



Almie Russell-Cott

82499

HOME AND ABROAD

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

By

SIR MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, J.P.

F.R.G.S., F.S.A.

Author of Paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on his
Exploration of Kilauea, Hawaii (the greatest active volcano
in the world); Papers on the White and Pink Terraces,
N.Z., "The Holy Fire," and numerous
other contributions to "The World,"
"Truth" and to the British
and American
Press

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME TWO

With upwards of 200 illustrations, some reproduced
from paintings and photos commissioned by me and
taken on the spot

*"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with
firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us
strive on to finish the work we are in"*—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BOURNEMOUTH

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ERRATA—VOL. II.

- p. 539, par. 1, line 5.—After “ should ” read “ be.”
- p. 539, par. 4, line 2.—After “ Barbados ” for the comma read a full-stop, and continue—“ We met again in Jamaica.”
- p. 552, item IV of programme.—For “ Belini ” read “ Bellini.”
- p. 602, last line.—Omit comma after “ pink.”
- p. 754, par. 4, line 1.—After “ Bert ” read comma.
- Facing p. 756.—This portrait of Sir Henry has been used in error. The portrait my Father intended should be put in was one of those which the late Sir Henry gave him.
- p. 804, line 11.—Omit “ brands of.”
- p. 877, par. 1, lines 6 and 7.—Omit commas after “ of ” and “ needed.”
- p. 925, par. 3, line 7.—Omit “ or ” and read “ neither did he use.”
- p. 934, par. 2, line 2.—For “ Prince of Wales ” read “ a child.”
- p. 976, par. 2, line 1.—Omit comma after “ Manor.”



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“ What do they know of England who only England know ? ” How true is this axiom, and how it “ points a moral and adorns a tale.” The truth is, that the mind must be enlarged and improved by travel. It is only by knowledge of other countries that one can obtain real understanding of one’s own. It is by travelling through strange lands and among strange peoples that one learns to compare one nation with another.

M.R.C.



The grave of Helen Hunt Jackson, on the summit of
Cheyenne Canyon, Manitou, Colorado, U.S.A.



Cheyenne Canyon, showing wooden staircase



The first steamer to enter the Panama Canal.



Bridal Veil Falls, Yosemite Valley

CHAPTER XVI

West Indies

(and via the Isthmus of Panama and the Pacific, to)

The United States and Canada

Captain John Jellicoe—Barbados—Haiti—Jamaica—Colon—Panama
La Libertad—Acajutla—Volcano of Izalco—San Jose de Guatemala—
Champerico Bay—Acapulco—Mazatlan—San Francisco—San
Diego—Coronado Beach—Los Angeles—Pasadena—Santa Barbara—
Salt Lake City—The Mormon Temple—Bathing in the Salt Lake—
Green River—Cedar Mountain Divide—The Black Canon—The
electric shocks of Gunnison—Grand Canon of the Arkansas—
Manitou—Pike's Peak—The Garden of the Gods—Denver—Kansas
City—Chicago—Pullman City—Washington—Mr. Joseph Hodges
Choate and the black basalt Wedgwood bust of Washington—
American travelling—New York—Albany—Niagara Falls—
Toronto—The Thousand Islands—Lachine Rapids—Montreal—
Quebec—Plattsburg—Lakes Champlain and George—Saratoga
Springs—Woodland Park—General Grant's House—Hoosack
Tunnel—Boston—Mr. William Wallace Waugh—Bunker Hill—
Newport—The Cliff Walk—The "Pilgrim"—New York once more—
S.S. "Umbria."

*"Without personal travel, and observation of the marvels of
nature, neither education nor learning is complete."*

*"Those who only know the world by hearsay are like unto
those who judge some unknown fruit without having
tasted it."—M.R.C.*

MY wife and I have made several voyages to the West
Indies. Our first was after becoming convalescent from
a most severe attack of influenza, from which we both
suffered. It was on this voyage on the R.M.S. Orinoco that
we made the acquaintance of Captain John Jellicoe.*

* Captain John Jellicoe, father of Admiral Lord Jellicoe, became a dear
and intimate friend, for whom we had a great affection. He was at
one time the Commodore of the Royal Mail Steam Ship Company,
and on retiring, as a reward for his many years of service, was made a
director.

A more kind-hearted man, or a more genuine type of a thorough-
bred British sailor, I have never met. My wife, son, daughter and

Home and Abroad

My wife, son and I sailed from Southampton on the 6th March, 1890. The voyage started in cold and cheerless weather, but the passengers on board, being such charming people, helped us to pass the time. In a few days, however, we were passing the Azores in most charming and beautiful

myself accompanied him on several occasions to various parts of the West Indies. On one of these voyages we had with us the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, and we had the pleasure of enjoying their charming society. Lady Diana (known by her friends as "Di") Huddleston, who with Baron Huddleston spent many a winter season in Bournemouth, was the Duke's sister. This formed the link that started our friendship, as the Duke told me that he had often heard Lady "Di" speak of us. Lady "Di" was very popular, she being a particularly charming and beautiful woman, and an immense favourite in society. Baron Huddleston, or "Sir John," as he was called, had to resign his position as a judge, in consequence of ill health. He was a frequent visitor to Bournemouth with Lady "Di." He had a peculiar fad that the temperature should be the same wherever he went, therefore Mr. Counter, his faithful attendant and secretary, always had to keep a thermometer at hand, he knowing Sir John's predilection for always having it from 60 to 65. If it fell below that he would pop it into his trousers pocket. Sir John would say, "Well, Counter, how is the temperature?" Mr. Counter would show him the thermometer, the temperature of which he had raised by artificial means. "All right," he would say. "It'll do! It'll do! It'll do!"

They left us at Barbados, where they joined Lord Brassey in his yacht, "The Sunbeam."

It is now some years since Captain Jellicoe retired from active service, and we were then enabled to see much more of him than previously. One of the many welcome visits he paid to us was on the occasion of our golden wedding. He was one of the subscribers to the magnificent "Monteith" silver-gilt bowl presented to us on that day by several of our oldest and dearest friends. Little did we realise that we were never to see him again, but on his return home he wrote thanking us for his "very pleasant visit to Bournemouth" and all our kindness, and that he had had a "thoroughly good time."

He was a very proud man when his son Admiral Jellicoe was made Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet on the outbreak of war with Germany, and wrote, telling us all about it when writing to thank us for our congratulations.

My wife wrote and congratulated Lord Jellicoe on the high position to which he had been raised and the great responsibility that had been placed upon his shoulders. His acknowledgment showed the same kindly heart that his father possessed.

My dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

I have often heard my father speak of his great friendship for you and Sir Merton, and I look forward with much pleasure to meeting you both when an opportunity occurs.

With very kind regards, believe me always,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN JELlicoe.

Captain and Admiral Jellicoe

weather, with the north-easterly trades gently blowing. We were fortunate in having taken the advice of an old friend to book our cabins on the port side of the ship; this is a point worthy of note for others who may make this voyage, and should, as "Cap'n" Cuttle would say, "when found, made a note of."

We reached Barbados † on the 18th, and we were all up practically with the sun. The whole of the eastern sky was tinged with a note of beautiful bronze gold, the clouds being fleecy and ribbed like the sand on the seashore. It was truly

When our old friend passed away my wife again wrote to the Admiral and received the following reply:—

"Iron Duke,"
25th October, 1916.

My dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

Thank you very much for your kind letter of sympathy with me in my great loss. I know how my dear father valued your friendship, and your kind thought for me is deeply appreciated.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN JELlicoe.

† My wife and I made the acquaintance of the writer of the following charming letter in Barbados, again in Jamaica, and later when he visited us here. By profession he is an architect. He married the widow of a Californian railway magnate and millionaire, and at her death inherited about ten million sterling.

After his own artistic designs he has laid out the grounds and built a palatial residence, and has made it the receptacle of endless rare and valuable art treasures.

Pine Lodge,
Methuen,
Mass.
June 17th, 1910.

Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes,
Bournemouth, England.

My dear Friends,

I have so many things that I would like to say to you, and so many things to thank you for, that I hardly know how to begin. I have just received by this morning's post, and have before me on my desk, your charming little book, "Letters from Russia," and I shall enjoy reading the letters as though they were written to me.

I also want to thank Sir Merton for his thoughtful kindness in sending me so many illustrated papers, especially those referring to the death of good King Edward VII.

It would give me great pleasure to be able to accept your invitation to be present at the celebration of your golden wedding,

Home and Abroad

a lovely picture. A party was formed and we went ashore and breakfasted at Cotton's ice house. Here for the first time we tasted flying fish, sarsaparilla fruit and Belle apple. Breakfast being over, we availed ourselves of our friend Mr. King's kind invitation to go to his house at Maxwell. On our way we called at Hastings. Here we sat by the seashore with the trees down to the water's edge, in perfect rest and tranquillity, with an occasional visit from humming birds. Many black-birds flew about us, whilst hibiscus, magnolias, jack-fruit, bougainvillea, cocconut and royal palms were growing and flourishing around us.

Mr. King was good enough to show us over his sugar plantation, where we saw the negroes cutting and carrying the great long canes to the primitive sugar factory that he owned.

The temperature is most equable, being 80 degrees Fahrenheit or thereabouts night and day all the year round, the temperature of the air and water being the same. The trade winds begin every night at sunset, viz., 6 o'clock, and terminate at 6 o'clock, sunrise, the following morning. These winds are so strong, they make all the windows and doors rattle during the night, so that one would imagine that there was a terrific storm, whereas it is simply the wind. This is

but I fear it would be impossible, for July is the height of my busy season, for you know in America we have to "make hay while the sun shines."

I am building a new house at my farm that requires my constant attention and I am anxious to complete it before old age comes on. I really don't need the house, but my pleasure in life is building, and you know the old saying, that "fools build for wise men to live in," but I hope to be the first wise man.

It is a very beautiful site, overlooking forests and lakes, and I will send you a photograph of it some time.

If I can get away from home later in the season, I may make a short trip to your country, and if I should you will surely see me.

Wishing that your anniversary celebration will be a great success, and will give you much happiness.—I am, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD F. SEARLES.

Barbados

the only cooling effect the islands possess. Although this does not alter the temperature, it seems to have a thoroughly searching and cooling effect, making Barbados perhaps one of the most unique, equable and pleasant climates in the whole world.

There is nothing of any importance grown upon the island except sugar. This island and Demerara are the two finest sugar producing countries in the world. Most of the sugar from both of these places goes to the United States, they being much nearer than Great Britain.

En route to Jamaica and the other West Indian islands we called at Jacmel on the Island of Haiti and San Domingo. This island is of enormous extent, being by far the largest of the group in the Gulf of Mexico. It is undulating and mountainous and is covered with trees. In some places it has never been explored by man. It is a beautiful island, and it is a marvel that the Government of U.S.A. have not taken possession of it, in order to put a stop to the horrible misrule that is nearly always observed there among the negroes, who have from time immemorial possessed it, having taken it from the French and converted it into a negro republic. There are all sorts of atrocities being carried on there even to this day. It seems incredible that a marvellously beautiful island, fertile beyond imagination, should be left to the gross mismanagement of the negro race. A French patois is the chief language spoken there.

Jamaica possesses a splendid climate, and the mountainous region is so high that one can obtain any climate, and the production of both tropical and European flowers of every description. The island is covered with trees of luxurious foliage. One can fill a barrow with orchids in about ten minutes. They grow in many places all over the trees. Very fine tobacco is grown in Jamaica, free from guano and better in fact than in Cuba. This island can be distinctly seen from

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the north coast of Jamaica and one can make the passage in a sailing boat in from six to eight hours according to the weather. There are still many negroes in Jamaica, who live up in the mountains, and who still believe in the "Juju," and are dangerous men to deal with. They have been known to be employed by those who wish to get rid of anyone, to supply them with glass ground down into such fine powder that it looks exactly like a chemical, and which, if put into food, will gradually take the mucous membrane off the whole of the stomach and intestines, and so produce a lingering death. This is a favourite mode of the negroes for killing people, and it was a long time before it was discovered.

In sailing among the West Indies we found the water in most places, in the Gulf of Mexico especially, quite warm, and lots of the gulf weeds float about. These weeds are very beautiful. We used to fish them up and keep them in bottles.

After another day at sea, we reached Colon, which forms the eastern port of the Panama Canal.

Colon* is a seaport—if it is worthy of the name—on the Isthmus of Panama. It is here that De Lesseps began to cut the canal. After expending some millions of money, belonging principally to the peasantry of France, it ended in a gigantic failure. There were thousands of negroes and white men employed in excavation, but they died like flies from yellow fever. Since then, however, the Government of the United States obtained possession of it. They discovered that the mosquitoes were the sole cause of the yellow fever, and took measures to kill them wholesale, by this means enabling the work to be carried on, and finally exterminated them. The completion of this great engineering undertaking has created a water-way connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean.

Here we remained, sleeping on board, for two or three

* Another name for Columbus.

Colon—Panama Canal

days, until news came through that the steamer "Colima," which was to take us from Panama to San Francisco, had arrived. Immediately on the news reaching us we went ashore and took the train across the Isthmus, passing on the way the great unfinished works of the Panama Canal. Here in all directions lay splendid machinery rusting and decaying. The crossing was most interesting; the vegetation in particular fascinated us.

We did not remain a moment in the town of Panama, as yellow fever was prevalent, but went straight on board. The heat during this time was almost unbearable, and we were thankful when we put out to sea. The coastline as we went northward was very fine indeed; here, as in Haiti, being wooded to the water's edge. Porpoises abounded in the water and here and there we could see tortoises asleep—then, some noise would suddenly awake them, and down they would dive.

Our first port of call was La Libertad. On leaving here, we were convoyed by a school of seven porpoises. Three hours later we were at Acajutla. It was here that the grandest storm that I have ever seen occurred. It was in the evening after dinner while lying at anchor that a thunder storm suddenly burst upon us. The lightning was as if alive, striking the lightning conductors time after time. The rain came down in torrents. A hurricane of wind sprang up and in the midst of it all the volcano of Izalco (some 8,000ft. high) sprang to life. The eruption was a most magnificent sight, bursting out in the pitch black night. There were two enormous streams of lava pouring down its sides like rivers of fire, and huge clouds of smoke lay above it reflecting the glow of the fires below. Truly a most thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Leaving Acajutla we called at San José de Guatemala, Champerico Bay and Acapulco, and reached Mazatlan, one of the places in the Gulf of California. There was what they call

Home and Abroad

a "Revolution!" which as far as we could see consisted of about a dozen or two wretched looking tatterdemalions, who were evidently waiting to kill somebody who did not turn up. We were invited to go to the gaol, where they had already incarcerated several of the "rebels," but when we got to within about a dozen or two yards away, the smell was so utterly horrible and disgusting that we declined to go further. If this is a specimen of the Mexican villages, which are principally under the control of Roman Catholic priests, the more we steer clear of them the better.

The heat here was very great—a close, damp heat, such as one would feel in a wash-house. We soon rounded the peninsula, then one of the greatest changes that I have ever experienced took place. From the unbearable heat, the wind became piercingly cold, and the temperature dropped from 95 down to about 40. This continued, with a cold fog, until we had passed through the "Golden Gate," the entrance to the splendid harbour of San Francisco. The captain, being aware of the extraordinary change in the temperature, had that evening cautioned us to put on thick clothing the following morning before we came out of our state rooms, and told us that he had instructed the stewards to put on extra blankets, and undoubtedly his advice was sound and much appreciated.*

After remaining in San Francisco on this, our second visit, for only one night, we took steamer for Southern California, where we spent the most delightful time at Coronado Beach, a small peninsula immediately opposite San Diego, forming the outer arm of the San Diego Bay. We arrived there from San Francisco, and stayed at the Hotel del Coronado,

* I should like to say here, for the benefit of anyone desiring a charming voyage for health and pleasure—and I speak from experience—there is not one at all comparable to this most fascinating and delightful route from Southampton to San Francisco via the West Indies, Colon, Panama, and thence up the Pacific coast, calling *en route* at the various ports I have mentioned. It is absolutely unique!

Coronado Beach

which, although built entirely of wood, is one of the largest, finest, and most comfortable hotels in California, and is most delightfully situated close to the ocean, and on an excellent sandy beach.

Coronado Beach is one of those extraordinary places that are peculiar to America, where an enormous hotel is built, and advertised extensively; the people are induced to go there on account of the fine climate of California; and from a howling wilderness it is transformed into what the Americans call a "fine city." This mode of transition was carried through while we were there. Invitations to travel free were given to some of the wealthy men in New York, Boston and other cities. The land was pegged out in lots for building purposes, an auction was held, and the guests who had arrived purchased the various sites, and the usual building of villas proceeded for their winter residences. Heigh presto! and a new city arises!

A short distance from Coronado Beach is the old city, originally Spanish, of San Diego, which we visited occasionally, and from whence we purchased many very curious things, among the number being several horned toads, both alive and dead, also tarantula spiders, trap door spiders' nests, and various other curios, all of which are now deposited in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. The country round here is very fertile, both in fruit and grain; mulberry trees thrive. It is only a few miles from here to the boundary between California and Mexico. The climate here is mild and equable, the mean winter temperature being 56, spring 59, summer 68, and autumn 65.

From Coronado Beach we went to Pasadena, via the Port of San Pedro and Los Angeles. The latter is a large city of modern buildings, and tramways in all directions. It is well laid out, and contains fine schools, churches, public library and opera house, and other substantial looking buildings. The vegetation in the suburbs includes eucalyptus trees, lemon

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and orange trees, cork and indiarubber trees, date and fan palms, bananas, guavas, persimmons, and other sub-tropical trees and shrubs too numerous to mention.

The range of mountains protecting the whole of the valley below is called the Sierra Madre. It is difficult to imagine a more delightful climate or place. Of course this remark applies pretty generally to the whole of Southern California, and it makes one wonder why Britain ever gave it up!

At Los Angeles I unfortunately met with an accident that caused me considerable pain, and spoilt my visit to Pasadena. My son and I were riding on an open tramcar, and I was smoking a cigar, when the conductor in a very insolent manner ordered me to get on to the back seat. To do this I had to get along on the footboard at the side of the conveyance whilst it was moving, and in doing so my foot slipped and my shin was severely barked. I did not think very much of it at the time, although I treated it with spirit, and when we reached Pasadena, a few hours later, sent for a doctor, but unfortunately some poison had got in and ulcers ensued.

I much regretted I was unable to go about as did my wife and son, for Pasadena is a most delightful place and has a most wonderful climate. This was fully proved by its effect on my son. It will be remembered that I referred to the change in the weather when we rounded Cape St. Lucas. This change was very great, and it caused my son to have a very severe attack of bronchial asthma; indeed, he was so ill when we arrived at San Francisco that he had to be carried ashore wrapped in blankets to the Palace Hotel, and the doctor there immediately ordered him to Southern California. Hence our immediate departure for Coronado Beach, which place did him little or no good, yet within a week of our arrival at Pasadena he was out horse-riding in the mountains.

Whilst here I purchased a very fine piece of land at the corner of two streets. The conveyance consisted of a sheet

Pasadena

of paper about eight inches by about six inches, for which I had to pay two and a half dollars. If the same transaction had been carried out in England it would have cost probably something not much less than £40 or £50!

During our sojourn at Pasadena among other friends that we made there, was an American solicitor, who seemed to take a special delight in chaffing us on the size of Great Britain, being under the impression that if one walked too far or too quickly one might fall into the sea.

The feeling generally, at that time, throughout the U.S.A. was not at all favourable towards what they called the "Britisher."

I said to this same gentleman one day, "One of your countrymen has just accomplished a task which he undertook for a wager, viz., that he would trundle a barrow with the 'Stars and Stripes' on it from Land's End to John o' Groats. This he has succeeded in doing, and instead of receiving hindrance as he expected, he was received with open arms wherever he went. How far do you think an Englishman would succeed in undertaking a similar task in the United States with the 'Union Jack'?"

He gave a supercilious smile and said, "I guess he would not get very far!"

Another incident of rather an interesting nature occurred when my son accompanied a young lady and some friends with whom we were visiting, to a concert in commemoration of the heroes who had fallen in the Civil War. During the concert the band played, as he thought, "God save the Queen." My son immediately stood up, expecting, of course, that everyone else would do the same, but the lady with him pulled him down and said, "What are you standing up for? The concert is not over." He replied, "But they are playing 'God save the Queen.'"

"God save the Queen!" she said. "What do you mean?"

Home and Abroad

It is our National Anthem, 'My country 'tis of thee.' " He said, " Well, it is the same tune as our National Anthem." She looked amazed, and said, " Really ; how long have you had it ? "

After remaining at Pasadena for some weeks we returned to San Francisco, calling at Santa Barbara on the way. It was here we first understood what it was to see roses growing wild. Some of the houses were absolutely bowered in them ; indeed the luxuriance of them must be seen to be understood. Any description of the wonderful beauty of the picture would only sound like gross exaggeration. It was here, too, where we first made acquaintance with the beautiful Mexican leather work. It is applied to articles for various uses, but mostly for saddles. The leather is most beautifully tooled with many and varied designs.

Once again at San Francisco we laid our plans for crossing the States, and decided to travel via Ogden and Salt Lake City, where we arrived on the 1st June, 1890, passing on the way the Yosemite Valley, the beauty of which has been so fully described over and over again in endless guide books that it would be a work of supererogation for me to dilate on its grandeur. In the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, however, is a fine oil painting by T. Hill (6ft. by 4ft. 6in.), painted on the spot, which portrays some of Nature's beautiful phenomena.

We travelled during the night, and on waking up at day-break we looked out of the window, and found that we were some thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and, looking down into the valley below, seemed just like looking down an endless vista of forests—a grand sight.

We found on our arrival at the hotel at Salt Lake City that the Mormons were having their annual grand concert at the Tabernacle. We were, unfortunately, too late to obtain tickets, there being none left for sale. My wife, my son and I went and interceded at the door with several gentlemen who

Salt Lake City, Utah

were there for the purpose of showing people to their seats. At first they were obdurate, as no seat, they said, could be obtained. My wife, however, pleaded very hard, and told them that we were English people, that we had only arrived that morning, and begged of them to see if there was any standing room. They at last, most courteously took us aside, and gave my wife a seat whilst Bert and I stood. The building is nearly the shape of an egg, a long oval of enormous size, holding on that occasion, I should think, about 10,000 people. The orchestra, although at the other end, seemed to lose nothing of its power, and the sound at our end was perfect. A grand concert it certainly was.

Quite close to this structure was another one, erected to the memory of Brigham Young,* and certainly a most magnificent modern building of pure white marble.

There are very fine streets in Salt Lake City, and according to an old Biblical idea, they have no underground sanitation, so that the water is constantly running along beside the footpaths on each side of the roads, clear, bright, limpid streams.

* Brigham Young was born at Withingham, Windham County, Vermont, 1st June, 1801. He was baptized into the Church of Latter-day Saints, 14th April, 1832, being a Methodist previously. He started on his mission to England from New York, March 19th, 1840, landing in Liverpool on the 6th April, just ten years from the organisation of the Church. Left England 21st April, 1841, arriving at Nauvoo, 4th February, 1846, starting west, being in charge of the migrating party. On the 14th April, 1847, with 143 men, three women and one child, being their leader, he commenced the famous pioneer journey from Council Bluffs (now Omaha) arriving where now stands Salt Lake City, July 24th, same year. On August 25th, 1847, he started back again east with 70 men to assist the remaining emigrants, arriving at Florence (winter quarters) 31st October, 1847. On the 24th December, 1847, at Kanessville, Iowa, he was chosen President of the Church, which was ratified in Salt Lake City, 6th April, 1848. On 16th May, 1848, leaves winter quarters, bringing with him 1,891 people, and 623 wagons to Salt Lake, arriving here 20th September, 1848. On 9th March, 1849, elected Governor of the State of Deseret. September, 1850, appointed Governor of Utah and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Remained Governor till April, 1858. He died Wednesday, August 29th, 1877, and the following Sunday, September 2nd, was buried in his family cemetery, just east of his residence. *He had been the father of 56 children, and left 17 wives, 16 sons and 28 daughters.*

Home and Abroad

Electric trams run from the centre of the town to the edge of the great Salt Lake, which is so extensive that it is impossible to see land at the other side. Here are bathing places, and those that bathe are instructed to be very careful on no consideration to let the salt water get into their eyes, nose, ears, or mouth, or to let their head go below the surface, as it is so dangerous. The same danger, I may say, applies to the Dead Sea in Palestine. My son has bathed in both, which I think is a very unique and exceptional experience.*

The whole of the inhabitants' purchases seemed, at that time, to be made at a very large store similar to our Army and Navy Stores in London.

The villas which surround the city are very beautiful, reminding one very much of Bournemouth. They are nearly all detached, surrounded with beautiful gardens.

How the Mormons who dwell in this beautiful city find their income, it is a difficult matter to say, for there are very few places of business, and practically nothing going on in that way.

The following is a duplicate of the programme of the concert we were privileged to hear in the Tabernacle and is a most interesting souvenir of our visit :—

Y.M.M.I.A.

—GENERAL—

ANNUAL CONFERENCE,

—TO BE HELD IN—

SALT LAKE CITY,

—ON—

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, JUNE 1 AND 2, 1890.

General Superintendency.

WILFORD WOODRUFF. JOSEPH F. SMITH, MOSES THATCHER.

* In neither of these lakes will the body sink, but if one loses consciousness or control, the head, being comparatively speaking the heaviest portion of the body, falls forward or backward, sinks below the surface, and death naturally ensues.

The Tabernacle

Assistants to General Superintendency.

JUNIUS F. WELLS,
RODNEY C. BADGER,

MILTON H. HARDY,
JOS. A. WEST.

EDWARD H. ANDERSON,
Secretary.

WILLIAM S. BURTON,
Treasurer.

EVAN STEPHENS, Music Director.

NOTICES :

The Committee of Entertainment can be found at the north door of the Assembly Hall at the close of each service to provide members with accommodations. Members should be known personally or by certificate.

All officers of the Associations are requested to occupy seats on the right and left of the pulpits during the Conference.

The railway companies will issue round trip tickets from all points at regular conference rates—Single fare for the round trip—good going May 29th, 30th, 31st, and June 1st, and good returning until and including June 4th.

The first Grand Musical Festival ever held in the Territory will be given in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on Friday and Saturday, May 30th and 31st, under the direction of Evan Stephens.

COMMITTEES.

Arrangements :

{ JUNIUS F. WELLS, Chairman,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY,
THEIR ASSISTANTS, THE SECRETARY,
THE TREASURER AND THE MUSIC
DIRECTOR.

Programme :

{ MILTON H. HARDY, Chairman,
GEORGE H. BRIMHALL,
EDWARD H. ANDERSON,
LYMAN R. MARTINEAU,
JOS. H. FELT.

Home and Abroad

Entertainment : { Jos. H. FELT, Chairman.
SUPERINTENDENCY AND
WARD OFFICERS
OF SALT LAKE
STAKE.

PROGRAMME.

—
SUNDAY, JUNE 1ST.

10 A.M.

(In the Tabernacle.)

Music by the Harmony and Fifteenth Ward Glee Clubs, combined.
W. J. KELLY, Conductor.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| I. Invocation— | { | 1. Selection...Harmony and 15th Ward Glee Clubs, combined.
2. Prayer.
3. SelectionGlee Club |
| II. Introductory | { | RemarksJunius F. Wells |
| III. Sentiments— | { | 1. " The Origin, Mission and Object of Y.M.M.I.A."Salt Lake Stake
2. " Obedience, the Key of Power "... Emery Stake
3. " Promises of God to His People "... Sanpete Stake |
| IV. Duett—" 'Tis for You," L. Puritani, by Belini..... | |J. S. Morgan and W. J. Kelly |
| V. Lecture—" Life of Joseph the Prophet"..... | | B. H. Roberts |
| VI. Remarks. | | |
| VII. Selection | | Glee Club |
| VIII. Benediction. | | |

2 P.M.

Music by the Tabernacle Choir, E. BEESLEY, Conductor.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|---|
| I. Invocation— | { | 1. Hymn, " Come, Holy Ghost, Our Hearts Inspire "
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn, " O my Father, Thou that Dwellest " |
| II. Sentiments— | { | 1. " The Future of Zion "..... Cache Stake
2. " Testimony "..... Sevier Stake
3. " Persecution and its Results"— San Luis Stake |
| III. Discourse | | Prest. Wilford Woodruff |
| IV Solo—" The Lord is my Light "..... | | Miss Louie Poulton |

Concert Programme

- V. Sermon Apostle F. M. Lyman
- VI. Presentation of Officers.
- VII. Hymn-Anthem—" Earth with her Ten Thousand Flowers "
- VIII. Benediction.

7 30 P.M.

Music by a Select Chorus, under the direction of E. STEPHENS.

- I. Invocation— {
 - 1. Chorus, " From afar, Gracious Lord "
 - 2. Prayer.
 - 3. Chorus, " Praise ye the Father "
- II. Sentiment, " True Education ".....Milton H. Hardy
- III. Discourse Apostle Moses Thatcher
- IV. Solo and Chorus, " Hail to the Man," Written for the Anniversary of Prest. Young's Birthday, by Evan Stephens
- V. Sentiment, " Divine Interference ".....Jos. A. West
- VI. Remarks,
- VII. " Hallelujah Chorus "
- VIII. Benediction.

MONDAY, JUNE 2ND.
(In the Assembly Hall.)

10 A.M.

OFFICERS' MEETING.

- I. Invocation— {
 - 1. Hymn.
 - 2. Prayer.
 - 3. Hymn.
- II. Subjects for Explanation—
 - 1 Nature, Spirit and Mission of Y.M.M.I.A.
 - 2. Organizations.
 - 3. General Superintendency.
 - 4 Annual General Conferences.
 - 5. Annual and Semi-Annual Stake Conferences
 - 6 District Conferences.
 - 7. Monthly Joint Sessions.
 - 8. Weekly Class-work.
 - 9. Home Reading or Preparation.
 - 10. Scope of the Y.M.M.I.A.
 - 11. Annual Sustaining of Officers.
 - 12. Roll.
 - 13. Programme Work.
 - 14. Membership.
 - 15. Intermissionary work.
 - 16. Lectures.
 - 17. Council Meetings.
 - 18. Libraries.
 - 19. Annuals and Manual.
 - 20. Inspection of Records.

Home and Abroad

2 P.M.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

- I. Opening Exercises.
- II. Statistical Report.
- III. Suggestions and Questions in relation to Meetings—
 - 1. Of Territorial Officers.
 - 2. Of Territorial and Stake Officers.
 - 3. Of Assistants to General Superintendency and Stake Officers at their Council Meeting at annual and semi-annual Stake Conferences.
 - 4. Special work of qualified men to visit every stake and ward.

Leaving the Mormon city, we took train for Green River, where we arrived that evening. It was a wonderful day's run; the train climbed to the top of the Sawatch Mountains, at which point we reached an altitude of 8,000 feet. Here we came to the "Castle Gate," which was the commencement of a most singular formation of hills and rocks, which in the distance looked like fortifications and bastions of many castles. We were now passing through an arid, waterless, sandy desert, with only these extraordinary formations on either side. Clouds of dust for no apparent reason would suddenly rise to a height of many feet, pirouetting and swirling along the ground.

The next morning we again took train at 4.45 a.m. The train proceeded still through the desert till about mid-day, when by very steep gradients we climbed up to the Cedar Mountain Divide. Here we were again above the snow level as we had been for a short time the day before. Having reached the summit we began to descend, and here it was that we passed through that wonderful scenery for the purpose of seeing which we had chosen this special route, the Denver and Rio Grande. To give any adequate expression of the grandeur of such marvellously wonderful gorges and canons as the Black Canon and the Canon of the Arkansas is impossible. We were delighted when an observation car was placed

Denver and Rio Grande Route

at the rear of the train with comfortable seating accommodation. Here we sat, and as the car only had sides about three feet high, with no top, we were able to see these marvels of nature unhindered. Here above us towered precipices with sheer drops of hundreds of feet and below us the mountain torrent surging and raging. Often above us were great rocky crags overhanging the railway line; in short, it was a scene which could never be erased from one's memory.

En route from Green River we arrived at Gunnison in the evening. Whilst turning on the gas in our bedroom, I received an unexpected and powerful shock of electricity. My son came into the room, and I said to him, "Will you turn out that light?" wondering what the result would be. He turned it out, and gave an exclamation of pain. I said, "What's the matter?" "Oh," he said, "I have just received a dreadful shock!" We then tried several other metal things in our bedroom with the same result on each occasion. On going downstairs, I asked the clerk at the reception bureau if he could explain it to me, and he smilingly replied, "Oh, yes, that is quite the usual thing here; sometimes it is very powerful, other times weak and scarcely felt." On another occasion when we were at Toronto, visiting friends, I was relating this incident, when it was remarked that it was quite a common event even there on certain occasions, but not always present as it appeared to be in Gunnison.

Next morning we again proceeded on our journey, and by mid-day had reached Marshall's Pass, some 8,500 feet in altitude. Here the train stopped for a short time and some of us getting out of the train for a time and making our way out of the snowsheds snowballed each other amidst great hilarity, until the signal for "all aboard" came again.

Now started a rapid descent, the train winding in and out and backwards and forwards. The conductor told us that to advance half a mile in a bee-line we had to travel some

Home and Abroad

seven and a half miles round about. It was in this descent that we passed through the Great Canon of the Arkansas to which I have already referred. That evening we reached Colorado Springs and changed trains, arriving at Manitou at about nine o'clock.

For three days after our arrival at Manitou my wife suffered from cold and severe deafness; this the doctor considered was brought about by the rarified atmosphere on account of the high altitudes we had passed through in the train and the comparative rapidity with which they had been reached.

The springs at Manitou are really the springs that give rise to the name "Colorado Springs," but they are situated at Manitou (which I believe is the Indian for "a spirit"). There are iron and soda springs. The latter is the most perfect drinking water imaginable, and attempts have been made by myself and friends to bring it over to this country, but it was not a commercial proposition, although it was bottled and aerated with its own gas. As the water rises to the surface of the spring, innumerable bubbles rise up and burst, the gas from which is collected in a metal receiver and passed on into a gasometer. This water is also used for bathing, and my wife had a hot soda bath whilst my son had a splendid time in the large swimming bath. It is considered an excellent water for gout and rheumatism. Apropos of these springs, and of one in particular called the Ute Iron Spring, I have an amusing reminiscence, for above it was painted a large notice, "You may take a drink or fill one bottle or one jug, but no more." Below this in much larger letters was the terse sentence. "THIS MEANS YOU!"

Whilst here, my son made the ascent of Pike's Peak, which is some 14,108 feet high. On the top of it is the world-wide celebrated observatory. At the time we were there this ascent could only be made in the summer time and when the snow

“Garden of the Gods”

had cleared, but I am informed that there is now a cog-wheel railway to the summit. My son told me of the wonderful views from the top and that on the journey he had to pass round the edge of an extinct crater of very considerable diameter.

The road up to the celebrated Cheyenne Mountain and Canon commands most exquisite views, the rich, brilliant rock, blue sky, green trees, and dazzling white snow, forming a wonderful combination of colour. The road is well kept, but stony and narrow, so that steady horses, driver, and head, are desirable. On the extreme top of this mountain is the burying place of a poetess, Helen Hunt Jackson (who wrote under the letters “H.H.”), who expressed it as her dying wish that she should be laid there. Her wishes were carried out, incurring of course very considerable labour. There is no tomb or indication of a grave, except a mound of stones, and all who ascend the mountain are supposed to contribute by throwing a stone on to the heap. Unfortunately, the advertising craze of the average American has utilised this grave as a means of advertising their stores at Colorado Springs, so that there are various cards and advertisements of all kinds of tradesmen, which, to say the least of it, is very reprehensible. From the top of this mountain one descends through the canon down interminable flights of wooden steps. Through this canon are very fine waterfalls and cliffs.

We had heard such wonderful accounts of the “Garden of the Gods” that we fully expected to be disappointed, but on the contrary, we were more than recompensed for our journey. It is, in my estimation, undoubtedly *one of the wonders of the world*, and it is utterly incomprehensible as to how the extraordinary rocks could possibly have attained their wonderful positions.

Whilst here we received a letter from our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lombard, of Kansas City, pressing us to make our journey that way and to pay them a visit. We decided to do so and

Home and Abroad

resumed our journey, stopping at Denver on the way, where we slept that night *exactly one mile above sea level!* Denver is a very fine city and we had a charming drive during the morning. We did not leave there till after dinner in the evening, and spending the night in the train, arrived the following evening at Kansas City. We occasionally passed through large clumps of trees, and as the twilight grew the rushing train disturbed the fireflies, and a most wonderful sight it was to see these insects in their myriads flying in disturbed masses with their little lamps alight. At the station we found Mrs. Lombard waiting to drive us to her lovely home.

Here we spent a most charmingly restful time and had some delightful drives and one very novel experience; that was a visit to Messrs. Armour's stock-yards. Here we saw the process of hundreds of pigs arriving by train, passing into the enormous pens, and then being carefully sorted out preparatory to being made into food. The process I shall not attempt to describe, but we saw it from start to finish, and after getting over the first horror of seeing the pigs killed the speed and dexterity with which everything was performed quite fascinated us.

We next took train to Chicago, where our first duty was to call on Mr. Irwin, whose friendship we had made at Honolulu, on our visit to the Hawaiian Islands, which friendship has continued uninterruptedly to the present day. He very kindly—although a very special favour—took my son and me “on 'Change.” The shouting, yelling, hustling and pushing that we saw there beggared description.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin entertained us repeatedly and took us for charming drives, and Mr. Irwin delighted us with his playing of the organ which he had had fitted into his house. He caused us to go off to Pullman City to see the wonders of these modern up-to-date works where the Pullman cars were made. Here no shavings or sawdust or dirt of any kind are

Chicago to Washington

ever seen, the benches being fitted with air exhausts by which all the things I have mentioned are drawn with a roar to the engine room, where they are used as fuel in the furnaces, not merely for developing energy to drive the machinery of the factory, but also for the purpose I have named. These exhausts keep the atmosphere in a wonderfully pure condition.

The parks, streets and avenues of Chicago are really very fine. On one occasion we visited the Eden Musé. We saw many relics of President Lincoln, amongst others the chair which he himself had re-seated; his desk and the hickory chair he was seated in when the despatch came to him informing him that he was elected President. The following evening we spent a most pleasant time with Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, looking over his photographs, again enjoying his wonderful music and listening to the phonograph, which was a thing of wonder in those days. We all talked into it, and my son sang, "We shall meet but we shall miss him," an old American war song, and all our voices were most clearly and distinctly reproduced and repeated.

On another occasion Mr. Irwin, senior, drove us out to see the Derby run on the American Derby Day, that is to say, on the 21st June, when we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pullman, and other leading people.

From Chicago we passed on to Washington. This, although a most tiring, was yet a most interesting journey. Here for the first time I saw towns lighted up by natural gas. Pipes are merely sunk into the earth and a light applied at the other end and the gases burst into flame.

We passed through the Alleghany Mountains and then on to historical ground, notably that of the Shenandoah and Potomac region, and also Harper's Ferry. From the train we saw a brick building, which was more like a plain old house or church, with a wooden bell tower in the middle of the roof, called "John Brown's Fort."

Home and Abroad

Having duly arrived at Washington, and being the guests of the British Legation, we were provided with cards signed by Mr. James G. Blaine, U.S.A. Secretary of State, which gave us the *entrée* everywhere. We were invited to meet President Harrison at "The White House," where we were received by him with the kindest courtesy, and he was good enough to give us his autograph, in which he put down the date of his birth, 20th August, 1833. After half an hour's delightful conversation, he escorted us through some of the principal reception rooms, all of which were in the usual manner and quite up-to-date, but in no way comparable with similar suites of rooms to be found in Government official residences in Paris, Berlin or other large European cities; there was an absence of that unique richness and luxury in decorations, cornices, ceilings, plaster work of all kinds, magnificent crystal chandeliers, fittings of every description, luxurious furniture, and everything that goes to make up a brilliant *ensemble*.

"The Capitol" is one of the finest buildings probably on earth, but Washington itself—in my estimation—bears no comparison to Paris, as a city of beauty and pleasure, nor to London, as a city comprising beauty, nobility, comfort and commerce; the latter has, in short, an indescribable fascination that seems to insinuate itself into the hearts and minds of all who visit it.

One of the most interesting incidents in connection with our visit to Washington was our visit to the Mint, where the Master of the Mint presented my wife with a small jug made out of macerated "greenbacks," the face value of which had been ten thousand dollars. The whole of these "greenbacks" of the Confederate States were collected on the termination of the Civil War between the Northern and Southern States, and were macerated (made into pulp), and then converted into various small souvenirs. Next to this came the pleasure of going through the Senate and the House of Representatives.



"The First Funeral."

By the great French sculptor, Rodin. Awarded the grand prix, Paris. Generally considered an exceptionally excellent work of art.



"Perseus."

This is the finest work of the great Italian sculptor, Professor Ernesto Gazzeri, depicting two life-size Roman women demanding the *coup de grace* to the vanquished in the Coliseum.



Basalt Bust of Washington, modelled by the late Josiah Wedgwood.

In the possession of the Coates' family for many years, and presented by my wife and myself through the American Ambassador (His Excellency, Joseph H. Choate), to the President and people of the U.S.A., and placed in the Congressional Library, Washington.

An Important Letter

We could not have been received with more courtesy and politeness had we been the Prince and Princess of Wales, and were allotted the President's loggia, from which we watched the proceedings for about an hour. There was a very serious discussion going on which created immense excitement, and on one occasion Mr. Reid, the Speaker, got up in his rostrum and positively "bullied" the member who was speaking. The greatest excitement prevailed and it seemed to us, among the babel of talk, that the Speaker was shouting to this member to sit down, but in vain, and many of the members of the two opposing parties, "Ayes" and "Noes" were all standing and gesticulating, so much so that we expected every moment to see a general free fight. This was a perfect "eye-opener" as to the modes and methods adopted in the United States.

On leaving here, and on entering the Senate, a totally different scene presented itself. This was a much smaller chamber with only about thirty Senators, with an atmosphere prevailing of perfect harmony and composure.

We also visited the Congressional Library, which far and away surpasses anything that we have ever seen either at home or abroad. It is here, I may mention, that the Wedgwood black basalt bust of Washington is placed, that my wife and I presented to the American nation through the instrumentality of Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate,* a very distinguished American gentleman whom I had the pleasure of knowing for some time

* The following striking letter from Mr. Choate to Earl Grey, written almost on the morrow of the American declaration of war against Germany, was one of the last which the late statesman sent to Europe :—
8, East Sixty-Third Street, April 7th, 1917.

Dear Lord Grey,—Your delightful cable came to hand on the 5th, immediately after the President's Message delivered in person to Congress, which, as you say, has swept all clouds from our sky, and before it had culminated in the declaration of war by Congress and its proclamation by the President.

At last Americans at home and abroad can hold up their heads with infinite pride. The whole nation is now lined up behind the President, and I think that you will hear no more about doubt or hesita-

Home and Abroad

during his residence in London, as the United States Ambassador. He was perhaps one of the most genial, kindly and courteous men I ever met. Mrs. Choate also was a most charming and kindly hearted woman. They were devoted to each other, and to the ordinary observer they were still in the "heyday of youth."† Mr. Choate, besides having the honour conferred upon him of being Ambassador to St. James's, was a Trustee of

tion or dissent among us. I think that we may now forget all the past, and let bygones be bygones, and accept the President as our great leader for the war; and we must give him credit for one signal result of his watchful waiting, and that is, that he was waiting to see when the whole nation would be wrought up to the point which has now been reached, so that he could safely announce to the world our alliance with France and Great Britain without any practical dissent.

I say alliance, because that is justified by his noble utterances. We must stand together now until victory is won, and I think that victory will be greatly hastened by the entrance of the United States into the conflict. As you know, I have thought from the beginning that, while for the time being we might better serve the cause of the Allies by remaining neutral and supplying all that we could in the way of arms and munitions, and I am happy to say some men, as our neutral right was; that nevertheless when by entering into the war with all our might and with the aid of all our boundless resources, we could help to bring it to an end in the right way by the complete suppression of Prussian militarism, and the triumph of civilization, it would be our duty to do so. That time has now come, and I am happy to think that our great nation has acted upon the same thought, and has been really true to all its great traditions.

We can hardly be expected to send over any large expeditionary force at the outset, but I think that we can muster a division of something like 20,000 or 30,000 men, seasoned for war, under competent leadership, who shall carry our national flag alongside of those of Great Britain and France, without much delay, and I think that you will agree with me that nothing would give so much new inspiration to the war-worn veterans of your great country and of France and carry so much dismay into Germany as that would.

I hope, also, that our Navy, which is fairly well ready, will be able to open the way across the Atlantic for our own vessels and those of other nations to carry food and munitions to your aid, and it is needless to say that we can and will furnish much-needed credit to both your nations in support of our common cause.

You have no idea of the very rapid advance of public sentiment in favour of this cause in the last few months. In November Mr. Wilson was elected upon the rallying cry of "Keep us out of the war," but the defiant and impudent conduct of Germany since that day has really awakened all America to the true nature of the contest, and we must stand together until that contest is won.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

† *Vide* page 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Choate

the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and of the American Museum of Natural History. He was Governor of New York Hospital, Chairman of the Committee of Elections, was an Honourable Bencher of the Middle Temple, and held innumerable honours from all the leading educational associations and societies in the United States. He was also an Honorary Fellow of the British Royal Society of Literature. He was Ambassador and first Delegate of the United States to the International Peace Conference at the Hague, 1907, and he also wrote some valuable works and addresses on Abraham Lincoln, Admiral Farragut, Rufus Choate and many other subjects.

It was on one of the occasions when he and Mrs. Choate took tea with us that among other artistic objects in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, he was much struck with the Wedgwood bust of the period and modelled by the late Josiah Wedgwood himself, which, as I have stated, I afterwards presented to the United States through Mr. Choate, as the following correspondence fully demonstrates, viz. :—

East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.
12th February, 1900.

To his Excellency

The Ambassador of the United States of America.

Dear Mr. Choate,—You will, no doubt, recollect Mrs. Russell-Cotes and I showing you an old black Wedgwood life-sized bust of General George Washington, which you admired, and which, I need scarcely say, is very rare and valuable. I have had repeated offers to sell it, even from Messrs. Agnews, but would never entertain them.

My wife and I would like, however, to present it to the President of the United States of America, through you, with a view to its being placed in the Senate House in commemoration of the anniversary of George Washington's birthday, if you consider it worth the President's acceptance on your recommendation.

With kind regards.

Yours very sincerely,
MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

Home and Abroad

American Embassy,
London.

14th February, 1900.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,—I have your very interesting note of the 12th, relating to the bust of Washington which you so generously propose to present to the President with a view to its being placed in the Senate House in commemoration of Washington's birthday. I am sure that the President will gratefully accept it, but he could not control a place for it in the Senate Chamber, which must depend on the vote of the Senate, or one of its committees, but he could place it in "The White House," or very likely it could find a place in the Congressional Library.

Please let me know if this would modify your wish to present it. If not, by your leave I will write to the Secretary of State of your generous purpose.

Of course it could not in any way reach its destination before the 22nd, but that is not essential.

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

American Embassy,
London.

February 20th, 1900.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Ambassador to inform you that the old black Wedgwood bust of Washington has been duly received at the Embassy, and will be forwarded to Washington. When it arrives there you will be informed, and will without doubt receive the thanks of the President.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. BAYARD CUTTING,

Secretary to the Ambassador.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq.

I received another letter from Mr. Choate as follows:—

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,—You will be pleased to learn that the bust of Washington is on its way to the United States, and that I have written an accompanying letter to the Secretary of State stating it to be your free gift and goodwill offering to the United States, through the President. That, while you would prefer to have it placed in the Senate, a suitable place in the White House, or the State Department, or the Congressional Library, would doubtless be satisfactory. You will doubtless receive a direct acknowledgment and thanks, and your cordial goodwill will be highly appreciated.

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

Wedgwood Bust

Afterwards, I received a letter from the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, as follows :—

Department of State,
Washington.

March 7th, 1900.

Dear Sir,—I have received through our Ambassador in London the beautiful Wedgwood bust of Washington which you have generously presented to the United States. The President directs me to express his sincere thanks to you, not only for the valuable and acceptable gift, but also for the friendly spirit of good-will which prompted it.

I am, dear sir, with high regard,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HAY.

To Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S., etc., East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth, England.

American Embassy,
London.

10th April, 1900.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,—It will be pleasant for you to hear that Secretary Hay writes of your Wedgwood bust of Washington, "It is a very beautiful work of art and we are very glad to have it."

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

Department of State,
Washington.

July 17th, 1900.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,—I have pleasure in transmitting to you a photograph which I have had made of the Wedgwood bust of Washington which you so kindly and so generously presented to the Government of the United States.

With renewed thanks, I remain, Sir,

Very respectfully yours,

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq.,
Bournemouth, England.

JOHN HAY.

The following is an extract from "The Hotel World,"
April, 1900 :—

"When the Right Hon. Joseph H. Choate, the American Ambassador to England, visited Bournemouth, soon after his appointment, he stayed at the Royal Bath Hotel. During

Home and Abroad

his sojourn there, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., the Chairman, who possesses a vast store of the most valuable works of art, both on canvas and in sculpture, showed his Excellency a beautiful and very rare bust of General George Washington in old black basalt, the handiwork of Josiah Wedgwood, which the latter very much admired. Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes subsequently conceived the idea of making the bust a present to the American nation, and wrote Mr. Choate to that effect. To this letter the American Ambassador replied in like spirit, thanking Mr. Russell-Cotes most cordially, and accepting the gift on behalf of the President of the United States. The bust has now been forwarded to Washington, where it is to be placed either in the Senate Chamber or the White House."

East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

26th January, 1914.

To the Right Honble. Dr. C. Woodrow Wilson,
President of the United States of America,
Washington, D.C.,
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. President,—In reply to your extremely kind and courteous letter of the 15th instant, I feel that I cannot sufficiently thank you for what I consider to be an honour conferred upon me, that you should have spared a few moments from the duties of your strenuous office to reply direct to my appeal.

During our visits to the United States on two occasions, from San Francisco right across the country to New York, the kindness that we received on all occasions was so pronounced and so hospitable and kind, that my wife, my son and I, have felt a great depth of affection for our "American cousins," and Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and many other American gentlemen that we have had the honour of knowing, have all contributed to increase these sentiments.

Our fervent hope and wish is that the great Anglo-Saxon race may spread throughout the great American nation and the British Empire—on which the sun never sets—and that they, by the blessing of God, may become more and more one people in their strenuous

Mount Vernon

efforts to maintain peace, and to further political and religious freedom, and the increase of Evangelical Protestantism, which make for the future happiness of all the nations of the world.

I have the honour to be, dear Mr. President,

Yours very sincerely,

MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

The heat at Washington was very severe; indeed we did not go out on some occasions on account of it. My son, however, drove out with a friend* on the 4th July to the races held by the Washington Trotting Club. It was a new experience to him and one which he thoroughly enjoyed. An incident occurred which was also quite new in his experience. Two men on the course were arguing and shouting at each other but *not* fighting, when a policeman came up, and without a word knocked them both on the head and left them to recover as best they might!

We had a most charming day and beautiful weather for our visit to Mount Vernon, Washington's home on the Potomac. † What a beautiful old-world house in a most perfect position! One cannot describe one's feelings at entering and walking through the one-time dwelling of such a great man. The site is magnificent. The house which overlooks that now historical river is surrounded by grand old trees. It is mostly built of wood, but has several brick buildings around it, such as the baths, the shoe-maker's, the tailor's, and the slaves' quarters

* This gentleman, the whole time he was out driving, *chewed* a cigar instead of smoking it, and although one cigar when consumed was immediately followed by another, HE NEVER EXPECTORATED!!

† Mount Vernon was left by George Washington's father to an older brother named Lawrence, and it was here that Washington spent a considerable time on leaving school. Lawrence Washington named the place after his personal friend, Admiral Vernon. Here he died in 1752, leaving a wife and an infant daughter. To the latter he bequeathed Mount Vernon, but in case of her death without issue, it was to devolve on Washington with the reservation of a life interest to his, Lawrence's, wife. The little child dying, George Washington finally came into the property.

Home and Abroad

(for even Washington, in his day, kept slaves); the kitchen, etc. These bricks were imported from England in the early part of the eighteenth century. The old-world appearance is greatly increased by the large box hedges that were planted some 170 years ago.

Inside, the house is full of memories on account of the many relics it contains. Near by we saw the vault where the General and his wife Martha lie.

We found the heat intolerable and therefore reluctantly curtailed our stay in Washington and decided to go direct to New York; we therefore soon found ourselves comfortably seated in the "drawing-room" of the Pullman car which during our travels in America we always endeavoured to obtain, this being the only way to avoid some of the discomforts of railway travelling in America.

In travelling in the United States per rail, one suffers considerable inconvenience from the boys who continually go up and down the car shouting, and opening and shutting doors with a bang, selling newspapers, magazines, sweetmeats, etc. The railway carriages are open from one end to the other in nearly every case. There are no carriages similar to ours, in compartments, and they are all of one class, the only difference being the sleeping carriages, and those that were better class Pullman cars. The sleeping accommodation, unless you take a section to yourself, is very objectionable, as everyone sleeps in the open cars, and the curtain has to be pulled over in front before you can undress, and then you have to huddle your clothes up into the end of the bunk before lying down. Some difficulty occurs in the morning when you want to rise. If, however, you choose to pay the extra money, which is pretty considerable, you can have half or a whole section, according to the number of people who have one. If you have one to yourself, you can take your meals

New York

in it as well, and during the day the bunks are turned up and the rooms converted into a very comfortable little sitting room.*

The big baggage is always "expressed" in America, the travellers only taking a very limited amount of baggage with them which they can easily handle themselves without any assistance. This mode is certainly an immense improvement upon the *modus operandi* in our country. The railway offices have to be notified—they collect the baggage and deliver it at its destination, as instructed. It generally leaves about the same time as the passenger, and arrives before, or at all events immediately afterwards, so that there are none of the fearful scenes with which we are regaled at our own termini, where a crowd of people fight with each other to obtain their own particular piece of baggage, which to anyone accustomed to the American system, is extremely vexatious, to say the least of it, besides offering opportunities for dishonesty.

We left late in the evening and arrived at New York early the following morning, but we were very much disturbed during the night as we had been in other travels by the constant clang clang of the large bell on the engine, which when started rings automatically with the piston movements of the engine. This ringing is for the purpose of warning people of their danger when the train is passing down streets, going over level crossings, and indeed, in some parts, even of the open country. We found New York also unbearably hot; in fact, so hot that horses were dropping dead in the streets.

Considering the splendid buildings and fine streets in New York, it is amazing that the roads should be left in the incredible condition in which they were—big stones lying about, so that it was almost dangerous for carriages

* The "Drawing Room" in the Pullman cars consists of a comfortable room at the end of the car, with two sleeping "bunks" which can be closed during the day. This special accommodation can be obtained by previous application and an extra fare. It is well worth it!

Home and Abroad

to go along. A great deal of this is perhaps accounted for by the fact that there are numerous tubes underground for electricity, gas, hot water, and many other things, each of which seemed to have its own manhole at intervals, and as most of these either want repairing or attending to in some way, the roads are in a continuously unfinished state. This extraordinary arrangement could be easily obviated by having one large "main" in the road which would take in all the different pipes.

The hotels in New York, as in San Francisco and other large towns in the United States, are enormously large, being nothing at all like those in Europe. The reason for this is easily explained from the fact that the domestic troubles and difficulties in obtaining servants being very great, families are constrained to take up their residence in hotels, instead of private houses. The homelike hospitality, therefore, which is found in Great Britain is practically unknown throughout the United States, except perhaps in some few isolated cases.

In only one single instance, however, were we treated otherwise than with the greatest courtesy by the hotel owners and managers, who endeavoured to make one's stay as happy as possible.

In many of the hotels and on nearly all the Pullman cars, the waiters or attendants were negroes.

In the hotels it was most ludicrous to see the extraordinary way in which they would come almost waltzing along the floor with a full tray, causing one to feel extremely uncomfortable, and expecting every moment to see the tray and the whole of its contents come down with a crash, whilst on the trains, unless they were well "tipped" to begin with, they were intensely familiar and cheeky in their manner, and one might ring the bell in vain.*

* Tipping is universal in the States. In England, by comparison, it is only in its *infancy*.

“ Liberty and Licence ”

The cab fares were most outrageous. The carriages generally consisted of rumbling, overgrown vehicles like landaus, with two horses, the fares for these never being less than two dollars, and frequently three and four dollars for quite a short distance, and even at that the drivers are, if possible, much more rude than the men at the railway stations.

In nearly every city that we visited I was bombarded soon after our arrival, at the various hotels, by reporters, for the purpose of interviewing me and finding out what I thought about the States. At the conclusion of these interviews I invariably remarked that one matter certainly required attention, and that was, that the word “ Liberty ” which appeared under the American Eagle, on the public buildings, should be removed and the word “ Licence ” substituted.

Unfortunately one cannot be long in the United States of America before being forcibly and painfully reminded that one is not in Europe, from the fact that there is an utter lack of ordinary, common, sympathetic courtesy. This is apparent everywhere you go, but I am happy to say that this manner does not obtain among the better classes of society, but is almost altogether confined to the lower and labouring classes. Abruptness amounting almost to rudeness is their standard of manners. It seems to be an all-pervading feeling that they are not only as good as anyone else, but *a great deal better!* Even in the public buildings you are reminded of this, and such notices appear plentifully in museums or art galleries, etc., as the words “ Hands Off,” whereas in Europe it would be, “ Please do not touch ” or “ Visitors are requested not to touch the exhibits,” or something of that kind.

Of the middle and upper classes to whom one has letters of introduction nothing could exceed the generous and open-handed hospitality that is extended to and lavished upon you ; in point of fact, we found that nothing was left undone to make our stay in every respect delightful and interesting. But the

Home and Abroad

labouring and lower classes are so thoroughly impregnated with an idea of their own importance and ignorant independence that they can scarcely make up their minds to even be ordinarily civil. I could give many practical illustrations of what I mean, but perhaps the following two examples will suffice :—

I was walking down Broadway on one occasion and not knowing my way to Bowling Green, I asked a man who was passing. He surveyed me with an air almost amounting to contempt, and without answering my question, turned round and walked on !! Such discourtesy as this is unknown with us.

Another example was on our arrival at Pasadena. I asked one of the officials who was passing, on alighting from the train, if he could tell me where Mrs. Dexter resided, a lady whom we were going to visit. He gave me a stony glare, and ejaculated “ God knows—I don’t ! ” and walked on.

After spending a few days in New York and seeing the usual sights, we started off again. Having a few weeks to pass before leaving for home, we decided to make a Canadian tour. Accordingly we took steamer up the River Hudson as far as Albany. The scenery on this trip is very beautiful and the Hudson itself is a fine river, but unfortunately brown and muddy. We passed the far-famed West Point, and enjoyed seeing the beautiful houses perched among the trees of the Adirondacks. Westburgh, which we passed, was at one time, we were told, Washington’s headquarters. Altogether, it was a most interesting day, passing through such historical country. We stayed the night at Albany, and the following morning were aroused by a loud knocking *at 6.30 a.m. and a demand for our sheets!* Needless to say this request was not acceded to. Between Albany and Buffalo, that great manufacturing town, we passed one of the most peaceful nights we had yet had on the train, the clanging of bells having ceased entirely, and the bedding much more comfortable. After a run of another two hours we arrived at

Niagara Falls

Niagara, where taking a carriage across the suspension bridge to the hotel we were once more under the dear old Union Jack, and in the land that Lord Strathcona* devoted his life to.

Our visit to the Falls extended over several days, which were fully employed in exploring the different marvels of nature. We descended to the cavernous depths immediately below the great Horseshoe Fall, from which the water envelops the place where one stands, forming a semi-transparent barrier between oneself and the distant view, which of course is obscured by the film of water that intervenes. The spray was very considerable, and we were very glad to get back again. We had, however, been clothed beforehand with waterproof clothing from top to toe, but even this was not quite efficient in keeping the mist from penetrating right through.

On one occasion we went in the "Maid of the Mist" below the falls, and found it to be a very interesting venture. The noise arising from this vast volume of water coming over the falls was so deafening, that we had to shout to each other in order to make ourselves heard.

Again, we drove down to the rapids where poor Captain Webb lost his life, like so many others who have so foolishly attempted to stem the appalling torrent and the enormous volume of water, which rushes with incredible impetuosity through the very narrow channels formed by precipitous rocks, which can be seen in several places just above the foam of the mass of raging water. It was through this, apparently impossible, channel that Captain Webb attempted to swim, but from that day to this has never been seen or

* Lord Strathcona, that grand old man, I only had the pleasure of meeting on one occasion, but I always felt a very keen appreciation of the immense power to which he attained entirely through his indomitable will and strenuous and upright pursuit of duty and of industry. He died full of years and of honours, one of the most notable figures of our time.

Home and Abroad

heard of. Many others have made similar foolhardy attempts, with what object one is left in doubtful amazement. The only one that seems to have escaped death was an American who built a sort of cigar-shaped tube, in which he made the attempt, and was carried through safely, and landed a mile or two from the falls.

Anthony Trollope gives a wonderful pen picture of these marvellous falls :—

“ Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least, of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men’s hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of His creatures. I know of no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful.

“ We will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of that upper belt of waters.

“ Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye-control which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else. And the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonised crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears and, as it were, envelopes them ; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbour without an effort. But at these places, and in these moments, the less of speaking I should say the better. There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. On looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should

“Rush of Waters”

be something left to the imagination, and much should be half-concealed in mystery.

“And so here, at Niagara, that converging rush of waters may fall down, down at once into a hell of rivers for what the eye can see. It is glorious to watch them in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying colour, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. The vapour rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horse-shoe is like a tumult of snow.

“The head of it rises ever and anon out of that cauldron below, but the cauldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down—far as your own imagination can sink it. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you will be looking at is that of a horse-shoe, but of a horse-shoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and at this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use. To realise Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else, and think of nothing else. At length you will be at one with the tumbling river before you. You will find yourself among the waters as though you belonged to them. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the voice of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful and pure. Then you will flow away in your course to the uncompassed, distant and eternal ocean.

“Oh! my friend, let there be no one there to speak to

Home and Abroad

thee then ; no, not even a brother. As you stand there, speak only to the waters ! ” *

We crossed Lake Ontario from Niagara to Toronto, where we were met by Mr. Christie, the proprietor of the principal newspaper there. He entertained us as only a Colonial knows how to do. Here we discovered the same natural phenomenon that we had found at Gunnison, that on touching the metal fixtures, such as the gasalier, one receives a shock of electricity. They did not seem to think anything of it, being quite accustomed to it, but they seemed unable to solve the problem.

Toronto is an exceedingly English-like city, much more so than all the previous ones that we had seen throughout our travels in the United States ; very homelike and comfortable. This consequently gave us a greater sense of repose than we had experienced for a long time

We took a steamer down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, passing on the way that beautiful fairyland, the “ Thousand Isles,” which are charmingly wooded. In many cases they are connected by most artistic bridges. We had a specially fine view, as the captain asked us to come up on the hurricane-bridge, whilst he pointed out to us the houses of various celebrities. Again he asked us up there in the afternoon whilst we shot the Lachine Rapids. This is a most interesting adventure. The St. Lawrence is undoubtedly a very fine river. Here it becomes magnificent ; the tossing, and tearing and raging of these waters is a thing never to be forgotten. As we approached the rapids an old Indian boatman took the helm and there held it with three men to help him. He was the pilot, and it seemed to us as though he kept the rudder in one

* The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, which were discovered by Dr. Livingstone in 1856, is truly a mighty cataract, and much larger than the Canadian and two American falls which compose Niagara. The gorge below the Victoria Falls is spanned by a railway bridge 650 feet long and 420 feet above the level of the river. The scene is one of majestic and sublime grandeur.

Montreal

position the whole time, but as naturally we were watching the course of the boat I should not like to be quite sure of this point. At one moment she would lie over on one side and then with a swirl lie over on the other, now apparently heading straight for a rock, such a one as is called, for instance, the Split Rock, and then, just as she seemed to be about to be hurled to destruction, was swung round and carried on by the wild rushing waters. The speed of the steamer seemed to increase as she fell from level to level, till finally on emerging in the calm waters at the foot made one wonder how the boat survived it.

We found Montreal a typical up-to-date colonial city, with fine buildings, wide streets, full of life. Here we remained for some time, afterwards leaving for Quebec, that city of monasteries and convents.

There is nothing particularly uncommon about the Canadian towns; most of them are quite English in their appearance, with the exception of Quebec, which is a city on a hill. There is nothing particular to mention even about Quebec, except of course that it is the place where the last battle was fought between the English and French, the former being the victors, and also the place where the death of Wolfe occurred.

On the opposite side of the river there is an accumulation of Roman Catholic convents, monasteries, and the like. One peculiar incident that perhaps may interest the reader is that the French Canadians on the north side of the river, who are principally farmers, and whose estates lie miles apart, have extraordinarily large families, frequently consisting of from 18, 20, to 24 or more children! *The reason for this is not very clear!* It is perhaps peculiar to this part of Canada that there are certain members of the priesthood who each have their own particular circuit to visit at stated intervals. As I said

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before, these farm houses are miles apart, and as there are no towns or villages anywhere about, they necessarily have to be accommodated at the farmers' houses, with board and lodging during their sojourn.

Again visiting Montreal, we started on our return journey to New York. After staying at Plattsburg for a time, we set out for Saratoga Springs, via Lake Champlain and Lake George, that wonderful country made famous by Fenimore Cooper in his "Leather-Stocking" novels. These are two very beautiful lakes and well repaid our journey to them. Whilst here, we drove out to see the geyser soda spring at Woodland Park, the seat of Judge Hilton here. He had built three summer houses, one for himself, one for his son and one for his daughter, the park being thrown open to the public.

We also visited the house where General Grant died. The Grand Army has taken over the house and the contents remain as when he was alive. There is the clock that was stopped by his son at the moment of the General's death, and there are the chairs where he lay for eleven months and the bed he died on; his writing-table with the candlestick and the portraits of Washington and Lincoln. There is also one of himself, besides many other engravings. Leaving here we again took train and travelling via the Hoosack Tunnel, which being lighted from end to end, gives a most novel effect, we arrived at Boston, which town needs no comment from me. Here we made the acquaintance of Mr. Wallace Waugh, with whom I corresponded until his death. We went out to Auburn, where Longfellow lies under a very fine sarcophagus of granite. It is situated on a small hill. We also saw the house where he died, and where his unmarried daughter then lived.

On our return we drove past the tree under which Washington took actual command of the United States Army

New York to Liverpool

when they separated from England and proclaimed themselves a commonwealth. We also visited Bunker Hill, that memorable spot.

Leaving Boston by rail, we reached Newport, a most charming spot. The town has fine boulevards and streets, and what we have carried away as a lively recollection is the wonderful walk round the edge of the top of the cliffs. The land that we walked over belonged to various owners, mostly composed of the richest men in the States, who having built beautiful houses overlooking the Atlantic have made most beautiful gardens up to the very edge of the steep cliffs, and here they maintain a continuous winding walk over which the public are free to pass, and this they do without interference from any of the owners, and in their turn without any interference with the property of others. Often during our trip in the States we were very forcibly struck by the wonderful liberty granted to the public by owners of property and the courteous manner in which those who have such liberty granted to them return the compliment by behaving in a manner which in this country seems to be absolutely lacking. Take, for instance, that magnificent Washington Avenue in Chicago; here there are no fences or rails; all the beautiful flowers in these gardens are open to the inspection of all and never a petal is touched. How long would that be so in this country?

After passing a most pleasant time here, we returned to New York, 1st August, 1890, by the well-known passenger steamer, "The Pilgrim," arriving early in the morning. We went on board the "Umbria" that same evening and sailed for Liverpool the following morning at twenty minutes to seven.

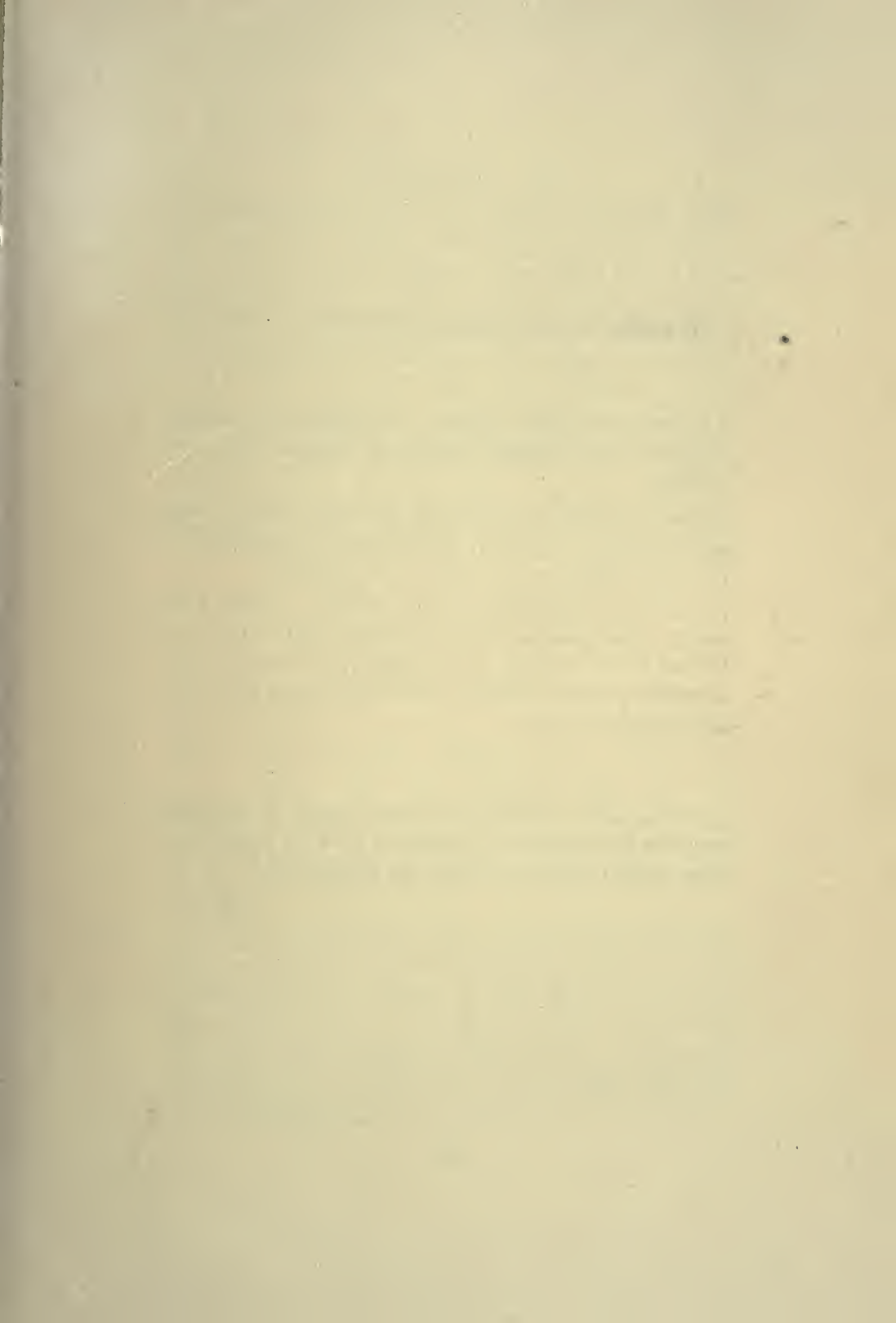
It was whilst returning home in the "Umbria" that I met Mr. Coats, a partner in the great cotton firm of Paisley. Knowing his family, he communicated to me in the strictest

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confidence that he was returning home for the purpose of co-operating with his family in converting the business into a limited liability company, and he said that he would be only too glad if I cared to apply for shares, to see that they were allotted to me. I thought no more of it (little dreaming that the shares would have the enormous appreciation which they did), until after the company was incorporated, when I remembered what he had told me, but it was too late. Thus I had a narrow escape of becoming a rich man.

Another case was whilst residing at Bowdon, when I was introduced to a gentleman who was very anxious that I should join him in building a soap factory. I am bound to admit that I had no faith in its success, whereas his project has become a gold-mine. That gentleman is now a Peer of the Realm.

The third opportunity that was missed, but in which I was in no way to blame, was that of purchasing a certain valuable Bournemouth property which was offered to me at a nominal figure, as the owner through ill-health had to leave England and go to live in Australia. At this time I was unable to do what I would have wished, as I had "too many irons in the fire." I therefore approached certain local friends, but they pooh-poohed the idea, as they did not believe in the future of Bournemouth as I did, and I was utterly unable to persuade them of the splendid future that the land had. This land is now worth nearly twenty times the price for which I could have purchased it, and is in fact now worth as many thousands as it was then worth hundreds.



“ The Earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof.” Psa. XXIV.

* * * * *

TRAVEL has brought to light the endless gifts that our Heavenly Father in His bounteous goodness has bestowed upon His creatures.

Without TRAVEL the “ earth and the fulness thereof ” would have remained unexplored, undiscovered and unknown. To TRAVEL therefore we owe much of our knowledge.

Travellers have solved the problem of what the “ fulness of the earth ” consists, and it is to their intrepid efforts that we are indebted for the knowledge of our Creator’s works and the superabundance of wealth in minerals, food, medicines and other endless earth products.—M.R.C.

* * * * *

“ The real uses of TRAVEL to distant countries is to preserve men from the contraction of mind which those can hardly escape whose whole communion is with one neighbourhood.”

MACAULAY.

CHAPTER XVII

Dr. Jameson—Cecil Rhodes—Sir John Kirk—Zanzibar hinterland—Cape Town—Ceres—Wm. Runciman, M.L.A.—Durban—The Zulus—Port Elizabeth—St. Helena—Longwood—"Timpils and Tomes"—Cairo—Aswân—Philae—First Cataract—The Pyramids of Ghizeh—Boulac Museum—Alexandria—Jaffa—Jerusalem—Bethlehem—Rachel's Tomb—King Solomon's Pools—Marsaba—Dead Sea—Jericho—Mount Moriah—The American Mission—King Solomon's Quarries—Gordon's Calvary—Robertson's Arch—The Holy Sepulchre—Festival of the Holy Fire—Edmund Yates—The Sandstorm—Beyrout—Limasol—Smyrna—Dardanelles—Constantinople—Malta—Algiers—Health Resorts compared—The Kiel Canal—St. Petersburg (Petrograd)—Moscow—Nijni Novgorod—Stockholm—Gothenburg—Bergen—Naples—Pompeii—Amalfi—Sorrento—Capri—Garibaldi—Rome—The Black Pope—Florence—Venice—Milan—Lisbon—Tangiers—Gibraltar—Algeciras—Ronda—Granada—Cordova—Seville—
—Note 1: Dr. Judd's Visit to Kilauea—Note 2: Towers of Silence.

*Though I have roamed in sunny climes,
On many a charming strand,
None have I found that equals thee,
My own—my native land.—M.R.C.*

SOUTH AFRICA

UPWARDS of a quarter of a century has elapsed since my wife, daughter and I visited South Africa. Since those days there have been radical changes, both great and momentous. There has been the well-intentioned but mistaken raid by Sir (then Dr.) Leander Starr Jameson* and his adherents. Later on the Boer War broke out, created and precipitated by

* Sir Leander Starr Jameson used to tell a story illustrating Rhodes's faculty for not wasting words. Up at Victoria, in the nineties, "Dr. Jim" was pestered by Matabele marauders attacking the Chartered Company's Mashona workmen. They would not go away, but came in larger numbers and threatened the town. He wired to Rhodes at Cape Town that it was absolutely necessary to strike at Bulawayo at once. "Read Luke xiv. 31," Rhodes wired back. "Dr. Jim" did so, the Biblical injunction being "consulteth whether he be able with 10,000 to meet him that cometh against him with 20,000." He replied, "All right, have read Luke xiv. 31." "So," he narrated, "five words from Rhodes and eight from myself decided the question of our action in the first Matabele war."

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that wily and hypocritical old fox, Kruger. This was carried through by our splendid army, with great loss of life, to a successful issue. The men under the grand old Union Jack suppressed the fierce and determined enemy, who used every resource in his power and kept the war going for a considerable period by the clever use of guerilla warfare, nothing like which in modern times has been experienced, except perhaps, Garibaldi's efforts against the Papal power in Italy.

Then in 1902 came the death of that great protagonist of Empire, that Empire builder, Cecil Rhodes. My reminiscences would be incomplete without referring to my friendship with the greatest of great men of the Victorian era, that grand Imperialist. Oh! that there were such men as this—now so badly needed—to take up the affairs of this great Empire, instead of the "wait and see" coterie of lawyers who obstructed the nation's success in the war by their indefinite and "shilly shally" policy, consequently piling up, universally, by leaps and bounds, the enormous debt that Great Britain is responsible for.

Although Cecil Rhodes lived and worked in South Africa, he stood for the British Empire in the eyes of the world, as no man had ever stood. He was a statesman and a Prime Minister. But, first and foremost, he was a doer of things and a creator of wealth. Other men talked about doing, or wrote economic treatises. He devoted himself to the development of a nation's resources before its eyes. He re-created the diamond fields, left deep impress upon the gold-mines, annexed a vast territory for us, and, by way of showing the people of those countries just what could be done, became the greatest railway builder, land-owner, irrigationist, cattle-breeder, and fruit-farmer of them all.

If Rhodes were alive to-day he would hardly be well pleased. Picture him in his room, pacing the floor, pouring out his words, telling just those home truths

Cecil Rhodes

which we ought to be told. Brushing military matters aside, Rhodes would say that this (the Boer War) was a war of economies, a war of national resources. Displaying a map of the world, he would point to Germany—a compact but smallish patch—and then, with angry, flashing eyes, to the immense red-coloured aggregate of the British Empire, that forms a quarter of the globe.

“ ‘Do you consider,’ he shouted, his voice rising to that almost falsetto it reached when excited, ‘do you consider you are getting one-half the value from the Empire which you ought to get? This is a war of commodities. Has the Empire organised its commodities? This is above all a war of money. Have you organized the Empire’s money? There are several millions of Britons in foreign countries. Have you organized their money? Don’t blame the Empire. Don’t blame the overseas. If you don’t tell them the truth, how are they to know it? What they do know is that you want men. They have sent them. What they don’t know is that you must have money, that you will be in peril without, and that only money can win this war. The money position is going to be critical, and we must have every Briton in the world saving from now on. You needn’t be afraid about the Germans knowing. They have known about it for months. So you can just cable off in plain English and take the Empire into your confidence.’ ”

This, although spoken by Rhodes during the Boer War, is clearly prophetic.

He was laid to rest in the imposing natural mausoleum he chose for himself in the Matoppo Hills. The final tributes of mourning were on a scale befitting the conspicuous part he had played in the history of the Empire, and the large place he had won for himself in the gratitude and affection of his fellow countrymen. The man who carved out of South Africa a new Empire for Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and who in

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the space of a few years fertilised it with the seeds of a flourishing political and industrial life, had already created for himself an imperishable monument. He was the great apostle of modern Anglo-Saxon Imperialism, and the example of his life, together with the magnificent endowments to which he devoted his fortune, will long inspire his countrymen to preserve the "Imperialist" traditions of the race.

Now, in the twentieth century, we have seen fighting on our side in the great world-war, those two great leaders, our once bitter enemies but noble foes, Generals Botha and Smuts, who became patriots and Imperialists in the widest sense of the term ; and when within the last few months General Botha passed away, he was deeply and sincerely mourned by the whole of the British Empire.

Now comes the last, but not the least, great change created by the addition to the British Empire of the German African possessions, more especially the Zanzibar Hinterland, which could, and should, have been ours during the administration of Gladstone, if that statesman had had the wisdom to profit by the foresight of Sir John Kirk.

Sir John Kirk was born on the 19th December, 1832. He was really educated for the medical profession, and graduated as a M.D. at Edinburgh in 1854, and was eventually appointed physician and naturalist to Dr. Livingstone's second exploring expedition in February, 1858. He was by Livingstone's side over most of his journeyings and adventures, and was one of the first four white men to behold Lake Nyassa. In 1873, after being Vice-Consul for some years, he became Consul at Zanzibar, and shortly afterwards concluded a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar providing for the extinction of the slave trade in his dominions.

Sir John Kirk retired from the Consular service in 1887, and subsequently represented the British Government at the African Conference held in Brussels in 1888-90 ; as commis-

Sir John Kirk, K.C.B.

sioner on the Niger coast in 1895, and as a member of the committee for constructing the Uganda Railway. He was foreign secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, and received its gold medal in 1882. He was made K.C.B. in 1881, and subsequently G.C.M.G.

It was on our voyage home from South Africa on the "Grantully Castle," that we met Sir John Kirk and his daughter, with whom my wife, daughter, and I, became very friendly. Sir John and I were great friends, and at least once or twice a day promenaded the deck together. As we became more and more friendly, he told me many interesting incidents regarding his sojourn in Zanzibar as His Majesty's Consul-General, and the intrigues of the Germans to obtain possession of the hinterland. One of the most interesting was the offer the Sultan of Zanzibar made through him to the British Government to place the hinterland under the protection of Britain.

The necessary documents were prepared and duly signed by the Sultan, *pro forma*, and forwarded by Sir John to the Foreign Office, from which, however, he failed to receive any reply even after repeated enquiries. Therefore, as a matter of course, nothing further could be done, nor was the concession ever ratified. Some time afterwards Sir John returned home on leave, and at once made verbal enquiries regarding these important documents, which, to his amazement, no one seemed to know anything about. He, therefore, set to work to unearth them, if still in existence, and after ransacking every receptacle where such important documents were likely to be deposited, he was rewarded for his arduous search by discovering them hidden away with other papers in a pigeon-hole covered with dust! This is a fair and reliable example of the modes and methods adopted by Mr. Gladstone's Government in matters appertaining to foreign or colonial affairs. In the meantime Germany had acquired the whole of this

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hinterland, and absurd as it may appear in the light of recent events, it was for a very small portion of this German East African hinterland that Lord Salisbury gave Heligoland in exchange! This is quite on "all fours" with innumerable other examples of the manner in which some of the British parts of the earth have either been recklessly bartered or given away to foreign nations, a policy which has cost the nation endless bloodshed and loss of life, and millions of money!*

That the wonderful Continent of Africa is destined to become one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of wealth-giving countries on earth, there can be little or no doubt. Up till the time that that intrepid, dauntless and strenuous traveller, Livingstone, discovered the Victoria Falls, the Falls of Niagara were acknowledged to be the greatest on earth, no one dreaming that it was possible that there should be any elsewhere that would equal, much less surpass, them, in grandeur.

• Letter to me from Sir John Kirk's married daughter :—
The Thorns,
Sevenoaks,

March 21st, 1916.

Dear Sir Merton,

My father has asked me to write in reply to your kind letter. He is in bed with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism, and is in great pain, and helpless. When he can get down again, he will at once look into his papers and write to you. He remembers so well his voyage, and only wishes he were able to contemplate another. He has been talking much of old days, and we have gone through interesting documents before he got this attack. His interest in Africa is as keen as ever, and he was telling us of German methods in Africa of acquiring colonies. They seem to have stuck at nothing. Hoping my father's attack may only delay his writing for a few days.—I remain,

Sincerely yours,

MKULWA BERRINGTON.

My father wishes me to remember him very kindly to Lady Russell-Cotes and your daughter.

A letter from Sir John himself :—

Wavertree,

Sevenoaks,

14th September, 1919.

Dear Sir Merton,

It was a great pleasure to receive your kind letter reminding me as it does of the pleasant voyage home from the Cape which we made together with Lady Russell-Cotes and our daughters.

Solomon and Queen Sheba

I venture to say that Africa from its past history is perhaps the most interesting portion of the earth. So much is left to our imagination that everything appertaining to the past of the heart of what is called the "dark continent" is shrouded in mystery. Wherever man has gone in Africa, he has found signs of an ancient civilisation, even when exploring in the heart of primeval forests. It is paradoxical that considering so much of the African Continent was known to travellers, the great interior was *terra incognita* and its wonders were undiscovered till the Victorian era. Thousands of years ago, we have every reason to believe, a large portion was inhabited by a great nation, whence came that wonderful, historical woman, the Queen of Sheba, who, singular to relate, visited King Solomon. This excites one's curiosity, because one would naturally think that King Solomon would have visited her, but perhaps court etiquette in those days was not on "all fours" with ours. Or, who can say but that King Solomon had already paid a previous visit to the Queen and so induced her to return it?

That gold and precious stones were in abundance and looked upon with less avarice than in our days is, I think, unquestionable, as is indicated by the rich and rare offerings that the Queen of Sheba carried to Solomon. In fact, on the whole, Africa is made the object of a very considerable amount

Since then I suppose you have visited many lands, and I, too, have been on duty on the Niger and elsewhere, but like yourself, I am now feeling my years.

I am quite blind so far as reading; I can see vaguely my way in my garden, but cannot read what I am now trying to write; you will please forgive all mistakes. I fear you will find part of what I try to write illegible, as I write by touch only.

You have no doubt been very busy with the meeting of the British Association.

With kind regards.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN KIRK.

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of imaginative historical literature, and the historian's or poet's mind is almost impotent to express what might be said on this subject. There was during the Egyptian era of culture a civilisation wonderfully complete and one of the most intelligent that the world has ever known, except that the whole of their customs would appear to have been based upon an absolutely wrong standard of religious thought, *i.e.*, the transmigration of souls, to which dogma the Hindus of the present day adhere.

Finding Cape Town anything but interesting, and lacking in enterprise, and with nothing in particular to induce us to prolong our stay, we started off for one of the most God-forsaken places possible, Ceres, in the Hottentot country, calling *en route* at a few miserable Boer villages, the most important of which is called "The Paarl" (Anglicé, "The Pearl"), but if this is a specimen of a *Dutch pearl*, I wonder what their diamonds are like! This is in the heart of the grape-growing country, and that industry I think, is the "Alpha and Omega" of agricultural pursuits at the Cape. We had a letter to the owner of one of the vineyards who received us with kindly hospitality.*

On our arrival at the wayside station at Ceres (that had not the slightest pretence of anything appertaining to a railway platform), a buggy met us, by arrangement made some time previously, which took us through a most uninviting, sterile, country. Around us were curiously shaped mountains, gullies, enormous ant-hills, but a complete absence of trees or vegetation. Our destination was a so-called "hotel," which consisted of a ramshackle wooden building of the most primitive kind, and was the only habitation in sight. However, we made the most

* The wines produced at the Cape are similar to those of the Victorian vineyards of Australia.

Mayor of Simonstown

of it, and the companionship of our friend Mr. Runciman, M.L.A.* (who was a personal friend of Rhodes and Jameson), the Mayor of Simonstown, and his son, enabled us to spend the time pleasantly enough. The only interesting incident which occurred during our stay there was watching the Hottentots going to church. Their singing was of a most devotional character, and they appeared to be in downright earnest. Their clothing was of the most amusing description, being like Joseph's coat of many colours. Most of the men wore top hats which had evidently been handed down from the early Dutch explorers; in fact, everything that they had on seemed to have been imported into that part of the world a century ago. These jabbering, laughing, good-natured Hottentots were in point of fact, the only redeeming features in the otherwise wretched surroundings.

* Simonstown,

2nd May, 1899.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

Many thanks for your kind congratulations on my election to the Cape Parliament. It is very gratifying to have the confidence of one's fellow townsmen, and especially at the present time, when political parties in this colony are for the first time in the history of the colony, divided on definite lines. It is, however, much to be regretted that the lines—or rather line—is a racial one. Dutch or British; it is the result, firstly of Majuba Hill, but more particularly the Jameson raid. Both parties deny that they have any race feeling, but there is no doubt that the Dutch section are very embittered and jealous of British supremacy, in all matters affecting the colony, especially commerce and enterprise generally. Unfortunately they hold the balance of political power at present, and we Progressives will have to fight hard to gain the ascendancy. We have a strong power in Mr. Rhodes, but he cannot devote sufficient time to our politics.

I was glad to hear from you again, and bring back to mind the pleasant times we spent together at Ceres, although the memory is now tinged with sadness to myself.

Kindly convey my kind remembrance to your husband and daughter. I am still looking forward to my visit to the old country.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM RUNCIMAN.

Simonstown,

21st February, 1904.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

My dear Friends,

It is Sunday evening, the evening of the day of rest. How few, comparatively, realise the full significance of the phrase. Only those

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We found plenty of snakes there, several of which we caught and skinned, also a lot of ants' eggs, many of which we have given away to our numerous friends, but still retain specimens in the museum.

I omitted to say that the attraction of this place for Cape people is on account of its health-giving properties, and I might add, that this is about the *only* thing that it has to give!

One, however, of the great benefits accruing from experiences of this kind is that you realise more and more the comforts of an English home.

The Cape, and South Africa generally, are not sufficiently civilised for anyone to visit except in good and robust health, the ordinary home comforts being absolutely "conspicuous by their absence."

jaded and wearied with constant toil and worry, especially mentally, can appreciate an hour's leisure, or a day of rest. When I look back over the past twenty months, and review my employment during that time, and the events which have taken place, I have but one thing to blame myself for, and that is my apparent neglect and ingratitude to your good selves for the kindness you lavished on me during my short stay in the old country, the more so, as nowhere did I feel more at home than at Bournemouth, and it adds coals of fire to my conscience when I receive now and again a newspaper, and last your photo-Christmas card, reminding me that I was not forgotten nor blamed; and therefore I will not dwell further on my remissness, but give you a short account of what has occurred, since my return.

