weeks, and men looked upon India almost as their home. A letter in the *Morning Post* struck me as so unpolitic and so likely to do harm that I sent it to Sir William with rather an angry letter. He answered :—

Sir William Markby to Janet Ross.

Headington Hill, Oxford, *June* 26, 1907.

" My dear Janet,

The cutting you sent me from the *Morning Post* is in one sense interesting, but only because it illustrates a phase of the Indian problem which is perhaps the most important of any.

The one thing that all statesmen are agreed about and have been for a long time agreed about is that our greatest difficulties in India proceed from the hatred which exists between natives and Europeans.

That the European newspapers and the Indian newspapers should abuse each other's nationalities is not perhaps surprising, but that a member of the Indian Civil Service should join in this humiliating chorus certainly surprises me. I do not expect white men and black men to like each other. They have never really done so. There seems to be something in human nature which prevents it—but it is, I think, only reasonable to expect that an Englishman holding, or who held, an office under Government should abstain from abuse—for the extracts given show clearly that he has not even attempted to give a true picture of native character.

I will point out an instance of this. It is suggested that the people of Bengal are to be judged by their worship of the goddess Kali, to whom they sacrifice goats ; the suggestion being that their whole character is degraded by this worship. It might just as well be suggested that the whole character of the Jews was degraded by the worship of God, to whom they also sacrificed goats. Even the Christian doctrine of the Atonement is quite capable of being represented as an act of fiendish vengeance by a Deity otherwise implacable. So far from being bloodthirsty and cruel, the Bengalis are gentle almost to a fault. I doubt if anywhere in the world you would find stronger ties of family affection. They are for the most part peaceable and industrious. They have moreover achieved great distinction in law, science, medicine, and to some extent in literature. There is much to be said on the other side, as I am well aware, and if the writer was desirous to give a fair picture of the natives of India he would be quite right to bring it forward. . . .

My dear Janet, your affectionate

W. Markby."

August, 1907, I spent at Halbau, a place Fritz von HochBerg had bought in Silesia. The journey from Berlin was through a dreary, perfectly flat country, with small fir trees planted in symmetrical lines, only interrupted by large fields of potatoes or rye. A molehill would have been a pleasing sight. Halbau was, however, a lovely oasis. Fine trees grew in the park, and the house stood on an island surrounded by a gurgling swift stream. From Japan Fritz had brought back a shipload of wonderful things. Carved and painted friezes decorated the long passages, every door was a work of art, and some large landscapes by Japanese painters quite fascinated me. Japan had evidently fascinated my host; for at the back of the house he had made a lake and such a perfect Japanese garden with arched bridges, lanterns, and queer monoliths, that one felt as if the willow-pattern plate, so familiar in youthful days, had suddenly become a reality. Unfortunately the weather was dull and sulky, and when one day the sun appeared and was pointed out to me by a gardener with some triumph, I woefully offended his patriotism by declaring it was a yellow cheese. In the fir woods which extended for many miles were eight or nine large and shallow lakes full of carp. They brought in quite an income, for Berlin will swallow any quantity of these coarse fish. The lakes are fished in rotation by letting out the water. The large carp are packed in barrels and sent off at once to the station, the small ones are put into another lake to grow. All other sorts of fish are left to die on the dry bottom of the lake, which is ploughed and sown with rye for the roe-deer. After twelve months water is let in again and the lake is stocked with small carp, which they told me throve so well on snails, grasshoppers, etc., which had collected in the rank vegetation, that they did not require to be fed for some months.

Early in September I returned home to meet Dr. and Miss Lindsay and my friend Dr. Tuckey. We were all bound for the great *festa* at Lucca of the *Volto Santo* (September 13), when the sacred image, carved, says the legend, by Our Lord Himself while Nicodemus slept on the slopes of Mount Kedron in Palestine, is uncovered for twenty-four hours. Lucca, generally so tranquil, was in a ferment of excitement when we arrived in the afternoon. In the cathedral, all hung with crimson damask, vespers were being celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop and his Canons, but the people paid small heed to the service; the tabernacle, made by Matteo Civitale for the great crucifix, attracted them. One by one they passed through, gazed up at the sad, stern face of Our Lord, genuflected, and after putting their offering into a plate on the altar, gave a rosary, a medal with the Holy Face, or some personal thing, to the priest; he touched the feet of the image with them and gave them back to the worshippers, who passed out and knelt in long rows outside the tabernacle. In the evening a procession wound through the streets, the Cardinal Archbishop resplendent in golden robes marching with his clergy to the solemn Gregorian chants. The illumination of the façade of San Martino, the great lines of the architecture picked out with hundreds of small oil lamps, was wonderfully beautiful.

Some of the legends about the *Volto Santo* are depicted in the church of San Frediano—the tabernacle ship off the harbour of Luni eluding all attempts at capture until Bishop Giovanni the Glorious of Lucca arrives; and the procession of the great crucifix in an ox-cart. But the frescoes do not give the earlier stories about the miraculous carving of the Holy Face, the hiding of the image in a cave by Nicodemus, its rediscovery by Bishop Subalpino, or the charming episode of the French troubadour Genois, who sang before the " Saint Vou."