The first news that greeted us—Parliament had been in session for a week—was Sir Gordon Spriggs' apostasy to the Bond Party; an opportunist all his life, he had been only too pleased to take advantage of a vote of censure at a meeting of the Progressive members in caucus to accept overtures from the Bond, and by a system of detestable compromise, he carried on the government until the Bond threw him over last session, when he had to dissolve Parliament without a vote of supplies. We had a very stormy session in 1902. I don't think the peculiar uniqueness of our Parliament is quite understood by people in the old country. Your two great parties are divided only on questions of domestic or Imperial policy (except your Irish question). We here, unfortunately, are divided on that of race, kept alive solely by the Africander Bond; in spite of their protestations their ideal still is an Africander dominancy and the weakening of British supremacy. With a great many, its complete overthrow, and the establishment of a Republic: with such a spirit prevailing you will easily imagine how impossible it is to get through legislation for the advancement of the country. It creates a feeling of utter despair.



Suez Canal.



Count Lesseps' Chart of the Suez Canal.

Durban—Pietermaritzburg

We spent several weeks in Natal, principally in Durban. There was only one really fine street when we were there, but there were a few fine buildings. The hotel accommodation was very poor. The best houses were on the rising ground that encircled the town, called the Berea, where most of the people have their private houses, it being much cooler there. Here also, as in many other places, the mosquitoes reigned supreme! Instead of trying to get rid of these pests, the people seemed to encourage them, by having fountains. I have heard the place has since been very much improved, and has become a very important seaport. From here we took train to Ladysmith, where we spent a few nights, and returning to Durban again we visited Pietermaritzburg, the journey taking

Then Chamberlain arrived. What a great spectacle it was. The man who had been looked upon as the demon of unrighteousness, the cause of the war, with all its horrors, the robber of their country, came suddenly amongst them, faced them, broke down all their barriers of prejudice and ignorance, preached the gospel of reconciliation, but on the test of inevitable British supremacy, and left them conquered, in a greater degree than Roberts or Kitchener have done with physical strength—but it was only a lull. We colonists felt that would be the effect, still it did an immense good for the time. But greater by far than all this, was the inspiration Chamberlain received for his new religion of Imperial unity, which he has been preaching, I regret, to so many dulled ears, who, tied up to their ancient shibboleths, fail to rise beyond the narrow horizon of their restricted lives; but we do not despair here. We believe that he will eventually succeed, and more, we believe that the Greater Britain beyond your seas will set the pace of Imperial policy, and prevent the decay which he foreshadows. I met him several times when here, and had the distinguished privilege, by the kind invitation of our Admiral, to meet him at a private dinner, and had two long and most interesting hours' private conversation. I fervently hope he may be spared, with health and strength, to complete the great task he has set himself.

24th February. I would like to resume by giving you a full account of South African affairs, but must again postpone that for a future occasion. Well, we have muddled through the past two years, with Sir Gordon Spriggs in office, and the strange anomaly of not having the confidence of either party. But the parties were so evenly balanced that he was like the boy on the sea sands, he controlled the situation. However, that is now over. He has received his sentence from the constituents, and a lengthy political career is ended discreditably. I have just come out of an election campaign. I had decided not to stand again, but my supporters would not allow me to retire. It was not anticipated that my seat would be opposed, but I was not to be let off so easily, and consequently have had a stiff election fight

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from six in the morning to the same time at night. It was very hot, uncomfortable travelling. Occasionally we stopped at one of the God-forsaken looking stations. The object of stopping there we could not understand, for the whole journey appeared to be through a howling wilderness of woods and mountains with no habitations in sight. At several of these stations the Zulu women came, evidently with the purpose of selling something, but the engine driver (with what object we could not understand), made a point of blowing the steam upon them, preventing them from coming any nearer. The women were nearly nude. They and the Zulu men are undoubtedly the finest specimens of humanity in the world, the men averaging from six feet to six feet six inches in height, the

for the past ten months. It is a dreadful ordeal. My district is about twenty miles square, and much scattered. However, it is over, and I daresay you have seen the result in the newspapers. Our Parliament will meet on the 10th March, with Dr. Jameson as Prime Minister. We have only a majority of five. Too weak to carry on successfully, as there are always wobblers to be dealt with. We will have a stormy and lengthy session, but it will be fraught with important results to the Empire.

Miss Black sends her love to you all. My family are all well, and for myself, commencing to feel the lack of youthful vigour.

With kind regards to all.

Yours sincerely,

WM. RUNCIMAN.

Joint Library of Parliament,
Cape Town.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

14th March, 1904.

Just a hurried note to say I have by this mail ordered a box of grapes to be delivered to you, and I hope they will arrive in good condition, and bring back to you pleasant memories of the Cape.

We have just entered on our Session, and in another week will be hard at it. Jameson has introduced his additional Representation Bill, which, if we get it through, will mean the death-knell of the Bond power, or rather domination. That party will, of course, most strenuously oppose it, and as we have no closure in our house, our only chance of success is to tire them out by sitting through day and night. The Boers are like fowls, easily knocked off their perch after sunset.

With kind regards to all, and kinder to Mr. Russell-Cotes and yourself,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

WM. RUNCIMAN.

Zulu Men and Women

women five feet nine inches to six feet, and modelled like perfect Venuses. Only that they are of a light coffee colour and their hair of the usual frizzy type, they are, as I have said, the finest specimens of *genus homo* and *genus femina* the world produces. The Zulus are the only people who have no actual religion—they have no faith or belief of any definite kind. They do not worship anything—they are quite the reverse of the Hottentots. They seem also to be devoid of superstitious rites and observances. With education and sound, pure, simple Protestant instruction, they would become a most intelligent and highly cultured people. They are, in short, a magnificent race of human beings.

The principal industry at Port Elizabeth is the rearing of ostriches, and the finest feathers in the world are produced here. A rather amusing incident occurred while we were there. A gigantic drunken Zulu was being carried by no less than eight policemen, four on each side of him. Every now and then his position reminded us of a huge frog, for he kept drawing his legs and arms up, with the consequence that he kept slipping out of the hands of the policemen, and then started to run away. This performance was repeated several times, to the intense amusement of the onlookers.

The vessel in which we arrived at Port Elizabeth was a most wretched affair. It was overrun with rats and cockroaches, some of the latter being five or six inches long. The bilge water had a most wretched stench, making our stomachs turn over. This vessel eventually was wrecked with all on board. It was a disgrace to the owners that such a wretched hulk should have been allowed to be used, especially on such a tempestuous coast.

It was nothing less than a miracle that we, too, were not sent to the bottom on our voyage from Durban to Port Elizabeth, for the storm was so terrible that we never expected to see daylight again! The captain admitted that

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the wretched hulk was utterly unseaworthy and he was ashamed of being its commander, as it was a standing disgrace to the owners.

On our voyage home from the Cape we called at St. Helena for the mails, at about four o'clock one afternoon. Immediately after tea we went ashore, having previously persuaded the captain and my future son-in-law, Captain Stebbing, to allow time for my wife, daughter and me to drive up to Napoleon's bungalow, Longwood. The captain granted our request, but begged us not to mention it to anyone on board, because if the other passengers got to know they would all want to go, and this it would be impossible to allow, as it would delay the ship. We went ashore, and encountered many obstacles and considerable delay in obtaining a conveyance, in consequence of there being no such thing as a carriage to be got, and we only succeeded at the last moment in obtaining an old ramshackle conveyance, with two "bare bone" ponies, which was offered at an exorbitant price. We drove along the ridge of two or three extinct volcanoes. About half way up we stopped to view the tomb where Napoleon was buried. We took cuttings of the gigantic weeping willow tree growing over the grave, which we kept in water, and which are now in East Cliff Hall gardens, where they were planted by my dear old friend, the late Sir Henry Irving. Dusk was falling when we arrived at Longwood, and after inspecting the bungalow and more especially the room in which Napoleon died, we started back. It grew gradually darker and darker. After having travelled a mile or two the road became very narrow, with precipices on either side. We were very uncomfortable and felt we were running a great risk of going over the precipitous cliffs on account of the speed we were travelling at in the darkness. When within about a mile or two of the landing place, we heard the steamer blowing the hooter repeatedly, which naturally made us feel very anxious. On arriving at

Napoleon's Bungalow, St. Helena

the landing place, to our consternation we found there was no boat, but after waiting some considerable time, we succeeded in obtaining one. We at last got on board, however, everyone wondering where we had been.

The island appeared to be beautifully wooded and the hills and dales covered with verdure, but otherwise it was not attractive, there being an absence of life, except in the only town in the island, to which you have to ascend by a very steep ladder of many steps from the landing place. These steps are spoken of as "Jacob's ladder."

EGYPT

WE looked forward to our trip to Egypt with great interest, but personally I was not at all enraptured with that country or the Nile.

The muddy river, the deserts, the temples and tombs, or as our dragoman called them, "Timpils and tomes," day after day and week after week, were most lugubrious and depressing. Indeed, when I think of the Pyramids, the Sphinxes, the pylons, the stone Pharaohs, and the dried-up muddy banks of the Nile, nothing would tempt me to take the trip again.

We also found the climate most trying, the air being excessively dry; indeed, the very opposite to that of Great Britain. To some constitutions this is very serious and sometimes dangerous; I found it so, for on going up the Nile I had a very serious attack of congestion of the liver, which the doctor considered to be the result of the dry rarified atmosphere. I would therefore earnestly advise anyone contemplating a visit to Egypt to consult a medical adviser who has been there.

We found that nothing could be done or obtained without "backsheesh," but this, however, prevails throughout the

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East and is not confined to Egypt. Wherever we went, be it the Holy Land, Syria or Turkey, or indeed anywhere in the East, "backsheesh" was the "open sesame." With this magic power any concession or favour can be obtained. Without it, constant disappointment and vexatious delays are experienced.

On our arrival in Egypt, we stayed for about a fortnight at Shephard's Hotel, and afterwards went up the Nile in one of Cook's splendid steam yachts, stopping *en route* at the places where there still are magnificent ruins of various temples. It would take volumes to describe all we saw, and to those who are interested in Egyptology, nothing can be more fascinating, or appeal more strongly to the mind of the archæologist and antiquarian than these proofs of the marvellous intelligence and skill of the Egyptians 5,000 or 6,000 years ago.

We drove from Aswân to Philæ, and there embarked on a boat in order to land on the island. We afterwards descended the Nile down the First Cataract, which was a very exciting experience.

The quarries at Aswân, where huge blocks of stone were hewed before shipping down the Nile, appealed to us particularly. How all this was accomplished is a problem that has never yet been solved. We saw one huge block that had been partially quarried. Philæ, however, with its marvellous temples, was to us by far the greater revelation, containing most marvellous architectural features of Egyptian workmanship. It was with the deepest regret that we heard, since our visit there, that in order to complete the great Barrage intervening between Philæ and Aswân by my old friend, the late Sir John Aird, Philæ has become submerged, leaving only the top part of the wonderful temples in sight.

On our return to Cairo, we paid a few weeks' visit to the Mena House Hotel, at the foot of the Great Pyramid, where our son and daughter joined us. The Pyramids are

Aswân—Philæ—Pyramids

about nine miles from Cairo. They lie at the very entrance of the desert, one side turning towards Cairo instinct with life and modern activity, the others looking on the bare sandy plain which speaks of ages of sterility and desolation. Majestic and grand as are these Pyramids now, they must have been far more splendid in their original state. There is an area of something like one hundred and twenty square yards at the top of the Pyramid, and the view thence is most striking. To the south, the desert stretches as far as the eye can reach. It is not one monotonous level of sand, but rather ridges like waves of the sea, every now and then broken by a sand mountain. A little below lies the Sphinx, and to the north the verdure and fertility of the banks of the Nile are backed by the minarets and domes of Cairo glittering in the sun.

The entrance to the interior of the Great Pyramid is about fifty feet from the ground. The passage is extremely low at first, only about three or four feet high, and descends rapidly. The marble is very slippery and difficult to walk on. At last a great hall is reached, out of which a passage leads to the King's Chamber, in which is the sarcophagus, supposed by some to have been the receptacle of the bones of King Cheops. There is something overawing in the whole aspect of the Pyramids, whether viewed from without, or whether contemplated from their own internal recesses. My son spent many hours in the Pyramid of Cheops and also ascended it.

The Sphinx, which is only a few hundred yards from the Great Pyramid, is the next object of interest. It is a wonderful ruin, and appears to be even more striking than the Pyramids themselves. It rears its great mutilated head above the surging sand, smiling blandly, without a nose, and with ruined eyes, but with the wreck of much beauty and nobleness. There it has stood for countless ages. Men have come and men have gone, but it remains for ever. Through the mighty past it has been calmly gazing, with a Buddha like smile, at the

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long procession of generations that have lived and died since the days of Cheops, the builder of the Pyramid, since the time of the Pharaohs, the Israelites, Joseph and Moses, down to the great day when our Saviour was brought, an infant, into the land of Egypt by Joseph and Mary ; still on and on, to the present time of enlightenment and civilisation.

There were originally, it is said, two Sphinxes, guarding the entrance to a temple. One alone remains. From the crown of the head to the pavement on which the forelegs of the Sphinx rest, is said to be sixty-six feet. The ear is four and a half feet long, the nose five feet seven inches, and the mouth seven feet across.

On our return to Shepheard's we stayed there for the remainder of our visit.

We paid a visit to the Boulac Museum and purchased several souvenirs, among the number being an historical and invaluable relic in the shape of some stones of lapis lazuli, which had been removed from the breast of a mummy of one of the Pharaohs. On our return to England we had these set up according to the directions received from the director of the Museum. They are now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, together with many other curios which my wife collected during our sojourn in Egypt.

PALESTINE

No part of the world has so much fascination for the Christian mind as the Holy Land. We therefore arranged, whilst sojourning in Cairo, with an excellent dragoman, named Khalil Teba, to make the tour, he to provide all the necessary equipment for the journey through the Holy Land and Syria.

We left Alexandria, and had one night on the steamer *en route* for Jaffa, where we found Khalil Teba awaiting our arrival, with two large rowing boats. The landing here is rather a difficult and serious affair, the offing being pierced



Necklace of Lapis Lazuli, belonging to one of the Pharaohs, purchased at the Bulac Museum by my wife, April, 1894



Waterworks at Aden.

Filled by heavy rains which only occur once in every four or five years.



The Sphinx and Pyramid.



Alexandria, before and after bombardment.



The Golden Gate, Jerusalem

Jaffa—Jerusalem

with innumerable rocks ; there are also many just below the water, and serious accidents have frequently occurred through boats striking against them and being capsized. It requires great caution, therefore, on the boatmen's part to avoid coming into collision with these submarine dangers. Jaffa itself is an uninteresting place, with only one short street and a market place. The one object of any real interest is the reputed house of Simon the tanner, whom St. Peter visited, which overlooks the sea. Whether it is the original house is very doubtful ; it certainly is a very old house, with a flat roof, a characteristic of most of the houses in the East. (See Acts, ix. chapter, 43rd verse.)

Oranges are the chief product, and the perfume from the blossoms is delicious.

The journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which we made in an open landau, is delightful. We started at daybreak and arrived at Jerusalem as it was getting dusk. We had luncheon *en route* in the upper room of the house supposed to have been that where Dorcas lived, and where St. Peter raised her from the dead. (See Acts, ix. chapter, 36th-43rd verses.)

There are other various interesting memorials on the road, and although there is now a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, I should strongly recommend everyone to drive there.

When our dragoman had completed all his arrangements in providing horses, mules, men, tents, provisions and everything else necessary for our tour, we started at daybreak one morning for Bethlehem and the Dead Sea. We passed Rachel's Tomb, a few miles from Jerusalem, of which we have a model cut from the stone from King Solomon's quarries. There is really nothing of interest to see at Bethlehem, except the *supposed* birthplace of our Saviour. The supposed spot where our Saviour was born is a *cave* under the ground with a manger and a cradle, with a dummy infant in it ! The place is lighted by dim coloured lamps. Gloom thus pervades the whole.

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The lugubrious surroundings are only enlivened by the gaudy materials of different bright colours and various types of what seem to be cheap Birmingham jewellery and tinsel. The place reeked with a sickening odour of stale incense ; as a matter of fact, from being the most sacred spot possible, it is reduced to little better than a " penny peepshow " or a farcical grotto such as one would expect to find in a third-class wax-works show at a country fair. I may add that this description applies to all these so-called Holy Places, the Greek Church generally having the control of them throughout the Holy Land. It is indeed a matter of deep regret that these sacred places should be in the hands of fanatical creatures who have converted them absolutely into grotesque show places, solely for the sake of making money, like any other showman.

How differently the Mussulman treats his holy places. I will take one example, the top of Mount Moriah, the spot where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac when prevented by God from doing so. The Mosque of Omar is built right over it, and there, under that great dome, railed off with plain rails to prevent the profane foot desecrating that sacred surface, is the bare rock exactly as nature made it. Whatever one may say or think of the followers of Mohammed, one cannot but admire the nobility and grandeur of the thought that causes them to treat these sacred places with such dignity and respect.

Whilst staying in Jerusalem we were taken by one of the members of the American Mission,* which has extensive and most comfortable quarters near the Damascus Gate, to see a

* These warm-hearted people, who showed us unbounded kindness, collected, pressed and dried the wild flowers of the surrounding districts and mounting them in books, sold the latter, to help their funds. The following extract speaks for itself :—" Fellows down here on leave generally mention the wild flowers when speaking of Palestine. A sergeant told me the other day that the country is a garden, where it is not green with crops. One can gather a cartload of beautiful blossoms in an afternoon's walk. There are flowers to match all the colours of Joseph's coat, pink, oleander, yellow, white and blue water-lilies, blue

King Solomon's Quarries

most interesting sight. This was the quarries of King Solomon, from which the stone was taken with which that wondrous temple was built. There is no doubt that it was from these quarries that the stone for the temple was hewn; furthermore, it was here that they were shaped, and sent off ready to be placed in position. This would account for I. Kings vi., 7: "And the house when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." The entrance to these quarries is a comparatively small hole at the base of the city wall filled up with a broken-down doorway. It is to the left of the Damascus Gate and opposite to Jeremiah's Grotto and Golgotha; one might pass it a hundred times and never observe it. The extent of these quarries is unknown as no one has ever yet attempted to clear the place of chippings, but the amount of passages and quarries that have been revealed show that the caverns run from north to south, below the city, with, in many places, steep inclines. The stone is a pure virgin white, very soft, but on exposure to the elements becomes extremely hard like marble, and will take on a bright and hard polish, as is clearly demonstrated by the remaining small piece of the temple called the "Wailing Place."

One day we went down Solomon's quarries, having torches and magnesium lights which our guides brought with them. The floor is covered with chips and large pieces of stone, and on the walls are marks of smoke, where the candles or oil lamps were fixed in the days when the stones for the

flags, scarlet anemones, ditto poppies, rosy flax plant flowers, and scores of others. If only one could get colour photos of these wild flower gardens! A lady who lives in a suburb of Cairo received some plants from Palestine, and they are 'making good' in her garden. Perhaps seeds or bulbs of some species could be gathered and sent to friends overseas. Fancy, when you get home, seeing in your garden there a flower that cheered you out where the Bedouin wander!" Of these we collected a few and have them flourishing in our conservatory.

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Temple were quarried. Some of the large blocks still remain, showing the identical shape and size of those excavated by Solomon for his temple. These quarries run below Jerusalem at an angle of 45 degrees. The entrance, which is opposite Jeremiah's Grotto, was unknown until a few years ago. Until then it was a problem as to where Solomon obtained the stone for his temple.

The method adopted for excavating blocks in these quarries for the temple above, is novel to us. The size of the block having been drawn upon the wall of the cavern, a portion of one or of the sides would be hacked away, and then wooden wedges driven in; water was then poured on these wedges, which consequently expanded, and in doing so cracked the stone out from the face of the wall to the size required. It is strange how very few travellers have gained admission to these marvellous quarries; indeed, very few seem to have even heard of them. We secured some chips and a few large pieces, and had them cut into models of various interesting places. These are, with many other relics collected by my wife of our sojourn in the Holy Land, in the Russell-Cotes Museum.

However, by far the most interesting sight to us was the "Gordon" Tomb. Unquestionably the site of our Blessed Saviour's tomb cannot be otherwise than of the greatest moment to a Christian. It is generally conceded that the tomb in which His body was placed has now been discovered, and that there is not the slightest shadow of doubt that this is absolutely the spot where His body was laid. Passing under the Damascus Gate, you find yourself facing the Grotto of Jeremiah, which is immediately below Golgotha (the place of a skull). On the side close to the road from the Damascus Gate to Nabolus, is a hollow surrounded by perpendicular rocks, reaching a height of probably 40 to 50 feet, and in the centre of this is the tomb hewed out of solid rock. This was discovered by General

Our Saviour's Garden Tomb

Gordon* on one of his visits to Jerusalem. It has therefore been named the "Gordon" or "Garden Tomb," and a select society of which my wife and I are original members, was formed some years ago in order to raise a fund to purchase this piece of ground from the Turkish Government. This was, after some length of time and considerable difficulty, accomplished, and up to the commencement of the war it was tended and looked after by the society. Our dear friend, Major Fielding, took charge of it during the time he was in Jerusalem. When the war broke out he succeeded in making his escape, although under great difficulties and with personal losses.†

On account of the deep interest which this subject rouses, I quote the following:—

"In recent years, what are believed to be the genuine tomb and place of a skull have been discovered outside the Holy City, where they had lain, concealed by rubbish, for

* "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

These grand lines force themselves upon me in my reference to this great and good man, General Charles Gordon, a hero of heroes. He was lovable, but self-confident to the last degree. During his services in China he ruled—not with a rod of iron—but simply with a short cane in his hand, where other men would have carried a sword, but he attained more successes and victories with the former than most leaders have accomplished with the latter. It would be utterly futile for me to attempt to describe General Gordon's personality, his heroic deeds, and his godliness, which stand out as being the most unique, perhaps, that the world has ever known. The nearest approach to him, possibly, was Washington, but England will for ever be proud of the name of that great soldier, administrator and Christian, Gordon. Among the ever-to-be-regretted mistakes which Gladstone made was that of not rendering assistance to Gordon in his perilous position, although Gordon implored assistance, pointing out the terrible danger he was in, and that he could not hold out unless assistance was sent to him ; but in spite of all this, no notice was taken of his earnest wishes, with the consequence that he was brutally murdered in doing his duty to his country. At the time that it occurred, it created a furore of disgust throughout the world. As we all know, the most difficult problem to unravel was Gordon's most unenviable position as Governor of the Sudan, and although he had a very clearly defined policy which he

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centuries. They eventually came into the purchased possession of British people. But the point is that the controversy regarding the true tomb is now settled beyond doubt in favour of 'Gordon's Calvary,' as the above recently discovered tomb and Skull Hill are called, because of the late General Gordon's interest in them. Mr. Allen informs us they have seen a 'perfect representation' thereof engraved on the stone just like the well-known photographs of it. This is one of the most exquisite scenes depicted on the Divine stone, as it is also one of the most Protestant."

The Golden Gate is the gate through which our Saviour passed on an ass in His triumphant entry into Jerusalem. This gate has been built up and is guarded day and night by order of the Turkish Government, it being their belief that some deliverer will come and force his way through there, and should that ever occur, it will be the death-knell of Islam. No foreigner is allowed to go near the Golden Gate under any pretext whatever.

Upon the site of the old temple is the Mosque of Omar, and immediately below are Solomon's Stables. Near to the

considered ought to be pursued, he loyally subordinated his views to the instructions he took from the Ministers after his arrival in London, and the last remark that he made was, "I go to cut the dog's tail off. I have got my orders, and I will do it *coute que coute*"; and at eight o'clock the same day he started on his journey back to Khartoum. The scene at the station was very interesting. Lord Wolseley carried the General's portmanteau, Lord Granville took his ticket for him, and the Duke of Cambridge held open the carriage door. His companion was Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the 11th Hussars.

† We are indebted to the Rev. Harry Cockson, of Llanlowell Rectory, Monmouthshire, for calling our attention to a prophecy by General Gordon which was printed in "The Empire Magazine" of April, 1911. In a letter to Mr. James R. Purdy, F.R.G.S., in 1882, General Gordon wrote: "So far as England is concerned, she need not for the next quarter of a century be under any apprehension of serious difficulties arising with any of her European neighbours; but in 1910, or thereabouts, there will have arisen a Naval Power which may prove mightier than she, and should she (Germany) gain the supremacy, England will become extinct, both as a sea and a land power, and all her dependencies, including India, will fall into Germany's clutches. You may live to see this. I shall not, but when that time comes remember my words."

Jews' Wailing Place

walls is a supposed section of the original wall of the Temple. This is the famous "Wailing Place" of the Jews, and they frequent this, especially every Friday, and it is distressing to the last degree, and almost makes one's heart bleed to see these poor creatures in every kind of attitude invoking the Almighty, quoting parts of the Bible, and beseeching Him to restore to them their former place and power. The walls, to the height of about six feet from the ground, are absolutely polished like plate-glass, in consequence of the people rubbing their hands up and down in supplication. The road to this "Wailing Place" is up an intricate and narrow way, which is disgustingly dirty, and the Governor of Jerusalem will not allow it to be cleaned, his hatred of the Jews being so intense.

Adjacent also to the wall, near the Mosque of Omar, is "Robertson's Arch," which is a portion of Solomon's Bridge. This is now a ruin, but it is supposed to be the site of the bridge over which Solomon led the Queen of Sheba to the Temple. This site is supposed to be that of Solomon's palace, harem, etc., but there is little doubt that the bridge extended across this valley from the Mosque of Omar to the tomb of David on Mount Zion.

It may not be generally known that Jerusalem is perched upon a hill, and by nearly every approach to the city, except the north-west, you have to ascend.

The climate is rather a trying one, especially during the spring, when the east winds are really more treacherous and severe than they are in England.

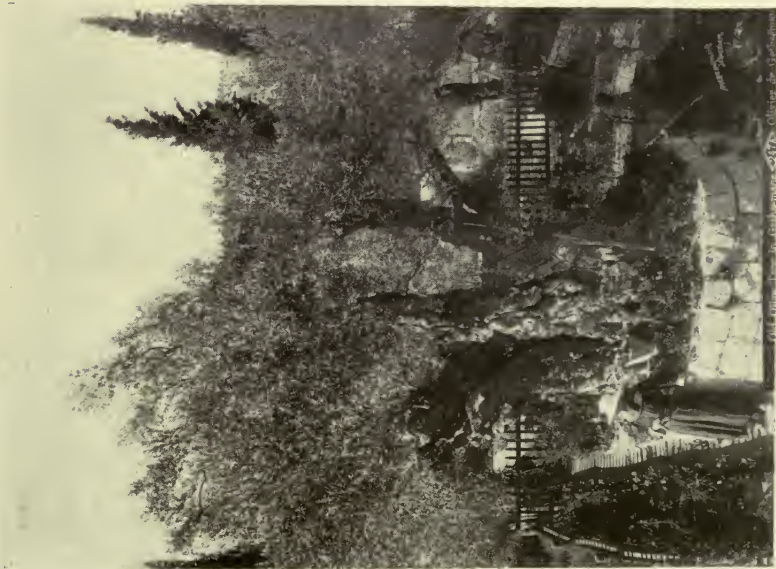
During our sojourn in Jerusalem the great annual festival of the "Holy Fire" was held in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. My friend, the British Consul-General, to whom I had a letter of introduction, was good enough to invite me to accompany him, which kind invitation I gratefully accepted, it being an absolute impossibility to obtain admittance for this function in any other way. In point of fact I suppose

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that probably not one person in every ten thousand who has visited the Holy Land has ever seen this spectacle.

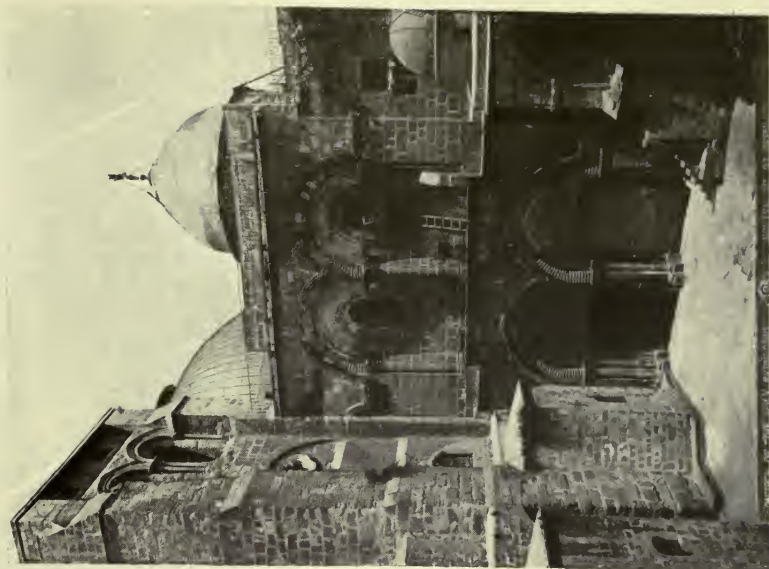
The Consul-General called for me at the hotel, with his kavasses, clothed in the most gorgeous array. They looked more like emperors or some other gorgeous personages. Daggers and pistols and other arms hung round their waists, and they carried huge staves. Two of these men, more gorgeous than the rest, walked in front, and the others on each side of us, and although the narrow streets of Jerusalem were crowded with people, they cleared the way by clanking their staves on the pavement as we went along, so that we had no difficulty. Places had been reserved in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre for the British Consul and his friends, of whom I was the only one. I have described this marvellous function, in an article I wrote in bed, having caught a severe bronchial cold on account of the extreme change when leaving the intolerable heat of the church and going into the cold air outside. I posted the article to my friend, Mr. Edmund Yates,* the editor of "The World." As soon as he received it, he called the sub-editor and handed it to him, expressing a wish that it should be included in that week's issue. The sub-editor said that it was quite impossible. "Then you must leave something out," said Edmund Yates, "I wish this to go in." The sub-editor said "that he might arrange to put some of it in." "No," said Mr. Yates, "you must put it all in, as it is one of the finest pieces of word-painting

* Among the great and distinguished journalists of the Victorian era, we claim Edmund Yates, the late editor of "The World," as one of the greatest. His literary attainments were far in advance of many of his colleagues. For many years he and Labouchere were good friends, but some personal disagreement occurred between them, after which they were sworn opponents, at all events from a literary point of view, a view which was palpably evident from the two rival papers, "The World" and "Truth." They were very chivalrous opponents, and everything that was said savoured of straightforward dealing, although they both gave and received some very hard and powerful "knocks." I have contributed to both these journals in a minor way from time to time.



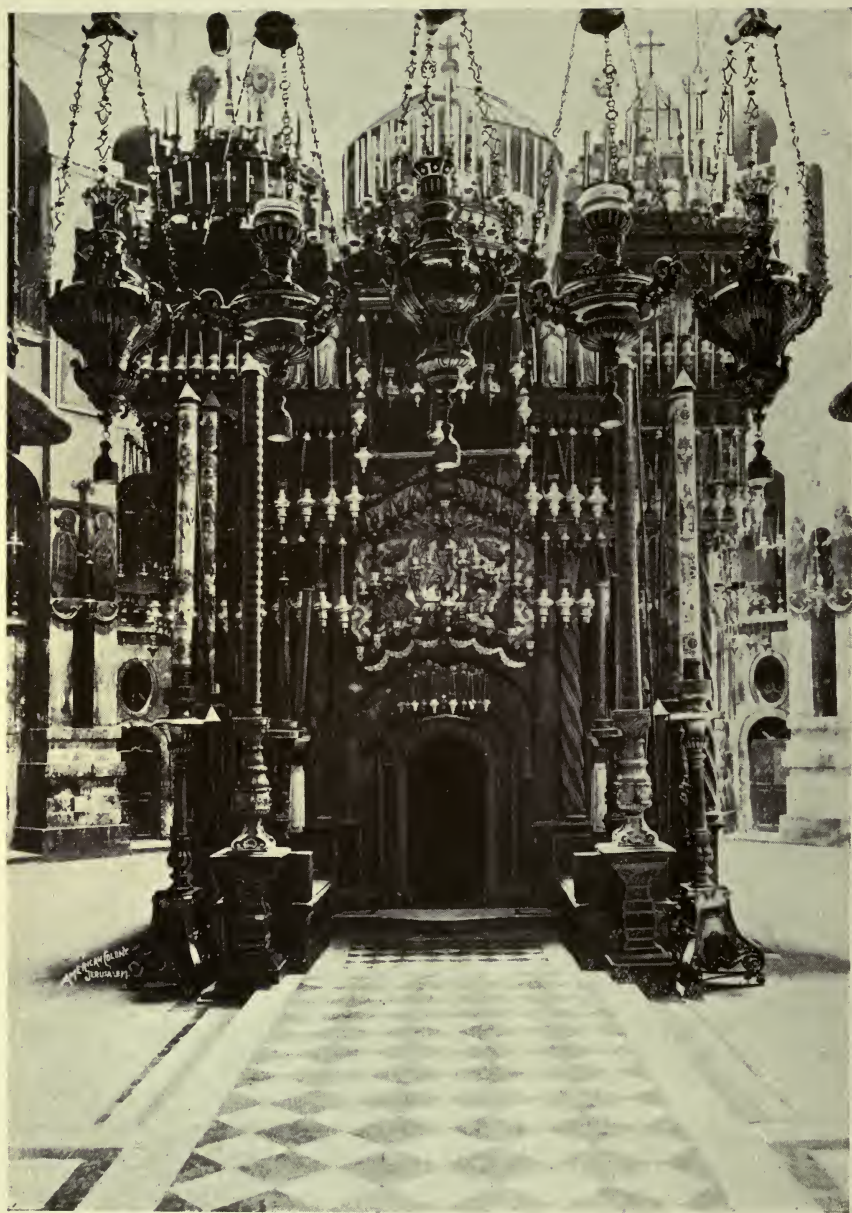
The Garden of Gethsemane.

The ancient olive tree is supposed to have been in existence in the time of our Saviour.



Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.

It is in this church that the annual function of the "Holy Fire" takes place.



The Holy Sepulchre, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.
It is from the interior of this Shrine that the Greek Archimandrite hands out the "Holy (?) Fire."



Entrance to the Gordon or Garden Tomb, Golgotha, supposed to be the spot wherein our Saviour's body was laid. It was discovered by General Gordon.

My wife and I outside the Tomb, Easter Monday, 1894.



Interior of Gordon's Garden Tomb, showing the sarcophagus in which our Lord's body was supposed to be laid.

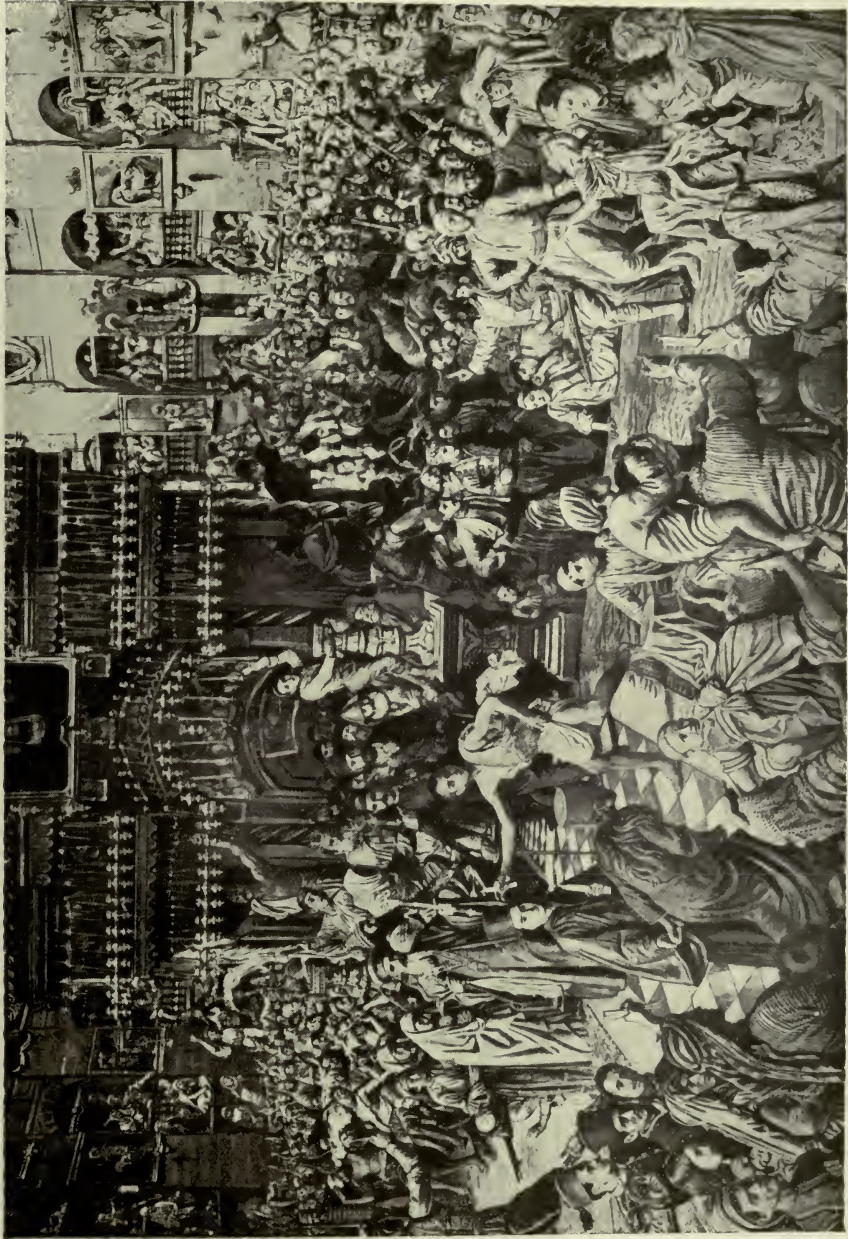
My wife and I ventured inside the Tomb, Easter Monday, 1894.



Mount of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane from the "Golden Gate," 1894.



The Jews' "Wailing Place," Jerusalem, being the only remaining part of Solomon's Temple. The face of the wall is polished like plate glass by the Jews continually rubbing their hands over it whilst wailing and weeping. It is a most pathetic sight to see them.



Reproduction of painting by the late William Holman Hunt of the "Holy Fire" in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.



- 1 Egyptian
- 2 Woman from over suspended to her
- 3 Husband of above
- 4 Abyssinian priest
- 5 Arab boy in flight
- 6 and 7 toothful Greek priests
- 8 Bethlehem family
- 9 Arab boy in flight and children
- 10 Ayah of the same
- 11 Arab boy in flight
- 12 "Sheif" descend-
- 13 ant of the Prophet, who says at the ceremony in courtesy to Christian authorities
- 14 Two Franciscans, the only Latins presents in the Church of their
- 15 Pasha
- 16 Arab
- 17 Syrian patriarch
- 18 Dervish, come in courtesy
- 19 Syrian bishop
- 20 Russian priest
- 21 Pilgrim priest (6-
- 22 from Jerusalem)
- 23 Woman of Jeru-
- 24 salem from North Syria
- 25 Woman from Bethlehem
- 26 "Kavass"
- 27 Pilgrim personify-
- 28 ing Jesus dead, surrounded by coun-
- 29 panions
- 30 People from be-
- 31 Armenian pilgrims
- 32 Pilgrims "person-
- 33 ifying" Jesus
- 34 The same
- 35 Young Bethlehem-
- 36 of race as one of the rottes

- 34 His bride, desire ornaments may be the sole cause of the husband's apprehension
- 35 The young sister dancing in de- speration for his
- 36 His mother, shak- ing her fist at her son's arrest
- 37 combing strands combining with in- tent to rescue the prisoner
- 38 Opening in north of Shrine (from which is distributed to Greeks; on south side is another shrine in which it is dis- tributed to Ar- menians later)
- 39 Carrying, and guarded by half-a- dozen strong men, the flame for the Russian Church, the arms of or- dinals in the hands of these attend- ants and shelters
- 40 "subbing" through the lantern to the city gate, where a horseman it is taken to jail; from thence it is taken to Odessa, the point of distribu- tion to all Russian churches. The flame is also distributed to Bethlehem and other Syrian churches
- 41 A mass of pilgrims

THE KEY TO MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE

Edmund Yates and my Article

that I have ever read." The consequence was that it appeared in full, as written by me. This was the last issue that Edmund Yates ever edited, as the same night after receiving my "copy" (the notice of his death appearing in the same number) he was taken ill in the Garrick Theatre, and was carried to the Savoy Hotel, where he died from an apoplectic stroke. The article on the function of the "Holy Fire" was as follows and appeared in "The World," May 23rd, 1894.

"Jerusalem, April 28th, 1894.

"This being the Greek Easter, I to-day witnessed, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the annual ceremony celebrating the so-called 'Holy Fire.' Such a scene I never before saw during my lengthened travels throughout the world. It quite begs description, but I will nevertheless endeavour to give your readers some idea of what took place.

"At 12.30 p.m., by the courtesy of Mr. Dickson, H.B.M.'s Consul-General, we were escorted through the narrow and crowded streets of Jerusalem to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Preceding us were the Consul's dragomans and two 'kavasses,' gorgeously dressed and carrying long staves of office mounted with silver. These staves are used for clanging, at regular intervals, on the ground, as a warning to the people to clear the way. The effect was magical, and our progress was made easy and pleasant. We found all the ways to the church completely blocked with dense masses of people, dressed in every imaginable garb, and at the entrance and through the long and darkened crypts and passages we with difficulty stumbled along among the crowds of pilgrims who had for the last two or three days collected to witness the event. At length, after mounting stone steps, through intricate passages and turnings, we found ourselves in the great gallery under the dome, midway between the cupola and the floor below, in the centre of which stands the so-called Sepulchre of Christ. There are eighteen arched places in this gallery, one of which

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was assigned to us, the remaining seventeen being occupied by select parties from the various consulates, the arch immediately above and opposite to the principal entrance to the Sepulchre being occupied by the Governor of Jerusalem and his friends.

“ From this coign of vantage, and perched up aloft, we had a bird’s-eye view of a scene to which it is impossible for any pen, however graphic, to do justice. A sea of heads extending in every direction, an unseemly din of shouting, clapping of hands and singing monotonous songs to its accompaniment, mountebank antics of men being elevated on to each other’s shoulders, and then overturned and pitched to and fro, and so repeated over and over again. Dense masses of Eastern people, Turkish soldiers and officials, priests of every kind and description, struggling, pushing, quarrelling, singing, and bellowing. Women huddled in corners and squatting on impromptu seats and points of vantage between and around each column and pillar. Others tied together with ropes, and then around the columns, between which men struggled to maintain their equilibrium. Others lying on temporary ‘shelves’ which had been placed high up between the columns, for which, I was told, large prices had been paid, and had been occupied by their tenants throughout the night and the day previous! As far as the eye could reach in every direction of the vast building and its endless chapels, courts and corridors, could be seen a surging mass of people, holding bundles of tapers, candles and torches, in readiness to secure the first touch of the ‘Holy Fire.’

“ This utter confusion and deafening babel continued unceasingly during the various preparations for the great event, until at 2 p.m. the excitement and maddening frenzy of the people appeared to be approaching a climax. Here and there scuffling and fighting were taking place, sometimes among and between the soldiers, the priests and the people, over whom

Ceremony of the "Holy Fire"

the former seemed to have not the slightest control. At 2.15 p.m. a still greater commotion began. This was caused by the procession of the Greek Patriarch emerging from one of the various approaches to the Sepulchre. This procession consisted of priests in magnificent robes carrying twelve gorgeous banners, after which came acolytes carrying candles, incense, and large golden crosses and various other emblems, several of which were ball-shaped, and were supposed to receive in them the sacred fire at the appointed time. Following came the Patriarch, dressed in a robe of white satin embroidered with gold. On his head a gold conical shaped crown, studded with precious stones. In his hand he held a small golden crucifix, which he moved slowly to and fro towards the people as he passed by. Following him came more richly dressed priests.

"This procession encompassed the Sepulchre, and marched slowly round it three times. The Patriarch and two priests then entered the Sepulchre. At the moment every sound became hushed, as if by magic, and the feeling of anticipation was intense. Several dozens of young men, carrying bundles of tapers, and dressed in white tight-fitting jackets and short trousers and coloured stockings (but without shoes), hurriedly took their places at the three entrances to the Sepulchre, in order that they might be ready, on the instant, to seize the 'Holy Fire' as it was handed out from the three entrances, in the shape of bundles of lighted tapers tied together, and rush with them, full speed, to the various holy places in and around Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc.

"At 2.20 p.m. endless bells rang out with a deafening crash, and, to the accompaniment of one mighty shout from the assembled thousands, the 'Holy Fire' was seized at the entrance to the Sepulchre by the 'runners' amid an indescribable tumult, each and every one pushing, struggling, and fighting amid the surging mass to obtain a light from the

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'Holy Fire' to their tapers, candles or torches, until, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole building was ablaze with light. Regardless of consequences, priests and people passed their hands through the flames, as it were to wash them, and rubbed their hands all over their faces and heads, believing it would not burn them. There were some sad spectacles afterwards from burns and grease. I may add that the lights in all the 'Holy places' are extinguished every year prior to this event, and are re-lighted from the 'Holy Fire,' the first runner who arrives with it being rewarded handsomely for his services. The Sultan, it seems, takes so much interest in the result, that a telegram is despatched to Constantinople immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony, in order to inform him if all has passed off peaceably. The number of pilgrims attending the service (which is yearly increasing) from different parts of the world, principally Russians, was computed about twenty thousand."

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES."

After staying for some little time in Jerusalem, our dragoman arranged for us to take a trip to King Solomon's Pools, Rachael's tomb, Bethlehem, Marsaba, the Jordan, Jericho and back again. These pools that were built by King Solomon are of huge size and constructed of stone, and at the time we were there would have contained the largest battleship afloat. Their purpose was to supply Jerusalem with water.

Leaving Bethlehem we proceeded to Marsaba, camping for that night close to the ancient Greek monastery. Here are sent those monks of the Greek Church who have in any way misbehaved themselves, and in this connection an interesting legend is told of the first convict priest of the Greek Church. For some cause or other he had roused the ire of his superior and was condemned as a punishment to go to Marsaba. His loneliness and the weird surroundings caused him to appeal to our Heavenly Father for help, guidance, and a cleansed

“ Bert ” bathes in the Dead Sea

heart, and he further prayed that the terrible loneliness with which he was surrounded should be taken from him. Awaking one morning, to his terror, he saw, crouching beside his couch, a lion. The creature made no effort to attack him, but on the contrary, bowed his head repeatedly until, emboldened by the lion's gentle movements and passive attitude, the monk ventured to stroke its head, whereon the lion prostrated himself at the monk's feet. *This was God's answer to his prayer and the lion remained a companion and watch-dog thereafter !*

The monastery has been in the possession of the Greek Church from time immemorial. It is not a building in the true sense of the word, as it is partially cut out of the west side of the gorge. The gorge is very deep but narrow and the sides are precipitous. Here it was that the early Christians took refuge from the persecutions to which they were subjected, hiding themselves in the caves which were hewn out of the precipitous sides of the gorge and which are still in existence. They appear like huge birds' nests. Whilst there, these poor martyrs were fed by friends by means of ropes and baskets. We were fortunate in so much as our dragoman obtained for us permission (which is very rarely accorded) to go through these extraordinary places, and the identical cave wherein the priest and lion lived.

The following morning we made an early start for the Dead Sea, and after an arduous and most fatiguing ride over sand hills, where not a sign of life was to be seen, we reached the shores of the Dead Sea. Here we had lunch and took a rest, while my son ventured to bathe. The water here is so dense and buoyant that it is impossible for one to sink, and great care must be taken that the water is not swallowed, as it is so terribly alkaline that it might easily cause one to choke. It therefore must be kept out of the mouth, eyes and nose. No one with an open wound should risk bathing.

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Suddenly our dragoman gave a shout and warned us that we must immediately move off and endeavour to reach the Jordan as quickly as possible, as he feared a sandstorm was blowing up. Unfortunately for us his warning came too late and a terrific sandstorm struck us when we were about half way. The sand seemed to permeate everything, and everywhere around us it was more like a London fog; indeed, so thick was it that we could not see the horses in front of us. By the dragoman's instructions we proceeded to tie our handkerchiefs round our faces, covering our eyes, noses and mouths. The Sheikh, to whom we had to pay backsheesh in order that we might travel safely through his country, who was conducting our party, led the way, we following on our horses in Indian-file, leaving our reins quite loose so that each horse might without hindrance follow the one in front of it. By this means we came safely through this terrible experience and by the time we reached the ford of the Jordan the afternoon was serene again. We laughed at each other at the ludicrous appearance we presented. We had the utmost difficulty in shaking the sand out of our clothing, but it was the horses we pitied most, for the sand had practically filled up their eyes and nostrils; we were soon able to help the poor creatures, however, by cleansing them with water. Indeed, so bad was it that the sand absolutely had formed protuberances round their eyes.

The spot where we had now arrived was where Moses was supposed to have crossed and where St. John the Baptist had preached and baptised. From here we gazed at the hills in the distance where Moses is said to be buried.*

* I here quote the following, as it will prove of interest to many, having been written after General Allenby's victory and occupation of Jerusalem :—

“ Moslem tradition places the tomb of Moses on a prominent peak situated not far from the north-west of the Dead Sea and overlooking the valley of the Jordan; the Scriptural account records that ‘ Moses was buried

The River Jordan—Jericho

During our sojourn in Jerusalem the pilgrimage to the supposed tomb of Moses was made, with all the usual weird, wild and barbarous accompaniments. Formerly this fanaticism was stimulated to such an extent, that they cut and wounded themselves with daggers, swords, etc., as an offering, many being slaughtered in this manner. All this is now abolished and soldiers accompany the procession to maintain order.

Leaving the Jordan as it was getting dusk, we rode a short distance and arrived at the site of Jericho. There we decided to remain the night, and, as a very strong wind was blowing, we made up our minds not to use our tents, but to sleep in the

in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor.' It will be remembered that after some of our mounted troops had captured Nebi Musa, early on February 21st, Jericho was occupied with little opposition. For centuries it has been the custom of the Moslems of Jerusalem to organise a pilgrimage which leaves the city on the Friday preceding the Orthodox Palm Sunday and returns on the day before the Orthodox Good Friday. Shortly before the appointed time a proclamation is made in Jerusalem and in the neighbouring villages calling upon those present to make known to all the faithful the day of assembly. The origin of the pilgrimage is found in those dark ages long since passed away when bitter enmity existed between Christian and Mohammedan. Happily, it has lost all such significance and is now regarded purely as a religious exercise. Never before was this so emphatically demonstrated as on April 26th, in the first celebration since the occupation. The following is a general description of the climax of the ceremony: The procession is headed by the pilgrims from Hebron carrying their own flags; next come those of Jerusalem carrying the youths' banner (Beyrak el Shabaab) and pennons. Parties of Bedouins and villagers perform all manner of dances; others indulge in displays of swordsmanship, fighting mimic duels; some recite strange Eastern chants or repeat prayers, while others sing ancient pilgrim songs strangely Western in character. All these slowly precede the main procession, which is made up of gendarmes, mounted police, town police, a military band, and a guard followed by sacred banners. As the banners are carried out of the Holy City through the Bab Sitti Miriam (St. Stephen's Gate), a salute of twenty-one guns is fired from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The slopes of the steep hill leading from the Bab Sitti Miriam to that part of the Jericho road lying in the valley of the Kedron are lined with thousands of spectators, mainly women and children. It is a strangely coloured throng, for since the crowd is mainly Moslem, and there is therefore a strong background of the black that characterises the women's outdoor garb, there is no restriction as far as the children are concerned, and on them all the colours of the East are lavishly outspread."

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Russian hospice.* Here we had tea and made ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Large sheets were hung up to divide one big room into compartments so that my wife and daughter could feel safe in having my son and me near them. Finally, we settled down to sleep, but after an hour or so we all seemed to be disturbed and began waking up, each one, however, being desirous of not disturbing the others. At last each discovered that the others were awake, and the cause of the disturbance, from the fact that we were absolutely being eaten alive with fleas, or what my wife has since called "Russian Pilgrims," as it was generally thought that the vermin had been brought from Russia by these gentlemen, for thousands of Russian pilgrims visit the Jordan and Jerusalem annually.

After a very restless night we proceeded the following morning on our return journey to Jerusalem, going over the identical road which our Saviour must have trodden on his journeys to and from the Jordan. On this same road, too, we passed the Khan of the Good Samaritan, and later, the place where our Saviour raised Lazarus from the dead.

On another occasion my daughter and son rode off to Hebron in order to visit the cave of Macpelah, where Abraham, Sarah, Isaac and Jacob were buried. No Christian, however, is permitted inside, and all they were allowed to do was to put their arm through some brickwork and touch a portion of the outer part. The smell in this place was so indescribably awful that my son had to smoke continuously and blow it into my daughter's face.

* Russia always had an eye to occupying the Holy Land and covertly built so-called Hospices, ostensibly for the purpose of sheltering Russian pilgrims (who make a pilgrimage annually to Jerusalem in thousands), but which were in point of fact filled with ammunition and appliances of war. The pseudo monks were really soldiers ready for any emergency, and were prepared when an opportunity arose to seize the city. The War and Allenby's triumphant march has, however, settled matters otherwise! "Man proposes, God disposes!"

Beyrout—Damascus

We now decided to start our long journey through Palestine and Syria, and our dragoman made full and final arrangements for our camping out. Unfortunately we had hardly got a mile outside Jerusalem when the horse on which my wife was riding reared and threw her, severely injuring her wrist besides seriously shaking her. We therefore all returned to the hotel, and after taking counsel together it was decided that I should remain in Jerusalem with my wife, whilst my son and daughter would proceed with the journey, and that we should meet them at Beyrout in Syria, which we did.

They in the meantime had had a most interesting and wonderful tour, including many sacred and historical spots, among which were Nazareth, Nablus (Shechem), Cana of Galilee, the Sea of Galilee (in which my son bathed and picked up from the bottom a number of tesserae which showed clearly the one time presence of a Roman villa with tessellated pavement), Cæsarea, Philippi, Baalbeck, with its wonderful ruins of the Temple of the Sun; Damascus,* where they stayed some days, and the Mountains of Lebanon.

My wife and I returned to Jaffa by rail and took the steamer thence to Beyrout.

* The following are some paragraphs that I have extracted from an article on Damascus by Mr. Ignatius Phayre, which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of the 3rd October, 1919 :—

DAMASCUS: THE OLDEST CITY ON EARTH.

"Then David put garrisons in Syria of Damascus; and the Syrians became servants to David and brought gifts."—2 Samuel viii. 6. No one needs reminding of the hoary antiquity of the great town of 200,000 souls which has fallen to General Allenby. It was "the head of Syria" to the Prophet Isaiah; he extolled its riches and foretold its spoliation by the Assyrian king. Mohammed himself, surveying "the pearl set in emerald" from the hill of Salihiyeh (where the Christian is stoned and cursed by surly Kurds), turned his eyes away from the wondrous panorama lest it divert his heart from thoughts of heaven. The Prophet was easily pleased, no doubt; yet the fact remains that Esh-Sham, as Damascus is called, is the fairest, most salubrious, and most "Eastern" of all the cities of the East which I have seen between Fez and Baghdad.

* * * * *

Sir Richard Burton was once Consul here; his old servant, Meshaka, had many a tale to tell of the wayward translator of the "Arabian

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The ship was crowded with Russian pilgrims. Where they all slept or how they stowed themselves away was a puzzle. The steamer itself was, certainly, one of the most antediluvian specimens of a ship that we had ever been aboard. The saloon was right down in the hold and the cabins were round about it, giving a most gloomy and weird effect. It was paradoxical, however, that the dinner we had was about the best we had had during our travels in Egypt and the Holy Land. It consisted of the most delicious soup I ever tasted, the meat and fish were cooked to a turn and the sweets were admirable. Afterwards we were served with tea in tumblers with lemon and sugar, such tea as I have never tasted before, except perhaps, that which we had when at Moscow. This quite convinced me of what I have heard repeatedly, that Russia obtains the finest China tea, the very "first chop," that is to say, the first small buds, and not the large leaves. It is understood that its transit overland, instead of by sea, is the reason.

We were fortunately only on board one night, arriving at Beyrout the following morning. Here we remained some time owing to my wife's ill-health.

This town is one of the most Eastern looking places I have ever seen. There really is nothing of any interest except the

Nights." I say Damascus is a magical name, and the passing of Ottoman sway from its age-old face is a wonderful thing, more impressive by far than the fall of Jerusalem or Baghdad. Turkish rule in "the head of Syria" has always been malign—witness the atrocious tragedy of 1860, when 14,000 Christians were butchered in the July terror. It was thought that the Treaty of Paris would exclude all foreign intervention; so Ahmed Pasha gave the signal from the Citadel, and the orgy of blood and flame began, with the soldiers, the fanatical Druses, and a maddened mob wreaking vengeance upon the Christian quarter. This massacre called for a French expedition, and punishment was mercilessly meted out to Ahmed and his tools. The sacred cities of Islam now wrested from the Ottoman grasp—Cairo, Jerusalem, Baghdad and Damascus, Medina and Mecca—pass to the Arabian King, our Ally. Therefore our prestige revives. Bazaar gossips who know Stamboul recall the spacious days of Lord Stratford de Redclyffe. Great Britain has once more come into her heritage of esteem, which German guile undoubtedly eclipsed, from Beirut to the Persian Gulf.

Cyprus—Limasol—Larnaca

very fine building that the American Missioners had built. This we visited and received every courtesy, and were escorted throughout the entire building, which commands a very fine view of the sea. The street dogs here, as in other Eastern places, had their "beats," not daring to encroach on that of any other dog!

TURKEY

ON leaving Beyrout we took steamer *en route* to Constantinople. This was a most interesting cruise, calling as we did at Cyprus, Rhodes, Samos and Smyrna.

A gentleman whose acquaintance we had made on board the Russian steamer in which we journeyed from Jaffa, had a gun and some books, all of which were taken from him, but had he covertly tipped the officials, he would have been able to retain them. I told him this, but he did not seem to think it was necessary, and so he lost his property. On our arrival at Constantinople several similar incidents occurred.

We found Limasol, in Cyprus, consisted of buildings which have been there from time immemorial.

Larnaca is the chief port of Cyprus, and is a pretty little town. Where Larnaca now lies was once the ancient Citium, of which the marsh near at hand is supposed to have been the harbour. Half of the present town is believed to have been built upon the necropolis of Citium, whence comes its name, Larnaca, derived, it is supposed, from *Lasnax*, an urn or a sepulchre. The town is divided into two parts, Larnaca proper, and the Marina along the seashore, which is reported to have been recovered within the last few centuries from the bed of the ocean.

Cyprus, which gave its name to copper, was in ancient days famed for its production.

Cyprus was for many years subjected to terrible ravages by locusts, which destroyed the crops as though they had

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been cut down with a reaping machine. Various attempts (by fire and otherwise) were made to exterminate them, but failed until a very simple discovery (the Mattei method) was carried out, which consisted of digging deep trenches, with canvas screens about four feet high along the line of march, which the locusts in their wingless state are unable to climb up; they therefore fall back into the pits, where they are soon buried under the bodies of their fellows, until the pits are nearly full, when they are filled in with earth. By this arrangement vast numbers of locusts were destroyed each year, until in a few years they became practically extinct. The principal productions are wheat, barley, vetches, oats, olives, cotton, grapes, carobs, fruit, linseed, silk, cheese, wool, hides, leather and mules. Cyprus has a varied historical record, and has antiquities of all periods—tombs everywhere of prehistoric Greek and Roman date, with sanctuaries at Tamassos, Idalion, Paphos, Voni, etc. Byzantine castles at St. Hilarion, Bufavento and Bellapais, and perfect Venetian fortresses at Nicosia, Famagusta and Kyrenia.

The conquest of this beautiful island in 1570 by the Turks, who defeated the Venetians to whom it then belonged, was accompanied with the most horrible atrocities, the Turks being the same inhuman brutes then as now: *Semper Eadem*, the Jesuit motto, being equally applicable to both. They were not satisfied with being victorious, but exercised the most terrible brutality, killing the mothers after tearing their babes from their breasts; selling the boys and girls of noble birth into slavery, many of them being sent as gifts to Mehmed Pasha and Murad Pasha the Sultan's son. One noble girl, being deported by galleon—with many others—contrived to reach the magazine and fire it, so that the galleon and two other ships and all on board were blown into the air.

The noble Mark Antonio Bragadino, captain of the city, after resisting with his little band until faced with absolute

Horrors of the Turkish Conquest

starvation, negotiated an honourable surrender, being promised by the Turkish General, Mustafa, a safe conduct to Candia under an escort of galleons, but this promise was treacherously repudiated afterwards and the Venetians detained.

This brave hero, Bragadino, had his ears and nose cut off, and was made to carry heavy baskets of earth up and down steep redoubts, kissing the earth before Mustafa each time he reached the top, and eventually he was laid on the ground, bastinadoed and afterwards flayed alive, his skin being preserved as a trophy of the Turkish victory over Christians. The remains were afterwards recovered by his brother and sons and buried with the greatest veneration in Venice. This grand and noble Venetian bore all his sufferings with fortitude and resignation.

The brave defenders and inhabitants were tortured, hanged and treated with the utmost barbarity, many of them being cut to pieces in Mustafa's presence, until all were massacred. The *awful Turk* can no more change his nature than the "leopard can his spots"!

The antiquities of the island had long been explored in a desultory way, but since the British occupation in 1878, excavations under modern scientific methods have been conducted, which have revealed fossil remains of elephants and prehistoric animals.

The climate of Cyprus, although rather of a malarial type, could be made to become one of the finest sanatoria in the world. *From some inexplicable cause the British Government have taken no steps to really develop Cyprus, either from a sanitary or commercial point of view, to any extent*, but no doubt now that it has become a dependency of the British Empire more energetic steps will be taken to bring it up to date. The Governor of Cyprus and other inhabitants during the hottest months go up to Mount Troodos to enjoy the cooler air.

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Charming as is Cyprus in many ways, it is a place where the traveller—especially the English traveller—and still more the unofficial dweller in the land, has some reason to congratulate himself if he was born with the gifts of patience and humility. Cyprus is, however, in many ways a most delightful spot. Nine months of the year the climate is very pleasant and healthy, but the remaining three months are unbearably hot.

At one time it was a very happy hunting ground for the lovers of antiquities, very many desirable and interesting objects having been found there, but which, unfortunately, have nearly all now vanished.

Nicosia is the capital of this island, and is a place of many amusements. There is a golf course, with nine holes, from which a magnificent view can be obtained. In front is the bold outline of the Kyrenia hills, and behind rise the palms and minarets of eastern looking Nicosia. There is also a museum at Nicosia, which so far as the general public and Cyprus are concerned, is practically valueless.

Although Cyprus is in its total area not much, if any, larger than the two counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, locomotion is still difficult owing to the impassable nature of the ways, and the steepness and frequency of the mountains.

There is no doubt that in biblical times this island must have been inhabited by a considerable population, and its civilisation was somewhat in advance of other Eastern places. In ancient times it was famous for its forests, but abuse and neglect have destroyed them and seriously affected the climate. Olive, vine, carob and sumac are cultivated, and eucalyptus, palms and wattle still flourish near the towns. Umber and gypsum are exported, and saltpans are worked at Larnaca and Limasol, otherwise the industry of the island is wholly agricultural.

Nicosia—Patmos—Smyrna

On our voyage from Cyprus to Smyrna, among other places, we got a good sight of the island of Patmos, where St. John the Apostle was banished, and where he was supposed to have written the Book of Revelation. We passed quite near the island in the early morning, and the captain pointed out the identical spot where the cave was in which he had lived when on the island.

Smyrna* is a most respectable, businesslike seaport, and forms a semi-circle in the bay, with a frontage alive and bustling with traffic. The residential part of the city is remarkably well built and undeniably clean, especially for an Eastern seaport. Near to Smyrna is Mount Pagus, and it is from here that one takes the trip to Ephesus.†

The fortress and the walls between Smyrna and Nymphi, which are now crumbling ruins, were probably built by Smyranean Ionians, whilst close to the Acropolis the outlines of the old Stadium are still visible. The titular goddess of the city was Cybele, her temple being at Teipkik, just outside the city. Legend has it that Alexander the Great conceived the idea of rebuilding the Greek city as it had been suggested to him in a dream by the two Nemeses, who were worshipped at Smyrna. The river Meles, so famous in ancient literature, was worshipped, the ceremony being held in the valley. It is generally thought that the stream which now runs from the bottom of the fountain known as "Diana's Bath" is this river.

Leaving Smyrna we passed on through many islands till near the Dardanelles, away on our right, we had a fine view of the ancient Plains of Troy, the original scene of the great battles as depicted by Homer. It was most deeply interesting passing through the Hellespont (known to us as the Dardanelles)

* Polycarp, who was Bishop of Smyrna, was brutally murdered here in A.D. 155.

† It was at Ephesus where the great temple was built to Diana of the Ephesians and where St. Paul preached.

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The current was here at times very strong, reaching to as much as four or five miles an hour. In one part the straits narrow to three quarters of a mile, and the deepest part is only 295 feet. In other parts they widen to close on five miles and then close again to a little less than a mile.

In both going and returning through the Dardanelles we were particularly struck with the impregnable-looking fortifications, and we were told there were mines in every direction.* Apropos of all this, when the news arrived that our Fleet had begun bombarding the entrance to the Dardanelles with a view of forcing a passage through into the Sea of Marmora, having seen what I had, I arrived at the conclusion that a passage through these straits could never be accomplished, in any circumstances. If an attempt of that sort had been made, the proper place to have made it would have been at the extreme neck of the peninsula, near the village of Bulair. This neck is only some seven or eight miles across, and by that means we could have "bagged" the whole of the Turkish troops on the peninsula, and also have prevented any reinforcements joining them. Why this scheme was never adopted has never been made clear. That a profoundly inexplicable blunder was made in that attempt and in that particular locality is now evident from what has since developed.

Passing through we reached the Sea of Marmora, where we suddenly were in water half a mile deep. This inland sea is, from a geological point of view, comparatively new, and has been formed by the subsidence of the earth.

Our next stopping place was Constantinople. On arrival our dragoman received from us carte-blanche to give whatever he considered necessary, and the consequence was that whilst

* Although this was an "open secret" we blundered into that terrible Gallipoli campaign with the insane and incredible impression that *we could defy and penetrate—with impunity—all these natural and impregnable defences!*



The Temple of the Sun, Heliopolis (Baalbec), Syria.
Visited by my son and daughter *en route* from Damascus to Beyroul.



Interior of the ruins of the "Temple of the Sun," Heliopolis.

Atkinson and Vinicombe Pasha

other passengers' baggage was being routed out to the very last article and many things being confiscated, the various baggage belonging to my wife, my son and daughter, and myself, was simply opened, a few things lifted up from the top, the lids closed again, the keys handed to our dragoman, and away we went, the whole occupying the space of about twenty minutes. We departed, leaving behind us quite a number of passengers looking after us with envy. In travelling throughout the East this is the real keynote of progress, and one receives far more than the value of the money in comfort and peace of mind.

We were entertained when at Constantinople by Atkinson Pasha, whom we visited at his delightful villa on the Island of Prinkipo in the Sea of Marmora, and to whom and his son-in-law, Vinicombe Pasha, we were indebted for adding to our enjoyment and happiness in very many ways.*

It would be difficult for any imagination to associate in close array all the incongruous and discordant objects which may be contemplated in an hour's walk in Constantinople. The barbarous extremes of magnificence and wretchedness, and the majesty of nature, crowned with all the grandeur of

* Emerghian,
Constantinople.

7th July, 1910.

To Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

My dear and honoured friends,

Accept my hearty congratulations on the attainment of your golden wedding. May God spare you with health for many years to enjoy each other's company in mutual happiness and to the welfare of your fellow creatures. Unfortunately I shall not be able to avail myself of your kind invitation, but although absent in body I shall be present in spirit.

Excuse my delay in writing, for I have not been in my usual health for some time, but am improving since we came to the country.

With best wishes to all your dear ones, for health and happiness, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
BENJAMIN ATKINSON.

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art, in contrast to the atrocious effects of unrestrained sensuality, fill up the varied picture. Approaching your window you are greeted by the rays of the rising sun, gilding the snowy summits of Mount Olympus and the beautiful shores of the Sea of Marmora and the town of Scutari; midway your eye ranges with delight over the marble domes of St. Sophia, the gilded pinnacles of the Seraglio glittering among groves of perpetual verdure, the long arcades of ancient aqueducts and the spiry minarets of a thousand mosques.

Among the other marvellous places of interest we visited was the Seraglio at Stamboul, the ancient harem and palace of the Caliphs. Our friend, the British Ambassador, obtained for us a special order to view this place, and he sent his principal kavass (dragoman) to accompany us. This Turkish gentleman—for gentleman he was—was a handsome, fine fellow, dressed in the most elaborate costume, with daggers and other ornamental paraphernalia, and with the British Royal arms on his fez. He looked more like a Sultan himself than an ordinary Embassy official.

On our arrival, we met a troop of what appeared to us to be half-way between policemen and soldiers. They were in point of fact custodians. They presented arms, the band played, and the doors were thrown open. We entered, and to our intense amazement found ourselves in an apartment absolutely full of precious stones of every description, large glass bowls full of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, etc., and other gems of every conceivable kind. Various sentries were standing in different parts, who kept their eyes upon us. The rooms were dreadfully stuffy, feeling as if they had been closed for ages, and we were very glad when we got out into the fresh air again.

A description of what we saw is almost impossible, and indeed, it would, if I did describe it, appear to be incredible.

The Seraglio, Stamboul

much more like the verification of the "Arabian Nights Entertainment."

There was one huge glass case in the centre of one of the rooms, measuring about 24 feet in circumference, which was full of magnificent uncut diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and so on. The walls were covered with every possible antique, jewels, gold and silver ornaments of every kind, and jewelled arms and armour that had evidently been handed down since the earliest ages.

In one of the large rooms upstairs there was set out a group of figures (reminding one very much of Madame Tussaud's in London). These life-size figures were clothed in the identical garments that were worn by the different Caliphs, from the first to the last, and wearing all the jewels that had been worn, also the swords, daggers, etc. Their caps were studded with precious stones, these also being the actual hats or turbans worn during their lifetime.

The value of the contents of these various rooms must be truly fabulous. Why they are there in the extraordinarily untidy, neglected and apparently unappreciated condition, is a mystery. If they were realised the amount would no doubt be sufficient to pay the British National Debt as it was before the war.

After viewing this most marvellous collection, we were escorted to a charming kiosk in the midst of a beautiful garden overlooking the Bosphorus, and after partaking of roseleaf jelly and sweets of different kinds, cigarettes and coffee, we were escorted with great ceremony, as we were for the occasion the Sultan's guests, to one of the Sultan's caiques which was awaiting us. This beautiful boat was of considerable dimensions. In the stern there were thrown about large cushions, of black satin, with the Sultan's monogram worked in gold. The inside of the caique was polished mahogany, or some similar wood. The oars were also polished, and evidently, to

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all appearance, new for the occasion. There were twenty-four rowers, each man dressed in the Sultan's livery, whilst we squatted *à la Turque* upon the cushions, the Ambassador's kavass taking up his position opposite to us. They then rowed us across the Golden Horn to the Dolma Bagsche Palace, where we were received by a handsome young officer—an Englishman—with great courtesy. He said that he had orders to escort us through the palace. Among other places of interest—it is quite indescribable—was a middle-sized room of pure marble, with a marble bath. This, the young English officer whispered to me, was the identical bath in which Sultan Abdul Aziz had been assassinated, by his jugular vein being opened, and bleeding to death.

Galata is the business quarter for Europeans. This and the suburb of Tophaneh are at the base of a hill, the upper part of which is Pera, where all the foreign ambassadors and consuls reside, and where are the hotels and shops frequented by Europeans. The Golden Horn separates it from Stamboul and Scutari is separated from it by the entrance of the Bosphorus; Scutari is the Asiatic quarter.

The chief objects of interest are first, and before all, the beautiful situation of the city and the splendid views everywhere obtainable, the mosques, the Hippodrome and its monuments, the Seraglio, ancient Greek churches, the walls, and the cemeteries. One of the finest views is to be had from the Genoese tower at Galata. The dancing dervishes can be seen several times a week in their fine mosque at Pera, and the howling dervishes twice a week at Scutari.

Constantinople, called by the Turks Stamboul or Istamboul, was originally called Byzantium. In 330 A.D. the Emperor Constantine gave it his own name. From this time dates its importance. It continued henceforth to be the residence of the Roman and Byzantium emperors until taken by the Turks in 1453. Since that time it has been the capital

The Sultan's Caique

of Turkey. A narrow arm of the sea called the Golden Horn, extends about five miles into the land, and forms a safe harbour, with water of sufficient depth to float the largest men-of-war. Constantinople proper, or Stamboul, lies entirely on the south side of the Golden Horn, and is protected by a wall built by the Byzantium emperors. The wall is twelve and a half miles in circuit, and is pierced by twenty-eight gates. That of Top-Kapussi is the one by which the Turks entered when they stormed the city, and where the last of the Palæologi died in the fight. The city itself is built on hilly ground, and from this circumstance its numerous gardens, mosques, palaces, minarets and towers present a magnificent appearance from the Golden Horn. The scenery of the Thracian Bosphorus is of almost unrivalled beauty.

Among the principal sights in Stamboul in addition to the Seraglio, which measures three miles in circumference, is the former cathedral of St. Sophia, now a mosque. It is a magnificent structure, 265 feet long by 243 feet broad, and is surmounted by a flattened dome, 180 feet high. The other important mosques are those of Solyman, Achmed, Mohammed II, and Eyret. The two obelisks of the ancient Hippodrome, the Castle of the Seven Towers, now in a state of dilapidation; the aqueducts erected by the Emperor Valens, the cistern of Philoxenus, and the numerous fountains, are the other most notable objects of notice. The covered bazaars are very numerous. One feature of the city is the vast number of lean and hungry dogs which haunt the streets.* Galata is the residence of the European merchants, and the principal place of trade. Bridges of boats connect the opposite sides of the Golden Horn. Tophaneh has the Imperial cannon foundry, a mosque, and an interesting fountain. An inclined railway tunnel runs from Galata to Pera. Before the fire of 1870 Pera

* Now, I understand, abolished.

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had 70,000 European inhabitants, but that catastrophe reduced them to about one half that number. The population of Constantinople is 750,000 to 1,000,000, of whom about one half are Mohammedans, one fourth Greeks, and the rest Armenians, Franks and Jews. Constantinople has several Protestant, Greek and Roman Catholic places of worship.

Vinicombe Pasha* one day took my son and me for a row up the Golden Horn. It happened to be on a fête day, and there were quite a number of Turkish ladies sitting out in "caiques" (a sort of gondola) picnicking. We landed and walked to another of the Sultan's palaces. There was a high wall running right along one side of the palace grounds. My friend and my son were in front of me. I thought I heard voices on the other side of the wall, so I scrambled up and looked over the top. There were four or five men standing round the dead body of a man. I at once went forward and told my friend. He only shrugged his shoulders, smiled and said, "That is a matter of frequent occurrence. Someone has murdered him and thrown his body over the wall." This is the sort of security that the Turkish Government provides for its nation. In fact, it becomes a question as to whether Constantinople is a safer place to walk about in after dark than Buenos Aires was during the time that I was there in 1854. On another occasion our friend took us to see the "Dancing Dervishes," a unique sight that must be seen to be appreciated.

In Constantinople there is a powerful American Bible Mission†, which is doing excellent work. The head of it is

* Twenty-five years after the period of which I have written, and on the eve of going to press, I have received from our friend a Christmas postcard to say that he and Mrs. Vinicombe are both well, and that they have come through the terrible five years of the war safely.

† From the "Daily Telegraph":—

"THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.—The Mayor of Bournemouth, Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., has received an important com-

Selamlık—Constantinople

Mr. W. W. Peet, a personal friend of mine, whom my wife and I met originally on the Nile. An intimate friendship sprang up, which has been maintained by correspondence ever since. It will be noticed that the Americans are doing excellent work in the East, and the extent of their admirable missionary zeal is quite surprising. We seem to know little or nothing about this at home, but really to discover what they are doing, one has to travel.

Extract from the "Bournemouth Directory," May 26th, 1894:--

"THE GRAND CEREMONY OF THE SELAMLİK AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, F.R.G.S., writes us the following from Constantinople: 'This imposing and unique ceremony, which takes place every Friday, consists of a grand military parade of the *creme de la creme* of the Turkish troops and the Sultan's bodyguard, on the occasion of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan going to pray at the beautiful mosque, Hamidieh Jami, which he had built near to the Yildiz Palace. After all the troops have assembled in their respective positions and their bands have played, the Sultan appears—heralded by a flourish of trumpets—driving in his lovely victoria, drawn by two superb cream-coloured Arabian horses, and surrounded by his great ministers of state on foot. The moment the Sultan arrives opposite to the entrance of the mosque a man perched up on the top of the minaret walks round shouting in a loud voice, when the whole of the troops take up the cry as one man, "Padischahim tehok Yachah!"—*i.e.*, "Long life my Sultan!" After prayers, the Sultan returns by the same

munication on the Armenian atrocities from the head of the American Bible Mission at Stamboul, in which the writer states that evidence increases to show that the great massacre, in which several thousand defenceless women and children perished most horribly, was carried out at the order of the Sultan himself."

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route as he went, amidst the plaudits of the crowd. All the ambassadors, members of the diplomatic body, the great members of state, and military and naval officers, consider it their duty to attend this function, and the brilliancy of the scene is rendered still more imposing by the splendour of their various uniforms. The whole ceremony is very impressive, and one of the grandest sights imaginable.

““ We were received as guests of the Sultan in the building facing the mosque. Whilst waiting for the arrival of the Sultan we were entertained with sweetmeats of various kinds, rose leaf jelly, Turkish coffee and cigarettes. Even at this time we could not but observe the extraordinary number of German officers in evidence who seemed quite at home.’ ”

The Bosphorus is the straits which link up the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, to visit which is a most delightful and charming trip. Here at Therapia one sees charming villages and magnificent villas and residences, mostly belonging to the Turkish nobility, with here and there a house belonging to an ambassador. These mansions are used as summer residences, and one of the finest, if not the finest, with its magnificent gardens and grounds, is the British Embassy. On our return we were very much struck towards the end of the journey by the magnificent panorama unfolded before us of Pera, Stamboul and Scutari.

Our friends informed us that not only was the Sea of Marmora formed by a subsidence of land, but that the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus were formed by the subsidence of a river valley.

We arranged to return home by steamer, and accordingly took passages in the Moss Line S.S. “Tabor,” and had a most delightful voyage, and were extremely comfortable.

On leaving Constantinople we stopped at Rodosto, and took in a great quantity of canary seed. We then crossed over

Mr. James Noble Coles
c/ Mr. N. B. Coles
St. Louis, 6 & 8 June 1846
L. Ambassadeur d'Angleterre.

Messrs Messrs Coles Esqrs of F.R.S.
St. Petersburg.
Sir Charles Scott's
Ambassadeur Extraordinaire d'Angleterre.
do. Sec. Ministre Britannique.
Compliments

FIFTY FIRST CONGRESS FIRST SESSION
Department of State.
Washington, D.C. 2, 1889
James M. Coles, of the
British Legation, June 27/80,
Diplomatic Galleries of the Senate and House of Representatives
James S. Maine
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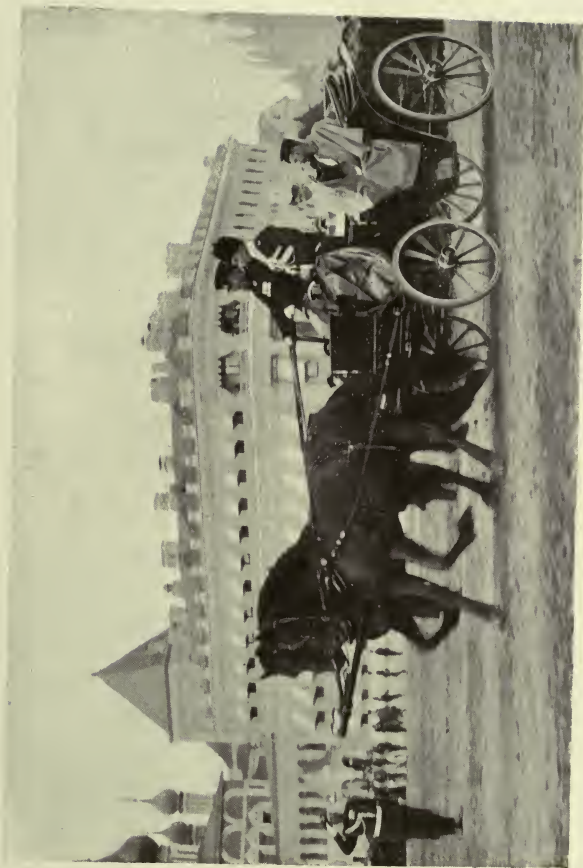
Four cards of introduction from H.B.M.'s Ambassadors at Constantinople, St. Petersburg and Washington, U.S.A., giving us the entree everywhere.



Rada Santa Lucia, Valetta, Malta.



Valetta, Malta.



The late Tzar, accompanied by the Tzaritza (who were afterwards, with the rest of their family, brutally murdered by the Bolsheviks), at Moscow, after unveiling the statue of his grandfather, who was murdered by the Nihilists.



The Great Bell of Moscow.

Valetta—Malta

to another Turkish port on the other side of the Sea of Marmora and took in a general cargo of Turkish produce.

* * * * *

Our next port of call was Valetta. Valetta is the capital of Malta, which we have visited several times.* Malta is an island seventeen miles long, and lies sixty miles south of Sicily. It was seized by the British in 1800, and the only town of any importance is Valetta, which has one of the finest harbours in the world, so deep that the largest man-of-war can anchor close in shore. It has since been made an impregnable fortress, as the headquarters of our fleet in the Mediterranean. It is a very quaint old-world place, all ups and downs, like Clovelly in Devonshire. Very costly lace is worked in this island, which is also noted for a breed of flossy, white poodle dogs. As the island was formerly a bare rock, soil was brought in ships from the island of Sicily, and has ever since been most carefully tilled. Cotton, figs and blood-red oranges are among its growths. It is historically famous as the island (called "Maleta") on which St. Paul was wrecked.

From Valetta we proceeded to Algiers, where my son took my daughter ashore for the day and showed her the old town and Mustapha Superieur, where we had spent some time a year or two before.

Our visit to Algiers at that time was purely for the purpose of avoiding the winter at home. After remaining there a few days we went right up to Hamman R'Irha. The journey there was a slow and lengthy one; in some parts we were able to get out of the train and walk alongside, picking the beautiful flowers on each side of the line. On our arrival at the station there were several conveyances waiting for us and our baggage,

* A wonderfully interesting article on Malta and its marvellous archaeological remains dating back to the time of St. Paul's landing there, is described in the National Geographic Magazine (Washington), May, 1920, which I strongly advise everyone to read.

Home and Abroad

and after a drive of about an hour's duration, ascending all the time, we found ourselves in a very fine establishment, much more so indeed than one would expect to find in such an outlandish place. The accommodation was excellent, although not in any way elaborate with regard to the food, in which there was a great deal to be desired, and a considerable amount of dissatisfaction existed in consequence.

The climate is about as perfect as one could expect, brilliant sunshine from sunrise to sunset—not overwhelmingly hot. After sunset it is rather chilly, from the fact that it is at an elevation of 1,700 feet above sea level. Fruit and flowers of all kinds grew luxuriously in the gardens surrounding this establishment.

The hot springs, from which there is a continual flow of hot water just under boiling point, and which flows into the baths in the lower part of the building, have marvellous effects upon rheumatism, gout and troubles of that nature. The baths have been in use for many centuries, and were resorted to by the Romans in the days of the Cæsars, and there are quite a number of proofs of this fact.

There were several wild and romantic walks among the mountains, but one needs to be very careful, as there are always some wild animals about, particularly panthers.

A good joke was perpetrated by the proprietor on one occasion, after one of these animals had been shot. The meat being considered very fine was cooked and carefully handed round to all the French visitors first, so that few of the English visitors got any at all.

Later, when we were back again at Mustapha Superieur, we learned that my son had been given the credit of shooting this panther, and he was duly acclaimed a mighty hunter.

I quote the following interesting paragraph from "The Queen" newspaper :—

Hamman R'Irha

“ Discovered originally by the Romans, it was with them a favourite resort, particularly about the time of Tiberius, when it was known by the name of Aquæ Calidæ ; since then Hamman R'Irha has been all through the centuries frequented by the Arabs, and now by European and American visitors. It may be added that the waters give excellent results in cases of gout and rheumatism. The climate is equable, with plenty of sunshine, and less rain than is customary at Algiers ; it is warm, and yet moderately bracing, for its altitude is 1,700 feet above sea level. Its position is of rare beauty, and, though a little off the beaten track, is by no means sufficiently out of the way to render access difficult.

“ One may wander endlessly through the great forest which sweeps over the hill-sides, by paths fragrant with the scent of flowers and shrubs, rosemary, broom, thyme, lavender, the Mediterranean heaths, and countless others. Or you may wander across the flower-starred meadows, which lie beyond the gardens, down between the clustering asphodels to the valley. It is from here that one has a glorious view of distant hills and mountains, dominated by the rugged form of Zakkar.”

On our return to Algiers we went to a monastery called “ La Trappe,” where very many acres of scented geranium are grown. The leaves are gathered and the monks distil from them a strong powerful scent, which we were told was the basis of nearly all the perfumes made at Grasse, in the Riviera.

These monks are not allowed to speak among themselves, but they permit visitors to come into the monastery with a view to purchasing this scent as a memento, and also for the purpose of generally seeing over the buildings, and the large estate attached to the monastery. Whilst we were there, we were given refreshments and were treated in a very sociable and kindly manner.

It was during this visit to Algiers we saw the ceremony

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of the worship of the "Black Virgin," which I have related in my reminiscences of Sorrento.

* * * * *

On my son and daughter returning on board we were soon off again and reached Liverpool in safety, and *in rain*, after a prolonged tour of continued interest and unfeigned delight.

As during the course of my travels I have visited very many of the health resorts of the world, it has struck me that my friends might like to know my advice for those seeking health, rest and warmth, in a good and equable climate.

For those not able to go far afield I strongly recommend Madeira and the Canary Islands as opposed to the Riviera. One danger in particular in this part of the Mediterranean littoral is well known to its habitues. I refer to the danger caused by the extraordinarily rapid change in temperature that succeeds the warmth of the day when the sun goes down. Then there is the dangerous mistral, which is known under different names in the various countries surrounding the Mediterranean, but which is unknown at Madeira and in the towns of our English South Coast.

Again, in the Riviera the difference between sunshine and shade is very great. Very little exercise in the sun makes one uncomfortably warm and heightens the danger of the coolness of the shade. I refer, of course, more particularly, to those to whom I am addressing myself: I mean persons of a delicate constitution for whom I am able to speak from my own personal and practical experience.

Again, at Madeira and the Canary Islands there is no winter. One thing, however, I would warn visitors of even in this beautiful climate, and that is, that they should not have their sleeping apartments on the ground floor, as frequently vapour arises, especially during the night, sufficient to give the rooms a disagreeable closeness. Bedroom windows can be left open all night except in rooms facing the north.

Madeira—The Canary Islands

Here (as in most Spanish and Portuguese colonies) public health is very little cared for, and there is the usual neglect of sanitary precautions. In Funchal, however, and Orotava, and also at Las Palmas, it is not so noticeable as in the more outlying districts.

In spite of this, however, malaria and intermittent fever are unknown, as also are sunstroke and apoplexy. Yellow fever has never visited the islands in any form, and I am not aware that there has ever been a case of hydrophobia. Diarrhœa, however, is unfortunately prevalent, no doubt in a large measure due to the consumption of more fruit and vegetables than is usual. I believe I am safe in stating that bronchitis and catarrhal troubles of any kind are unknown.

So much for the health resorts near us.

For those, however, who are able to go farther afield, I would strongly urge the island of Tasmania and round and about the town of Pasadena, near Los Angeles, in Southern California, both of which I have already spoken of and have praised their excellent and unique climates; whilst, however, the latter possesses a magnificent climate, the former has the double advantage of not only a wonderfully equable climate but of being under the British flag.

RUSSIA

I ALWAYS had an unaccountable dread at the idea of visiting Russia, but having been invited by friends residing at St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), to visit them, my wife and I decided to avail ourselves of their kind invitation. We left London for St. Petersburg via the Kiel Canal and the Baltic Sea, and in passing up the narrow channel between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, we had the unusual good luck of meeting the Imperial yacht on its way from St. Petersburg to Peterhof—the

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Czar and Czaritsa and one gentleman were the only persons visible on the upper deck. The Czar stood up and saluted us, and the Czaritsa bowed.

On arriving at the wharf we found our dear young friend Serge Renault awaiting us. He was afterwards our constant companion and guide during our stay in Russia, and owing to his kindness and that of Sir Charles Scott, H.B.M.'s Ambassador, to whom we had a letter of introduction, we saw during our sojourn more than many travellers in Russia would have done had they expended much more time and money. We had the "open sesame" everywhere, and we never experienced any difficulty in obtaining the *entrée* into the palaces, public buildings, churches, or indeed, any place of interest that we desired to see.

"Russia is not a state, it is a world!" Thus wrote a famous publicist of the land of the Czar, as he contemplated the diversity of origin of its peoples, its wide range of climate, its great variety of resources, and the dissimilarity of aspirations of the human elements of which the Empire is composed. In the blood of its people is written the impress of the Orient, and of the Occident; of the tropic south and the frigid north; of Confucianism, Mohammedanism and Christianity. Its range of climate gives the palm beach touch to its Crimea, and the breath of the north to its White Sea region. Its variety of resources makes it second only to the United States as the greatest food-producing country in the world; places it at the forefront among the nations as to mineral wealth, and gives it a greater timber supply than any other country. In area Russia is the greatest compact Empire on the face of the earth. It is larger than all of North America, larger than the combined area of the United States and Alaska, Canada, Mexico, Central America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti, and the other islands of the Caribbean thrown in, and has a total area of 8,505,000 square miles, as compared with South America's

The Immensity of Russia

6,851,000. The British Empire may be larger, but Britain must girdle the globe to find her people, and traverse the seven seas and the six continents to locate her possessions. Russia, with Russia in Asia, is more than twice as big as Europe, and occupies three-fifths of the area of that continent; it is half as big as Asia, and occupies nearly two-fifths of its area. Within its boundaries are embraced two-fifths of all the territory of Europe and Asia combined.

But with all its geographical greatness, Russia is about as poor in natural outlets to the world as the smallest of the countries of the earth.

European Russia is an enormous plain 2,000 miles long and about 1,000 miles wide. In it there are no mountains and no hills more than a few hundred feet high. It is so flat that the rivers are sluggish and tortuous, and seem uncertain in which direction to flow. For instance, its greatest river, the Volga, 2,400 miles long, has an average drop of only four inches to the mile. This plain served as a highway for the successive barbaric hordes on their way from Asia to Western Europe. The Russian Slavs were amongst the last to come, settling in the western portion of the Russian plain. On all sides of them were enemies, Finns, Swedes, Lithuanians, Poles, and Tartars. The plain offered a splendid arena for fighting, and as there were no geographical fences to keep them out, these enemies were incessantly attacking the Russians, devastating their fields and burning their wooden cities, making it necessary for the unfortunate inhabitants continually to rebuild. As a result, there is nothing old in Russia, no ancient fortresses like the feudal castles of the Rhine and Danube, no walled cities like Wisby, in Gothland, or some of the noted towns in Germany. If the Russians had not been one of the most prolific races the world has ever known, they would have been exterminated during those bitter years. Only a

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race of extraordinary vitality, or extraordinary tenacity, could have survived what they suffered.

The population of Petrograd was about 876,600. It is the modern capital of the Russian Empire, and owes its creation entirely to the genius of Peter the Great, by whom it was founded in the year 1702, amidst the marshes through which the river Neva discharges its waters into the sea. The Neva divides into several arms, and it is upon the islands enclosed by these channels that the greater part of the city is built.

The first and last impression of Petrograd is the noble golden dome of St. Isaac's watching over the city. When the bleak north turns luxurious, it can devise splendours to rival those of India, as this magnificent cathedral well establishes. St. Isaac's, a huge pile in the form of a Greek cross, of granite blocks and granite entablature without, a bewilderment of richest marbles within, columns of lapis lazuli and jade, panels of malachite, sanctuaries of snowy and coloured marbles, profusely decorated with the works of artists, among them the sculptor Vitali, a prodigal marvel of bronze, marble, gold and silver, is the peerless church of the capital.

The Winter Palace, which was built in 1754, on the right bank of the Neva, is a vast edifice of four storeys. The interior is richly adorned with paintings, bronzes and precious stones. On New Year's Day a grand fête was given here by the Emperor to his subjects. The number of guests sometimes reached 20,000.

The Summer Gardens are the favourite promenade of the inhabitants of Petrograd. They are one mile long, half a mile in breadth, and are handsomely wooded and ornamented with statues, etc.

His Excellency, Sir Charles Scott, told us that the majority of the art treasures to be found in the Hermitage at Petrograd, had been collected by that extraordinary yet immoral woman, "Catherine the Great" (so-called). It was she who founded

Petrograd—The Hermitage

this building and stocked it with the peace-offerings and gifts from potentates of Eastern nations, Turks, Bokharis, and even of many of the European nations.

I cannot attempt to describe these wonderfully beautiful and immensely valuable art treasures. The Hermitage is, or was when we visited it, literally crammed with precious stones, regalia, jewellery and beautiful and ornate art property of every description. Indeed, as to the wonders of art in Russia, the same observation applies to the "Armoury," and other treasury houses in the Kremlin at Moscow.

The following rather amusing incident occurred during one of our visits to the Hermitage. My wife and I were the only visitors at the moment in one of the long narrow galleries, when my wife, feeling tired with walking about so long, sat down in a chair. Shortly afterwards, one of the custodians, in uniform, made his appearance, but with some excitement and nervous hesitation explained, in Russian, of course, that she was sitting in Peter the Great's favourite chair. She apologised, first in English and then in French, and I ejaculated in mock terror, "Oh, pray do not send us to Siberia." This he seemed to understand, and smilingly said something that sounded like, "Non, non, Monsieur," at the same time handing a chair to my wife and also one to myself.

Petrograd is full of magnificent palaces and buildings, but I shall not here attempt to give any description of them, but merely note that in one large room at the Winter Palace in which the Emperor Alexander died, everything is to be found exactly as it was at the moment of his death, even to several pocket handkerchiefs being left about in various parts of the room. This was caused by his peculiar habit of never using the same handkerchief twice.

There are very many curio shops in this wonderful city, one of the narrow streets in the suburbs being full of them. Here they sell antiques and Eastern curios which I very much

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doubt could be obtained elsewhere. One has to remember in entering a shop to take one's hat off, as there is nearly always sure to be an "Ikon"* somewhere. One very interesting point concerning these shops that we noticed was that there were doorways out of one shop into the other, although possibly belonging to different proprietors. By this means, therefore, one could walk right through from shop to shop without going into the street. One other curious thing we noted was the size of the coachmen. It seemed the fashion in Russia that all coachmen should be fat, and we were told that when the ideal cannot be obtained by ordinary means the subject is often padded.

The situation of the palace of Peterhof is remarkably beautiful. The terrace commands a fine view of Petrograd and Cronstadt in the distance, while directly below are the gardens laid out with shady groves, statues, and ornamental pieces of water. The palace, built by Peter the Great, after the designs of Leblond, comprises spacious and beautiful chambers, adorned with a profusion of marbles and malachites, and possessing a collection of 368 portraits of Russian girls in their national costume. The gardens and park contain numerous fountains; one of them representing a colossal Samson,

* From the "Pall Mall Gazette," 12th November, 1915:—
"RUSSIAN 'IKONS.'

"Dear Sir,—Your readers will no doubt have noticed that before leaving for the front, the Russian General Kuropatkin was presented with a large number of 'Ikons,' and it might interest them to know what 'Ikons' are; of course I mean your readers who have not travelled in Russia, or studied the religious observances of the Greek Church. An 'Ikon' is a representation of our Saviour, or a Saint, most frequently simply the head, or head and bust, but sometimes on a much larger scale. They are manufactured principally in Moscow, several of the largest establishments being in the Kremlin; they can be purchased for from a few pence up to thousands of pounds, in order to suit the pockets of all classes of the Russian community, no one considering themselves a member of the Orthodox Church without having one or more of these 'Ikons' placed in some part of their household, no matter how humble it may be. Every shop, every bank—in short, everywhere you go throughout Russia—you find 'Ikons' frequently with small lamps burning constantly before them. The greatest reverence is

St. Isaac's Cathedral

which throws a jet of upwards of 80 feet ; others form various devices in marble and gilt bronze ; altogether it was one of the most wonderful effects we have ever seen, and far excels in effect those of Versailles.

I was always under the impression that my old friend, Karl Formes, of the Mapleson Italian Opera Company in the " fifties " and " sixties," was the greatest basso profundo that the world had ever known (I have referred to him elsewhere), but the vocalisation that we heard at St. Isaac's Cathedral far exceeded in volume even his powerful voice. It was, in fact, like several glorified trombones.

On the same occasion we were very much amused with the priests performing their toilet in the presence of the enormous congregation, all of whom were standing. This ceremony consisted in their washing their hands and combing their beards and various other similar amusing antics ! What this had to do with religion we failed to discover !

We also, among other places of interest, visited the Kazan Cathedral, which is a miniature reproduction of St. Peter's at Rome, and in my opinion has a much more charming effect on the mind from an architectural point of view than the last named. The interior of this cathedral is a wonderful work of

displayed from the lowest to the highest in the land wherever these ' Ikons ' are displayed ; the hat is at once removed, and never replaced until outside the room, house, shop, or building of any kind, even the hotels. Some of the finest churches possess enormous wealth in these ' Ikons,' they being one mass of precious stones ; several of those that I saw were valued at incredible sums, and the same remark applies to many of these possessed by the nobility, from the Czar downwards. The cheaper kind are generally made of brass and wood combined, our Saviour's features being portrayed in colour ; then, as they increase in price, they are made of more valuable materials, such as gold, silver, etc., and the features and clothing of our Saviour are enamelled ; in point of fact they take the place in the Greek Church of the crucifix in the Church of Rome, and no devout Russian would dream of being without one. In fact, in all my experience and travels in Russia, I never entered a house but what I found one somewhere, but more frequently one over the door in each room.—I am, sir,

" Sincerely yours,

" MERTON RUSSELL-COTES."

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art and far more pleasing in its surroundings than any other cathedral in Petrograd. There are many "Ikons," but one in particular is worthy of notice, it being one complete mass of precious stones of the most perfect brilliancy. You cannot imagine anything more beautiful in the way of gems—they are well worthy of having a place with the crown jewels in the Tower of London. The value of the ikon to which I have referred, it is impossible to gauge; some of the single stones are worth thousands of pounds. I have often wondered of late what those horrid brutes in human shape, the Bolsheviks, have done with all these charming works of art, during their blood-thirsty sway in Russia.

One afternoon Serge and our dragoman took us for a long drive round, calling *en route* at the house that Peter the Great had lived in. It is a small, comfortable country villa such as you find in the suburbs of London, the rooms being rather small and consisting of dining and sitting room, bedroom, kitchen and offices and rooms over. They are quite unpretentious, and the furniture used by him remains there intact. The rooms were railed off so that we could only walk through. As I have just remarked, the rooms are now identically the same as when Peter the Great lived his daily life there; the furniture in the rooms, the cooking utensils in the kitchen, and the tools as used by him in his workshop, all seem to be intact and deeply revered.

The house is situated on the north side of the river Neva, and here he lived for many years in the simplest and most unconventional manner after his return from England as a practical workman and shipbuilder, and it was here that he spent much of his time working and carrying out his plans. I have in my possession several "spittoons" which were invented by Peter the Great. They consist of an oblong box with a hinged lid, having a long handle, which when pressed, raises the lid ready for use. These "spittoons" Peter the Great had placed in the corridors of all palaces and public

Moscow—The Kremlin

buildings, as spitting in those days was a much indulged-in and generally bad habit, and he enforced the use of them with very great severity. We saw long rows of them in the corridors of the Palace at Peterhof, Tsarkoe Selo, the Winter Palace and in the public buildings that we went through, and it was with immense difficulty that I managed to secure two of them, and only then through the instrumentality of Sir Charles Scott, our Ambassador at the time.

Near to Peter the Great's house is the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which we also visited, it being more or less, from an historical point of view, a state prison, comparable with the Tower of London, or the Bastille in Paris.

The great interest to us of this extensive building was the church, which is perfectly plain inside, and only contains the tombs of the various early potentates, and it is held sacred for this purpose. We afterwards saw at Stockholm the church, which is also reserved similarly for a burial place of the kings and queens of Sweden.

The principal art gallery in Petrograd is a magnificent building and contains some exceedingly fine works of art, principally by Russian artists. My wife and I being great lovers and highly appreciative of art, were extremely delighted ; in fact, I think I may take this opportunity of saying that we were both extremely surprised and deeply gratified at the revelation of the wonderful development of art in all its many phases, and the high standard of culture among the upper classes ; we found the lower classes a simple-minded, kindly, illiterate, adaptable people, but deplorably lacking from an educational point of view.

Russia is the land of bells, the biggest bells in the world being at Moscow. One of the wonders of Russia is the Bell Tower in the Kremlin, Moscow. The tower was built by Boris Goudonov, in order to give employment to the people at the time of the great Moscow famine. The tower contains 34 bells,

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the largest weighing 65 tons. All the bells are large, and two of them are silver. The greatest bell that was ever made was built by Boris Goudonov, to hang in the bell tower, but when completed was found too heavy for the building to support. It was therefore hung on a platform outside the tower, but a few years later a fire in the Kremlin destroyed the platform, and the bell was broken. It was recast some years later, only to be again broken. A third time it was recast, this time even larger than before, but the water poured on to it when it was red-hot in another fire, caused it to crack. It fell again, and remained buried for 100 years at the foot of the tower, until Emperor Nicholas I in 1835 (the year of my birth) had it excavated and mounted. The bell is believed to weigh about 200 tons. The greatest bell on service hangs in the bell tower at the Kremlin, and weighs 64 tons. It was cast after the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow from some of the old bells. It is beautifully decorated with portraits of the Emperor Alexander I and his wife, Elizabeth, and of his mother and brothers. It is rung only a few times a year, at Christmas and Easter, and on the Czar's birthday.

Moscow is a city of shrines and churches. In every square and at every street corner there is some holy picture before which the devout uncover and make the sign of the Russian cross. Many of these street shrines consist of an ikon, before which a candle is burning and where is also a tankard of holy water. The passer-by may take a sip of the holy water from the common cup.

The horizon of Moscow is marked by countless gilded spires and starry domes. The Russians call this city "Holy Mother Moscow," because it is the centre around which grew the Russian Empire and Russian Church. There are 500 churches and cathedrals, and many hundreds of shrines.

The Kremlin at Moscow is the keystone of Russian history. The men who lived and ruled in it were those who,

Cathedral of the Assumption

out of a collection of petty and weak principedoms created the mighty Russian Empire. Originally a fort, it is now a museum, mausoleum and treasure house of things precious in Russian life and Russian religion. In no other equal area in the world is there crowded such an array of historic cathedrals and monasteries, sacred relics, trophies of war, tombs of human saints and human devils, gold and silver vessels, precious stones, pearls and jewels to the value of thousands of pounds. The Holy, or Redeemer Gate, to the Kremlin is very beautiful. Every man when passing under this gate must uncover. In the old days all the religious processions left and entered the Kremlin by this gate, the Metropolitan or head of the Church heading the procession mounted on a donkey, which was led by the Czar, bareheaded. When the Russians rose against the rule of the Poles, according to tradition, they forced their way into the Kremlin through this gate, the Metropolitan leading the way and carrying an ikon of our Saviour behind him. Later this ikon was mounted over the gate, and the Czar, Alexis, ordered that any man who failed to uncover as he passed through should be compelled to prostrate himself 52 times. The women bring their children to be blessed in the cathedrals and to obtain merit by kissing the relics, bones, etc.

The Cathedral of the Assumption, where the Czars are crowned in the Kremlin, is a magnificent structure, which contains many old ikons and precious relics, among them "one of the nails with which our Lord was fastened to the cross, a fragment of His robe, and a fragment of the Virgin's robe; the hand of St. Andrew, the head of St. Gregory, the theologian, and that of St. John Chrysostom."

The Cathedral of our Saviour, behind the Golden Gates, was built during the 17th century, and was originally the private chapel of the Czars. It is surmounted by twelve gilded cupolas. The ground within the walls is so sacred in Russian eyes that many remain uncovered while passing the cathedral.

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The taking of Moscow by Napoleon, its subsequent destruction, and the retreat of his army constitute one of the most thrilling pages in the annals of war. It was on the 14th September, 1812, that the golden minarets and the starry domes of the great city first met the gaze of the French army. "All this is yours," exclaimed the great chieftain, and a mighty shout swept over his army from front rank to rear guard, like a great billow over a sea. The day before the Russians had evacuated the city and the way of the French was unopposed. But when they arrived they were chagrined to find that the 300,000 inhabitants had left, and that only the liberated prisoners, the rabble, and the feeble had remained behind. Napoleon himself occupied the Kremlin on the 15th, and that very night, while he was waiting to receive a deputation of notables, who sent in their stead a deputation of rich merchants, fires were lit in all parts of the city by Russians chosen for the work. Fanned by a high wind the flames soon spread, and the hospitals, containing 20,000 wounded, fell a prey to the fire. The Russians flatly refused to consider peace proposals at such a juncture, and declared that there was no use to suggest an armistice, for the Russian army was at that moment preparing to resume the offensive. For a month the great Corsican lingered amid the cinders of the city, but on the 19th of October he left, with his 120,000 men, a vast amount of plunder and a great horde of camp followers. They died like flies on the coming of winter, and when Napoleon crossed the Berezina the wretched remnant of his once powerful army was nearly annihilated. A Russian account says that 36,000 bodies were found in that river alone. Of the half a million men with whom Napoleon had gone forward to break the Russian power, 125,000 were slain in battle, 132,000 died from fatigue, hunger and cold, and 193,000 were taken prisoners. Only about 40,000 escaped the general wreck, which was the greatest military catastrophe of history or

Great Fair at Nishni-Novgorod

tradition, but a mere bagatelle compared with our world war.

We left Moscow in the evening and travelled all night, arriving at Nishni Novgorod on the following morning. Our journey was to enable us to see the fair. After breakfast at a restaurant, we went to the bazaars, which were crowded with singular and uncouth people, and crossing the Volga over the Bridge of Boats, ascended to the ancient city and from its heights obtained a grand view, perfectly flat plains below, and the river winding its circuitous way, with innumerable singular looking craft, as far as the eye could see. We sent a telegram to our son from this out of the world and God-forsaken place.

The town is noted for its great annual fair, which takes place in July and August, and which is attended by upwards of 200,000 persons. It is held on a spacious plain between the two rivers Oka and Volga. In the midst of this space, towards the end of July, an immense township suddenly starts into existence, having churches, hospitals, barracks and theatres. A handsome building is erected in the centre of the bazaar, in which, during the continuance of the fair, the governor of the town, with a numerous train of officials, resides. Merchandise to the amount of 16,000,000 roubles often changes hands during the short time the fair lasts.

The population of this city is about 45,000. It is divided into two parts, the high town and the low. The high town is chiefly composed of three handsome streets which converge towards an irregular open space. Beyond this space rises the citadel, finely situated on the highest point of the triangle, and immediately overhanging the bed of the Volga. It is surrounded by a wall 30 feet in height, flanked with 13 towers, and contains the principal edifices of the town. There are in all 48 churches, some of great size and beauty, two monasteries and a nunnery. In the citadel is an obelisk 76 feet high,

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erected in memory of Minin and Pojarsky, the deliverers of Moscow. Whilst here we purchased a large number of most beautiful skins (Astrakan), and many curios.

When we left Nishni the station was crowded with wild-looking men. Here, amid a terrible babel of voices, we were much crushed, and had the utmost trouble in getting to our train. We quite looked forward to our journey that night, as the carriages were so comfortable and luxurious, and ran so easily, that travelling was a real pleasure.*

It was in the time of "Ivan the Terrible" that Novgorod was the city of semi-barbarous Russia *par excellence*, and is historically perhaps, more romantically interesting than its more modern sisters of Moscow and Petrograd. It was here, in fact, that during the age of Shakespeare and Bacon in England, Ivan slew his eldest son with his own hand in a fit of rage. His greatest crime was the sacking and destruction of the ancient city of Novgorod, whose infidelity he suspected. "The Czar and his son went to an enclosure specially reserved

* I should like to say a word upon the excellence of continental railways. I have expressed my opinion on the railways in Russia and am almost ashamed to say it, as an Englishman, but it is an open secret that the railway system of Germany was infinitely superior to our own. It was a perfect model of strict organization, amounting almost to an uncomfortable feeling that one was travelling under martial surveillance.

In Sweden the line between Stockholm and Gothenburg is far superior to any line we have here. It would be well, too, if some of our caterers would copy the manner in which the travelling public is catered for here; abundance of good hot food, well cooked, at a moderate figure, and plenty of time allowed to consume it. No excitement, no hurry, but everything done with admirable organization, that makes one feel ashamed of the miserable way in which similar matters are managed in our native land.

I have never experienced such admirably organized arrangements for lunch or tea, as we did at Bobadilla in Spain, upon the English line running between Algeciras and Bobadilla where the line joins the Spanish main line, but this is what an English company can achieve in a foreign country. The peculiar improvement consisted in there being four plates one under the other, and as the waiters came round with the various viands, which were steaming hot and excellently cooked, they whipped away the plate used for the previous course, exposing the next plate, on to which you helped yourself from the next course, and so on, until you arrived at the dessert and coffee stage. All this was served for a sum amounting in our English money to 2/-

Ivan the Terrible

for the torture of their victims, and with their lances prodded those who were not quickly enough dragged to the place of torment. Chroniclers say that from 500 to 1,000 were slain in cold blood before him each day of his stay. Some were burned, some racked to death, others drowned in the Volga, run in on sledges or thrown in from the bridge, soldiers in boats spearing those who swam. Infants were impaled before the eyes of their mothers, husbands butchered along with their wives. Novgorod, at that time larger and of greater commercial importance than Moscow, was so injured that she has never since acquired the rank of even a third-rate town."

But in spite of his cruelty and superstition, Ivan was in many respects a successful ruler, reducing the Tartar kingdom and extending the Russian dominions to the Pacific by the help of a freebooter, Yermak, who swept the Siberian steppes as clean of Russian foes as Drake at the same time was clearing the seas for England. A hundred years before Peter the Great, Ivan "opened the Russian window to the West," brought in the printing press, and welcomed English sailors to his court. His Ambassador, Nepeia, in London, at the Festival of the Garter, sat beside the Queen.

Ivan eventually, however, became as penitent as he had formerly been tyrannical, and in order to make propitiation for his evil and bloodthirsty deeds, he—among other acts—built the magnificent Cathedral of St. Basil in the Kremlin.

It seemed to us that Petrograd and Moscow were an epitome of Russia. Here are no such hives of industry as are to be found in Great Britain; I mean no such towns as Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, etc.; indeed, nearly every manufactured article has to be imported.

Our experience of the Russian people was that they were extremely courteous and polite, and this was deeply impressed upon us everywhere we went and by everyone we met. I am convinced, therefore, that as they are naturally mild, quiet,

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kindly and inoffensive people, what has taken place lately through Bolshevism is not an indigenous growth, but a pernicious plant of German origin, which is absolutely alien to the Russian character.

Terrible atrocities have befallen this great country within the last two years. Horrors have been heaped upon horrors! The whole land has been given up to worse cruelties (if possible) than have been perpetrated by the Huns during the war. Those blood-thirsty monsters in human shape, Trotsky and Lenin and their ruthless supporters, have slaughtered and martyred the natives of their own country, not a common enemy!

The result of this misrule is, I think, inevitable, and already beginning to make itself felt. These awful creatures who are ravishing the country with fire and sword will be ultimately suppressed, but the terrible devastating ruin will almost wreck the country. But nothing in the history of these fiends is so deplorable and always to be regretted, as the ruthless murders of the Czar, the Czaritsa and their whole family—in fact, it makes one's blood run cold to think of it—although at the same time, one cannot help but feel that the Czaritsa herself contributed considerably to bring about this awful result, from her well-known leaning towards, and coquetting with, Germany, and her intimate relations with that pestilent and detestable impostor posing as an anointed priest.

On our return from Moscow to Petrograd we prolonged our stay for a few days at the earnest request of our host and hostess, and visited a few other places of interest, one being a street to which I have already referred, a narrow street in the suburbs devoted entirely to the sale of curios and antiques from all parts of the East. Here we purchased a large number of very rare and unique curios which are now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

Stockholm—The Palace

We left Petrograd in a very comfortable steamer, which called at the various seaports on the Finland coast. They all seemed to be very clean and nicely laid out towns, but of no particular interest. The most interesting part of the voyage was when we drew near to Sweden, going through the Thousand Isles. The virgin state of the northern landscape, the forests untouched by the woodman's axe, the beautiful lakes, the fast-flowing rapids, the abundant fishing and shooting on the moors and wastes, afford a peculiar delight to the devotees of these sports. The particular beauty of Finland, and that which gives it a unique place among the countries of Europe, is the vast area of land covered with balmy pine and fir woods, and its abundance of lakes, streams and rapids, cutting these forests in all directions.

It generally reminded us of the inland sea of Japan, and in a minor degree the islands in the St. Lawrence—in every respect it is similar. In fact, it would be very difficult to say which really was the most wonderfully beautiful.

Whilst sojourning in Sweden, among the various places we visited in Stockholm was the King and Queen's Palace. When the King and Queen of Sweden were at Bournemouth, we were invited by their Majesties, if we were ever in Stockholm, to call at the Palace. We consequently wrote and received a reply stating that their Majesties were both away at their marine residence in one of the islands in the "Thousand Isles." However, we were told that the Court Chamberlain would be glad to receive us. We accordingly went and were received with much honour and distinction. We were shown all over the Palace, and into the King and Queen's private rooms, where only the King and Queen's personal friends were admitted. The King's private study interested us immensely. It was not a very large apartment, but filled with books all round the walls and in the centre. There was what appeared to be an easel, with a board covered with dark red cloth, on

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which were fixed innumerable photographs, unframed, all autographed, of nearly all the crowned heads of Europe and other distinguished personages. We were allowed to take a sheet of paper and an envelope as a souvenir, and this gentleman handed to us a small view of the Palace with a frame of the peculiar Swedish woodcarving. This was handed to my wife, the Chamberlain saying that it was presented to us by the King and Queen's own expressed wish.

Although the Swedish people are all Protestants, it is the Lutheran faith, which in some measure partakes of Roman Catholicism. One thing struck us in particular, and that was that after the morning service, the people went out and enjoyed themselves, the parks and public places being thronged.

The river here is very fine, and flows at a terrific rate and with great volume.

An unexpected incident occurred when we were at Stockholm, which was the last place that I should have expected to pick up curios. Among other things, I found one of the lamps used by Napoleon. How it got there, the curio dealer was unable to say, but he assured me in the most conscientious and confident manner that it really was genuine. I therefore purchased it, and some years afterwards Irving was sitting with me in my study, and observed this same lamp. He went to it and examined it, and then asked me where I had obtained it. I told him the circumstances, and he said that he would have given any money if he could have obtained it some time ago, as he required it for one of his plays, "Madame Sans Gene," in which he took the character of "Napoleon." He said that "he had hunted throughout London and Paris to obtain one, and failed to do so, and eventually had to 'rig up' one made of cardboard and wood."

Leaving Stockholm, we took the train to Gothenburg. The only attraction there seems to be the museum (which we visited) containing rooms fitted up identically as they were

Norway and Sweden

centuries ago, with all the furniture and fitments of the period, together with domestic utensils, porcelain, clothing, etc., and in fact everything appertaining to that period. Gothenburg was noted for having been one of the first Continental cities to adopt the tramway system. It is not an important city, but is particularly well regulated and clean.

From here we took the steamer direct to Hull. On the voyage, during the night, we steamed right through the fishing fleet, a sight never to be forgotten. There must have been many hundreds of fishing boats, all lit up, so that it seemed to us we were moving through the principal thoroughfares of a large city at night, so brightly was the scene illuminated. Apropos of this, it reminds me that a similar scene must have presented itself to the Russian men-of-war who were passing through the North Sea, came in contact with a similar fishing fleet off the Dogger Bank, and thinking it the enemy, fired upon many of the boats, sinking them, and causing much loss of life.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN

WHEN touring through Norway, and during our sojourn at Bergen, we called at Hammer's celebrated shop for curios, old silver, bric-a-brac, etc., and made some small purchases. On preparing to leave the shop the proprietor invited us to go upstairs in order to see some very choice antiques and art treasures. I remarked that it was utterly useless to go upstairs because I had very little money with me. "Oh," he said, "I shall be very pleased to take your cheque." "I don't carry my cheque book about with me," I said. "Oh," he said, "that does not matter. I can make out a cheque for you on a sheet of paper." "But you don't know me," I rejoined. He said, "Oh, I can tell, and I have never lost anything in my dealings with English gentlemen." We thereon went upstairs, and our visit ended in a considerable purchase, which I may add, was duly delivered on board the steam yacht "St. Sunniva."

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We afterwards were attracted by a magnificent Polar bear rug in an adjacent furrier's shop window. I could not resist the temptation to ask the price. The salesman was very anxious that I should take it and offered me a reduction in price, but I repeated what I had already told Mr. Hammer at the curio shop. "Oh," he said, "that does not matter. I will arrange it with Mr. Hammer." So I said, "Perhaps Mr. Hammer will pay for it and add it to my account with him." And, in point of fact, this was done, and we added purchases of several valuable rugs. This is another incontrovertible proof—if needed—of the high *status in which the British are held throughout the world.*

On our return to Bergen a singular incident occurred which I think is worth relating. We decided to take up our quarters at an hotel rather than sleep on board the "St. Sunniva" during our stay there. We were recommended to go to an hotel only very recently built, but unfortunately the fine large bedroom allotted to us had that disagreeable odour of damp mortar and cement peculiar to newly erected buildings. I cannot account for it in any other way than by supposing that this smell must have "got upon my nerves," for after I had been in bed for a short time, I woke up suddenly, with a feeling that someone was bending over me! This sensation increased, so that at last I lighted the candle which was on the bedside table. There was no one visible, however, and I tried to compose myself to sleep; but still an uncanny feeling obsessed me, so I asked my wife if she was asleep and if anything had disturbed her, saying I could not remain in that room.

I therefore got up, partially dressed myself, and went along our corridor to see if I could find another room, but every door was closed. I then crept cautiously upstairs to the next floor, very apprehensive lest the creaking of the stairs would be heard and rouse an inmate who would take me for at the very least, a burglar! Every door was closed, however, and



View of the Royal Palace, Stockholm, in Swedish carved-frame, presented to my wife and me by the Lord Chamberlain, after being conducted by him through the Palace, 18th September, 1898.



Hotel Tramontana, Sorrento, Italy.

In this house the great Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, was born.

Switzerland—Italy

nothing happened. Eventually remembering that the drawing-room was next to our bedroom, I took our rugs, rolled myself up in them and slept on the sofa, and had quite a comfortable night. This apparently foolish incident only tends to prove how one's nervous system may be dominated by outside influences acting through the organ of smell. I have never forgotten that night and its weird reminiscences are so fresh in my memory that nothing would induce me to sleep in a newly built house again!

SWITZERLAND

OUR several trips to Switzerland were always enjoyable, and perhaps one of the most delightful was when my wife and I, accompanied by our daughter, commenced our tour from the Rhine, calling at Strassburg and various other places *en route* for the Italian lakes.

The Engadine is a delightful pleasure resort for both summer and winter, but still we preferred the Maloja. The descent from there into Italy, nearly a thousand feet below, is exceptionally beautiful. It reminded me of the descent in the Naerodal in Norway, and that by the way, is very similar to some of the wonderful scenery in the Yosemite Valley in California.

ITALY

WE paid several visits to Italy, but one of the most delightful was that which included a tour from Naples to Sorrento via Amalfi. The situation of Naples, with its high background, is undeniably charming, more especially from the fact that it is encompassed about by hills, cliffs and houses built at all altitudes, with roads cut out on the mountain side, giving it, as seen from the sea, a wonderfully picturesque and romantic character. Dominating all is Vesuvius. As a city pure and simple, Naples has nothing to recommend it.

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It is the very reverse of Bournemouth ; here we have our beautiful cliffs of rich golden sand sweeping around our bay, forming, as it does, a glorious amphitheatre, upward of 30 miles in extent from the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Purbeck ; there the bay consists of black scoria thrown from the crater of Vesuvius. There is one thing, however, that one should not miss seeing, and that is the very extraordinary aquarium. It is not large in size, but the fish are most fascinating, with such colours and shapes as none but an aquarist would possibly know or dream of. It is on the promenade and sunk below it to the sea level. This wonderful aquarium at Naples, and the museum of wax figures at Florence (which I have referred to elsewhere) once seen can never be forgotten.

Another interesting place in Naples is the museum. Here many days could be spent in viewing the remains brought from Pompeii and Herculaneum. Pompeii, with all its wonderful excavations, is altogether marvellous. Days can be spent here with intense, unceasing delight.

Our tour from Naples to Sorrento via Amalfi was most picturesque and delightful. There is a quaint charm about Amalfi and its monastery hewn out of the mountain side, and the marvellous drive which follows the precipitous cliffs out of which the road has been cut, from there to Sorrento ; in some parts it appears so dangerous that it compels some people to get out of the carriage and walk, the impression being given that the slightest thing would precipitate one headlong over the beetling cliffs into the sea below. A short time before we were at Amalfi a serious landslip had occurred and the rocks had fallen down, completely blocking the road, so that we had to take a boat for a short distance to enable us to regain the road on the other side of the solid mass of debris.*

* Some time afterwards a much more serious landslip occurred, completely wrecking the famous old monastery.

Sorrento—"The Queen of Capri"

It would be difficult to imagine a wilder or grander drive than that along the base of the cliffs between Amalfi and Sorrento.

There is little to say of Sorrento, except of the magnificent views it commands and of the splendid position of the Hotel Tramontano, which was formerly the home of the great Italian poet, Torquato Tasso. The hotel is built on the very edge of the solid rock cliffs, so that one can look sheer down from the windows to the sea below. Away to the right were Naples, Pompeii and Herculaneum, with Vesuvius towering and vomiting forth its fire and smoke, while in front, partly closing in this grand bay was the beautiful island of Capri, which for many reasons has a wonderful fascination for travellers. It was here that the Roman emperors spent their holiday time in rest, bathing, etc., adopting Capri as their marine residence as Queen Victoria adopted the Isle of Wight. Many archaeological remains are still to be found, testifying to the wonderful splendour of the architecture which these emperors caused to be put into their palaces. Of the horrors which were sometimes perpetrated by the Cæsars on their unfortunate subjects, and of which the history of Capri is full, I prefer to say nothing. Here is the world-famed wonderful Blue Grotto. It must be seen, as no description can convey any idea of its fascination.

It was on this island that my friend Mrs. Anderson, the famous artist (of whose charming pictures I have several), resided for many years. She so endeared herself to, and was so much beloved by the islanders, that they named her the "Queen of Capri," and a queen she certainly was, being a most beautiful woman and generous to the last degree.

Our object in visiting Italy this time was on purpose to escape the influenza, so what was our bitter disappointment when my dear wife was suddenly struck down by it at Sorrento. We were about to leave for Naples, when she complained of feeling ill. My son at once went off, and was fortunate in being able to find Dr. Brunton, a nephew of Sir Lauder Brunton.

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He came round at once, and when he saw my wife's condition, said she must have a nurse, and we were most deeply grateful when later on he sent a message to say that he had succeeded in obtaining for us the services of an English lady, who was that very day leaving a case and returning to England. The consequence was that we remained here for several weeks, and except for my wife's illness, had a most pleasant and happy time.

Prior to this my son had been sleeping in a distant part of the hotel, but now the rooms had to be re-arranged, and the consequence was that he and I had beds in the same room. One night I woke up feeling extremely hungry, and finding he was awake, I told him how I felt, so we decided to explore for food. This we did, and after prowling about for a pretty considerable period and fully expecting to be taken for burglars, eventually found ourselves in the "waiter's pantry," where we took "French leave" of all we required, and I never enjoyed a meal so thoroughly before or since!

When we were at Sorrento there was no golf club, and Dr. Brunton and a few friends were anxious to form one. For this purpose my son and he would go up in the afternoon to the hills above Sorrento, playing and "trying out" the land, which was the inception of the links, now a *fait accompli*.

During our stay there was, one evening, a very grand Roman Catholic procession, carrying lamps, torches, candles, flags, banners, and more particularly, an effigy of the Virgin Mary and our Saviour in its arms, from which *blood was supposed to be running!* It struck us very strongly as an exhibition of priestcraft-debasing superstition, and it carried our minds back to another occasion when we were staying at Algiers. We had heard that high up on the cliffs and overlooking the sea was a certain church where the ceremony of "Blessing the Sea" was going to be held one Sunday afternoon, and to worship an image they called the "Black Virgin." We attended

My Meeting General Garibaldi

that function, and sure enough the image of a black woman was carried by the priests out of the church and away to the cliff's edge, and there it was worshipped.

It is strange how many people confuse the Isle of Capri with that of Caprera. They are many miles apart, Caprera being off the coast of Sardinia. It was here that General Garibaldi passed the latter years of his life, and it is with indescribable pleasure that I refer to this great man, one of the greatest patriots the world has ever known, and though it is fifty-five years since I met him, when he visited my friend Mr. McTear, of Glasgow, I recall with delight the kindly grasp of that great man's hand, and his cheery smile when I said how proud I was to meet him. He was born at Nice on the 4th July, 1807. His career was a marvellously romantic and hazardous one. It was the dream of his life to liberate his beloved country from the despotic rule and corrupt court of the Bourbons, and to deliver Rome from the tentacles of the Pope, declaring that "the Papacy is the most horrible plague that my country is afflicted with." *These are his own words.*

It would fill volumes to follow in detail all his chivalrous and perilous undertakings. It was after one of these episodes near Ravenna, that he lost his darling wife, Anita,* who died of fever. She had been one of the most faithful of women, accompanying him throughout all his adventures and sharing hardships which they had to endure. He afterwards emigrated to New York, and there became first a Chandler and afterwards a trading skipper, and returned to Italy in 1854 with a small fortune, with which he purchased the island of Caprera.

On the outbreak of war in 1859 he received the command of the Alpine Infantry, and defeated the Austrians, and after a series of victorious fights, liberated the Alpine territory as far as the Tyrol.

* Our affection for this noble patriot and his devoted wife inspired us to name one of our daughters and one of our grand-daughters "Anita."

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He was married again at Como to the Countess Raimondi, by whom he had been aided during the former campaign, but from certain information that he received immediately afterwards, he abandoned that lady, and started for Central Italy.

Forbidden to invade the Romagna, he returned indignantly to Caprera, where with Crispi and Bertani he planned the invasion of Sicily. Under the protection of the British vessels "Intrepid" and "Argus," he landed, and on the 12th May, 1860, the dictatorship of Garibaldi was proclaimed at Salemi. On the 15th May he routed the Neapolitan troops at Calatafimi, and on the 25th May Palermo was taken. He afterwards compelled the remaining Neapolitan troops to capitulate, and then organised an army with a view to liberating Naples and Rome. All that he did during this part of his career was for the purpose of converting the whole of Italy into one kingdom, under the rule of King Emmanuel, and vanquishing the Pope of Rome. He received a letter at this time from Victor Emmanuel II, endeavouring to dissuade him from invading the kingdom of Naples. Garibaldi replied, asking "permission to disobey." He then crossed the Strait, won the battle of Reggio on the 21st August, accepted the capitulation of 9,000 Neapolitan troops at San Giovanni, and 11,000 more at Soveria. The march upon Naples became a triumphant success, which the wiles of Francesco II were powerless to arrest.

On the 7th September Garibaldi entered Naples, while Francesco fled to Gaeta. On the 1st October he routed the remnant of the Bourbon army, 40,000 strong, on the Volturno.

On the 7th November Garibaldi accompanied Victor Emmanuel during his solemn entry into Naples, and on the morrow returned to Caprera after disbanding his volunteers and recommending their enrolment in the regular army.

Garibaldi v. the Pope of Rome

Indignation at the cession of Nice to France and the neglect of his followers induced him to return to political life. He was elected Deputy in 1861, and his anger against Cavour found violent expression for the course which he had pursued. He again returned to Caprera in order to await events; he however, made up his mind to take up arms again against the Pope of Rome. On the 29th June, 1862, he landed at Palermo, and gathered an army under the banner inscribed "Roma o morte" ("Rome or Death"). Garibaldi then entered Catania, crossed to Melito with 3,000 men on the 25th August, was taken prisoner, and wounded by Cialdini's forces at Aspromonte on the 27th August; liberated by an amnesty, Garibaldi returned once more to Caprera amidst general sympathy.

In the spring of 1864 he went to London, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception, and given the freedom of the city. Thence he returned again to Caprera. In 1867 he prepared to enter Papal territory, but the Italian Government interfered and obliged him to return to Caprera. Had it not been for the action of Napoleon III under pressure from the Empress Eugénie, who threatened the King Emmanuel with war if he allowed Garibaldi to deport the Pope from Rome, there is not the shadow of a doubt that he would have been expelled, for although the religion of the Italians is Popish, they patriotically love their country more than they did the Pope, and the whole of the national liberty and consolidation of the Italian Kingdom was undoubtedly the initial work of that great and undaunted hero, Garibaldi.

He eventually went to Florence, and there, with the complicity of the Rattazzi, entered the remaining territory at Passo Corsico on the 23rd October, where his forces were again overmatched, and were dispersed by the French and Papal troops. He was again taken back to Caprera, where he eked out his slender resources by writing several romances.

Home and Abroad

In 1870 he formed a fresh volunteer corps, and went to the aid of France, and defeated the German troops at Chatillon, Autun and Dijon. He returned to Caprera in 1874, when he was elected Deputy for Rome.

Public enthusiasm induced the Italian Cabinet to propose that a sum of £40,000, with an annual pension of £2,000, be conferred upon him as a recompense for his services, but the proposal, though adopted by Parliament on the 27th May, 1871, was indignantly refused by Garibaldi himself. Upon the advent of the Left to power, however, he accepted both gift and pension, and worked energetically upon a scheme for the Tiber embankment to prevent the flooding of Rome. At this time also he succeeded in obtaining the annulment of his marriage with the Countess Raimondi, with whom he had never lived, and contracted another marriage with the mother of his children, Clelia and Manlio.

On the 2nd June, 1882, his death at Caprera plunged the whole of Italy into mourning.

When that great Italian patriot Garibaldi visited Great Britain, where he was positively idolised, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and it became a difficult matter for him to move about without being hoisted up on the shoulders and carried triumphantly along the streets. These great ovations were the outcome of two different causes; one was his loyalty and patriotism to his native King and country, and the other was his determined antagonism to the claims of the Pope, both of which sentiments appealed to the head and heart of the British people.

Among other provincial towns he visited Glasgow, and stayed with one of his Scottish admirers, my friend Mr. McTear. I remember perfectly this marvellous man's appearance; shaggy hair, deepset, searching, piercing dark eyes, a splendid physiognomy of a very determined type, but when smiling, his face became lit up, almost like a deity. He was

The "Black Pope"

wearing his usual garb, with the well-known shirt—what the ladies wore for years afterwards and called the "Garibaldi." It was really a red flannel shirt, with a turnover collar, and a black silk handkerchief hanging down in front. This, together with a slouch hat, gave him very much the appearance of one of the Boer generals during the Boer War. His pants consisted of what appeared to be a kind of dark bluish linen or cloth, with top boots drawn over them. The whole outfit gave him the appearance of what he was, a brave, chivalrous and brilliant soldier, failure and fear evidently being unknown to him.

It is doubtful if any country has ever produced a greater self-denying hero than Garibaldi. This is an undoubted fact, and his memory is cherished with perfect adoration by the Italian people throughout the world.

Leaving Sorrento, and after another visit (this time for only a few days) to Naples, we pushed on to Rome, where we spent a considerable time seeing the usual sights. Whilst here we decided to carry out the suggestion of my dear old friend the late ex-Sheriff Burt, and to cause our busts to be carried out in marble. We therefore made the necessary arrangements with Signor Ernesto Gazzeri, a sculptor of considerable fame, to execute the work for us.*

On one occasion whilst passing a huge building with a Roman friend, he placed his two fingers, open in the shape of a V, quietly on his breast. My son said to him, "What are you doing that for?" "Because," he replied, "that is the Jesuit College, where the General of the Jesuits (the 'Black Pope,' a German-Pole named Lechedowski) and his myrmidons have their headquarters. That is to keep off the 'evil eye.'"

* Since then Signor Ernesto Gazzeri was commissioned by me to execute marble busts of H.M. the late Queen Victoria, H.M. the late King Edward VII, the late Alderman Bridge and the late Mr. C. C. Creeke, for the purpose of presenting them to the town. They are now in the Municipal Chamber.

Home and Abroad

I pointed out to my friend that his action was prompted by nothing in the world but superstitious dread. He said that the atmosphere of the place was too much for him, and explained that everyone from childhood looked upon that building with a feeling of dread.

He further told us that here the Jesuits held counsel with never a moment's intermission. The council is carried on day and night from one year's end to another, with an incessant supervision of Jesuitical ramifications throughout the world. It is the most insidious and far-reaching political propaganda the world has ever known or now exists.

Among other superstitious beliefs is the kissing of the toe of the statue of St. Peter in the interior of St. Peter's, which is *polished perfectly bright by those who kneel and kiss it!*

In the suburbs of Rome are the bogus steps which people *climb up on their knees*, because they have been told that these are the actual steps which were in Pontius Pilate's house, and which our Saviour went up when he appeared before that judge! *And this too, in the Twentieth Century!*

On the whole Florence interests me perhaps more than any other of the Italian cities, but this no doubt emanates from the fact that it is the great art centre *par excellence*. To visit its galleries is a revelation; their fame is world-wide and the collections stand unrivalled.

We had just finished seeing one gallery and were about to leave, when I heard a key turn in a door to my right, and one of the custodians, a man in uniform, came out, locking the door after him, but not before I had seen that it was a room full of antique silver and objects of the jeweller's art. He explained to me as best he could that it was private, and it took quite a considerable time before I got the key turned with the aid of a certain amount of "backsheesh." Anyhow, at last we were admitted, and found ourselves in the midst of a magnificent collection of works of art of the early gold-

Florence—Museum of Anatomy

smiths and silversmiths, amongst which were wonderful silver galleons, crosses, croziers and superb enamels. Most of these were formerly the property of the Church of Rome.

A day or two before leaving Florence, the manager of the hotel, seeing that I was an enthusiastic art lover, and wanted to see everything I possibly could, asked me if I had been to the Municipal Museum of Anatomy. I told him that I had never heard of it. He therefore advised me to write a letter to the Mayor, which I did, and so obtained an order to view. It appeared to be a very handsome new building, the architecture of the interior being quite of a modern description. The fine large ante-rooms were filled with wax anatomical specimens of every part of the human frame, both male and female. This unique and exceptionally marvellous work of one man during his life, portrays the diseases of humanity from the first to the last. It had an attraction for me beyond expression and nothing would gratify me more than to pay it another visit ; in point of fact, it has obsessed me ever since I visited it, and of all the exceptional places that I have visited there is no other that has more fascination for me than it with its marvellous collection of anatomical exhibits of the human frame. It is absolutely worthy of a journey to Florence to see it, and it alone. It is not usual for men and women to go together through this gallery, and consequently my wife did not accompany my son and me. After we had been there for some time, and as we were returning from one of the upper rooms, to our surprise we saw a young man of about 20 or so, with a young woman about the same age. They both seemed to be studying the exhibits with great earnestness, and it occurred to me that this young lady no doubt was a medical student. I could not account for it in any other way, and as the *cochiere* to whom I spoke could not speak English or French, and as I did not understand Italian, I could not make him understand what I wanted to know, when I put the ques-

Home and Abroad

tion to him as to why Lady Russell-Cotes was debarred from going up with us, and this young man and woman were allowed to go together. I remember a similar case that occurred one day when I was at the Hotel de Cluny, Paris. There were some figures in a case of rather an objectionable nature, and having looked at them I walked away, when immediately afterwards a boy and girl came up who had evidently been waiting for me to go away.

Florence is so full of historical reminiscence that I could not attempt in the slightest degree to enumerate how its history reflects that of Italy, the Papacy, art and letters, but one cannot help, when one hears the name of Florence mentioned, more especially thinking of that great man Savonarola, who was one of the many martyrs sacrificed within its walls in obedience to one of the many ruthless Papal decrees. Poor Savonarola was burned in the city in the year 1498, and in this town, too, the Pope condemned a man named Ugolono to be kept in his garret without food until death released him.

From the windows of our hotel, which overlooked the Lung' Arno, one could not help but picture, when seeing the Ponte Vecchio in the distance, Dante with his calm, loving eyes, glancing at his beloved Beatrice as she walked along on the banks of the river ; and when seeing the Ponte Alle Grazie, the terrible conflicts between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the end of which family feud this bridge was put up to commemorate.

Venice we found most disappointing after the many poetical and rhapsodical descriptions one had read of it. The water in the canals is stagnant, objectionable in colour and very far from odourless, especially after the passing of several gondolas. Indeed, were it not for the ancient buildings and the great historical interest of this wonderful city, I feel sure but few would be found to visit it. It really takes a stretch of the imagination to become poetical when one has just seen in a backwater a dead

Venice—Milan—Pavia

cat, and here and there, floating on the water, rotten cabbage leaves. Frankly, there is no doubt that the glamour which has been thrown over this city, by poets and other writers, has been of a grossly exaggerated character, and in ignorance of the beauties of other places of the same type.

The Rialto we found monopolised by a type of costermonger, selling fruit, flowers and other wares, entirely taking away from it the halo that Shakespeare has weaved round it; but, as I have said, the history of the city is wonderful and some of the buildings have a most extraordinary attraction and fascination for one. I refer more particularly to St. Mark's, and the Doge's Palace, and from a secondary point of view, the Bridge of Sighs, the Piazza of St. Mark's, the Campanile and one or two rather fine churches.

One thing in the Doge's Palace which struck me as being most interesting was the portrait of one of the doges which had been covered over. It is said that his character was of such a nature that it was not considered fit that his likeness should be perpetuated amongst the portraits of all the other doges in the large hall of the palace. In gazing up at it I could not help asking myself the question how many of the portraits of the other doges would have been covered if their innermost characters had been investigated with the same degree of careful scrutiny that had been meted out to this one individual.

Nothing, however, seemed to maintain the reputation of Venice so perfectly as the Bridge of Sighs, and whilst one stood on the bridge and contemplated the famous passage from the Doge's Palace to the adjacent dungeons below, one could not help feeling deep sympathy for the many victims who had passed that way, some to death, others to worse—torture.

We next visited Milan in order that my son could visit in particular the Cathedral and the Certosa di Pavia. The Cathedral is so world-renowned that it would be "gilding

Home and Abroad

refined gold " for me to attempt any description of it, but I cannot help bringing to mind a most extraordinary statue in it of a poor soul who was condemned to be flayed alive ; the sentence was duly carried out, and there is the marble statue of a man standing with his skin hanging over his arm, very much like a man carrying an overcoat. The Certosa di Pavia, of course, is one of the most exceptionally charming and artistic works of art that it would be possible to imagine. The building was begun by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, the then Duke of Milan, who engaged the famous artist Ambrogio Bergognone for the purpose of carrying out the work. The façade strikes one as being most particularly unique and rare, being entirely covered, as it is, with marble of different colours, medallions, scenes from sacred history, and heads of angels.

During the fourteenth century, thirty of the most distinguished Lombardian masters of art had taken their part in embellishing this wonderful building, designing the magnificent windows and the fine decorations in terra cotta. These latter are most refined and beautiful. Altogether I can only say that if you visit Italy, on no account leave the country until you have seen this gem. We attended a concert at the far-famed Scala, where we heard Handel's " Largo " performed by a string band of a hundred and twenty performers, which was indescribably beautiful. This world-renowned theatre on our first visit appeared of enormous size, but seemed nothing in particular to us later after having seen the wonderful new theatres and music halls of London.

Milan possesses the largest collections of Luinis in the world, and is the proud possessor of Leonardo da Vinci's " Last Supper."

It was on our last visit that the manager of the hotel asked us if we had visited Dr. Poldi-Pezzoli's museum. Many who visit Milan are not aware of this interesting treasure house, which, by the generosity of the founder, was left by him to his

Dr. Poldi-Pezzoli's Museum

fellow citizens. Dr. Poldi-Pezzoli devoted his life not only to his profession, of which he was a distinguished member, but got together a house full of varied and beautiful works of art, all of which occupy the various rooms of the house in which he lived and died. None of the furniture or art property has been removed or interfered with, it being his wish that the house and its contents should be a monument of his lifelong love and devotion to art in all its phases. It reminded us of Sir John Soane's museum, Lord Leighton's house, Robert Burns' little cottage, and other houses left by the donors as pleasing and educational gifts for their fellow citizens.

SPAIN.

HAVING decided to pass the winter in the south of Spain, my wife, son and I sailed from Southampton in October, 1910, calling on the way at one or two ports.

We reached Lisbon a few days after the terrible revolutionary fighting had been taking place in the streets, and on sailing we had on board several Jesuits and others whom the Republican Government was turning out of the country.

Our next port of call was Tangiers in Morocco. Travel here is difficult, for the roads are bad, or, to be more exact, there are no roads—merely rough tracks beaten out by the feet of the horses, mules, and camels that pass that way. But that is the smallest difficulty. The great difficulty lies in the character of the people. Everywhere the European is hated, and in many parts his life would not be safe for a moment. He is hated in Morocco first of all because he is a foreigner, but above and beyond all, because he is a Christian.

Morocco is now a dying state, but the name of the Moors is great in European history. The day of Moorish power has passed, and as a nation the Moors are on the decline. Their Government is feeble and corrupt. It is certain that before

Home and Abroad

long their land will pass under the rule of some European Power, and become open to the modern influences which at present it forcibly and successfully resists.

The only city in Morocco that is quite familiar to Europeans is Tangiers, a few hours' voyage from Gibraltar. From the sea Tangiers looks very beautiful. Its white houses with their flat roofs—dazzlingly white they look in the strong sunshine—climb the hillside in terrace upon terrace, and the hill is crowned by a great kasbah. But upon entering the streets of this beautiful white city one finds oneself in a network of narrow and very often dirty lanes, lined with high blank walls, as a Moorish house rarely has windows looking into the street.

The chief buildings of the town are the mosques. But, after all, it is not in Tangiers that one gets the real flavour of Moorish life. To all true Moors Tangiers is a hated place, because there the influence of the foreigner is strongly felt, and his presence is familiar.

A Moorish town may be large or small ; it is certain to be very dirty. When the Moor has no further use for a thing, he throws it down wherever he may be, and leaves it to rot. There are no scavengers, save the half-wild, half-starved dogs, which run about the streets of the city.

Leaving Tangiers we sailed up the Straits and finally reached Gibraltar on a beautiful day, the marvellous effect of the Rock being greatly heightened by a wonderful cumulus cloud which towered above it.

On reaching the shore on the steamer tender we were welcomed by H.E. the Hon. John Morrison, who, after giving orders for our luggage to be placed in his launch, took us across the Bay to Algeciras, where we went direct to the hotel, a most charming building in a most God-forsaken place. Personally I should never wish to go there again, for it seemed to me that it had been established as a rendezvous for midnight

50171



We, Sir Edward Grey,

a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a Member of His Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, a Member of Parliament, &c. &c. &c., His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,

Request and require in the name of His Majesty, all those whom it may concern to allow Sir John Russell-Cotes, Kt. (a British Subject) travelling to Spain and Morocco, accompanied by his wife, Lady Annie Russell-Cotes, and his son, J. Herbert Cotes, to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need.

Given at the Foreign Office, London, the 30th day of September 1910

Age of Bearer

75 Years

Profession of Bearer

Gentleman Kt

Signature of the Bearer

Herbert Russell-Cotes



E. Grey.

Passport for myself, my wife and son, 30th September, 1910.



Ronda, Spain.

Photo taken by my son Bert, November, 1910.



Photo taken by Bert of the Alhambra and Granada from the
Gardens of the Generalife.

Morocco—Spain—“Gib.”

revels for the military stationed at Gibraltar. They would make the night hideous with their conviviality and we were, therefore, glad when the time came for our departure.

We had called on several occasions at Gibraltar, but had never explored it until our present visit, when we had a letter of introduction from the Earl of Crewe, the then Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the Governor at Gibraltar, by whom we were most kindly treated.* We thus had the *entrée* everywhere. We saw the marvellous defences of the Rock, which very few persons are permitted to visit. We were entertained at the Governor's house called “The Convent,” and in short, received the greatest kindness in every way.

Captain Bennet—an ex-Army Officer—Chief of the Constabulary, and his kindhearted wife extended kindnesses to us which my wife, son and I can never forget.

Dear Sir Merton,

I have much pleasure in sending you this letter of introduction to the Governor of Gibraltar, and I hope it will be of service in adding to the enjoyment of your visit.

It has not been possible to send it earlier, owing to the time taken to get Lord Crewe's signature during his absence from London.

* Colonial Office,

19th September, 1910.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS S. HOPWOOD.

Sir,

This letter will be presented to you by Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., who is going to visit Gibraltar. I beg leave to introduce him to your acquaintance, and to recommend him to your protection and good offices.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

CREWE.

To the Officer Administering the Government of Gibraltar.

Brighton,

January 7th, 1912.

Many thanks to you for your kind note of congratulation so charmingly expressed. I am grateful to you and to Lady Russell-Cotes for writing to me. Please accept my regards and good wishes.

Yes, poor Fred Scotter! I grieve for him, and reflect upon what his father would have thought and felt had he lived one more year.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS S. HOPWOOD.

Home and Abroad

NOTE I.

Since writing the chapter on Hawaii, my attention has been drawn to Dr. Judd's visit to Kilauea, and as some may consider that my account was more or less of an exaggeration, I have thought that the following extract from Wilkes's narrative, U.S. Exploring Expedition, Vol. IV, page 173, would be most interesting and illuminating:—

“ After he left me he proceeded with the natives down the ravine into the crater ; thence along the black ledge to its western part, where he descended by the same toilsome path that had been followed a month before. After reaching the bottom, he found a convenient steam-hole, whence a strong sulphurous gas issued ; and he then arranged the apparatus for collecting it. This was found to answer the purpose. and was readily and completely absorbed by water. The gas was then collected in a phial containing red cabbage water turned blue by lime when it became intensely red.

“ Dr. Judd then sought for a place where he might dip up some of the recent and yet fluid lava, but found none sufficiently liquid for the purpose. Failing here, he proceeded towards the great fiery lake at the southern extremity of the crater. He found that the ascent towards this was rapid, because the successive flowings of the lava had formed crusts, which lapped over each other. This rock was so dark in colour as to be almost black, and so hot as to act upon spittle just as iron, heated nearly to redness, would have done. On breaking through the outer crust, which was two or three inches thick, the mass beneath, although solid, was of a cherry-red. The pole with which the crust was pierced, took fire as it was withdrawn. It was evidently impossible to approach any nearer in this direction ; for although the heat might not be so intense as to prevent walking on the crust, yet the crust itself might be too weak to bear the weight and to break through would have been to meet a death of the most appalling kind. Dr. Judd, therefore, turned towards the west bank, on which he mounted to a higher level over stones too hot to be touched by stout woollen stockings and sandals of hide, worn over his shoes. When he had proceeded as far as he could in this direction, he saw at the distance of about thirty feet from him, a stream of lava running down the declivity over which he and his companion had ascended. Even this distance was too great to be reached over, and the intervening rocks had become so heated by the continual stream, that they could not be traversed.

“ At this time they were very near the great lake, but could not see its surface, which was still about twenty feet higher than the spot where they stood. Jets of lava were, however, observed rising about twenty-five feet and falling back again into the lake. Dr. Judd now despaired of gratifying his own wishes and mine, by obtaining lava in the liquid state, and ordered a retreat.

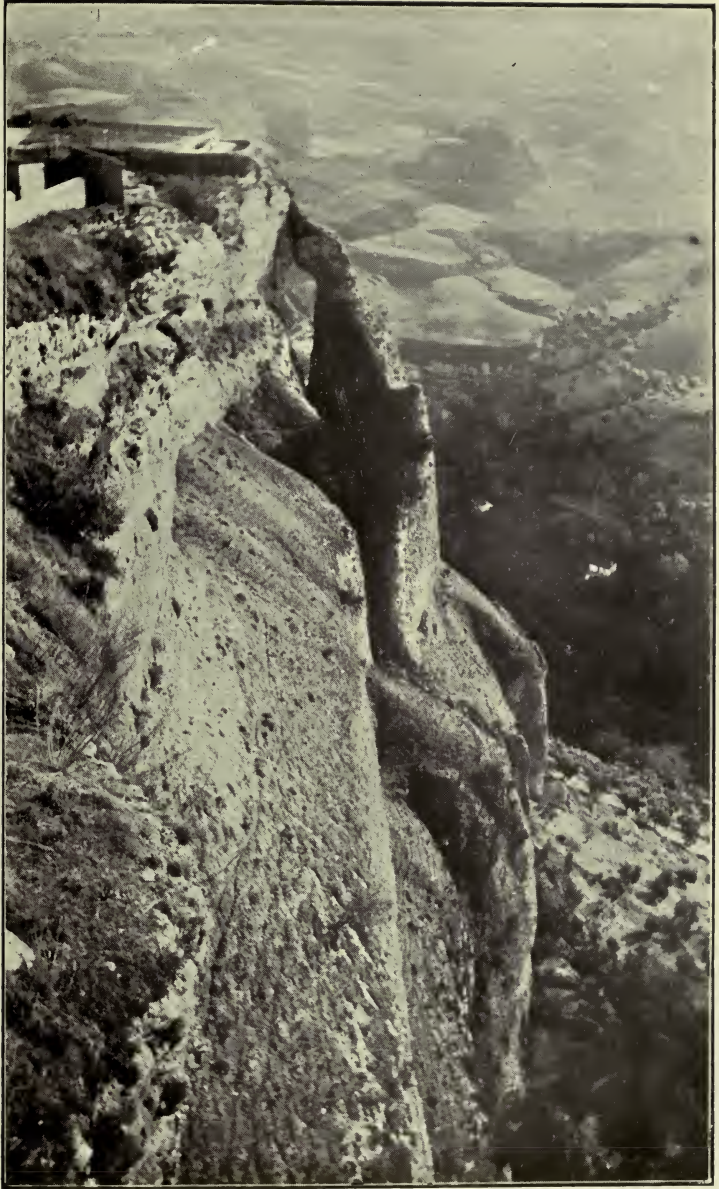


Photo taken by Bert from the Gardens of the Hotel, shewing
the precipice at Ronda and the plain below.

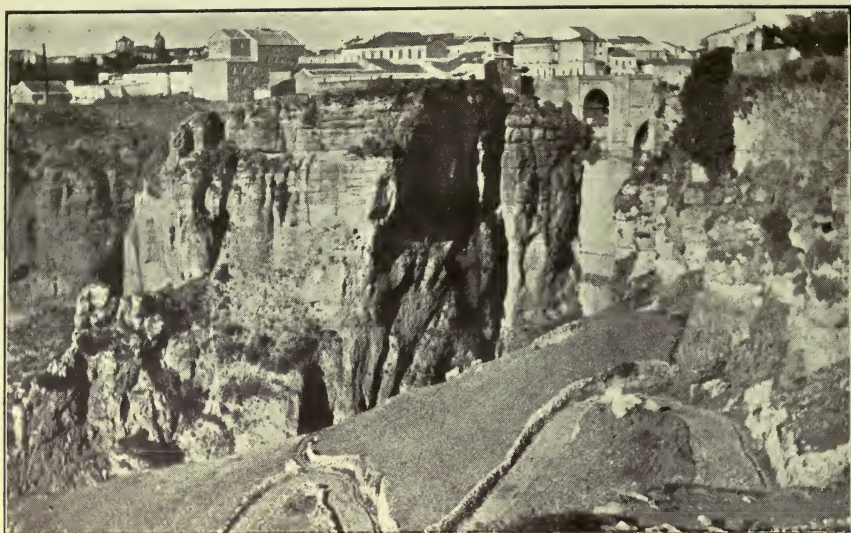


Photo taken by Bert of Ronda, shewing the entrance to the Tajo and precipice.



Photo taken by Bert of my wife and self at Algeciras.

Dr. Judd's Visit to Kilauea

“ On his return, the party passed the small crater which has been spoken of, and which, by comparison with the larger one, appeared cool. Smoke and a little igneous matter were issuing from a small cone in its centre, but, with this exception, a crust of solid lava covered the bottom.

“ On the side of this crater, Dr. Judd saw some fine specimens of capillary glass, ‘Pele’s Hair,’ which he was anxious to obtain for our collection. He, therefore, by the aid of the hand of one of the natives, descended and began to collect specimens. When fairly down, he was in danger of falling, in consequence of the narrowness of the footing; but in spite of this difficulty, his anxiety to collect the best specimens enticed him onwards. While thus advancing, he saw and heard a slight movement in the lava about fifty feet from him, which was twice repeated, and curiosity led him to turn to approach the place where the motion occurred. In an instant, the crust was broken asunder by a terrific heave, and a jet of molten lava, full fifteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of about forty-five feet, with a most appalling noise. He instantly turned for the purpose of escaping, but found that he was now under a projecting ledge which opposed his ascent, and that the place where he had descended was some feet distant. The heat was already too great to permit him to turn his face towards it, and every moment increasing; while the violence of the throes, which shook the rock beneath his feet, augmented. Although he considered his life as lost, he did not omit the means for preserving it, but offered a mental prayer for the divine aid; he strove, although in vain, to scale the projecting rock. While thus engaged, he called in English upon his native attendants for aid; and looking upwards, saw the friendly hand of Kalwmo—who on this fearful occasion had not abandoned his spiritual guide and friend—extended towards him. Ere he could grasp it, the fiery jet again rose above their heads and Kalwmo shrunk back, scorched and terrified, until excited by a second appeal, he again stretched forth his hand and seizing Dr. Judd’s with a giant grasp, their joint efforts placed him on the ledge. Another moment, and all aid would have been unavailing to save Dr. Judd from perishing in the fiery deluge.

“ In looking for the natives, they were seen some hundreds of yards distant, running as fast as their legs would carry them. On his calling to them, however, they returned and brought the frying-pan and pole. By this time about ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed; the crater was full of lava, running over at the lower or northern side, when Dr. Judd was enabled to dip up a pan of it; it was, however, too cold to take an impression and had a crust on its top. On a second trial he was successful, and while it was red-hot, he endeavoured to stamp it with a navy button, but the whole sank by its own weight, being composed of a frothy lava and became suddenly cold, leaving only the mark of the general shape of the button, without any distinct impression.

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"The cake he thus obtained, for it resembled precisely a charred pound-cake, was added to our collection, and is now in the hall where they are deposited. This lake I have designated as Judd's Lake, and believe that few will dispute his being entitled to the honour of having it called after him.

"Dr. Judd now found that he had no time to lose, for the lava was flowing so rapidly to the north, that their retreat might be cut off, and the whole party be destroyed. They, therefore, at once took leave of the spot, and only effected their escape by running. When the danger was past, Dr. Judd began to feel some smarting at the wrists and elbows, and perceived that his shirt was a little scorched. By the time he reached the tents, and we had examined him, he was found to be severely burned on each wrist, in spots of the size of a dollar, and also on his elbows and wherever his shirt had touched his skin. Kalwmo's whole face was one blister, particularly on that side which had been most exposed to the fire.

"The crater had been previously measured by Dr. Judd, and was found to be thirty-eight feet deep, by two hundred feet in diameter. The rapidity of its filling (in twelve minutes) will give some idea of the quantity of the fluid mass."

NOTE 2.

Since the chapter on India was printed, and in going through some of my papers, I came across the following description by Mr. Nusserwanjee Byramjee of the "Towers of Silence." The description was in particular reference to a very fine model that was shown at the Colonial Exhibition in London:—

"The circular platform inside the Tower, about 300 feet in circumference, is entirely paved with large stone slabs well cemented, and divided into three rows of shallow open receptacles, corresponding with the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian Religion—'good deeds,' 'good words,' 'good thoughts.'

First row for corpses of males.

Second row for corpses of females.

Third row for corpses of children.

"The clothes wrapped round the corpses are removed and destroyed immediately after they are placed in the Tower;—'Naked we come into this world and naked we ought to leave it.'

"There are special foot paths for corpse-bearers to move about.

"A deep central well in the Tower about 150 feet in circumference (the sides and bottom of which are also paved with stone slabs), is used

Parsee Towers of Silence

for depositing the dry bones. The corpse is completely stripped of its flesh by vultures within an hour or two, and the bones of the denuded skeleton when perfectly dried up by atmospheric influences and the powerful heat of the tropical sun, are thrown into this well, where they gradually crumble into dust chiefly consisting of lime and phosphorus ;— thus the rich and the poor meet together on one level of equality after death.

“ There are holes in the inner sides of the well through which the rain-water is carried into four underground drains at the base of the Tower. These drains are connected with four underground wells, the bottoms of which are covered with a thick layer of sand. Pieces of charcoal and sandstone are also placed at the end of each drain, which are renewed from time to time. These double sets of filters are provided for purifying the rain-water passing over the bones, before it enters the ground—thus observing one of the tenets of the Zoroastrian Religion that ‘ The Mother Earth shall not be defiled.’

“ The vultures (nature’s scavengers) do their work much more expeditiously than millions of insects would do, if dead bodies were buried in the ground. By this rapid process, putrefaction, with all its concomitant evils, is most effectually prevented.

“ According to the Zoroastrian Religion, Earth, Fire and Water are sacred, and very useful to mankind, and in order to avoid their pollution by contact with putrefying flesh, the Zoroastrian Religion strictly enjoins that the dead bodies should not be buried in the ground, or burnt, or thrown into seas, rivers, &c.

“ In accordance with the religious injunction, the Parsees build their Towers of Silence on the tops of hills if available. No expense is spared in constructing them of the hardest and best materials, with a view that they may last for centuries without the possibility of polluting the Earth, or contaminating any living beings dwelling thereon.

“ However distant may be the house of a deceased person, whether rich or poor, high or low in rank, he has always a walking funeral—his body is carried to the Towers of Silence on an iron bier by official corpse-bearers and is followed in procession by the mourners, relatives and friends, dressed in white flowing full dress robes, walking behind in pairs, and each couple joined hand in hand by holding a white handkerchief between them in token of sympathetic grief.

“ The corpse-bearers are divided into two classes named Nassasalars and Khandhias ; the former, having gone through certain religious ceremonies, are alone privileged to carry the corpses into the Towers. No one else can enter or touch them.

Home and Abroad

“According to the Zoroastrian Religion, the soul is immortal. Men and women are free moral agents, and are responsible to the great Creator for their acts and deeds. In proportion to their good or bad acts and deeds they meet with rewards or punishments in the next world. Pious and virtuous persons meet with happiness, but the wicked and sinful suffer pain and misery.

“About four thousand ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities (excepting the Parsees) and of all ranks from Princes downwards, from all parts of the world, have visited the compound of the Towers of Silence from the year 1875 to 1884, and almost all of them have expressed their approval of the sanitary arrangements and cleanliness of the place.”



The first part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 study of the
 various
 forms of
 the
 word
 and
 its
 derivation.

The second part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 study of the
 various
 forms of
 the
 word
 and
 its
 derivation.



The third part of the
 paper is devoted to a
 study of the
 various
 forms of
 the
 word
 and
 its
 derivation.

KERAMOS.

*" Art is the child of Nature ; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads."*



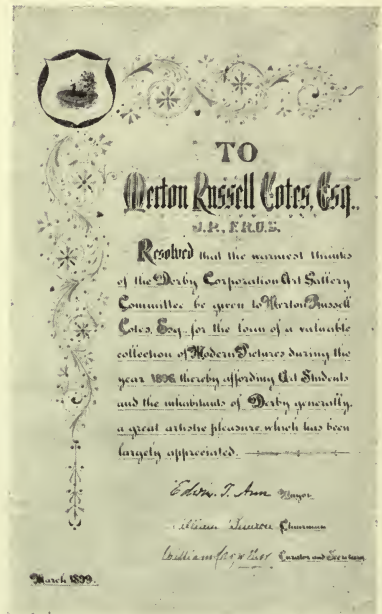
Corporation of Manchester.



Corporation of Bath.



Corporation of Glasgow.



Corporation of Derby.

Framed Illuminated Resolutions from the Corporations of the different cities and towns that borrowed my Loan Collection.



Corporation of Sheffield.



Corporation of Burnley.



Corporation of Oldham.



Corporation of Liverpool.

CHAPTER XVIII

Art and Artists

My early love of Art—My miniature "Peepshow"—The Exhibition of 1851—The Old Trafford Exhibition of 1856—The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool—"The Russell-Cotes Collection"—Christie's—Thomas H. Woods—Suggested Parliamentary Candidature—Illuminated Votes of Thanks—J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A.—Christopher Bradshaw—Francis Cotes, R.A.—J. W. M. Turner, R.A.—Louis B. Hurt—Edwin Long, R.A.—Albert Moore—Henry Moore—Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.—Lionel Smyth—A. J. Woolmer—Fred. Goodall, R.A.—Flatow—W. L. Wyllie, R.A.—C. W. Wyllie—Lucy Kemp Welch—J. B. Pyne—Aumonier—G. W. Harris—Jules Taverniers—Chas. Ferneaux—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Briton Riviere, R.A.—Sidney Cooper, R.A.—Lord Leighton, P.R.A.—W. Etty, R.A.—E. Burne-Jones—D. G. Rossetti—Holman Hunt—Hon. John Collier—Corot—John Ruskin—Sir David Murray, R.A.

"Summa ars est celare artem."

"The Pencil speaks the tongue of every land."

"As the sun colours flowers so art colours life."

WHEN a boy, although the trend of my mind developed a love of music, geography, botany and a study of scientific subjects, yet Art predominated, and took first place. This passion (if I may call it such), became more intense as I grew older. Art in any shape fascinated me, whether in pictures, curios, antiques, old china, bric-a-brac, etc., so that every shilling I could scrape together was expended on these, to me, alluring possessions.

In those days, pictures that are now given away with art journals were unknown. German productions which would not now be given "house room" were then accounted works of art for the ordinary run of households. These were frequently hawked about and offered for sale at the door by peripatetic Italians, who also did a similar trade with plaster

Home and Abroad

of Paris busts of famous men and statuettes of various kinds. These they would carry on a square board on their heads. How I used to look forward with glee to the return of these men, with the result that I secured busts of Clytie, the Venus de Milo, Cromwell, Nelson, Napoleon and the poets and various classical figures! These vendors usually cleared me out of my pocket money, to which my darling mother privately contributed in order to gratify my childish fancy.

In a little bijou room I called my "study," I used to sit for hours together with my scissors and paste brush, cutting out anything I could get hold of in the shape of a picture book, which soon became a mangled thing of "shreds and patches." These pictures I used to paste in albums (some of which I still possess), in various poses. The woodcuts from *Reynold's Miscellany* (a weekly-penny illustrated story journal), I used to colour in fantastic hues—*red* in all its tones being my favourite colour, as it is to this day.

As a diversion, I devoted some of my time to collecting butterflies, beetles, crickets (we never hear them now) and insects, regardless of colour, shape or objectionable feature, so much so, that on one occasion I introduced into the house a beetle that took so kindly to its environment that we were over-run with its offspring; as the Egyptians of old were over-run with locusts. My dear mother and the household domestics—especially the cook—rebelled against my practical love of natural science, and after this fiasco I was constrained to abandon this hobby.

Geography had almost, but not quite, a similar fascination for me, and when not engrossed in my artistic pursuits I was deep in maps, so that before I was ten years old I could draw the world, or any detached part of it, on a blackboard with a bit of chalk, and mark any country or city which I was asked for.

My Youthful Love of Art

But to return to my boyish love of art. Among other notions, I converted an oak box 24ins. long by about 12ins. wide and 12ins. high into a peep-show by boring a hole at one end, and making slides for the pictures I had cut out and pasted on to cardboard. These I used to slip in and out—a sort of miniature moving cinema! Occasionally I “rigged up” the interior as a theatre, with all the paraphernalia incidental to it. I may say that in those days Wolverhampton did not boast of anything grander than Holloway’s Show, which only appeared at the annual fair.

My discrimination and judgment must have been inherent from the fact that all the oil paintings and water-colour drawings, porcelain, curios and bric-a-brac which I bought when I was between 14 and 20 years of age, are really equal in artistic merit to any I have purchased at far larger prices since. Small pictures by Turner, and by David Cox, etc., are still hanging in our rooms and testify to this fact.

I think I have mentioned in another part of my autobiography how, on the occasion of the opening of the Crystal Palace by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert* I viewed the procession from a bough of one of the huge trees that overhang Rotten Row, under which they passed.†

This exhibition, the marvellous creation of Prince Albert’s brain, further developed my love of art; but it was not until the Art Treasures Exhibition at Old Trafford in the year

* The Prince Consort’s Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, was a revelation beyond all conception. Herein were all the most wonderful, rare and modern attractions that Nature, Art or man’s ingenuity could devise. I recollect more particularly a few of the most attractive exhibits, such as the Koh-i-noor diamond, lent by Queen Victoria, and the “tinted Venus” by Gibson, the famous sculptor; and among the minor inventions, the “Piping Bullfinch”—one of the six on exhibition I was fortunate enough to secure and still possess—but in doing so I had to “pay the piper” to a rather serious extent, and in those days it was a very severe tax upon my pocket money.

† Following the example of other young fellows, I climbed up one of the big trees, and comfortably ensconced myself on a bough over-

Home and Abroad

1856, and being in Manchester after my return from Buenos Aires, that I became really obsessed with a confirmed longing for the possession of things of beauty. I seized every opportunity of visiting this, the finest collection of Art that had ever been brought together. I may say, in passing, that *the* picture at this exhibition, a very small one, which continually attracted crowds (so much so indeed that it was often impossible to get near it) was Wallis's picture of "The Death of Chatterton." Marvellous to relate, Wallis has never done anything since!

I used to look forward to my daily visit to this exhibition with impatient ardour. By this time I had become the possessor of a few charming bits of the Norwich School by Old Crome, E. C. Williams, etc.; also works by J. B. Pyne, Woolmer, etc., and a small Corot which I have given to the borough, and for which I paid £10, but which is now worth a large sum.

In course of time, when visiting my dear brother Alfred (who was chief cashier of the L. & N.W.R., Liverpool) I invariably visited the Walker Art Gallery there, and made purchases of one, two, three or even more pictures at their Autumn Exhibition, chiefly works that had been in that year's Royal Academy. Having no further space in my rooms for hanging pictures, I arranged with Sir William Forwood, the chairman of the art committee, and Mr. Chas. Dyall, the curator, to have them and certain other pictures which I bought elsewhere, kept for me safely until I required them. This went on for some years, until they had accumulated to upwards of 200, all admirable works by famous British artists

hanging Rotten Row, up which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort's cortege would pass. The Queen's carriage passed immediately below the bough upon which I was sitting. The Queen happened to look up, smiled, and drew the Prince's attention to my coign of vantage. The police had tried to dislodge not only myself, but others in the trees, but failed in their attempts.

“ Russell-Cotes Loan Collection ”

(I was always in favour of the modern British School of Art, and never appreciated the work of the Old Masters).

In the year 1884, having had a serious nervous breakdown, and being ordered a voyage, I, before embarking paid my usual annual visit to the Walker Art Gallery, and asked my friend, Sir William Forwood, if the committee would undertake to keep my pictures until I returned, which would probably be in a year or two. This he said they would do with great pleasure, but suggested that they might have the privilege of hanging any of those they might choose, in the Corporation permanent collection. To this I, of course, readily agreed.

On our return my wife and I visited Liverpool, and after breakfast walked over to the Art Gallery from the hotel, and in passing through the large permanent gallery on the left of the staircase, my wife drew my attention to a long scroll stretching right across the archway leading into another room, with the following inscription upon it :—

“ THE RUSSELL-COTES COLLECTION,”

which rather startled us, not expecting to see any such intimation. We went into this room, which was usually appropriated as the “gem” room during the Autumn Exhibition, and found a similar scroll inside over the archway. Being so early there were no other visitors in the room, and the custodian came up to us and remarked, “ This is a very fine collection, is it not, sir ? ” Upon replying in the affirmative, he went on to say, “ Yes. And it is all one collection—belonging to a gentleman at Bournemouth.” It may appear childish, but the man took me so much by surprise that instead of admitting that I was the individual to whom he referred, I beat a hasty retreat, much to the amusement of my wife, who had a good laugh at my expense. I believe I could have faced a bear, or probably a lion, with more complacence than that man eulogising my

Home and Abroad

property, and describing to me how I had accomplished the task of filling one room with my pictures.

This event caused me there and then to suggest to my wife that we had possibly solved the problem of what we should do with the collection ; that is to say, to loan it to the various public galleries, and thus confer a benefit upon the public and educate them in the art of their own country, viz., British Art. No sooner said than done. Knowing personally the chairmen and curators of most of the Corporation Art Galleries in the various large cities, I wrote to several, and the replies accepting my offer of loaning this collection were instantaneous. Thus my loan collection was launched forthwith, and continued until a few years ago, when not having an inch of hanging room to spare, and finding that it taxed me too severely to continue making the necessary arrangements with regard to its transfer from one gallery to another, I decided on the advice of one or two personal friends, to dispose of it. Many of the art committees were desirous of purchasing some of the pictures for their own Corporation Art Galleries, but I did not care to sell one or two in that way, leaving the remainder on my hands, so I decided to let Christie's dispose of the collection for me, and after selecting about a third of the pictures which I was desirous of retaining, I sent the remainder to Christie's, where they were placed under the hammer in March, 1905, by Mr. Lance Hannen (the principal of the firm of Christie, Manson and Woods), who told me that it was the most complete representative collection of British Art that they had had through their hands.

That portion which I retained was added to my private collection and was included with the pictures which I presented to the borough of Bournemouth on the occasion of Princess Beatrice's visit, to which I have already referred.

Russell-Cotes Art Gallery

The following is a copy of the cover of the catalogue prepared by the Council, for that occasion:—

County Borough  of Bournemouth.

THE HANDING OVER TO THE BOROUGH

BY

LADY RUSSELL-COTES,

F.R.S.L., F.R.C.I., M.J.S.,

OF THE

FREEHOLD OF THE RUSSELL-COTES ART GALLERY

AND THE OPENING BY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE

OF THE EXTENSION OF THE GALLERY, ON 1ST FEBRUARY, 1919.

WORKS OF ART

PRESENTED TO THE BOROUGH

BY

SIR MERTON RUSSELL-COTES,

J.P., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.L., F.S.A.,

AND NOW IN THE NEW GALLERIES.

NOTE.—The Art Gallery and Museum are open to the Public on the First Wednesday in each Month, from 2 to 4 p.m.

Admission (including Catalogue): 1/- each person.

The entire Proceeds are given to the Mayor's War Charities.

Home and Abroad

My relations with Christie's were more of a friendly nature than of a business character ; moreover, it was a rendezvous where one could meet and be met by lovers of art. Perhaps a few notes regarding the origin of this famous firm would not be inappropriate in my reminiscences.

Unquestionably the inception of Christie's greatness was due to James Christie, who was a Scotsman, and seemed to have possessed in a conspicuous degree not only more than his native share of pluck and energy, but an unfeigned capacity for mastering details which alone makes a successful man of business. Christie was born at Perth in 1730. His mother was a Macdonald, his father an Englishman of good family. The first time that we hear of him posing as an auctioneer was in a journal called the *Public Advertiser*, July 31st, 1763, advertising a sale of the effects of a large house in St. James' Square. After this he seems to have taken up a permanent position on his own account at the rooms in Pall Mall. In 1770, he seems to have moved to 125, a house next door to Chamberg's house, Pall Mall. The next move was to 8, King Street, St. James' Square, the present position, which covers what was formerly Wilson's Emporium or Museum, prior to which the place had an unenviable notoriety as a gambling hell. The first sale, after the firm established itself in King Street, was that of a library of books. On May 11th and 12th, 1791, Mr. Christie held a sale of prints and drawings, and in 1793 he sold an immense collection of pictures and prints belonging to Mr. John Birtle.

The first Mr. Christie was a man of very prepossessing appearance, and seemed to have a fascinating personality. He was tall, and of a dignified appearance, and remarkable for eloquence and professional enthusiasm. He was intimate with Garrick, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and other men of note. He was very animated, and it may be justly said, eloquent, in his recommendation of any article to be announced from

“Christie’s,” The Art Auctioneers

his “rostrum,” as well as in occasional effusions of genuine humour. He was courteous, friendly, and hospitable in private life, and was held in great esteem by his numerous friends, among whom there were many of high rank. There is no doubt that through his confidence in some of his friends, he was victimised on more than one occasion. It is, I believe, a fact that he lost a sum of about £5,000 through one of the gentlemen whom he knew in the upper circle, which loss he was unable to sustain. Here is a proof of the generosity of that great actor, Garrick, who, hearing of Mr. Christie’s loss, and knowing his high character, delicately offered to accommodate him with the full amount of his loss if it was rendered necessary by lack of means.

It would seem that in those days, as well as the present, the great feature of attraction at Christie’s was their private view days, when the rooms were practically turned into a fashionable lounge, where personages of the very highest distinction congregated in great numbers, and they even went further in those days, by frequently having evening receptions, when the great room was lighted up, and an official was stationed at the entrance to prevent the intrusion of any one not belonging to the fashionable world. The last occasion that one of these evening receptions was held was on September 4th, 1796, which an artist named Gillray caricatures as “A Peep at Christie’s,” and takes the opportunity of venting his spleen upon Lord Derby and Miss Farren, for both of whom he had a special dislike, and so libelled both the lady and her protector.

Perhaps it is not generally known that this James Christie became one of the twenty original proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle*, which started in June, 1769. His first attempt at public advertising in the Press was on Saturday, November 24th, 1787, when an advertisement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* as follows:—

Home and Abroad

“ BY MR. CHRISTIE.—On the premises in the course of a short time. All the superlatively rich, elegant and superb HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, pier glasses of great magnitude, beauty, and perfection; a most capital and valuable collection of Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Pictures of the most esteemed Masters, and in the highest state of perfection. Inestimable China, a suite of the Gobeline Tapestry, choice wines, and a profusion of valuable articles, the property of

“ His Excellency COUNT D'ADHEMAR,
“ Ambassador to his Most Christian Majesty, returned to France.

“ At His Excellency's House in Piccadilly.

“ Notice of viewing and sale will be given.”

James Christie died at his house in Pall Mall, November 8th, 1803, aged 73, and was interred at St. James' Burial Ground in the Hampstead Road. In the obituary notice in *The Gentleman's Magazine* it said, “ In Pall Mall, aged 73, after a long and lingering illness, Mr. James Christie, many years well known and justly celebrated as an auctioneer, and the successful disposer of property of every kind, whether by public sale or private contract. With an easy and gentleman-like flow of eloquence, he possessed in a great degree the power of persuasion, and even tempered his public addresses by a gentle refinement of manners. His remains were interred on the 14th inst.”

He was succeeded by his eldest son, James Christie, who was born in Pall Mall in 1773. He was educated at Eton, and was intended for the Church, but entered the auctioneer's business, which after his father's death he carried on with increased success. The younger James Christie's success as an auctioneer was only one degree less than his abilities as an author.

Of course very great differences and improvements have been made to convert the premises into the exceedingly fine suite of rooms that now exist. Christie's now draws people from all parts of the world. The subsequent advent of Mr. Thomas H. Woods developed it to an extent that never was contemplated or thought possible.

My Old Friend Thos. H. Woods

Starting in a humble capacity, he finally became the senior partner of Christie, Manson & Woods, and was a friend of many years standing. Our friendship increased and culminated when he resigned taking any further active part in his old firm, and came to Bournemouth to reside at Little Forest House, which was the former residence of my old friend and doctor, Dr. Thomas.

On receiving a letter from Mr. Woods asking me to let him know of any eligible property near the seaside, I advised him to at once secure this property,* which he did, and resided there till the day of his death. This house he left to his two nieces, who still occupy it.

During his residence at Bournemouth he was a frequent guest with us at East Cliff Hall, and never seemed to tire of looking through our collection. Many of the art treasures, by the way, were purchased under his hammer. He, like myself, had a great love for white Bisque china, of which he possessed a remarkably fine collection. He assisted me frequently in obtaining some choice bits at Christie's sales. One of the most valuable and rare articles that I possess and which I have given to the borough, is a table made for and used by Napoleon at Longwood, St. Helena. This table belonged to H.I.M. the Empress Eugenié, and was sold,

* Durrant's Farm,
Croxley Green,
Herts.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

29th April, 1899.

Many thanks; I hope I am a little better, but not much. I go to town three days a week, and rest the other four. I am to complete my purchase on the 9th May, and shall then have to think about repairs. Will you kindly write down for me the names of the three best builders I may safely employ, as I fear the roof will be a ticklish job, and will have to be done quickly. I don't suppose you will see me again until all is finished, and I go into winter residence. My place here is looking very nice.

With kindest regards to you and to Mrs. Russell-Cotes, in which my nieces unite,

Yours very faithfully,
Thos. H. Woods.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., etc.

Home and Abroad

together with a number of other effects at Christie's. It was specially selected for me by Mr. Woods.* We have many other works of art purchased through him from time to time and also many little *objets d'art* which he presented to my wife.† He was a most unpretentious, unassuming man, but to a stranger his manner no doubt would have appeared cold and repellent and far from approachable. Under this reserved demeanor, however, he concealed a most kindly heart. With us he was *persona grata*, so also were we with him. A few years before his death he suffered very much from gout, and became unable to go up and down stairs. Therefore his visits to us became fewer and fewer.

* Little Forest House,
Bournemouth.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

14th February, 1900.

In 1848 we sold the Duke of Buckingham's collection, and amongst others the celebrated Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, reputed to be painted by Burbidge, the actor. It was bought by Lieutenant F. Egerton, and given by him to the National Portrait Gallery. Since then its reputation has entirely exploded, and it is said to represent an unknown old woman. After this who is to believe in pedigrees? I recommend you never to buy anything that is not entirely genuine. I like a good pedigree when there is internal evidence of worth, but not otherwise. How dreadful this weather keeps. I hope you are better to-day.

Yours faithfully,

T. H. Woods.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

† Durrant's Farm,
Croxley Green,
Herts.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

17th April, 1900.

I have the pleasure to send you herewith the little bust of Napoleon II, a member of the family which I believe is not included in your Napoleonic collection, and it is a gratification to me to supply it. I had taken cold before my visit to your nice house, and when I got home after a comfortable journey, had to take to my bed. A course of even temperature has to a great extent restored me, and I am about again. I hope both you and Mr. Russell-Cotes are better for your rest and change. I find the country looking fresh and beautiful, but rather later than Bournemouth. All my circle unite in very kindest regards.

Yours faithfully,

T. H. Woods.

Mrs Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L.

Invited to stand for Parliament

My wife and I have spent many happy days with him at his beautiful country seat named "Durrant's Farm." It was a charming place, with very extensive grounds and meadows, and everything to be found in an "up-to-date" modern farm. Here in his mansion he had some very choice fine art property, as can be very well imagined from the opportunities afforded him for possessing such.