As Miss Erichsen and I were going to write the *Story of Lucca*, I went to the public library and found a most courteous and kind librarian, Cavaliere Boselli, who lent me various old books about Lucca and the *Volto Santo*. In Italy, if recommended by any well-known person, you are allowed to take books home, and if you need some special book it will be got for you from any public library in Italy, sent free of cost from one library to the other by post. I have had books from Palermo and from Rome lent to me in this way.

In the winter I began transcribing and translating unpublished letters of Cosimo, Piero, and Lorenzo de' Medici, and their wives and friends, and found the work so engrossing that I determined not to leave home. Without the kind help of Dr. Dorini of the State Archives I could have accomplished little, for the writing of the letters was so archaic and the contractions were so puzzling that after hours of study I could not decipher much. How I envied Dr. Dorini when he read the letters with comparative ease. In August Florence was quite empty and the heat was great, so I was surprised to see a very tall stranger walk in with a letter from Ambrose Poynter. My visitor looked pale, no wonder, he had spent July in Rome and found Florence cool in comparison. Frank Crisp, who had gained the gold medal and the travelling scholarship of the Royal Academy, and I soon became friends, and when he fell ill I made him leave the hot city and come to stay at Poggio Gherardo.

In May, 1909, came the sad news of the death of my dear Poet, George Meredith, the old friend of my childhood, the last of that joyous circle which frequented the "Gordon Arms," the last person to whom I could say "you remember." What an uphill fight he had, and how splendidly he won it. I never think of him as the old man I saw at Box Hill. He lives in my memory as the lithe, active companion who so often strode along by the side of my cob over Copsham common, brandishing his stick and talking so brilliantly.

In the summer I went to see the Markbys, who, alas, had not been for their usual two months' visit to me. The weather was wet and cold, and I had an attack of bronchitis, very tiresome, as I had settled to go to my old friend Dr. Wright in Ireland. For so many years he had been to see me that now it was my turn to go to him. My bronchitis turned out, however, to be a blessing. I was to cross to Ireland with the doctor's nephew, Sir Almroth Wright, who had spent three days at Poggio Gherardo some time before. Three days of very great enjoyment to me, for it is not often that one meets with a Sir Almroth. As I got into the carriage coughing he said: "You've got bronchitis. When you come to London we must cure that." I found Dr. Wright much changed and aged, and as we sat by the fire and listened to the drip, drip, of heavy rain, we both wished we were in Italy. He was at a place some ten miles out of Dublin, and I was struck while driving there by the general untidiness, gates off their hinges, hedges and palings broken down, etc. Two days before my departure he began to fidget about ordering a carriage. I put this down to illness, but found out that, as the Tuscans say, he "knew his chickens." The hotel had once owned a small omnibus, but it had come to pieces some time ago. I suggested that the pole should be put to a cab, as one horse could not take me and my maid to Dublin. The hotel owner looked sad—the pole had been broken and was not yet mended. "Then borrow one," said I imperiously. This was done, and I got safely to Dublin and went to Belfast, where I embarked for Scotland. The hotel keeper told the doctor afterwards that I was a lady who knew what she wanted and intended to have it. I was glad I went to see my old friend, as he died not many months later. When Principal Lindsay was with me in the spring I had promised to go and see him at Glasgow. Unluckily the weather was horrid, rain and fog prevailed, and we had fires every day. But the Principal's study was delightfully cosy, and his conversation made up for the want of sun. One day a solemn-looking man entered and I left them alone. Afterwards Lindsay told me his acquaintance had been troubled with the impropriety he found developed in children of tender years. At a school he visited he had asked questions in Bible history. One was "What did Daniel do in the lions' den ?" A chubby-faced boy of twelve promptly answered : "Please, sir, he chased Susannah." The Principal tried to soothe the man's perturbed spirit by suggesting that "he chased Susannah" was only a confused recollection of the phrase "the chaste Susannah," but was rebuked for taking serious things too lightly. I wished I had been present.

In London I went to Sir Almroth Wright, who vaccinated me himself against my lifelong enemy bronchitis, and gave me a supply of vaccine for use here. The result was marvellous. Not only have I been free from bronchitis for more than two years, but I never catch cold, and am no longer a nuisance to friends possessed of what I call aero-mania and like to live in a whirlwind of draughts.

In the winter Frank Crisp came to stay with me and did several portraits, among them the one forming the frontispiece of this book, which he began half in fun without telling me while I was at work on *Lives of the Early Medici*, which was published in 1910.

The story of my life is finished. A happy one on the whole, save that I am rather solitary and feel the void left by the death of old friends. I have, it is true, made others, and now the last page is written I am going once more to Leucaspide to stay with one of the kindest, Charles Lacaita, son of my dear " Old Œbalian."

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