A few days before he died, he sent several messages begging me to go and see him, but unfortunately I was away from home. It has always been a source of deep regret to me that I was unable to avail myself of the last opportunity of seeing him, and that I could not grant his last wish. Since my dear old friend's death, my visits to Christie's have become less frequent because I miss him so.

But to return to the story of the "Loan Collection." The result of our decision was that the pictures were exhibited under this scheme, at the following Corporation Art Galleries, viz :—

Liverpool	Burnley
Sheffield	Leeds
Glasgow	Derby
Oldham *	Bradford
Bath	Nottingham
Harrogate	

Before lending this collection of pictures, I had lent a small number of the most important works to the Guildhall Art Gallery, the Whitechapel Art Gallery, New Zealand Inter-

* Three years later I was approached by the officials of the Conservative Central Offices to allow myself to be nominated as a candidate for Parliament at the next election. I replied, that much as I should like to do so, I feared my health would not permit; when I received the following letter :—

Conservative Central Office,
St. Stephen's Chambers,
Westminster, S.W.

Dear Sir,

2nd November, 1905.

I am exceedingly sorry to learn that you are not well, but hope you will soon be quite right again. I was most anxious to meet you

Home and Abroad

national Exhibition, and the Melbourne and the Chicago Exhibitions through Lord Leighton.

It is interesting to record that on the occasion of the collection being opened at the Oldham Art Gallery, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was then the member for that city, said that "he heartily congratulated Mr. Russell-Cotes on his generosity and public-spiritedness in lending such a very large and magnificent collection of works of art to the Corporation

and to discuss the possibility of your coming out as a candidate at the next General Election. I fear, however, that as you are too unwell to leave Bournemouth this winter, you will hardly be in a position to undertake a candidature, as it is most essential that some hard work should be put into the constituencies during the next few months.

Faithfully yours,

LIONEL WELLS.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.

On acknowledging the above, I received the following by return, from Colonel Haig:—

Conservative Central Office,
St. Stephen's Chambers,
Westminster, S.W.
22nd November, 1905.

Dear Sir,

I have duly received your letter of the 21st instant, and I hope that you will allow me to mention your name to our friends in Oldham. The figures at the last election, viz., 1900, show that the electorate at that time was very evenly divided between Conservatives and Liberals, the names being as follows:—

A. Emmott (L)	12,947
W. S. Churchill (C)	12,931
W. Runciman (L)	12,709
C. B. Crisp (C)	12,522

Certainly your generosity in lending your wonderful collection of pictures in 1902 should recommend your name, to begin with, to our friends in Oldham, and therefore I hope you will allow me to suggest to our committee that they should invite you to meet them.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR B. HAIG.

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., etc.

I then placed the matter before Dr. Sir David Ferrier, the great nerve specialist, who absolutely vetoed any such suggestion. I was therefore compelled to write to Colonel Haig, thanking him for all his kindness, but regretting my inability to stand as a candidate for the constituency.

Illuminated Votes of Thanks

of Oldham. He had heard of one, two or three pictures being lent for such purposes, but never before of a whole collection of about 250 pictures being lent for public exhibition, and he hoped it would have the effect of inducing other owners of fine art property to follow so praiseworthy an example."

The following are copies of the illuminated votes of thanks that I have received from some of the Art Galleries :—

LIVERPOOL.

At a meeting of the Arts and Exhibitions Sub-Committee of the Council of the city of Liverpool, held on Monday, the 25th September, 1905, Alderman Sir William B. Forwood, D.L., in the chair, it was unanimously resolved that an illuminated vote of thanks from the Corporation of the city of Liverpool be given to MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, Esq., F.R.G.S., of East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, to express hearty appreciation of his valuable services for the popularisation of the fine arts of Great Britain during many years past, and especially of his generosity in lending his well-known collection of pictures and other works of art for free exhibition in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, during a period of three years, 1884 to 1887.

(Signed) WILLIAM B. FORWOOD,
Chairman of the Library, Museum and Arts Committee.

JOHN LEA,
Lord Mayor of the city of Liverpool.

SHEFFIELD.

At a meeting of the Mappin Art Gallery Committee held on Monday, May 20th, 1901, Alderman W. H. Brittain, J.P., F.R.G.S., Chairman, it was unanimously resolved that an illuminated vote of thanks from the Corporation of Sheffield be given to MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, Esq., of East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, to express the cordial appreciation of the kind and consistent interest which he has shown in the Gallery by the loan for exhibition between the years 1890 and 1901 of pictures and other works of art, greatly to the enjoyment of the citizens of Sheffield, and the numerous other visitors to the Gallery. During those years the visitors have numbered 700,000, a fact that testifies to the widespread benefit which Mr. Russell-Cotes has conferred by his generous loans.

(Signed) W. H. BRITTAİN.

JOHN EATON.

Home and Abroad

GLASGOW. CORPORATION OF GLASGOW MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.*

The cordial thanks of the Corporation of Glasgow have been awarded to MR. MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, F.R.G.S., for contributing on loan to the Glasgow Green Branch Museum (People's Palace) a collection of modern pictures, which remained on exhibition for a period of three years.

JOHN SHEARER,
Chairman.

J. A. PATON,
Superintendent.

Glasgow, April, 1902.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF OLDHAM. FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

The Committee of the above institution, recognising their indebtedness to MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, ESQ., F.R.G.S., of Bournemouth, by the loan to the borough from August to December, 1902, of a collection of paintings and drawings, desire to express their thanks, and to testify to the appreciation of his kindness by the citizens of Oldham, who largely availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting the pictures.

H. E. JUDSON,
Chairman.

GEO. HANSON,
Mayor.

BATH.

At a meeting of the Council of the city of Bath held on Thursday, July 24th, 1902, it was moved by Mr. Councillor Woodiwiss, seconded by Mr. Councillor Matthews and resolved unanimously, that the very cordial thanks of the Council be tendered to MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, ESQ., F.R.G.S., of East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, for his great kindness and liberality in lending to the Victoria Art Gallery during the spring and summer months of this year a large collection of pictures for the enjoyment of the citizens of Bath and the numerous visitors to the city.

EDWARD ENGLAND PHILLIPS,
Mayor.

GEORGE WOODIWISS,
Chairman of the Art Gallery Committee.

**Re* my election as a member of the History and Archaeological Section of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901:—

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1901.
FINE ART, HISTORY & ARCHÆOLOGY SECTION.

Corporation Galleries,

Glasgow.

22nd March, 1899.

Sir,

At a meeting of the Fine Art and Scottish History Committee of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901, held to-day, it was agreed to invite you to allow your name to be added to the list of members. I shall be glad to hear whether you will accept the nomination of the committee, and, with the view of indicating the scope of their undertaking, I enclose herewith a proof prospectus of the section.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

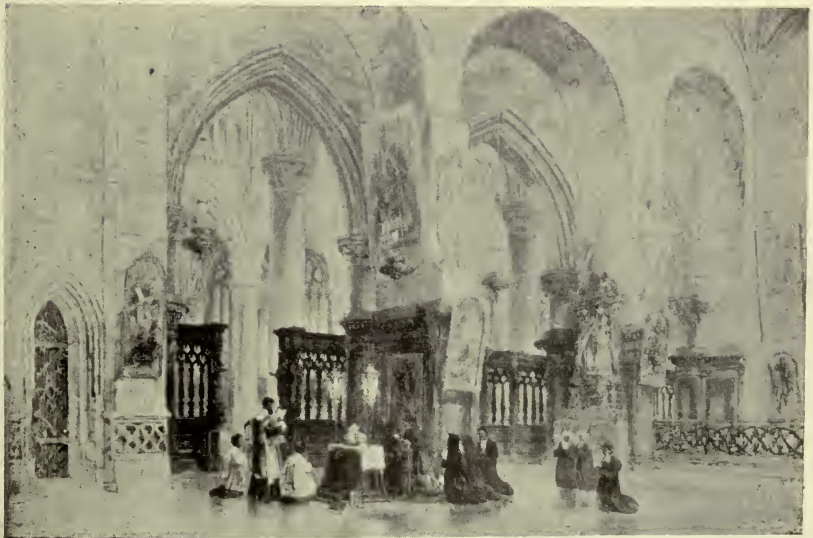
J. A. PATON,

Hon. Secretary.

M. Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.



My old friend, Frederick Goodall, R.A.



Interior of Ypres Cathedral, by Sir Wyke-Bayliss, before being destroyed by the Huns.



"A Venetian Water Carrier," by Eugene de Blaas.



"Eyes and no Eyes," by Frank Bramley.

31. Jan 183



VERNON HOLME
HARLESDOWN, CANTERBURY

Dear Sir,

I have from the
last 2 1/2 years received a
sum of £5. 5. 0 for a
copyright for any picture
sent to me from that person
from all kinds of people. I am
not therefore at liberty to do so on
any other terms. If this suits you
I will see to the printing, as soon
as I hear from you.

Y^r faithfully

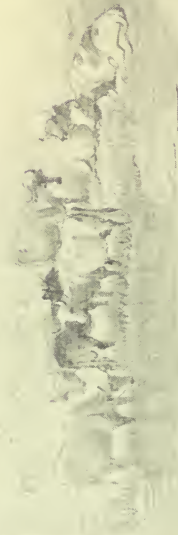
W. Vernon Holme

W R Coles Esq

Letter to me from Cooper. He was a covetous elf, and the only
artist who so treated his patrons.



VERMONT HOLBRE ASSOCIATION
MARELLSDOWN VT.



N. 166

This is to certify the picture sent to me
by Mr. C. S. the subject is that of the
at our general clothing, was purchased by

me. Anthony Cooper N. H.

Oct. 5. 1853 Stages of police 44 X 30

Price 13. N. 166. not true 155



S. J. Ladd

10. A. Feb 24 1860

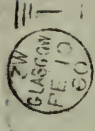
Dear Sir:

I beg to thank you for your
kind present of some which came
to me this morning -

I just met your son & daughter
they had very strong & beautiful hair
& I do not know to which school
he goes to in N. H.

Yours faithfully

John C. Flindt



S. King, Clark Esq.

241 Buchanan St.

Receipt from Sidney Cooper, certifying that the picture
sent to him by me was genuine.

Letter to Mr. John King Clark, W.S. from the Rev.
Gustavus K. Flindt, who married us, 1st February,
1860.

My Earliest Art Purchases

TOWNELEY HALL ART GALLERY, COUNTY BOROUGH OF BURNLEY.

At a meeting of the Council held in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, Burnley, on Wednesday, the 5th day of October, 1904, it was moved by Councillor Irving, seconded by Councillor Hartley, and resolved unanimously that the sincere thanks of the Council of this County Borough be and are hereby accorded to MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S., of East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth, for his great kindness in lending to the Council a valuable and attractive collection of pictures for exhibition in the Towneley Hall Art Gallery, during the years 1903 and 1904.

ALBERT CARRINGTON,
Mayor.

A. STEELE SHELDON,
Town Clerk.

LEEDS. CORPORATION ART GALLERY, CITY OF LEEDS.

Resolved unanimously at a meeting of the Sub-Library Art Gallery Committee, 7th May, 1906, Alderman A. T. Tannett Walker, J.P., in the chair, that this Committee express their thanks to MERTON RUSSELL-COTES, Esq., of Bournemouth, for the loan of a number of paintings for a recent spring exhibition in the City Art Gallery, and hereby place on record their appreciation of the well-known efforts and readiness of MR. RUSSELL-COTES on all occasions by loans of works from his private collection to encourage taste for the fine arts in the populous cities of the country.

That an illuminated copy of the foregoing resolution be presented to MR. RUSSELL-COTES.

Extracted from the proceedings.

Chairman of the Sub-Library Art Gallery Committee:

A. TANNETT WALKER.

ROBERT E. FOX, Town Clerk.

If I were to recount my friendships and acquaintanceships with artists whom I have known since I was a boy, it would fill two or three bulky tomes. It began very early in my career in Edinburgh and Glasgow, where I had the "Open Sesame" to all the art circles, sketching clubs and other artistic resorts, of which I never failed to avail myself. There was scarcely a popular or budding artist but whom I knew intimately, and from whom I purchased pictures as far as my income would allow.

There are several in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery which I have presented to the borough, that were purchased by me fully sixty or sixty-five years ago, and years before I ever

Home and Abroad

dreamt that I should send a large collection of pictures for exhibition at the Glasgow Corporation Art Galleries.

During my college days there I had as my "chum" the son of Professor Syme, of the Edinburgh University, and we shared the same rooms. He was a delightful young fellow, highly intellectual, and although a few years older than myself, we got on admirably together. Never at any time did I require assistance with my studies but he was always ready and willing to aid me. Although only about 23, he had acquired an almost perfect knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, neither of which I could brook. It really seemed as though such knowledge was a part of his nature—he could not help acquiring it. His studies were to him a labour of love.

Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., who painted the portraits of my wife and myself which are in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, was born in 1857, is also connected with Edinburgh, as he was the second son of Professor James Lorimer, of Edinburgh University. He made his debut at the Royal Academy when he was 21 with a three-quarter length portrait of his father, which picture was afterwards presented to the University of Edinburgh, and now hangs in the College Hall.

He is a Fellow of the Royal Scottish Academy, and corresponding member of the Institute of France; and he, like Mr. Whistler, has received very distinguished recognition by the Parisian "Societies des Beaux Arts"—indeed the French Government bought his picture "Fête de Grandmère" which represents children saying grace in a room at twilight, whilst seated round an oval table with the candles lighted.

About the time that he painted our portraits he also painted that of the late Lord Lister,* which was presented

* The following letter from this distinguished artist will be of interest:—

Kellie Castle,

Pittenweem, N.B.

Dear Sir,

I received with great pleasure your very kindly letter this morning. I shall be most happy to undertake your portrait as Mayor of Bourne-mouth, and also that of Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

Our Portraits by J. H. Lorimer

to that eminent scientist on his retirement from his professorship at King's College, London. At an exhibition held at the Grafton Gallery, London, of Mr. Lorimer's works, the three singled out for especial praise were the portraits of the late Lord Lister, my wife and myself.

Art in all its various phases has always been my strong weakness ; there is not a doubt but a hobby of some sort is as necessary to the human brain as food is to the body. There is a great difference in what one considers desirable for one's self or one's neighbour, but often, I think, the "hobby" or "recreation," or call it what you will, is a certain instinct of fond inclination that asserts itself without a why or wherefore. The love of *objets d'art*, antiques and curios, is a weakness that besets the shrewdest of men, and I have known a hard-hearted man of business (who could give points to the Jew) or the typical Yankee, fall a victim to the most childish trap when antiques are named ! What a conglomeration of old iron, tin, and rubbish, adorn the shelves of some who would pride themselves on their sense and business acumen ! Still, it gives them pleasure ; and if it does not cost too much, it would be in bad taste to quarrel with that form of hobby. I must confess that for myself I have an unreasoning and unreasonable love of art in all its ramifications. Old nick-nacks and curios and everything of that sort is to me untold bliss.

Besides that, I have an inordinate love of time-tables and maps. Many is the story I have found too dull to finish, but I can spend a rapturous hour among the pages of a "Bradshaw," an ordnance survey, or anything that may appertain to the Royal Geographical Society, of which I am

I am coming back to my studio at Edwardes Square, Kensington, on December 1st, to do a portrait of Sir Joseph Lister for a committee ; and several others in the course of the season.

With many thanks for your most kind reference to my father's portrait.—Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

J. H. LORIMER.

Home and Abroad

proud of being an old member. It would be unkind, perhaps, to suggest that one would also get more fiction in this than in any other form of literature, but certain painful experiences in travelling confirmed in my mind the suspicion that the speculative element is by no means lacking! History applauds George Stephenson for inventing the locomotive, but there are very few who applaud the man who invented the time table. The name of its originator, as the title indicates, is Bradshaw. I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I have had the privilege and unfeigned pleasure of knowing his son, Mr. Christopher Bradshaw, of The Nook, Eccles, for upwards of sixty-five years. Here, after all, is another of the public benefactors the world has forgotten to commemorate.

The following letters will be of interest to our mutual friends:—

The Nook,
Eccles.

December 17th, 1905.

My dear Russell-Cotes,

Your letter received this morning pleased me very much, not only from your so kindly falling in with regard to our proposed visit, but also for the news it contained that your son had attended every day at Christie's during the dispersal of Sir Henry's treasures. I thought I should like to ask you whether he had marked the prices of every item in his catalogue. Such a catalogue will be very valuable some day, and would be well worth the trouble. Christie's people would probably help him. They used to fill in the prices for those who attended for half a crown for each day. I am glad you have—or likely to have—secured something.

Much regards to you both from us, and I am,

Your sincere friend,

CHRISTOPHER BRADSHAW.

The Nook,
Eccles.

October 19th, 1915.

My dear old Friend,

It is a long time since I had so much satisfaction, indeed, I may say delight, in the receipt of a letter as I had in yours of the 15th instant. The note that pervaded it was one of cheerfulness and thankfulness for the blessings you are permitted to enjoy in so late a period of life.

The Oldest Friend of my Youth

You are feeling your limitations and the burden of years ; your memory, like mine, plays curious and unaccountable pranks, but there are worse trials than that, and therefore let us keep as brave a spirit as we can, no easy task in these troublous times. My wife said, " You must write to Sir Merton, and I will write to Lady Russell-Cotes." It will be some little time, however, before she is able to do this, for I have had her in bed for several days with a serious chill on the liver. The continued sickness and consequent exhaustion with some complications alarmed me greatly, and I found the anxiety nearly knocked me up. However, I am thankful to be able to report an improvement ; the temperature is nearly normal again, and if she can sleep and gain a little strength, I think she will pull through. But, as you know, recuperation is a difficult matter at 80 years of age.

I echo your wish that we should pay you a visit, but the fatigue would be too great to face for some time. I fancy Southport will be as far as we shall get.

I should like my kindest and affectionate regards to be given to Ella. We have not been to London since the war ; our old friend, Mr. Prentis, at Hampstead, with whom we used to stay, died last year, and I really think we feel more lonely in London than anywhere now he has gone.

We both send our love to Lady Russell-Cotes as well as you, and I am,

Affectionately yours,

CHRISTOPHER BRADSHAW.

The Nook,
Ellesmere Park,
Eccles.

My dear old Friend,

February 7th, 1919.

I have got into sad arrears with my correspondence during the last few weeks ; in fact, it has all " gone by the board," or I should have replied to both of your interesting letters long since. The fact is, I have not been very well. The severe weather has rendered vitality so low, that it has been a difficult matter to keep going at all.

I have read with great interest the account of the presentation by Lady Russell-Cotes through H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, and am grieved to learn she was unable to be present at the function. She is worthy of all that was said of her.

As for you—it was wonderful ! " Age cannot wither," etc., and really you must have a reserve of power to enable you to make that

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speech and carry through the affair in the way you did. There's work for you in the world yet, that is evident.

I wish I could have a quiet sit among your treasures.

With my love to you both and to Ella, who does not forget us.—

I am,

Affectionately yours,

CHRISTOPHER BRADSHAW.

It may be that my great love of "things beautiful" has descended to me from some ancestor, whose blood also flowed through the veins of my kinsman (he being first cousin to my great grandfather) Francis Cotes, R.A. To those of my friends who love portraiture in Art, the following taken from the "Daily Telegraph" of the 21st May, 1919, will be of interest:—

"FRANCIS COTES, R.A.

"1,900GS. FOR A PORTRAIT.

"Hogarth used to maintain that Francis Cotes was superior to Reynolds, but painters' opinions of each other are not invariably sound. Yet we have seen more than one Cotes sold as a Reynolds, and the late Mr. Woods, of Christie's, used often to prophesy a big market future for the less known artist, who died at 45 in 1770. We distinctly remember the old auctioneer arguing with Sir William Agnew and Martin Colnaghi about his merits. Cotes loved pastel (he was the master of the great executant, John Russell, R.A.), and strove to produce crayon effects in oil, a remarkable illustration of this being seen at Christie's yesterday, in the 1768 full-length portrait (93in. by 56½in.) of Mrs. Coloquhoun, mother of Mrs. Edward Coke, of Longford Hall, Derbyshire, where the picture has been since it was painted. Cotes' first boom at auction was in the Orrock sale, 1904, when his "Kitty Fisher" made 1,700gs. In 1910 there was another fair omen, when Mr. Asher Wertheimer gave 1,720gs. for the "Mrs. Macrue." This "Mrs. Colquhoun" gives us a glimpse of an eighteenth-century belle dame of quality, and in her mauve dress, green sash, and

My Kinsman Francis Cotes, R.A.

flowing golden scarf afforded Cotes a fine opportunity to treat paint as pastel. The market appreciation of his technical success was unmistakable, and Mr. Freeman, acting for Mr. Asher Wertheimer, had to go to 1,900gs. against Messrs. Agnew to win the full-length. Good examples of Cotes' works are in the National Gallery, at Greenwich, and the Sacred Harmonic Society. George III chose Cotes to portray his young Queen when she first arrived in this country. The picture was duly shown at Court. After some minutes of deadly silence the King impatiently exclaimed, "Does nobody admire this beautiful work?" Whereupon the Duchess of Northumberland immediately begged Cotes to let her have the first copy, and all the courtiers buzzed with flattery. Hazlitt has many trenchant observations to make on the text inferred—which way the cat jumps.*

The picture, "St. Michael's Mount," by Joseph William Mallord Turner, which now hangs in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, has been in the Cotes family for many years, and is described on page 144 in a book entitled "Turner," by Francis Tyrrell-Gill, where also there is an illustration of the picture. Lord St. Leven, the present owner of St. Michael's Mount, after seeing this picture, expressed to me his high opinion of it as a work of art, but did not consider that Turner had done it justice, yet the opinion of experts and art connoisseurs who have seen it is that that is "*one of his finest works.*" This work was exhibited by Mr. Coke in 1822, a picture dealer of London, and the subject was engraved in the series of views of the Southern Coast of England (including the picture of Poole Harbour, as seen from Constitution Hill). There is no question

* 2,600 GUINEAS FOR AN OLD MASTER.

Old masters realised the following prices at Christie's yesterday (27th April, 1917):—

Portrait of Francis Grenville, Earl Brooke, and Earle of Warwick, by Gainsborough, 2,600 guineas; F. Cotes' portrait of Mrs. Colquhoun, wife of William Colquhoun, 1,900 guineas.

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that this is the original picture, evidently from it being painted on the spot in the open air. The version, which afterwards was produced, was a studio picture, and was exhibited ten or twelve years afterwards in the Royal Academy in 1834, and was purchased by John Sheepshank, and passed with the rest of his collection in his deed of gift to the nation in 1857, and now is to be found in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Experts and connoisseurs who have seen both works recognise without the slightest difficulty that the one at South Kensington was unquestionably painted inside in the studio, whereas the picture in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery was unquestionably painted in the *open air*.

A most complete and fine exhibition of Turner's works was projected by my friend, Sir A. G. Temple, director of the City of London Guildhall Art Gallery, who, with untiring labour brought the pictures together, and supplied the public with valuable information in a specially written catalogue.

In this collection water-colours outnumbered oils, and were to many thousands of people a revelation of Turner's wonderful power in a medium they had not earlier been accustomed to think of as that in which he had executed much of his greatest work.

In Turner's early career he devoted himself almost altogether to drawings in water-colours of various cathedrals and abbeys in the United Kingdom. Some of these works are unquestionably beautiful. There is one in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, the interior of Tewkesbury Abbey. The wonderful and impressive beauty of this work has been a source of inspiration to many artists.*

*Turner was born on the 23rd April, 1775, and was the son of a barber. He died when I was 16 years of age, so that I knew nothing of him personally, but I remember that in personal appearance he was by no means a distinguished or attractive looking man. On the contrary, whatever physical grace he had possessed in the earlier period had been quite lost as he became an elderly man. Added to which,

Louis B. Hurt

Among all my artistic friends I esteem none more than my dear old friend, Louis B. Hurt, for whom and his charming wife I have the deepest affection. This feeling is participated in by my beloved wife. We have seen and visited each other frequently for many years. His delightful sylvan retreat, "Ivonbrook" in Darley Dale, is one of those sequestered spots that no poet can sufficiently sound the praises of or do adequate justice to. Peace, harmony, goodwill and loving affection exist together with an indescribable serenity, that constitute something more than the usual earthly atmosphere, for he and his wife are truly Christian people and live up to their creed. No parade, no show, but simple Christianity. In that reposeful home I have spent many happy hours. I dwell on this because it affords me unfeigned delight to do so.

My old friend has frequently exhibited in the Royal Academy and no doubt would have been an R.A. many years

his habits of intemperance in later life, together with his lameness from an accident, rendered him altogether somewhat unprepossessing—mean-looking—slovenly in dress and unsteady in gait. Added to this he was short in stature, inclined to be stout and unshapely, with black hair, a red face, and covetous looking eyes. In fact, Sir William Allen described him as being like a "Dutch skipper," not a very complimentary comparison! But nevertheless, he was the greatest British artist the world has ever known, ranking in art on a similar level to Shakespeare as a dramatist. There is a funny story told clearly demonstrating his chronic meanness:—He had arranged with some publishers to illustrate a work for them, each illustration to be £25. Turner accepted this and appeared satisfied. But after leaving, in a few minutes he returned, and popping his head in at the door, called out "Guineas!" To this they agreed; but in another five minutes he was back again, this time putting head and shoulders in at the door, saying more insistently, "And my expenses!" To this also the firm agreed, but he soon returned, and pushing himself right into the room said in an eager, demanding tone, "And twenty artist's proofs!"

The amount of work which Turner did and the number of pictures, drawings, sketches, engravings, etc., etc., were simply fabulous, and proved beyond question that the "Alpha and Omega" of his life consisted in his incessant strenuous labours in his beloved artistic career. I suppose that in point of fact no other artist ever produced as many pictures all told as this one man succeeded in doing during his 76 years. Turner's parents were in very humble circumstances, and where they sprang from it is a difficult matter to say, for like Shakespeare and a few other of our greatest men, heredity seems to have had no place or part in the genius of their descendants.

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ago, but for his retiring disposition. However, "good wine needs no bush" and his pictures are known all over the world and are much appreciated. His principal style is similar to that of Peter Graham and McWhirter, but in my opinion he is more varied in the subjects chosen and treats them in a more powerful manner, than either of these artists.

Mr. Hurt is represented in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery by four of his finest and largest works, which appear in the catalogue as follows:—

"A Spate on the Spean."

"Caledonia Stern and Wild."

"Stack-an-Arnim, St. Kilda."

"Loch Coruisk and the Coolins, Skye"

That famous artist Edwin Long, R.A., was one—if not the only one—of the artists of the Victorian era who painted pictures (very fine works) of Biblical subjects, and in this particular style he was incomparable. I purchased one of his pictures some fifty years ago, on condition that I should submit it to him for his opinion, as it was a work that appeared to me to be very much like the work of John Philip. It is entitled, "Dialogus Diversus," and represents two priests, one elderly and the other younger, in conversation, a man and a woman talking together, and a lady on a balcony conversing with a cavalier. It is a very beautiful picture, but, as I said, I felt certain, knowing his works so well, that it had been painted by my old friend John Philip, R.A. It was agreed, therefore, that before I purchased it, it should be submitted to Mr. Long. The picture was placed on the top of a "growler," and I drove to the artist's beautiful mansion in St. John's Wood. On arriving there, we found ourselves to be in rather a dilemma as to how we should remove the picture into the house, there being no one to do so except the cabman, but upon explaining the object of my visit to Mr. Long, he smilingly offered his

Edwin Long, R.A.

services, and the three of us carried the large picture into his house. After examining it, he declared that it was a work painted by himself, and quite genuine. I explained to him that I was not so well acquainted with his technique, and I could not help but think that it was the work of John Philip. He remarked that it had never occurred to him, but now that it was mentioned, he realised that it was marvellously like Philip's works.

He afterwards invited me to go up with him into his studio, which was reached by a wide corridor running the whole length of one side of the house, and a grand staircase at the other end. It was one of the finest studios that I have ever entered, both for size and light. He explained to me that it extended over the whole of the house. He was at work at that time on a huge canvas depicting our Saviour preaching from a boat on the Sea of Galilee. He also had in hand at the time several other fine works. I expressed my great admiration for his works, which seemed to please him very much.

Mr. Long was, I may add, one of the most courteous and genial men among the Royal Academicians that I have known. I am very proud to say that I secured five of his greatest works, viz., "Anno Domini," "The Chosen Five," and the series of "Jephthah's Vow," consisting of "Jephthah's Return," "Morning in the Mountains," and "The Martyr."

Many of those who visit the Gallery may feel curious to learn how these grand works of Art came into existence. They were painted on commission for Mr. Beeforth's syndicate, which owned the "Doré Gallery," New Bond Street, London. Long received £50,000 for all those in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, and another, a companion picture to "Anno Domini," which is in the Holloway College. Mr. Beeforth, whom I knew intimately, was a very wealthy art collector and connoisseur. He became enamoured of the works of that great French artist Gustave Doré, and decided to project a gallery in London

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to exhibit this artist's works exclusively. "The Doré Gallery" was an immediate success and created quite a furore in Art circles. Eventually, however, the public demanded a new sensation, and after serious consideration Mr. Beeforth induced Long to paint a series of pictures to be exhibited in the Doré Gallery, the commission to be paid half in cash and half out of receipts. The result was a series of exceptionally marvellous subjects superbly painted which caused the Doré Gallery to become a still more popular resort. A gentleman named Canham was engaged to tour the country to obtain subscriptions for the engraved reproductions of these works, the receipts from which soon became a gold mine. These subscriptions ranged from two guineas for an ordinary print to ten guineas for an artist's signed proof on India paper.

The passages in the Bible from which the subjects of the three "Jephthah's Vow" pictures are taken, are as follows: Judges xi., commencing verse 30:—

"And Jephthah vowed unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering. So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands. . . . And Jephthah came to Mizpeh unto his house, and, behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances; and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! Thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back. And she said unto him, My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded

Albert Moore

out of thy mouth. . . . And he sent her away for two months : and she went with her companions. . . . And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed."

It may be worth recording that when H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice opened the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum extension, the two pictures which seemed to interest her most were "The Palm Offering," by Frederick Goodall, and "A Highland Flood" by Sir Edwin Landseer, which she told me she recognised as having seen hanging at the villa of M. Flatow on the Riviera. Her Royal Highness expressed her great admiration for them and her delight at seeing them again, and congratulated me upon having presented them to the burgesses of Bournemouth. She also expressed unfeigned admiration for Edwin Long's wonderful works, more especially "The Chosen Five" and "The Awakening" by Charlton, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1916, portraying in a most marvellously prophetic manner how Germany was being dragged down into hell by the Prussian militarism, with Justice adjudging the verdict against her, the Allies standing beside her awaiting the final issue.

Albert Joseph Moore was the son of William Moore, of York. He was born there on 4th of September, 1841. His father was an artist of high repute in the North of England and his mother was related to Richard Hilton, one of the most capable of the early Royal Academicians.

When he was just able to run about, his father and mother on one occasion gave him a treat by taking him to a nursery garden at York, which at that period of the year was full of flowers. He disappeared ; a search was made, and eventually he was found on his knees with the stem of a tall lily clasped in his arms, in an ecstatic condition. They were unable to release the lily from his embrace, and they could not induce him, until after some persuasion, to relinquish his position.

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He began his career as a house and theatre decorator. In 1860 he was busy with the carrying out of ceiling and wall paintings, by which between 1860 and 1872, the greater part of his time was taken up. One of his greatest achievements in that way was the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, for Henry Labouchere and Miss Hodgson. Architects soon found out that with his skill and originality he could solve decorative problems, and sought his co-operation in important works. He designed and executed the wall paintings at Coombe Abbey, St. Albans, Rochdale, Claremont and other places.

In 1865 he accepted a commission for some wall paintings to be executed in the Church of St. Alban, Rochdale. It was necessary that he should take all the necessary materials required for the execution of this work. Consequently he loaded his cab so heavily that after leaving his studio in Russell Place, and before arriving at Euston Station, the bottom of the cab came out, and he and his brother Henry, who was going to see him off, had to run along inside for some distance until the attention of the driver could be called to the mishap.

Apropos of this amusing incident, I can relate a similar story that occurred in Ireland, where some practical jokers invited a country friend to come and spend a few days with them, who never before had either been in a railway carriage or in Dublin. The weather had been exceedingly bad, and the roads were thick with mud and slush. They met their friend at the railway station with an old fashioned palanquin, from which they had removed the bottom. On his arrival they invited him to get inside, and then trotted him through all the worst puddles they could find *en route*, and on arriving at their residence they asked him unconcernedly how he liked the new-fashioned carriage. "Sure," he replied, "if it were not for the honour of the thing, I would have preferred walking!"

Albert Moore

Albert Moore soon drifted into the portraiture of the "human form divine," which distinguished his later career, and made him famous for producing pictures of charming and beautiful women. His beau ideal model was essentially of the true English type. The lovely faces, the fine modelling of his subjects, the novel and unique colouring and tones, the posing and *tout ensemble* of his grouping were altogether unknown, and in which no other artist has ever approached him. The artistic world was taken by storm ; in fact, it was a revelation, and the beginning of a new school of art. Connoisseurs, as usual, differed in their opinion and criticisms of Albert Moore's productions, as being too idealistic and not really natural. Every effort was made in certain quarters to belittle this new school of art, but in spite of all this opposition he persisted in his own way, and was eventually rewarded by private art lovers adding to their collections his charming pictures, which compared with the works of the greatest artists either of this or any other age ; and the value of his pictures went up by leaps and bounds.

The reason why Albert Moore never succeeded in entering Burlington House was purely personal and not at all dependent on anything inherent to his work. His pictures, year by year, were treated with no disfavour ; were, indeed, welcomed and given good places on the gallery walls ; it was the artist himself that was left outside. And why ? This problem has never been solved. Why he should have shrunk from the distasteful business of seeking advancement by the use of judiciously planned strategy, may be judged from a note in the "Echo" of September 28th, 1893, in which Mr. R. Jope Slade, after a reference to "Mr. Moore's long exclusion from the Academy," proceeds to say that "to be a painter, an artist, is only one of many qualifications for Burlington House, and those other qualifications Mr. Moore lacked."

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To exclude him from an association which pretends to fulfil the educational requirements of the age, seems too absurd for words ; and his exclusion was not only a personal reflection upon the Council of the Royal Academy, but seemed to savour more of jealousy, which one would never for one moment suppose gentlemen would condescend to.

“ The Times ” in the obituary notice of the death of this great artist, said : “ Fortunately an artist’s reputation is only very slightly affected by the fact of his living and dying outside the academic circle ! ”

So I think that we may smile and dismiss the whole subject with the fact that however unjustly Albert Moore was treated, and treated with gross neglect by those who ought to have been the first to recognise his great abilities as an artist, the generations to come will realise to the full what his position as a great English artist ought to occupy.

Albert Moore was not only an artistic genius, but he was also a poet, as the following stanzas dedicated to the “ portrait of a mouth ” will indicate :—

Gentle of mien, perhaps a little small,
With changing curves—a charm is in them all—
And softly wrought in deepest coral hue,
It would, like scarce-closed casket, leave in view
Its pearls, but for a gesture prim and wise
Of little mother, which it quaintly tries.
But markest thou a quiv’ring movement there ?
Behind those lips, ’tis Eros doth prepare
His bow, and as thou gazest while they part,
He gleams upon thee and hath pierced thy heart.

January, 1893.

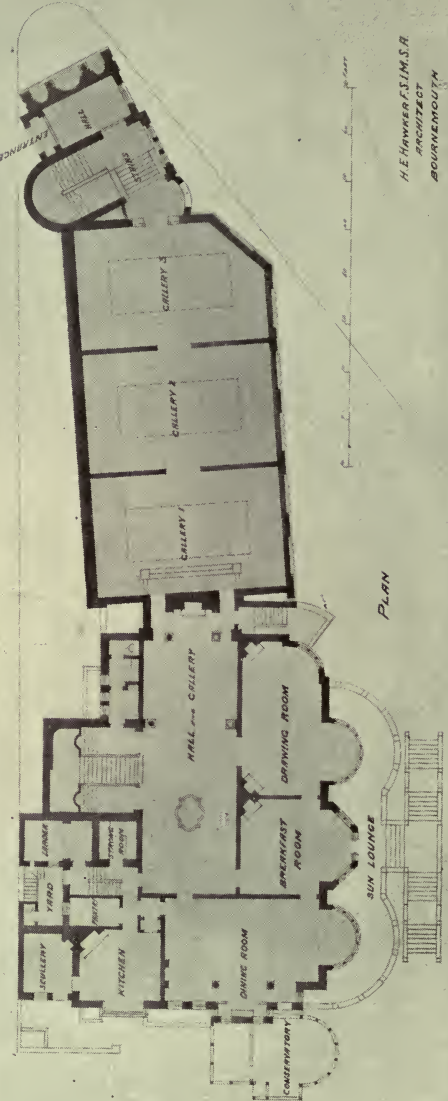
In 1868 this great artist exhibited a picture which he called “ Azaleas,” and of which the “ Daily Telegraph ” in its report of the Academy Exhibition said :—

EXTENSION OF THE RUSSELL-COTES MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY & MUSEUM

FOR
LADY RUSSELL-COTES F.R.S.L.
1916

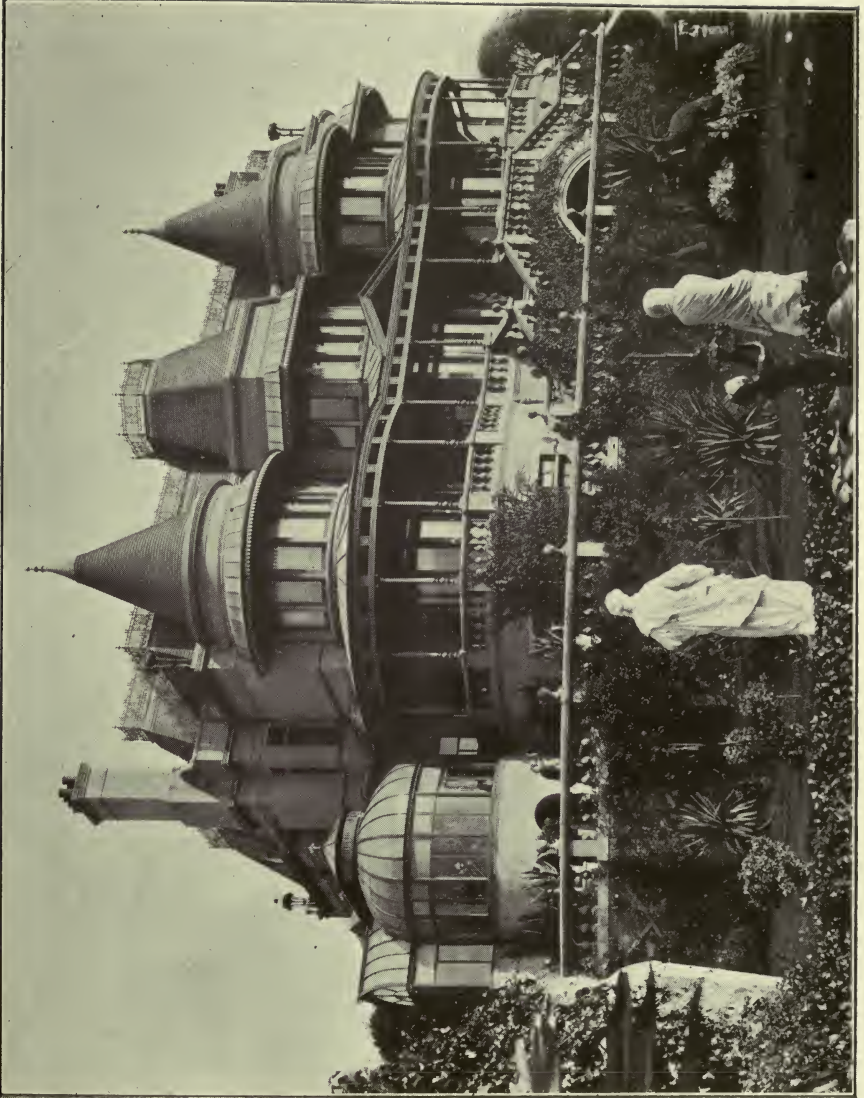


SOUTH ELEVATION



H.E. HAWKER S.M.S.R.
ARCHT.
BOURNEMOUTH

East Cliff Hall, "Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum," showing the New Gallery, opened by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, 1st February, 1919, the anniversary of our wedding day.



East Cliff Hall. View facing the sea.



East Cliff Hall. "The Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum."
Entrance to the Gallery.

Ruskin's Criticism

" It was a strange, wild performance, which, at the great altitude at which it was hung, looks more like a piece of framed tapestry than a picture in oils. Examined, however, through a strong pair of opera glasses, it proves to be a curious work, brimful of undeniable talent and genius, but daringly eccentric in design and execution."

This means, if it means anything at all, a very high eulogium of his work, and also lets in a light that the committee of the R.A. had "skied" a remarkably beautiful and clever work.

He always endeavoured to have round him charming works of art, beautiful porcelain, bright coloured flowers, elegantly and delicately arranged, and without these surroundings he invariably felt himself unable to pursue his work.

Referring to a picture by Sir (then Mr.) Alma Tadema, called the "Sculpture Gallery," Mr. Ruskin said:—

" It is worth while to go straight from this picture to the two small studies by Mr. Albert Moore—'A Flower Walk' and 'Pansies'—which are consummately artistic and scientific work; examine them closely and with patience; the sofa and basket especially in 'Pansies,' with a lens of moderate power; and by way of a lesson in composition, hide in this picture the little honeysuckle ornament above the head, and the riband hanging over the basket, and see what becomes of everything! Or try the effect of concealing the yellow flower in the hair in the 'Flower Walk.' And for comparison with the elementary method of Mr. Tadema, look at the blue reflection on the chin in this figure; at the reflection of the warm brick wall on its right arm; and at the general modes of unaffected relief by which the extended arm in 'Pansies' detaches itself from the background. And you ought afterwards, if you have eye for colour, never more to mistake a tinted drawing for a painting."

Such a criticism emanating from the pen of our greatest art critic and connoisseur, incontestably proves that Albert Moore

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possessed a great genius for detail in constructing the *tout ensemble* of his pictures, never introducing into them anything superfluous, nor omitting any detail to maintain their complete harmony.

Albert Moore, was, in fact, only suffering in a similar manner to that which pursued the early career of Irving. He was misunderstood and non-appreciated, because the brains and intelligence of the few of those who criticised his works and were jealous of him did not possess the standard of brain or mind to really comprehend the different standard between mediocre work and the highest possible rendering of it ; such was really the case in both these two great men's early career. They loved their art, and died for their art, poor men.

He continued to send one or more pictures annually to the different exhibitions, and his last work, called " The Loves of the Winds and Seasons " was only carried through under most distressing circumstances with regard to the pain he suffered from the cancerous complaint to which he was subject. He asked, first, how much longer the doctors would give him before the operation need take place, and for the eight or nine months that remained he set to work with renewed energy. He finished various small pictures, set all his affairs in order, and made every disposition that prudence could suggest. He had two separate operations, the last one being in August, 1892, which cheered him up and gave him good reasons for supposing that he was now on the highway to better health. Unhappily the grounds for this rejoicing soon disappeared ; it was not many months before he found himself threatened with a fresh attack, this time affecting him internally, and in a manner which made the possibility of operating successfully very remote. He, however, submitted to the inevitable with marvellous patience and resignation. With most men his position would have been unendurable, but he met it with the courageous acceptance of the inevitable.

Last interview with Albert Moore

There is no doubt that he felt the seriousness of his condition, for in August, 1892, he wrote the following quatrain :

Moving no leaf, the air sleeps in the trees ;
Aspen herself seems from her fears released ;
Under some spell, anxiety hath ceased,
Dear day of respite for a Damocles !

Unfortunately it came with pathetic appropriateness, for the last stages of his complaint were terribly rapid, and the final breakdown in 1893 came perhaps sooner than he had anticipated.

I have a vivid and painful recollection of my last visit to his studio in Spencer Street, Westminster. I found him hard at work on this same picture. He was painting it for Mr. McCulloch, the wealthy Australian squatter. Albert Moore was a slave to his art and worked day and night *con amore*.

The fact that his days were numbered seemed to be ever present in his mind, but although this was the case he was apparently always cheerful, and was always ready to crack a joke or tell some funny little story whilst he was smoking his pipe. He was a great smoker, and rarely had his pipe out of his mouth. A casual observer would never have dreamt for one moment from his cheerful demeanour that he was such a patient and suffering martyr. On this particular occasion when I went in, he shook hands with me as usual in the heartiest manner, and afterwards placed his hands on my shoulders saying, "I am delighted to see you, my old friend, as I feel that my days on this earth are drawing to a close." With surprise I ejaculated, "What makes you think that?" He said, "Oh, I know. It cannot last much longer. In fact, it is now becoming a fight between the 'fell enemy' and myself as to whether I shall be able to finish this picture for Mr. McCulloch or not." On that occasion he presented to me one of his original little pictures of "The Leader" in his fine picture "Follow the Leader," which is mentioned on page 42

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of Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry's most sumptuous and beautiful work, "Albert Moore, His Life and Works." This picture has hung ever since in my wife's bedroom, a much prized possession.

The picture "The Loves of the Winds and the Seasons" was not only his last picture, but it also was accompanied by the last verses that he composed thereon :—

Lo ! fickle Zephyr chaseth wayward Spring,
It is a merry race ;
Flowers laugh to birds that sing,
Yet frequent tears shall cloud her comely face.
The South Wind shall with blushing Autumn mate,
Contented with her lot ;
Summer sigheth—such her fate
She and her burning kisses are forgot.
Two lovers rough for shudd'ring Winter strive,
Beneath a shroud of snow ;
Heaven haply shall contrive
Their violence she may not further know.

Albert Moore died, a fortnight after I saw him, in the early morning of September 25th, at his studio in Spencer Street, Westminster, a few days only after completing his fifty-second year. He was laid to rest at Highgate cemetery.

It was not until after his death that the Press and art critics were roused to this great artist's real value, which had no compeer in any living artists of the day.

"The Standard" of 26th September, 1893, in a leading article said that "by his death England loses, not an artist of very wide popularity, but a painter singularly individual, and in reality much more worthy of praise than are many of those artistic idols to which the knee is wont to be inconsiderately bowed."

The "Westminster Gazette" said : "He probably never painted a picture which was without some definite artistic

Council of the "R.A."

aim, and no temptation drew him away from his own conception of refined, but distinguished and delicate workmanship."

The "Daily News": "Happily his works remain to speak for him, and hereafter they will be seen to have had an important influence in determining the new valuation of English Art between mere spirituality of ideas."

This view of the case was further demonstrated by the "Westminster Gazette" which said: "If it were necessary to draw up a list of, say, the twenty most remarkable pictures in this country, he could on no account have been excluded at any time during the last ten years, but that there was an injustice to one of the greatest figures in the art world in this century, there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt."

Are not these comments amazing when we remember that those who wrote them did not discover until after his death what they must have known years and years before, but which, for reasons known only to themselves, they withheld, following suit with the Council of the Royal Academy.

That such eulogiums would have comforted the heart of this great artist whilst pursuing his great task, and suffering as he did intense pain, there cannot be any doubt. If such paradoxical action on the part of these so-called art critics goes to prove anything at all, it is that their criticisms of Albert Moore's artistic modes and methods were the result of absolute ignorance of art in its true sense, and therefore they were utterly incompetent of giving an opinion worth listening to.

Albert Moore's principal works in the possession of the most important art collectors in the world number upwards of one hundred and fifty, exclusive of innumerable sketches and studies, which of course were not of public importance. He was a wonderful portrayer of beautiful women. His models were mostly Yorkshire girls, two or three in particular, all of the same type, tall, well formed, with charming oval faces,

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beautiful hair and blue eyes—perfect types of English womanhood. It was a fight between Albert Moore and Leighton as to which should excel in delineating feminine loveliness, but for my own part, grand as is Leighton's work, I prefer the softer art of Albert Moore. There is an extraordinary charm about its light, airy and beautiful texture, much more so than in Leighton's figure pictures. My profound admiration for my late dear friend's pictures was only exceeded by that for himself.

Although I knew Henry Moore tolerably well, I knew his distinguished brother, Albert, infinitely better. I have had in my collections very fine works of them both. Henry Moore's seascapes rank among the finest specimens of that class of art.

It was a matter of profound regret to everyone who knew him that they heard of the serious accident which befell him whilst travelling on the top of an omnibus. The 'bus started just as he was about to descend, and the sudden jerk caused him to fall off. He fell on his hands, and broke both his wrists, which to him as an artist was a terrible calamity. He was consequently disabled, and unable to follow his profession for some time afterwards.

He was born on the 7th March, 1831, in York. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1853, and contributed constantly to its exhibitions up to the time of his death. At the commencement of his career he occupied himself mostly by painting animals, but in 1857 he made his first attempt as a sea-painter, in which *genre* he distinguished himself beyond all other painters of seascapes. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1885, and an Academician in 1893. He died at Margate on the 22nd June, 1895. A beautiful work of his is in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

I now come to another of my artist friends for whom I have a very great regard, and that is Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., whose works I consider are of the very highest order. I have

Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

only one picture painted by him, but it is a very fine one, portraying several women bathing in a pond in the midst of a wood, and in the far away distance, through the trees, a horseman is seen approaching, and they in haste are covering themselves with their garments which are at hand. This picture I purchased some years ago. There were a few little things that I considered might be improved. I therefore wrote to Mr. Solomon, and he replied that if I would send it to him, he would be delighted to look at it and go over it if necessary. I sent the picture, therefore, to him, and he kept it for a long time. He eventually sent an apologetic letter to the effect that he had been exceedingly busy, but that he had done what he considered was necessary for the improvement of the picture, as I had suggested, and that he would at once return it. On its arrival, I was delighted with the improvement which had been made ; in fact, so much so that I scarcely knew it again. He had practically gone all over it, and almost, if not quite, painted it again, and made a new picture of it. I, of course wrote, tendering him my heartiest thanks for the splendid result which he had attained, and if he would kindly let me know the amount I was indebted to him, I would send him a cheque. The reply came from him to the effect that my great appreciation of his work was the only reward he wished, and that he did not intend making any charge whatever for the labour he had expended on it.

Lionel Smythe, A.R.A., was an artist of great distinction, but one who was never fully appreciated in his own country. He achieved great success in Paris, where his high talents were fully recognised. I only met him once, and that was on the occasion of a private view at the Royal Academy, when he and I had a long chat together. I told him that I possessed a picture of his of a scheme of blue and green, a little girl at a fountain with geese running along the top of the bank. He said he was delighted to hear it, as he considered it was one of his very best efforts.

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Woolmer was always a very favourite artist of mine, and the largest collection in the Kingdom of this artist's works is to be found in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. From my very earliest days I have had a great appreciation of his works, and have always felt amazed that he had not attained a higher position in the art world and that his pictures did not realise much higher prices. His works are a charming combination of Turner and Pyne, and I think equal—and in some cases even excel—either of those great masters. His pictures offer far more variety than any other artist of that school and period, as can be verified by anyone visiting the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.

Among all our artistic friends, there is none for whom we had a more sincere regard than Mr. Fred Goodall, R.A.* He ought to have been President of the Royal Academy; a remarkably handsome man and unusually courteous and genial, with a quiet personal dignity of manner. As a kindly host, he was to the manner born, and on our visits, no one could have afforded us more cordial hospitality than did he and his wife. Their home was an ordinary one in St. John's Wood, quite unlike the palatial residences erected by Leighton, Alma Tadema, Edwin Long and other leading artists. Goodall was satisfied with building his studio on the site previously occupied by the back garden, therefore it was necessary to go down steps to it from the front door level. Although in striking contrast to those of many of his brother artists, yet it was exceedingly cosy and was decorated with all kinds of Eastern

* Mons. Flatow, a great French dealer, was the first man to commission the leading artists to paint pictures for him almost regardless of cost. With these pictures he toured the country for the purpose of obtaining subscribers' names for artists' proofs at 10 guineas, letter proofs five or three guineas, and prints at one or two guineas, and this arrangement Flatow carried on for years and made a huge fortune, eventually building a villa and settling down on the Riviera. Two of these pictures I purchased from him, viz., "The Palm Offering," by Fred Goodall, R.A., and "A Highland Flood," by Landseer. For the former Flatow paid 2,000 guineas, and the latter 1,500 guineas.



"Luther's Hymn." Presented to the town by my wife.



“The Palm Offering.”

By my dear old friend, Frederick Goodall, R.A., who told me he considered that it was one of his finest works.



“Judith,” by C. Landelle.



"The Song of the Shirt," by Edward Radford.



"Shuttlecock,"
by Albert Moore.



"The Bath of Psyche,"
by Albert Moore.



“Always Welcome.” Lady Alma Tadema.

Specially exhibited, together with her other pictures, and considered one of her finest works, Memorial Exhibition, May to August, 1910.



“The Sea Cave,” by W. E. Frost, R.A.

This picture is one of his finest and best known works.

Herkomer's Criticism on Wyllie

trophies, mostly those he had collected in Egypt and used by him as models in painting his beautiful Eastern subjects.

Among my numerous artist friends as a painter of marine subjects, I know of no one who has distinguished himself more in this particular line of art than W. L. Wyllie, R.A. ; one of the finest—if not the finest—of his works I purchased from him some 50 years ago entitled "Ave Maria," portraying a dull evening effect with fishing boats, the whole *tout ensemble* being a very characteristic type of the Dutch school, so much so, that my old friend Sir Hubert von Herkomer, on seeing it, declared that *it must have been painted by a Dutch artist as no Englishman could have done it!* It was not until he saw the signature of Wyllie in the corner that he could believe it was really by that artist.

On one occasion this picture, when in transit to an exhibition, had a hole knocked through it. I wrote and told Wyllie of the accident and he requested me to send it to him. I did so. He had it re-lined and re-touched it so perfectly that it was impossible for anyone to discover where the damage was. I congratulated him upon his marvellously successful treatment and asked him to let me know in what sum I was indebted to him for his professional services. His reply was that "*he did not wish any recompense, as he was only too delighted to be of service in such an unfortunate matter.*"

He has done very many admirable seascapes and drawings, and on the occasion of the Royal Naval Review at Spithead, depicted the men-of-war dressed for the occasion and the Queen's yacht passing through. This is a specially graphic painting. His great hobby is to live on board a barge which he has had converted into a most delightful range of rooms which enables him to go about the coast in all sorts of weather.

I also have had the pleasure of meeting his brother Charles. His artistic characteristics lean more to landscapes, some of which are delightful and are of an altogether different style of

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painting from his brother's. In depicting English scenery, gardens, orchards, flowers and that type of art he is excellent and his pictures are delightful subjects to live with, almost having the power to give one an appetite for one's breakfast ! There are several of his works in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery which I consider are very good examples.

Miss Lucy Kemp Welch sprang up in a phenomenal way a few years ago, making her mark instantly. She is a daughter of a gentleman I have known for years, who was at one time the principal proprietor of Schweppes' Mineral Water Co. He was for many years chairman of the bench of magistrates, Christchurch. I have in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery two of Miss Welch's finest pictures ; in fact, the one that created the first recognition of her skill and obtained for her great commendation. The first picture she exhibited in the R.A. was in 1894. Her pictures have been bought both for the Chantrey Bequest and for the National Gallery of Victoria at Melbourne, Australia. She has been called the " English Rosa Bonheur " and she certainly well deserves it, and from my own standpoint I am of the opinion that she will excel this great French artist if she has not already done so.

Although I only knew J. B. Pyne slightly and not sufficiently well to comment upon his personal attributes, I have always had an intense love of his works, feeling that many of them were equal to those of Turner, and in some instances, even finer, but the number of his pictures compared with Turner's is quite insignificant. The two that are in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery are, I think, excellent examples of his beautiful treatment. He was a Bristol man and his profession was that of a lawyer. His first public exhibition was at the age of 35, when his picture was hung in the R.A., and for twenty years after that his works appeared regularly there. He also exhibited at the British Institution and the Society of Artists, of which he became eventually vice-president.

Ruskin's Criticism of Harris' Work

As I have already said, I have always had the very highest opinion of his artistic talents and had Turner not preceded him, he would undoubtedly have occupied the niche which the former succeeded in attaining before Pyne came upon the scene.

Another comparatively unknown artist whom I knew very well was J. Aumonier, a very kindly man, and of a very retiring disposition. He was a delightful man as a friend. Up to the age of 30 his principal employment was in the calico printing business, where his artistic talents were utilised in designing flower and other pictorial arrangements for printing calico.

He ought to have been made a R.A., but his temperament would not admit of his making the slightest effort; in point of fact he preferred being without that honour. His first pictures were exhibited in the R.A. in 1838 and he continued to exhibit until 1911. Two of his Academy pictures were purchased for the Chantrey Bequest. His pictures are in many public galleries and are the work of a true lover of nature without any obtrusive personality of his own.

As a painter of fruit, G. W. Harris was unquestionably in the front rank, even excelling William Hunt. I have purchased from him I should think close upon fifty or upwards of his works both in oil and water-colour. Everyone of them is a gem. I love them all and have made a point of presenting them as wedding gifts, Christmas gifts and as gifts on other festive occasions to members of my family and many friends. I have still many in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery. Harris was one of the few men who ever obtained a eulogy from Ruskin and it occurred in this manner. Wishing to obtain an autograph for myself I sent one of Harris's small fruit pictures to Ruskin and begged his acceptance of it and also asked if he would give me his opinion as to its merits. He wrote me an autograph letter as follows:—

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Herne Hill,
S.E.

With Mr. Ruskin's compliments and best wishes. He is very much pleased with Mr. Harris's work, but it is curiously hurt by the too prominent signature, and by having no introductory light at the margin.

Herne Hill. 27th April, 1884.

His querulous objection to Harris's signature is a marvellous characteristic of Ruskin's idiosyncrasy or temperament, as he never could eulogise or praise anything without giving it a "back-hander," and in no case did he ever give an unqualified eulogy except perhaps, in the case of Turner, *in whose works he could never see any imperfections—and he was right!*

Whilst sojourning in Honolulu, my wife and I met two French artists, Jules Taverniers and Chas. Ferneaux. Jules Taverniers was a Knight of the Legion of Honour and a remarkably clever artist. He was travelling like ourselves for health and pleasure. On our trip to Hawaii to explore the great volcano of Kilauea he, at our invitation, accompanied us as our guest, and I commissioned him to paint the picture which is now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, of the interior of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world.

His friend Ferneaux had settled in Honolulu. His picture of the active crater of Kilauea called "Halemaumau" by the natives, meaning the "House of Everlasting Fire," also another painting by him of the river of molten fire, which flowed across the island, are in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.

I only met Sir Edwin Landseer twice. He was born in 1802 and died in 1873. His name has been connected generally with the famous lions in Trafalgar Square, which were erected in 1863. He was a friend of Sidney Smith, Charles Dickens, and other celebrities. He was almost a *persona grata* with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who made etchings from his designs. A knighthood was conferred upon him in 1850. Landseer exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1815, was elected Associate in 1826, and became full member in 1830.



John Ruskin.
Perhaps England's greatest expert and art critic.

HERNE HILL.
S.E.

With Mr Ruskin's
compliments to her
wives. He is very
much pleased with Mr
Harris' work - but it
is awfully hurt by the
too prominent signature -
and he has no introductory
light at the margin.

Herne Hill. 27th April
84.

Letter from Ruskin to me commending Harris' fruit pictures.



Ruskin in his library at Brantwood, Coniston Lake, Westmoreland.

Landseer, Briton Riviere, Cooper

Some of his pictures are exceedingly beautiful and appeal to one's highest sentiments. The picture entitled "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner" was one of these. The dog, who is the shepherd's "chief mourner," sitting beside the coffin with its head resting on the top, is very pathetic. "A Highland Flood" (in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, Bournemouth) is another, and is a most forcible and telling picture of what occurs occasionally in the Highlands of Scotland, when the water rushes down the mountain sides, carrying everything before it with appalling swiftness. This is admirably portrayed in this fine example of Landseer's work.

Briton Riviere, perhaps, is the most distinguished English artist in the portrayal of animals. He was born in London on the 14th of August, 1840. He took his degree at Oxford in 1867. He was indebted to his father for almost all his art training. His first pictures appeared at the British Institution, and in 1857 he exhibited three works at the Royal Academy. It was not, however, until 1863 that he became a regular contributor to the Academy exhibitions. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1878 and R.A. in 1881, and received the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford in 1891.

I have possessed several of his works, but perhaps the one that he appreciated most as his own work, although on a very small scale, is the one "Tick Tack," which hangs in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. It vividly portrays its own story, which is that of a pug puppy gazing with surprise and wonderment, and perhaps a little fear, at an old-fashioned "turnip" watch. He cannot understand where the sound comes from. It is altogether a most admirable little work in his best style.

Thomas Sidney Cooper, whom I knew for years, was a native of Canterbury; born on September 26th, 1803. Although he attained the top rung of the ladder as an artist in his delineation of cattle and sheep, it is doubtful as to whether

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he will retain his former status, a feeling having developed since his death that his pictures are too idealistic, and lacking in natural treatment—too much, in short, of the “tea-tray” type. Consequently the value of his pictures has very seriously depreciated. It is doubtful if any artist painted more pictures than he did, or that were copied to the same extent. This was rendered very easy, because of the great similarity in his subjects and in most cases a singular hardness and crudeness, the result of stippling, especially for some years prior to his death. Cooper’s works were pictures pure and simple, far more than works of art. Anyone possessing one of them might almost be said to possess all, there being little or no variation.

He attained the advanced age of 99 years, although by no means a robust man. The last time I saw him he was writing a letter without spectacles in his 96th year! In reply to my expression of surprise, he said he had received his “second sight” and could see better than he had done for years, and he rarely used glasses. He was a very “hard nut to crack” in his dealings and determinedly demanded the last fraction. He even, by his cupidity, made capital on account of his pictures being copied so much. It has been said that the originals and copies were so marvellously alike that he occasionally inadvertently had given guarantees to these copies! He actually charged a fee of from five to ten guineas * for looking at his own pictures, and giving an exceedingly meagre pencil sketch of it, which took him a few minutes to execute. I knew many who paid five guineas and upwards for these sketches of his pictures,

* Vernon Holme,
Harbledown,
Canterbury.

Dear Sir,

I have for the last 24 years received a fee of £5 5s. for a certificate of any pictures sent to me for the purpose of guarantee from all kinds of people, and am not therefore at liberty to do so on any other terms. If this suits you I will see to the picture as soon as I hear from you.

Yours faithfully,

Merton Russell Cotes, Esq.

THOS. SIDNEY COOPER.

Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

and have myself paid him that fee on several occasions. One of his small pictures that I sent to him for this purpose, he sent me a pencil sketch of. It was such a miserable production that I wrote complaining that it was unrecognisable as a copy of the original. He wrote back saying that he ought to have charged me ten instead of five guineas! By adopting this money-grubbing habit he encouraged copyists, because dealers and others declined to pay his blackmail for verifying his own pictures, and this very grasping action on Cooper's part has reduced the value of his works, simply because it is absolutely impossible, in many cases, to really detect the difference between the copy and the original, and so art collectors "fight shy" of Cooper's pictures, the value of which has depreciated so much that their market value under the hammer at Christie's or other sale rooms has dropped to such a serious extent that pictures that realised, during his lifetime, three or four figures, may now be picked up for two. This serious result is undoubtedly attributable to the cause I have named, and from the fact that he took upon himself the role of picture dealer, as well as an artist, and this is in every instance fatal.

Lord Leighton's original study of "Perseus and Andromeda" I purchased from him, although he was reluctant to part with it, assuring me he had always made a firm resolution never to part with his original pictures. In my case, however, he said he would make an exception.* During his office as Commissioner for the British Art Section in the Chicago International Exhibition, he asked me to allow him to send Rooke's "King Ahab's Coveting," Goodall's "Palm Offering,"

* Extract from "Bournemouth Observer," December 19th, 1903:—
LORD LEIGHTON'S WORKS.—There is at present being held at Leighton House, Kensington, a loan collection of the late Lord Leighton's works, not included in the Leighton House exhibition, of the artist's work in 1901. The exhibition, which remains on view until the end of March, comprises some of the best works of the artist, and they include the original picture of "Perseus and Andromeda," lent by Mr. Russell-Cotes, who purchased it direct from the late Lord Leighton.

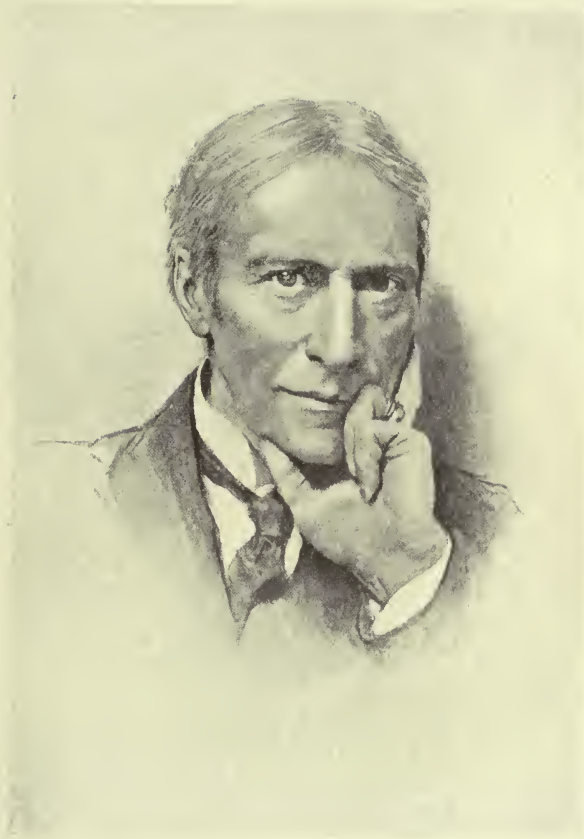
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and his own picture of " Perseus and Andromeda " and several others, to which of course I readily agreed, and they were therefore sent.

Leighton, who was a veritable " Admirable Crichton," made an ideal President of the R.A., a tall, fine figure, an intelligent handsome face, a profusion of dark brown curly hair, quick penetrating eyes, urbane, and with that old world courtesy that is now so rare. He looked every inch the noble and courtly President he was; a gentleman in every sense of the word, everything about him contributed to his exceptional figure as President of the Royal Academy. He maintained an extremely dignified deportment, so that in the midst of a crowd of his guests he was always recognisable, but as a host in his own house he was most genial, and threw off all reserve. His chairmanship at the banquet and his oratory were a revelation. He was incomparably the noblest and most gracious host the R.A. ever had.

His accomplishments were on " all fours " and in keeping with his exceptionally attractive appearance. He was an accomplished linguist, and possessed the power of fluency of speech to an astounding degree.

Leighton was never a really robust man, but very highly strung, as most great men are, and it is this highly nervous tension that carries them through and makes them dominant figures. His death came as a great shock to the community. He lay in state in his own studio, and afterwards was removed to Burlington House, where he again lay in state on the day of the funeral. Innumerable wreaths covered the coffin, on which was a rich piece of golden embroidery, and at the head Brock's fine bust of this great artist. The wreaths were eventually deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral. The funeral procession passed up the aisle through a double line of the Artists' Corps of Volunteers, of which Leighton was the Colonel. At the



Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.
The great Anglo-Dutch painter.



2 Dants 1914

Dear Lady Russell Cotes

It is most kind of you
to write me like this, but
at present I am hardly
well enough to take
advantage of it. Perhaps
you would kindly name
some day next week -
when I hope to be more
fit

Yours Compl
Zamirinecby

Hubert von Herkomer

Letters from Sir Hubert von Herkomer to my wife.



2 dants 1914

My dear Lady Cotes

I was just starting to post
my compliments to you, when
the Pater told my messenger that
you had gone to the theatre.
I was I suppose my deep regret
in not being able to call a few
minutes, as I am full up with
I go on standing Legation
with kind regards
Yours sincerely

Hubert von Herkomer

By hand

Lady Russell
Cotes

Eastcliff Hall

Southampton

Memorial to Lord Leighton

grave stood Sir John Millais, who had the wreath which Queen Victoria had sent, and which he dropped on to the coffin below.

Eventually a memorial was erected in St. Paul's by his friends and admirers. It was the work of Mr. T. Brock, R.A., and consists of a bronze sarcophagus on which is placed a recumbent figure of Lord Leighton. The sarcophagus stands on a pedestal of white and green cipollino, the front of which bears a brief inscription, and the back a shield with the arms of our late dear friend. At each end is a female figure in bronze representing sculpture and painting.

In committing the memorial to the care of the Dean and Chapter, Sir Edward Poynter, the late President of the R.A., delivered the following address:—

“I am permitted by the Dean to say a few words in memory of the great artist and beloved President of our Royal Academy, on the occasion of the uncovering for the first time of the beautiful monument which the enthusiasm of his friends and admirers has erected to his memory. That the monument has taken so important a form as you will presently see is due greatly to the interest which his Majesty the King took in the project from the very first. Entering most warmly into the movement, his Majesty, at that time Prince of Wales, with a generous appreciation of the great qualities and character of Lord Leighton, took upon himself the presidency of the committee for organising the memorial and deciding what form it should take. By the liberal contributions in money with which he headed the subscriptions at the first meeting held at Marlborough House, he set an example which was eagerly followed, with the result that it became possible to dignify our President's memory with a work of art adequate in skill and in other respects worthy of so great an artist and so distinguished a man. I am commanded by his Majesty to give expression to the interest with which he has watched the progress of the work, and with which he now views the fulfil-

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ment of the task which, as President of the committee, he inaugurated, out of his high regard for one whose talents he held in such high esteem, and for whom personally he had a warm affection. It is in his Majesty's name that I now unveil this lasting memorial to Lord Leighton's fame.

" We are happy to think, and I am sure every one present will agree with me, that the monument which you now see before you, and which by permission of the Dean and Chapter occupies this important position, is one which cannot but add a lustre to the memory of the illustrious artist whom it commemorates. It will stand for all time in this glorious cathedral as worthy of its surroundings, and as a proud example of what English art can achieve. Mr. Brock, to whose genius this consummate work is due, was intimately associated with Lord Leighton, and his work has been a work of love. Besides affording a lasting source of pleasure and admiration as a production of the finest art, it presents to the world a record of the man in a portrait, which I may venture to say has never been surpassed for vivid resemblance, for beauty of expression, and for tenderness of feeling. Mr. Brock has spared no time, trouble, or cost to perfect the work beyond what was provided by the limits of the funds subscribed, and I think it would be found if the truth could be known, that in his disinterested desire to honour his departed friend, Mr. Brock has been the largest contributor of all."

William Etty, R.A., was born in 1787, and died in 1840. He was one of the most famous English artists of the classical school of painting, and contributed to the Royal Academy continuously until his death.

His "Dawn of Love," one of his finest works, together with other paintings by this artist, are in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery. The above picture, however, created quite a furore when exhibited in the Glasgow Corporation Gallery,

William Etty, R.A.

when my loan collection was there; some persons objecting to it, others declaring that "to the pure all things were pure."

It may interest some art lovers to glance through the correspondence shewing how divergent criticisms on art may be, especially when portraying "the Human form Divine."

From "Glasgow Evening Times," 30th June, 1899:—

"'THE DAWN OF LOVE.'

"Sir,—I believe there are in this city judges of art as a moral teacher. Will one of those kindly inspect a painting entitled 'The Dawn of Love' at present exhibiting in the People's Palace, and give me his honest opinion as to the moral value of this picture to our young men, and oblige.

"I am, etc.

"(Signed) EAST ENDER."

From the "Glasgow Evening Times," July 4th, 1899:—

"Sir,—Replying to 'East-Enders' query in your issue of Saturday anent the painting, entitled, 'The Dawn of Love,' in the People's Palace Gallery, I would say that it has absolutely no moral value, but if it were on exhibition as a prelude to a night's debauchery, I would consider it the best oil painting of its kind I have yet seen exhibited publicly in Glasgow.

"I am, etc.,

"CANDID CRITIC."

From the "Glasgow Evening Times," July 10th, 1899:—

"Sir,—I observed in your correspondence column lately letters regarding the above painting, No. 87, in the catalogue of the People's Palace collection. I inspected this painting on Saturday, and think its title a misnomer, as in civilised life the dawn of love (real love) is seldom heralded in with clothes off. Many artists indeed have in recent years, succeeded in portraying love on the canvas merely by the expression of the face. Some of these pictures are delightful studies, and I myself have spent hours over them—but the clothes were on.

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What there is to study in the 'Dawn of Love' I should be pleased to learn. Meantime, I would suggest that the painting under discussion be re-named.

"I am, etc.,

"ANOTHER EAST-ENDER."

From the "Glasgow Evening Times," July 12th, 1899:—

"'THE DAWN OF LOVE.'

"Sir,—'Another East-End'er'—*re* the painting No. 87, in People's Palace—must be a fussy old pessimist, probably with 'reverend' before his name. Did anyone ever see the dawn of love come into the world fully clothed? If he objects to the 'Dawn of Love' coming into the world unclothed, let him by prayer and supplication, persuade our Maker to engage a tailor. I have not seen the painting, but if it displays the handiwork of the great first cause, why should men conceal it? Perhaps now 'Another East-End'er' has shares in some clothing company.

"I am, etc.,

"DAWNED LOVE."

From the "Glasgow Evening Times," July 13th, 1899:—

"'THE DAWN OF LOVE.'

"Sir,—It would have been wiser had 'Dawned Love' seen the above painting at the People's Palace before writing. Still, it is scarcely probable that in any case he would have been competent to criticize it or its title, his letter being a sorry exhibition of ignorance and imprudence, and proving of no value whatever in a controversy. 'Dawned Love' seems to have had in his head some idea of Cupid, the God of Love *in puris naturalibus*; a condition which long custom has sanctioned in pictures, and, to which at this time of day only a captious critic would cavil at. The 'Dawn of Love' contains children of a larger growth and the puzzle seems to be where the 'Dawn' comes in. A Cupid is typical of love, but as I

“ The Dawn of Love ”

said in my last, the ‘ Dawn of Love ’ in adult civilised life, is not heralded in with clothes off. The question asked by ‘ East-Enders ’ was as to the moral value of this painting to our young men ; so far as I have seen, your correspondents have not expressed themselves favourably on this point. Why, therefore, is the painting on exhibition ? In art or morals what purpose does it serve ?

“ ANOTHER EAST-ENDERS.”

From the “ Glasgow Evening Times,” 14th July, 1899 :—

“ Sir,—I have taken occasion to inspect this picture, but really cannot see what there is to merit such abuse. Such a waste of big words, Latin phrases, etc., is ridiculous. I have seen better pictures, and I have seen worse. Any man, young or old, who would allow his conduct or character to be influenced by this picture, has no intellect whatever, and nothing but a foul mind could take a foul meaning from it. If your correspondent, ‘ Another East-Enders,’ desires to enrol himself as a disciple in the social purity crusade, let him refrain from displaying his literary genius in trifling matters such as this, and devote his energy to the practical side of the question.

“ I am, etc.,

“ ANTI-HUMBUG.”

From the “ Glasgow Evening Times,” 17th July, 1899 :—

“ Sir,—Will you kindly allow me, from a woman’s point of view, to reply to ‘ Anti-Humbug.’ Question put by ‘ Another East-Enders ’ was—‘ In art, or morals, what purpose does the ‘ Dawn of Love ’ serve ? ’ To which your correspondent replies :—‘ I have seen better pictures and I have also seen worse : and nothing but a foul mind could take a foul meaning from it.’ ‘ Anti-Humbug ’ is evidently no critic, still, he has succeeded unconsciously in hitting the nail on the head. Diogenes said—‘ The sun may shine upon a dung heap, and be none the worse for it.’ Following this reasoning a pure-

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minded person is not made materially less pure by glancing at a doubtful picture. It is your foul minded who are further debased. As one cannot expect a nation to be progressive whose rulers are corrupt, so, in like manner, the foul minded are not made pure by corrupting influences. The object of this picture gallery, I presume, is to elevate the masses. The object may be commendable, although for my part I think a free circus, or a boxing booth, better suited to the present demands of the East End of Glasgow. But seeing that the gallery exists it would be wiser if only competent judges of art, from an educative and moral standpoint, were chosen to form the hanging committee. That, apparently, is not the case at present. 'The Dawn of Love' at the People's Palace, and 'Susannah and the Elders,' in the Corporation galleries, are undoubtedly indelicate in suggestion, and I shall be surprised if the law of the land (not a local Police Act) cannot prohibit their exhibition. It is singular that Town Councillors should have the inconsistency to exhibit these paintings, while condemning, as they have done of recent years, the paintings and posters of private persons, against whom no charge was framed, or could be framed, at common law. The nude in art has existed from time immemorial, but the corrupt in suggestion is but the isolated case of cholera which has to be stamped out as it crops up.

" I am, etc.,

" SOCIAL PURITY."

Sir Edward Burne-Jones was born on the 28th August, 1833, at Birmingham. His father was of Welsh descent, and the idealism of his nature and art has been attributed to this Celtic strain.

After a usual course of study he met Rossetti, and it is quite obvious that he imbibed from Rossetti a style which he adopted in his future career. In the autumn of 1857 he joined

Sir Edward Burne-Jones

with Rossetti in an ill-fated scheme to decorate the walls of the Oxford Union. None of the painters had mastered the technique of frescoing, and their pictures had begun to peel from the walls before they were completed.

In 1857 Burne-Jones made his first journey to Italy, visiting Florence, Pisa, Siena, and other places. Rossetti's influence, however, still persisted, and its impress is visible more strongly, perhaps, than ever before, in his two water colours "Sidonia von Bork" and "Clara von Bork," painted in 1860. These little masterpieces have a directness of execution rare with the artist. In powerful characterisation, combined with a decorative motive, they rivalled Rossetti at his best.

In 1862 Burne-Jones and his wife accompanied Ruskin to Italy, where they visited Venice and Milan.

It will be generally conceded that among all the contemporaneous artists who represent the pre-Raphaelite school of painting, none have surpassed Burne-Jones. There are, however, others who have shone out in this peculiar artistic firmament as more than ordinary artists of that particular school. Among the number are Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Thomas Woolmer, Walter Deverill, Walter Crane, Sir Noel Paton, William Bell Scott and others.

A sad mysticism dominates Burne-Jones' pictures, but the colour scheme, the design, and the poetic charm are always evident. His most famous works are "The Days of Creation," "The Mirror of Venus," "The Briar Rose" and "King Cophetua."

He was never a robust man, and a long illness prevented him from pursuing his usual arduous labours. Having regained his usual state of health, he occupied himself considerably with decorative schemes.

Queen Victoria conferred a baronetcy upon him in 1894, but after falling into ill-health again, he succeeded in painting

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that magnificent work "Arthur" in "Avalon." He suffered from influenza in 1898, but partially recovered his health. He, however, had a relapse, and died on the 17th of June that year.

He was a most strenuous worker, and anything like executing his works by dash and bravura were completely outside the limits he set himself; what he really looked upon as the initial mode in which he treated his work, was the evidence that he displayed of a loving care and patient labour; hence his pictures are gems of the most beautiful workmanship, evidently the outcome of a most delicate inspiration.*

On the death of this remarkably original and unique artist "The Times" in a leader said:—"His loss, following so soon upon the deaths of Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, removes the third of the four most conspicuous figures in the English art of our day, and now only Mr. Watts survives—the eldest of the four—to carry on the great tradition. Nor is it only in the world of art that Sir Edward Burne-Jones's death will be felt, for no man had warmer friends or was more sincerely loved by those who were intimate with him. His character was as individual as his painting; there was nobody like him; in his view of life, in his quaintly delightful geniality of manner, in his humour he was original as in his art. Modest, sincere, and happy, in spite of his feeling that as an artist he had

* His most famous pupil was T. M. Rooke, who, during the last few years of Burne-Jones' illness, no doubt contributed a considerable amount of work to his pictures, and in many ways quite equalled his great master. Rooke seemed to have a particular penchant for painting compositions depicting successive scenes of the same story, which were designed to be placed in one frame. Perhaps the finest of this class is "King Ahab's Coveting," presented to the Corporation of Bournemouth by me, and which now hangs in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery. This picture, at the request of my late friend, Lord Leighton, was, together with other pictures (one being his own original work of "Perseus and Andromeda") sent to the Chicago International Exhibition. It has, at the request of the publishers of many religious works, been reproduced. Rooke produced his poetry not in verse, but portrayed it in his pictures. As I have said, he was Burne-Jones' most capable pupil.

“ Mirror of Venus ”

been born out of due time, he loved his freedom and he loved his friends. He was over-persuaded into joining the Academy, to please Leighton and a few others, and when he resigned he rejoiced in his recovered freedom, like a child running out of school. He liked, now and then, to mix with the great world, but he took a more enduring pleasure in helping the toil-worn many to some share of the beauty from which their life commonly excludes them. On the death of the principal purchaser of the artist's works, Mr. William Graham, his collection was sold at Christie's in 1886, and the 'Chant d'Amour' realized over 3,000 guineas. Till then no important picture of his had been submitted to auction, and there was naturally some anxiety among his admirers as to whether the opinion of wealthy buyers would agree with their own. From that time there was no doubt whatever as to the eagerness felt by great collectors to possess a fine Burne-Jones, and only the other day the beautiful 'Mirror of Venus,' when sold with the Ruston collection, realized no less than 5,000 guineas.

“ Magic and mystery are the key-words of the remarkable man whose sudden death we are now mourning. This artist of Celtic name and Celtic nature, sprung from an ancestry among whom no artistic gift is traceable, was a paradox in his very birth. He was born, as I have said, at Birmingham, of all places in the world—he who should have seen the light among some western islands, or

“ Where Helicon breaks down
In cliffs to the sea.”

I possess only one of this great artist's works.

I do not think that my notes upon the pre-Raphaelite school would be complete without a few remarks upon the great painter and poet, Rossetti.

Dante G. C. Rossetti was born in 1828, and was the son of an exiled Italian author who settled in London in 1824. He showed great talent as a painter from boyhood.

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I suppose it is an admitted fact that we owe to him the formation of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which was founded in 1848, but of whom nearly all have now passed away, and it seems very doubtful as to whether this school of art will ever be revived, at all events to the extent that it has been developed in the past. The nearest approach to it, of course, is the wild-cat scheme that has been adopted by a few so-called "artists" in developing the Futurist school.

From about 1850 Rossetti painted a great number of pictures remarkable for their extreme beauty of drawing, splendour of colouring, and poetic force. Among his best-known paintings are "Ecce Ancilla Domini," "Song of Solomon," "Beatrix," "Lilith," and "Dante's Dream." There are only two small examples of this artist's work in my collection.

He also distinguished himself as a poet, and his poems reflect many of the characteristics of his paintings.

He is yet another of the great artists whose works were not sufficiently appreciated by the Council of the Royal Academy for them to elect him a R.A.

Among other distinguished painters I knew, was Holman Hunt. The technique of his works was subtle, showing a master hand. He was offered the honour of being elected a R.A., but he preferred declining that so-called honour, as being "more favoured in the breach than the observance."

One of the last—if not the last—admirable pictures painted by Holman Hunt was the "Holy Fire" exhibited in the New Gallery, Regent Street. This picture has a very special interest for me, the subject being identically similar to my description on the spot of the function of the so-called "Holy Fire" in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, 28th April, 1894.

The article referred to will be found in chapter XVII, page 609.

Rossetti—Holman Hunt—Collier

The Honourable John Collier is an undoubtedly remarkably clever artist. His contributions to the Royal Academy for many years have consisted principally of "Problem" pictures, the public having to divine the artist's meaning, sometimes a very difficult matter. An exceedingly fine specimen of this artist's work, in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, is a life size portrait of Lewis Waller, the great actor, in the character of "Monsieur Beaucaire." Next to Sir Henry Irving, Lewis Waller became a great favourite with the public, and his untimely and sudden death from pneumonia at Birmingham, came as a shock to his innumerable admirers.

I purchased this fine work at "Christie's" at the sale of the late Lewis Waller's effects, for the "Irving Museum" of relics and mementos of distinguished members of the Dramatic Profession.

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot was born in Paris on July 20th, 1796. I know of no great French artist who perhaps has made his mark more completely than Corot. For many years, however, his style of painting was thoroughly ignored, and he found a great difficulty in even obtaining purchasers for his pictures. His style was so thoroughly natural and such a perfect replica of nature that it came upon art connoisseurs as a revelation. It was not until after his visit to Italy that he succeeded in persuading even his artist friends that he really was a heaven-born painter, for although they were ready to accept him as a playmate, Corot's companions refused to take him seriously as an artist, until one day Aligni found him working at his study of the Coliseum, and pronounced his work to be better than anything which had been done since Claude Lorrain. This work was exhibited twenty years after in the Salon of 1849, and then achieved a great success.

On one occasion, Corot, thinking that he would like to find out for himself what the public really thought of his work, stood in the Salon of 1851, the last which was held at the

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Louvre, opposite one of his own pictures, for a while, in order to induce others to look at it. Several approached; one remarked that "It's not bad"; another remarked, "There is something in it"; and "Oh, come along," said his companion, "it's frightful."

"*Tiens!*" said Corot to himself (for he was fond of telling the tale), "it serves you right for wishing for the criticisms of the public!" This same picture afterwards sold for 12,000 francs, and the purchaser was so pleased at becoming the possessor of it that he gave a fete in honour of the event!

Corot eventually, from considerable penury in his earlier career, became a comparatively rich man, spending little or nothing upon himself, but giving most of his money away to others. Simplicity was the rule of his life; he was an incessant worker, arriving at his studio at 8 a.m. and working there until dark. His midday meal, a light one, was taken on a rickety table in a corner of his studio, and it was the drawer of this table which served him in later years as a bank, from which he constantly supplied the wants of those less fortunate than himself.

Of his tender-hearted benevolence endless stories could be told, and this benevolence was so well known that he was often imposed upon. He himself tells us that his heart felt so light after a deed of charity that his work went much better, and that on these occasions he would sing as he painted, adding words to his tune somewhat in the following manner: "Here we place a lit—tle—boy—la-la-la, our lit—tle boy requires a cap—there 'tis—there 'tis—la-la!" and so on.

Like all others who are overflowing with the milk of human kindness, he was frequently shamefully imposed upon. On one occasion, one of those who take advantage of the benevolence of their friends, asked him for the loan of no less than the sum of 5,000 francs, which he thereon refused, feeling that he was being imposed upon. Scarcely, however, had the

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot

man left his studio, when he was seized with remorse. He hurried to his famous drawer, took out a roll of notes, and hastened to his friend's studio, heartily abused himself and his "niggardly ways," and pressed on his friend even a larger sum than he had been asked for.

No one applied to him in vain, and few indeed, went away without being benefited.

Corot was surrounded with admirers, chiefly young men, all of whom claimed to have been his friends or pupils.

On one occasion a friend of his wrote to ask for an interview, and also permission to bring with him a visitor, a priest of some standing in the church, and an admirer of Corot. Corot replied fixing Thursday, as on Wednesday he had a model for the nude. The friend lost the note, got confused as to the days, and presented himself with M. the Abbe on Wednesday. The sitting was very fortunately over, and the model in faultless attire, but the picture was yet on the easel. The Abbé advanced and stood before it. Corot, in great confusion, swore under his breath at his friend's carelessness. "Monsieur," said the priest, "when I see some pictures of this kind at the exhibitions, I turn away horrified at the thoughts that they suggest, but this one makes me dream of heaven!" "Ah, monsieur," cried Corot, in great relief and thankfulness, "you are a true artist as well as a man."

This purity of feeling is characteristic of Corot, and was closely connected with the purity of his life.

Corot's kind and gentle nature was torn by any story of physical suffering, and he hastened to relieve any distress brought directly to his notice; but of humanity at large he knew nothing and cared nothing. It is impossible to convey in words a perfect idea of the simple, tender, kindly human nature underlying the outward characteristics of Corot, but

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the only man I have ever known who could compare with him was my dear old friend Sir Henry Irving, who was his perfect archetype.

I have never possessed but two examples of Corot's work, both of which are early ones, but admirable examples of two different periods of his peculiar creations, which I have made over to the Corporation of Bournemouth.

In my earlier love for art I could have purchased his pictures for a fraction of the prices they now command, for when once dealers and collectors began to realise the idealistic beauty of his pictures, the prices went up by leaps and bounds, until they became prohibitive to anyone of ordinary means.

This great master was ignored in France by the Academie in a similar manner to that in which our own Royal Academy ignored several of the greatest artists that England has produced.

A short time before his death, I think about 1874, although he had not been awarded the *Medaille d'Honneur*, his brother artists were determined to do him honour from their own standpoint. It was therefore resolved that a special gold medal should be struck and publicly presented to Corot in the name of his artist friends and admirers. The Presentation Committee was composed of the following: M. Marcotte, an old friend of Corot, who was president, and he was supported by Ch. Daubigny, Jules Dupré, H. Daumier, Roybet, Ed. Frère, Alfred Stevens, and Philippe Burty.

On the reverse side of the medal (the work of M. Geoffroy Dechaume) is a palette with a crown, a branch of laurel, and an inscription; on the obverse the profile of the master.

At the presentation given in his honour at the Grand Hotel, Paris, he seemed very weak. When he spoke, standing, in returning thanks, he exhibited signs of failing health. His health having been drunk, amidst ringing cheers, he opened

John Ruskin

the little case containing the medal presented to him by M. Marcotte, and read the inscription :—

“ A COROT,

“ Ses Confrères et ses Admirateurs.

“ Juin, 1874 ”

and he whispered to his old friend, “ It is a happy thing to feel beloved like this.”

On Tuesday, February 23rd, 1875, at 11.30 at night, those fingers again moved as if still working at his beloved art. “ Look ! ” he cried, “ How lovely ! I never saw such exquisite landscapes ! ” But those “ exquisite landscapes ” could never be transferred to canvas, for the artist who saw them died the following moment !

Of all the great Englishmen I have met John Ruskin as a man of letters and connoisseur of art stands alone. He was born on the 8th February, 1819, in London. As a child he was brought up under a rigid system of nursing, physically, morally and intellectually ; kept without toys, not seldom whipped ; watched day and night, but trained from infancy in music, drawing, reading aloud, and observation of natural objects.

When only six years of age he was taken to various Continental towns, and at 14 was taken through Flanders along the Rhine and through the Black Forest to Switzerland, where he first imbibed his dominant passion for the Alps.

He began to compose both in verse and prose as soon as he had learnt to read and write, both of which arts he taught himself by the eye. At seven he began a work in four volumes with “ Copper-plates printed and composed by a little boy and also drawn.” His first poem, correct in rhyme and form, was written before he was seven.

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The one success of his Oxford career was the winning of the Newdigate Prize, which he recited at the Theatre, Oxford, on the 12th June, 1839. The last portion of it was as follows:—

“ Yes—he shall fall, though once his throne was set
Where the high heaven and crested mountains met,
Though distant shone with many an azure gem
The glacier glory of his diadem ;
Though sheets of sulphurous cloud and wreathed storm
Cast veils of terror round his shadowy form.
All, all are vain ! It comes, the hallowed day,
Whose dawn shall rend that robe of fear away ;
Then shall the torturing spells that midnight knew
Far in the cloven dells of Mount Meru.
Then shall the moan of frenzied hymns, that sighed
Down the dark vale where Gunga’s waters glide,
Then shall the idol chariots’ thunder cease
Before the steps of them that publish peace.
Already are they heard,—how fair, how fleet !
Along the mountains flash their bounding feet !
Disease and death before their presence fly ;
Truth calls, and gladdened India hears the cry,
Deserts the darkened path her fathers trod,
And seeks redemption from the Incarnate God.”

In March, 1834, when he was but fifteen, “ London’s Magazine of Natural History ” published an essay of his on the strata of mountains and an inquiry as to the colour of the Rhine. He then wrote for “ London’s Magazine of Architecture.” At seventeen he wrote for “ Blackwood ” a defence of Turner, which the painter, to whom it was first submitted, did not take the trouble to forward to the magazine.

“ Modern Painters,” vol. 1, by “ a Graduate of Oxford,” was published in May, 1843, when the author was little more than twenty-four. It produced a great and immediate sensation. It was vehemently attacked by the critics and



"Alarmed," by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.



"Dawn of Love," by William Etty, R.A.

Considered Etty's "chef d'œuvre." It was exhibited with my Loan Collection in the Corporation of Glasgow Art Gallery, and created quite a furore and much press criticism.



Palette purchased by me at the French Exhibition, London.
An exceptionally unique specimen of French art.



Lady Hamilton as "Venus." Romney.

Presented to me by Dr. Arabella Kenealy, the talented authoress, daughter of the famous Dr. Kenealy, who was counsel for "The Claimant" in the celebrated Tichborne case.

Ruskin's Marriage

coolly received by the painters. Even Turner was somewhat disconcerted. In 1845 he was abroad in Italy working on his "Modern Painters," the second volume of which appeared in 1846. He had now plunged into the study of Bellini and the Venetian School, Fra Angelico and the early Tuscans, and passionately devoted himself to architecture, sculpture and painting in each city of Northern Italy.

On the 10th April, 1848, Ruskin was married at Perth to Euphemia C. Gray, a lady of great beauty, of a family long intimate with the Ruskins. The marriage was arranged by the parents of the pair, and was a somewhat hurried act. It was evidently ill-assorted, and brought no happiness to either. They travelled, living in London, saw society, and attended a "Drawing-room" at Buckingham Palace. But Ruskin, immersed in various studies and projects, was no husband for a brilliant woman devoted to society. In 1854 his wife left him, obtained a nullification of the marriage under Scots law, and ultimately became the wife of John Everett Millais. John Ruskin returned to his parents, with whom he resided till their death; and neither his marriage nor the annulling of it seems to have affected seriously his literary career.

Ruskin's architectural studies, of which "The Seven Lamps" was the first fruit, turned him from Turner and "Modern Painters." He planned a book about Venice in 1845, and "The Stones of Venice" was announced in 1849 as in preparation. After intense study in Italy and at home, early in 1851 the first volume of "The Stones of Venice" appeared. It was by no means a mere antiquarian and artistic study. It was a concrete expansion of the ideas of "The Seven Lamps"—that the buildings and art of a people are the expression of their religion, their morality, their national aspirations and social habits. It was, as Carlyle wrote to the author, "*a sermon in stones,*" "*a singular sign of the times,*" "*a new Renaissance.*"

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“ Although Ruskin was practised in drawing from the time that he could hold a pencil, and had lessons in painting from some eminent artists, he at no time attempted to paint pictures. He said himself that he was unable to compose a picture, and he never sought to produce anything that he would call a work of original art. His drawings, of which he produced an enormous quantity, were always intended by himself to be studies or memoranda of buildings or natural objects precisely as they appeared to the eye. Clouds, mountains, landscapes, towers, churches, trees, flowers, and herbs were drawn with wonderful precision, minuteness of detail, and delicacy of hand, solely to recall some specific aspect of nature or art of which he wished to retain a record. In his gift for recording the most subtle characters of architectural carvings and details, Ruskin has hardly been surpassed by the most distinguished painters.

“ In 1853 ‘ The Stones of Venice ’ was completed at Herne Hill, and he began a series of ‘ Letters and Notes ’ on pictures and architecture. In this year he opened the long series of public lectures wherein he came forward as an oral teacher and preacher, not a little to the alarm of his parents and amidst a storm of controversy.

“ The last forty years of his life were devoted to expounding his views, or rather his doctrines, on social and industrial problems, on education, morals, and religion, wherein art becomes an incidental and instrumental means to a higher and more spiritual life.

“ In 1864 Ruskin’s father died at the age of 79, leaving his son a large fortune and a fine property at Denmark Hill. At the end of the year 1864 Ruskin delivered at Manchester a new series of lectures—not on art, but on reading, education, woman’s work, and social morals—the expansion of his earlier treatise on economic sophisms. This afterwards was included with a Dublin lecture of 1868 under the fantastic title of

“ St. George’s Guild ”

‘ Sesame and Lilies ’ (perhaps the most popular of his social essays) of which 44,000 copies were issued up till 1900.

“ In 1869 he was elected Slade professor of art in the University of Oxford. He was made Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi, and occupied rooms in the college. The early years of his Oxford professorship were occupied by severe labour, sundry travels, attacks of sickness, and a cruel disappointment in love. In spite of this, he lectured, founded a museum of art, to which he gave pictures and drawings, and £5,000; he sought to form at Oxford a school of drawing, he started a model shop for the sale of tea, and model lodgings in Marylebone for poor tenants. At Oxford he set his pupils to work on making roads to improve the country. He now founded ‘ St George’s Guild,’ himself contributing £7,000, the object of which was to form a model industrial and social movement, to buy lands, mills and factories, and to start a model industry on co-operative or social lines.”

The following are the eight points of the Creed of the “ St. George’s Guild ” :—

“ 1. I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work. And I will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while I live.

“ 2. I trust in the nobleness of human nature—in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and even when I cannot, I will act as if I did.

“ 3. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hands find to do, I will do it with my might.

Home and Abroad

“ 4. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor hurt, nor cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor rob, nor cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

“ 5. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing ; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.

“ 6. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness ; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

“ 7. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully ; and the orders of its monarch, so far as such laws and commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God ; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately—not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

“ 8. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the society called of St. George . . . and the order of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a companion called of St. George.”

“ In ‘ Fors,’ which was continued month by month for seven years, Ruskin poured out his thoughts, proposals and rebukes on society and persons with inexhaustible fancy, wit, eloquence, and freedom, until he was attacked with a violent brain malady in the spring of 1878, and although he recovered in a few months sufficiently to do some occasional

Ruskin's Strenuous Life

work, he resigned his professorship early in 1879. The next few years he spent at Brantwood, mainly in retirement, and unhappy in finding nearly all his labours interrupted by his broken health. In 1880 he was able to travel in Northern France, and began the 'Bible of Amiens,' finished in 1885, and he issued occasional numbers of 'Fors,' the last of which appeared at Christmas, 1884.

"As we look back at Ruskin's labour-time, stretching well nigh over half a century, we cannot but feel that John Ruskin has right well fulfilled the Hebrew preacher's command to do whatsoever his hand findeth to do with his might. Every subject he has grappled with has received his most honest and fearless thought, while every undertaking claiming his service has elicited the bestowal of his full energies and roused the inspiration of his mighty heart. In all his labours he has felt the burden of a duty and been straitened until it was fulfilled. He gives us in his books the choicest of words in the most perfect of styles. His art criticisms and principles of architecture are widely accepted; and there are not a few thoughtful men who believe his systems of social science and political economy will, in due time, win a greater respect from the body politic than they have to-day. He has had as many as seven books in the press at once, of which he says, 'Any one of them was enough to take up the remainder of my life.'"

As to laws for discovery of strength and weakness in the moral realm, he is direct and suggestive. He says:—

"Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults, that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some not too painful, but patient, effort to get quit of them. . . . Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you

Home and Abroad

are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can with the date to it. If you do not dare do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress the body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over, think no more about it."

One of his great virtues was his detestation of cruelty, in which the British sportsman revels, and which he denominates "Sport." This most admirable trait in his nature led him to severely reprimand Landseer, because he painted a picture of an otter hunt, which Ruskin evidently thought was a pandering to what he considered cowardly brutality in otter hunting, for he addressed Landseer as follows in his usual incisive manner:—

"I would have Mr. Landseer, before he gives us any more writhing otters or yelping packs, reflect whether that which is most worthy of contemplation in a hound be its ferocity, or in an otter, its agony, or in a human being, its victory over a poor little fish-catching creature a foot long."

In 1882 he had another serious illness, from which he recovered, and in the following year he was re-elected professor at Oxford and resumed his lectures, but increased brain excitement, and indignation at the establishment of a laboratory to which vivisection was admitted, led him to resign his Oxford career, and he retired in 1884 to Brantwood, which he never left. In this retirement he began his last work "Præterita," than which he has left nothing more graceful and pathetic.

My Wife and I at Brantwood

His life just touched the last year of the century. On the 20th January, 1900, after an attack of influenza, he suddenly failed, and fell softly asleep as the sunset came out beyond the fells. He was buried at Coniston, the family refusing the offer of a grave in Westminster Abbey; and perhaps of all the tributes he received in death, the truest and best was a little wreath of common flowers sent by the local tailor, with the words inscribed: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

The close of his life was one of entire peace and honour. He was loaded with the degrees of the universities and membership of numerous societies and academies. His works were translated and read abroad, and had an enormous circulation in Great Britain and the United States. His 80th birthday, 8th February, 1899, was celebrated by a burst of congratulations and addresses, both public and private. His strength failed gradually, his mind remained feeble but unclouded, and his spirit serene.

During our visit to Brantwood, Mrs. Severn (Ruskin's cousin) escorted us through the house, and we rejoiced beyond measure in viewing everything. In Ruskin's library and study there was a marvellous collection of many original MSS. of great authors, such as Sir Walter Scott and Burns; also pictures, drawings, etchings and innumerable souvenirs of most of his many distinguished literary and artistic friends. I have several elegant sketches by Ruskin, but only one letter from him, in which he eulogises Harris' admirable water-colour drawings, and oils, of fruit, flowers, etc. I have also a very clever picture of himself and his cat in his study at early dawn.

We have several works of my old friend, Sir David Murray, R.A., some of which I commissioned him to paint for me. As he has many friends, I think perhaps two or three of his letters from a large number which my wife and I have received from him during many years friendship, may be interesting:—

Home and Abroad

1, Langham Chambers,
Portland Place, W.

My dear Friend,

5th April, 1893.

Your two pictures were tremendously admired by everyone on my private view day here, and the larger one I have been offered frequently fifty guineas more for.

I love them so much that I shall send them to the R.A., the smaller one especially, to the "gem" room.

I had no less than twenty pictures on view on my private show day, and in this connection all my brother artists were most enthusiastic, which was most gratifying to me. The largest one, the "nine-footer," got unqualified praise from them.

With the kindest regards to Mrs. Russell-Cotes, Bert. and yourself,

Very faithfully yours,
DAVID MURRAY.

1, Langham Chambers,
Portland Place, W.

My dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

24th January, 1894.

Curious it is that you and I must have been writing each other at the same time, and by this time you will have had the reason for my being unable to join in the merriment which I know from past experience is sure to prevail on the 1st. I shall, however, be at this distance, wishing you both happiness in the coming year, and blessing for many a long day to come. I seem to be so low in condition just now that small things assail me easily, and I have a most obstinate and troublesome cold on me; everything to remind me of how frail our boasted strength is. Still, there is a better time coming soon, and in the meantime I am glad that I feel so very keen and able for work. It seems to have no power to fatigue me.

I trust Miss Cotes is continuing the benefit she received from her holiday, and the young lawyer * bright and happy as ever.

With kindest regards,
Always yours,
DAVID MURRAY.

1, Langham Chambers,
Portland Place, W.

My dear Sir Merton.

6th March, 1916.

I duly received an invitation from the Mayor and Mayoress for to-morrow's function, but was forced, through many circumstances, pressing just now, to forego the pleasure, and so I wrote him.

* My son Bert.



My son Bert.

Sir David Murray, R.A.

One of these is my first meeting to-morrow night with my colleagues of the Arts Club here, of which I have, against my wish, accepted the Presidency.

Very many thanks for your kindness. To have spent a day or two with you and Lady Russell-Cotes, and gone quietly through your many treasures, would have been a very pleasant change from my busy time here, but a holiday seems ever more and more difficult to arrange for.

I do hope Lady Russell-Cotes has much benefited from her visit to town, and good news of your daughter's progress comes to you now.

Very faithfully yours,

DAVID MURRAY.

Many of my pleasantest and happiest hours have been spent with members of those professions which I call the "Three Graces,"—Art, Music and Literature.

Through lack of space I have found it impossible in this chapter to name many of the clever men and women I have known, and from a like cause I have not been able to give all the characteristics of those, who being leaders in their respective spheres, I have particularized.

“ From the date of his, Irving’s, first appearance on the stage at Sunderland on September 18th, 1856, until he left the provinces for London, in 1866, he accomplished an enormous amount of work. During the first two and a half years he acted 428 parts. After that, and before July 30th, 1866, 160 characters. From the time of his first appearance, at the St. James’s Theatre, October 6th, 1866, until his death, October 13th, 1905, he had played another 83 characters, of which thirteen were Shakespearean. In all, he played 671 parts. What a contrast to the work of the modern actor.”—Extract from “ In Memoriam,” Father and Son, by Austin Brereton.

* * * * *

*“ He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.”*

HAMLET.

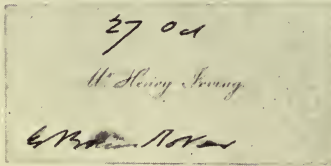


My beloved old friend, the late Sir Henry Irving, LL.D., etc. The last photograph taken, and given to me by himself, 1st February, 1905.

Locks of Sir Henry Irving's Hair



Given to Mr. Thornley Stoker. Dublin. 1878



27 01

W. Henry Irving

W. H. Stoker



Cut off by Walter Collinson. - 3rd March 1889.

and given to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, & P.

Coast Cliff Hall
Dorchester.

Wentworth House
117, Piccadilly

The late Sir Henry Irving's hair, given to Bram Stoker's brother in 1878, and to myself by Sir Henry's confidential attendant, Mr. Walter Collinson, 3rd March, 1889.

CHAPTER XIX

Sir Henry Irving

Irving at Sunderland—"The Chief"—Irving and Toole—Joke at Wavertree—Mathews—"Fussy"—The fit of coughing and the surgical instrument—The "Corot" (?)—A stage reception—"Good and kind Sir Henry"—Corporal Brewster—Visit to Lord Rosebery—Irving's misfortunes—Joe Robins and the *poor actor*—Napoleon's lamp—Sir Henry's death at Bradford—The Irving Room and its contents.

*As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.*

KING RICHARD II—Act v, Sc. 2.

*The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.*

APOLOGY FOR ACTORS, A.D. 1612—Thomas Heywood.

One man in his time plays many parts.

AS YOU LIKE IT—Act ii, Sc. 7.

IN commencing this chapter, to the memory of my dear late friend Sir Henry Irving, I feel I cannot do better than quote the following report, from a Sunderland newspaper, of the address presented to Sir Henry, on the 28th October, 1904, by the Mayor and Burgesses of that borough :
To SIR HENRY IRVING, Kt., D. Litt. (Cambridge and Dublin), LL.D. (Glasgow).

Sir,—On behalf of your numerous admirers and friends in the County Borough of Sunderland, we desire to offer you a warm and affectionate welcome to the town in which you commenced your career in the profession of which you are now the acknowledged head.

In all ages the stage has been a potent force in moulding the convictions, and shaping the aspirations, of men—equally

Home and Abroad

a means of instruction, amusement, and ethical purpose ; and the personality of an actor who, to the skill of his special art adds the feeling and inspiration of the artist, becomes a powerful influence for the advancement of culture. Still more is this true when the actor chooses to become the interpreter, and exponent, of the Shakespearean drama, the glory of our English literature.

We have learned with regret that the stage is soon to lose your active service, and that the present must be regarded as a farewell visit. Fifty years will soon have passed since first you stepped upon the boards of the Lyceum Theatre in Sunderland, and we recognise that after your strenuous labours, you have a just claim to a period of repose and quiet enjoyment. To remind you of your association with our town we present you with this address and casket, on which are engraved scenes familiar to us all, with an expression of the hope that you may long be spared to wear the laurels you have so well earned, and to enjoy the esteem and admiration of your fellow countrymen.

(Signed) H. J. TURNBULL, Mayor and Chairman of the
Reception Committee.

J. G. KIRTLEY, Treasurer.

FRAS. M. BOWEY, Town Clerk.

CHARLES BEVAN }
JOHN ROBINSON } Hon. Secretaries.

Sir Henry Irving had an enthusiastic reception when he rose to respond to the toast and accept the casket. In his response he said :

“ The great honour you have done me to-day makes me very proud to know that in the history of this famous centre of maritime industry you keep a place for the art which I have served all my life. You are kind enough to remember

Irving at Sunderland

that here in Sunderland I made the beginning, the boyish and timid beginning, of my career. It is a long time ago, close upon half a century, and I cannot flatter myself that any of you—even the oldest—have any personal recollection of that event. Indeed, I may say with confidence, that I am the only person who is qualified to give a plain unvarnished account of what happened here on the night of September 18th, 1856, when the play of 'Richelieu' was produced at the Lyceum Theatre; and not only that evening is vivid in my memory, but the whole preceding fortnight, for such was my eagerness to lose no opportunity, to leave nothing to chance, that I arrived in Sunderland before the theatre was built. The first night was passed at an hotel, and there, too, my advent was premature. The magnificence of hotels was not suited to that period of my apprenticeship, so I took a lodging a mile or two out of the town, and walked in every morning to superintend the building operations, and to wonder how on earth they would be finished in time for my first appearance on any stage.

“ Well, the builders did finish their work—perhaps after all they knew what was at stake—and 'Richelieu' was prepared with most disconcerting haste, and the boy, full of trembling hope, saw the curtain which shielded him from the audience, rise abruptly, and then he had to speak the opening words of the play—'Here's to our enterprise.' Gaston, Duke of Orleans, is represented by the dramatist as a bit of a craven, but he could never have been so frightened of the Cardinal as he was of Sunderland when he tried to utter those words. I cannot truthfully say—for I feel the responsibility of being the only witness—I cannot truthfully say that he did utter them. 'Our enterprise,' my enterprise, stuck in his throat. At any rate, it made entirely the wrong impression, for one critic of that performance urged the actor to take the first steamer back to his comfortable home, and abandon all idea of pursuing a vocation for which he was manifestly unfitted.

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“ I remember so well that the ‘ first steamer ’ was recommended, not the first train, and I suppose the critic wanted to associate my penitential departure with the thriving sea traffic of your great port, and so point the contrast between my final discomfiture and your increasing prosperity. Certainly the voyage would have given me ample time to ponder the enormity of my presumption. But I did not go. I stayed here five months, learning useful lessons of perseverance by the helpful kindness of my old manager, Mr. E. D. Davies, and of the Sunderland playgoers, whom I found to be extremely patient, for they received me with the utmost good humour in the singing part of Henry Bertram, for which my confiding manager had cast me, as adequate support to Charlotte Cushman in her great character of Meg Merrilies. Well, there came a time long after, when I was able by a happy coincidence to carry on, at another Lyceum, the enterprise which had faltered at the outset, and to make that theatre, I hope, a not unworthy home of dramatic art for thirty years.

“ You have been good enough to speak of this work of mine with very warm appreciation, and I take the most gratifying welcome you have given me to-day as signal testimony to the importance of the Drama in our social life. I have long regretted that, in this country, the theatre is not, as it is in some other countries, an organised department of the State, or the Municipality, for I think it should be a civic obligation to maintain a standard of dramatic taste. No hostility to the Drama has ever been strong enough to eject it from the lives of the people. It has been preached at : philosophers have disdained it ; it has been declared unworthy of serious and sober-minded persons. All this has gone on for centuries without damaging the theatre beyond repair. It seems highly probable that centuries hence moderately virtuous citizens will still be found waiting at the pit door, where, as Charles Lamb tells us, he would rather jostle his neighbours

The Theatre as a Museum

than wander over a pastoral landscape with the shepherd and his sheep. There is an unquenchable desire in most of us to see the human comedy in its infinite variety reflected on the stage. The mirror has been held up to Nature for all time by a master dramatist, and in the genius of Shakespeare we behold an ever-living world.

“ But I say it would be well if the theatre could be so organised as to keep its best standards constantly in the public eye. It is at least as worthy of that distinction as a museum. The treasures of a museum are precious, but inanimate. They have the advantage—if it be an advantage—of not exciting controversy except amongst the learned collectors. The Drama is alive, and lends itself furiously to dispute, as, in the course of a long life, I have had reason to know. But none the less some of us have striven to serve it in one form or another, with unflinching belief and honest devotion. I am deeply grateful to know that such a purpose and ambition, steadily maintained, has won your esteem here, in the town where I first strove to set foot on the lowest rung of the ladder. But it gladdens me still more to believe that your sympathy with the work I have been able to accomplish is a token of a real and abiding love of the Drama, a love which I trust will be handed down as a tradition and an inheritance to generations yet to come.

“ So this beautiful casket, Mr. Mayor, and the Address which you have read, I shall always cherish as memorable tokens of my old associations with Sunderland, and of your kindly interest in my work. One of the inscriptions on the casket, I am glad to note, is signed by Mr. John Robinson, Secretary of your Shakespeare Society. I have had personal relations with many Shakespeare societies in my time, and have always regarded them as missionaries of humanity. For the study of Shakespeare is not the study of a writer who with all his greatness is remote from our own time and our own

Home and Abroad

affairs. Shakespeare is alive in our thought ; his speech is ever on our lips ; and to enter truly into his spirit is to learn unending lessons of that noble charity which is the highest inspiration of our religion. I do not think you can carry on this study without recognising that Shakespeare's plays were meant to be acted, and that some trained interpretation of them is necessary to the credit of the English stage. There are students, it is true, who tell you that to act Shakespeare is really a profanation. What offends them most, I believe, is that the modern theatre employs resources of scenic effect which the Elizabethan theatre did not possess, and they are so desperately Elizabethan, these gentlemen, that if they cannot have Shakespeare with the old placard, ' This is a street,' they would rather not have him at all. From this little eccentricity, Mr. Mayor, I judge our friend Mr. Robinson and his fellow students to be quite free. And I gather, too, that our Shakespeare Society does not hold the theatre to be a vain show unless Shakespeare happens to be always going on. A broad and healthy interest in the Drama is surely no small part of the heritage which our greatest dramatist has bequeathed to us. This, Mr. Mayor, is why I value so highly the gratifying proofs I have received to-day that the theatre has such staunch supporters in you and your fellow townsmen and that my small share in its history has been rewarded by your esteem and goodwill. This day puts an indelible seal upon an old friendship, and you have made me feel that in spirit and in comradeship I am a Sunderland man."

I knew Sir Henry Irving for upwards of fifty years intimately, and have the deepest affection and love for his memory—a friendship such as existed between us is exceptional as between two men. I delight in recounting the many exceptional qualities possessed by that lovable and talented man.

His goodheartedness and generosity knew no limit. His " swans were all geese," and others' " geese were all

THEATRE ROYAL

AND OPERA HOUSE,
MANCHESTER LANE, BRADFORD.

**Monday, Oct. 9th, 1905,
 SIX NIGHTS ONLY**

NO MATINEE

**FAREWELL
 OF
 HENRY
 IRVING**

AND HIS COMPANY.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
Shakespeare
BECKET
Shakespeare

LOUIS XI.
Shakespeare
KING RENE'S DAUGHTER
Shakespeare

THE BELLS
Shakespeare

MONDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS
8.15.10.15.20.25.30.35.40.45.50.55.60.65.70.75.80.85.90.95.100.

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHTS
8.15.20.25.30.35.40.45.50.55.60.65.70.75.80.85.90.95.100.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT
8.15.20.25.30.35.40.45.50.55.60.65.70.75.80.85.90.95.100.

THURSDAY NIGHT
8.15.20.25.30.35.40.45.50.55.60.65.70.75.80.85.90.95.100.



Playbill of the night of Sir Henry Irving's death.

Sir Henry as "Becket," in which character he "blessed" me in his dressing room at the Theatre, Birmingham.



Pen and ink sketches by F. Barnard of many of the characters impersonated by Sir Henry.

Irving's Simplicity

swans" to him in his utterly unselfish nature. He never refused a favour. He could not. Hence he was the victim of many bloodsuckers and harpies. All who knew Irving intimately must agree that he was one of the most charming and interesting men they ever met. He had such a simplicity—a naivete, that was exceedingly attractive and engaging. That captivating smile of his worked as a sort of spell. I think it may be stated without the slightest shadow of doubt that no professional man in any sphere was so lampooned and severely persecuted in the Press as Irving, but he outlived it all, and eventually commanded, compelled and coerced the kindly sympathy, admiration and enthusiasm from those who before could see nothing in him but travesty.

Mr. Henry Labouchere* was, like myself, an intimate friend of Irving's, and once said, "Irving is a great man, and as a man I greatly admire him." He (Irving) was ever the kindest and most generous of human beings. Money burnt holes in his pockets. No one who appealed to him for assistance—oh, and how many did—ever appealed in vain. He spent little or nothing on himself, but much in charity and hospitality, and he wasted a good deal on superfluity of detail in producing

* Mr. Labouchere, a shrewd observer, always spoke out his opinions in plain, blunt terms: "An actor must, in order to win popularity, have mannerisms, and the more peculiar they are, the greater will be his popularity. No one can for a moment suppose that Mr. Irving could not speak distinctly, progress about the stage after the fashion of human beings, and stand still without balancing to and fro if he pleased. Yet, had he not done all this, he would—notwithstanding that there is a touch of real genius about his acting sometimes—never have made the mark that he has. He is, indeed, to the stage what Lord Beaconsfield was to politics. That exceedingly able man never could utter the resonant clap-trap in which he so often indulged, and which made men talk about him, without almost showing by his manner that he himself despised the tricks which gave him individuality. Were Irving to abate his peculiarities, his fervent worshippers would complain that their idol was sinking into mere commonplace. Therefore, as I sincerely hope that, for his sake, the idolaters will continue to bow down before him and fill his treasury, I trust that he will never change." There is a cynical flavour in this, and it is not very flattering to the audience, but underlying it there is much truth.

Home and Abroad

his well-known plays.* No more loving or faithful friend was ever on earth, and any kindness accorded to him was never overlooked or forgotten. More especially did this apply to those who knew him or befriended him in his early days of penury and trial.

Neither have we any record of the depth of the affection and love with which the younger men who surrounded him have adored the memory of the man whom they speak of as "the chief." I have met most of those (shall I say pupils?) who have acted with him, and one and all attribute their success on the stage entirely to his marvellous training. Among the number that I might mention, there are none who have exhibited this feeling more than my friends Martin Harvey, Forbes Robertson and Fred Terry. When they speak of him, it is with the greatest depth of love, affection and reverence for his memory, and I think a similar sentiment is expressed by all the others.

Irving will be recollected not only for his consummate skill in acting, but for his Shakespearean revivals, all of which can be considered to have been in the best and most complete taste; indeed, it may be that in a generation or two his revivals will be classed with those of Macready and Charles Kean, which were just as much extolled. Irving's changes and

* Amiable and forbearing as Irving always showed himself to his subordinates, he could be resolute in seeing that what he wished or wanted was carried out. Schemes of scenery found available on trial were again and again condemned because they failed to bring about the effect desired. This, however, was the secret of the unity and homogeneity of his productions. It is admitted that even in the matter of the elaborate orchestral music, which we might fancy he would have left to the professors, he had much to say and alter. It might strike him as not being suited to the situation. Fresh experiments would have to be made, to be also set aside, to the despair of the composer. Then the *difficile* manager would be heard to attempt, vocally, some rude outline of what he desired, and this suggestion the ready musician would grasp and put into shape, and it would be agreed *nem. con.* that somehow this last attempt suited the situation exactly. This sense of perfect propriety *in omnibus* was a "note" of the manager's character.

“ Oliver Twist ”

illustration were often matters of critical taste. But he ever showed a reverent respect for his art.

FitzGerald says, “ It must be said that a vast deal has been done for Shakespeare at the Lyceum. What a long series, and how splendidly presented ! What an education during twenty years ! Nothing can be so true, and we are under infinite obligations to him.”

“ Few can imagine what a personage Irving was in the eyes of both French and Germans. His romantic course and methods, his noble and generous hospitality to foreigners of his profession, his intimacy with the leading performers—these things made him quite familiar abroad.”

There were no two greater friends on earth than Irving and Toole,* and in their earlier days, when Toole had “ made his mark,” Irving was still struggling—his latent talents unappreciated, and indeed suffering “ the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” Up till his great hit as Matthias in “ The Bells ” he never for one moment imagined that he would place himself absolutely at the head of his profession,

* It was during Irving’s engagement at the old “ Queen’s Theatre,” Long Acre, when on the 11th April, 1868, “ Oliver Twist ” was produced, that I first met Toole. The following was the cast :

Oliver Twist	Miss Henrietta Hodson
Mr. Brownlow	Mr. W. H. Stephens
Monks...	Mr. John Clayton
Fagin	Mr. J. Ryder
Bill Sikes	Mr. Henry Irving
Artful Dodger	Mr. J. L. Toole
Bumble	Mr. Lionel Brough
Nancy...	Miss Nelly Moore.

Dickens recognised the developing genius of Sir Henry Irving. When “ Oliver Twist ” had finished its career, he went to see Henry J. Byron’s “ A Lancashire Lass,” in the cast of which were Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham, Sam Emery, Lionel Brough and John Clayton. On his return home Dickens observed, “ There is a young fellow in the play who sits at the table and is bullied by Sam Emery ; his name is Henry Irving, and if that young man does not one day come out as a great actor, I know nothing of art.” It was at this time that I used to accompany Irving, Charles Wyndham and Lionel Brough, and sat with them in their dressing-rooms at the above theatre. Dickens’ prophecy came true three years later, when Irving created a furore in London by his impersonation of “ Matthias ” in “ The Bells.”

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and become the leading light of the theatrical profession throughout the world. Toole and Irving were almost inseparable, although their natures were as different as the poles asunder—one the greatest tragedian, the other the greatest comedian—but they saw most things eye to eye. The two opposite natures seemed to blend between them into one, producing a loving brotherhood that shone out in every possible way. Utterly unlike each other “in form and feature, face and limb,” it was their kindly disposition and loving hearts that drew them together.

I suppose there perhaps was never a more sweet or affectionate friendship than existed between Irving and Toole. They were both men possessing the kindest and most genial souls, and no doubt this joined them together with links of steel. No opportunity was ever missed for them to play together and in every way to enjoy each other's intercourse. Perhaps one of the best practical escapades in which Toole and Irving delighted, was played at an old inn at Wavertree, near Liverpool. After the guests had gone to bed, they rang and told the waiter to get the bill. After he had gone, they slipped all the silver spoons and forks off the table into their pockets, turned out the gas and crept below the table. The waiter came back, and found the room in darkness, the window open, and no one in the room. He at once ran out crying “Thieves! thieves!!” The moment he had left the room, they jumped up, closed the door, lit the gas, and replaced all that they had removed. After a while the landlord, several of the employees and the waiter who had served them, came in, and they found these two gentlemen, Toole and Irving, sitting quietly smoking cigars. Irving quietly remarked, “Do you always come in like this when gentlemen are having their dinner here?” The landlord at once apologised, turned round to the unfortunate waiter, and began abusing him by declaring that he was a drunken fool and did not know what he

Charles Mathews

was doing ! This is only one of an innumerable number of small practical jokes.

When they were not together, they kept up their communication by telegrams and letters. In fact, although parted, they were spiritually united.

It is recorded that when poor Toole heard of Irving's death, he remarked with deep emotion, " Then let me die too," an incident that goes to show the depth of love these two men had for each other.

Toole died on the night of the 30th July, 1906, and was buried in his family tomb in Kensal Green. Round his grave was a great crowd of loving and sorrowing friends.

Irving had always a deep regard for Charles Mathews. Not only did he look upon him as a consummate dramatic actor—which was always in itself a sure road to his heart—but he had lively recollections of his kindness to him. The first was in his youth on the stage in Edinburgh when Irving played the boy in one of the plays of his repertoire. Irving had invented for himself a little piece of business ; when the lad was placed in the militant position in the play he took out his handkerchief to mop his brow. As he pulled it out there came with it an orange which rolled along the stage and which he hastily followed and recovered. Charles Mathews seemed pleased. His kindly recognition was, however, opposed a little later by another actor who played the same part as Mathews. This gentleman strongly objected to what he delicately called the " tomfoolery " which he said interfered with the gravity of his own acting. When Mathews again visited Edinburgh, Irving omitted the incident, fearing it might be out of place. But at the end of the act Mathews sent for him to his dressing room, and in a very kind manner called his attention to a piece of business of which he had made use on the last occasion, and there and then recapitulated the incident and asked why he had omitted it. Irving explained that he had been held

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to task for it by the other actor. To his great delight Mathews spoke quite crossly of the other actor. Said he : “ He had no right to find fault ! He must have been an ignorant fellow not to see that it helped his own part. The humour of the situation in the play hangs on the contrast between the boy’s bellicose attitude towards the elder man whom he considers his rival, and his own extreme youthfulness. That very incident is all that is wanted to make the action complete ; and since I saw you do it I have asked every other who plays the part to bring it in. I should have asked you, only that I took it for granted that you would repeat it. Never let anyone shake you out of such an admirable piece of by-play ! ”

The other occasion was when he had played “ Doricourt ” at his first appearance at the St. James’s Theatre in 1866. One of the first congratulations he got was from Charles Mathews, who not only sent him by hand a letter in the morning, but followed it up with a visit later in the day.

Charles Mathews, till the day of his death, a very dear friend of Irving’s, was a man of most delightful personality. Henry Russell tells a story of its effect, as follows :—

“ I was at that time tenant of the Lyceum, and had let it for a short season to Charles Mathews. He did not pay my rent, and, as I suppose you know, the freeholder, Arnold, was not one to let *me* off my rent on that account. The debt ran on till it grew to be quite a big one. I wrote to Mathews, but I never could get any settlement. He was always most suave and cheery. *But* no cash ! At last I made up my mind that I *would* have that money ; and finding that letters were of no avail, I called on him one forenoon. He was having his breakfast and asked me to join him in a cup of chocolate. I said no ! that I had come on business—and pretty stern business at that ; and that I would not mix it up with pleasure. I had come for cash ! cash !! cash !!! He was very pleasant, quite undisturbed by my tirade ; so that presently I got a

“Fussy”

little ashamed of myself and sat down. I stayed with him an hour.”

“And did you get your money?” asked Irving, quietly.

Russell smiled: “Get my money! I came away leaving him a cheque for three hundred pounds which he had borrowed from me; and I never asked him for rent again!”

Then after a pause he added: “He certainly was a great artist and a most delightful fellow.”

A peculiar incident occurred with regard to Irving's friendship with Sims Reeves. It seems that when he was contemplating the production of the “Corsican Brothers,” and discussing the question of costumes, Sims Reeves happened to be with him. More particularly Irving wondered whether the present day opera hat was in vogue many years previously, in order that it might harmonise with the date of the play. Sims Reeves immediately went out, and returned in a few minutes with the opera hat which he carried and used at concerts. Irving consequently adopted this pattern and the hats that were worn for the “Corsican Brothers” were really copies of the hat which was worn by Sims Reeves.

Some years ago Irving had a very great affection for a pet dog whom he used to call “Fussy.” It was a fox terrier, and intensely attached to his kindly-hearted master. A contretemps occurred of a rather singular nature later on, when he was embarking on one of his journeys to America. He intended taking his dog with him, but in the confusion of wishing his hosts of friends “good-bye,” “Fussy” somehow or other managed to be lost among the crowd around Irving. He thought the dog was safely on board, but on looking for it after the steamer had started, he discovered to his amazement that the dog was not to be found, and he naturally arrived at the conclusion that he would never see the dog again. He took the earliest opportunity of writing home to make enquiries about it to the police, thinking that it might have been taken

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to the Dogs' Home at Battersea, but he received a reply stating that the dog had found its way from Southampton, through the labyrinth of roads, to London, where it was eventually discovered whining and howling at Irving's door.

During one of the visits by Irving to New York, the Union Square Theatre was burnt down on the 20th February, 1888. This theatre was adjacent to the Star Theatre in which he was playing. The fire occurred in the middle of the day, and he was at his hotel, the "Brunswick." His dresser, Walter, had told him that the Union Square Theatre had been burnt down, but that the Star Theatre was all right, when Irving, who had been resting, said, "Is 'Fussy' safe?" Walter told him that the dog had been with him all the time, whereupon Irving simply said "All right" and went off to sleep again!

Irving could tell a story in the pleasantest "high comedy" manner, and without laying emphasis on points. When being entertained by the "Savages" he related this adventure of his early Bohemian days, in illustration of the truth that "it is always well to have a personal acquaintance with a presiding magistrate."

"I had driven one night from the 'Albion' to some rooms I occupied in Old Quebec Street, and after bidding the cabman farewell, I was preparing to seek repose, when there came a knock at the door. Upon opening it I found the cabman, who said that I had given him a bad half-crown. Restraining myself, I told him 'to be gone.' I shut the door, but in a few moments there came another knock, and with the cabman appeared a policeman, who said, with the grave formality of his office, 'You are charged with passing a bad half-crown and must come with me to the police-station.' I explained that I was a respectable, if unknown citizen, pursuing a noble, though precarious calling, and that I could be found in the morning at the address I had given. The policeman was not at all impressed by that, so I jumped into the cab, and went

“Always know your own mind and—”

to the station, where the charge was entered upon the night-sheet, and I was briefly requested to make myself at home. ‘Do you intend me to spend the night here?’ I said to the inspector. ‘Certainly,’ he said, ‘that is the idea.’ So I asked him to oblige me with a pencil and a piece of paper, which he reluctantly gave me. I addressed a few words to Sir Thomas Henry, who was then presiding magistrate at Bow Street, and with whom I had an intimacy, in an unofficial capacity. The inspector looked at me. ‘Do you know Sir Thomas Henry?’ he said. ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I have that honour.’ The officer suddenly turned round to the policeman and said, ‘What do you mean by bringing such a charge against this gentleman?’ Then he turned fiercely upon the cabman, and nearly kicked him out of the office. I returned home triumphantly in the cab. I cannot give a young ‘Savage’ a sounder piece of advice than this—‘Always know your own mind, and also a magistrate.’”

The wizard depth of his lambent, searching eyes, the beetling brow, his hair worn *à la* Tennyson, his pale and grave features, always had the effect of creating instantly a feeling of awe, reverence, love and affection for his marvellous personality. I never knew a man who possessed these peculiar traits in a greater measure than Irving.

During the whole of our intimate friendship I do not remember Irving being really angry, except on one occasion when he referred to the unjust—as he thought—action of a photographer in Scotland, who had taken a photograph of him at the request of his friend, Mr. Clement Shorter, for the “Sphere.” It would appear that after the photographer had taken the negative he asked Sir Henry if he might take one for himself. As usual, Sir Henry said, “With pleasure.” One of these photographs was used by two Scottish journals, and the photographer commenced an action against them for infringement of *his* copyright. This occurred about

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a year or so before Sir Henry's death, and he was not at all well. To his great annoyance and chagrin he had to make the journey to Edinburgh to appear as witness for the defendant, when it was clearly demonstrated that the photograph used by these journals was the one belonging to the "Sphere."

A rather tragic incident occurred which, as far as I know, has never been recorded. I give it now identically as Irving related it. After dinner one evening, he and I were sitting each side of the fireplace alone smoking, when a card was brought to me, which I handed to Sir Henry, who said, "Would you like to see him?" I replied, "I should." A few minutes afterwards, my dear old friend Sir Charles Scotter (Chairman of the London and South Western Railway Company) came in, and I introduced them to each other. We continued chattering on various subjects, when Irving's chronic throat trouble was referred to. "Ah!" he said, "I once underwent an operation which nearly cost me my life. My voice was very husky, and occasionally I was afraid I should lose it altogether. I therefore went to Harley Street and consulted a well-known throat specialist. He was carefully examining my throat, when suddenly he stopped and seemed uncertain as to what he should do. He then said, 'You must not act to-night, but I will order a cab and you must return to Grafton Street and lie down, and take no food except soup.' "I," continued Sir Henry, "did so, but kept coughing, till, at last, being unable to bear it longer, I told Walter (his devoted dresser) to order a cab, in which I drove back to Harley Street. On my return, the doctor said, 'I quite expected you would come and see me again. I should like the opinion of my colleague on your throat.' And so he left me for about ten minutes, in a most miserable condition from the pain and racking cough. On their return, his friend repeated a similar examination as before. He remarked that they would go and consult for a few minutes. But as they were leaving the

The Picture by Jefferson

room I was seized with a terrible paroxysm of coughing, and something seemed to be precipitated to the other end of the room, like an arrow from a bow—it was a piece of the instrument he had inserted when examining my throat ! ”

In relating this incident, which might have been fatal, he re-acted the part with such dramatic force that it exceeded any character I ever saw him portray, except “ Corporal Brewster ” in “ Waterloo.”

On the 8th May, 1905, it being my birthday, Sir Henry invited my wife and me to take tea with him at his flat in Stratton Street, and he took this occasion to present me with a charming miniature and autograph of himself as a souvenir. In a corner of his dining-room I had noticed on several occasions a small landscape, which I was under the impression was a “ Corot.” I expressed my delight with it, whereupon Sir Henry smiled and said, “ No, my dear friend, it is not a ‘ Corot,’ it was painted by my dear old friend Joseph Jefferson, and presented to me by him.” I observed it required cleaning very badly, but Sir Henry emphatically declared that he would not allow it to be touched by anyone for the world. I replied, “ Would you not allow me to clean it ? ” “ Oh,” he said, “ but do you understand it ? ” I said, “ I will undertake to do it for you and you will be delighted with the result.” An hour or two after we had left, Mr. Walter Collinson came round to the hotel where we were staying in Dover Street with the picture. I asked him to procure me some varnish and brushes, and I at once set to work and cleaned and varnished the picture. The following morning Walter came and took it back to Sir Henry. Shortly afterwards he returned with the following letter :—

Stratton Street,

London, W.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

9th May, 1905.

A thousand thanks. You have worked wonders. I scarcely know my dear old friend's picture again. It is more charming than

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ever. I shall now link your name and dear old Jefferson's together in my mind when admiring what he accomplished.

With warmest greetings and heartiest thanks, and my kind love to your dear wife.

Believe me to be,

Your sincere friend,

HENRY IRVING.

Merton Russell-Cotes, Esq., J.P., F.R.G.S.,

Baldwin's Hotel,

Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.

This picture now occupies an honoured place in the "Irving" Museum, and is a priceless relic of my dear old friend Sir Henry.

This was our last visit to Stratton Street, and we little thought, when standing beside the lift and shaking hands with Sir Henry as we left, that we should never feel the warm grasp of his hand nor see his genial smile and noble face again!

On March 18th, 1893, Irving and his whole company were summoned to Windsor Castle to play "Becket" before Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. A theatre was fitted up in the Waterloo Chamber; special scenery was painted; the Lyceum was closed; and the company, 170 strong, was transported to Windsor and brought back the same night; the performance was given with large effect to the enjoyment of the Queen. The only stipulation Irving made was that he should be allowed to bear the expense of all kinds, and that he should not be asked to accept any fee. Of course this meant a very heavy outlay, but still with his usual princely generosity he insisted that those should be the terms upon which he would take his company to Windsor and play "Becket" before the Queen.

The day that was selected for Irving and his company was a lovely one, cold and bright, and as there were some hours at their disposal, they availed themselves of the opportunity to wander in the gardens or on the terrace, from which

The Queen and Irving

the views are superb of the river winding its way and the whole fair landscape.

At 9 p.m. the Queen arrived. She sat of course in the centre of the dais with the Empress Frederick of Germany on her right and the Prince of Wales on her left. The room was exquisitely decorated with plants and flowers, and it was filled with her courtiers in full dress and uniforms, the effect being very fine.

The play went off most successfully, and the Queen, with graceful and kindly forethought, gave orders that all present might applaud as they cared—it not being etiquette to applaud on such occasions without Royal permission.

The adoption of the play into lesser space than the Lyceum was so judiciously done that any difference was quite unnoticed.

At the close of the performance the Queen sent for Irving and Ellen Terry, and complimented them upon the performance and the beauty of the play. To Irving she said: "It is a very noble play. What a pity it is that Tennyson did not live to see it. It would have delighted him, as it has done us."

Irving and his company dined and took supper in the Castle. Four different rooms were arranged for the purpose. In the first were the acting company and higher officials to the number of about 50. The members of the orchestra and heads of departments in the second and third, and the stage workmen in the fourth. At the end, all drank the Queen's health loyally.

I would like to add that this performance marked an epoch in the life of the great Queen—that in which she broke the long gloom of more than thirty years.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes, Lyceum Theatre.

I enclose you seats for Saturday night, with Sir Henry's kindest regards. *He will be happy to see you on the stage after the play.*

Yours sincerely,

BRAM STOKER.

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In consequence of the above my wife and I were at one of Irving's great receptions which he gave occasionally after the fall of the curtain on the play of the evening. Preparations were at once commenced when the curtain went down, on the stage. These preparations only took about forty minutes, during which time we waited in the Royal box. While there we entered into conversation with one of the attendants. As an instance of the great love that was felt for Sir Henry, he told us that his little girl was so fond of Irving, that she would not go to bed at nights until she had prayed for "good and kind Sir Henry." It was at this function we renewed our friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Choate (the American Ambassador and his wife) and many other friends. Poor Toole was also there, but seemed very unwell and out of sorts. His brain was evidently affected.

It is a most difficult thing for me to describe this reception. I only remember a perfect galaxy of men and women—the men in Court dress and military uniform, the ladies in the most elaborate dresses. In fact it was a scene of indescribable brilliancy. I think it, however, better to describe it in the words of my late friend, Bram Stoker, Sir Henry's general manager:—

"When the guests began to arrive a few minutes before half past eleven, for which hour they had been bidden, all was in order. Some of them who had been present at the play and had waited in the vestibule, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the change.

"Irving stood in the centre of the stage, for there were three doors of entry, one at the back of the stage, the private door O.P., and the stage door which was on the prompt side. Only one door, that at the back of the stage, had been arranged, but the guests came so fast, and so many of them were of a class so distinguished as not to be accustomed to wait, that we found it necessary to open the others as well. Servants

The Reception

trained to announce the names of guests had been put on duty, but their task was no easy one, and there were some strange mispronunciations.

“ I give some of the names of the thousand guests, from which the difficulty may be inferred :—

His Highness Maharajah Adhiraj Sir Madho Rao Scindia,
Maharajah of Gwalior

His Highness Maharajah Sir Ganga Singh, Maharajah of
Bikanir

His Highness Sir Pertab Singh, Maharajah of Idar

His Highness Maharajah Adhiraj Sawai Sir Mahdo Singh,
Maharajah of Jeypore

His Highness the Maharajah of Kohlapur

Maharajah Kunwar Dolat Singh

His Highness the Maharajah of Kooch Bahar

Maharajah Kunwar Prodyot Kumar Tagore

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhai

Raja Sir Savalai Ramaswami Mudaliyar

Maharajah Sri Rao the Hon. Sir Venkalasvetachalapati

Ranga Ras Bahadur, Rajah of Bobbili

Meherban Ganpatrao Madhavrao Vinchwikar

The Hon. Asif Kadr Saiyid Wasif Ali Mirza, of Murshidabad

The Hon. Nawab Muntaz-ed-daula Muhamad Faiyaz Ali
Khan, of Pahasu Bulandshahr

Nawab Fateh Ali Khan, Kizilbash

Gangadhar Madho Chitnavis

Raj Jagannath Barua Bahadur

Maung On Gaing

Lieut.-Colonel Nawab Mahomed Aslam Khan, Khan
Bahadur

The Sultan of Perak

King Lewanika

H.R.H. The Crown Prince of Siam

The Datoh Panglima Kinta

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The Datoh Sedelia Rab

Sri Baba Khem Singh, Bedi of Kullar.

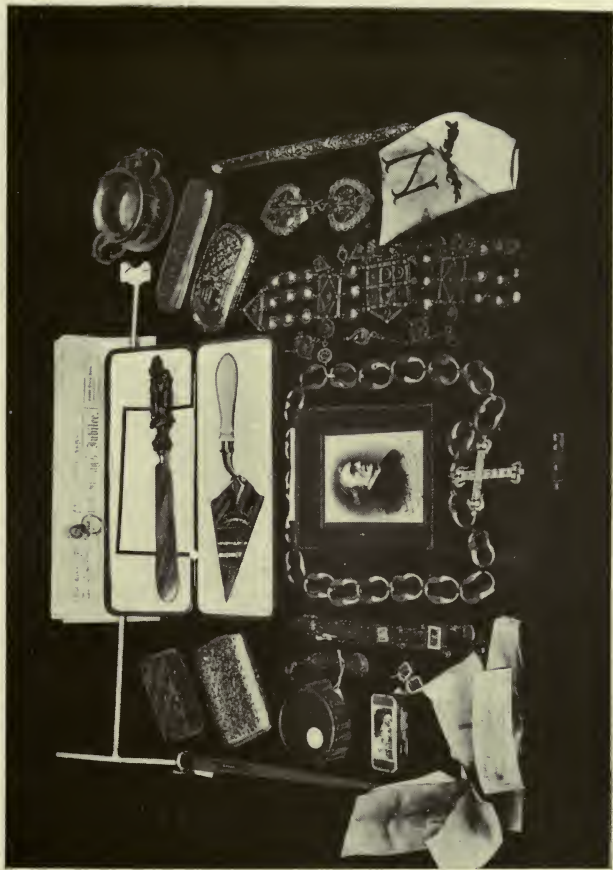
“They were from every part of the world and of every race under the sun. In type and colour they would have illustrated a discourse on ethnology or craniology. Some were from the centre of wildest Africa, not long come under the dominion of Britain.

“The Premiers of all the great Colonies were present, and a host of lesser representatives of King Edward’s dominions. Also a vast number of peers and peeresses and other representatives of the nation—statesmen, ecclesiastics, soldiers, authors, artists, men of science and commerce.

“The most gorgeous of all the guests were of course the Indian Princes. Each was dressed in the fullest dress of his nationality, state and creed. The amount of jewels they wore, cut and uncut, was perfectly astonishing.

“Among other guests was Lord Aberdeen, who was an old friend, and had, when he was Governor-General of Canada, shown Irving the most conspicuous courtesy. I remember well the evening when we were leaving Toronto for Montreal after the matinee, February 21st, 1894. We had got into the train and the workmen were loading up the scenery and luggage, when there was a great clatter of horsemen coming at a gallop and up rode the Governor-General with his escort. His courtesy to the distinguished guest was very pleasing to the warm-hearted Canadians.

“There was also present ‘Dick’ Seddon, whom Irving had met five years before at the great party which Lord Northcliffe—then Mr. Alfred Harmsworth—had given in his new house in Berkeley Square on the night before the Diamond Jubilee—June 21st, 1897. When Irving and I arrived we followed immediately after the Colonial Premiers—I think there were eight of them—who had that day received the honour of Privy Councillorship and wore their Court dress.



Case containing relics of Sir Henry Irving.

A miniature given to me, 8th May, 1905. Silver trowel with which he laid the first block of the marble fountain. His paper cutter, taken everywhere he went, and given me by his faithful servant and friend, Walter Collinson. Chain and paste cross worn as Cardinal Richelieu. Bow of satin ribbon of last bouquet given by him to my wife. Handkerchief used by him in his impersonation of Napoleon, etc., etc.



Royal Bath & East Cliff Hotel,
Bournemouth.

17th Dec 1901.

My dear Mr. Parrell Esq

Thank you a thousand times
for your delightful gift. It is quite
the best portrait of our dear old Dad
"Chief" I have seen. At the same time
it will serve to remind me of
one of his best friends & of many
pleasant moments passed in that
friends society.
Believe me very gratefully
Yours Fred Terry

Letter from Fred Terry, on receiving a photo of Sir Henry.

Mr. Seddon and Irving

Mr. Seddon asked to be introduced to Irving, and at once took him away to a corner of the room where they could talk freely. I was afterwards told that when he had gone to the Opera in Covent Garden a few days before—where with his family he was given the Royal box—he asked when the opera had gone on for a good while:—

“ ‘But where is Irving? He is the man I want to see most!’

“ That reception was a most magnificent sight. When one entered at the back of the stage the *coup d’œil* was beyond description. It was a palpable Arabian Nights. The place looked of vast size; the many lights and red seats of the tiers making for infinite distance as they gleamed through the banks of foliage. The great crown and Union Jack seeming to flame over all; the moving mass of men and women, nearly all the men in gorgeous raiment, in uniform and Court dress, the women all brilliantly dressed and flashing with gems; with here and there many of the Ranees and others of various nationalities in their beautiful robes. Everywhere ribbons and orders, each of which meant some lofty distinction of some kind. Everywhere a sense of the unity and the glory of Empire. Dominating it all, as though it was floating on light and sound and form and colour, the thrilling sense that there, in all its bewildering myriad beauty, was the spirit mastering the heartbeat of that great Empire on which the sun never sets.

“ That night was the swan-song of the old Lyceum, and was a fitting one; for such a wonderful spectacle none of our generation shall ever see again. As a function it certainly crowned Irving’s reign as ‘Master and Host.’

“ Charles Dickens the younger was an intimate friend and was often in the Beefsteak Room and elsewhere when Irving entertained his friends; Kate Dickens, the present Mrs. Perugini, was also a friend. But the youngest son, Henry Fielding Dickens, was the closest friend of all. Both he and

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his wife and their large family were devoted to Irving. In all the years of his management no suitable gathering at the Lyceum was complete without them. Whenever Irving would leave London for any long spell, some of them were sure to be on the platform to see him off, when he returned their welcome was amongst the first to greet him."

For many years before his death Sir Henry Irving made the Royal Bath Hotel his harbour of refuge and rest, and during those repeated sojourns invariably "left his mark" by some kindly act prompted by his amiable and loving disposition. Amongst other things he planted an ilex tree in the grounds of the Hotel. He also planted two trees in our own private grounds; they were grown from slips taken from the weeping willow that grows over the grave of Napoleon I. at St. Helena, and brought from there by us. After planting these trees, he slipped a sovereign into the head gardener's hand with a kindly smile, saying, "My friend, take care of these trees, for I hope some day to take tea under them with my dear old friends here."

Referring to his visit to us in December, 1898, he wrote Mr. Mortimer Menpes, and the following paragraph occurs in the letter:—

"I am glad to tell you that I am now on the high road to recovery and only need a little rest and sunshine, which I hope to get in Bournemouth, where I am going directly."

Sir Henry arrived in a few days, and after a short visit he returned to London in his then usual good health.

On a subsequent visit he laid the first block of a marble fountain which was erected in the grounds to commemorate his many visits, and on his last visit he inaugurated the fountain by being the first to turn the water on, in memory of which I, as Chairman of the Company, presented to him a gilded water key. This key, together with the silver trowel which was presented to him by my wife on those occasions,

An Early Riser

were sent by H. B. Irving on his father's death for the acceptance of my wife in memory of his father.

Irving used to transact nearly all his important business in the morning, rising generally about 7 o'clock. He read his letters, and answered them (usually with telegrams) which he dictated to his secretary, as he walked about the room, occasionally taking a bite of toast, or a little egg, or coffee, over which he was very particular (always carrying his own cafetiere), having it made in his own sitting room. Many people used to send him their autograph albums, and he never denied them his autograph, although in many instances the postage was not paid, and no stamps enclosed. This entailed not only loss of his valuable time, but also the postage of these books, amounting to a considerable sum.

My dear old friend would frequently send us telegrams where we happened to be, and beg us to go and see him, which we generally did.

Before his last visit to America, he was performing in Birmingham. We happened to be visiting some friends at Warwick. He managed to find out where we were, and sent us a telegram asking us to go and see him in "Becket," a performance which we had not seen. We accordingly went to Birmingham. The theatre was crowded to excess, but Sir Henry had reserved a stage box for us, to which Bram Stoker escorted us. A short time afterwards Sir Henry sent his secretary round to say that "the Chief wanted to know when we would have tea." I told him to tell Sir Henry not to trouble himself about us. At the end of the next act he came round again and said that the Chief would like to see me in his dressing room. As our box was on the opposite side from the stage entrance, we had to go right round, but when I got on the stage I saw Sir Henry standing at the top of two or three steps leading to his dressing room. He placed his hands on my shoulders and said, "My dear friend, I am so delighted

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to see you. How is your wife?" I told him that she was very well, and had the greatest pleasure in seeing him on the stage.

He then drew me into his dressing room and pushed me gently down into his armchair. All of a sudden I noticed that he was bending over me with his hand up, and on looking more intently I noticed that he had adopted the same attitude as that which he did in "Becket," holding up his two fingers over my head and at the same time pronouncing a fervent benediction, "God bless you, God bless you." I asked him jocularly, "What on earth are you doing?" He said, most earnestly, "*My dear friend, I am blessing you.*" I felt a thrill go through me such as I had never experienced before or since, and I said, "I would rather be blessed by you than any man on earth, even the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome!" "Ah!" he said; "it is a great pleasure for me to hear you say so."

I had never seen "Waterloo," but whilst chatting one day with Sir Henry, he expressed surprise that I had not seen him in the character of "Corporal Brewster." He said, "Now the next time I play it, wherever you are, will you promise that you will come and see me in that character?" I said that I would come. "And," he said, "don't forget to bring your wife." I said certainly I would do so.

Some time afterwards we happened to be staying at Godalming. One morning I received a telegram from him stating that he was going to play "Waterloo" at Drury Lane, and that he would like us to go up to see him. We did so, and stayed for the night at the Savoy Hotel. On seeing him after the performance I told him that I considered that it was an extraordinary impersonation, and was, in my estimation, the most charming and wonderful character that he had ever personated.

Irving's "Blessing"

Some time afterwards, when we were having our usual afternoon chat, all of a sudden he turned round and said, "Tell me, which of my characters do you like the best?" I unhesitatingly replied, "'Corporal Brewster' in 'Waterloo,' and 'Louis XI.' In these two characters you are absolutely inspired, and you cease to be yourself, but become absolutely the characters you are acting. They are two of your most marvellous impersonations." In these characters he surpassed himself in every way. I said that I was surprised that he did not play them oftener. He seemed to be astonished at my being so enthusiastic about "Corporal Brewster" and said he would play them oftener in the future, which he did.

As I have already stated my own views regarding Irving's marvellous impersonations of "Corporal Brewster" in Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo," I may quote the opinion of one of Irving's literary friends, wherein he says:—

"It is a wonderful proof of our actor's talent that after so many years of experiment in characters of all kinds, he should, in almost his latest attempt, have made one of his most signal successes. I doubt if anything he has hitherto tried had more profoundly impressed his audience than the little cabinet sketch of "Corporal Brewster" in Conan Doyle's "Story of Waterloo." This he had first presented to a provincial audience at Bristol with such extraordinary effect that the general audiences of the kingdom felt instinctively that a great triumph had been achieved. Everyone at a distance at once knew and was interested in the old Corporal. A second trial was made in London for charity, and at last, on May 4th, 1893, it was formally brought forward in the regular programme. This sketch of the old soldier was a noble piece of acting highly finished, yet quite unobtrusive, full of pathos and even tragedy.

"The actor excelled himself in numerous forcible touches in the humorous and in the pathetic. It gave the effect of its

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being a large history in little. We had the whole life of the character laid out before us. It was original, too. The figure will always be present to the memory—a satisfactory proof of excellence.

“ Taking it all in all, Corporal Brewster was, in its way, one of the most masterly things the actor had done, and it can be praised—ay, extolled—without the smallest reservation.”

Not only did Irving exhibit outside appreciation of Tennyson’s “ Becket,” but Tennyson himself always felt that in his hands it would be a memorable performance and one that would be handed down to posterity, not only as a great prose poem, but as a great stage performance, for Irving himself relates, “ Lord Tennyson was one of the greatest of men, and one of the dearest and best of friends.” One of the most touching incidents which I remember occurred while he was on his deathbed. One night before his death he turned to his physician, Dr. Dabbs (who told me of the incident), and said, “ I suppose I shall never see ‘ Becket ’ ? ” “ I fear you cannot,” said the doctor. “ When does Irving produce it ? ” “ I think in May,” was the reply. “ They did not do me justice with the promise of May,” said the dying poet, “ but Irving will do me justice in ‘ Becket.’ ”

I am perfectly sure that Irving must have given Bram Stoker some private instructions, for whenever I enclosed a cheque when ordering seats, an order for the seats or a box came in due course accompanied by my cheque. My wife and I were specially desirous of seeing “ Dante,” and indeed went to town for that especial purpose. As usual my cheque was returned with the following letter :—

20, Bedford Street, W.C.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

1st May, 1903.

Sir Henry asks me to say that he will with pleasure have a box reserved for you and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, but that I am to return your cheque, as he hopes you will be his guest.

Yours sincerely,

BRAM STOKER.

His Kindness

We thoroughly enjoyed this wonderful play and I wrote accordingly and told him and he replied, "I am delighted that 'Dante' pleased you so much. Perhaps you may be induced to come again."

Amid all his hard work he always found time to be courteous, as the two following letters demonstrate:—

17, Stratton Street,
Piccadilly, W.

20th July, 1913.

My dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

I am just off for a little holiday, and send you and Mr. Russell-Cotes my warmest greeting.

With all my heart I appreciate the great kindness of your invitation, which it is not in my power to accept at present, but will do so in the near future.

Always sincerely yours,
HENRY IRVING.

17, Stratton Street,
Piccadilly, W.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Hearty thanks; all well—and I have not yet thanked you for your kindness in sending me those beautiful bunches of grapes—which were delicious.

What a beautiful country you are now in. How glad I should be to knock at your door.

With my kindest greetings to Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

Very sincerely yours,
HENRY IRVING.

As I foresaw from the first, the beginning of the end was when Irving was induced on an evil day to allow himself to be made a tool of by others, and to be made to work like a galley slave. If he could not have carried on the Lyceum without incurring financial failure, how on earth could it be expected that he could, by converting his property into a limited liability company, not only pay the dividends but also maintain the different persons who were to have sinecures provided for them? Irving was to be the victim of a "wild

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cat " scheme. However, be this as it may, I cannot do better than to again quote Mr. Percy FitzGerald's own account of this painful episode, which was really our beloved friend's ruin. He says :—

“ But now Mr. Comyns Carr came to his rescue with a bold scheme. It was agreed that considering his health and resources, the theatre was no longer to be relied upon. A company was to be formed, the shares to be taken up ; Comyns Carr was to be secretary or managing director, and Irving was to accept a number of shares for his interest while contributing a ‘ short season ’ during the year of about four months, the rest of the time to be at his own disposal, and for his own profit. It must have been a wrench thus to have his kingdom taken from him ; but from what a burden was he released ! Henceforth he was a free man, and could roam where he willed. He had soon arranged his debts, and formed a modest travelling company to go round the kingdom and later to the States. Through this trial, which was also a serious mortification, Irving comported himself with a dignity and resignation that were quite admirable. He did not advertise his sorrows, or make claims for assistance or sympathy on the account of past service. He bore it all like a man, and did his best to extricate himself. He determined to undertake the dull round of provincial touring, visiting places where he had not been seen, and thus work a fresh mine of interest. He made a most successful visit to the United States, where he was received with all the old enthusiasm and affection. It was remarkable how constant were the Americans to him. They never seemed to tire of him and his plays. He came and yet came again.”

It was on his return from one of these visits that I wrote asking him what he thought of the financial position of the company, to which he replied :—

Lyceum Fiasco

Lyceum Theatre.

27th June, 1900.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I am sorry to say I am personally unable to advise you about the Lyceum shares. I have been nearly a year away on tour, and have only just returned. I only know of the company what I have read in the papers, as all my arrangement with them is to play a certain time in London at a percentage, and to give them a share of my profits out of London. Both these ventures have as yet been very lucrative to them, but I know nothing whatever of their other workings. I was paid a large share of the purchase money of my lease and goods, I may say, in shares. I think you should perhaps ask the secretary of the company.

Believe me, with kindest remembrances to Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

Very sincerely yours,

HENRY IRVING.

When I met Irving after this unfortunate fiasco, I gave him my opinion rather too freely. He exhibited a slight annoyance, that I should throw any doubt upon the efforts of those who had mainly caused him to take this fateful step. He evidently had been talked over and made to believe that the whole scheme would be *couleur de rose* instead of, as I insisted upon calling it, a "wild cat scheme," and also that he would have to work harder than ever; that in fact, he had "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." No doubt these remarks were somewhat irritating, but I had my words fulfilled, the next time I met him after his return from the United States, where he had fared very badly, from the fact that he thought that "Dante" would in itself, be a great success. Unfortunately it turned out to be a complete failure, and I wrote urging him to play "Louis XI" and "Waterloo," with any other of his repertoire, and this he did. During our conversation at our next meeting, he was quite a different man; he seemed to have aged, and yet bore himself with all that patient resignation which was such a magnificent trait in his character. On looking at me with a pitiful smile,

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he said, " My dear friend, I feel that I owe you an apology, for everything that you said to me a few years ago has turned out identically as you prognosticated. I have felt the metamorphosis of the Lyceum to be the trial of my life, and is still daily so. In point of fact, so disgusted have I been at the turn matters have taken, that whilst I was in the States, on learning that it had been converted into a music hall, I tore up and burnt the whole of the share certificates, which really represented three-fourths of the value, besides all the properties which I had left, and *for which I never received any payment.*"

Again I quote Mr. Percy FitzGerald's words. "After striving in vain to steer the ship safely into port," he goes on to say, "it was presently remarked that all was not going well with the Lyceum company. The rosy forecasts of success were not being justified—there were protests and clamours from the dissatisfied shareholders. At the meetings not even the late manager was spared, until the faithful Stoker had to announce that he had suffered more than the rest. But presently was to fall a swinging stroke which completely wrecked the unlucky company. This was a peremptory summons from the London County Council to put their house in order, at the tremendous cost of nearly £20,000. Their coffers were empty. They might raise the sum, but it would swamp the enterprise. One could understand how the prestige of Irving should have kept off so long the inspecting intruders, but it seemed strange how the ' Paul Prys ' of the Council, busy with all the theatres, should have overlooked it. Nor was this requisition unreasonable, or made too soon. The wonder was that things had been allowed to go on so long, for it was a simple death-trap. Who will forget the appalling tunnels that led to the stalls, where only two could pass, and where a cry of fire would have meant destruction ! Every portion of it was honeycombed with contrivances to secure extra room. The pit was like a cellarage. When the demand was presented the unhappy shareholders saw no

Irving's Health Fails

issue before them save that of getting rid of the whole concern. It was accordingly sold to a music hall company, and razed to the ground! But before this catastrophe Irving had dissolved his connection with the place. He had given his final performance there in July, 1903—"The Merchant of Venice"*—the last, as it was the first and best of all his delineations in the famous old house. As he quitted the Doge's Court with his famous scowl, I wonder did he think of that night, some twenty-four years before—one of tumultuous rapture and enjoyment and which set the very seal to his fame; or could he have divined that within a couple of years the theatre would be levelled and he himself borne up the aisles of Westminster Abbey?"

Before his death I met him again, and noticed that he was failing in health. The conversion of the Lyceum into a limited company was the beginning of the end. It was the death-knell of Irving's career so far as his finances were concerned. The terms on which he handed over the Lyceum to the company ought never to have been allowed by those who professed their friendship. It was a regrettable and most unfortunate scheme, one of the terms being that he was to continue his tours throughout the country and the "Lyceum Company, Ltd." was to receive a large proportion of his profits. The amount of purchase money he never received in full, but only a moiety, and the rest was in paper.

He also left at the Lyceum some thousands of pounds' worth of theatrical properties, for which he never received

* Sir Henry was driving in a hansom one night to the Lyceum when the "Merchant of Venice" was running. In a fit of absence of mind he tendered a shilling for his fare, whereas it should have been eighteenpence or two shillings. Whereupon the cabby, who had recognised his man, burst out, "If yer plays the Jew inside that theayter as well as yer does outside, darned if I won't spend this bob on coming to see yer." Irving was so delighted with the retort that he promptly gave the man half a sovereign. When planting the trees in our grounds he always gave the head gardener, Gladden, a sovereign, and on laying the foundation marble block of the fountain he gave to the masons £1 each!!

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one shilling. The loss by fire of the whole of the scenery of "Peter the Great," and much more, in one of the great railway arches at Waterloo, was also a serious blow to him.

One misfortune came after another ; in fact, followed on until at last under the strain of work his health gave way, and the terrible illness that he had in Glasgow, and again in Wolverhampton, ended the career of one of the greatest dramatic luminaries that has ever existed.

Had not Irving been blessed—or shall I say cursed?—with a heart that knew no selfishness, no egotism, but overflowing love and generosity towards his fellow creatures, he would have been a millionaire.

He never refused any appeal nor turned people away. A dear old lady who was in pecuniary distress came asking for occupation. He telephoned to his business manager enquiring if there were any employment at the theatre that could be found for her. The reply was "absolutely nothing—nothing at all." Irving suggested that she might look after the cats. The manager telephoned back that there were already three women looking after the cats. "Well," said Irving, "you must find her something to do. Let her look after the three women that are looking after the cats!" That was henceforth her position in the theatre, and handsomely paid, no doubt.

One night, during the performance of "Hamlet," something was thrown from the gallery on to the stage. It fell into the orchestra, and for a time could not be found. A sad-looking working-woman called at the stage-door to ask about it, and was glad to learn it was found. It was only a cheap, common thing. "I often go to the gallery," she said, "and I wanted Mr. Irving to have this. I wanted him alone in the world to possess it." "This," he added, in telling the story, "is the little trinket which I wear on my watch-chain."

Joe Robins

On one occasion Irving's generosity was ill rewarded, but this was only a minor slight in comparison to those which he suffered from the people who induced him to convert the Lyceum into a limited liability company. There was an old actress for whom he had arranged a benefit. She wanted him to be at the performance as a "draw" and reserved a box for him, and advertised that it was "under the patronage of Sir Henry Irving," who would be present. At the last moment, Irving found himself unable to be present, and gave his box to friends. The benefit was of course a great success. When Irving expressed his hope that the benefit had been a success, she replied, "Oh yes, a very great success, but I do not think that you have included your box." Irving seemed nonplussed for the moment; but he quickly grasped her meaning, and said with that deferential courtesy so characteristic of him, "Oh, Oh, of course, how thoughtless of me! I forgot to add the price of the box," and with that he handed her a cheque.

In future years, when, after suffering serious struggles and privations, he had grown prosperous and celebrated, he took a delight in relating dramatically a little pathetic story of his early struggles. That he should be frank and unaffected enough to recount this pathetic incident was altogether characteristic of Irving's nature.

"One of Irving's quondam friends was Joe Robins, who originally was in the gentlemen's furnishing business in London. He, however, became infatuated with the stage profession and thought he might become a great actor. He therefore disposed of his business and invested the amount, and began his career as an actor. The amateur success of poor Joe was never repeated on the regular stage. And so he drifted down to general utility, from London into the provinces. And when Irving met him he was engaged in a very small way on a very small salary at a Manchester theatre. Christmas came in with very bitter weather. Joe had a part in the Christmas

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pantomime. He dressed with other poor actors, and he saw how thinly some of them were clad when they stripped before him to put on their stage costumes. For one poor fellow in especial his heart ached. In the depth of a very cold winter he was shivering in a suit of very light summer underclothing, and whenever Joe looked at him, he remembered the warm under-garments he had packed away in his own trunk, and it seemed to weigh heavily on his mind. Joe had determined to give his colleagues a Christmas dinner, but before he could obtain the wherewithal, he had to pay a visit to the pawn-broker's to provide money for the meal. This was to be served at Joe's lodgings. A short time before that welcome event, however, Joe beckoned his friend of the gauze underclothing into the bedroom and pointed to a chair on which hung a suit of underwear which had been Joe's pride. It was a comfortable scarlet colour ; it was thick, warm and heavy ; it fitted the poor actor as if it had been manufactured specially to his measure. He put it on, and as the flaming flannels encased his limbs, he felt his heart glow within him with gratitude to dear Joe Robins. That actor never knew, or if he knew could never remember, what he had for dinner on that Christmas afternoon. He revelled in the luxury of warm garments. The roast beef was nothing to him in comparison with the comfort of his undervest ; he appreciated the drawers more than the plum pudding. Proud, happy, warm, comfortable, he felt little inclination to eat ; but sat quietly and thanked Providence and Joe Robins with all his heart."

" You seem to enter into that poor creature's feelings very sympathetically," I said, when he related this story to me.

" Yes," he replied, with his sunshiny smile, " I have good reason to do so, *for I was that poor actor !*"

Another incident occurred during Irving's wonderful career when I knew him first in Manchester. It was in 1865,

“I was that Poor Actor!”

when the Davenport Brothers performed their cabinet trick. He, with the assistance of two other gentlemen, arranged a scheme in order to expose this pair of ingenious mountebanks. He invited large numbers of friends and notables of the city to a performance at the Athenæum. He got himself up in a dress similar to a certain Dr. Fergusson, who professed to be a patron of the Davenport Brothers, and in this disguise Irving came forward, delivered a grotesque address, and then proceeded to “tie up” his two friends in the cabinet, with the accompaniment of ringing bells, beating tambourines, etc. To the amazement of his audience, the exposure was complete, and Irving succeeded in carrying out the entire performance identically similar to that of the Davenport Brothers.

Miss Ellen Terry read a book written by an author who professed intimate friendship for Irving. She read several passages from this book. Tears were in her eyes, and her voice shook with anger, as she read aloud several quotations, one being that the author stated that Irving had posed as being a good French scholar. “Irving,” she explained, “was a man who never pretended. He was utterly simple and did *not* know French, and never pretended to. If it was necessary in one of his plays to say a few French words, he took infinite pains to learn them and said them beautifully; but to pose as being a French scholar when he was not was absolutely utterly impossible to Irving’s nature.”

Miss Ellen Terry’s opinion as to Irving’s recitations and rehearsals and readings were of the very highest standard. She once said that the rehearsal of the “Merchant of Venice” and his reading of “Hamlet” at the Birkbeck Institution were beyond all idea the finest conceptions that she had ever heard. She said, “I came to the rehearsal with ideas and with my own conception of the part as it might be played, but the moment Irving began I was hypnotised. I could not budge. I was enthralled. His conception of the part and the

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way in which he unfolded the plot were so extraordinary that all those who had the privilege of hearing the rehearsal, and the reading, must agree that never before or afterwards did Irving do such fine work. During the first rehearsal he read everyone's part except Ophelia's mad scene, and the power that he put into each part was extraordinary. He threw himself so thoroughly into it that his skin contracted and his eyes actually shone. His lips grew whiter and whiter, and his skin more and more drawn as the time went on, and he looked like a livid thing, but beautiful."

On one occasion when half-a-dozen of them were travelling together in a great car in America, Miss Ellen Terry was sitting opposite Irving, and she had an opportunity of studying his facial expression. Irving was leaning on his stick looking thoughtful. Miss Terry asked him what he was thinking about. He answered in his deliberate way, "I was thinking how strange it is that I should have made a reputation such as I have as an actor, with nothing to help me—with no equipment." He waved one of his hands as he spoke and said, "My legs, my voice—everything has been against me." Miss Terry said, "All the time I was looking at that splendid head—those wonderful hands, which he was holding out in a despairing gesture towards me, and I thought, 'Ah, you little know!'"

Among Irving's characters she considered that his greatest artistic triumph was "Hamlet." Nevertheless she was of the opinion that most people considered "Louis XI" to be his finest part.

I have not yet made any comment upon the part which Ellen Terry took in her partnership with him, but having known her since she acted with Irving at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, I consider I am entitled to express my opinion, which is, that as an actress pure and simple she far excels the much-lauded French actress, the "divine Sarah." In point of fact



Bronze Bust of Sir Henry, by Courtenay Pollock, in "Irving"
room, Russell-Cotes Museum.

DRURY LANE MARCH 2ND 1874



VALETE

Alfred Faulstich

ET
Caru Belluani

PLAY
DITE!

Some Phelps
John Toole
Fanny Stirling
Sarah Moulton
John Wilkinson
Grace Menden
W. J. Wrighton
Romer Romer
David Brown
Dattain Wright & Johnson
L. Emery Clarke
Edw and Ripston
Edmunds David James
Jr. C. Buckstone
Monstee Key King

Autographs of leading actors and actresses, written on a menu at a supper given by Sir Henry in the Beefsteak Room, Lyceum Theatre, 2nd March, 1874.

Ellen Terry

it would never occur to me to make any comparison between them. Her marvellous impersonations of the different characters which she enacts go to prove without the slightest shadow of a doubt that Ellen Terry is a great actress, the greatest of her time ; and she will have her niche in history. She has a fascination which endears her to everyone with whom she comes in contact, either on or off the stage. Her presence is charming, and her friendship captivating.

A great deal of ignorant gossip and speculation was indulged in when the partnership that had existed for so many years between Irving and Ellen Terry was dissolved. The mere fact of their ceasing to play together did not bring to a close their long artistic comradeship. They took a kindly interest in each other's work to the very last, and whatever was done by either was followed with eager anxiety. Even up to the time of his death Irving was interested in all she did, and always spoke feelingly and sympathetically and with confidence of her, just as he had always done during the long period of their work together.

It is hard to believe that upwards of half a century has elapsed since Ellen Terry first went timidly through her part on the stage, a slim child dragging an odd-looking go-cart, which the early daguerreotype recorded as "Mamilius," in Charles Kean's production of "A Winter's Tale."

I saw her as "Ariel" in "The Tempest" at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, London, in 1851—the year of the Prince Consort's Great Exhibition in Hyde Park.

An unexpected incident occurred when my wife and I were at Stockholm, which was the last place that I should have expected to pick up curios. Among other things, I found one of the lamps used by Napoleon. How it got there, the curio dealer was unable to say, but he assured me in the most con-

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scientious and confident manner that it really was genuine. I therefore purchased it, and some years afterwards Irving was sitting with me in my study, and observed this same lamp. He went to it and examined it, and then asked me where I had obtained it. I told him the circumstances, and he said that he would have given any money if he could have obtained it some time ago, as he required it for one of his plays, "Madame Sans Gene," in which he took the character of "Napoleon." He said that he had hunted throughout London to obtain one like it and failed to do so, so he had in the last resort to have one made of pasteboard and painted.

On another occasion we were chatting, and knowing that his health was giving way, and that such pieces as "The Bells," "Lyons Mail," etc., were a tremendous tax upon his physique, I earnestly urged him to give up all these exacting characters and simply keep on with "Louis XI," "Waterloo," "Charles I" and "Becket," but on no consideration to play at both matinees and night performances. In point of fact I earnestly begged him to relinquish the stage, and take to lecturing and reciting, in which he was inimitable. I remember among other recitations one that he gave at the Drury Lane Theatre, "Eugene Aram," which had such an effect upon the crowded house that one could have heard a pin fall, and there were suppressed sobs from various parts of the house, and very little more would have caused an outbreak of emotion.

However, in reply to my earnestly urging him to relinquish the stage, he sorrowfully told me that he could not, as there were so many dependent on him, and if he gave it up they would all be thrown out of work, and his great and loving heart would not allow him to disband his colleagues. This view, too, was always urged by Bram Stoker, who looked upon Irving as his "milch cow," and had no mercy, but kept him with his nose to the grindstone. On expressing my views to Bram Stoker, he abruptly grunted out that he had to do it,

The Visit to Dalmeny

as the weekly expenditure had to be met, and that was the only way, namely, six nightly performances and two matinees.

Irving now had a dreadful cough, from which he suffered particularly in the mornings, but he bore it like the martyr he was. This cough was the result of the following incident, which is not, I think, generally known.

He was acting in Edinburgh with his company, and was invited by Lord Rosebery to visit him at Dalmeny Park, a few miles out of Edinburgh, situated on the banks of the Firth of Forth. Sir Henry accordingly accepted the invitation, and after lunch, Lord Rosebery said to him, "Well, Irving, would you like to come out and have a walk in the grounds?" Irving replied "Certainly." They consequently went out. It had been very wet previously, and the grass was saturated. Lord Rosebery was dressed in the style of a country gentleman, with the usual thick walking boots and leggings, but Sir Henry as usual had on thin patent leather boots, and after walking about for some time, his feet became perfectly soddened with the wet, but with his usual unselfishness he made no complaint. He was detained up till the last moment, and when he drove back to the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh, where he was staying, Bram Stoker, Sir Henry's henchman, was standing on the doorstep very agitated, fearing lest they should miss the train to Glasgow, and he told Sir Henry that all the baggage had been sent on to the station, that he was waiting, and they had not a moment to lose. Sir Henry said, "I must go and change my boots, they are saturated and wet through." The reply was that there was not a minute to lose, and that even then they would only catch the train by the skin of their teeth. They therefore drove to the station in Lord Rosebery's brougham. Sir Henry had to sit the whole of that time in his wet boots till they arrived at the Windsor Hotel at Glasgow. He acted that night, but during the night he woke up coughing, and from that moment pneumonia set in, and of course every-

Home and Abroad

one knows about his serious illness, from which, as I have said, he never completely recovered, and which left behind a chronic cough.

It was terrible to realise how his health had broken down and he seemed to be constantly contracting fresh colds and chills. Hearing that he was not well, I wired him in the February of the year he died and he replied as follows :—

Wolverhampton.

February 21st, 1905.

Russell-Cotes, East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth,

Got slight chill. Could not go to Town Hall but playing to-night. Hearty thanks to you both.

HENRY IRVING.

On the 25th I received the following :—

Wolverhampton.

25th February, 1905

Russell-Cotes, Bournemouth.

Love and greeting. Marked improvement to-day.

HENRY IRVING.

It was at the Theatre Royal, Bradford, on the night of October 14th, 1905, when no doubt after the performance of "Becket" he was exhausted to the last degree, that the end came.

The following appeared in the "Daily Mail" of October 16th :—

"None of his company at the Bradford Theatre Royal had observed during the performance on Friday night anything in the bearing of their chief to warrant the belief that he was ill.

"His comrades now recall that once or twice his step seemed to falter and his hand steal out to support himself. But the first premonition of anything serious did not come until the end of the last scene, where Becket dies. As a rule,

“ In Manas Tuas ”

Sir Henry fell prone on the stage. On Friday night, however, he sank on the altar steps.

‘ I do commend my cause to God
Into Thy hands, O Lord—into Thy hands.’

“ These, the last words of Becket, were the last to be uttered on the stage by the great actor.

“ For some moments after the curtain had fallen, Sir Henry lay on the altar steps. An attendant hurried to his assistance, and touching his hands, found that they ‘ felt quite cold.’ To the inquiry whether he was ill, Sir Henry Irving made no reply.

“ The curtain was raised and lowered several times. Struggling to his feet in a confused way, Sir Henry turned to Mr. Belmore, his assistant stage manager, who offered his hand to pilot him.

“ ‘ What now ? ’ said Sir Henry.

“ ‘ They are calling for you,’ answered Mr. Belmore. ‘ You must make a speech, sir.’ He hesitated for a moment, then slowly went before the footlights and spoke a few words of thanks.

“ In his room he dressed slowly. He was tired and exhausted, but not worse than he had been on two or three previous occasions.

“ In this condition the great actor performed a characteristically kind act. A Bradford boy, aged 15, named Frederick C. P. Mobbs, employed at a shipping house, had two nights previously made a sketch of Sir Henry and left it at the stage door with a request that the actor might be pleased to attach his autograph to it. The youthful artist again visited the theatre on Friday night, and after the conclusion of the performance timidly enquired of the manager if Sir Henry had yet complied with his request. He was instructed to wait until the drawing had been signed. It was returned to him with the desired autograph at 11.15. A few minutes later the dying

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actor was being assisted into a cab by his devoted and faithful henchman, Walter Collinson.

“As Sir Henry entered the cab, he remarked to him, ‘Are you not coming in to-night?’ The attendant thereupon accompanied him to the Midland Hotel, where Sir Henry had engaged a suite of rooms. His secretary also occupied a seat in the cab. During the drive Sir Henry rested his feet on the seat opposite, and seemed in pain, but made no remark.

“He alighted from the cab without assistance, and walked into the hotel, but as he entered the hall, he stumbled and lurched forward. Mr. Shepherd, however, who was immediately behind, caught him before he could fall. He then asked faintly for a chair and when he was seated, almost immediately expired.”

The remains of the actor were cremated, and at the funeral in the Abbey, were carried in a coffin to their resting place. Most impressive was the ceremony, the solemn music, the gathering of distinguished persons, and the stately procession. One of the pall-bearers was a noble Lord, the Earl of Aberdeen, and he was followed to the grave by the most distinguished of his own profession, which was the right thing. The “Comedie Francaise” sent a deputation who brought with them a wreath, and also, it is believed, a prepared *eloque* which, as may be expected, was not delivered.

News of his death was known all over the kingdom within an hour, but it was not really till the following morning that the general public became aware of the irreparable loss that the drama had sustained, and not only drama, but hosts and hosts of friends, and more especially those who had been dependant upon his princely generosity.

His body lay in state at the residence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts at No. 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, where crowds of people passed in and out all day long. My wife and I had a privileged view and were deeply impressed with the

His Death

profound solemnity of the lying in state, our tears being our only relief. We loved him and felt his loss as a brother.

I cannot help but feel that no one among the vast number bemoaned his death more than myself and my wife.

The coffin was removed during Thursday evening among a great assemblage of the public, who lined the streets during the whole of the route. Here the coffin was placed in the chapel of St. Faith at Westminster Abbey, and it remained there until next day, Friday, 20th October.

Irving played in no less than the amazing number of 671 parts ; 428 in Edinburgh, 160 in Dublin, Glasgow, Greenock, Manchester, Bury, Oxford, Birmingham, Douglas and Liverpool, and 83 in London, Of the characters which he played in London 33 were original and 13 Shakespearean.

The number of books, pamphlets, souvenirs, etc., of Irving and his life was no less than upwards of 40, written by different authors.

On the death of our great actor, Mr. Bernard Shaw, with execrable bad taste, used every means he could to besmudge his character, and as no doubt he failed to get his vituperations into a British journal, he managed to obtain the good offices of an Austrian paper, "Neue Freie Presse," October 20th, 1905, whereon the son of the famous Judge Coleridge wrote stating that in 1883 "I asked my father to broach the matter of making Irving a knight to Mr. Gladstone, who was then the Prime Minister. He did so, and Mr. Gladstone intimated that before considering the matter and making any recommendation to the Queen, it was essential that he should know whether Irving would accept the honour. On the 28th June, 1883, I went and saw Irving and asked him whether, in the event of knighthood being offered, he would accept, and now I quote from my own diary written at the time :—

"He would not accept it. He said that 'an actor differed from others, artists, musicians and the like, in that he had to

Home and Abroad

appear every night appealing directly to the public for their favour, that being so it was of paramount importance that an actor should do nothing that could possibly be misconstrued. That there was a fellowship among the actors of a company that would be impaired by the elevation of one member over another ; and his strength as a manager, and power as an actor, lay far more in the suffrages of the plain folk in the pit than the patronage, however lofty, of great people ; and that he knew unquestionably that large numbers of those same plain folk would be offended at their simple Henry Irving accepting decorations of a titular kind.'

"He disclaimed any false pride in the matter, but he did not affect to despise such an honour, and was very grateful to my father for his kind desires."

This is not the language of a man who would vulgarly ask for honours for himself. I believe that afterwards in 1895, Lord Rosebery, as Prime Minister, sent Irving's name to the Queen with a recommendation for knighthood, and Irving received an intimation that this had been done, with instructions to repair to Windsor to receive the honour.

The true feeling of his brother actors is reflected in the following extract from the "Telegraph," July 9th, 1895:—

"Amongst the many congratulations Sir Henry Irving has received upon his knighthood, none pleased him more than the supper spread for him last night by the Arundel Club. In response to the toast of his health, he delivered a charming speech, full of fancy, warm with kindly remembrance, spoken with a grace which, if displayed in the House of Commons or on a public platform, would be irresistible.

"Nothing was more pleasant than to see round the table the gathering of actors and managers, unless it were to hear the kindly words in which they paid honour to the chief. It is one of the most striking testimonials to the nobility of Irving's nature, the sweet healthfulness of his character, that

George Augustus Sala
Sir Henry Whitelaw Reid
11

John Booth

Wm. G. F. J. J.

Ernest Bendall

Lewis Wainful

Arthur Cecil

J. L. Tooe

Charles Dickens

Alfred Russel Wallace

Henry Irving

F. C. Burnand

M. J. Bruce

W. A. Stead

John W. Bullough

Autographs of many well-known men and women written on a menu of a supper given by Sir Henry in the Beefsteak Room, Lyceum Theatre, London, 16th May, 1881. Notice Whitelaw Reid's (the U.S.A. Ambassador), and Edwin Booth's (the great American tragedian) at the top of the page.

17, STRATTON STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.

17, STRATTON STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.

Dear Mr. Weston

Heartly thanks
all well - I have
not yet thanked you
for your kindness in
sending me those
beautiful bunches
of grapes - which
were delicious.

What a beautiful
country you are now
in.

You I think
kept your 2 bunches
of grapes.

With my warmest
recognition to Mrs. Weston

Very sincerely
yours
Wm. G. Smith

5 Oct 1903.

Dear Mr. Weston

I was delighted
to see your names
in the
of the
to some extent
with constant
to Mrs. Weston

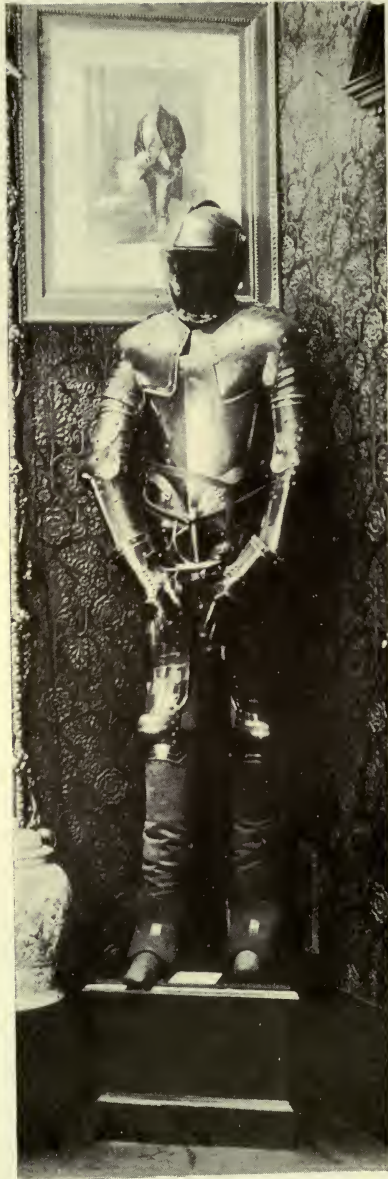
Wm. G. Smith
14.10.03
1903

Letters to my wife from our beloved old friend.



Sale of the late Sir Henry Irving's property at Christie's.

Many distinguished members of the dramatic profession are here seen at the sale. The portrait as Charles I is shown, and the armour is being bid for by my son, who the "Daily Telegraph" entitled the "protagonist" of the sale.



Armour worn by Sir Henry in his impersonation of Charles I in "Irving" room, Russell-Cotes Museum

The Sale of his Effects

whilst starting out of obscurity he has outstripped all competitors on the stage, not one scowl of envy, not a syllable of detraction mars the pleasure of his success."

Even after Irving had been induced to accept the honour which Queen Victoria conferred upon him, and of which he was most worthy, nothing but plain "Henry Irving" ever appeared on his bills and different announcements.

Dr. Davis, who attended him during his illness at Wolverhampton, said that Sir Henry had promised him not to play "The Bells" nor "Lyons Mail," and said, "When I heard of his death I was very much afraid that he had been doing so. Sir Henry always thought of the public, however, and though unfit to go on the stage, but needed complete rest and quiet for some time, he persisted in playing 'Becket' on the second night at Wolverhampton."

In short, *I know Irving was worked to death like a galley slave*. He was a martyr to his enthusiasm for his profession. He could think of nothing else. He lived for it, and it alone and—he died for it, and as we depart further from the date of Irving's death we shall come more and more to recognise his merits.

Bram Stoker was abrupt. "Just the death he wanted," was his gruff ejaculation to my sympathetic expression of pain and regret at the irreparable loss of my dearest and most loved friend on earth, as we stood beside the grave in which the remains had been placed in Westminster Abbey.

After his death his property was sold at Christie's. I seized this opportunity to get my son to go to London and attend the sale, which lasted for several days, and thus I acquired the mementos I desired and at the same time my son was enabled to purchase a number of lots that he wished to have, after seeing them on the view day. These now comprise the "Irving collection" in a room devoted to that purpose in the "Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum,"

Home and Abroad

called the "Irving Room." I have a sepia drawing taken on the spot at the actual sale at Christie's. It appeared in the "Sphere" and was presented to me by my friend, Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the "Sphere," because at the particular moment the picture was taken the auctioneer was selling the armour which Sir Henry wore as Charles I, also the life-size portrait of Charles I, painted by J. Archer, R.S.A., which was hung in the "Beefsteak room." It was in this famous room that Irving used to treat his friends to supper, and never-to-be-forgotten meetings took place, where the finest brands of cigars were smoked, and where choicest brands of wines and liqueurs were to be partaken of, for Irving did nothing by halves; in this respect no Emperor, King or Prince ever acted with more chivalrous hospitality. He was a prince of princes in every way, and one of the most gentle, loving, and large-hearted men that ever existed on this matter-of-fact earth. In fact, to use the language of Shakespeare, "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The following graphic letter from an intimate friend of mine who attended the performance and was sojourning at the same hotel, gives a vivid description of my beloved friend's last moments.

Royal Station Hotel,

York.

15th October, 1905.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

While I was in Bradford I took the opportunity of going to the theatre and seeing your old friend Sir Henry Irving. He was staying in the same hotel, and on the Thursday evening I came down in the lift with him, and I thought then how feeble he seemed, and after seeing him in "The Bells," wondered how he could put such power into his part. I also saw him again on Friday, in that memorable last performance of his as "Becket." It was wonderful! And after the final scene, the tragic ending which was to be enacted in reality so soon, he came forward and said in response to the applause, how pleased he was the beautiful play of Tennyson's was so appreciated. All the

Irving Room at East Cliff Hall

credit to the poet and none to the actor! I shall never forget that night, and I had not seen him play for 25 years! Strange that the opportunity came to me on such a night.

By the merest chance I was not present at the final scene in the vestibule of the hotel, having left it almost as he came in.

I have spent the day at the Minster, and in looking round this fine old city, on my way to Leicestershire.

With kind regards.

Yours very sincerely,

PERCY E. METZNER.

The following interesting article, written by my friend Mr. Austen Brereton, the biographer, and an old friend of Sir Henry, appeared in "The Stage," and deals with some of the articles associated with Sir Henry and other famous actors and actresses, which have been collected by my son and myself and placed in the "Irving Room." Mr. Brereton says:—

"Sir Merton Russell-Cotes has decided to extend the scope of the Irving Room, and to include in the collection as many articles associated with celebrated actors and actresses as it is possible to obtain, either by purchase or gift. The room, as our readers already know, is in connection with the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, the building and contents of which have been presented to the town by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. Several interesting souvenirs of Sir Henry Irving form the nucleus of this memorial of noted players and it is hoped that the collection may be considerably extended in the near future. Those having mementos of real interest of actors and actresses of note should communicate direct with Sir Merton Russell-Cotes at East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth. It is to be much regretted that such a tribute to the stage should be confined to Bournemouth, but London's loss is Bournemouth's gain. The following is a list of some of the more interesting souvenirs which have recently been placed in position:

Home and Abroad

- “ The sword, with silver hilt, used by Irving in ‘ Peter the Great.’ This blade is hinged in the centre to enable it to be broken repeatedly.
- “ The belt clasp worn by Irving in the character of Fabien dei Franchi in ‘ The Corsican Brothers,’ Lyceum Theatre, September, 1880.
- “ A paste cross and gilt metal chain worn by Irving as ‘ Cardinal Richelieu,’ Lyceum Theatre, May, 1892.
- “ Pistol used by Irving as ‘ Lesurques.’
- “ Chatelaine used by Irving in the character of ‘ Doricourt ’ in ‘ The Belle’s Stratagem ’ and also in ‘ Olivia.’ (1)
- “ The duelling sabres used by Sir Squire Bancroft and Irving in ‘ The Dead Heart.’
- “ A complete suit of armour of blued steel, with gilt roped borders, and sword and scabbard, worn by Irving as Charles the First. (2)
- “ Life-size portrait in oil of Irving, as ‘ Charles the First,’ by J. Archer, R.S.A., 1873. (3)
- “ Bronze-handled paper-knife used by Irving for many years. (4)
- “ Original pen and ink sketch of Irving in many of his well-known characters, by F. Barnard, 1891. (5)
- “ Snuff-box used by Irving as ‘ Napoleon.’
- “ Sir Henry Irving’s chair and bedside table. (6)
- “ Two locks of Irving’s hair, one given to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, and the other to Mr. Thornley-Stoker.
- “ Playbills and a programme of the Royal, Bradford, containing the announcement of ‘ Becket,’ after playing which the death of Irving occurred, October 13th, 1905.
- “ Portraits of Irving as ‘ Hamlet,’ ‘ Matthias,’ and ‘ Louis XI,’ by Partridge, and ‘ Becket,’ given to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes by Sir Henry Irving.

List of Purchases, etc.

- “ Large bronze bust of Irving, by Courteney Pollock, from the collection of Seymour Hicks. (7)
- “ Costume worn by Sir Charles Wyndham in ‘ David Garrick,’ presented to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes by Sir Charles Wyndham.
- “ Engraving of Sir Charles Wyndham as ‘ David Garrick.’
- “ Portrait in oils of David Garrick, by Robert Edge.
- “ Portraits of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson in ‘ Henry of Navarre.’
- “ Portrait of Irving as ‘ Hamlet.’
- “ Marble bust of Ellen Terry.
- “ Fibula shoulder ornaments worn by Martin Harvey as ‘ Œdipus.’ (8)
- “ Life-sized portrait of Lewis Waller in ‘ Monsieur Beaucaire,’ by the Hon. John Collier.
- “ Pair of paste buckles presented to Irving by Ellen Kean, in memory of her husband, Charles Kean.
- “ Circassian dagger and scabbard of silver worn by Lord Byron and presented by him to Edmund Kean, whose wife gave it to Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), and by whom it was bequeathed to Miss Patty Chapman, and through her it came into the possession of Irving in 1882.
- “ A picture painted by Joseph Jefferson (1893) and given by him to Sir Henry. (9)
- “ Bronze medallion of Irving.
- “ Also various souvenirs of a minor nature.
- “ From the above it will be gathered that the Irving room gives a welcome to memorials of living players as well as those of the past.”

In the Irving room there is also a large glass case containing quite a variety of relics, among the number being :—

A circular Vernis Martin snuffbox, mounted with silver gilt, used by Sir Henry in the character of “ Claude Melnotte,” in the “ Lady of Lyons.”

Home and Abroad

A belt ornament enamelled and set with corals, which he purchased at Cairo, when with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and worn by Sir Henry in the character of "Othello," Lyceum Theatre, September, 1876.

A chatelaine, said to have belonged to Danton, worn by Sir Henry as "Robert Landry" in "The Dead Heart."

A pistol, used as "Lesurques."

A papier mache snuff box, gold mounted, used as "Corporal Brewster" in the "Story of Waterloo," at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, September, 1894.

A Chinese green jade bowl, from Sir Henry's bedroom.

An oblong octagonal snuff-box of gold, decorated on lid with an enamel of children sporting, and a silk handkerchief marked "N" used by Sir Henry as the "Emperor Napoleon" and many others; and very many other valuable and unique relics.

Other articles are a large plain silver tankard, which Sir Henry kept in the Beefsteak Room for his personal use, and a meat skewer engraved "Bought at Lord Beaconsfield's sale, 13th July, 1881."

A bronze medallion head of Sir Henry, in profile, by L. E. Blackwell, 1893, mounted on an onyx slab.

A cup, with three handles, embossed with flowers, and partly fluted, engraved "From Sims Reeves to Henry Irving, in remembrance of a most graceful act of friendship, May 11th, 1891."

A silver flask, engraved with initials H.I.; and a silver cigar-case, engraved "To Henry Irving, from A. Melville Low, 6th February, 1902."

A silver sugar bowl, engraved "Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Toole, with Henry Irving's love, 27th April, 1879."

There are also a number of plays, Shakespeare's, Lord Lytton's, Antier's, etc., with annotations by Sir Henry, and

Souvenirs of other Actors

scored throughout by him, with, in many instances, the first cast.

On one occasion I lent them to Mr. Fred Terry, who, when returning them, wrote as follows:—

29th November, 1907.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

I return you the plays you so kindly sent to me. I have passed some most delightful hours with them, wondering over the notes of the "Great Mind." The casts, notes of thoughts, etc., etc., are more than interesting to me—they have for the moment carried me back to the time when Henry Irving was alive. I am grateful to you for it.

With kindest remembrances.

Yours sincerely,

FRED TERRY.

Since the above mementos were placed in the Irving room the following souvenirs have been presented to me, and it has been a source of great pleasure to me to incorporate them with the other exhibits in that room:—

A sepia drawing of Irving as "Louis XI" by Bernard Partridge. Sir Henry gave this to my good friend Martin Harvey. The following dedication is written on the back: "To Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes in token of mutual love and admiration for that great soul Henry Irving (Knight) from C. Martin Harvey, 1913."

A small oval plaque of Martin Harvey as "Sidney Carton" in "The Only Way," given to me by him.

A stomacher which belonged to Helen Faucit, given to me by Miss Julia Neilson; also a Spanish fan used by her as "Lady Blakeley" in the "Scarlet Pimpernel," and a statuette given to me by her husband, Fred Terry, of himself in the part of "Sir Percy Blakeley."

Ivory and ebony casket which contained the scroll, given to me by Ellen Terry and used by her in "The Merchant of Venice."

Home and Abroad

I have also placed in the Irving room the silver trowel with which Sir Henry laid the first stone of a marble fountain erected in the grounds and also the key with which, at a later date, he turned the water on. The trowel was returned to me, as a memento, after his father's death, by H. B. Irving.

The following were purchased by me at the sale of the effects of the late Lewis Waller, at Christie's, and are now with all the above mementos :—

The costume in which he enacted the character of " Mons. Beaucaire," in the play of that name.

A gold inkstand presented to him by his late Majesty King Edward VII in 1906.

A gold match box with the initials L.W. engraved on it.

A set of four gold waistcoat buttons.

A gold tie clip set in diamonds and a ruby.

Three portraits of Garrick of the period.*

- (1) It was formerly the property of Charles Mathews, who wore it in the character of " Charles Surface " in " The School for Scandal."
- (2) This suit was designed by Seymour Lucas, R.A., after the Van Dyck portrait of King Charles, and was made by Kennedy, of Birmingham.
- (3) This picture was presented to Sir Henry by the artist, Archer, R.S.A., and hung for many years in the " Beefsteak Room " at the Lyceum Theatre, and it was in this room Sir Henry almost nightly entertained his many distinguished friends, by whom it was considered a special privilege and unique experience.
- (4) This paper-knife was always taken by Sir Henry everywhere he went. It was presented to the collection by Mr. Walter Collinson.

* Quite a number of relics of great actors had found their way to Irving's custody. Thus on his visit to Oxford he had spoken of the last days of Edmund Kean. A few days later he received a purse of faded green silk found in the pocket of the great actor just after his death, and found empty. It had been given by Charles Kean to John Forster, and by him to Robert Browning. Edmund and Charles Kean, Forster, Browning and Irving form a remarkable combination. " How can I more worthily place it," wrote Browning, " than in your hands, if they will do me the honour to take it, with all respect and regard ? " At the sale of his effects there were seen a vast number of these memorials, of which I have a considerable number



Paris, le 28 Mars 1878

Monsieur Henry Irving,

Le Comité de la Comédie Française et les Sociétaires de la Maison de Molière ont le grand plaisir de vous adresser leurs vives félicitations et de vous témoigner leur joie pour la haute distinction dont vous venez d'être l'objet.

Vous sommes très heureux de voir un grand poète venir honorer à un grand artiste, et nous espérons de tout notre cœur de la voir et d'ailleurs récompensé par sa haute distinction qui est pour nous un honneur et un plaisir de vous voir dans la Comédie Française.

Very Dear, Mr. Henry Irving,
I express to you the sincerest and kindest wishes for the further and more brilliant success of your career.

Yours truly,
J. H. P. [Signature]

Letter from the Director of the Comédie Française, Paris, to Sir Henry.

The Bronze Irving Bust

- (5) This clever piece of work, which illustrates Irving in no less than 38 different characters, was much prized by him. It hung in his flat in Stratton Street, opposite the drawing-room door. When Barnard had completed it, Sir Henry approved all but the centre sketch which was of himself *in propria persona*, it was therefore cut out and Barnard sketched another that was approved. This one was pasted on from the back. Although this is quite visible in this the original, I have observed that it is not noticeable in the reproductions.
- (6) These were always used by Sir Henry in his bedroom, where I have seen them, both in Grafton Street and Stratton Street.

(7) 33, Henrietta Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.
January 10th, 1916.

Dear Sir Merton,

I am sorry that your letter which you wrote me did not reach me, or I should, of course, have answered you immediately.

The bust you bought of Sir Henry is by a young sculptor of the name of Courtney Pollock. I paid originally one hundred guineas for it, and had two casts taken from it, one of which I gave to the Garrick Club, the other I gave to Mr. Frohman, who put it up in the Empire Theatre, New York. The sittings were given by Sir Henry when he was playing in the provinces in the spring prior to his death, and were the last sittings he ever gave either for portraiture or sculpture. If there are any other questions you would like to ask about the bust I shall be delighted to tell you, but I think these are the particulars. It was a great sorrow to me to part with it, but in these strenuous times I suppose one must be thankful to be alive.

Hoping you will have the best of health in the coming New Year, please believe me,

Yours very truly,

SEYMOUR HICKS.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P.,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

- (8) Presented to me by Mr. Martin Harvey.
- (9) This is the picture I have already referred to in the text.

*If I should die to-night
Could you recall a kindly thought
A generous deed of mine? Alas,
If you could not then would I fear
To die!*

*For Heaven would seem but Hell
To me if you should miss me not!*

* * * * *

*“ Lo! Here it was that by me he
“ Would sit and with his kindly presence
“ Soothe my pain—not counting time
“ If it were spent upon a friend
“ His needs; so too with money, deeds,
“ And thoughts, for all to friendship he
“ Would yield. Nor counted he the cost; but with
“ A brimming heart gave cheerfully
“ All, all he had; and thought them all
“ Well lost to save a friend!”*

*If thus
You can remember me my Heaven
Is gained, and I shall wait upon
The further shore, till you shall come.*

H. V. M. C.

CHAPTER XX

Friends I Have Made

Geo. E. Bridge—J. A. Parsons—Rev. W. Wilks, the originator of the "Shirley Poppy"—Pleasures of a garden—"The Garden of my Heart"—Sir Joseph Paxton and his "Weeping Willow"—John Kensit—The Black Pope—J. A. Kensit—Chas. Haddon Spurgeon—Thos. Spurgeon—Sir Edward Clarke, K.C.—Sir Henry Hawkins—Lord and Lady Cave—Sir Frank Crisp—His Rock Garden—Contract of first battleship for Japanese Navy—Cullinan Diamond—Inkstand Souvenir—Dr. Roberts Thomson—Dr. Horace Dobell—International Medical Congress—Dr. George Balfour—Undercliff Drive—Gold Medal—Freedom of Borough for Dr. Roberts Thomson—Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell of Kilvey, P.C.—Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G.—Natural Science Society—Lord Lister—Sir Clements Markham—Royal Geographical Society Fellowship—Sir Arthur Sullivan—The Incident of "The Watchers Asleep"—Sir Frederic Hymen Cowen—Sims Reeves—Sir Charles Santley—Ada Crossley—Mme. Adelina Patti—Mrs. Howard Paul—Marie Roze—The Godfrey family—Jullien's Band—Sir Francis Truscott, Lord Mayor of London—John Philip Sousa—Tennyson—The Kenealy family—The Story of the Claimant—Marie Corelli—Miss Braddon—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler—Miss Florence Thorneycroft—Labouchere—Professor Blackie—Charles Dickens—"R.L.S."—Harry Furniss—Wm. Pickford—Hampshire Football Association—"Russell-Cotes" Charity Cup—Wallett—Sarah Bernhardt—Sir Charles Wyndham—Miss Mary Moore—John Laurence Toole—Laurence Irving—H. B. Irving—Tomaso Salvini—Adelaide Ristori—"Lal" Brough—Joseph Jefferson—Arthur Bourchier—Martin Harvey, F.R.S.L.—Bournemouth Literature and Art Association—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry—Lewis Waller—Sam Sothern—Ellen Terry—Mary Anderson—Alfred Capper—Disraeli—W. E. Gladstone—Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar—Joseph Chamberlain—Heenan and Sayers—Ada

Home and Abroad

Isaacs Menkin—Lord Brassey—King Tawphio's Maori Marriage
Mat—"Tab" Brassey—Sir Thomas Lipton—Henry Wellcome—
Gordon Selfridge—Old Musket—Sir David Welch—Sir Sam Fay—
My Knighthood—William Greenaway Shaw—A. A. Hollander—Rev.
Canon Wainwright—Rev. W. Eastwick Cotes.

*"Life is pleasant,
Greet it with a smile,
Friends are treasures,
Keep them all the while."*

* * *

*"We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh ;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by,
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true ;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old friend,
There's open house for you."*

DURING a long and eventful life it has fallen to my lot to meet and know—more or less intimately—many famous people, distinguished in the various walks of life: the church, politics, science, music, art, literature, the army, the navy and the drama. It is therefore a constant source of pleasure to me to look back to my friendship, or acquaintance, with those who have left an indelible impression on my mind, and who have contributed, in no small measure, to more or less mould my mind with their views. One cannot live in an atmosphere of any kind without imbibing some of its pervading influence.

Although the lives of many I have known may not come into the scope of my autobiography, I am constrained to mention a few. Often in my mind's eye I see them and hear them, and my memory rejoices in the past, and for that alone life is worth living, especially when added to it, *I have*

“ Shirley Poppies ”

possessed—the greatest friendship of all—the supreme blessing of the closest companionship of a loving and devoted wife.

The reminiscences of the friendships formed during one's lifetime go to make up one's total happiness or the reverse. I have experienced both. Friends that have been closer than a brother, others that one can only remember with regret.

The greatness of the British Empire, the Anglo-Saxon race (*peradventure God's "Covenant People"*) has been built up by such men as those that I have known, during the Victorian era, the reign of good King Edward the Peacemaker, and our present most excellent King George V.

Amongst my brother Mayors and chief Magistrates of Bournemouth, of all of whom I have had the warm and hearty friendship, the late Mr. George E. Bridge and Mr. J. A. Parsons have stood out pre-eminently as those who have co-operated with me in every way, but more especially, in getting the objects I most particularly desired, carried through to completion, for the improvement and benefit of our beloved town. In fact, it was the close and affectionate regard existing between these two excellent men and ourselves, that induced my wife and me to give the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum, its freehold, its art treasures and museum exhibits, and its beautiful grounds to our fellow townsmen.

The beauty and delight of the English old-fashioned garden has always enthralled me, and it was therefore with much pleasure that I met the Rev. W. Wilks, to whom I was introduced by Sir Daniel Morris.

This gentleman is the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, and, furthermore, was the originator of the “ Shirley Poppies.” *

* Royal Horticultural Society,
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.,

Dear Sir Merton,

November 17th, 1914.

I have to-day had an opportunity of reporting to the Council, the kind and hospitable reception extended to our Society's deputa-

Home and Abroad

As Bacon says, "God Almighty first planted a garden and the man who finds in a garden his chief pleasure, his work, his rest, his recreation, is to be envied, for he is creating for himself and others, one of the purest of pleasures that can be known to mortals."

This is one of those great pleasures that have been with me from the year 1876 till now in creating the "garden of my heart."

Some poet has said, "The man who has planted a garden has done something good for the world," whilst another believes that :

"The years are flowers that bloom within
Eternity's wide garden ;
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
The Gard'ner God, to pardon
All wilding growths to prune, reclaim,
And make them rose-like in His name."

It is many years since I found, on these beautiful southern shores, a spot bathed in sunlight and charming in its natural wild beauty. Standing there on the cliff, with dazzling yellow sands away below me, I gazed on one of the most beautiful views that it had been my fortune to behold, and then and there I decided that on that spot I would create a garden.

Land in such an exposed position did not easily yield itself to conversion into an ideal garden, but the metamorphosis of wild sand dunes on the edge of storm and wind swept cliffs into a sub-tropical garden, has been achieved.

tion to Bournemouth. And in doing so I mentioned the kindness received from Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself, which I personally was able to enjoy most thoroughly.

In remembering Bournemouth I shall always recall your most beautiful and interesting collection of treasures of art and antiquities.

I am directed by the Council to convey to you their thanks, and I must take leave to add my own most sincerely to both Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
W. WILKS.

Sir Joseph Paxton

The difficulties only added to my desire to co-operate with nature, in the apparently impossible task of producing on such a site, a garden to delight in, and dream of. The task obsessed me, and for many years I strove to accomplish what was considered by practical and experienced horticulturists an impossibility. Slowly, therefore, but surely, the garden evolved into what it now is; a beauty spot that any English garden lover would desire. It is the realisation of my dream—"The Garden of my Heart."

It will, therefore, be readily understood how keenly I followed the career of that great landscape gardener, Sir Joseph Paxton, who designed the great exhibition projected by H.R.H. Prince Albert, in 1851.

Sir Joseph, whom I knew, was originally head gardener, at Chatsworth, to the Duke of Devonshire, and among many other of his inventions he designed a tree, "a weeping willow" which would really weep, for it was fitted throughout the stems and leaves, so that when the water was turned on it sprayed anyone who was near it, sometimes to their disgust and vexation, as, if they were not quick in their movements they would be drenched through in a few moments.

Singular to relate, when my wife and I were at Peterhof, among the multiplicity of marvellous things in connection with waterworks exceeding in novelty those at Versailles, there is a similar contrivance which can be turned on in a second for the amusement and gratification of anyone who desires to play a rather unpleasant trick upon any pseudo friend.

Another of Sir Joseph's achievements was the Birkenhead Park, which he laid out for Sir William Jackson who gave the land (which was originally brickfields) to the town of Birkenhead.

His next great work was the metamorphosis he made in the Kelvin Grove, Glasgow, where now stand those two noble piles; the University and the magnificent Art Gallery and Museum.

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He was, in short, a heaven-born landscape gardener whose works have never been excelled in this country. He achieved many very important works in various parts of the Kingdom, and was, without a doubt, the most eminent professor of landscape gardening England has ever produced.

Many years ago I met John Kensit, an earnest and enthusiastic evangelist, who raised up against himself considerable opposition, not only from the Church of England hierarchy, but also more especially from the members of the Church of Rome, by his determined anti-Popish practices. He held very decided anti-Popish views, and was pro-Evangelist, and received his martyrdom for holding those views. His murder was accomplished, not by an Englishman or a Scotsman, but by an Irishman, one of those followers of Romanism who serve an alien priest in preference to their own rightful king and head of the Protestant Church.*

I knew John Kensit intimately, and a kinder-hearted, more straightforward, excellent specimen of an Englishman I never met. His earnestness of purpose, his determination to stick to the Bible, and *nothing but the Bible*, was his signal aim, and to worship our Saviour without the intervention of the Mother of Christ or the Saints. He had only one ideal, and that was salvation through the blood of Christ, and it was for this that the man was brutally murdered.

* I may say, having resided in Ireland and knowing what I am talking about, that the rebellion in Ireland was caused and is perpetuated by the adherence of the Irish to the Pope of Rome and by the secret machinations of the General of the Jesuits—the "Black Pope"—and his legions. If it were not so, can anyone explain why the people of the north of Ireland are loyal to the last degree, and are hard working, earnest, strenuous people, carrying on all sorts of important manufactures and industries, such as ship-building, which is unequalled throughout the world, whereas in the south and west, these qualities and traits are conspicuous by their absence. What, I ask, is the cause, in that comparatively small island, of the difference between the natives of the island? This requires no consideration or argument, it speaks for itself. If Popish priestcraftism is not at the root of the whole of this, then what is?

John Kensit

His son, Mr. J. A. Kensit, is a most worthy successor to his excellent martyred father, and by his arduous and persistent efforts together with his admirable band of young Wickliffe preachers, is earnestly working—in season and out of season—to open the eyes of the apathetic members of the so-called Church of England to the subtle and “rat-like” modes and methods adopted by the Jesuits to draft their young men students into the public schools, colleges and eventually as curates into the Protestant Church throughout the world, more especially the British Empire and the United States of America.

I had several opportunities of meeting one of the greatest English preachers of the age. Spurgeon—or to give him his full name, Charles Haddon Spurgeon—was born at Kelvedon, Essex, on the 19th June, 1834.

Irrespective of being one of our greatest modern divines, he used the purest English in public preaching. Perhaps the only public man at all comparable to him was John Bright, whose pure English was a well-known feature of his speeches in the House of Commons. To listen to Spurgeon's sermons at the Metropolitan Tabernacle was an experience never to be missed by any “country cousins” visiting the Metropolis. The consequence was that although the Tabernacle held about 6,000 persons, it was uniformly crowded to such an extent that people flocked from all parts to be there fully an hour before or even earlier than that, in order to obtain seats. Although his sermons were unusually lengthy, they were listened to with such avidity that a feeling of regret prevailed when they were brought to a close.

At 22 years of age he was the most popular preacher of the day. His Sunday sermons were taken down in shorthand, corrected by him on Monday, and sold by his publishers literally by tons. Clear and forcible in style and arrangement, they are

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models of Puritan exposition and of appeal through the emotions to the individual conscience, illuminated by frequent flashes of spontaneous and often highly unconventional humour. Collected as "The Tabernacle Pulpit," the sermons form nearly fifty volumes.

He died at Mentone on the 31st January, 1892, and was buried at Norwood Cemetery, leaving a widow with two sons, both preachers, one of whom, Thomas, succeeded him at the Tabernacle.

We met the latter when we were at Auckland *en route* for Samoa, Fiji, Hawaii and San Francisco, and he was one of the last of our friends to see us off.

Among the many members of the legal profession I have known as personal friends, there is not one who ranks higher as a famous barrister and counsel than Sir Edward Clarke, P.C., K.C., etc. He has on many occasions distinguished himself, and his remarkable forensic knowledge should have earned for him the highest honours that could be conferred, but his unobtrusive nature militated against availing himself of honours and advancement which others strove to obtain.

There is an incident in Sir Edward's life that is worth recording. It is as follows:—Among other professional work that he carried out was that in connection with the Penge murder mystery of 1877, and in reference to this he has recorded his implacable detestation of Sir Henry Hawkins as a judge. When the latter retired in 1898 Sir Edward wrote to the Attorney-General that if it was proposed to have a formal leave-taking to sing the praises of the judge he should make a public protest. The protest did not become necessary, for Sir Henry went one afternoon to the Middle Temple Hall and took leave of his friends.

A great Freemason, Sir Edward was born in the City in 1841 and he closed and completed fifty years of active practice at the

Sir Edward Clarke

Bar in 1914. Thirty-eight years of his life contained much political activity. He was Solicitor-General for four years ; later he refused the Mastership of the Rolls. As a typical instance of his energy may be noted the occasion when acceptance of office required his re-election at Plymouth in 1886. The poll was declared at two o'clock. He caught the 2.8 train back to London, dressed in the train, and went straight to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor was entertaining the new Ministers. Lord Salisbury was speaking, and was interrupted by a burst of cheering as Sir Edward entered. "What is it?" he asked of his neighbour. "Your new Solicitor," was the reply.

Sir Edward is not only a highly distinguished lawyer, but also a famous author and compiler on various subjects, the more important being his revised edition of the New Testament. My wife was the recipient of several of his books, which she highly prizes.

Sir Edward has always been a determined and powerful champion of pure and true Protestantism, and has done yeoman's service to the cause, and has taken an earnest and active part in powerful opposition to the inroads of Popery and Ritualism in the Church of England, and has used his influence against the Popish propaganda in every possible way.

Among many letters from Sir Edward I quote the following, he being anxious that we should meet Sir George Cave (now Lord Cave), the Secretary of State, and Lady Cave, who, after viewing the Art Gallery, took tea with us.

Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth,

Dear Sir Merton,

5th Jan., 1917.

Thanks for your courteous note. I called because my friend Sir George Cave, the Home Secretary, and Lady Cave are staying here

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until Monday, and I thought you might like to give them a special invitation to see your treasures. They are delightful people and would, I am sure, enjoy doing so. Lady Clarke and I are very sorry to hear of Lady Russell-Cotes' illness and trust she will have quite recovered by Wednesday.

Faithfully yours,
EDWARD CLARKE.

Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth,
Saturday.

Dear Sir Merton,

Thank you for your kind invitation. We will come in to-morrow afternoon with pleasure.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. CAVE.

January 6th, 1917.

Another of my dear friends whose loss we have just deplored, was Sir Frank Crisp, admittedly one of the most eminent lawyers London has ever known. He was the "moving spirit" of the great firm of Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co. His knowledge of Limited Liability Company law was immense. A most kindly, genial man, he had no appearance whatever of a lawyer—but rather that of a fine country farmer-like Englishman. In fact, it was a treat to know him and to talk to him; he carried conviction in every word, and whatever your troubles were, you came out from him happier, even though disappointed if he did not agree with your view of your case!

The law was not the only interest of this great lawyer, for he made a hobby of gardening. He possessed a marvellous love of gardening and everything that was beautiful appertaining thereto. His princely residence built in 1896 is infinitely more like a palace than an ordinary mansion and is exquisitely placed amidst seventy acres of grounds and parkland of great beauty. Sir Frank invited my wife and me to visit him at Friar Park. Amongst the many attractions was the rock garden which was constructed under Sir Frank's own personal supervision, showing beyond doubt that it was the production

Sir Frank Crisp

of a master mind ; in fact, I think I may venture to say it is the most extensive and beautiful rock garden in the British Isles.

Sir Frank drew up the contract for the sale by shipbuilders here, of the first battleship for the Japanese Navy. The contract was written on silk.

The firm acted for the expert artificer who "cleft" the Cullinan diamond—a critical process requiring contracts and legal aid of various kinds. A false stroke meant rendering the great diamond valueless. When the stroke had been successfully applied the expert fell back in a dead faint.

It was about sixty years ago that Sir Frank Crisp first came to the city. He was taken by his father to the office of old John Morris, and articled to the already prominent firm of solicitors, partly on his father's recommendation that "Frank was like a cat." When it was explained that the resemblance arose from his "always falling on his feet" the young candidate for articles was accepted.

Over the mantelpiece in the famous office is a rough lump of silver, with an inscription. Sir Frank Crisp kept it as an illustration of the uncertainties of the law and of clients' tempers. Having advised a group of clients to take action in a somewhat uncertain case, Sir Frank won it for them "hands down." The clients, with many expressions of delight, presented the great solicitor with a massive silver inkstand. The Appeal Court upset the judgment, and the clients were so unreasonably irate that Sir Frank had an idea of returning the inkstand. But the House of Lords confirmed the original decision, and Sir Frank Crisp, whimsically desiring to compromise as to the inkstand, had it melted down into the memento which still adorns the office.

Among the few who have afforded me their assistance and have co-operated with me in my earnest efforts to promote the prosperity and development of Bournemouth I must not

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overlook my dear late friend, Dr. Roberts Thomson, and also Dr. Horace Dobell. Dr. Roberts Thomson was on the *qui vive* to help me, and in the strenuous task concerning the Undercliff Drive he did "yeoman's service" in allowing me to name him as first President of the Undercliff Drive and Pavilion League.

The following letters from my beloved late friend, Dr. Roberts Thomson, will be of interest to many. Our friendship was begun on 20th April, 1875, by, as I have mentioned above, a letter of introduction handed by me to him from his old master, Dr. George Balfour, of Edinburgh.

Monkchester,
Bournemouth.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

November 8th, 1907.

I have this afternoon received from Dr. Hosker the very interesting memento of the function on Wednesday, which you have been good enough to present to me.*

I again express my great regret that I was unable to be present, when I could have received it in person. But though it came to me *in absentia*—I shall equally value it.

I hope you have not been knocked up by all the excitement and work of the occasion.

With my renewed thanks and with kind regards,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

J. ROBERTS THOMSON.

Monkchester,
Manor Road,
Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton,

January 9th, 1913.

Thank you very much for your kind letter, and pray also thank Lady Russell-Cotes very warmly for all her good wishes. It is very kind of you to be so early in congratulating me on the proposed honour

* The reference is to the gold medals I presented on the occasion of the luncheon, 6th Nov., 1907 to all those who had taken an active interest in the Undercliff Drive, which had been opened that day.

Dr. J. Roberts Thomson

which the Council are contemplating, and I value your kind expressions very much.*

I finished 46 years of residence here last month, and it is pleasant to think one has so many friends.

With my renewed best thanks, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

J. ROBERTS THOMSON.

We very warmly reciprocate all your good wishes for the New Year.

Monkchester,

Manor Road,

Bournemouth.

November 13th, 1914.

My dear Sir Merton,

Thank you very much for your kind letter.

I am getting on—but very slowly—and still suffer much pain—chiefly in my back. This keeps me very helpless.

One's anxiety for one's country does not help one forward much, but please God, in His own good time all will come right. It is terrible to think of all the suffering and all the loss of life, but our cause is a righteous one, and must prevail in the end at whatever cost.

My very kindest remembrances to you and her Ladyship.

Always,

Yours sincerely,

J. ROBERTS THOMSON.

Monkchester,

Manor Road,

Bournemouth.

Christmas Eve, 1915.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

I very heartily reciprocate the kind expressions in your letter, for Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

I am very sorry that I have not been able to come and see you both, but I have been very helpless, and my long illness culminated some six weeks ago in having to lose my right leg. I have gone on very fairly well, but still have a good deal of pain, especially in the night, and this prevents sleep, which is wearisome.

I trust you have both kept fairly well of late.

I wish you both as happy and bright a time at this season as is possible under the present very sad circumstances, and am,

Yours very sincerely,

J. ROBERTS THOMSON.

* Dr. Roberts Thomson here refers to the fact that the Council had passed a resolution to confer the Honorary Freedom of the Borough of Bournemouth on him. The ceremony took place on the 21st May, 1913.

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Monkchester,
Manor Road,
Bournemouth.

My dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

December 27th, 1915.

Just one line to thank you very warmly for the kind note you wrote me ; and to express the hope that the New Year, now so close upon us, may be rich in blessing for you and yours.

In the midst of all the sorrow and anxiety and suffering, we must rest in the knowledge that all is directed by a loving Hand, which is too wise to err, and which knows what is best for us all.

I am always,

Yours very sincerely,

J. ROBERTS THOMSON.

Monkchester,
Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton,

June 15th, 1917.

I do not wait till I have the pleasure of seeing you on Monday to convey to you the grateful thanks of the Committee of the Hospital for the generous gift from you and her Ladyship, of the pair of villas in St. Michael's Road. The Secretary or the Chairman will send you an official expression of their gratitude.

The pictures now hang, some in the Board Room and some in the hall of Fenwick House. In a way a more honourable position than the one they previously occupied.

I took the deeds you were kind enough to send me to Mr. D'Angibau this morning. He it is who does the Hospital's legal work. In the course of a short time you will hear from him. With my kindest regards to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

J. ROBERTS THOMSON.

My dear old friend, Dr. Horace Dobell, the celebrated Harley Street physician who was such an eminent practitioner in the "sixties and seventies," never could speak too highly of the salubrious and health-giving climate of Bournemouth and Parkstone. At the latter he eventually built himself a bungalow, declaring that it was the finest air in the United Kingdom. His property was "Parkstone Heights" adjacent to the Parkstone Manor estate which my wife and I presented to the Dr. Barnardo's Homes and to the Shaftesbury Society.



12. OPENING UNDERCLIFF DRIVE. B.M.T.H. NOV. 6. 07.

Official opening of the first section of the Undercliff Drive and Promenade, 6th November, 1907.

In the procession my wife and I are to the left and right of the Mayor (Alderman J. A. Parsons, J.P.), who performed the opening ceremony, whilst the Mayoress follows with Mr. C. R. Hutchings, Chairman of the Undercliff Drive Committee, and our grand daughter, Gwen.



The opening ceremony of the Undercliff Drive.

Lord Grenfell

On several occasions he co-operated with me in inviting members of various medical bodies to visit Bournemouth, the most important of which was the International Medical Congress held in London in 1881, to which were attracted the most famous and renowned members of the medical faculty throughout the world.

About 300 of these savants visited Bournemouth at the joint invitation of Dr. Dobell and myself, all of whom I entertained as my guests, no expense whatever being incurred by the town.

Of all the functions which I projected and carried out this was unquestionably the greatest in advancing the name and prestige of Bournemouth as a first-class health resort.

One of my more recent friends, but one for whom I feel a very sincere regard, is the Right Hon. Field Marshal Lord Grenfell of Kilvey, P.C., than whom no military man has had a more diverse or distinguished career; in point of fact, his military achievements have been most varied and brilliant. His career began at the early age of 18 when he joined the 60th Rifles in 1859, and he has since served in many parts of the world; in the Kaffir and Zulu Wars, the Transvaal, the Egyptian and Nile Expeditions. He was Sirdar of the Egyptian Army in 1885-92, and later commanded the forces in Egypt, after he had been commander of the forces at Suakim and Toski. Later he was made Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, and commanded the 4th Army Corps 1903-4.

For his valued services he received the G.C.B., G.C.M.G., was made Hon. LL. D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh, was raised to the peerage in 1902, and his Field-Marshal's baton was bestowed on him in 1908.

He spent some time in Ireland commanding the forces during the weak and futile administration of Mr. Birrell.

Lord Grenfell has a most genial personality, with many good stories to tell of the vicissitudes through which he has

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passed in his active military life. His kindly-heartedness and sympathetic nature has made him *persona grata* in every social gathering. Since his advent in Bournemouth he has taken a prominent part in scientific, artistic, and educational matters, and is now President of the local Natural Science Society,* of which Sir Daniel Morris is the Chairman, and I may venture to add, the protagonist.

One of the most eminent men—if not the most eminent—I have known, was Lord Lister.

He was born on April 5th, 1827, at Upton House, West Ham, Essex.

His sister was the famous Elizabeth Fry, who led the way as a great nurse and pioneer for Florence Nightingale, in all descriptions of philanthropy for aiding sufferers in hospitals and prisons.

In his childhood and youth, Lister always indicated an affectionate temperament for all with whom he came in contact, and to the end of his life the same spirit of devotion was evinced. He could be full of high spirits and frequently even merry, but generally shrank from meeting strangers. This was undoubtedly more attributable to shyness than from fear,

* The local Natural Science Society is doing very fine work and has now found an excellent home owing to the kindness of Sir George Meyrick who permitted them to purchase the freehold of " Bassendean." This house will form the centre of the learned societies of Bournemouth and might well have been called the " Athenæum." Among other societies that have taken shelter under its roof is the Hants and Dorset Branch of the Royal Colonial Institute.

Extract from the " Bournemouth Times and Directory," 13th March, 1920 :—

" At the annual meeting of the Hants and Dorset Branch of the Royal Colonial Institute held on Wednesday, the 10th inst., in the new premises of the Bournemouth Natural Science Society, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Sir Merton Russell-Cotes and Major G. A. Dolby were re-elected Vice-Presidents. Sir Daniel Morris mentioned that Sir Merton Russell-Cotes had been a generous subscriber to the branch, and in order to show his interest and appreciation had presented them with a handsome presidential chair. It came from Haddon Hall, was bought by Sir Merton in 1857, and was supposed to have come from the room occupied by Dorothy Vernon.

Lord Lister

for to that he certainly was not a victim. From his youth upwards he displayed conscientiousness and unusual gravity whenever anything of serious moment presented itself to him. In fact, this temperament and peculiar sensitiveness produced in him a refined sense of truth.

Lister was fond of swimming, among other open air exercises, and on many of the occasions that he indulged in this exercise the fishermen who saw him were wont to speak in terms of admiration of his excellent proportions and graceful form.

Lister eventually married the daughter of the great Edinburgh professor, James Syme, than whom perhaps Edinburgh has never possessed, taking him all in all, a greater man.

He was a great surgeon, and his name will be handed down to posterity as such.

When Lister and Professor Syme first met, the former with his imaginative features, and the great surgeon with his generous, but broad and rather pugnacious face, they were attracted to each other from some unknown inherent quality. Of course, it is a well-known fact that Lister made all his principal discoveries* at the Glasgow Infirmary, which, unfortunately,

* Surgical operations are performed with safety in consequence of the antiseptic treatment discovered by that great man, Lord Lister, and millions of lives have been saved in consequence. Other great scientists were Koch, Pasteur and others who have done magnificent work for the saving and conserving of human life by the injection of serum; also their discovery that infection is carried by insects, mosquitoes, flies and the like. But beyond the marvellous discoveries regarding surgery, there are those discoveries, inventions and developments which have been made since 1835, the year of my birth, and which are really absolutely phenomenal. To enumerate everything would occupy a large volume. It may be interesting, however, to the present and later generations to give a few of the most important of them.

The first important invention I remember was the Nasmyth steam hammer, which could be so delicately adjusted as to crack but not break the glass on a watch, or to crack a nut without injuring the kernel, whilst on the other hand, it would hammer out steel plates of four or more inches thick for use on battleships.

Other inventions have been horse, cable, steam and electric tramways; leviathan passenger steamers; sleeping cars; motor cars;

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had a most unenviable reputation for lack of cleanliness and sanitation and its generally unhealthy position. As things did not go on smoothly with the directors, he accepted the position which was offered to him of Professor of Clinical Surgery in Edinburgh University, in 1869. It was due absolutely to Lister's action and his antiseptic treatment that the condition of things was altogether revolutionised at the Glasgow Infirmary, although the directors adopted every means in their power to foster the belief that it emanated from their own action in cleansing and improving the sanitary arrangements of the place, both internal and external; but this action would never have been taken, had it not have been for the persistence of Lister.

After his removal from Glasgow, he at once took in hand in the same energetic manner, the wards in the hospital at Edinburgh, with the same brilliant success.

aeroplanes; motor boats; submarines; boats propelled by steam, petrol, oil, electricity, or turbine engines; telegraphy; wireless telegraphy; electric and incandescent gas, lighting and heating; the Rontgen rays; surgical and dental instruments and appliances; photography; machinery of all descriptions, such as sewing and knitting machines; vacuum cleaners; pianolas; gramophones; typewriters, comptometers, duplicators; time clocks; steel and fountain pens; blotting paper; safety matches; electro plating, etc., etc.

Tinned meats, fruits, vegetables and innumerable other prepared foods. Public breweries; ready-made clothing; compressed surgical dressings; medicines in tabloid form, and endless "patent" and "quack" medicines. Beer, bread, cakes; wines of various kinds; and many other comestibles formerly made at home, are now manufactured by steam or electricity.

Huge stores, monopolising every variety of trade under one roof (similar to Whiteley's or Harrod's) have been established all over the world.

Other discoveries were the gold and diamond mines of South Africa (leading to the development of Rhodesia by that great man, Cecil Rhodes), and that of oilfields in various parts of the earth.

We have reached the stage of adult suffrage; the establishment of free libraries, free education; and the evolution of old-fashioned inns into luxurious, princely hotels.

Transformations such as these I could go on enumerating *ad infinitum*, so marvellous has been the metamorphosis during my life.

Antiseptic Treatment

Dr. Saxtorph, Professor of Surgery in the University of Copenhagen, had paid a visit to Lister in Glasgow in 1869. He had been impressed by reading Lister's reports upon compound fracture. He was more impressed by what he saw. He stayed a considerable time with Lister, watching every detail of this thoughtful practice. In July, 1870, he wrote to Lister the following letter:—

“ My dear Sir,—It is now a year since I left Glasgow, where I had the opportunity of seeing how the antiseptic treatment of wounds is to be carried out. Every surgeon who has seen the remarkable results of this treatment must feel it his duty to imitate you, and dress the wounds after your principles. I, therefore, as soon as I came home, adopted your method, and have used it now continually since that time ; and I am happy to say that, although I have not generally succeeded in obtaining complete primary union (*i.e.*, healing of severed tissues directly by conjunction of cut surfaces without gaping) still, the treatment has proved in other respects, extremely satisfactory. The hospital to which I am appointed head surgeon (the Frederik's Hospital) is a very old building—in fact, it is now more than a hundred years old—and it contains about 350 medical and surgical beds. In the surgical wards I have room for about 150 patients ; but the usual number during the winter has varied from 100 to 130. Formerly, there used to be every year several cases of death caused by hospital diseases, especially by pyæmia, sometimes arising from the most trivial injuries. Now, I have the satisfaction that not a single case of pyæmia has occurred since I came home last year, which result is certainly owing to the introduction of your antiseptic treatment. But it must be clear to any surgeon who has adopted your method that, unless you take the greatest precautions in EVERY dressing, until the wound is either healed or filled up with granulations, you will never see the excellent effects of this treatment. It certainly takes a

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much longer time, and demands much greater precautions, than any other dressing; but the reward is certain, and it is a satisfaction to know that the good result of many operations almost entirely depends upon your dressing of the wound.

“I am happy to say that I have never tried any innovation which answered so admirably as this treatment of wounds.

“Believe me, my dear Sir, ever yours,

“SAXTORPH.”

This was the first really powerful testimony to the antiseptic treatment that Lister had received, and was welcomed by him, and he and Professor Saxtorph became lifelong comrades in the spread of the antiseptic doctrine. Lister published the letter and added some words of his own upon his initial success in the Edinburgh Infirmary.

Lord Lister's speeches were simple, clear, graceful, avoiding rhetoric display, earnest for the truth, jealous for his success, and forgetful of himself.

His writings in a like manner, are plain, lucid, and forcible, and scarcely betray the labour and thought of their production.

With the courtesy and serenity of his carriage, he combined passionate humanity, a much-found characteristic of those who are of the Society of Friends, and a simple love of truth which showed itself in his generous encouragement of younger workers. I met him first on the occasion of the meeting of the British Medical Association in Bournemouth (the headquarters being the Royal Bath Hotel), my dear old friend, Dr. Roberts Thomson being president. I was invited by Dr. Davison and the leading doctors to undertake the honorary carrying-out of the function. I placed my own private room at the disposal of the council of the association, and it was there I met all the savants and leaders of the medical world, among the number being Lord—then Mr.—Lister, an unobtrusive, appar-

Sir Clements Markham

ently retiring, rather reticent man. He seemed to take to me and we became great friends. He had known my dear old late and intimate friend, Dr. Sam Moore, in Glasgow, and also Dr. George Balfour, of Edinburgh,* from whom, by the way, I had a letter of introduction to Dr. Roberts Thomson when we came to Bournemouth first in 1875. When Lord Lister came to see us or took tea with us, he would sit very quietly, and then, after some kindly remark in his quiet, low-toned manner, he would again subside into thoughtful silence

In a higher sense than of old he was a saint, for he dispensed material of bodily good in addition to the spiritual power, which everyone knew who came into close contact with him. No man ever carried out a greater revolution. He was strong, he was gentle—he was resolute, but courteous.

He rests in Hampstead Cemetery. Over his grave is a grey granite slab with the following inscription:—

“ Joseph, Baron Lister ; born April 5th, 1827 ; died 10th February, 1912.”

Among the many of my scientific friends, there were none whose friendship I valued or appreciated more than that of Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., D.Sc. Cantab. Besides devoting nearly the whole of his life to the advancement of the Royal Geographical Society, he was the author of about fifty volumes and tracts, dealing not only with geography, but history, biography and other subjects.

He was a man whose only idea of recreation was a fresh piece of work and under rather a brusque manner he concealed a warm and kindly heart.

In losing Sir Clements by a most unkind, if not untimely fate, the society lost not only a Fellow who had been longest on their list, and had done more for the society than any other man, but a geographer of the widest interest and knowledge,

* Dr. George Balfour was recognized as one of the leading physicians in “ Auld Reekie.”

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and a colleague who had for half a century worked harder than any living man for the interest of science, to which he was heart and soul devoted.

He was by birth a Yorkshireman. His great grandfather was Archbishop of York, and on both his father's and mother's side he was connected with some of the oldest families in England. He entered the Navy at the age of 14, in 1844, and retired in 1852. Although the period of his services as a naval officer was of such comparatively short duration, he had some exciting experiences in hunting Riff pirates in the Mediterranean, and it left a deep and lasting impression upon him.

Perhaps his greatest experience in exploration was during his visit to Peru,* where he spent two years in investigation, the result being a volume entitled "Cuzco and Lena," published in 1856. These visits to Peru seemed to have sharpened his appetite for further investigation, and this continued to the end of his life. He continually exhibited interest in the exploration of ethnology in South America, and only as

* One of the most important railway engineering feats was that of the connection of Peru and Chili with Buenos Aires by the railroad that was constructed over the Andes. It is marvellous how railways, which had only been introduced a year or two before I was born and were confined to short lines in England, now spread their tentacles over the whole surface of the globe. Under construction at the present time is the mighty railway joining Cairo and Cape Town. This will soon be a *fait accompli*.

Wonderful tunnels for railways have been cut through the mightiest mountains of the world. In Europe we have the Simplon, the Mont Cenis, and the St. Gothard.

One can now travel from Calais to Vladivostock and far Port Arthur by train.

Railway bridges are many and various. Possibly the most wonderful of all and the largest bridge in the world, is that spanning the Forth, and from a historical point of view it is interesting to remember that the Menai Suspension Bridge which connects North Wales with the Isle of Anglesey was the first bridge of that type to be built. Now mighty suspension bridges cross the torrent near the Victoria Falls in Rhodesia and the Niagara Falls between Canada and the U.S.A.

Other engineering feats that have been conceived and carried out during the period I speak of are the Suez and Panama Canals; and I must not forget to mention the wonderful barrage of the Nile at Aswān which was constructed by my old friend, Sir John Aird.

Cultivation of the Cinchona

late as 1910 he published another volume on that subject entitled, "The Incas of Peru."

In 1859, whilst serving on the Board of Control, he was specially entrusted by the Government with the enterprise of collecting plants and seeds of quinine-yielding cinchona trees and the cultivation of Peruvian bark generally, and transporting them to our eastern possessions, where, as is well known, that inestimable febrifuge is regarded as almost a necessary of life. The enterprise was a hazardous one for those engaged in the performance of this service, for it necessitated exploration of almost impenetrable virgin forests in Peru and Bolivia which had hitherto never been described or even visited by English travellers; it was necessary, therefore, to conceal from the inhabitants, for reasons that are obvious, the transportation of these seeds and plants to another country. Great hardships and privations had to be endured while travelling through and over the roughest country imaginable. The expedition, however, was attended with complete success, in spite of the difficulties of no ordinary character. The plants and seeds were obtained, their removal from Peru was satisfactorily accomplished, and their transference to the Neilgherry Hills in India was successfully achieved, and this great success was due to the marvellous energy, the astuteness with which Markham carried out his dealings with the natives, and the excellent arrangements made by him, he superintending the entire work, both in South America and India. Before the end of the century, that is about thirty years after they were planted, millions of trees were growing in flourishing plantations in India; the febrifuge was manufactured locally, and was brought within reach of the poorest people. *For this great national service* the paternal Government gave this great man who had been risking his life for years in primeval forests, *the enormous sum of £3,000 as a reward*, whilst they are not content with less than from £5,000 to £10,000 per

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annum for themselves for the honour of holding a sinecure and bungling things! During his travels in the two continents while engaged in carrying out the above important service, he was accompanied by his faithful, loving wife, who shared all his hardships and rejoiced with him in the great success attending the enterprise.

In August, 1895, when President of the Royal Geographical Society, he was called upon to act as President of the International Geographical Congress, which met in London, a duty he carried out with great dignity and popularity. Honours were showered upon him. He was presented by the French Government with a beautiful blue Sèvres tazza. He received the Grand Prix of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. He was made Commendador of the Portuguese Order of Christ in 1874, Chevalier of the Order of the Rose of Brazil, member of the Imperial Academy of Germany and of the Royal Society of Gottingen. The King of Sweden conferred upon him the insignia of a Commander (1st class) of the Order of the Pole Star. In 1896 he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath, and was knighted and invested by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. In 1907 the King of Norway appointed him a Commander of the Order of St. Olaf.

He had a most lovable nature, and he was always ready to hold out the hand of friendship, accompanied by kindly words of advice and encouragement to those young officers of the Navy, and also our mercantile marine (and there were many) who went to him for advice and assistance. No one appealed to him in vain—he was at all times ready to befriend the friendless. The world is all the poorer by his death, and those who knew him will always mourn the loss of such a valuable life.

I cannot more appropriately close this biography of Sir Clements' life than by adding a copy of the telegram sent by

Sir Clements' Sad Death

H.M. King George to Lady Markham, on being informed of the death of her distinguished husband :—

“ The King regrets to hear of the sorrow which has befallen you, and desires me to convey to you the expression of his sympathy. His Majesty has known Sir Clements for many years, and realizes how much the country is indebted to his long years of study and research.”

It came as a great shock and profound regret when I read in the “ Daily Graphic ” of his death through the curtains of his bed catching fire. To be the victim of such a painful death in his 86th year was a cruel fate, and hosts of his friends deplored not only his irreparable loss to the Royal Geographical Society, but the deeply to be regretted manner in which it occurred, so causing his untimely end.

My deep regard for him emanated not only from purely personal affection for him and for his many virtues, but also from the fact that it was Sir Clements Markham and my friend Mr. Baring Young, M.P. for Christchurch at the time, to whom I was indebted for being unanimously elected as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society after my travels and explorations, especially of Kilauea, Halemaumau in Hawaii, and the immense extinct crater of Haleakala in the island of Maui. My paper received most gratifying encomiums as affording more information and details than had been given heretofore on these volcanic regions—the greatest active and extinct volcanoes in the world.

Sir Clements was an enthusiastic patriot, and I remember when the Governor of Heligoland (who was Sir Clements' son) had to officially hand it over to Germany, he was so upset that he could not suppress his emotion at Lord Salisbury's terribly sad blunder. Events have shown how correct were Sir Clements' feelings in this invaluable island being ceded to a foreign nation. Salisbury evidently could not see the end from the beginning. It was a deplorable blunder !

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Sir Arthur Sullivan I knew intimately. Our friendship began about 50 years ago when he was making his reputation as a great English composer. I have been with him while he composed, and it was amazing to see the rapid way in which he would jot down the numbers, and every now and then go to the piano and run them over in order to hear if the music came out identically as he had written it, and according to his intention. On no occasion was there any correction or alteration. Every note was identically what he intended it to be as it flowed from his brain. It was to me marvellously incomprehensible. I recall on one occasion when he was composing "The Light of the World" I made some remark to that effect, when he smilingly replied, "Oh! it is as simple to me as it would be to you in writing a letter, a book, a poem or any other composition. I know precisely what I have in my mind, and I endeavour to produce it in music. That is all." The whole affair seemed perfect child's play to him, but his best and most prolific moments were when the impulse was upon him, and this I supposed was by no means an isolated case. I have observed a similar trait in respect of all distinguished men in other professions.

Sullivan never married, but he maintained his mother, for whom we had a very great affection. He also helped his brother, who was an actor, and after his death undertook the entire maintenance of his children. In consequence of his co-operation with Gilbert and his fame as a versatile composer, he became much more popular, and from a pecuniary point of view this brought "grist to the mill." His greatest efforts were in his oratorios and nobler compositions, although the financial results from the latter were *nil* compared with his lighter and less important productions. Some of his songs are incomparably pathetic and beautiful with the deepest themes to touch the heart. What could be more thrilling and appealing than "The Lost Chord" or other similar soul-stirring songs?

Sir Arthur Sullivan

No doubt he owed a lot of his genius to his early training as a choir boy in the Chapel Royal.

Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Sullivan collaborated to propose and carry out the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. The whole affair was developed under the personal patronage of H.R.H. together with the hearty co-operation of Sullivan, who was appointed musical director and conductor. At first it was a very popular and successful place of amusement, but it at last fell on evil days, and eventually became little better than a recognised rendezvous for the demi-monde.

One idea was to make a section of the building a picture-gallery and Sullivan asked me to send some of my pictures, which I had unfeigned pleasure in doing. Out of this a singular incident arose. Some weeks after the exhibition had been opened, I received a letter from the artist who had painted a fine picture called "The Watchers Asleep"—a girl beside a cradle containing a child, a dog, and a canary, all of whom were asleep, thus indicating the story conveyed in the picture. He alleged that it was a copy, but so admirably executed that it was only after removing it from the frame that he really could detect the fraud, also he found that some other medium than his own had been used in painting it, which he at once detected. I wrote to the dealer from whom I had bought it at the price of two hundred and fifty guineas, requesting him to take the picture back and refund the money. He absolutely refused, stating that it was the original. I therefore placed the matter in the hands of my solicitors, Messrs. Morton and Cutler, Newgate Street. They issued a writ, but tried to serve it in vain. Nearly a year elapsed, but nothing was done. I became impatient and determined to get the writ served, so I called and told Mr. Morton that if he would send someone with me I would endeavour to unearth this man. On a cold winter's morning therefore we started off and went to a house

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in Bloomsbury, where he was supposed to reside, but where he never could be found. The detective and a police officer stood in a doorway on the opposite side of the street whilst I rang the bell. A slatternly woman opened the door, and I asked for this man. She replied "he was away," and was closing the door, when I slipped my foot in between the door and the lintel. A tussle ensued, but I forced my way in, saying I must go in to write a note and leave it for him. Immediately on the right I saw a sitting room door open and darted in. I asked for paper and ink, which the woman said she would bring. Whilst writing, I heard heavy footsteps on the floor of the room above, and on the mantelpiece I saw envelopes addressed to him, having two days' previous date. I felt I had discovered my "quarry." As the woman returned a voice called from above for hot water, which I recognised as the voice of the individual we were in search of. I exclaimed, "Why, that is his voice! Now you will give him my card and say that I am waiting to see him." The woman went upstairs, and whilst she was away I darted out and hastily examined some pictures in the corridor with their front to the wall. On leaning the first one forward, so that I could see the subject, to my unutterable amazement I beheld "The Watchers Asleep." I pulled forward the rest with the same result, and then heard the woman coming down the stairs, so rushed back into the room. Shortly the dealer, *in propria persona*, entered—a big burly Irishman, swearing at me and saying "If I didn't clear out he would pitch me out." I replied "My friend, a police officer on the other side of the road, has been on the *qui vive* looking for you for some months," and that he could pitch me out if he particularly desired to resort to such ungentlemanly and discourteous treatment to an art patron like myself. He began again to storm and rage, and asked with a fearful oath "What the h—— I wanted." "Two hundred and fifty guineas," was my prompt reply. "I have not two hundred and fifty shillings,"

“The Watchers Asleep”

he replied. “It must be either that or you will be arrested the moment you go outside,” and I added, “Cannot you obtain an advance on those pictures I noticed in the corridor as I entered?” He pondered for a few minutes. “All right, if you will get a cab I will see what I can do,” he replied. I knocked on the window, and the detective and police officer came over. I told them, and they looked somewhat suspicious, but one hailed a cab and assisted the cabby to load the top of the cab with the pictures, and the four of us drove to Cox’s pawnshop in Wardour Street. After we had waited for some time in a chemist’s shop immediately opposite, the picture dealer came over to us and said he could only get 150 guineas, but on his oath he would bring the balance to Mr. Culverwell’s (Sir Charles Wyndham’s father) private hotel, the following morning before breakfast. My friends the detective and the police officer would not listen to it, but the man broke down and was so fearfully distressed that I gave way. I said, “Give me this in writing, and remember that you will not get your fraudulent copy of ‘The Watchers Asleep’ till you have refunded me the amount I paid you for it. If therefore you do as I say I will give you an order to the manager of the Royal Aquarium to obtain possession of the picture. Moreover, I will forgive you my solicitors’ law expenses.” The following morning, before it was light, about 7 a.m., being in the month of December, he—to my surprise, for we had grave doubts as to whether we should ever see him again—came, and handed the money to Mr. Culverwell, who brought it up to my bedroom, and so ended my first and last experience as an amateur detective! My object in giving a *resumé* of the above “Sherlock Holmes” incident is with a view of showing art patrons that even the very “elect” may be imposed upon by dealers in *objets d’art*.

I may here add, that I afterwards discovered that this man in conjunction with two or three others, had a studio where they

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systematically carried on a business for copying first-class pictures, not only of deceased artists, but had the audacity to run the risk of copying the works of living artists !

When he was eight years of age, Sullivan could play every wind instrument in his father's band. His father was band-master at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. At twelve years of age he was a chorister at the Chapel Royal. He afterwards studied at the Conservatoire at Leipzig, and returned to London in April, 1861.

His first composition for Shakespeare's "Tempest" was performed at the Crystal Palace on the 5th April, 1862. In 1869 he brought out his oratorio, "The Prodigal Son," at Worcester, and in 1870 his overture, "Di Ballo," at Birmingham.

In 1871 Sullivan became acquainted with W. S. Gilbert, and in 1872 they collaborated in a piece for the Gaiety Theatre, called "Thespis, or the Gods Grown Old," which was a great success. In 1875 Mr. D'Oyly Carte, then acting as manager for Selina Dolaro at the Royalty, approached Gilbert with a view to his collaborating with Sullivan in a piece for that theatre. Gilbert had already spoken to Sullivan about an operetta which he had written, with a scene in a law court, and within three weeks of his completing the libretto of "Trial by Jury" the music was written. The piece succeeded beyond all expectation, and on the strength of its promise of further successes, Mr. D'Oyly Carte formed his Comedy Opera Company, and took the Opera Comique Theatre. There in 1877 "The Sorcerer" was produced, and in 1878 "H.M.S. Pinafore," which ran for 700 nights. After this followed "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience" (1881), which was transferred from the Opera Comique to the new Savoy Theatre. There all the leading operas came out—"Iolanthe" (1882), "Princess Ida" (1884), "The Mikado"—perhaps the most charming of all—(1885),



Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was one of my
most intimate friends for many years



RAIC-Y-NOS CASTLE
YSTRADCYNLAIS,
(SWANSEA VALLEY)
SOUTH WALES

" I know my notes
I count each bar..

Adelina Patti

August 24th. 1882

Quotation given to me by Madame Adelina Patti.

Royal Aquarium

“Ruddigore” (1887), “The Yeomen of the Guard” (1888), and “The Gondoliers” (1889).

This success of pieces by Gilbert and Sullivan had made their united names stand for a new type of light opera. Its vogue, however, owed something to such admirable performers as George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, etc. Instead of the French *opera bouffe* they had substituted a genuinely English product, humorous and delightful, without a tinge of vulgarity or the commonplace.

Through some unfortunate misunderstanding the partnership between Gilbert and Sullivan terminated.

Sullivan afterwards wrote various small librettos, none of which have really received the mark of public appreciation.

In 1872 his “Te Deum” for the recovery of the Prince of Wales was performed at the Crystal Palace. In 1873 he produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival his oratorio “The Light of the World.” In 1877 he wrote his “Incidental Music to Henry VIII,” in 1880 his sacred cantata “The Martyr of Antioch,” and in 1886 his masterpiece “The Golden Legend.” This was the crowning of the edifice, and satisfied the most exacting critics that for originality, conception and grandeur of execution English music possessed in Sullivan a composer of the highest calibre.

Amongst his numerous successes, a conspicuous merit of which is their admirable vocal quality, the best known are “If Doughty Deeds” (1866), “The Sailor’s Grave” (1872), “Thou’rt Passing Hence” (1875), “I would I were a King” (1878), “King Henry’s Song” (1878), and “The Lost Chord” (1877). This last was written during the fatal illness of Sullivan’s brother, Frederic, who, originally an architect, had become an actor, and by means of his fine voice and powers as a comedian had won considerable success.

Sir Arthur and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh projected the Royal Aquarium, which was built on the site now occupied

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by the Central Hall, Westminster. It was opened with a great flourish of trumpets, being under H.R.H.'s personal patronage and that of other members of the Royal family.

Among Sullivan's many hymn tunes is the stirring "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Sullivan received the honorary degree of Mus. Doc. from both Cambridge 1876 and Oxford 1879. In 1878 he was made a member of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition. He was director of the Leeds Festivals for 1898, besides being conductor of the Philharmonic Society in 1885.

He died somewhat suddenly from heart failure on the 22nd November, 1900, and his burial in St. Paul's Cathedral was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of public sorrow.

He was one of the most agreeable companions, broad-minded, and free from all affectation. He was intensely admired and loved in all circles of society, and though his health was not robust, for he suffered during many years at intervals, he was a man of the world who enjoyed the life which his success opened out to him, without being spoiled by it.

Sullivan was an extremely rapid worker, and his fertility in melody made it easy for him to produce what would please a large public—bubbling melody, consummate orchestration, lovely songs and concerted pieces (notably the famous vocal quintets) which flowed from his pen in unexhausted and inimitable profusion. If he had written nothing else his unique successes in this field would have been a solid title to fame; but it is Sir Arthur Sullivan's special distinction not only to have been prolific in music which went straight to the hearts of the people, but to have enriched the English repertoire with acknowledged masterpieces which are remarkable for their technical accomplishment.

Sir W. S. Gilbert

His fame extended to the Continent, where his works met with ready acceptance even in such musical centres as Vienna, Berlin, Buda-Pesth and Paris. His *bon mots* in music are as brilliant as were Sydney Smith's or Tom Hood's in words. His puns upon the trombone, his felicitous oboe wit, the mock pathos of his cadences for his beloved oft-employed bassoon, the smartness of his repartees on the flute and clarinet, have entertained the English-speaking world, for his comic operas have found their way into every corner of the earth wherever a theatre or even a hall could be found available by troupes of wandering vocalists. Sir Arthur's versatility was shown by his "Golden Legend" and "Master of Antioch." But it is not given to every man, either in literature or music, to be a Garrick in his art, to be claimed by both the muse of comedy and tragedy. Sir Arthur said "I can assure you that my comic operas—light and airy though they be—give me more trouble and anxiety than a cantata. In the latter composition I am in a certain measure unfettered. I have no one to consider but the band and several vocalists; and I can make sure of my effects, because I know just how all the component parts of my company of executants will be placed."

Sir Arthur has said that "Although a rapid worker when the fever is on me, and the subject excites my fancy, I have at times spent a week over a single song, setting it over and over again until I felt the melody interpreted the story of the words. There was a song, 'The Merryman and the Maid,' that gave me infinite trouble. I really believe I spent a fortnight over that blessed 'jingle,' and must have set and re-set it a dozen times before I was content. It was the 'House-that-Jack-built' extension character about it which bothered me, an additional phrase being added to each verse. Gilbert told me he got the idea of it from a nautical ballad he heard on a yacht, beginning, 'I have a song to sing, O!' and as the song progressed it increased in length, just as the 'Merryman' did."

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Sir Arthur realised a handsome competence from the fertile products of his muse. Oddly enough, his most elaborate serious work, that cost him more thought than any of his other productions—"Ivanhoe"—which was produced on a scale of magnificence at the Royal English Opera House (now the Palace Theatre), failed to attract public attention for any length of time. Musicians praised it, thought it full of ideas, clever, even scientific; but the general public voted it dull, and it was withdrawn.

The success of Sir Arthur in "The Golden Legend" and other serious works clearly establishes the fact that he did not always don the cap and bells as a musical jester, and that he was capable of turning out really classical compositions beyond harmonic soufflés and buffooneries for Savoy audiences. There were numbers in "Ivanhoe" that might have been signed by the most illustrious of the great composers of past times, but the name of Sullivan is so associated with the light, exhilarating, champagne-like melodies of comic opera, that when it was appended to a sombre work of stately proportions the public did not seem to justly appreciate the change.

One day a friend sent to Sir Arthur tickets for a concert that was to take place in St. James's Hall, in reply to which he received the following note: "Thanks for tickets, but I don't like music, though you may not have suspected this aversion. I've sent them to an ancient relative of mine, who adores all kinds of music, from the feeble squeak of a hurdy-gurdy to the sonorous peals of a grand organ—Thine, ARTHUR SULLIVAN."

Sir Frederic Hymen Cowen I first met about 45 years ago, being introduced to him by Colonel Mapleson, whilst the latter's opera company was in Glasgow. Even then he showed every promise of making his mark as an English musical composer, and this has been verified by many wonderfully beautiful works. I think I may venture to say that he and

Sir Frederick Cowen

Arthur Sullivan may be classed as two of our greatest modern English composers.

He was born in 1852 at Kingston, Jamaica, on 29th January. At four years old he was brought to England, where his father became treasurer to the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, and private secretary to the Earl of Dudley. His first public composition appeared when he was only six years old. In 1867 he went to Berlin, where he was under Kiel, at Stern's Conservatoire.

In 1896 Cowen was appointed conductor of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society and of the Manchester Orchestra.

Cowen was never so happy as when treating fantastic or fairy subjects; and whether in his cantatas for female voices, his charming "Sleeping Beauty," his "Water Lily" or his pretty overture, "The Butterfly's Ball," he succeeds wonderfully in finding graceful expression for the poetical idea.

I am delighted to have an opportunity afforded me to endeavour to remove a popular error in regard to Sims Reeves' (England's greatest tenor) disposition and temperament, it being generally believed that he frequently disappointed his admirers through sheer indifference to public feeling. A greater mistake and a more unwarrantable view could not be imagined. The real cause proceeded from a delicate organisation of the vocal chords which were very sensitive to atmospheric effects.

Being also of a highly nervous temperament he was afraid he might make a *faux pas*, knowing that a single false note would ruin his reputation and his future career. Those who knew him intimately were well aware of the anxiety he felt at disappointing the public, and how great was the risk he ran if he, to gratify the public, disregarded the earnest advice of the throat specialist in whose hands he always placed himself when feeling an indication of throat irritation. Some people attributed it to drink, a most uncharitable accusation. On the contrary he was a most temperate man in every way.

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Sims Reeves was a kindly hearted man, and always had his devoted wife with him, who acted as his secretary and business manager, and was a most excellent woman in every respect.

He, like many professional men, invested his hard earned gains in various unfortunate speculations, and lost all or part. This was Reeves' misfortune, and so towards the end of his career he lost his income, and also the excellent wife who carefully managed his financial affairs. On one occasion that great-hearted man, Irving, gave him a considerable sum, which Reeves acknowledged by presenting Irving with a very valuable and handsome three-handled silver cup with the following inscription :—

“ From Sims Reeves to Henry Irving

In remembrance of a most graceful act of friendship.

May 11th, 1891.”

This cup is now among other relics in the “ Irving room ” of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.

England never had a tenor at all comparable to him either before nor since. He never became a popular favourite like Charles Santley, from the causes I have already mentioned, and the fact, unfortunately, that the public were never made aware of the real and serious cause of his inability occasionally to sing. They forgot also that this disappointment to them meant a very serious pecuniary loss to him, an eventuality which never seemed to occur to them. Another reason perhaps was that he firmly resisted the enthusiastic clamour of his audiences to give encores, and I for one cordially endorsed his doing so. Here I should like to record my keen aversion to encores as grossly unjust to the vocalist besides prolonging the concert indefinitely. One might as well expect a tradesman to give double weight or measure gratis because one is pleased with his goods !

J. Sims Reeves

His marvellous voice was more like the most charming instrument—it was fluty, warbling and irrepressibly delightful. His principal songs with which he made an everlasting name were, "Come into the garden, Maud" and "Ben Bolt," besides many other songs all of which became permanently popular English ballads and will no doubt remain so.

The annexed letter from Sims Reeves to Toole, the great comic actor, is typical of Reeves' humour :

Grange Mount,
Upper Norwood.

March 31st, 1882

Carissimo Don Giovanni,

(Going out like a lamb).

It will afford me very great pleasure to sing for you on your benefit night, provided the date be made to fit in with my arrangements. Would you like me to bring you out as an operatic singer, for example, *Il Gondoliere*, or the *Waterman*, *Robino*, *Giovanni Toole*, *Tenore Robusto e Cantante di Camera*, *alla gentilissima Regina Margarita, Regina d'Italia*.

Speak up, don't be backward in coming forward, young man. I hope you are all right in the feet, and no gout. By the bye, I should very much like to introduce you to Mrs. Foot and the two Miss Feet. Do you know them ?

Ever yours,

J. SIMS REEVES.

Charles Santley, my dear old friend (England's greatest baritone), was, like Sothern, a Liverpool man, and like him, too, began his career in a merchant's office. He had a wonderful compass, and could obtain touch of very high notes. He possessed a peculiarly fascinating, rich voice. Sims Reeves and he proved to the world that England could produce as refined and grand vocalisation as Italy or other continental nations. Together they brought about a new era in the musical world. Vocalists have shown that we are not dependent on other countries for exponents of that art. They, in fact, did for music and singing what Irving did for the stage.

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From singing ordinary ballads Santley very soon found himself on the operatic boards, and eventually took the leading parts in oratorios. No English male vocalist ever reached such a unique position.

With the public he became an immense favourite, and in private life succeeded in making hosts of friends in every walk of life.

The following is taken from the "Westminster Gazette":—

"The greatest baritone singer that ever lived in England" completes his eighty-third year to-day; and Sir Charles Santley is to all appearance as hale and hearty as of yore. He is a Liverpool man; and one of his earliest recollections is that of witnessing the destruction by fire of the Liverpool landing-stage in the forties. Young Santley set out for Italy in 1855 with £40 in his pocket to seek a musical career. He had the good luck to become the pupil and friend of the famous Gaetano Nava, and appeared at the Pavia Opera House in 'Traviata' and 'Ernani.' When he returned to England in 1857 he received ten guineas for three appearances at the Crystal Palace—the scene of so many of his subsequent triumphs. In '59 Santley married the late Gertrude Kemble, and made his London operatic debut in Meyerbeer's 'Dinorah.' It was during the run of Wallace's 'Lurline' that he asked Fitzball, the librettist ('who had an infirmity of the nasal organ') why Act II represented coral growing at the bottom of the Rhine. 'That,' replied Fitzball, 'is all robadce. I ab very robadtic. I was brought up a huddred biles frob the haudts of bad—that's why I ab so robadtic'! Among famous numbers composed for Santley's voice were Gounod's 'There is a Green Hill' and 'Ev'n Bravest Heart May Swell'; Sullivan's 'The Lost Chord' and 'Thou'rt Passing Hence'; Tosti's 'For Ever and For Ever'; and Miss M. V. White's

Santley—Patti

'The Devout Lover.' Gounod presented the original manuscript of 'Ev'n Bravest Heart may Swell' to the singer."*

Among the brilliant exponents of song none have surpassed Madame Adelina Patti as the world's prima donna. Jenny Lind, Melba, Tetrazzini and others were and are vocalists of the highest distinction, but none obtained such a firm hold on the affection of the British public as Patti succeeded in doing. Her kindly and winsome ways, her charming and tactful handling of the public, caused her to become a favourite permanently, and her appearance always signified crowded houses and evoked an enthusiastic reception.

Madame Adelina Patti, unlike many of her profession, was exceedingly provident. The fees she could command were enormous, and far beyond anything ever heard of before, and fortunately for her, and much to her credit, she knew how to save, and so became a very wealthy woman.

Among her other achievements she purchased a romantically lovely spot at Penycae, Breconshire, and built there the famous castle "Craig-y-Nos," where she has for years liberally entertained her hosts of friends. Her music room and great organ are things to be seen. She is very generous to her Welsh friends, and never hesitates to subscribe to, or sing for, charitable purposes.

Madame Patti was born in Madrid on February 19th, 1843. She was the daughter of Salvatore Patti, of Catania, Sicily, and Caterina Chiesa, a well-known opera singer. She married first, 1868, Marquis de Caux; second 1886, Signor Nicolini, the great tenor; and her third husband, Baron Rolf Cederstrom, who is now living. She studied under Ettore Barili, and made her debut at the Academy of Music, New York, in November, 1859, and at the Italian Opera House, Covent

* Ada Crossley, the present day great contralto, studied under Charles Santley. She was born in Gippsland, Victoria. Her first appearance in England was in Queen's Hall, London, 1895.

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Garden, in "La Sonnambula," May 1861. She has composed a song, "On Parting," and a waltz, "Fior de Primavera."

She is known as the Queen of Swansea, in consequence of her great benefactions and gifts to the town. *

I remember her on the last occasion that she sang for some charitable object at the Albert Hall, when my wife and I were there, and on her appearance there was a storm of applause which did not cease for fully four or five minutes. She was encored on each occasion, the two last songs being "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Home Sweet Home." The latter she sang with such deep sympathetic pathos that it had the effect of raising a lump in one's throat and tears in one's eyes.

Apropos of this, on one of the last occasions that Patti sang by command at Windsor Castle, before H.M. the late Queen Victoria, on her singing the latter song, the Queen became so deeply affected that she had to be led, weeping, away. Another song that perhaps did not appeal so much to the feelings, but more to the love of song, was "Il Bacio." To hear Patti sing this was in itself a revelation never to be forgotten; her vocalisation was perfect.

Mrs. Howard Paul, for whom I had a great regard, was not only a great contralto, but a charming woman. She created a great sensation throughout the country by her magnificent contralto voice and marvellous impersonations of Sims Reeves, the great tenor. The last occasion on which I met her was in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, when she sang several of Sims Reeves' songs, "Come into the Garden, Maud," "Ben Bolt," etc. She came in dressed in gentleman's evening dress, the perfect image of Sims Reeves, and if one closed one's eyes, one could almost imagine that Sims Reeves himself was there singing.

* Since writing the above Patti has passed away. Her singing enabled her to amass a fortune of upwards of a million pounds sterling, which is phenomenal.

Marie Roze—Lieut. Dan Godfrey

It was almost impossible to differentiate between the two. I knew her husband also intimately ; he was a nephew of the great composer of " Home, Sweet Home," whose grave we saw when at Washington, U.S.A.

The great Prima Donna of the Mapleson Opera Company we met long ere we came to Bournemouth to live.

37, Rue Jeubert.

My dear Friends,

Saturday, 24th November, 1906.

I was indeed surprised to hear from you. So many years since we meet ! Fancy you having five grandchildren ! I have now a school of singing, and am getting on very well. It is very fatiguing, of course.

I suppose you have seen in the papers that Mrs. Lewis-Hill has left me £3,000 in her will. She knew all I had to go through. It is very kind of her. She was so kind—she thought of everyone.

I go to London nearly every year, but you live in Bournemouth. Shall I ever see you ?

Believe me,

Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes,
Bournemouth.

Always very sincerely yours,

MARIE ROZE.

Her son Raymond, a clever composer and musician, unfortunately died a short while ago.

She was specially honoured by the constant friendship of their late Majesties Queen Victoria and King Edward, and also retains that of her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

The Godfreys have been bandmasters for generations. The late Lieut. Dan Godfrey's father, Charles Godfrey, was bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards—he joined them before Waterloo as a bassoon player—and his son Dan became bandmaster of the Grenadiers in July, 1856. He began his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music at the age of 14, and played flute and piccolo solos in the famous Jullien orchestra * ;

* I remember years ago " Jullien's Band," composed of nearly all soloists. The last time I heard them was during a visit I paid to my late brother Alfred, who was chief cashier of the London and North Western Railway Company, at Liverpool. Jullien's Band was playing at the Philharmonic Hall, and he took me to hear it. As a boy I was delighted, never having heard anything like it previously. Among the performers was Herr Konig, the greatest solo cornet player

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and at 35, at Sir Michael Costa's recommendation, the Prince Consort appointed him bandmaster to the Grenadier Guards. He was the first bandmaster in the army to hold an officer's commission, which was only one of many signal recognitions of his merits. His first official appearance as bandmaster was on the occasion of the march of the Grenadiers through London on their return from the Crimea. He claimed credit for the Sunday band playing in Hyde Park.

The late Queen Victoria honoured Lieut. Dan Godfrey with quite a personal friendship, and would very often send for him when his band played on the Castle Terrace at Windsor, and would chat with him without formality, and as Lieut. Godfrey said, "Though you never forgot she was Sovereign of England, her kindness and simplicity of manner set you quite at your ease in a moment." Lieut. Godfrey had heaps of more or less interesting souvenirs of a busy and eventful life, and on his left hand he used to wear two massive gold rings, one set with a superb single diamond, given him by his Royal friend and patroness, and the other gemmed with a fine turquoise between two diamonds, given him by King Edward VII when Prince of Wales.

A lifelong and cordial friendship existed between us, extending as it did over a period of fifty years. A most kindly hearted and genial friend, in his professional capacity he was a martinet, and being efficient on nearly every instrument, and having a marvellously quick ear, he detected the slightest false note.

I have seen him more than once leave the conductor's chair, go direct to one of his instrumentalists with a smile,

of his day. He played on a solid silver instrument presented to him by H.M. Queen Victoria. I have heard several excellent performances since on the cornet, but nothing to compare with König's. Jullien not only conducted his grand orchestra of 120 performers, but he played many of his own compositions, which were always the most popular airs of the day. Jullien was the first conductor to go on tour with a complete orchestra of his own.

Dan Godfrey the Second

take the instrument out of his hand, and play it himself for a few moments, and then resume his baton and go on as if nothing had happened.

On one occasion there was an enormous crowd round the bandstand where the Grenadier Guards band was performing, my wife, daughter and I being among the crowd. On returning to his place, in his cheery, quizzical manner he "spotted" us, and to our amazement during the interval he left the bandstand and came direct to us, the crowd opening up a gap as he moved along towards us—a case of mind over matter. He was a universal favourite.

I was fortunate enough to obtain the services of his splendid and famous band on many occasions, the first visit being when Sir Francis Truscott, the Lord Mayor of London, opened the Pier in 1880, and again on the visit of the British Medical Congress and later when King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, opened the Victoria Hospital.

The Lord Mayor had been at Scarborough opening the Spa, and came thence direct to Bournemouth, with the whole of the civic entourage, consisting of the sword and mace bearers, the chariot and horses, men servitors, trumpeters, etc.

There are now two generations of "Dan" Godfreys—my friend's son, the Musical Director to the Corporation of Bournemouth, and again his son, who is following in his wake.

Twenty-three years ago, just before my year of office as Mayor and Chief Magistrate of Bournemouth, our Borough Orchestra consisted of a few itinerant musicians who were called the "Italian Band," and who depended entirely upon public voluntary subscriptions. With the entry of Dan Godfrey the second, a new musical era was inaugurated, and thanks to his indefatigable and strenuous efforts, Bournemouth has become famous as a musical centre. It is a musical education for anyone who attends the series of symphony and other concerts. Nothing finer is rendered, even by that remarkably

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clever conductor, Sir Henry J. Wood, at the Queen's Hall, London.

In short, Mr. Dan Godfrey has by his arduous labours—which seem to him purely a “labour of love”—raised the name of our beautiful seaside health resort to a very high position in the musical world, which no other man could possibly have exceeded. To him, and him alone, Bournemouth is indebted for becoming a musical centre.

I cannot refrain from acknowledging my debt of gratitude not only for all the enjoyable and admirable music I have heard, but also for the excellent soloists he has so cleverly brought together to render such grand music under his baton. There is one especially, who although I have never met or spoken to him, gives me great pleasure, and he is Mr. W. Byrne. Everything he does is done *con amore*—in fact he reveals a marvellous gift in the manipulation of his drum and other incidental instruments!

I knew John Philip Sousa. I suppose his wonderful orchestra has been heard by millions of people all over the globe. An American by birth with Spanish blood in his veins, he possesses all the “grit” or *verve* of the Anglo-American, and the vivacity of the Spaniard. His peculiar style of conducting his band is really unique, if not bordering upon the ludicrous, being the reverse of the mode universally adopted and which we are all accustomed to. Sousa stands erect, wields no conductor's baton but his hands, which he manipulates up and down in his own “Sousaesque” way. Irrespective of his really fine band, I have known many who have actually been attracted to attend his concerts solely to see him conduct! His band consists of brass instruments, and although handled by Sousa in a masterly manner, the sound was deafening, and much too loud for an ordinary hall. In the open it was admirable. Apropos of this, after one of his afternoon concerts at the Winter Gardens in Bournemouth, my friend Dan Godfrey

John Philip Sousa

and I had dinner with him in the Royal Bath Hotel. During dinner, as usual, he and Godfrey were chatting about musical matters. I made some eulogistic remarks, *re* his conducting and the performance of his band, when he turned to me remarking, "Oh! You didn't hear my band this afternoon. If you had we should have blown the top off that cucumber frame!"

Mr. M. Russell-Cotes, J.P.,
Bournemouth, England.

Astor Court Buildings,
New York.

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

January 29th, 1902.

Your letter of the 11th was received, and was the means of bringing back pleasant recollections of my British tour just finished. I shall always, owing to the kind attentions received there, have nothing but the kindest feelings towards Great Britain and its people, and I am looking forward to the time when I shall visit it again. I was, however, somewhat surprised to find that Bournemouth, which is such a musical centre, did not possess a concert hall in keeping with the other places which I visited during my British tour. It would seem to me that your city could support a larger pavilion for musical purposes than it now possesses, and that an admirable location for it would be somewhere near the approach to the pier and the sea.

I have instructed my secretary to send to you by this delivery an autographed photo, for Mrs. Russell-Cotes.

Hoping that you are well, and that we shall meet again some time in the not distant future.

I remain, with best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

We once visited Tennyson's residence near Haslemere, and its site is incomparably beautiful, standing as it does on an elevation overlooking one of the most beautiful vistas of undulating pastoral scenery that the world can offer.

It was here, and in his other residence in the Isle of Wight, that he composed most of his beautiful poems. There is no doubt that the name of Tennyson will go down to posterity linked with those of Chaucer, Milton, Byron and other great English poets. Perhaps the last and most touchingly beautiful

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of his works was "Crossing the Bar."* No one can read this without a feeling of tearful sympathy, as the old man, feeling conscious of his approaching departure, gave expression to his last sentiments in these beautiful words.

From what I knew of Tennyson I arrived at the conclusion that he was by no means of a cheerful, but more of a morbid disposition, and indeed, I think this is clearly indicated by most of his poems, as there is in his poems a similar degree of lugubriousness to some of the works of Charles Dickens.

Queen Victoria had a very high opinion of him as a friend, and it is said, consulted him frequently upon matters of personal importance, but it is an open secret that he was no courtier, and in many instances was almost rude if her Majesty differed from any proposition which he suggested to her.

My intimacy with the Kenealy family has been of long standing, the most famous member of which was Dr. Kenealy himself, who gained a world-wide reputation for his brilliant defence of the Claimant to the Tichborne Estate. He fought the case with his back to the wall, against a mighty phalanx of prejudice and perjury. He fought on, however, heroically, in spite of all the combination of allied forces brought against him, and knowing too, his thankless task, he devoted his skill without any recompense or reward. His advocacy of the Claimant's

* Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.



A Daimio, one of the Japanese Feudal Lords, who, with a standing army of Samurai (two-sworded men), ruled the provinces over which they had unlimited sway, which incited a disposition among the Daimios to have petty wars with each other.



Japanese Girls Bathing

The actual kind of bath in Japan from time immemorial. The lower part is a furnace of copper.

The Kenealy Family

cause never ceased until death intervened. His son Maurice Kenealy wrote a marvellously clever *resumé* of this "cause celebre" contained in two volumes, which to my profound surprise, he dedicated to me. Another son Alec, a great friend of mine, was editor of "The Daily Mirror," from its inception, until his death. One of his daughters (Dr. Arabella Kenealy) is a popular novelist, and a dear friend, as is also her sister "Katie," a most kindly hearted and lovable woman. Mrs. Kenealy is still alive, and resides with her daughters. The following short reference to the Claimant and his extraordinary trial may be interesting.

The old saying, "Truth is stranger than Fiction," seems to have been invented to fit the Tichborne Case. For this extraordinary drama of real life has never been approached by the most brilliant and fertile romanticist.

The trial was the longest, and because of its aristocratic associations, and the fine old title and estates—to say nothing of the reputations—at stake, was one of the most remarkable and important trials ever known. Most people of the present day remember little of it beyond the world-wide excitement it aroused, and the fact that the Claimant was condemned, justly or unjustly, to penal servitude as Arthur Orton, a butcher of Wapping.

"If this man," John Moore, young Roger Tichborne's former valet, said of the Claimant,—“if this man is not my old master, Mr. Roger, then he must be the devil himself!” And John Moore, the valet, knew his master and his master's traits and characteristics as only valets can. Not only did he identify him by his personality, but by numerous incidents and doings known only to himself and to his former master, of which the Claimant reminded him.

It remains to us to accept the man's statement that he was the long-lost heir, reported drowned at sea (but by some strange power of divination believed by his mother to be still

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alive), while according to his own account, he escaped with some others in an open boat, was picked up in mid-Atlantic by "The Osprey," and carried to Australia, where, sick to death of England, civilisation, and the impossible muddle his folly and vices had made of his career, he determined to remain. Accordingly, changing his name to Castro, he "roughed it" for twelve years in the bush, marrying a woman of the working class, and being content, until the birth of a daughter, and the knowledge that his mother still believed him living, and for years had been advertising for news of him, led him to return home to claim his position and estates for the sake of the child. Or we may believe him, in the words of Moore, to have been "the devil himself"; or in those of George Augustus Sala, the skilled and experienced journalist, who was fully convinced of his identity, and said of him: "Such acting is beyond the limits of possibility. If he be not the man, we have a greater actor among us than Kean." In either case, the hero of this tragedy was one of the most notable and interesting personages of his century. Certainly he made history, for "this deplorable trial," as Mr. Gladstone styled it, and the widespread indignation following upon what was almost nationally regarded as the injustice of the verdict, was the cause of the downfall of the Liberal Administration in 1874, when Mr. Disraeli and his party took office.

No less a sum than £100,000 was expended by the Government in prosecuting the Claimant. And yet, while a certain number of persons were satisfied with the verdict, which had found that a man who was one of the crack shots of England, a good public speaker, an artist, and a clever caricaturist, one of tastes and polished manners, was Arthur Orton, a brutal, illiterate, and degraded East End butcher, so vast was the outcry against the decision that it persisted for over twenty years, innumerable meetings being held, petitions signed by millions of persons being presented to both Houses of Parlia-

The Tichborne Case

ment, and other strenuous demonstrations made against that which was held to be a terrible injustice.

Dr. Kenealy, the Claimant's counsel, a brilliant and clever advocate of long legal experience and varied practice, had believed, before looking into the case, that the man was an impostor. After making his acquaintance, however, and closely studying him and the evidence on both sides, he became convinced that his client was Roger Tichborne ; and this belief he held unshaken to the end.

Every human trait and passion flamed and smouldered for a period of many years around the notable personality of the Claimant, the stoutest man of his day ; a melancholy, silent, and impassive figure ; a strange complexity of cultured and of low tastes ; of ignorance and high breeding ; of gentleness and kindness and magnanimity, and of vulgar vices. Whithersoever he went he excited violent animosities, or enlisted heart-whole and devoted partisanship. With him went evil—greed and avarice, self-interest, and hate and prejudice ; so too, fine self-sacrifice, high moral courage, loyalty and devotion. Into his romantic story entered love and jealousy, priestly persecution, family pride, and the cupidity alike of friend and of foe. All the leading forces of the world, rank, wealth, influence, class-prejudice, and religious and political bias, were ranged against this monstrous, solitary, taciturn enigma, who, far from being the astute and clever villain he was represented by his opponents, was an indolent, careless, self-indulgent man of pleasure, who in all ways was his own worst enemy.

The family, with so much at stake, did not scruple even to employ forged documents in their tactics against him, their counsel suddenly putting into his hands, while in the witness-box, letters known later as " the Pittendreigh forgeries "—clever imitations of his own writing—in order to confuse and to induce him to acknowledge them as his. The natural

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feeling of the family against this would-be usurper was greatly intensified by a statement of the Claimant's as to a certain secret document which young Roger Tichborne had drawn up before leaving England. This statement was dragged from him in court under the severest cross-examination. Under compulsion by his legal advisers, and for their private use only, with the greatest possible reluctance, and under a promise of profound secrecy—a promise which was subsequently broken—he divulged those which he declared to have been the contents of "the Sealed Packet" (for so this secret document was known throughout the two trials). It was to the effect that, before leaving England, he had seduced his cousin, and that the document deposited with his friend, Vincent Gosford, related to this deplorable incident. After committing to paper these "revelations," he dropped his head upon his hands, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Now I am disgraced for ever! Now I can never again hold up my head in Hampshire!"

Another sensation of the case was the incarceration of the old Catholic priest, Father Meyrick, who had known young Roger Tichborne well at Stonyhurst Jesuit College, and had given convincing testimony during the civil suit showing that the Claimant was the missing heir. Being inveigled by a subterfuge into a cab, he was carried off and confined for six years as a lunatic in a Fulham asylum, and was thus prevented from repeating his most valuable evidence at the second trial.

Even more sensational still was the incident of the Claimant's refusal to travel to Melipilla and Santiago, of which refusal much was made at the two trials, it being alleged that he was afraid to face certain witnesses under examination before the commission sitting there. His own explanation was that he had reason to fear being assassinated on the journey. His apprehensions were subsequently justified, for truly enough, while crossing the mountains of that wild country, the diligence, in which he had booked a seat, was attacked, and all

The Bogus Confession

the passengers were murdered, not a soul escaping to tell the tale.

As though Nature had been on the side of the rightful heir—or of the impostor—the undoubted Roger possessed a strange physical malformation which the Claimant also had. And this malformation, the Dowager Lady Tichborne having satisfied herself by personal examination that it was identical with that of Roger, proved to her beyond all possibility of doubt that she had indeed found her long-lost son.

The man's personality was remarkable and arresting from the hour in which the mother (so strangely assured that her beloved, though scapegrace Roger, was still living) had met and at once recognised him, to the stage of his fortunes when he emerged unscathed from his twenty-three days' cross-examination by Coleridge, then Solicitor-General. And this, although he was alleged to be impersonating a man on whom he had never set eyes; nor, prior to coming forward as the missing baronet, had he known any of his acquaintance, or anything of his affairs.

That the Claimant did not have a fair trial was shown by the utterances, long before the case came on, of both the Lord Chief Justice and of Mr. Justice Mellor, two of the judges who tried him, Sir Alexander Cockburn openly proclaiming everywhere that he was determined to send "the impostor" into penal servitude.

Much has been made of the so-called "confession" written by the Claimant some three years before his death. It is quite true that at a time when, broken in health and spirit by his long, unjust imprisonment, and he and his family in the direst straits of poverty, he was induced, under a promise of £3,000, to sign a statement declaring that he was Arthur Orton. A few months later he wholly retracted this bogus "confession," which from beginning to end was a tissue of absurdities and was crammed with mis-statements and

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inaccuracies, wholly disproved by the evidence on both sides. On his death-bed he solemnly affirmed that he was no other than the veritable Roger Charles Tichborne, and had been rescued from the wreck of the "Bella" in the year 1854.

Mr. Lucy's "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," page 192-4, gives the statement of the captain of the "Bella."

I quote the following letter from Dr. Arabella Kenealy. She is a beautiful and charming woman, whose eyes sparkle with deep sympathetic feeling, and remind one of those wonderful magnetic eyes of my beloved old friend, Irving.

The Bat and Ball,
Breamore,
Near Salisbury.
September, 1912.

Dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

I had an uneventful and rather chilly journey back, and find my "hermitage" the more solitary after the kindness and charming society of East Cliff Hall. This morning I have settled back to work, and feel much better for the sea air and the beauty of Bournemouth.

I think often and shall do for long, of the lovely works of art I lived among while with you. Such things seem to reach the soul and satisfy it. Here I have only nature, which I do not decry, but there I had nature and art—and mind as well, in my interesting talks with Sir Merton.

The bouquet blooms on my table as I write, perfuming my room and thoughts.

I do hope you are better, and will take more rest. I have the greatest faith in rest as a restorer. And I hope Sir Merton will remember to smoke a cigarette at night, instead of a cigar, which I am sure is bad for nervousness.

The day is lovely here, and looks settled, fine, as I hope it is also with you.

And now, dear Lady Russell-Cotes, with grateful thanks to you and Sir Merton for my charming visit.

Yours ever sincerely,
ARABELLA KENEALY.

An intimate friendship has existed between that distinguished writer, Miss Marie Corelli, and ourselves.

Harvard House

There is no doubt that she is one of the leading novelists of the period, and as a lecturer is clever, trenchant, and incisive, handling her subject with an ease and confidence that carries everything before it. She has considerable ability other than her literary attainments, and is a talented musician, possessing a rich and beautiful voice. We have had the pleasure of visiting Miss Corelli at her beautiful house, "Mason Croft," Stratford-on-Avon, and have always received the most courteous and hearty welcome and the greatest kindness. We have also had the pleasure of entertaining her at East Cliff Hall. The last occasion on which we visited her was at the opening of the "Harvard House," which had been restored, a work Miss Corelli had lovingly supervised. This opening ceremony was performed by the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. There were many distinguished visitors, all of whom were entertained to a most sumptuous luncheon by Miss Corelli—about a hundred in all. Among those present was Mrs. de Navarro, *née* Miss Mary Anderson.

Miss Corelli is an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of Shakespeare, and what she does not know about Shakespeare and his native town is not worth knowing. Sir Sidney Lee and others have written and lectured upon Shakespeare, but Miss Corelli's great admiration is for Halliwell Phillip's life of Shakespeare, from which all others who have written of his life or of anything in any way connected with Shakespeare, seem to have quoted.

Miss Corelli is also a linguist, speaking several languages fluently. Although her education was partially acquired in a Roman Catholic convent, her faith is of a sound Protestant character.

Letter from myself to Miss Marié Corelli *re* her strictures, which appeared in "Cassell's Magazine":—

Dear Madam,

9th January, 1906.

I beg you to pardon me for addressing you on a matter which I feel very keenly about.

Marie Corelli

Mason Croft,
Stratford-on-Avon.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes, December 9th, 1908.

I owe you and your kind wife many apologies, but I have been, and still am suffering from a most obstinate cold and cough, and have been feeling anything but bright, so I hope you will excuse me. I'm afraid there is no chance of my visiting you this side Christmas, or for some time after, as we have the workmen here, who are making an addition to the house in the shape of a music-room, and I am bound to be here to superintend!

I am sending you the poem to-morrow.*

Do you see that there is a Bill being brought in to alter the Accession Oath?

Miss Vyver would be so glad if you would give her the name and another note of introduction to the dealers who are likely to look at her old Romney picture! She has unfortunately mislaid the one you wrote.

Ever so many kind regards from

Yours sincerely,

MARIE CORELLI.

Prince's Hotel,
Brighton.

My dear Sir Merton, Saturday.

I am so very sorry to have missed you. I was at home, though just on the point of leaving for this place for a little rest and fresh air, and here I am! Your letter has just been sent on to me.

Now that I have a powerful Daimler car, I can do many little quickly arranged trips. I motored all the way from Stratford here, and it was quite a delightful and easy journey. Some time in November I might motor to visit you and Lady Russell-Cotes in Bournemouth—if you'd have me!

Warm regards to both from

Yours ever sincerely,

MARIE CORELLI.

Prince's Hotel,
Brighton.

My dear Lady Russell-Cotes, October 30th, 1912.

Your letter came on here—of course I shall be most willing to bring Miss Vyver with me—our idea is to motor all the way.

I have had a few days of sea air here with some friends. The waves have been quite magnificent in storm.

I'm sorry you have not been well. It's all the trying weather we have had, I expect.

Love from us both to you, and kindest greetings to Sir Merton, from

Yours ever sincerely,

MARIE CORELLI.

* "England."

Home and Abroad

A dear old friend of my wife and myself was Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon), one of the greatest English woman novelists. She was born in the year 1837 and rapidly became a favourite author with the public, and her novels achieved such success that some of them were dramatised. In 1860 at the Strand Theatre a comedietta by Miss Braddon entitled "Loves of Arcadia" was produced; but it was really from 1862 that her pronounced and marvellous success dated, and she made her name as a novelist on the publication of "Lady Audley's Secret" which was followed by another novel equally popular, "Aurora Floyd." Her story entitled "Vixen" deals with the New Forest and contains some delightful pen pictures of its beautiful scenery. Altogether, I think the number of her novels total up to something like sixty, and I venture to say that there is not an objectionable word in any one of them.

For some years, our dear friend had a charming retreat in the New Forest where she wrote in the repose and quiet of that charming spot. We frequently had her company either to luncheon or tea, and in return we often visited her in her own delightful home.

2, Royal Crescent,
Ramsgate.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

November 30th.

Your kind invitation of the 27th only reached me this morning, as we left Richmond on Wednesday afternoon for a three weeks' change to this nice bracing air.

It is long since we have stayed in our forest home, and may be long before we re-visit it. Whenever we do go there, my son and I and his wife will be charmed to accept your hospitality for "the cup that cheers," and for a good look at your splendid pictures and many interesting works of art.

With kind regards from us both, to you and Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Very sincerely yours,

MARY MAXWELL.

The Honourable Mrs. A. Felkin, better known to the public as Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, who has come to live

Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin

amongst us, is a daughter of the first Lord Wolverhampton. She was born at Wolverhampton, which is the "Silverhampton" of her work, "Double Thread," and had lived there most of her life up to 1900. I invited this eminent writer and poetess to the opening of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery in 1919, whereupon I received the following letter from her:—

Emo Lodge,
Clarendon Road,
Bournemouth W.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, 5th February, 1919.

I was so sorry that the cold weather prevented my husband and myself from being present at your gathering at East Cliff Hall last week, as I have for a long time been wishful to make your acquaintance because we are fellow-citizens of Tettenhall. I was there last year, and very much admired the window in the Church and the Monument in the churchyard which you had recently erected to the memory of your parents, and which I had not seen before.

My father was Sir Henry Fowler, M.P. for Wolverhampton for nearly thirty years, and my mother was a daughter of Mr. S. B. Thorneycroft, the first Mayor of Wolverhampton. My uncle, the late Colonel Thorneycroft, lived at Tettenhall Towers, for many years; and my old home, "Woodthorne," was in Tettenhall parish. So you see I am closely connected with Tettenhall and Wolverhampton, and consequently feel an interest in anyone who hails from there. Your sister, Mrs MacEwan, once asked me to call on you if ever I came to Bournemouth, as you had known some of my people in the old days. She, herself, as a girl, was at the same school as several of my aunts.

I hope we may meet when the weather gets warmer, and have a talk about dear old Tettenhall; but as I am visiting here on account of a delicate chest, I dare not be out late on these cold afternoons, but have to be indoors before 3.30 by doctor's orders.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FELKIN.

The Honourable Mrs. Felkin is a cousin of Miss Florence Thorneycroft, the granddaughter of my godfather, Colonel Thorneycroft, of whom I have spoken in the earlier chapters of this book. It is with great pleasure that I refer to Miss Thorneycroft, as she is now the Vicar's Churchwarden at

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Tettenhall Church,* that dear old church that holds such sacred memories for me.

After she had paid a visit to the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum I received the following letter from Miss Thorneycroft :—

Tettenhall Towers,
Wolverhampton.

Dear Sir Merton,

July 13th, 1919.

I waited till my return home to thank you for your great kindness in allowing us to see your wonderful museum while we were staying with Mrs. Felkin. We greatly appreciated it and both my sister and Miss Harrison who was with us, thank you most heartily.

I love Tettenhall so much myself that it is an intense pleasure to feel that you care for it too, and the picture of your mother brought back many memories of the village long ago.

I have just been appointed Vicar's churchwarden and the care of the church and its belongings now falls on me, and I can assure you that your window † is always specially looked after and decorated.

It has been found necessary to restore and, indeed, to re-construct the organ at a cost of £1,460. Knowing your interest, I venture to send you the details in the hope that you will help. We have £530 in hand and promises of £181, and one anonymous offer of £100, if nine similar amounts are received. I fear this is impossible, but a gift from you would be most deeply appreciated by,

Yours very gratefully,
FLORENCE THORNEYCROFT.

* The Vicarage,
Tettenhall,

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

February 20th, 1908.

Thank you most sincerely for your very kind and courteous letter. The tablet is artistic, dignified, and impressive, and we are all delighted with it, and thank you for an added adornment to our most noble old church. It is kind of you to refer to Mrs. Harrison's and my daughter's proposed visit to Bournemouth. They still hope to come later on, though the latter is no longer an invalid, or only very slightly so. It proved impossible for them to come when first arranged. If and when they should come, as you are so very kind, I shall venture to write to you again. Will you please convey to Mrs. Russell-Cotes and your son, and accept for yourself, our united kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,
A. R. HARRISON.

P.S.—When next you visit Tettenhall, please let me hear beforehand by a p.c. We hope you will come here to luncheon, and shall look forward to seeing you.

† The window to which Miss Thorneycroft refers is the one that I had executed in memory of my father and mother and my brother Alfred. Some years before this, at my dear

Henry Labouchere

Tettenhall Towers,
Wolverhampton.

Dear Sir Merton,

July 22nd, 1919.

Very many thanks for your most kind letter and generous offer. Will you please make out the cheque for fifty guineas to the churchwardens of Tettenhall Church and let me have it, as the work for the organ is already in hand.

I am much interested in your splendid schemes for the children; thank you for the beautifully got-up books.

I am so thrilled to find my grandfather, Col. Thorneycroft, was your godfather. The theatre is still here and has been used for ambulance classes and Red Cross entertainments and other war work.

I had a hospital for forty-seven men at the old Manor House at the bottom of the old hill, and my soldiers enjoyed coming up here to play billiards and wander round the "Bluebell Grove" † which is still most beautiful in Spring.

Again thanking you for your ready help and for your kind message to the Vicar,

Believe me,

Yours very gratefully,

FLORENCE THORNEYCROFT.

I knew Henry Labouchere, Editor of "Truth," well, and always found him to be a most genuine and interesting friend, although this was not the opinion formed of him by the "Man in the Street." He was generally considered to be a very

wife's suggestion, we also presented stained glass windows to the Chapel at the cemetery here.

County Borough of Bournemouth,
Town Clerk's Office,

"Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure of forwarding you herewith copy of a resolution unanimously passed by the Council at their meeting yesterday with reference to your gift of stained glass windows to the Chapel at the Wimborne Road Cemetery.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

GEO. WM. BAILEY.

(Town Clerk).

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH.

At the Quarterly meeting of the Council held on the 28th day of July, 1908.

Present: The Right Worshipful the Mayor, in the chair.

Stained Glass Windows, Cemetery Chapel.

Resolved.—That the Council desire to record their high appreciation of the gift of stained glass windows to the Cemetery Chapel by Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, and to offer them their best thanks.

(Signed) GEO. WM. BAILEY

Town Clerk."

† "The Bluebell Grove" was, and I believe still is, a sylvan glade of delight. Here my brothers and sisters and I used to play in happy childhood. Not only did the masses of bluebells give an irresistible charm to this beautiful spot, but the rippling brook at the foot of the hill afforded us many hours of enjoyment.

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cross-grained and cantankerous man, and no doubt in politics he was so. He was greatly interested in theatrical matters, and for some years leased the Queen's Theatre in Long Acre under the management of Miss Hodgson, whom he eventually married. Irving was her stage manager, and Charles Wyndham and Lionel Brough were included in her company. I frequently accompanied one of them, and sat in their dressing room during the performance, and was greatly amused by Brough's imitation of Irving.

The last time I met Labouchere, I had lunch with him, his wife and daughter, at the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, where he was recuperating after a severe attack of influenza. After lunch, we smoked a cigar and chatted over the days of yore, as it always afforded him pleasure to recount the events of his life which were full of graphic details and excitement.

Professor Blackie, who occupied successively the Latin, the Greek, and the Celtic Chairs of the Edinburgh University, was known intimately by me, and I never knew anyone who had a similar individuality. He was absolutely himself—and like no one else; his peculiarities were most exceptional and cropped up on all occasions. He was always bright, cheerful, full of fun, and never seemed to know a dull moment. One of his peculiarities was that he was continually whistling when not talking. If one had had a conversation with him, on going away, he would immediately begin to whistle.

Many stories are told of his life at the University and the students he taught. He was a stern and forceful teacher, and insisted upon discipline, which some of the students tried to evade. But though particularly firm, he was very much beloved, and many were the times when the students tried to score off him. The following is an example of the sort of thing that occurred.

One morning in the spring of 1879, as the students attending the Greek class, then held in the north-east corner of the

Blackie—Dickens

old University, were hurrying up at nine o'clock, they were confronted by a notice, posted on one of the pillars outside somewhat to this effect :—" Owing to the outbreak of fire this morning, Professor Blackie regrets that he will not be able to meet his classes to-day." One of them stroked out the " c " of " classes," whereat the laughter of the undergraduates became extreme. In the course of the morning, Professor Blackie emerged from the Senate Hall at the south-east corner of the buildings. A small crowd still surrounded the notice, and at sight of the Professor the laughter and shouting were renewed. He walked across to see what the excitement was about, and the students readily gave way to let him see the joke at his expense. Without saying a word, the Professor took out a pencil, stroked out the " l," and walked off.

It was during Charles Dickens' lecturing tour on two occasions that I had the pleasure of meeting him. He seemed rather undemonstrative, and from his manner you would never for one moment realise that he possessed the marvellous dramatic gift which he displayed in reading his own works. Nevertheless he made highly successful tours both at home and in America for this purpose. On meeting him, I was rather disappointed in finding that instead of a cheerful and vivacious nature which, judging from some of the characters he displays in his works, one would expect, his idiosyncrasy was more in unison with those of a lugubrious character, until he became better acquainted with you, when he would warm up and become a very cordial and staunch friend. He was not a man one could understand and really get to know all at once, but once having penetrated the shell of his reserve, I found him a man in many respects after my own heart.

His resting place is Westminster Abbey—an honour well deserved by so distinguished a writer and reformer.

Among many other literary geniuses I have known, none perhaps possessed more originality and depth of the true essence

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of the human nature than Robert Louis Stevenson ; his personality is strangely arresting. In the first place, his was a double personality. In his journey to the Cevennes he reflects that every one of us travels about with a donkey. In his " Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde " the donkey becomes a devil. Somebody said that " The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde " showed Stevenson as Poe, with the addition of a moral sense. Critics may differ as to the exact literary value of that famous little book, but as an expression of Stevenson's deepest thought about life, it will retain its interest. He was not content to dwell in a world where the lines are drawn clear, where the sheep are separated from the goats. He would have a foot in both worlds, content to dwell neither wholly with the sheep, nor wholly with the goats. No doubt his ruling interest was in ethical problems and he could be stern in his moral judgments, as, for example, in his discussion of the character of Burns. He was by nature and training religious, " something of the shorter Catechist."

" Skerryvore," the pretty house at Alum Chine, Bournemouth, was presented to Robert Louis Stevenson by his father, and for more than two years was the scene of the " bed and physic bottle " battle which the great novelist, essayist and poet, waged with so much heroism. It was named by Stevenson himself after the famous lighthouse erected by the Stevenson family on the Scottish coast, and Stevenson himself thus explains the dedication :—

" For love of lovely words, and for the sake
Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,
Who early and late in the windy ocean toiled
To plan a star for seamen, where was then
The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants,
I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe
The name of a strong tower."

Two's love to Mother

Third day, 1855

I am delighted with
the book, and will try to write
some little articles in translation
words that shall do no violence
to it.

There is a remarkable
individuality in the English
Portrait, and it is of a most
satisfactory nature. She looks like
a woman who could be trusted

will see, as well as with them.

My thanks.

Yours truly
and affectionately

Charles Dickens

England.

Lift up thine eyes Queen Warriors of the world!
Stand, fearless, footed on Time's shifting verge,
And watch thine everlasting Dawn emerge
From clouds that thickly threaten Thunderous War!
Lo, how thy broad East reddens to thy West,
The wild thy thousand victor'd flag, unfurl'd,
Waves to thy North and South in one royal fold
Of Brit. like shelter for an Empire's rest:
O Queen, sword-girded, helmeted in gold,
Strong Conqueror of all thy many foes,
Look from thy rocky heights and o'er afar
The coming Future menacing the Past
With clamour and wild change of present things,
Kingdoms down-chak'n with the fall of things,
But fear not Thou! Thou'rt still the first and best
Imperial wearer of the deathless Rose, —
Crownd with the sunlight, girdled with the sea,
Mother of mightiest Nations yet to be!

13th April 1909.

— Maria Corelli.

R. L. Stevenson

Stevenson was hugely delighted with the gift, and in one of his charming poems thus contrasts it with the original "Skerryvore" :—

" Here all is sunny, and when the truant gull
Skims the green level of the lawn, his wing
Dispetals roses ; here the house is framed
Of kneaded birch and the plumed mountain pine,
Such clay as artists fashion and such wood
As the tree-climbing urchin breaks."

I have always loved these verses to the memory of Stevenson :—

R.L.S.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

These to his memory. May the age arriving,
As ours, recall
That bravest heart, that gay and gallant striving,
That laurelled pall !
Blithe and rare spirit ! We, who later linger
By bleaker seas,
Sigh for the touch of the Magician's finger,
His golden keys !

On " Punch's " staff, besides Sir Francis Burnand, Sir Henry Lucy and others, Mr. Harry Furniss was an intimate friend.

On one occasion when he was visiting us an accident occurred of a very amusing nature, which was the cause of my wife presenting an American rocking chair to Mr. Furniss. He was swinging in it when all of a sudden he and the chair went over backwards, and remained in that position till I rushed to his assistance, as he was absolutely helpless lying on his back. Much to his chagrin roars of laughter followed the incident, which he rather resented, saying " they would not laugh if they had tumbled over " !

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Alington,
Dean Park,
Bournemouth.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

20th January, 1890.

It is really too kind of you to send me the chair. I thought it was all a joke. I must "live up to it," or rather in it. I shall retain it as a reminiscence of your pleasant hospitality.

Very sincerely yours,
HARRY FURNISS.

Alington,
Dean Park,
Bournemouth.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

Monday morning.

Many thanks for your kind invitation to dine with you this evening, but you must excuse us. The fact is my friend, Mr. Milliken, and I are bringing out a book and he has come down here to arrange it with me—his stay is a very short one and therefore time is important—that is why we bothered your Sunday's rest.

Mr. Milliken was delighted to see your wonderful collection of Japanese curios, and of course, "Likajoko" was quite "at home."

Very sincerely yours,
HARRY FURNISS.

Among the many friendships that I have formed during my residence in Bournemouth, is that of Mr. William Pickford, the Editor of the "Bournemouth Guardian," a gentleman for whom I have always had a very great esteem, and whose friendship I have always valued. He has always cheerfully co-operated with others in any scheme for the improvement of Bournemouth and did "Yeoman's work" in his advocacy by writing "Leaders" and other articles in co-operation with the committee of the League which I set up many years ago. In this effort I found Mr. Pickford one of my most powerful allies, and I have always felt that it was in a great measure due to his insistence and influence, exerted through the columns of the "Guardian," that a Government Enquiry was finally brought about, when we were successful in obtaining the consent of the Board of Trade to have the first section of the Undercliff Drive carried out. Mr. Pickford was also most enthusiastic

Harry Furniss—Wm. Pickford

in supporting the project of a central rendezvous or pavilion to take the place of the so-called "Winter Gardens" and this would have been a *fait accompli* had it not been for the then President of the Board of Trade, Mr. John Burns, who was obdurate and declined to give his consent. Subsequent events have proved incontestably that the lack of, so greatly needed, a public rendezvous has been a serious drawback to Mr. Dan Godfrey's enterprise in developing music and his splendid orchestra. Unfortunately, like many others, the people of Bournemouth are now the victims of an ignorant Cabinet Minister exercising despotic power. We therefore must "possess our souls in patience."

The people of Bournemouth are not aware to what extent they are indebted to Mr. Pickford for his efforts in season and out of season to serve the town by his journalistic influence. His pen, however, is not merely used for such purposes, it being constantly at the service of any good, charitable or philanthropic cause, and incidentally, I may add, he is a great champion of football, and has contributed large sums of money, from time to time, towards promoting that form of sport, and it was through my knowledge of the purity of his actions and his abnegation of self, that prompted me, unhesitatingly, to fall in with his suggestion as revealed in the following letters, and it is a great pleasure to me to record that the silver cup that I presented to the Hampshire Football Association, of which Mr. Pickford is the Hon. Treasurer, through my friend, as a means of increasing the Benevolent Fund of the Association, had a record by adding upwards of a hundred and thirty pounds to the Benevolent Fund:—

Hampshire Football Association.

Dear Sir Merton,

Sept. 17th, 1919.

I am very much gratified at your kind reply re the silver cup. Of course you don't really know about football, but I am anxious to get the cup for the Hampshire Association. It is not a club, but a governing body of Hampshire clubs, and I am one of the leading officers. We have

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several hundred clubs in membership and one of our functions is to raise funds by matches, etc., for benevolence, to help injured players, poor widows and dependents of members.

With your cup a permanent gift to this Association we could arrange to offer it as a yearly challenge cup for matches and take the proceeds for our charity fund and *for no other purpose*.

It would not need a penny spent on it, as it already had the necessary engraving done when you lent it to us some years ago.

If you could agree to give the cup to the County Association, with which I am likely to be connected as long as I live, you may be sure that it will fulfil a most excellent purpose. I really don't think you could put it to a better one.

The Hampshire Football Association was established in 1887 and I was the hon. sec. for 32 years. So you may quite properly assume that it is a very responsible body and I can assure you that the gift of your cup would give us both great pleasure and be a valuable help.

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

W. PICKFORD.

Hampshire Football Association.

Dear Sir Merton,

Sept. 20th, 1919.

It is both kind and generous of you to give this Association the silver cup for our benevolent fund purposes. You may be sure that the council will value and appreciate the gift, and when we have arranged a competition, it should go on earning, annually, money for charity.

We shall be having our next meeting in October, when I will take steps to publicly announce the gift and hand the cup to the Association on your behalf. In the meantime I will hold the cup.

I think I appreciate your personal kindness to me more than this actual cup. In our different spheres of life and ways we have much in common—love of Bournemouth, of art, of literature, and I have learned to appreciate your widespread activities—even still, and your many generousities. So many people talk, but don't give. I always say that in all you have done, you back your ideas by deeds.

"Something accomplished, something done, has earned a night's repose."

With good wishes to you and Lady Russell-Cotes,

Yours very sincerely,

W. PICKFORD.

Extract from the minutes of a Council Meeting of the Hampshire Football Association held on Wednesday, October 22nd, 1919 :—

The "Russell-Cotes" Charity Cup

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Pickford formally presented this handsome Silver Challenge Trophy to the Association, on behalf of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, of Bournemouth. In accordance with the wishes of the donors, this cup is to be used for the purpose of raising money for the Hants F.A. Benevolent Fund, for which purpose the cup was originally used some ten years ago. Mr. Pickford testified to the kindly spirit in which the trophy had again been given to the Association, and the presentation was enthusiastically received.

It was unanimously resolved that the thanks of the Association be extended to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes for their splendid gift, with the assurance that their further noble example of real benevolence will be fully appreciated by all interested in the work of the Hants F.A. and followers of the game throughout the county.

A suitably designed "Expression of Thanks" will be prepared and sent to the donors in the near future, and arrangements made for the promotion of a competition for which this valuable cup can be used.

Among my many dramatic friends I counted no one more talented and distinguished in his exceptionally rare and difficult role than my friend, Wallett, the greatest Shakespearean jester England ever produced. He was called "The Queen's Jester." He held the Royal appointment conferred upon him by Queen Victoria.

He was by birth a gentleman and a man of great culture and education. He could quote Greek, Latin—in fact, nearly every language under the sun. He was a splendid man, with a marvellous presence, and a peculiarly rich, full voice, which filled the circus. Silence prevailed until he stepped into the arena, then cheer upon cheer arose from the huge audience. A king could not have received a more enthusiastic reception.

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He simply adopted this life from a love of it. It was with Hengler's Circus that he always appeared, except on the occasions when he gave lectures. There are two incidents I recollect in Glasgow; one occurred in the circus in West Nile Street. A negro was sitting very high up on one of the top benches of the gallery. Walleth saw him, and made a remark to the effect that he saw a dusky brother there. Some of the audience evidently misunderstood him, and began to hiss. Walleth immediately left the ring and strode up to the gallery, the people making way for him, until he came to the negro. He took the negro by the hand, and in the memorable words of William Wilberforce said, "Is he not a man and a brother?" This had the desired effect, and caused tumultuous enthusiasm.

The second incident happened when he was lecturing in the City Hall upon Burns. The place was crowded, and he received a tremendous ovation, as he was a great public favourite. He made some remark touching upon Burns' weaknesses, which was immediately resented by the audience, especially in the gallery, where the noise was so great that the police had to be brought in to quell the disturbance. Walleth sat down at the beginning of the uproar, and remained sitting until order was restored, when he got up, and looking round the hall steadfastly, said: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—If I have said anything that has occasioned you the slightest offence, I now offer you my earnest and deepfelt apologies. However, I will gae on and dae a' I can, and I canna dae nae mair. I love the memory of the great Scottish bard more than I love my ain life!" He said all this in broad Scotch, and this simple incident caused a complete revulsion in the feelings of the audience, which rose with one accord and cheered him. Walleth was a Nottingham man by birth, and died there. Like other geniuses and exceptionally great men, Walleth has no successor. In this respect we have similar instances in the loss of Sims

Wallett—Sarah Bernhardt

Reeves, Irving, Toole, Sothern, etc. It was not the *circus* that drew the crowded audiences ; it was *Wallett*, the " Queen's Jester."

Our friendship with Madame Sarah Bernhardt consisted in having met her upon several occasions, and in her having taken tea with us at East Cliff Hall, where she was an enthusiastic admirer of the art collection therein contained. Among other things, she was particularly struck with the model of the " Japanese Wrestlers," a most beautiful model from the originals, whom we saw during our sojourn in Kyoto, Japan. She possesses a marvellously virile and versatile nature, full of emotional pathos, which can be roused to the highest pitch of vehement violence, making a very affectionate friend or a very bitter enemy. Her love of art was demonstrated during the visits she paid to us, and her knowledge of everything appertaining to it seemed to be boundless.

Comparisons, they say, are odious. Perhaps, therefore, I ought to avoid attempting them between her and Miss Ellen Terry, and although I may not be expressing the views of the majority of theatrical experts and critics, I can only express my own view, which is that her acting in my estimation does not appeal to the heart and soul as does Ellen Terry's. In point of fact these two great actresses can in no way be compared, but, as I have said before, taking them all in all, I cannot give any other opinion than to express the preference which I undoubtedly give to Miss Ellen Terry.

Sarah Bernhardt's first appearance at the Comedie Francaise was made in a minor part in Racine's " Iphigenie " without any marked success, and her career there was speedily interrupted by her having the temerity to slap the face of one of the " leading ladies," whom she considered to have insulted her sister. She spent a year in playing burlesque parts at the Porte St. Martin and Gymnase Theatres, and then took a sudden trip to Spain ; but she returned, having spent all

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her money, and became a member of the company of the Odeon in 1867.

During the siege of Paris she organised an ambulance service in the theatre. When peace was restored she left the Odeon for the Comedie Francaise, thereby incurring a considerable monetary forfeit. From that time she steadily increased her reputation, although she had a hard fight against adverse criticism, two of the most definite steps in her progress being her performances in November, 1874, as "Phedre," and in 1877 as "Dona Sol" in "Hernani."

In the autumn of 1896 she made a success with "Lorenzaccio"; and in Easter week of 1897 she furnished her audiences with a new sensation by giving performances of a religious drama, "La Samaritaine."

Early in 1899 she removed from the Renaissance to the Theatre des Nations, a larger house, which she opened in January with a revival of "La Tosca."

She has lately had a most serious illness, resulting in one of her legs having to be amputated, but in spite of this, and at the age at which most ladies should be enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, she renewed her connection with the stage and travelled just as if nothing had occurred, proving the marvellous power of her mind over matter. To the amazement, however, of everyone, she forsook the theatre for the music hall stage, her performances at the Coliseum, London, drawing enormous and enthusiastic audiences.

Her actual name was Rosine Bernard, and she was born in Paris on the 22nd October, 1845. She was born of French and Dutch parentage, and is of Jewish descent.

Since writing the former comments upon Madame Sarah Bernhardt's talents, as one of the greatest actresses of the period, I have had the pleasure in seeing her take the character of a young French soldier, Marc Bertrand, slowly regaining consciousness, after having been mortally wounded.

Sir Charles Wyndham

The piece that is enacted is entitled "Du Theatre au Champ d'Honneur," and was performed at a matinee in the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, on the 28th April, 1916, probably the last time that this marvellously talented actress will visit Bournemouth. The soldier repeated a poem, each verse concluding with the prayer "*Forgive them not, for they know well what they do!*" After repeating this poem, which supplicates the Divine Being Who can read the enemies' inmost soul, to mete out just punishment to those who have crucified Belgium, murdered infants, and violated women, the soldier asks that they may suffer the same pangs of hunger, and be forced to expiate the abominable, atrocious and unspeakable crimes which they have committed, so making the whole world shudder.

The poem then goes on to relate how one of the Red Cross dogs, however, tracks out the wounded man and soon two Red Cross nurses and a doctor minister to him, but Bertrand refuses to be moved without his flag. He then remembers where he had concealed it, and having recovered it, he recites Deroulede's famous verses "Au Porte Drapeau." The effort has been too much for him, and as he breathes his last, he is heard to murmur "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" "*Vive la France!*"

The effect was intensely thrilling, so much so that words cannot express the tension of the feelings of the audience, which were so wrought up on this occasion that it found vent in shouts of "Bravo!" and *vivas*. Mr. Dan Godfrey's superb band played the "Marseillaise," and the National Anthem brought to a close a graphic and heart-thrilling, memorable performance, raising her to the pinnacle of her fame.

The late Sir Charles Wyndham (or Culverwell, to give him his family name), was a very old and valued friend. I met him in his father's private hotel, Norfolk Street, Strand, after his return from the American Civil War, and our friendship con-

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tinued until his death. He began his theatrical career at the New Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, in the play of "Black-eyed Susan" (Fred Dewar taking the character of Captain Crosstree), which was a great success. He afterwards joined Miss Hodgson's Company at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, as I have previously mentioned.

Wyndham's crowning achievements were his becoming Lessee and Actor Manager of the Criterion Theatre, and his partnership with that charming actress Miss Mary Moore, now Lady Wyndham. He and his wife spent their honeymoon in Bournemouth, and we were never tired of recalling "Auld Lang Syne."

At a later meeting we noticed our old friend's memory had practically ceased to exist and generally "A.D." had played havoc with his constitution, and this unfortunately soon terminated his earthly career. A few weeks before his death he sent to me the costume he had worn as David Garrick, which is now a prized exhibit in the Irving Museum.

Wyndham's Theatre,
Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

November 24th, 1902.

I am so sorry that I could not get round to see you last evening. Both before and after dinner, however, we were hard at all the details in many estimates from different firms for the new scenery of the Criterion Theatre, and they occupied all our time till the hour for retiring.

Let me congratulate you on the splendid condition of Merton. He is looking better than I have ever seen him look for years, all due, I am sure, to your wifely care.

Am just off to our next town. It is getting very weary work. Last night was the only night during the matinee time that we were not travelling, and that day had to be devoted to work.

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

Just off by motor again and hope we shan't get stuck as we were on Sunday, right in the middle of the New Forest, too late for an appointment—too late for a good dinner—and too late for good temper.

“ Johnnie ” Toole

Royal Bath Hotel,
Bournemouth.

My dear Cotes,

March 24th, 1916.

Many thanks for your kind note and congratulations. Lady Wyndham and I will with pleasure come and see you and Lady Russell-Cotes on Monday or Tuesday ; meanwhile with kindest regards to you both,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES WYNDHAM.

From Lady Wyndham concerning the suit worn by Sir Charles in the character of “ David Garrick,” now in the Russell-Cotes Museum.

Hyde Park Hotel,
Knightsbridge,
London, S.W.

My dear Sir Merton,

May 16th, 1916.

Thank you so much for your kind letter, and forgive me not writing in my own hand, as my fingers are quite numbed with neuritis. One thing is sure, *i.e.*, that worry makes me worse, and already the worry of thinking and turning into a company has had a bad effect, and so as Charles does not wish us to go on with it, we have reluctantly abandoned the idea, especially as everyone tells us it would take considerable time to get it in working order, and involve many interviews, which I am not well enough to support. I feel so sorry that I have trespassed on your and your son's great kindness, but I know you will forgive me and understand.

We are sending you an engraving of Charles, and one of me will follow, as I have not been engraved yet. Would you like an old velvet suit worn by Sir Charles as David Garrick, or would that be too large ?

With kindest regards to Lady Russell-Cotes, yourself and your son, from us both.

Yours very sincerely,

MARY WYNDHAM.

My old and dear friend Toole, or “ Johnnie ” as he was dubbed by his cronies, was one of the greatest—if not the greatest—of English comic actors and a bosom friend of Irving's.

Here is a good story of his that will be new to many :—
“ What I want is a bright, short play,” said Toole to the amateur who had brought him a six-act drama.

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“How do you mean—a short, bright drama?” asked the author. “Can you give me an idea?”

“Oh, yes,” said Toole, “here’s one. It’s direct, and leaves so much to the imagination.

“It is in one act.

“When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back, and a commercial traveller enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least, that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer.

“The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt’s revolver, and, in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires.

“The young woman falls dead.

“He fires again, and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eye-glasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. ‘Great heavens!’ he exclaims, ‘I am on the wrong floor.’”

One evening when he was walking along Piccadilly, he observed in front of him a gentleman “got up” regardless of expense, and walking along with a very swaggering air. Toole, as usual, could not resist the temptation to have a joke at this individual’s expense. So he hurried up to him, touched him on the shoulder, and said, “*I beg your pardon, sir, but are you anyone in particular?*”

Toole, like Sothern, was an irrepressible humorist and their practical jokes would fill a volume.

Toole’s will was very interesting, very long, and had thirteen codicils. He left close on £80,000, and named nearly 170 people for bequests, including many well-known names on the stage, in art and in literature. None of his old friends was

Toole's Will

forgotten; bequests to members of "my old company" occurred very often in the list, and a typical touch of kindheartedness was the fact that all bequests were to be paid free of legacy duty. Many of those who would have benefited from Mr. Toole's generosity died years before he did.

Chief of the legacies to his friends was £4,000 and his house at 44, Maida Vale, to Sir Henry Irving. No one would have dreamed a short year before that Toole's lifelong friend would precede him to the grave.

Some other interesting bequests were:—

Barbara Mobbs, sister of Mr. Toole's late wife ..	£1,800
Eliza Johnstone, "my company"	£2,000
Frank Carlton, prompter, who lived with Mr. Toole until the end	£1,000
Lionel Brough	£ 600
John Billington	£1,300
Weedon Grossmith	£300
Mrs. Mary Anne Young (Mr. Toole's sister) ..	£2,000
Edward Yates Lowne, his executor ..	£2,300
Frederick Toole, Mr. Toole's nephew ..	£250
George Lee, manager, "my company" ..	£50
Lawrence Irving	£100
H. B. Irving	£100
George Grossmith	£100
Frederick Dubois, his solicitor	£200
Mary Watts, "my maid"	£200
Charles Brunton, "my valet"	£250
Scarrot, chief carpenter	£50
Carter, gasman	£25
Kate Carlyon, "my company"	£100

Mr. Toole reverting to an old custom, bequeathed, as tokens of esteem, 107 sums of £20 each for mourning rings, so that a number of his friends might commemorate him. These include a number of journalists, three of the names being Mr.

Home and Abroad

Justin Huntly McCarthy and the late Mr. George Augustus Sala and Mr. Clement Scott.

Some other notable legatees were :—

J. M. Barrie	Albert Chevalier	Ellen Terry
A. W. Pinero	John Hare	Beerbohm Tree
W.S. Gilbert	Cyril Maude	Irene Vanbrugh
George Alexander	Judge Parry	Charles Wyndham
J. W. Comyns Carr	Arthur Roberts	Wilson Barrett
		Dan Leno

The following list of fortunes left by notable actors is of interest :—

Edward Terry	£44,056
Sir Augustus Harris	£23,677
Frederick Hobson (Fred Leslie)	£16,113
William Rogers Arthur Stirling	£15,227
Wilson Barrett	£30,862
George Wilde Galvin (Dan Leno)			..	£10,994
Herbert Edward Storey (Herbert Campbell)			..	£4,477
Sir Henry Irving	£20,527
George Grossmith	£19,628

I little thought when I wrote my slight biography of my beloved friend, Sir Henry Irving, that it would fall to my sad lot to record the deaths of his two sons before completing my autobiography.

My deep and enduring affection for my beloved friend was in a measure extended to his sons, but compared with my close friendship and intimacy with their father, my experience was of a comparatively limited nature.

They both had had a university education and were highly cultured and intellectual men. They both spoke several continental languages fluently.

For some considerable time Lawrence was a secretary to the Ambassador in Petrograd and it was during his sojourn there that he acquired a good knowledge of Russian history

Lawrence Irving

and the language, which he spoke indifferently well. His play of "Peter the Great" was a masterpiece of literature and dramatic power, but although dramatised and put on the stage at the Lyceum, the title role being sustained by his father, it did not appeal to the public taste, and after a short run was withdrawn.

Lawrence undoubtedly possessed a highly cultured brain, and possessed many of his father's attributes; and as I was always deeply impressed by his father's acting as "Louis XI" and "Corporal Brewster" in "Waterloo," so I was impressed with Lawrence's impersonation of "Tokeramo" in "The Typhoon." Having travelled in Japan and had familiar acquaintance with the Japanese, I cannot but think that the memory of that impersonation will live, for as played by him it was absolutely perfection, and indeed, although there were several Japanese who acted with him in the play, he was the most perfect "Japanese" of the whole cast!

The sad and dramatic loss of his life was very pathetic. After a tour in the States and Canada and when he and his wife were returning home they found a watery grave in the St. Lawrence, just after the vessel had set sail for home. They were a most affectionate and loving pair, and my wife and I were deeply grieved at the loss of our two dear friends for whom we cherished a sincere affection.

"H. B." was of a more contemplative turn of mind, and loved to portray such characters as Jekyll and Hyde, Dubosc and Lesurques, and characters of a somewhat lugubrious nature, where crime of some sort was predominant. This I always considered was a vital mistake, for plays in a lighter vein he excelled in.

The mistake he made in my estimation was following his father in taking up his principal characters, which naturally caused comparisons to be made, which were not always in his favour, although the portraiture of many of the characters

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was very fine and left nothing to be desired ; but then, they were distinctly a repetition of some of his father's most distinguished impersonations. Had he struck out for himself in a more independent role, he would have made characters of quite another calibre and in these he would have made himself famous, for his own personality would have been portrayed to better advantage.

He occupied a most arduous and onerous position in the Admiralty during the war in addition to his own strenuous work as an actor, and these combined exertions brought about nervous prostration, from which he never recovered, yet his death was quite unexpected and it is lamentable to know that the name of Irving is now only a tradition.

This great hearted man and his two sons have in their strenuous efforts to raise the prestige of the dramatic profession left behind them a name that is synonymus with the greatest actors the stage has known since the days of our immortal bard Shakespeare.

The "Dundee Evening Telegraph and Post," April 2nd, 1907, referred to Sir Henry's sons as follows :—

"They bear the honoured name with high distinction. That same heredity of which we hear so much nowadays, plays strange tricks upon occasions, and the characteristics, which come out strongly in a great man, do not always appear in the children. Yet there are outstanding examples of the reverse, and it is indisputable that the sons of the late great actor will add still further brilliancy to the halo of glory which already encircles the name of Irving."

"British Weekly," Oct. 23rd, 1919. An appreciation by Dr. Robertson Nichol.

"THE LATE MR. H. B. IRVING.

"I note with sincere regret the premature death of Mr. Henry B. Irving. Of his work on the stage I am in no way qualified to speak, but good judges assure me that it was great.



Martin Harvey, in his impersonation of
"Oedipus." 1912.



Sir Charles Wyndham in the character
of "David Garrick," made famous by
Sotherton of "Lord Dundreary" fame,
1890.



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry and their daughter Phyllis.



Charles Mathews,
The celebrated light comedian, 1870.



J. L. Toole.
The famous comedian and friend of Sir Henry
Irving, 1880.

H. B. Irving

It was as a bookman that I knew him. He was a really accomplished man, with a keen taste for books and a sure perception of the difference between a good book and a bad book. He was kind enough to take an interest in my book, 'The Problem of Edwin Drood,' and gave me valuable hints. He was convinced that Datchery was a woman, and he came to this conclusion by roads of his own. He was, of course, a great authority on disguise, and I remember his saying to me that the possibilities of disguise had by no means been exhausted. He spoke quite freely of his theatrical disappointments. I recollect him saying that very few theatrical managers ended their career as rich men. Successes were counter-balanced by losses, and the whole business was precarious. His books on crime show an excellent literary faculty and a rich understanding of what research means. He had promised to write a book for me, but the war came in the way. It is needless to speak of the great charm of manner for which he was distinguished, and his patient and gracious courtesy was put at the service of the humblest aspirants. He was a man of the highest character, and with his like-minded wife he was deeply interested in the social problem."

"H. B." did a very kindly act immediately after his father's death, in asking the acceptance by my wife and myself of the silver trowel which my wife had presented to Sir Henry, with which he laid the first marble block of the fountain erected in the grounds as a memorial of his many visits to us. He also asked us to accept a pair of long leather boots which his father had worn with the armour of Charles I. The armour we had purchased at Christie's, but the boots were missing.*

* 1, Upper Woburn Place,
London, W.C.

Dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

April 6th, 1906.

I am asking Walter to send you the trowel and key of fountain with this note. Many thanks from my wife and myself for your very kind letter.

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My friendship with the great Italian actor Salvini was of short duration. I only met him on three occasions when in Glasgow.

Tomaso Salvini was born at Milan in 1829. He began to act at the age of 14, and later joined a company of Madame

With all good wishes to Mrs. Russell-Cotes and yourself,
Yours very sincerely,
H. B. IRVING.

My dear Mrs. Cotes, February 5th, 1907.
Thank you with all my heart for your great kindness in sending me the most interesting photograph. I shall treasure it, and always remember your sweet thoughts of me.

We were so glad to get your message on the boat. We had a really splendid time in America.

With heartiest good wishes from my wife and myself,
Always most sincerely yours,
H. B. IRVING.

Savoy Theatre,
Strand, W.C.

My dear Sir Merton, 2nd August, 1916.
Very many thanks for your kind message. We are very proud of the boy. He did splendidly, and thank God he came safely out of it, but it was a narrow thing.

Every good wish to you both, from Mrs. Irving and myself,
Very sincerely yours,
H. B. IRVING.

1, Upper Woburn Place,
London, W.C.

Dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,
I feel you will think it most rude of me not to have written before to thank you for the beautiful flowers you so kindly sent me in May. I know you will be sorry to hear that I have been ill ever since April 15th, and am only just now able to get out of bed and allowed to write letters. The flowers came when I was at the worst, and gave me much pleasure. It was a great disappointment to me having to leave our company on tour, and now I shall not be allowed to work again until November. Next week I hope I am going for a holiday to get up my strength. My husband starts his tour on August 15th.

With kind regards and best thanks,
Yours very sincerely,
DOROTHEA IRVING.

From Laurence Irving re the criticisms on his wonderful and original Iago:—

10, Gilston Road,
South Kensington.

My dear Sir Merton,
So many, many thanks for your kind letter about Iago. It is

Italian Player's Tribute

Ristori's,† and was at the head of his own company in 1868 ; he visited the chief countries of Europe, including England, 1875-1884, and the United States in 1874 and 1881. Amongst his number of roles were Othello, Romeo, Hamlet, and the heroes of Rascine and Cornélius, and also Voltur Zaire. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing him was at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. He had invited us as his guests, and on that occasion he took the character of Othello. Such an impersonation of Shakespeare's most powerful character was never before or since seen, I believe. His altercation with Iago was so realistic and terribly intense that it almost made the hair stand on end : and in the scene where he smothers Desdemona he left such a terrible impression upon our minds that we could not possibly sleep during that night. On the following day I told him the effect it had had upon us, and he smilingly replied that he " had never had a greater compliment paid to his acting."

certainly arousing a good deal of conflicting comment, and whatever of my father's numerous gifts I lack, I seem to possess that of arousing partisanship, and in some quarters bitter ridicule.

I can't tell you how sorry my wife and I were not to see you during our visit to Bournemouth ; but I hope that before long we shall meet again.

Sir Herbert told me how much he had enjoyed his stay at Bournemouth.

Please give my wife's and my own warmest regards to Lady Russell-Cotes, and dear Sir Merton, believe me always in kindest affection,

LAURENCE IRVING.

† I only met Adelaide Ristori once—in Glasgow in 1872. A splendid woman, with a striking classical face, and eyes that seemed to enthral one.

She was born in 1822 in Cerudivale in Friuli. She was a born actress, and was placed upon the stage at a very early age. In 1855 she appeared in Paris, where she met with great success. In America she played in " Macbeth " with Edwin Drew. She acted Queen Elizabeth in the dying scene, and certainly of all the great actresses that it has been my fortune to see during my long life, the palm must be awarded to Ristori. She took the characters of Queen Elizabeth, Manton, Mary Stuart, Frances di Rimini and Medea ; altogether without doubt she was one of the greatest tragic actresses that the world has ever seen.

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The following appeared in "The Graphic" of November 27th, 1909 :—

"In the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre to-day (November 26th), a memorial of Sir Henry Irving from the players of Italy will be unveiled. It has really been inspired by the well-known Italian in London, Signor Ugo Catani, who was largely responsible for the matinée in memory of Ristori, and it has been taken up in Italy by the veteran actor, Tomaso Salvini, who writes to Signor Catani :—

"Such a tribute is far too small and inadequate for the purpose, but I need not repeat to you the old story about our beloved Italy, which, if favoured with a profusion of Art's riches, and blessed by an inexhaustible supply of sunshine, certainly cannot boast such an affluence of what in the delightful cockney jargon is called 'blessed brass.' Nevertheless, if we Italians were unable to equalise materially our English *confères* in generosity and liberality, we can assure them that our devotion and admiration for the memory of dear Irving is as great and as warmly felt as the one shown by them not long ago for our beloved Ristori.

"It has always been my strongest belief that Art has had a great deal to do in soldering many a link in the long, strong chain of friendship which has kept England and Italy always bound together, but certainly the manifestation of such a sincere and genuine sympathy, combined with the marvellous and endless contribution of practical help in so many shapes and forms bestowed by England upon the poor survivors of Sicily, has added another link, never to be broken, in the heart of the Italians to the feeling of sincere and heartfelt gratitude.'"

Believing the following extract will be of interest, as the last wishes of the "Irving of Italy," I cannot resist its insertion in my reminiscences of this great man :—

Tomaso Salvini

“MILAN, JANUARY 4TH, 1916.

“The will of the late Tomaso Salvini, prince of Italian actors, contains some striking provisions, characteristic of his strongly-marked individuality :

“I desire to be wrapped in the linen sheet whereon I die, and not be re clothed after the ridiculous fashion in vogue to-day. I wish neither flowers, garlands, nor palms. I die in the faith of the Christ Whose law I have endeavoured faithfully to follow. I pray the Almighty to prosper my country, politically and morally, and preserve it to other nations as an example of civilisation and justice.

“The ‘*Irving of Italy*’ left large sums to charity with especial provision for dramatic artists. Among the thousands attending the funeral at Florence was Maxim Gorki’s son, Captain Zika Pescof, who recently lost his right arm while fighting in the French army.”

I knew “Lal” Brough through my old friend, Charles Wyndham. They were acting together at the Queen’s Theatre, Long Acre, about 1866. I used to frequent their dressing room and Brough’s inimitable mimicry of Irving’s acting created great fun. We little conceived the exalted position that the object of our fun would attain.

As everyone knows, Lal Brough was a most admirable comic actor and an incomparable *raconteur*. He had a most peculiar personality, and as soon as he began telling his funny stories, one could not help beginning to laugh. An incident which occurred many years ago is perhaps worth relating. My brother, who resided at Liverpool on the Cheshire side of the river, and I were taking a walk, when to my amazement we met Lal Brough, who was acting at Liverpool. I introduced him to my brother, and we all eventually adjourned to an old country inn and had some refreshments. I asked him if he would tell us some of his funny stories. He agreed, but said that on the whole he thought he would like to give us a

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little song, at which we were delighted. He therefore commenced to sing, "I am married to a mermaid at the bottom of the sea." When he got to the second verse he broke down completely, and muttered that it was quite impossible to go on any further, that the recollections were too touching. My brother, who was not aware of his wonderful talent as a joker, took the matter very seriously, and condoled with him, asking him if there was anything that would do him any good or cheer him up. So Brough said, apparently quite overcome with emotion, his voice shaking, "Well, he thought perhaps the slightest drop of brandy might revive him." Accordingly the brandy was brought, and after drinking it he finished the song.

My brother did not realise that he was in fact a victim of a practical joke, until after we had parted and I told him, but even then I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him that it was really the truth. He said, "Well, if that is so, he is a marvellous actor," and such unquestionably he was.

The last time I saw dear old Brough was at the Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, when he related some of his side-splitting stories and jokes.

I was extremely pained when I heard of his death a short time afterwards.

Among Lal Brough's innumerable funny stories, I think the following is worth relating :—

In Dale Street, Liverpool, there were, some thirty or forty years ago, two leading hotels; one was called the "Angel," the proprietor being a Mr. Towers, and the other was the "Royal," on the opposite side of the street.

An elegantly dressed gentleman went into what they called the "coffee room" of the Angel Hotel, and said to the waiter, "I should like to have a nice dinner for my money." The waiter obsequiously said, "Yes, sir," and asked the gentleman if he would like this, that and the other.

Lal Brough

The reply was, "I leave it entirely to you. I simply want a good dinner for my money." He had everything that was in season, and in fact, out of season, of the most *recherché* kind. After dining sumptuously in this manner, he at last rose to leave. He handed the waiter one shilling. The waiter thanked him most graciously, and said, "I will fetch the bill, sir." The gentleman replied, "What bill?" "Why, the bill for your dinner, sir," the waiter replied. "Oh, but I don't want any bill for my dinner, I've already paid you for it!"

The waiter, after some slight altercation, went and told Mr. Towers, the proprietor, who came and remonstrated with the gentleman, and wanted to know earnestly what he meant. He explained that he had told the waiter that he "wanted a good dinner for his money," and his money consisted of one shilling. The waiter did not ask him how much money he had, or what he intended to pay.

After a further altercation, Mr. Towers saw that he had been completely "done," and at last turned round and said, "Well, you are a clever fellow, and I will tell you what I will do. If you will go over to my friend opposite at the Royal Hotel, and play him the same game, I will give you half a guinea and another dinner." Whereon, the gentleman turned round and said, "Look here, Mr. Towers, you really are so kind and generous, that I feel I cannot impose upon your good nature further. I must tell you candidly that I have already been over at the Royal Hotel, and the proprietor gave me a guinea to come and do you."

Another tale of his is this:—

A man went into a "Vaults" in Whitechapel, Liverpool, on one occasion, and said to the young woman behind the bar that he would like a glass of beer. It was handed to him. He looked at it, and then said, "I am really very sorry, but I do not feel very well this morning. Would you mind changing this for a little drop of whisky?" The young woman said,

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"Well, it is rather awkward, but I will do it for you." She brought him the whisky. He looked at that for a few moments, and said, "Well, now, really you will think I have got a most changeable mind, but I really think after all a drop of brandy would be better for me. What do you think?" She said she really could not give an opinion. "Well," he said, "would you mind?" "Oh, all right, I will do it," she said. He got the brandy, and after looking at it for a short time, said, "Well, look here, Miss, after all I don't think that I ought to drink it. Perhaps it would only make me worse. I think I prefer one of those pork-pies." He lifted the glass up and took a pork-pie, ate it, and was just walking out, when the young lady called after him, "Hi, you haven't paid me for that pork-pie." He looked at her quizzically, and said, "Paid for the pork-pie? Certainly not. Why I gave you the brandy for it, you know." "Well," she replied, "you didn't pay for the brandy." "No, of course not," he said, "I gave you the whisky for it." "Well, you did not pay for that." "Of course not," he said, "do you think I am going to pay for what I did not drink?" and walked out.

I met the great American actor, Joseph Jefferson, but once. Among all the plays in which he acted, there was nothing approaching his "Rip Van Winkle." In point of fact it crowned him as being a marvellous actor, but he was also, like Charles Mathews, a very clever artist. One of his pictures, which he painted and presented to Henry Irving, now hangs in the "Irving Room" in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum. For this picture, Sir Henry Irving had a very great regard. The first time I saw it I looked for the name of the artist, but could not find it. I was of the decided opinion that it was a "Corot," but it was rather in a dirty condition. It was this picture, singular to relate, that I obtained my old friend's sanction to clean for him, although

Joseph Jefferson

I only posed as an amateur in this connection. I refer to this episode in my note on my beloved old friend, Irving.

Jefferson was born in 1829 at Philadelphia, on the 20th February. He was the third and most famous actor of this name, and perhaps the most famous of all American comedians. In childhood he followed the company of which his father and mother were members, becoming later himself a stock actor and manager. His first pronounced success was made in 1858 as "Asa Trenchard" in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin." The naturalness and spontaneity of humour with which he acted the love scenes revealed a spirit in comedy new to his contemporaries, long used to a more artificial convention; and the touch of pathos which the part required revealed an unexpected power to the public no less than to himself.

Jefferson continued to act with undiminished popularity in a limited number of parts in nearly every town in the United States, his "Rip Van Winkle," "Bob Acres" and "Caleb Plummer" being the most popular. He was one of the first to establish the travelling "combinations" which superseded the old system of local stock companies.

He created no new character after 1865, the success of "Rip Van Winkle" being so pronounced that he has often been called a one part actor. I saw him several times in this character, in which he excelled beyond description.

He died in America in 1905.

The following letter from my friend, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, accompanied the gift of the souvenir he refers to for the Irving Museum :—

Grand Hotel,
Sheffield.

Dear Sir Merton,

September 2nd, 1916.

I have much pleasure in presenting the cup and saucer I have used as "Doctor Johnson" upwards of 600 times.* They had the

* These articles are now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

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honour of appearing at Sandringham, by royal command, of his late Majesty King Edward VII, on November 14th, 1902.

Yours very sincerely,

To Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., etc.,
Bournemouth.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

My excellent friend, Martin Harvey, F.R.S.L.,* has distinguished himself by the production of several great plays in which he has made his "mark," but I think his most important impersonations were "Hamlet," and "Sydney Carton" in the dramatised version of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" entitled "The Only Way."

Among all my living theatrical friends, there is not one for whom I have a greater regard. He is an earnest, thorough and conscientious student of the drama, painstaking beyond measure, and everything he undertakes is carefully and thoughtfully carried out. I know of no actor on the stage who loves, and is a more enthusiastic exponent of, the highest and best performances. He appeals to the higher instincts,

* My wife was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1903 and I had the honour of being elected a member in 1919, as shown in the following letter:—

The Royal Society of Literature,
Bloomsbury Square,
London.

26th June, 1919.

Committee for promoting an intellectual *entente* among the Allied and friendly countries.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

It is most kind of you to invite me to meet H.R.H. the Princess Marie Louise at luncheon on July 15th. I am sorry I am unable to accept, but I thank you none the less.

With regard to your election, I carefully considered the matter, and took the opinion of several leading members of the council, and came to the conclusion that the best course was to put forward the application for membership which you sent me. The result was that you were unanimously elected at the council held yesterday.

I hope that the ceremony on the 15th inst. inaugurating another of your good works, will go off in every respect as you would wish.

With kind regards,

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

W. H. WAGSTAFF,

Hon. Sec.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P.

The Modern Vogue

the nobler sentiments—he does not and never did, “play to the gallery,” and in this respect, from a financial point of view, resembles his former beloved “chief,” Sir Henry Irving (for whose memory he always expresses the deepest affection and veneration). Trashy plays and mediocre acting are now the vogue, especially among the ladies on the stage. Ladies are now not selected for their histrionic attainments or dramatic ability, but for their attractive and well-chiselled features, or for the anatomical development of their lower limbs. The stage in this connection develops the “fly in the amber,” and has become a veritable marriage market, if nothing more obviously objectionable. Who is responsible for all this? The answer is, I think, “the depraved taste of the British theatre goers.” Shakespeare’s plays, and all high-class drama of a similar school, are ignored, and relegated to the limbo of oblivion. How rarely now do we get any of those grand old English plays which delighted our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers!! In short, the more trashy the play, the greater the exhibition of the actress’s anatomy, the greater is the approbation and delight of the public. Take pantomime to wit—the harlequinade is now conspicuous by its absence. Scantly attired groups of girls, and vulgarizing music hall comedians monopolise the stage and have ousted the part intended to amuse children, and no end of wretched vulgarisms are substituted.

Mr. Martin Harvey has contributed several souvenirs used by him in his characters to the Irving Museum.

The following may be of interest :—

The George Hotel,
Huddersfield.

Dear Sir Merton,

January 19th, 1913.

I must send you a line to tell you how very greatly delighted my wife and I were to have the pleasure of meeting Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself, and how much we both appreciated your kindly hospitality. It was especially delightful to meet so old and valued a friend of our dear “Guv’nor,” Sir Henry Irving, and to feel that so many personal

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relics of this great man are in such loving care. As a little souvenir of our visit I am going to send you, with your permission, and if you have a corner among all your treasures for it, a reproduction of Bernard Partridge's drawing of Irving as "Louis XI"; you expressed such a keen admiration for him in this character that I hope you will be able to accept it.

This, however, I must do when I return home, as it is there at present, and I should like to see to its despatch myself.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

J. MARTIN HARVEY.

30, Avenue Road,

Regent's Park.

My dear Sir Merton,

January 24th, 1913.

Indeed I had not forgotten, but work and anxieties have pressed very heavily upon me since I returned home, but now I have packed up the picture and written an inscription on the back, and I hope it will reach you safely, and occupy a modest corner among your many and wonderful treasures. We are very sorry to hear that Lady Russell-Cotes and you have not been well. We can only hope that it is a passing cloud, and that you will both be your accustomed selves again before long.

With every kind remembrance from us both to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

J. MARTIN HARVEY.

The Baths,

Bonchurch, I. of W.

Dear Sir Merton,

August 7th, 1913.

I have been thinking for some time that you of all people would best like to have the piece of hair enclosed, which was cut off my beloved master's head the morning after his death by Mr. Loveday, and given to me by him. I send you this with my affectionate thoughts—both you and dear Lady Russell-Cotes have been so kind that I feel I love you both, and if I kept the hair, I know I should have been tempted to part with it for my "Little Sisters of the Poor," and somehow I want to feel it is safe in your hands before I do. Will you accept it with my love? I should love to know if you got the tea set. If not, you are welcome to mine, as it is a little small for my family! Please let me hear per return if you get this, and the dear hair is safe to hand.

Martin Harvey

I am at my own little cottage that I have furnished entirely myself, and it is a great joy.

My kindest thoughts to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

NELLIE MARTIN HARVEY.

Opera House,
Leicester.

February 15th, 1916.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton,

I am sending you (under separate cover) a picture of myself in the character of "Œdipus" in Sophocles' "Œdipus Tyrannus" which I hope you will accept with my very kindest regards. I have chosen this character, because I think this great Greek tragedy appealed to me more strongly than any other work which I have produced upon the stage, and I shall be proud to feel that it holds some modest corner in your wonderful collection.

Believe me with warmest regards and my respectful compliments to Lady Russell-Cotes.

Yours very sincerely,

J. MARTIN HARVEY.

Grand Theatre,
Wolverhampton.

February 24th, 1916.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton,

I am returning the photograph (under separate cover), and I hope you will approve of the way in which I have autographed it. What do you say to my sending you one of the fibulæ which I wore in this character, one of which shows in the picture?

We have had a very heavy week here, and the most terrible weather. We are still in the midst of a blizzard and very busy with rehearsals of "Henry V," so that we haven't been able to get over to Tettenhall as we should so much like to have done. But I hope this will not be our last visit to these parts. Please give our united and kindest remembrances to Lady Russell-Cotes, and with best wishes at all times for yourself.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

J. MARTIN HARVEY.

Home and Abroad

30, Avenue Road,
Regent's Park, N.W.

My dear Sir Merton,

December 13th, 1916.

The fibulæ were worn by me in the character of the "Edipus of Sophocles," upon the occasion of its production under my auspices at the Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 15th, 1912. Perhaps you would like to see what some of the critics said about my performance. I was especially proud of what Massingham said in "The Nation." Our warmest regards to her ladyship and your good self.

Sincerely yours,

J. MARTIN HARVEY.

In December, 1919, Mr. Martin Harvey became President for the ensuing year of the Bournemouth Literature and Art Society, following my presidency of the Society,* on hearing which I wrote asking him to give as his presidential address the lecture on "Hamlet" that he had given before the Royal Society of Literature. He replied as follows:—

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,

East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

37, York Terrace,
N.W. 1.

My dear Sir Merton,

December 3rd, 1919.

Many thanks for your kind letter of the 1st, and for your always kind expressions. I am looking forward to making my debut before your Society, and I am glad of your suggestion about the "Hamlet" lecture. I will certainly give it with the greatest pleasure.

I am up to my eyes now in preparations for our season at Covent Garden which opens with "Hamlet" on the 26th. How I wish you could come up to give us a hand!

With kindest greetings from Mrs. Harvey and myself,

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

MARTIN HARVEY.

Those inimitable actors, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson) were among our most esteemed friends and my

* Bournemouth Literature and Art Association,
10, Madeira Road,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

16th October, 1918.

I have been asked by the Council of this Association to enquire if you will kindly consent to allow yourself to be nominated as President for the coming year, at the Annual General Meeting which has been

Julia Neilson

wife and I were always much pleased to meet them. There is no lady on the stage for whom we had a greater regard, not as an actress alone, but for her sterling qualities as a daughter, wife and mother—a sterling and most exemplary woman. It perhaps is not generally known that she is the daughter of Mr. Morris, the late head partner of the great firm of lawyers, Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co., Throgmorton Avenue, London, to whom I refer in my recollections of Sir Frank Crisp.

In their own especial productions, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," "Henry of Navarre," etc., there are none on the stage to surpass them or even to equal them.

The irresistibly captivating charm of Miss Julia Neilson's acting is beyond description. Her own personality carries everything before it—she dominates all and everything, and there is no room left for any other actress to get a "look in!"

My old friend, Mr. Fred Terry, is equally seductive in his unsurpassably admirable rendering of the characters he with such subtle *naiveté* enacts. Can anything surpass

arranged on Friday, October 26th. I enclose a copy of the Rules of the Association with the last report published, that for the year 1916-17, which will give some idea of the work aimed at.

You have already shown your interest in the Association on at least one occasion, by throwing open your collection to a party of its members; and I trust that we may be fortunate enough to obtain a further proof of that interest in your consent to the council's request.

Yours faithfully,

C. M. DRUITT,

Hon. Sec.

Bournemouth Literature and Art Association,
10, Madeira Road,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

20th October, 1918.

I am much obliged by your letter of last Thursday and have to thank you on behalf of the council for your consent to accept the post of President of the Association during the coming year.

I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition and trust that you will have a speedy recovery.

Yours faithfully,

C. M. DRUITT,

Hon Sec.

Home and Abroad

his portrayal of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" or "King Charles II," which he has absolutely made his own, and, like Robinson Crusoe on the island of Juan Fernandez, "none to dispute his sway!"

Mrs. Fred Terry has contributed to the Irving Museum a beautiful ornament worn by her, formerly the property of Helen Faucit, and also a fan used by her in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

November 17th, 1918.

Dear Sir Merton,

Peace Week!

Glad you received the "Jewel" safely. It was worn by me in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." I think perhaps it may be of some interest to you to know that the "stomacher" originally belonged to Helen Faucit. I bought most of her stage jewellery some few years ago.

I do hope Lady Russell-Cotes is better. We were so sorry to hear of you both being so poorly. You must take great care of your two dear selves.

We have been having some very trying journeys, and shall be real glad when the end of our tour is here, and then we get a *whole month's rest!*

We both send you our best of good wishes, and shall hope to see you soon.

Yours sincerely,

JULIA NEILSON-TERRY.

P.S. What a wonderful week!

My dear Mr. Russell-Cotes,

17th December, 1908.

Thank you a thousand times for your delightful gift. It is quite the best portrait of our dear old dead "Chief" I have seen. At the same time it will serve to remind me of one of his best friends and of many pleasant moments passed in that friend's society.

Believe me,

Very gratefully yours,

FRED TERRY.

New Theatre,

St. Martin's Lane.

My dear Mrs. Russell-Cotes,

14th May, 1909.

How more than kind of you to say let my boy be your guest. It is too kind, in fact, and we could not dream of it, though we thank you most heartily for your sweet thought. No, if you would kindly tell the manager of the Royal Bath Hotel to do his best for him, we shall still be your debtor. If he could have a bedroom facing the sea with a



Joseph Jefferson, of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, and a great friend of Sir Henry Irving, to whom he gave one of his pictures (referred to in my chapter on Irving), now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.



My old friend, the late E. A. Sothern, in his inimitable creation and impersonation of "Lord Dundreary."

The Terrys

communicating dressing-room for his companion-nurse, that is what I want more than anything.

It would have been delightful for us to have visited you, but, alas! our engagements prevent us.

We are looking forward to our visit in December, and hope to find you all well and happy then—and always.

My best wishes to you and yours,

Yours sincerely,

FRED TERRY.

90, Bedford Court Mansions,
My dear Mr. and Mrs. Russell-Cotes, Bedford Square, W.C.

This is just a wee line of thanks for all your sweetness to my boy. He had a lovely time, thanks to you, and is looking splendid, and we are very pleased with what Bournemouth has done for him. It was very dear of you both to take such an interest in him. I shall hope to be able to thank you personally when we meet in Bournemouth the end of this year.

With our united kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

JULIA NEILSON-TERRY.

New Theatre,
St. Martin's Lane.
Dear Sir Merton, 31st December, 1909.

Please accept my very best thanks for your very kind letter. I would have written you before, but I have been unable to use my hand, so you can quite understand the delay. I am delighted to say that I think I am now well on the way for recovery.

I cannot tell you how I missed not being with you at Bournemouth.

With the best of good wishes for the new year,

Yours very sincerely,

FRED TERRY.

Dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

Thank you both, you dear kind things, for your sweet gift, and your still sweeter thought. You are both dears to have sent me such a beautiful pillow, and I just love it. I have better news of Fred; he is getting along a little better, and is stronger again, for which I am feeling happier.

My love to you both.

Yours sincerely,

JULIA TERRY.

Home and Abroad

My dear kind Sir Merton,

December, 1917.

Here is a fan which I used in the third Act of "Sweet Nell"; I hope that will be of use to the collection. It's real sweet of you to wish to have it. I will look out for something more for you.

My love to both of you.

Yours sincerely,

JULIA NEILSON-TERRY.

Dear kind Sir Merton,

Bless you for your too sweet thought and gift, and above all for your beautiful letter. I was sorry not to get round to you this visit, but I've not been feeling very well here this time, and have had to take things quietly. I think I'm just a wee bit overtired with the journeys and work. I was sorry to hear of Lady Russell-Cotes' illness from Fred; it must be a great anxiety for you.

My bowl is a most interesting one, and I shall always think of you both, when my eyes rest upon it, although it will not need that to do that, will it? Bless you once more, both of you, and a kiss for your dear wife, and I hope soon to hear of her complete recovery. I'm real glad to know that you are all right. Please take great care of yourself.

Yours ever,

JULIA NEILSON-TERRY.

Dear Sir Merton,

29th November, 1917.

I return you the plays you so kindly sent to me. I have had a most delightful two hours with them wondering over the notes of the "great mind." The cast, notes of thoughts, etc., etc., are more than interesting to me—they have for the moment carried me back to the time when Henry Irving was alive. I am grateful to you for it. With kindest remembrances,

Yours sincerely,

FRED TERRY.

Among other members of the modern school of acting who derived most of their training under Sir Henry Irving was Lewis Waller. He was the son of a Mr. Lewis, a civil engineer. He was born in 1860, and died in 1915. He received most of his education in Germany, but was for some time at King's College School, London. He began his stage career at Toole's Theatre in March, 1883, and we all know his career under Irving's management at the Lyceum Theatre, and the high position he attained on the stage as a portrayer of the heroic and gallant cavalier, in which character he reigned supreme.

Lewis Waller

There was no actor perhaps who received more devoted admiration from the fair sex than he did ; so much so, that there was a coterie of them who formed a club for the sole purpose of rendering him homage. Many of them wore his portrait. This, however, instead of being a matter of gratification, was rather a source of annoyance to him, as he said that he did not consider that he merited so much adulation, and he thought it tended to render him ridiculous in the eyes of the public.

Not only as an actor, but as an elocutionist, he was a perfect master. I heard him on several occasions, and nothing could be finer.

Among my collection of eminent actors' portraits, I am happy to say that I secured through my friend, Mr. Sampson, of Air Street, the grand life-size portrait by the Hon. John Collier of Lewis Waller as "Monsieur Beaucaire."

It is a very fine example of Collier's portraiture and hangs in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery as a "pendant" to that of Irving, painted by J. W. Archer, R.W.S.

I quote the following from the "Daily Telegraph:"—
"WALLER AS 'BEUCAIRE.'

"PORTRAIT BOUGHT FOR SIR MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

"It has been well stated that the beautiful idea has no relation to size, yet in the sale-room size often governs price. Yesterday, for example, the ardent admirer of the late Mr. Lewis Waller longingly gazed at the Hon. John Collier's vivacious rendering of their hero as "Monsieur Beaucaire," but as the picture was about 8ft. in height and 5ft. wide many a worshipper sighed and said, "Where can I hang it?" And public galleries in these times have no funds. It fell out, then, that the bidding was restrained, and beginning at rogs. Mr. W. Sampson, the auction champion of British art, found himself at 70gs. without a rival. As he afterwards explained he was acting, as on the previous day, for his friend,

Home and Abroad

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, of Bournemouth, and not until that well-known collector's limit was exceeded could he enter the lists on his own account. One may safely state that if the work had been of kit-cat size it would have realised three times the amount brought yesterday, for as much as 20gs. was obtained for the much smaller pastel and water-colour portraits of Waller as 'Henry V' and 'Henri di Lasardere' in 'The Duke's Motto.' "

My friend Sam Sothern was born in Liverpool, like Sir Charles Santley, the great English baritone. He was a clerk in a merchant's office, but, like Irving, struggled on for years in subordinate characters, till one day he suddenly woke up to find himself famous. The play called "Our American Cousin" was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre by Buckstone, who took the leading character, Sothern's character of "Lord Dundreary" being quite a minor and unimportant impersonation of an American's idea of an English nobleman. Imagine the unutterable amazement of the public, and more especially his colleagues, when the impersonation by Sothern of "Lord Dundreary" shone out suddenly like a meteor, as the attraction of all the others in the play, which, by the way, was a very mediocre one, and would not have survived the first few nights. Sothern's extraordinarily marvellous conception of "Lord Dundreary" being so utterly different from anything ever seen on the stage before, created a marvellous furore, and a wonderful rush set in to see this new and amazing impersonation.

No one who saw him in this character could ever forget the stutter, sneeze, and inane cachinnations which together with much buffoonery and a most ludicrous appearance always created roars of laughter. Irving's character of "Matthias" in the "Bells" although the antithesis of "Dundreary" was the only one which created a sensation at all comparable to it throughout the kingdom at the time, but more

Sam Sothern

especially in theatrical circles. There was not an actor or actress but was enthralled and drawn to the Haymarket to see Sothern's unparalleled impersonation—in his acting—his peculiar limp—his lisp and stuttering—his monocle—and his extraordinary effective and admirable “get up” generally. He at once became the lion of the day, and all kinds of gentlemen's clothing were at once called after his name—“Dundreary” this, that and the other. The question in everyone's mouth was “Have you seen ‘Dundreary’?” As usual his performance created jealousy in certain quarters, and then Press friends said, “Oh! very wonderful, but then he cannot do anything else!” Sothern, anticipating the words of our overcautious lawyer statesman, replied, “Wait and see.” Theatre patrons had not long to wait. Sothern employed a well-known author to write a play, and one morning bills appeared announcing a play, “David Garrick,” in which Sothern would enact the title role. The application for seats was beyond all expectation. The theatre was crammed—even to standing room—to see how Sothern would act a character absolutely the very reverse of “Lord Dundreary.” He came—he saw—he conquered. The verdict was that Sothern was, if possible, greater in melodrama than comedy, and that his new role as “David Garrick” was, if possible, a greater achievement than “Lord Dundreary,” and it proves incontestably how little his critics were capable of judging of the histrionic capabilities of so versatile an actor. His reputation and renown as a great and versatile actor was now complete.

I may add that Sothern, Irving and Toole were very great “chums.” “Birds of a *feather*,” as “Lord Dundreary” said, “they flocked together, but how could they flock together with only a feather!” This was one of Sothern's most famous jokes among hundreds of others.

In his novel and peculiar manner he was as great as Irving, but of course his ideal was not so high.

Home and Abroad

Sothern was a confirmed and irrepressible practical joker, and together with his inseparable friends Irving and Toole, formed a famous trio, but in no measure did the latter indulge more in this peculiar idiosyncrasy than Sothern, for with him it was an absolute craze.

To attempt to write his innumerable pranks would fill a volume.

I have selected the following two stories, which will give a faint idea of what he was capable of doing to gratify his strong weakness in this direction.

One day he happened to be in the City, having made an appointment to meet Toole for lunch at one of those old inns in the City where the famous Porterhouse steaks are cooked to perfection. Sothern happened to be first, and he was at once attracted by the only diner, a quaint and very serious old gentleman, who was enjoying one of the famous steaks accompanied by a small bottle of port. In an instant he acted upon his usual impulsive manner, and gave the old gentleman such a hearty slap on the back, that half falling across the table, he sent the succulent steak flying from his dish, and upset the bottle of wine. "How are you, old boy!" said Sothern, extending his hand in apparent delight, "I haven't seen you for years. This is unexpected! how are they all at home?" "Sir," gasped the choking old gentleman, "What do you mean by taking this liberty, *who are you* — I—" In an instant Sothern's mobile face underwent a change. "My dear sir," he said, in the most apologetic tone of voice, "I feel I have made a most unpardonable mistake. I thought you were one of my oldest and dearest friends, and now to my deep regret I find that I have almost committed an assault upon a gentleman who is a stranger to me; in fact, I feel that I cannot sufficiently express how deeply grieved I am that it should have occurred."

“Tom Fool Knot”

Sothern's earnest manner quickly mollified the old gentleman, who rejecting his offer that the wine should be replaced, said it was evidently all a mistake.

Whilst sojourning at Ramsgate an acrobat performing on the sands challenged anyone to tie his arms behind him in such a way that they could not get loose, when Sothern politely asked him if he would allow him to do so—to which the mountebank cheerfully consented and immediately after with a smile, he essayed, as usual, to release himself, but it was all in vain. The crowd was convulsed with laughter, which increased the acrobat's anger. This went on for some time, when Sothern, who had tied the man's arms with his celebrated “Tom Fool knot” and knowing his endeavours to get loose would be fruitless, returned, and taking compassion upon him, released him by unloosening the knot. This anecdote is founded on absolute fact.

At a dinner party in his own house at which ten gentlemen were present, his friend and sometime agent, Mr. English, was apparently unexpectedly announced. Sothern immediately appealed to his guests to conceal themselves under the dinner table, declaring that they would “sell” English in a manner beyond all precedent. His compliant friends at once fell in with his request, and Mr. English coming into the room, sat down by Sothern, and without taking any notice of the vacant chairs or the disordered table, began leisurely to discuss the business that had brought him to the house.

Sothern on his part said nothing about his guests, until tired with their position under the table, and quite unable to see where the humour of the situation came in, they crawled out, one by one and took their seats, and the interrupted dinner went on. Neither Sothern nor his agent (*who was his accomplice*) took the slightest notice of them, and to the end of their days they will fail to see how it was that “*English was sold!*”

Home and Abroad

Ellen Terry has been our personal friend for many years. Although in her 72nd year, she has always been overflowing with life, and is so still. As I write these words she is on tour and as full of vigour as ever. She is a most captivating and charming woman.

The Queen's Theatre, which was opened in October, 1867, under the ostensible management of the Wigans, was where Irving acted with Henrietta Hodson, and among the other members of the company were Charles Wyndham, Lionel Brough and Ellen Terry. Here it was, too, that Irving first acted with Ellen Terry in "The Taming of the Shrew."

The first occasion on which I saw Ellen Terry was on the stage at the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street. It was then under the management of Charles Kean and his wife. If I remember rightly, the play was "The Tempest" and she was playing "Puck." I was too young at the time really to form any idea about any of the actors or their qualifications, but I do remember that Charles Kean had a pronounced nasal twang, similar to a person having a really bad nasal catarrh saying "Dose" for "Nose." I wonder how any actor with such a serious drawback could ever have attained the position which he did.*

My wife sent Miss Terry a copy of her book "Letters from Russia" as a New Year souvenir, and received the following characteristic letter :—

215, King's Road,
Chelsea.

My dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

29th January, 1920.

The gift of your book (your delightful "letters") has given me great pleasure. As I was suffering great pain in my eyes when it arrived, *someone read it to me*, but half way through I stopped the kind friend who was *intoning*, lest I should go suddenly mad, and slay her dead upon the carpet !! So few people read aloud *simply* (have you noticed

* Since penning these lines I have received from Miss Ellen Terry a beautiful ivory casket as a souvenir for the "Irving" Museum. The casket was used by her as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."

Ellen Terry

they never give the author a chance!) My eyes are still giving me great pain nearly all the time, but write a few lines to you I *must*, lest you shall think I am made up of ingratitude, and utterly unworthy to — — — to come and see the beautiful museum at Bournemouth! And that has been a plan made up by my doctor and friends for me, that I should visit Bournemouth the second week in February, and if all goes well, that is my fixed intent.

There is a man in Bournemouth I stand in dread of! You know him!! In fact you married him!!! Still, that is no reason for my intense (*seeming*) rudeness to him. He asked me, *years ago*, to send him *some little thing* (to add to the honour and glory of the memory of our Henry Irving, for your museum—the history of why I didn't do it "right off" is because I couldn't!! But now, I can!!! I can, and will. If I'm alive I arrive in Bournemouth the 7th—8th—or 9th February, and stay there a week or ten days. I will bring along three little offerings to the museum—a knife (dagger), a Marguerite bag, and a sort of girdle.*

It sounds silly to say I have nothing else which has belonged to H.I. which he used upon the stage, except a lump of a silver ring which I will also bring with me and perhaps leave with you. The Fates be kind to me and give you patience to plough through this scrawl. My eyes chance to feel fairly well this morning, but it is real torture to write, so forgive me, and try to soften your heart towards me!!!! It is such misery to be almost blind and I never could dictate letters!

I came to the end of your book only last Sunday, and I am delighted with it. Poor Russia!

Will you ever read through this terrible scrawl; with constant stopping, it has taken me nearly two hours to write. Heavens!

I beg, if you succeed in reading through it, to put it into the fire at once, and also to believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ELLEN CAREW (E.T.).

Years ago I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Mary Anderson, the famous American actress, perhaps one of the

* 215, King's Road,
Chelsea, S.W. 3.

April 3rd, 1920.

Dear Sir,

Miss Terry has just left London for a few days, and she has asked me to send you these things for your "Irving Museum," and also to say how *very* sorry she is not to have sent them sooner.

The bag she used as "Margaret" in "Faust." The leather rope was her "Lady Macbeth" girdle, and the dagger was used in several of the Lyceum productions both by Sir Henry and herself.

Miss Terry also asks me to thank you and your wife for your very kind telegram of good wishes on her birthday.

Yours truly,

MARJORIE HASLEWOOD.

Home and Abroad

most beautiful women I have ever met. She was equally as charming in her manner as she was in beauty of "form and feature, face and limb."

I, together with one or two of my theatrical friends, was invited by her occasionally to spend a musical evening at her house, and we looked upon it as a special treat, for there was certainly an irresistible charm and fascination about this lovely woman that absolutely enthralled one.

In 1889 she married a gentleman named Antonio de Navarro, when she retired from the stage. They reside at a delightful old-world retreat, Broadway, not far from Stratford-on-Avon. Here Madame Navarro entertains her old friends who are always welcome. The last time my wife and I had the pleasure of meeting her was as guests of Miss Marie Corelli at the opening of the "Harvard House," Stratford-on-Avon, 6th October, 1909, by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador, on which occasion Miss Corelli gave a most sumptuous luncheon to about a hundred of her intimate friends.

My wife and I were in Scotland, but after receiving two or three pressing invitations from our old friend, we decided to shorten our stay and hurried back in order to attend this brilliant function, which we look back upon with unfeigned pleasure.

I have known my clever friend, Alfred Capper, for some 30 years ; some time, in fact, before he became a public demonstrator of thought transmission. At that time he was with his father, who was a timber merchant in Southampton.

The faculty which he possesses of this mysterious phenomena seems to have developed itself without his apparent knowledge, and he himself seems to be utterly incapable of accounting for the possession of such an extraordinary gift. I personally used to chaff him for what I considered was a trick, but it was not. I have never been able to solve the problem, but candidly, I never could see that any

Capper—Maskelyne

advantage could accrue from thought reading, which answers no purpose and is a benefit to no one except the demonstrator, and although it may be very admirable as an amusement, for any useful ends or purposes I see no value in it whatever, any more than I do in the marvellous mysteries of Mr. Maskelyne, my old friend and king of magicians.

Some of Mr. Capper's earliest seances were held whilst visiting us in our bungalow, and my eldest daughter was generally his medium, she being most adaptable for transmitting to him the power which he possessed of thought-reading. The function generally consisted of the hiding somewhere of a pin about someone's clothing, or hiding in various parts of the room different articles. This gradually developed to much more difficult experiments.

The following is an extract from his book :—

“ I confess I felt very nervous once in my life, and that was many, many years ago, when I was called upon to give a demonstration of my powers before the British Medical Association at the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, when I was the guest of Sir Merton Russell-Cotes. I was nervous because there was I, a young man, standing up to perform in the presence of one of the most learned, keenly critical and severely sceptical audiences in the whole world. Dear Sir Morel Mackenzie and Sir William Gull speedily put me at my ease, however, the former coming up to me and saying, ‘ Now, Mr. Capper, every one of us old fogies is at your disposal to-night. We are so many disciples seated at the feet of Gamaliel.’ Sir William Gull volunteered to lead off as my first medium, and I very soon realised that it is invariably the greatest people in any line of life who are the most helpful and the most sympathetic, provided always that they are convinced of one's genuineness in the first place, and, secondly, of one's ability to carry out what one professes to do. I know I never had more kind things said to me than were said to me

Home and Abroad

that night, nor have I ever witnessed more keen and intelligent appreciation of my efforts than I did on that memorable and never-to-be-forgotten occasion."

I never had the pleasure of meeting that great man, Beaconsfield—then Mr. Benjamin Disraeli—but once, and that on a private view day at the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to him by the President. He had with him Lord Rowton—then Mr. Montagu Corry. He was aware that I was a collector and lover of art, and congratulated me upon my "Loan Collection" of pictures. On the same occasion I remember that Alma Tadema came up with a bevy of ladies, and drew their attention to one of his pictures near which we were standing, at which interruption we had to move away.

Our interview of course was only, as on such occasions, a brief one, but, as I have found in all great men of education and position, he was the very essence of courtesy and kindness.

He revelled in the warm, bright sun, and once said that he never wondered at the sun-worshippers, but his heart, after all, was in London.

Disraeli was one of the most brilliant statesmen—if not the most brilliant—that Britain has ever possessed. Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria idolised him as an ideal Prime Minister, for he was one of the greatest Empire builders; were it not for him indeed where would the British Empire be to-day? Can you imagine our glorious Empire without the control of the Suez Canal?*

It was due to his far-seeing also that Britain can still hold her head high in the air and defy her greatest of enemies and all the treachery that springs from that source. Disraeli was not only an Empire-maker but an Empire-saviour; if he had accomplished nothing greater than the purchase of the Suez Canal shares it would have entitled

* The Suez Canal as an engineering feat has now been over-shadowed by the still more marvellous development of the Panama Canal opening up a waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Disraeli

his name to be handed down to posterity as a brilliant financier. This vital achievement was carried out by that great statesman in spite of even those who were otherwise his greatest admirers ; but the nation woke up one morning to find that this great man had accomplished single-handed, and without the knowledge of any other nation, the purchase for Great Britain of the incalculable benefit of predominant interest in that wonderful waterway.

A singularly remarkable man, combining extremes of the human intellect—versatile, foppish, flippant, grandiose, grand, impressive, eloquent. He could soar or descend as it suited his ends and purposes, but had always one aim, and one aim only in view, patriotic love and devotion to the land of his birth. He existed for one object, the glorification of Britain. His “ Alpha and Omega ” was his Queen and country, and excepting his loyalty to both and his devoted affection for his wife—whom he adored—nothing else mattered.

Compare the so-called statesmen now ruling our beloved mother land, with the marvellous way in which that wonderful man handled it ! Oh, but for one hour of his statesmanship, firm and unflinching !

He knew no fear. There were no such words in his vocabulary as “ Wait and see,” and he had the most profound contempt for a shilly-shallying lot of men who regardless of loyalty or patriotism thought only of how they could distinguish themselves by “ playing to the gallery,” and more of their own emolument than their duty to the nation, having only one end in view—their own egoism.

Among many of Disraeli's telling *bon mots* was the following : In his earlier days as a member of the House of Commons some member who did not love him, alluded to him in a speech as a “ descendant of the impenitent thief ! ” After a while, Disraeli, in replying, gave a quiet smile, and remarked that “ before the honourable member had taunted him because

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his parents had been Hebrews, it would have been as well had that gentleman reflected that one half of humanity who called themselves Christians worshipped a Jew and the other half a Jewess ! ”

This great man died in 1881 and was buried at Hughenden. In his memory, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir John Gorst, Sir Alfred Slade and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff,* founded the Primrose League in 1883. The objects of the League are declared to be “ the maintenance of religion ; the estates of the realm ; and the Imperial ascendancy of Great Britain.”

Disraeli conquered the social world by sheer cleverness and wit. Stories about him were retailed everywhere, and at least a proportion of them were true. There is one of a *royal lady* who, indignant at the hesitation shown by Ministers on the Eastern Question, asked him at dinner what he was waiting for. “ For peas and potatoes, Ma’am,” he answered. Better still is that of the charming neighbour who insidiously tried to wheedle secrets out of him at the dinner table. He pressed her hand and whispered, “ You darling.” Once at a place where the food was poor and cold, Disraeli remarked with fervour when he tried the champagne, “ Thank God, I have at last got something warm.” When asked to recommend a novel to his neighbour, he excused himself by saying, “ When I want to read a novel I write one.” Of a leading politician well known in fashionable circles he said, “ He has a fine presence, ancient descent, a ready wit, and no principles ; he must succeed.”

* Extract from “ The Bournemouth Guardian,” June 12th, 1920:— “ Primrose League Banner. Members of the Drummond Wolff Habitation of the Primrose League, of which Miss Scott Murray is Ruling Councillor, will be pleased to know that Sir Merton Russell-Cotes has been elected a life member of the habitation, and that he is presenting a magnificent banner to the habitation as a tribute to the loving memory of the late Lady Russell-Cotes. The order has been placed with the Royal School of Art Needlework, London, and it is hoped it will be finished in time for the next Primrose League entertainment in the autumn. Miss Scott Murray writes : ‘ I feel sure all members will be thankful that by Sir Merton’s great kindness our present small banner will be replaced by one worthy of our habitation.’ ”

Dizzy's Short-sightedness

Beaconsfield could, on occasion, make capital out of his physical infirmities; the story of the bishop in this connection is worth relating. A bishop of his acquaintance, of an unusually touchy disposition, thought that the Prime Minister had intentionally cut him on two public occasions on one day, and wrote a would-be dignified letter to say that, although quite unaware of having given offence, he would accept the intimation that the acquaintance must cease. Beaconsfield's reply was delightful:—

“ 10, Downing Street, May 5th, 1879. I sincerely regret that I had not the gratification of recognising you at the Levée or the Academy, since it reminds me of the most unfortunate incident of my life—viz., that I am, perhaps the most short-sighted of H.M.'s subjects.

“ My friends who are aware of my infirmity treat me with tenderness, and always address me first. Even our most gracious Prince, the Heir Apparent, with whom I have the honour of being in frequent communication, habitually deigns to pardon me for my default. Let me hope that a Christian bishop will not be less charitable ! ”

Stories about politicians are common enough. Palmerston, Melbourne, Russell, Gladstone, John Bright, all have said things which have been repeated again and again. Some might have been abler and some wittier, but everything that came from Beaconsfield is stamped with an individuality all his own and one that is recognisable wherever we see his words in print. There have been many witty Prime Ministers, but none that was witty quite in the same way. The politics for which he stood have changed immensely since his death, but the romance and picturesqueness of his figure will be remembered and handed down for ever.

The country is grovelling under this “ Wait and see ” intolerable policy, and the thralldom of too many lawyers, rabid teetotallers and men out of work rejoicing in a sinecure

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of £400 per annum, which they have helped themselves to—illegally—from the National Exchequer. Coalition has not seemed to mend matters, and the country apathetically submits to men and money being lost to our great Empire, instead of turning out the entire lot. “A plague on both your houses!” Oh, for a Disraeli, a Cromwell, a Pitt! We are indeed in the hands of the Philistines. How long? How long? We are encompassed about by jibbering incompetency and irresolution, whilst the Empire is assailed by a powerful phalanx of determined enemies who are set on its final destruction.

A Cabinet of thoroughly capable *travelled business men* and the leading heads of the Army and Navy together with Imperial representatives from our colonies ought to constitute the real Cabinet and Parliament of this country, and were it so our country would never have found itself in the position it did at the outbreak of a cruel and wicked war! A Cabinet of such men is needed and a House of Commons of patriotic, loyal men who would scorn to appropriate to themselves an increment of £400 a year—paid to men, many of whom are simply lay figures and could not earn the same amount in any business capacity.

In contradistinction to Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone stands out in bold relief, for with all his professed love of the masses, which he never missed an opportunity of dilating upon, especially from the railway carriage windows at the stations *en route*, and although he was insistent upon deploring the sufferings and the hardships of other nations, for whom his sympathies were instantly and deeply aroused—especially by the tyrannies and evil governments under which many of the people of other nations were groaning, and which he would ventilate without pausing, with passionate eloquence—when it was in any way connected with the trials of the industrial or sweating system of English men, women and children, he would absolutely ignore it. In fact, Mr. Gladstone

Lord Roberts

never took up any question that would ameliorate the sufferings of his own countrymen.

Even when that great Christian and philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, endeavoured to bring forward the shame of forcing little children up chimneys and the horror of putting women to work mines, not a single word of help did Mr. Gladstone offer. We are not made aware of any single instance where Gladstone co-operated with Lord Shaftesbury in his persistent endeavours to reduce the cruelties and the miseries of the poor, nor co-operate or take the slightest interest in any of the beneficent acts and works, in season and out of season, of Lord Shaftesbury.

Mr. Gladstone and those who believed in him and who have followed his precepts, have brought the Empire to its present perilous crisis with their Radical free trade and peace-at-any-price policy. The blood of hundreds of thousands of the British and Colonial men cry aloud for vengeance, and billions of gold have been spent in this accursed, brutal and unspeakable war, because the nation found itself utterly unprepared to meet the Germans, and entirely through the incredible mistakes and blind anti-British policy. Their free trade and peace-at-any-price policy has been the curse of our native land and the creation of Germany's commercial and industrial growth and increase.

That great man, Lord Roberts,* together with Lord Charles Beresford and many others, who, like St. John, were "crying in

* Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, K.G., was one of the greatest, if not the greatest of Generals, a staunch Protestant and patriot—a sympathetic, genial, kindly-hearted gentleman—who saved the situation on every occasion when he undertook the command. He, like St. John, was one crying in the wilderness. He lived and died in his loyal and intensely patriotic devotion to the British Empire, his King and native land. His warnings and persistent and insistent pleadings to those whose motto was "Wait and see," were unheeded and even ridiculed, and the nation allowed apathetically to go to sleep, utterly oblivious of every "sign of the times!" His prophetic words have not only been realised during the last two years, but infinitely

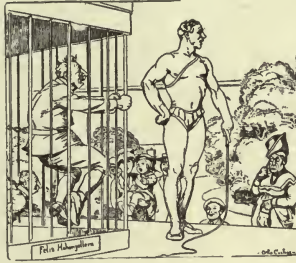
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the wilderness," found their warnings utterly unheeded and treated with contempt and even ridicule; but to all whose minds are not blinded by prejudice it must be admitted that had their warnings been heeded, the nation would have been prepared for all emergencies, and the probability is that the horrible and bloodthirsty war would never have taken place, because the ex-Emperor and his advisers were under the impression that they could easily sweep off the face of the earth what the "Madman of Potsdam" called Britain's "Contemptible little army," and also that neither France nor Russia were at all prepared to meet them on the field of battle, but that they would have a "walk-over" through Belgium, never anticipating that the brave and heroic King Albert and his subjects would fight till the last drop of blood and the last inch of soil!

It was Gladstone who gave up that beautiful island of Corfu and who—to his lasting shame be it said—failed to send the help General Gordon craved in vain for, and so sacrificed a much nobler life than his own. It was also during the time Gladstone was in power that the conveyance of the hinterland of Zanzibar was ignored and consequently fell into German hands, for a small portion of which Salisbury afterwards exchanged Heligoland. And they call these muddlers Statesmen!

Another of Gladstone's "Wild-cat" schemes was Home Rule. It was not Home Rule that was the panacea for Ireland's discontent, but a firm hand to clear out the curse of Romish autocratic priestcraftism.

more so. A great and powerful combination of German states and kingdoms, under the despotic and brutal sway of the hated Prussian, had prepared for forty years to crush France and the Anglo-Saxon command of the sea, and yet when the avalanche commenced to move it found the "Wait and see" Government absolutely and utterly as unprepared as though it had been the conclusion of peace, instead of the beginning of one of the most gigantic, fiendish, barbarous, and atrocious wars, on the vastest scale, that the world has ever known. Earl Roberts' name appears on the archives of the Corporation of Bournemouth as an Honorary Freeman of the County Borough and immediately preceding the names of my wife and myself.



I had a dream in which the Kaiser
was confined inside a wild beast's cage.
Shortly afterwards I saw the above in
New York "Life."

Free Trade or Protection

Someone said of Gladstone that "he would either die in a madhouse, or ruin his country." Things have not turned out quite so badly as that, but free trade and peace-at-any-price policy has brought us to a perilous position.

Cobden and Bright never intended that Great Britain should become a *national agency for the sale of the manufactures and produce of other countries*, but, no doubt, were firmly convinced that all other nations would adopt the same fiscal policy, and so place them on "all fours."

I knew and corresponded with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain,* to whose patriotism and loyalty there were no bounds. He was an Imperialist to his finger-tips. Being a brilliant orator, he rarely failed to make his hearers realise the force and truth of his statements. There was none of the "wait and see" policy about this great English politician. He kept nothing up his sleeve, or words meant to cover another meaning. Subtleties of any kind found no place in his speeches or arguments. He hit straight from the shoulder, and had a supreme contempt for the use of prevarication or poetical vagaries to obtain any end he had in view. He was, in short, a rare type of politician, at once honest, earnest, and as straight as a dart.

In losing him, the Empire sustained an irreparable loss, there being no other living politician competent to take his place.

In his earlier days he was a leading Liberal, but Gladstone's Irish policy caused him to secede from that party and become

* Highbury, Moor Green,
Birmingham.

Dear Sir Merton,

January 29th, 1910.

I have received your letter of January 29th. My son, Austen, has already written with my entire agreement, to Mr. Balfour, and as he will go up to London on Wednesday next, I will urge him to see Lord Lansdowne as well, and discuss with him the best policy under present circumstances.

Yours faithfully,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes.

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

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a Liberal Unionist, which views he consistently followed, and strenuously worked for to the day of his death.

He was a powerful advocate for tariff reform, especially for every possible reciprocity being shown our colonies. His tour through Africa for the purpose of propitiating and smoothing down the disaffection of the Boers and the strenuous efforts created by this self-imposed arduous task, no doubt were the chief causes of his being stricken in the height of his brilliant career.

How differently it strikes one to compare a great man of his calibre, incurring all the hardships indispensable with his journey through Africa, with the Prime Minister of a Protestant Kingdom visiting the Pope of Rome! "Oh, what a falling off was there!" What affinity can there be between Protestant Britain and the Papacy? and what has religion of the hierarchy of either the Romish or Protestant Faith to do with this horribly wicked and cruel war; considering that the Pope of Rome is no longer a potentate or an independent monarch, in matters of this sort it would have been better to have left him severely alone.

We have no one comparable to Chamberlain as a patriotic Imperialist living, and he was British to the core. His whole life was devoted to the arduous task of serving our great Empire, of which he was undoubtedly one of the greatest pillars.

Mr. Chamberlain in a speech in Glasgow, on October 6th, 1903, stated that : " We have an Empire which, with decent organisation and consolidation might be absolutely self-sustaining. There is no article of your food, no raw material of your trade, no necessity of your lives, no luxury of your existence, which cannot be produced somewhere or other in the British Empire, if the British Empire holds together, and if we who have inherited it are worthy of our opportunities."

" Tariff Reformers have three great objects in view. We hope to stimulate the industry and invention of this country

Joseph Chamberlain

by giving it greater security. We believe that it is the duty of our Government to defend the commerce of the country against unfair competition. And we desire to encourage trade within the Empire, and strengthen and unite it by these means." *Joseph Chamberlain, speech in London, January 16th, 1904.*

TO JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Calm orator ; subtle, persuasive, eloquent
Weaver of words, winged, consecrate to Liberty and Truth,
Shafts of Titanic ire, rapier-keen yet blent,
Tempered with Reason's snows : Thou hast bent,
With hand outstretched and heart responsive to Necessity,
Spurning a well-earned ease of honoured, vigorous age
To minister unto thy country's good,
Bearing a Torch to rouse the fatuous, presage
Decrepitude of Commerce—National eclipse.
Thou, like a rock, has tow'rd a beacon, stood
A refuge for the dumb and stricken multitude,
The while thy penetrative gaze still, fixed,
Beholds a Glorious Vision rise, aloof,
Beyond the clouds that shroud the face of Destiny !

Two of the most famous pugilists that the world has ever known were Heenan and Sayers. Heenan was an American, a remarkably handsome man, standing fully six feet, broad and well made in proportion—in fact a perfect Hercules. Sayers on the other hand was a short, broad-set man, about five feet seven inches high, and the very picture of muscular power. When these two men stood up before each other, it was a case of extremes meeting.

I saw them at the City Hall in Glasgow in an exhibition bout. It was irresistibly amusing and entertaining to see Sayers jumping around Heenan, who seemed to get perfectly confused from the rapidity of Sayers' antics. He would leap forward five or six feet and land a tremendous blow on Heenan's

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face. Then with one bound he would jump back again, and then begin to dance round about in such a way that it was morally impossible for Heenan to strike him. So this would go on until they were both completely exhausted, and their boxing contest was concluded among the enthusiastic clamour of the audience.

The wife of Heenan (Ada Isaacs Menkin), who was an American poetess, took to the stage, and I saw her perform at the Sadlers Wells Theatre. On that occasion she took the character of "Mazeppa," a piece in which she made her name famous. She was a most beautiful woman, and anatomically a perfect Venus. When she appeared on the stage she was enveloped in a rich maroon velvet cloak. Afterwards a cream coloured horse came on the stage, on which she was to be bound. On throwing off her cloak, she appeared in flesh coloured skin tights from top to toe, which startled and amazed the audience. Her hair, which was very long, hung considerably below her waist. Altogether she was a beautiful, classical figure, which no sculpture could excel in marble. In short, it was a revelation, reminding one of Lady Godiva, who—clothed only in her own long and most beautiful tresses—rode through the streets of Coventry at the command of her arbitrary and despotic husband.

This remarkable woman died very early of consumption, probably got from chills caught on the stage whilst performing. Although her poems were exquisitely beautiful, she never became popular as a poetess.

Among my other many friends who have made their mark was Lord Brassey. As everyone knows, among his other hobbies was a great love of the sea. His famous yacht "The Sunbeam" had carried him and Lady Brassey to nearly every part of the world. Among the immense number of curios that he had collected in various parts of the world was a Maori marriage mat (cloak), that had belonged to King Tawphio,

Lord Brassey

the last King of the Maoris, composed of blue and white peacock's feathers. This cloak he exhibited at the Colonial Exhibition at Earl's Court in 1886. He gave this cloak to my dear old friend, Dick Bucke, and through him it became our property and is now one of the exhibits in the Russell-Cotes Museum.

The late King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands, who visited Lord Brassey at Normanhurst, Battle, Sussex, when his Majesty was entertained there by Lord and Lady Brassey, on seeing this cloak was so enraptured with it that he made a princely offer of a dollar for every feather in the cloak, saying that he wanted to give it to Queen Kāpolani.

I knew Lord Brassey very well, and also his son the late Earl Brassey, familiarly known as "Tab" Brassey.

The news of the sad accident in which the latter was knocked down by a taxi-cab in the street, whence he was carried to the hospital where he died, came as a great shock to me, for only a fortnight before that, being in Bournemouth, he called to see me to have a chat and "recall," as he put it, "old times." The title is now extinct.

Among the many business men whom I have had the pleasure of knowing, the three following are perhaps the most representative in the commercial world. They have, by reason of their strong personalities and determination of character, caused their names to become as "familiar as household words" throughout the world.

Singular to relate, only one of the three is British born. I refer to Sir Thomas Lipton, and he is a Scotsman by birth and of Irish parentage!

Sir Thomas makes no pretence of being "to the manner born" but rejoices in recounting his early struggles, and it is all to his credit that he has become the head of the largest food trading enterprise in the world. He is always cheerful and seems to bear his weight of daily anxieties and heavy

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responsibilities with a light heart. His great hobby is yachting, and the ever-present dream of his heart is to "lift" the Challenge Cup. He has already expended large sums of money in building no less than five yachts, and it is to be hoped that he will be ultimately rewarded by victory in his splendid efforts to successfully carry away the "Cup."

His *bonhomie* and good natured temperament make him *persona grata* everywhere. He was a friend of the late King Edward VII, and rumour has it that he, at the instigation of the Ex-Empress Eugenie, was greatly instrumental in forwarding the Spanish marriage. It was Sir Thomas who gave anonymously £20,000 to the Queen Alexandra's Christmas Dinner for the Poor Fund.

Mr. Henry Wellcome (of the firm of Burroughs, Wellcome and Co., manufacturing chemists), is an American by birth. He is an old friend of mine, but I knew his partner, Mr. Burroughs, even better. By his methods in providing the purest drugs in accurate dosage and in the most acceptable form, at a reasonable price, Mr. Wellcome has deserved well of suffering humanity.

Mr. Wellcome, among his other achievements, has formed a most unique museum which he has established in Welbeck Street, London. It is a collection of surgical and medical curios from the most remote period. He has also established a very important laboratory for medical products at Khartoum.

Of this achievement he is naturally very proud and frequently visits the spot (where that great Christian soldier, General Gordon, was foully murdered), in order—personally—to still further develop its many medical and scientific productions.

Although an American, Mr. Wellcome has become an enthusiast in all things concerning Great Britain.

My other friend, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, is also an American,



The Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, D.D.

Of the Barony Church, Glasgow, Queen Victoria's Chaplain for Scotland, and our minister and friend for many years. I was a member of his Sunday classes. He gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. Dr. Smith, Buenos Aires, and obtained for me the appointment as Resident Secretary of the Scottish Amicable Society in Dublin, for Ireland.



Tawaphio, the last King of the Maories

Whose marriage "mat" of peacock's feathers we have in the museum. This "mat" is unique, being the only one in existence. It was formerly the property of Lord and Lady Brassey, purchased by Lady Brassey from Tawaphio. When Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands, was visiting Lord and Lady Brassey, at Battle Abbey, he urged Lady Brassey to let him have it, offering a dollar for every feather, but she declined parting with it. It was exhibited at the Colonial Exhibition, Earl's Court.



H.M. King Edward VII and Sir David Welch, C.B., etc., Captain of Queen Victoria's Yacht for 40 years, King Edward's most confidential friend, and a very dear old friend of ours.



King Edward, Queen Alexandra and our dear old friend
Captain Sir David Welch, C.B.

Henry Wellcome

and coming to London with the motto "*Veni, vidi, vici*" erected a palatial building in Oxford Street as a general store. Success and prosperity seem to have "dogged his footsteps" in every scheme that he has undertaken, and his success has been so great that he has acquired the whole of the block from one street to the other, which will eventually comprise one of the noblest buildings and most extensive general stores in the world.

Mr. Selfridge seizes every opportunity to identify himself with Old England, one of his latest actions being the purchase of that fine historic tract of land, Hengistbury Head, from Sir George Meyrick, the Lord of the Manor; and it is to be hoped that in due course he will build a modern and charming residence and remove his home from Highcliffe Castle to his own freehold, a most romantic and ancient site, where many stirring scenes were enacted in the days of the early Britons, Romans and Saxons.

There are many stories of smuggling in this district which I could relate, but the following, which is an extract from the "Northampton Mercury" of Monday, 26th July, 1784, will sufficiently illustrate what real desperadoes some of these smugglers were:—

"Salisbury, July 20th. The 'Orestes' sloop of war, Captain Ellis, commander, lying in Cowes Road, having advice that two smugglers' vessels had arrived at Christchurch Point, at the mouth of Avon, on Wednesday laden with teas, brandy, etc., from Guernsey and Jersey, made a feint of sailing to the eastward, and arrived at Christchurch very unexpectedly on Thursday evening, but the smugglers had already landed their cargoes (the same which the troops from Lymington were in quest of) and were most of them, in all about 300, in the town and neighbourhood. When the 'Orestes' came near shore, she manned two tenders, and sent them alongside the smugglers, demanding those on board the vessels to surrender. This

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summons was immediately answered by a discharge of small arms, whereby several of the 'Orestes' crew were wounded, and as it is reported, the captain of one of the tenders killed. This alarmed the crews, and brought them down on the shore in great numbers; the 'Orestes' brought their guns to bear thereon, to prevent their going on board, which, however, many of them effected, regardless of the cannon shot flying round them. The action lasted from six to nine in the evening, when victory declared in favour of the Royalists, many of whom were wounded and some killed; several of the smugglers were also wounded. The 'Orestes' departed on Friday morning, taking with her the two smuggling vessels, supposed to be worth more than £4,000, and also their long boats which the crews had sunk with the hopes of preserving. One of the smuggling vessels was quite new, and this was her first trip."

Some fishermen who were plying their trade off Hengistbury Head on the 22nd January, 1917, had some considerable difficulty in hauling their net on board. When they did, to their surprise they found in it an old musket encrusted with limestone which had collected round it at the bottom of the sea.

It is supposed to have been dropped in a raid somewhere about the fifteenth century. Eventually the fishermen who found it brought it to me and I secured it at once for the museum, where it now is.

I will conclude this chapter with a few remarks and letters from certain old and personal friends, which I feel sure will be of interest and will speak for themselves.

Captain Sir David Welch, R.N., G.C.B., was one of my dearest friends, for whose memory I have a very deep affection. He was an Irishman, staunch and loyal and a true patriot.

He commanded H.M. Queen Victoria's yacht "Victoria and Albert" for forty years.

All the Royal children grew up to love him, and our beloved late King Edward VII regarded him as his confidential

Sir David Welch

friend. In fact, no two men could be more attached to each other than H.M. King Edward and Sir David Welch. At his retirement, Her Majesty Queen Victoria built for his occupancy a beautiful villa called "Virginia Water Cottage," at the head of the lake, where also is the Royal pavilion, in which members of the Royal family have times without number enjoyed themselves and entertained their friends. A more lovely spot it would be difficult to imagine. All the members of the Royal family evidently were of the same opinion as myself, for they were frequent guests of Sir David's, either for lunch or tea, or both, and if they enjoyed these visits half as much as I did, it is not a matter of surprise that they were his frequent and welcome guests. He was the constant companion of our late beloved King Edward VII. This is clearly indicated by the innumerable gifts from His Majesty. Sir David's rooms were filled with photos, portraits, albums, valuable articles of jewellery, bric-a-brac and *objets d'art*, all of which were gifts from nearly every crowned head in Europe, and were presented to him whilst in command of the Royal yacht. I often wonder what became of these fascinating and unique souvenirs, especially his diary, of which he often spoke to me. He never allowed anyone to see it, not even King Edward, who often expressed a wish to see and obtain possession of it. I gleaned, however, that it was practically the secret history of the private life of the Royal family, but more especially of the Royal guests on board the yacht.

The German Emperor, William II, was peculiarly distasteful to him as being a despotic *parvenu*, instead of a gracious monarch similar to our late beloved King Edward VII. Sir David said that the German Emperor meant "mischief" some day, as he considered "he ought to have been King of England, being the son of Queen Victoria's eldest child, viz., the Princess Royal of England."

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Sir David had sole charge of the historic Royal barge handed down from the time of Charles I. There is a painting of Charles I and his family in the barge on Virginia Water. Sir David had it uncovered, and begged me to take a seat in it, a great favour that few persons have had conferred on them.

Sir David made a most beautiful ship, fully rigged, for His Majesty King George, when Prince of Wales, to enable His Royal Highness to learn the rigging and other parts of a ship.

The last time we saw him was two days before he left for Balmoral at the end of August, 1910, at the command of King George, when he came to see my wife and myself at the Inns of Court Hotel. He complained then that he was not feeling well, and seemed to dread the journey to Balmoral.

I begged him to write to King George, but he replied " No ! it is a command from His Majesty and I *must obey !* "

The day on which he left had been a day appointed for us to visit him at Virginia Water Cottage, and we were both gravely disappointed, and especially have been since, as we never saw him again.* His dread of the journey was evidently a premonition of what was to follow, for after being a few days at Balmoral, he caught a severe cold, which developed his bronchial trouble from which he suffered. King George noticed this, and expressing his sympathy, suggested that perhaps he

* Virginia Water Cottage,
Ascot.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

22nd August, 1910.

I have received the King's commands to go to Balmoral. He forgot to tell me the day, and am waiting to know. In case I do not hear to-day or to-morrow, and he does not say Thursday, will you come on that day. As you are coming in a motor, you must come to Blackmore Gate, the one you went through when you came here ; from that you must walk here, as motors are not allowed in the park. If you think it would be too far for Lady Russell-Cotes to walk, will you tell me, as near as you can, the time you are likely to be there, and I will send the carriage to bring you here. Should I be away from home, my child will be very pleased to see you.

Kind regards to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself,

Yours sincerely,

D. W. WELCH.

Virginia Cottage

would like to return home, and he immediately did so. On his arrival at Virginia Cottage he was compelled to take to his bed, where he suffered for several weeks, and from which he never rose again.

Though remarkably short, he was a marvellously agile and clear-headed man.

Among his idiosyncrasies he had a firm aversion to motor-cars, and would not allow them inside the gates of Virginia Water Park, or in any part of the Royal domains under his control.

On his death my wife and I lost a most kindly hearted friend, whose principles were of the very highest possible order and although during nearly the whole of his life he had been in the midst of courtiers, many of whom no doubt resorted to various subterfuges, he was always as straight as a dart. Nothing daunted, he spoke his mind direct to Queen Victoria, King Edward and King George, which conduct instead of being resented was appreciated at its true and honest value.

Sir David was a staunch Protestant and possessed a profound contempt and disgust for the " Jesuit Mountebanks " (as he called them), who had by stealth, burrowed their way into the pulpits of the good old Protestant Church of England. Alas! There are now few earnest minded Protestants such as he.

A little incident occurred a few weeks after I had been visiting him in the summer of 1908, when King George and Queen Mary were paying him a visit and were sitting in the open verandah of the tea pavilion at the head of the lake. Sir David was endeavouring to impress upon King George that he was becoming surrounded with Papists in his Court, and that the Church of England was being honeycombed by them. The King became rather excited and said, " You know perfectly well, Welch, that I have some millions of Roman Catholic subjects." Sir David replied, " Yes, sir, and so also have

Home and Abroad

you some millions of Hindoos and Mohammedans, but it does not follow that they should convert your Protestant subjects, nor that they should undermine our Protestant institutions." The King, however, spoke pretty loudly, and Queen Mary said to him, "George, do speak lower; people on the other side of the lake will hear you!"

I append a few of my old friend's letters, thinking they may be of interest :—

Virginia Water Cottage,
Ascot.

Dear Sir Merton,

29th June, 1910.

Thank you very much for your kind letter, inviting me to East Cliff Hall. I should be very pleased to come and see Bournemouth once more. but am afraid it cannot be next month, as the King told me when he came to see me last week, that the Court would be down at Frogmore from this date until the beginning of August, and while they are in this part of the world I cannot get away, as they are often down here. I am sorry you could not come down here, when you were in town, but hope when you are again, your wife and self will come again and see our pretty place.

The passing away of our beloved King, the best earthly friend I ever had, has been a great trouble to me. The place is not the same to me, as he was down here so often. King George and Queen Mary are very kind, and I like them very much, but I miss my friend. I was at breakfast with him the day after he came from Biarritz, and never saw him looking better, and ten days after, the Queen Mother sent for me, to see him before he was put in his coffin; it was a most trying time for me, my interview with her and Princess Victoria.

Mr. and Mrs. Kensit came to luncheon with my dear child and self last Monday. He is a good fellow, and does good by his exposure of these Romanising Ritualists, but I firmly believe God will confound their Romanising ways.

With kind regards to your wife and self,

Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

D. W. WELCH.

Virginia Water Cottage,
Ascot.

Dear Sir Merton,

22nd October, 1910.

Thank you very much for your letter. I only wish I could get away out of this terrible east wind, as you are about to do. Ever since I left

Home Rule—or Rome Rule

Balmoral, some three weeks ago, I have been a prisoner in my bedroom, my lungs being a little touched, but, thank God, I am getting better.

I am afraid the King never sees one half of these memorials sent him, but when he is down here, I will ask about this one. You must excuse my scrawl, I can scarcely write.

Kind regards to you both, and hoping you will enjoy your cruise,

Yours sincerely,

D. W. WELCH.

Virginia Water Cottage,
Ascot.

Dear Sir Merton,

27th February, 1911.

I thank you very much for your very kind letter, and your offer of help to me if we went to Bournemouth, but the doctor has altered his idea of our going there, and thinks Miss Welch had better go to a more bracing air, and advises our going to Eastbourne. I believe it's all humbug, but I do not like to go in opposition to his wishes, so shall (D.V.) go there next week. I only hope it will be finer; the last week we had westerly gales, and to-day has gone round to south, with rain. You don't appear to have had very good weather in your part of the world.

What do you think of this blessed Ministry? Asquith seems to be quite content to obey his leader, Redmond, and, before long we may look forward to a republic governed by Irishmen. Will the people ever awake to see what we are coming to? Home Rule—or rather Rome rule—will be our fate, and civil war in consequence.

I spent an hour with our dear King on Thursday last; he is looking well, but I thought worried. Who would be King, to be in the hands of such a God-forsaken lot of Ministers. All their thought is to keep in office, and take their five thousand a year.

I hope Lady Russell-Cotes and self will benefit by your stay abroad.

Very kind regards to you both,

Yours sincerely,

D. W. WELCH.

P.S.—I was greatly disappointed in not getting another look at your beautiful museum.

Virginia Water Cottage,
Ascot.

Dear Sir Merton,

15th May, 1911.

I thank you for the Bournemouth papers. They are fortunate people there, having such a munificent gift. It is but few who spend their money as you do to benefit the place and people.

Home and Abroad

I hope Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself benefited by your sojourn abroad. I have not been at all well myself latterly. I went to memorial service on the 6th, and very painful it was to me. I was to go to the unveiling of Queen Victoria's statue to-morrow, but am not well enough, but my two young ladies go, as the King has given them tickets to be present.

The King, Queen and family came down here to tea last month. They are very nice and kind, but it is not the same to me as when my late dear master was here.

Very kind regards to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

Yours sincerely,

D. W. WELCH.

As a personal friend of Sir Charles Scotter, I became acquainted with one of his contemporaries, Mr. (now Sir) Sam Fay, and the acquaintance ripened into a friendship which has lasted many years.

Sir Sam joined the L. & S.W.R. in 1872 and by his indomitable perseverance and kindly personality worked his way until as superintendent of the line he became Sir Charles Scotter's "right hand."

On account of the keen interest he has taken in its growth and the wonderful manner in which he "backed up" the late Sir Charles in developing the splendid train service that we enjoyed before the war, Bournemouth owes him a deep debt of gratitude.

Leaving the L. & S.W.R. he joined the Great Central Railway as General Manager.

He is one of, if not the greatest of, railway experts in the country, and was a strong supporter of Mr. Willett's "Daylight Saving Act."

His services during the war to the country are so well known that I do not need to recapitulate them.

Sir Sam Fay was knighted by the King in 1912, and in this connection the following letter may be of interest, as he refers to a somewhat similar occasion :—



Garibaldi

The great Italian patriot, whom I met in Glasgow when he was the guest of our friend, Mr. MacTear.



Sir Clements Markham

Late President of the Royal Geographical Society.



General Gordon

A great General and Christian man, murdered at Khartoum, to the everlasting disgrace of Gladstone, who ignored his frequent appeals for succour. The so-called "Gordon Tomb," Jerusalem, was discovered by him, being unquestionably the one in which the body of our Lord was laid.



President Harrison

whom we visited during our sojourn at Washington, U.S.A.



The late Sir Charles Scotter, Bart.
Chairman of the L. & S. Western Railway, one
of my oldest friends and a great admirer of
Bournemouth.



The Earl of Leven and Melville
who during my Mayoralty, offered through me to
the town, the Talbot Woods for £30,000, which
offer was declined by the Council.



The late Edmund Yates
Editor of "The World."



The Earl of Beaconsfield
(Britain's greatest Premier) recovered his health by
six months' sojourn in Bournemouth, 1874-5.

My Knighthood

Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham.

Dear Sir Merton,

June 28th, 1909.

I have just received my copy of the Bournemouth paper and read with great pleasure its leading article.*

In common with all your friends, and they are legion, I was delighted to see the honour deservedly conferred upon you.

You have done no end of good to and in Bournemouth and helped it when nobody else troubled their brains to make its charm known.

May you and Lady Russell-Cotes live long and happily.

Yours faithfully,

SAM FAY.

At about this period many papers were kind enough to refer to the honour the King had conferred on me. Still, in this connection I will only quote the following from the "English Churchman," July 1st, 1909:—

"Our readers will unite with us in the heartiest congratulations to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes on the honour of Knighthood

* *The Guardian*, Saturday, June 26th, 1909.

The leading article to which Sir Sam refers is as follows:—

WELL DESERVED HONOURS.

It is with unfeigned pleasure that we notice the name of Merton Russell Cotes among the list of birthday honours. Our old friend and townsman, who has been so prominently connected with Bournemouth for so many years, has fairly won his spurs, and we congratulate Sir Merton and Lady Russell Cotes upon the high recognition of their private worth and public service. It is a far cry now to the year 1876 when he first came to reside in the "Evergreen Valley." It was not then a "City of Pines," but had only just begun to bask in the sunshine of popularity. From the moment of his arrival Sir Merton played no backward part in the development of its resources, and in making its claims world-known. The "Daily Mail" describes him as the maker of Bournemouth. Of course, he would be the last to admit such flattery, but for all that few citizens of Bournemouth have so splendidly served the town.

When in residence here he entertained in princely style, and his powers and wealth were always at the disposal of any movement calculated to make the name and fame of this delectable watering place known. Benefiting himself in health and pocket by his connection with Bournemouth, he never failed to sing its praises, to push it to the forefront, and to seek its improvement. He was no absentee landlord, no mere drone taking toll of the unearned increment and giving little in return. But he gave generously and lavishly not only of this world's riches, but of those highly-strung mental qualities with which he was physically endowed.

It would not be easy to detail a list of the public movements in which he took active part, but perhaps the successful battle for the Undercliff Drive may be classed as one of the most valuable. It is not too much to say, though others gave of their best to the furtherance of this object, that Sir Merton, in his boundless energy, his quick wit and ready mind, his powerful backing and the big influence he was able to bring to bear, was a leading factor in the promotion of a scheme that is, we think, when completed by the Kursaal, to be the turning point in the future prosperity of the place.

Sir Merton was elected Mayor of Bournemouth in 1894, and it is characteristic of his position in regard to the borough, that though not a member of the Town Council, he was almost the only resident to whom the members could look to fulfil the arduous and special tasks of the following year. He has taken a vast interest in the sanitary work of the town, and used all his influence to secure the construction of the Hospital. During his mayoralty the Meyrick Park was opened, also the Public Libraries. But with all the many activities of a public spirited and philanthropic character that he filled his busy life with, the last great benefaction of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes stands pre-eminent. The munificent gift to the town of East Cliff Hall and its art treasures put the key-stone to the arch of their fame, and it is only a year or so since they received the honorary freedom of the borough. Many men who are knighted deserve the honour less than Sir Merton to whom and his good lady may there yet remain many years of enjoyment of the pleasures of life in the town which they have done so much to prosper.

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conferred upon him by the King. The daily newspapers have referred to the position occupied by Sir Merton Russell-Cotes in the town of Bournemouth, of which he has been Mayor, and also to the munificent gifts to the town which he made last year, when he presented an art gallery and museum and a collection of treasures. Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, whom we associate in our congratulations, are, however, better known to our readers as the liberal and earnest supporters of all Protestant movements, and it will be remembered that Sir Merton is a member of the Church Association Council. We trust they may both be spared many years to enjoy the Royal honour."

From the "Daily Mirror," 26th June, 1909:—

"Among the most interesting of the honours announced yesterday was the Knighthood awarded to Mr. Merton Russell-Cotes, the well known art connoisseur and collector who has done so much, for many years, in spreading a knowledge of art amongst the people by lending his splendid collection to various public institutions and galleries. When he was Mayor of Bournemouth, in 1894, the Meyrick Park was opened there, as well as two free libraries, and the two first schools of art in the borough, while for upwards of thirty-five years his loan collection of about 250 pictures was exhibited in the Corporation Art Galleries of Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Nottingham, Derby, Glasgow, Bath, Oldham, Burnley and other cities, and many of his pictures have been borrowed for exhibition in Chicago, the Guildhall (London) and People's Palace, Mile End."

This letter was from a very old and much valued friend, Captain Shaw, a cousin of the famous artist, Kate Greenaway, whom we frequently visited when he and Mrs. Shaw resided at Stratford-on-Avon.

Capt. Shaw

Waratah,
Rugby.

My dear Sir Merton,

May 8th, 1902.

Please accept my warmest congratulations for your birthday ; on having reached the evening of life crowned with so much success and well-merited honours ; the many blessings you have, and the many blessings you have conferred on your fortunate family and your many friends ; your splendid home ; and magnificent gift of all those splendid treasures and works of art. These will make your name imperishable in Bournemouth, and will be a delight and pleasure to future generations long after you and I have "outsoared the shadow of our night." Words fail me to express my gratitude for all your kindness and your friendship for me.

With affectionate regards, believe me,

Your old friend,

WILLIAM GREENAWAY SHAW.

The following letter reminds me of a life-long friendship commenced under exceptional circumstances during our sojourn in Melbourne, and our visit with Mr. Hollander to Ballarat to explore the "Last Chance," then the largest, deepest and richest gold mine there, when the annexed photo was taken of my wife, our son, Mr. Hollander, the captain of the mine and myself in miner's dress.

Maramanah,
Macleay Street,
Sydney.

My dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

12th March, 1919.

Your letter, September 11th, came to hand quite recently. I was very happy to receive it and to know you and Lady Russell-Cotes had not forgotten me. I do hope that ere this reaches you Lady Russell-Cotes will have recovered from her illness. I need hardly tell you how anxious I am, for as you know, my heart beats warm with admiration and affection for her and you. Well I remember you as a bright example of all that is good, noble and beautiful in your life of 59 years together ; I can understand that her life is your life—may the great Architect of the Universe bless you both and keep you in good health for many, many years to come, so that you may continue to do the good for the benefit of those around you—please God I hope to hear of your continued improvement. Convey my love and those of my sisters to her and accept heaps for yourself.

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I was very interested in the articles you enclosed. "Are the British the Lost Tribes?" is a fine exposition. Truly this question has been answered by the Lord in the working out of the great cleansing war humanity has gone through—Palestine in the hands of the British—what thoughts does this fact bring to one's mind? Lloyd George from Wales, the leader of British action for the settlement and the last word, I hope, as to the world's happiness, religiously and humanely. President Wilson (whose actions are somehow rather involved) preaches League of Nations, etc.; in the end, the British ideals of a square-deal in humanity—even to *erring humanity*, takes the lead—thus exemplifying the proof that there is the hand of God still leading the chosen tribes—even the lost tribes to recognition and leadership to clear up the chaos caused by the Hun and their Satanic followers. As you say, this nest of vipers is on the high road to extermination, their fangs are being extracted for ever. Right has triumphed, Bolshevism, the microbe of destruction, is rapidly removing the dregs of these devils incarnate; like many microbes they are devouring each other—this process must go on and on until at last a clean bill will be before the world. Many will have suffered by the way—but civilisation will benefit in the future. The mills of God grind slowly but surely—and we mortals who have witnessed the miracle of September, 1918, the overthrow of the mighty beast of Berlin, must admit that there is a Heavenly Father with those who are on the side of right and justice and against the devils who would crush the weak and helpless. With all the dreadful sufferings and sacrifice it is a glorious thing to contemplate.

Your elections were closely watched here and the success of the Nationalists or Coalition gave great satisfaction. Asquith, I understand, is a dangerous factor when in power. The nation was magnificently united and behind Lloyd George. May he be blessed with a proper understanding to lead us to a final peace and a proper and fitting consummation of victory.

The troubles of labour are on you—this menace has been actively with us for many years. What with "Bolshevism," "Sinn Fein," and many other active destroying elements grown out of disloyal minds who are living parasites on the worker throughout the world, this question of the Socialistic but selfish efforts on the part of the loud-mouthed-don't-work brigade must run its course; the world can never be the same—but sane principles will be the outcome, so that a worker may get a fair day's pay for a fair day's work. All will agree to this. The whole world looks to Great Britain to formulate something tangible and wise to overcome difficulties and set all at work in contentment and good will. The returned soldier is now forming into a political power. True, he has done his bit—but it is to be feared that again the "talker" who has not done his bit, has most of the say—and may become the tool

Rev. Canon Wainwright

of the cunning crowd who are seeking power to down existing conditions, which conditions really were the backbone of the struggle, and the whole-hearted way the masses (other than workers) fought, and paid, shows conclusively that placing the masses in power must be doomed to failure.

Well, my love to you and Lady Russell-Cotes and all your family.
Write again soon,

Yours as of yore,
A. A. HOLLANDER.

From my dear old friend, the Rev. Canon Wainwright, who was Vicar of Bowdon in Cheshire when we lived there, and whose church Sir Charles Scotter and my beloved wife and I attended.

St. John's Vicarage,
Altrincham.

My dear Sir Merton,

4th February, 1910.

It pleases me greatly that I am thought to be still one of your circle, by the fact that the Bournemouth newspapers are sent to me whenever something special is happening there. And these special events are not rare in a community so spirited as yours. But of course the supreme interest attaches to the commemorations of your golden wedding which was so handsomely and so deservedly celebrated both near and far! In my own mind it was prominent at the time, and I am still ruminating in pleasant pensiveness over the very remarkable combination of experiences which renders the union of yourself with Lady Russell-Cotes so specially admirable and memorable.

In your case the union has been a genuine union—a complete oneness of tasks and purposes, designs and principles, such as can only rarely be realised.

Then, again, there has been a thoroughness of strenuous exertion, and a prudent consistency in the joint direction of your energies, thus laying a stable foundation for rest, and success, and honour in later days, Add to this, the valuable ingredient of health, physical and mental, to guide life's ambitions within the bounds of what is reasonable and practicable.

Furthermore, you and Lady Russell-Cotes have exhibited a noble standard of enterprise, both local and universal. You have traversed the world with sagacious eyes, and have brought back the spoils of travel, to educate and adorn the town which has for so many years been the home of your preference. The catholicity of your tastes, and the broad scope of your sympathies, recalls Landor's famous line, "I warm'd *both* hands before the fire of life." Small wonder is it, therefore, to find that, in a district which is immensely indebted to all that you have

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done therein, these combined qualities have encircled you with a bright halo of appreciation and gratitude. You have been spared to "do" things, with happy descendants around you, before the chill blast of age and decay could intervene to wither your laurels, and destroy the relish of a long and beneficent career. Next to being a spectator and sharer in these happy scenes, is the glow of admiration with which, to you both, I sign myself,

Your deeply appreciative friend,
FRED WAINWRIGHT.

The Vicarage,
Bollington,
By Altrincham.

Dear Sir Merton

February 6th, 1919.

It is highly gratifying to Mrs. Wainwright and myself to find that you and Lady Russell-Cotes, my old parishioners, still keep a warm corner in your hearts for memories of St. John's and its former vicar and vicar's wife.

Last year I completed the 50th year of my tenure of that charge—and found it desirable to retire to a much smaller parish and far lighter duties—but we are glad to find how tenacious and how tender are many of the associations which surround us now that we are three miles away from the old scenes.

I have just read in the "Bournemouth Guardian," so kindly forwarded to us, the striking article on those princely arrangements which have been made for the welfare of Bournemouth, and the promotion of artistic taste and culture. And it is all an admirable thing. War will not always be the absorbing topic that it is to-day, and we must endeavour to keep alive man's higher activities, even in his darkest hours. Two large volumes on my shelves remind me that it was at the very time when the Goths and Vandals were tearing the Roman Empire to pieces, that Augustine composed his great prose epic, "the City of God."

Well, dear friend, you and Lady Merton Russell-Cotes have been spared to see the growth and accomplishment of your generous and lofty designs, and it must be a profound satisfaction to both of you to enjoy day by day the contemplation of what your own hands and your own noble purposes have set out to achieve. And in saying this, we must also remember the proud trophies of keen appreciation and loving gratitude from your fellow citizens far and wide. "To read their history in a people's eyes," as Gray, in his *Elegy*, expresses it, is the privilege of the few, and you certainly are enrolled in that high class.

For ourselves, we have the most agreeable remembrances of Bournemouth and of the generous hospitality you have shown us there

Rev. W. Eastwick Cotes

on several visits. In fact, the combined attractiveness of locality and friendliness remind me of Milton's line from "Paradise Lost," "Much he the place admired, the people more."

The former vicar, Bishop Ryan, was quite an institution with me, for he lived and worked as a curate close to my old home in Liverpool, and as a pupil of Liverpool Collegiate Institution, I was examined by him 65 years ago!

In the name of old friendship allow me to sign myself,

Yours affectionately,

FRED WAINWRIGHT.

Among other letters it may interest my own "kith and kin" to peruse the following from my kinsman, the Rev. W. Eastwick Cotes, M.A., Vicar of Fowey.

Point Neptune,

Fowey,

Cornwall.

My dear Sir Merton,

8th October, 1910.

I venture to ask you to kindly put me in the way to obtain a letter for the Royal National Sanatorium at Bournemouth. The case is most deserving, and knowing your influence at Bournemouth, and being a member of my ancient family, I venture to appeal on behalf of this poor girl.

With kind regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,

W. EASTWICK COTES.

Point Neptune,

Fowey,

Cornwall.

My dear Sir Merton,

12th October, 1910.

Many thanks for your kind reply to my letter with Dr. Thomson's enclosed. I have written to one or two Life Governors, and hope to meet with success. I well remember my cousin, Charles Cecil Cotes, speaking of you in terms of eulogy, and I trust some day to have the pleasure of meeting you when I come to Bournemouth, which I have not visited now for many years. I shall consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to call upon you.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

W. EASTWICK COTES.

*John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;*

*But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.*

*John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mory a candt day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;*

*Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go ;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.*



Photo of the picture by Mr. Frank Richards, on commission from the committee which had been formed to commemorate our "Diamond Wedding," 1st February, 1921.



Presentation of the Illuminated Address in commemoration of our "Diamond Wedding."

CHAPTER XXI

Diamond Wedding

The 1st February, 1920—Letters of Congratulation—Proposal for a Public Testimonial—The Committee formed to carry out the suggestion—Letters from members of the Committee—The Report of the Presentation of the Address, and the further suggestion of the Presentation of a life-sized Portrait of my wife and myself—The Report of the Ceremony in the Council Chamber when Sir Daniel Morris as Chairman of the Committee, made the Presentation of the Portrait Group—Presentation of Chalice in memory of my beloved wife.

“ Marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of heart and hands.”

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

MY story now draws to an end, and I feel that I cannot close my book in a more fitting manner than to record the incidents that attended our “Diamond” Wedding, the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of my beloved wife and myself.

The first of February, 1920, being a Sunday, and from the fact that my beloved wife was far from well, the day was passed very quietly—passed only with those most nearly and dearly related to us.

What our many dear friends thought on this occasion and said, I leave the following extracts from the Press to demonstrate.

The “Bournemouth Guardian,” Saturday, January 31st, 1920 :—

“To-morrow Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes celebrate their Diamond Wedding Day and we offer them our hearty

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congratulations. Since the notification of this coming event the worthy pair have been the recipients of numerous messages of good will from friends all over the world, and there are more to come. They deserve them all. It is an occasion on which even those who differ widely in their views on almost any topic with those which Sir Merton holds, can rejoice with him on one topic in regard to which the 'whole world is kin.'

"Since the beginning marriage has been the consummation of human life so far as this world is concerned, and a happy one touches us all closely. Especially is it so when it has stood the stress and strain of three score years, and the parties to it, who joined their lives sixty years ago, have all that long time set so fine an example of mutual forbearance, respect and fidelity. There are those who differ from Sir Merton as widely as the poles are apart in their views of sociology, politics, art and even religion, who will cordially appreciate the achieving of his Diamond Wedding, and sympathise with him and Lady Russell-Cotes in her inability to take that active share in the occasion that all would have wished she could have done.

"There are always critics and they are the more numerous as a man is successful in this life, displays definite and pronounced opinions and takes his own line. In the fable of Æsop the man who was crossing a bridge driving his poor donkey had his critics, and the more he sought to adopt their advice the worse he fared. But Sir Merton is not that sort of an individual and always kept his colours flying. And in this hour of joy at the consummation of so long a period of domestic happiness we recall how much he and his wife have benefited Bournemouth and sought to add to its attractions and amenities, and assure them that the citizens of the County Borough do appreciate all of it. And as time goes on their work for the town will stand out prominently. Their generous benefactions will live after them.

The Diamond Wedding

“ In her 85th year, Lady Russell-Cotes has been spared to celebrate with her husband their Diamond Wedding.

“ As we have already mentioned, an influential committee has been formed, with Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G., J.P., as its Chairman, and Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, J.P., as its Honorary Secretary, to make a public acknowledgment to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes of their numerous benefactions to the town. The committee invites the co-operation and support of all who desire to take part in celebrating the occasion. The subscriptions are limited to one guinea, but smaller sums will be equally welcome. Thus all may join without hesitation in this presentation. The date is not yet fixed, but an early intimation will be issued to the subscribers. Mr. E. Huxham, of the National and Provincial Bank, is the Hon. Treasurer of the fund.”

In a special article, the “ Bournemouth Guardian,” Saturday, January 31st, 1920 :—

“ THEIR DIAMOND WEDDING.

“ CONGRATULATIONS TO SIR MERTON AND LADY RUSSELL-COTES.

“ To-morrow my heart will be with Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes in the quiet celebration of their Diamond Wedding Day. To-day I offer them heartiest congratulations, and my sincerest wish would be that Lady Russell-Cotes were not confined to her sick room, but could enter joyously in the rare anniversary that has been granted by Providence to this worthy couple. They are in their 85th year, each of them, far beyond the ‘ allotted span,’ when Nature must begin to crave for rest. It is given to few to reach fourscore ; to still fewer to complete 60 years of married life, as they have done.

“ Marriage, says the cynic, is a lottery. It is impossible to evade recognition of the fact many of them at any rate are not ‘ made in heaven.’ The sad end of some unions, at which wedding bells pealed joyfully, and choirs sang sweetly

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'O, perfect love' and 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden,' has been the divorce court. The pity of it. What ballad song is more charming than that of Darby and Joan? What line more pregnant with loyalty than

'Always the same to your old wife, Joan'?

"Which of Albert Chevalier's coster songs most of all stilled audiences to silence or thrilled them to the core? Was it not that of 'My old dutch.' How does it run.

'We've lived together now for forty year,

And it don't seem a day too much.

There ain't a lady in the land

As I'd swop for my dear old dutch.'

"Forty years. A long married life surely. You begin early to attain to that. You must have luck in health and have escaped many a peril. But sixty! Ah, well, it is exceptional, and if it is a record of happy comradeship and working partnership, it is indeed a thing to be thankful for. It is ever the regret of happily married people that it cannot last for ever. They live in hope, but, if they are wise, they also live each day in harmony. You have heard of the Dunmow Fritch. I should say that Sir Merton and his good lady could win it hands down if they entered.

"For many years I have had the pleasure of a friendship with Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, and have watched them and their lives with a growing interest. They had interests and taste in common. They went all over the world together, nor did they go with blind eyes. *They used them.* They stopped to investigate the wonders of Nature. Together—I wonder if the fact were known it was not hand-in-hand—they walked the floor of the Halemaumau Crater, 'the House of Everlasting Fire,' in Hawaii, where Sir Merton risked his life to obtain a piece of Pélé's hair. He also possesses a treasure in a bit of lava foam he picked up in the heart of the Halemaumau

Congratulations

volcano. It was like him, and this time he left his spouse trembling on the brink, and the guides shouted in warning. But he got it.

“ Together they toured the world and brought back rare curios. They descended gold mines, and stood before the Holy Sepulchre. They filled their home with works of nature and art. If the one specialised in pictures the other went in for rare birds and butterflies. Lady Russell-Cotes’ collection of these is not far from unique. She was a talented musician, and they enjoyed the best of music together. She was philanthropic and altruistic in her aims. He backed her up. Hers was the inspiration of the gift to Bournemouth of the magnificent home in which they live and its wealth of art contents. Like Barkis, he was willing. They built and gave the town the Picture Gallery annexe. They found the money and filled the place with objects of art.

“ Very few do that, and whatever some may say, and however grudgingly they may, or may not, appreciate it all, it goes beyond question that for generosity and public spirit we may look round us diligently and yet not see theirs matched. If envy exists let it die in the face of the examples set by this old couple, the example of industry and of perseverance in business, of capacity to work hard and to enjoy life, of power to rise to high motives and to let others share in their joys, and, not least, of a domestic felicity, that finds its climax, though I hope not yet its culmination, in their Diamond Wedding Day to-morrow. W.P.”

From the “ Bournemouth Times and Directory,” Saturday, 7th February, 1920 :—

“ A ‘ DIAMOND ’ WEDDING.

“ CONGRATULATIONS TO SIR MERTON AND LADY
RUSSELL-COTES.

“ Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes on Sunday last completed their sixtieth year of happy married life. The

Home and Abroad

auspicious event is shortly to be commemorated by a public presentation, which will give opportunity to the people of Bournemouth to express their sense of indebtedness both to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes for leadership in many good works, and their appreciation of the princely gifts which Bournemouth has from time to time received from their bounteous hands. Some outline of the part they have played in the making of Bournemouth, and some recognition of their benevolence, has already appeared in these columns, and to-day it will be sufficient if we enumerate some of the features in connection with the 'diamond' wedding celebration on Sunday last. The first fact to be noted is that it was of a purely domestic character—in which there was a mingling of joy and sorrow. Sir Merton had the gratification of welcoming at East Cliff Hall his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. M. Cotes, and their three daughters, the Misses Evelyn, Anita and Mary Cotes; his daughter, Mrs. Stebbing, and her husband Captain Stebbing, with their daughter, Miss Phyllis Stebbing; their son, Mr. Edward Stebbing who is on the cadet training ship 'St. George,' was unable to be present. Unfortunately, Lady Russell-Cotes remains in such a state of ill health that she is confined to her room, and has to be spared all risk of excitement. This fact beclouded what would otherwise have been the happiest of family gatherings—the domestic celebration of an event which comparatively few families have the felicity of achieving. But if she could not participate to the full in the pleasures of the day, it must nevertheless have been an immense gratification to her ladyship to have so many of her family gathered around her bedside, and to learn of some of the innumerable expressions of good will and affection which poured in from personal friends in Bournemouth and from places far distant, messages of congratulation from various organisations with which she and her husband have been identified, of letters

Town Council's Congratulations

from public bodies, of floral tributes and beautiful presents, and of other remarkable evidences that, though living in retirement, she and Sir Merton are not forgotten.

From the very many letters received we have the pleasure of making the following extracts, and we can only regret that lack of space prevents us from quoting from many more.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH,
Town Clerk's Office.

Dear Sir Merton,

7th February, 1920.

I have pleasure in sending you copy of a resolution unanimously passed by the Council at their meeting on Tuesday last.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

H. ASHLING,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.

Town Clerk.

County Borough of Bournemouth :—

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Council held on Tuesday, the 3rd day of February, 1920.

Present : The Mayor (Mr. Councillor Cartwright) in the Chair.

DIAMOND WEDDING OF SIR MERTON AND LADY RUSSELL-COTES.

The Mayor informed the Council that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, Honorary Freemen of the County Borough of Bournemouth, reached the Diamond Anniversary of their Wedding on Sunday last, 1st February.

It was unanimously resolved on the motion of the Mayor :

That the very sincere congratulations of the Council be tendered to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes on their completion of sixty years of a married life replete with effort for the benefit of their fellow-citizens and abounding in works of beneficence and for the encouragement of art.

The Members of the Council look forward to an opportunity of joining with their fellow Burgesses in associating themselves more intimately than they can do by this Resolution in expressing the Town's sentiment in regard to a commemoration of so deep an interest to the Borough.

Given under the Common Seal of the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of the Borough of Bournemouth in the presence of

CHARLES H. CARTWRIGHT, Mayor.

HERBERT ASHLING, Town Clerk.

Home and Abroad

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH,
Law Courts,
Stafford Road,

Dear Sir Merton,

16th February, 1920.

I am desired by the Justices of this County Borough assembled at the Law Courts this morning to congratulate Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself upon the fact that you are about to celebrate your "Diamond Wedding Day" and to express the hope that both of you may be spared for many years so that you may continue to manifest the kind and benevolent work which has occupied so much of your thoughts and consideration for the good welfare, happiness and advantage of members of the community by whom you have been and will be gratefully remembered.

Permit me to add that the Superintendent of Police and I desire to be associated with the Justices in their congratulations.

I am, yours faithfully,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P.,
East Cliff Hall.

JOHN SELLEY,
Magistrates' Clerk.

Telegram from Dr. Barnardo's Homes :—

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

The Council of Dr. Barnardo's Homes join with your many friends throughout the country in congratulating Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself on the attainment of your Diamond Wedding.

They pray that your many enterprises may be richly blessed of God. They remember at this time with real gratitude your generosity in founding the Russell-Cotes Nautical School.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes : National Incorporated
Association :—

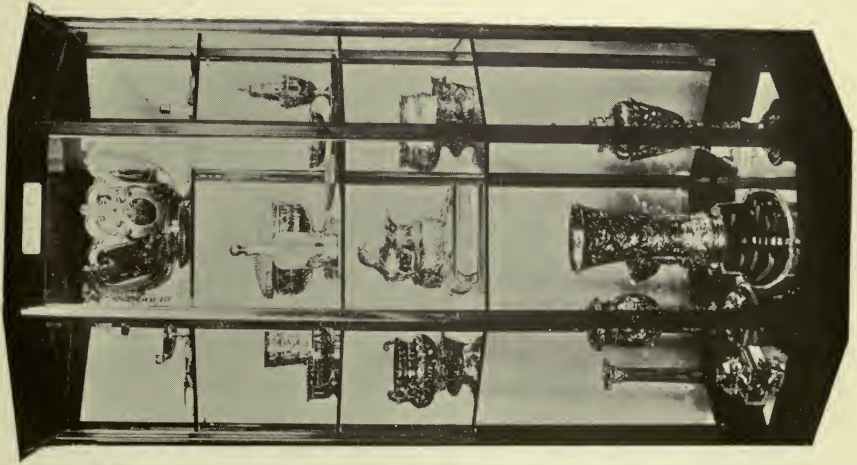
The Board Room,
18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Dear Sir Merton,

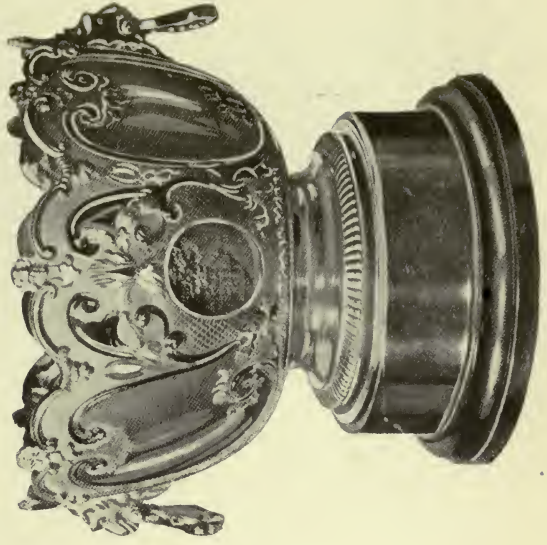
31st January, 1920.

I cannot possibly allow such a very eventful time as your Diamond Wedding to pass without sending to you and Lady Russell-Cotes on behalf of the Council and myself, the very heartiest congratulations.

We all feel that as you look back over the past years, you must be very grateful that God has been so good to you in giving you such a measure of health and strength, and such great opportunities of serving your day and generation. We here, of course, are all very mindful of your generosity towards the poor lads who will one day—now soon, we hope—be benefiting by your munificence.



Presents received by my wife and self on the occasion of our "Golden Wedding," 1st February, 1910.



Gold Monteith Bowl presented to us by friends at home and abroad, 1st February, 1910.



Sacrificial Jug, of beaten copper and brass, brought from the great Buddhist Monastery, Lhassa, Tibet, by Colonel Younghusband, 1904.



Japanese Wrestlers, as we saw them in Japan.

These men are specially trained for this avocation from one generation to another, the original having been a son of the Mikados, who won his right to succeed his father by overcoming his brother in a wrestling match.

Official Congratulations

I do pray that February 1st may be a happy day for you both, and that God may richly bless you in the days that are still to be your portion.

Believe me to be, dear Sir Merton, yours very truly,

WM. BAKER,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.

Honorary Director.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes : National Incorporated
Association :—

London, E.1.

Dear Sir Merton,

31st January, 1920.

May I, as one of your many admirers throughout the country, be permitted to add my tribute, and to offer my heartiest congratulations to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself on the occasion of your Diamond Wedding, which I understand falls due on the 1st February next. I hope it will prove to be one of the happiest days that you have ever spent.

I venture to say that I cannot imagine, as you look back over the many years that are gone, that you will be able to recall any deed of yours which will be so fruitful for good, both to thousands of poor boys and to our beloved land, as when, by the gift of an estate and a beautiful house, you laid the foundations of the Russell-Cotes Nautical School, which undoubtedly will one day be one of the finest centres for training lads for our Merchant Navy.

I thank God when I think of it, and I pray that His richest blessings may rest upon you and yours in the years that lie ahead.

With every respect, I am, dear Sir Merton,

Yours faithfully,

PERCY ROBERTS,

Assistant Director.

From the Shaftesbury Society :—

32, John Street,

Theobald's Road,

London, W.C.1.

Dear Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes,

February 20th, 1920.

On behalf of the Council of the Shaftesbury Society we write, gladly associating ourselves with the great body of friends and admirers, in congratulating you both upon reaching your Diamond Wedding. This is a very unique occasion, and affords us the opportunity of remembering with grateful appreciation your long-continued interest in all good works, and your very generous support of various branches of this Society.

Home and Abroad

We pray that God's blessing may attend you both to the journey's end, and that your remaining years may be full of happy memories and high hopes.

We remain, yours sincerely,
W. W. PARKINSON, Chairman.
JOHN KIRK, Director.
ARTHUR BLACK, Secretary.

From the Secretary of the "National Party":—

Bournemouth Association,
95, Old Christchurch Road,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

31st January, 1920.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the above, I was asked to write and say how anxious this committee is to join with all the citizens of Bournemouth, and thousands of others who do not belong to this town, in very heartily congratulating you and Lady Russell-Cotes on the attainment of the Diamond Jubilee of your marriage.

We earnestly pray that both of your valuable lives may be spared to us for many years to come.

I am, dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES LONG,
Secretary.

From Capt. J. W. D. Barron, J.P., the Secretary of the Church Association:—

13 and 14, Buckingham Street, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

My Dear Sir Merton,

4th February, 1920.

I beg to take this opportunity of tendering to you and dear Lady Russell-Cotes the hearty congratulations of my Council and myself upon having reached the Diamond Jubilee of your wedding, and to say that we trust Almighty God will spare you to each other and both of you to us for many years yet to come. We realise to the full the faithful services you have rendered to the cause of purity of worship in our National Church and the spread of true religion in our land. We are thankful to God for having raised up such valiant defenders of the faith and such generous benefactors to all causes having for their object the happiness and welfare of those in less fortunate circumstances than yourselves.

Official Congratulations

It is a source of deep thankfulness to God to know that we have your practical support and sympathy with us in the labours in which we are engaged to purge and defend our Church and country from those Romish monstrosities which are so inimical to the welfare of our national and ecclesiastical aspirations. *Your example has been a powerful incentive to us to press forward in our work, and the encouragement of such help has been of the greatest value to us.* Our prayer is that God may renew your strength, and that the years which lie before you may still be rich in blessing not only to your own good selves but to those by whom you are surrounded. That the Lord may bless and keep you and shed the light of His countenance upon you and be abundantly gracious to you is the most earnest and heartfelt prayer of one who esteems the honour of being able to subscribe himself as

Your sincere friend and colleague,

J. W. D. BARRON,

Secretary.

From Dr. Patrick White, J.P., of the Church Association :—

Bournemouth Branch.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

28th January, 1920.

At the meeting of the Committee of the Bournemouth Branch held yesterday at Nazdar Hall I was requested to communicate to you the following resolution, viz :—

“ Resolved unanimously, that a letter of congratulation be sent to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding Anniversary, expressing the hope that they may be spared for many years to enjoy the good will of their fellow townsmen, and the high esteem of their fellow Protestant Citizens.”

May I also add my own congratulations and heartiest good wishes to you both. May the evening of your days be as richly blessed as have the past years of a long, honourable and useful life of service in the cause of truth and the well-being of your fellow citizens.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

PATRICK WHITE.

From the Secretary of the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney :—

Bond Court House,

Walbrook, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sir Merton,

31st January, 1920.

Among the many letters you and Lady Russell-Cotes will receive on your Diamond Wedding Day I feel sure you will not resent one

Home and Abroad

from the governors and beneficiaries of the Royal Hospital and Home, Putney, inasmuch as you have for long years taken a kind and practical interest in its affairs. I imagine your chief joy to-morrow will be not so much in the number of tokens of remembrance you get as in the treasured associations they bring to your minds. It was dear Sir Francis Burnand whose fervent sympathy with our work first led you to write to me.

Well, sir, on behalf of our Board and all connected with our Institution, I offer both you and Lady Russell-Cotes our warmest felicitations and sincere good wishes. May God bless you both abundantly.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES CUTTING,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., Bournemouth.

Secretary.

From the Hon. Secretary of the Victoria Home for Cripples :—

Burnaby Road,
Bournemouth West.

Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, February 4th, 1920.

Will you accept the hearty congratulations of the Committee, Staff and Children of the Victoria Home for Cripple Children, Burnaby Road, on the celebration of your Diamond Wedding.

Wishing you both every happiness and blessing in the future,

Yours sincerely,

HELENA M. CHUBB,

Hon. Secretary.

From the Hon. Secretary of the Bournemouth Literature and Art Association :—

Avebury,
Madeira Road, Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, 31st January, 1920.

I am desired by the Council of this Association to offer to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself their most sincere congratulations on the sixtieth anniversary of your marriage. It is not to many people that such an anniversary occurs or that there has been such a community of tastes and ideas as has existed between Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

We leave it to others to speak of your great generosity to and the great interest you have both taken in the town of your adoption for more than forty years; but we desire to express our gratitude for the keen interest taken by you both in all that concerns the

Official Congratulations

intellectual and artistic life of the place—and we trust that He Who has so long watched over you may be your Guide and Support for the rest of your days here.

Yours very sincerely,
C. M. DRUITT,
Hon. Secretary.

From the Secretary of the Bournemouth West Conservative Club :—

St. Michael's Road, Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, 31st January, 1920.

At a meeting of this Club held the other evening a resolution was unanimously passed that I should write and convey to you the hearty congratulations of the members at your attaining your Diamond Wedding day, and may God bless and spare both of you for many years.

Believe me, yours faithfully,
T. W. THARLE,
Secretary.

From the Earl of Bessborough, President of the I.A.H.R.:—

Lord Bessborough, President of the Incorporated Association of Hotels and Restaurants, sent the congratulations of the Executive Committee of that Association.

From the Secretary of the Bournemouth Association of Hotels and Restaurants :—

Temple Chambers, Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton, February 21st, 1920

At the annual general meeting of the members of this Association held a day or so ago, a resolution was passed expressing most hearty congratulations to you and Lady Russell-Cotes on the celebration of your Diamond Wedding.

It is a rare and very auspicious event, and one that is not to be lightly passed over.

In conveying the above and the members' most sincere wishes that both you and Lady Russell-Cotes may retain good health, may I associate myself personally with these hearty good wishes ?

With sincere regards, yours sincerely,
Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P. ERNEST S. ROSEVEAR,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth. Secretary.

Home and Abroad

From Major James R. Boosé, C.M.G., Royal Colonial
Institute :—

Northumberland Avenue,
London, W.C.2.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, 27th February, 1920.

I am annoyed to think that I have omitted to send my most hearty congratulations to Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself on the occasion of the celebration of your Diamond Jubilee. This I now do and trust that you may enjoy much happiness in the coming years as you have done in the past. It is my intention to visit Bournemouth on roth March when my wife will accompany me to be present at the "House Warming" of the Branch of the Institute, and I shall then hope to see you and tender my congratulations in person. I should also like to have the privilege of taking my wife over your beautiful Art Galleries which form so attractive a feature in Bournemouth.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

JAMES R. BOOSÉ.

From the Secretary of the Japan Society :—

20, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, 20th February, 1920.

Will you please allow me to congratulate, which I do most heartily and sincerely, Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself on the celebration of your Diamond Wedding.

Wishing you both many years of happiness,

Believe me, sincerely yours,

A. E. BRICE,

Secretary.

From the Manager of the National Provincial Bank of
England :—

The Square, Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton, 2nd February, 1920.

I hope my card of congratulation reached you last evening. I could not get round earlier in the day.

I have been away, and was unable to write you for yesterday. I now hasten to offer Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself my hearty congratulations on the occasion of your Diamond Wedding.

I was in London on Friday, and had an interesting day with the directors and the general managers. While lunching with them I mentioned your name, and what is being done in connection with your Diamond Wedding. My directors were much interested, and asked me to convey their congratulations to you, and expressed a wish that

Official Congratulations

the bank might, if possible, be allowed to be associated in the presentation of the address of congratulation.

I had to ask whether it were permissible for even directors and general managers thus to ignore and to defy their own rules and regulations!

It appeared, however, that they thought even this permissible on the occasion of an event so exceptional in the life of such a very old and valued friend of the bank as yourself.

I need not say with what pleasure I welcomed such expressions from them.

I am, dear Sir Merton,

Most truly yours,

E. HUXHAM.

From the Officers of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church :—
Bournemouth.

Dear Friends and Parishioners,

January 31st, 1920.

At a meeting of the Session of this, your home church, it was unanimously agreed to extend heartiest felicitations to you both upon the auspicious occasion of your Diamond Wedding Anniversary.

We pray that to you both the Heavenly Father, who has so signally favoured you, may graciously accord such bounty of blessing that the days to come may be many and each fraught with all that may make your hearts glad, succour your bodies and gild each hour with the conscious beauty of His presence.

Affectionately,

HOWARD WILBUR ENNIS, Moderator.

WILLIAM JONES, Clerk.

To Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, East Cliff Hall.

ST. MARK'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
Glenlossie, St. Clement's Road,

To Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.

Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

February 13th, 1920.

I have been instructed by the Board of Managers of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church to convey to you and Lady Russell-Cotes their very hearty and sincere congratulations on the happy occasion you have just celebrated, the anniversary of that auspicious day sixty years ago when you commenced the journey of life together hand in hand, and heart to heart. To few people has such a lengthy opportunity of life and service together been vouchsafed, and it must be a source of great contentment to you both to look back down the long vista of years and to reckon up the many opportunities for service in the

Home and Abroad

Master's cause that have been taken at the flood tide and carried out so successfully.

St. Mark's is under a great debt of gratitude to you and Lady Russell-Cotes, spreading back over a great many years, for we always feel and know that we have two sympathetic and loyal friends whose aid has never been withheld and on whose hearty co-operation we can always rely.

We regret to learn that Lady Russell-Cotes is, for the time, laid aside by illness, but we trust that she will long be spared to you and your family circle though crowned by many years and much endeavour for the betterment of the world at large and for the improvement of conditions in our beautiful town of Bournemouth.

On behalf of the Board,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

R. MUNRO GORDON.

From the Chairman of the Bournemouth Women's
Suffrage and Local Government Association :—

167, Old Christchurch Road,

Bournemouth.

Lady Russell-Cotes,

Dear Madam,

9th April, 1920.

On behalf of the above Society I am desired to tender to you the very hearty congratulations of the Society upon the attainment of your Diamond Wedding and to express the hope you may be spared to see many years of happiness.

Yours very faithfully,

FLORENCE LANEY,

Chairman.

From Lt.-Col. H. Page Croft, M.P. for Bournemouth :—

Knole,

Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton,

February 5th, 1920.

Before returning to London I must write and congratulate you and Lady Russell-Cotes on the great anniversary of your wedding. It must be a great pride and joy to you both to celebrate this occasion, especially when you both call to mind all the fine work you have so generously done for Bournemouth and your fellow-countrymen.

May I also thank you for the kind donation you sent through Sir Daniel Morris, which is one more token of your goodwill which we in the National Party value so much.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY PAGE CROFT.

Personal Congratulations

From an ex-Lord Mayor of London, Sir G. Wyatt Truscott,
Bart :—

100, Marina,
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

Dear Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, 15th February, 1920.

The Bournemouth paper has reminded us of the interesting and happy event of your Diamond Wedding, and my wife and I, even at this late date, are anxious to tell you how heartily we join with the legion of your friends in the most sincere and cordial congratulations that you have been spared in health and strength to celebrate it.

We have in pleasant memory your kind reception of us on our official visit to the borough in 1909, and we join in the hope that you may both be spared to your many friends for years yet to come.

I must not forget, too, that my father and mother likewise were the recipients of your hospitality on a civic visit as long ago as 1880.

With every good wish,

I am, yours sincerely,

G. WYATT TRUSCOTT.

From Sir Sam Fay, General Manager of the Great Central
Railway :—

Royal Bath Hotel,
Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton, February 1st, 1920.

It was a very great pleasure indeed to me to-day to shake you once more by the hand.

We have known one another for so long and have so many recollections of conferences in bygone days upon Bournemouth, its prospects and needs, that a chat over the development of this charming country was like going back twenty or thirty years.

You have the satisfaction which is not always vouchsafed to human effort, of knowing that the work you did in those days has borne wonderful fruit.

May you live in health and happiness for years to come and see Bournemouth prosper more and more.

With every kindly thought for Lady Russell-Cotes and your good self.

I am, yours faithfully,

SAM FAY.

From Geo. Wm. Bailey, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, the
late Town Clerk of Bournemouth :—

Home and Abroad

1, Castello Avenue,
Putney, S.W.15.

My dear Sir Merton,

January 30th, 1920.

The first day of February is, I believe, the sixtieth anniversary of your wedding day, and I cannot allow such a day to arrive and pass without a line to say how warmly my wife and I and my daughters congratulate you and Lady Russell-Cotes upon the event. It is given to very few to survive the trials and the anxieties of this life and steer a steady course through the troubled waters for so long a period, and when it does occur it is only fitting that some notice be taken of the fact, and I am glad to think that this may be the case. There is every reason why all your fellow townsmen, and many who are not to be so described, should rejoice with you that you have been spared to reach this day, for your life has been one of usefulness to your fellow-men, and you have been aided and seconded, and I daresay even sometimes prompted, in what you have done, by your partner and helpmeet, who in regard to her own part in many a kindly and generous act, and in many an example of benevolence, has deserved well of those who recognise worth and well-doing in the world. You both stand out as great examples not only locally, but nationally, of unselfish service and of unwearying zeal to serve, and length of years in your case has meant constant addition to the record of notable and ever-to-be-remembered acts of true local patriotism and well conceived philanthropy.

In honouring you both therefore the town in which so many of your years have been spent but recognises a debt it owes; when it grasps the opportunity to show what it feels it is merely indicating in perhaps an imperfect and inadequate way what a great impression you have both made upon the minds and the hearts of all around you; and when it prays as it must and does, that you may be long spared to remain among its illustrious citizens it is but a fitting expression of its realization that your lives have been a blessing and inspiration to all within the range of their benign influence.

Permit us, please, to associate ourselves with all the good and true things that may be said on such an occasion, and to express the hope that Heaven's blessing may crown the day and go with you ever after its close until that brighter day shall dawn in which the good are made perfect and the joy of the Lord is theirs for ever and ever.

I am, yours very sincerely,

GEO. WM. BAILEY.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

Personal Congratulations

From Vinicombe Pasha and Lady Vinicombe :—

Poste Restante,
British Army Post Office,
Constantinople.

Dear Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, 27th February, 1920.

It was with great pleasure we read in the papers of your having celebrated your Diamond Wedding—let us also add our heartiest congratulations—not only for the Diamond Wedding, but for the fact that the 60 years have been nobly used by you both in giving pleasure to your fellow creatures!

The public spirit you have manifested is a grand example to others and will leave lasting memorials to perpetuate your honoured names!

That you may both live for many more years to enjoy your fair renown is the earnest wish of

Yours ever sincerely,
CHAS. AND LOUISA VINICOMBE.

From Mrs. Biza C. McCracken :—

Moorston,
Beach Terrace,
Girvan.

My dear Lady Russell Cotes, February 3rd, 1920.

Allow me to offer you and your dear husband my warmest congratulations on the happy event of your diamond wedding, which I have just noticed in the "Glasgow Herald."

I do sincerely wish you both still longer life to enjoy a happy old age, and the fruits of a most prosperous life. I am sure the celebration at East Cliff Hall will be very brilliant with all your family around you.

I missed this season the little almanack which you so kindly sent me regularly at Christmas for so many years, and I felt afraid when it did not come that something had gone wrong with your health, but now the problem is solved.

I have not been in the best of form myself the last year, and as my oculist has prohibited me from reading or writing, so dear Lady Russell-Cotes, I am breaking the law in writing this letter.

With warmest love to yourself and kindest regards to Sir Merton and family circle, believe me ever,

Your affectionate old friend and school chum,
BIZA C. MCCRACKEN.

From Managing Director of Messrs. David MacBrayne
and Co. :—

Home and Abroad

119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

Dear Sir Merton,

10th February, 1920.

I have just heard that your Diamond Jubilee is to take place at an early date, and I cannot refrain from sending you a letter of congratulation with all good wishes to you and Lady Russell-Cotes.

It is many years since we met, but I have most pleasant and kindly recollections of the intercourse that has passed between us.

With kind regards, and, again many congratulations,

I am, yours sincerely,

D. HOPE MACBRAYNE.

From a well-known artist :—

Ivonbrook,

Darley Dale, Matlock.

My dear Sir Merton,

31st January, 1920.

This is the first time I have ever written on the occasion of so unique a celebration as that of a "Diamond Wedding," and it is a greater pleasure as being that of such old and valued friends, as you and your dear wife, of whom we always think as *real* friends.

It is wonderful to think of *sixty* years spent together as partners in all the joys and sorrows of married life, spared to each other through so long a time. The thankfulness you may feel in to-morrow's anniversary may be dimmed by your dear wife's illness, but it is much to know she is happy and free from suffering.

I was glad to receive a letter a fortnight or so ago, asking me to join a committee which was being formed in Bournemouth in connection with this interesting event, and it was a great pleasure to have my name added to it.

We wish we could send you "Diamonds" as a memento, but we can only send our *hearty* congratulations, our *sincere* good wishes, and (my wife adds) our *affectionate* love.

May you be spared to each other for years to come, may better health and strength be granted to you *both*, and may many blessings surround you and yours is the *sincere* wish of

Your *sincere* old friends,

LOUIS AND HARRIETTE HURT.

From Sir David Murray, R.A. :—

1, Langham Chambers,

Portland Place, W.1.

My dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

1st February, 1920.

I fancy Lady Russell-Cotes and you by each other in her room (would that it could have been walking in the bright sunshine of this lovely morning), congratulating each other on your diamond wedding!!

Personal Congratulations

How much that means!—a lifetime together in happiness, and with all the struggles that go to make a real life of happiness. You have given generously to your personal friends and for the lasting benefit of your fellow men. Few have been so earnest to do their best for the world.

God bless you both and give you many years of happiness.

Always faithfully yours,

DAVID MURRAY.

From a well-known artist and etcher :—

Hilden,

Boldre, Lymington,

Hants.

Dear Lady Russell-Cotes,

February 3rd, 1920.

I saw in yesterday's papers that you and Sir Merton celebrated your diamond wedding on the 1st February, and wish to offer you both my very heartiest congratulations on the auspicious occasion and trusting you are in excellent health to enjoy the receipt of the many marks of esteem which are your due. I happen, I am proud to think, to be one of those fortunate people, who have been for many years past a recipient of your friendship, and I am not likely ever to forget the kindnesses I have received at your hands, or the value of that friendship, even though we do not get many opportunities of seeing each other. I was just on eight months old when you were married, so I have not got further than my silver wedding, which took place in 1916.

I have been asked to give a lecture on Etching at the Municipal College later on (March or April), an honour I greatly appreciate, but a task I feel rather nervous about, as lectures are not at all in my line. If I do get so far as addressing an audience—and possibly a critical one—the result may be a dismal failure and probably will be. Rather like the songster whose voice filled the room and emptied it too! But the filling the room first may be eliminated in my case!

With kindest regards and repeated congratulations and also kindest remembrances to Bertie and your daughter,

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

EDWARD W. CHARLTON.

From an old friend :—

6, Ridge Road,

Hornsey, N.8, London.

My dear Sir Merton,

31st January, 1920.

Let me have the privilege of uniting with your many friends and fellow townspeople, in offering you hearty congratulations on the

Home and Abroad

remarkable event which you and Lady Russell-Cotes celebrate tomorrow. Few indeed are permitted to enjoy so long a spell of married life as to see the Diamond celebration! And still fewer have had it in their power to add so largely to the joy of life in others.

The names of Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself will be held in everlasting remembrance and gratitude, as public benefactors to a most unusual degree and in a most unusual way.

It is grievous to know that Lady Russell-Cotes is confined to a sick room. I hope, however, that she will be cheered and comforted by the widespread sympathy of friends, very many of whom will humbly and fervently commend her and yourself to the comfort and loving kindness of God, who has crowned your long life with blessings.

I am one of these, and beg to remain,

Sincerely yours,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.

J. EDWARD FLOWER.

From a celebrated journalist and litterateur, an old friend of 40 years standing :—

St. James's Club,

106, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

My dear Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,

Wednesday, Feb. 4th, 1920.

It was in the year 1874—or was it in 1875?—that I was first at Bournemouth; that you, I think, first came to Bournemouth yourself; and that we first met!

I see, in the newspapers, that "Celebrations" in your honour are being, or to be, held there, organised by the people of Bournemouth and the neighbourhood, and your friends. As, in the circumstances, I must be one of the earliest of your Bournemouth friends still living, I write these few lines to congratulate you and Lady Russell-Cotes. And, also, to congratulate you both on the *splendid* careers you have made for yourselves since those distant days—and on the great and good work you have both done, and that will always be associated with your names in connection with Bournemouth. Your success has been exceptional, and no one can be more pleased at it than is

Yours very truly,

CHARLES ED. JERNINGHAM.

From another old friend :—

Manor Farm, Canford,

Nicola Valley, B.C., Canada.

Dear Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes,

31st March, 1920.

When you see this you will say, "It's the unexpected that always happens," for the last you would expect to hear from after nearly

Personal Congratulations

forty years, would, I venture to say, be the undersigned. In the heart of the interior or back blocks of British Columbia, I picked up an old country paper with both your photos in it and announcing that it was the occasion of your Diamond Wedding; with the result that old memories were revived, and the few pleasant evenings spent with you in my youthful days I am making the excuse for the congratulations the event demands, together with the best blessings that God can give.

May the future still hold in store for you both years of happiness and usefulness, so that your experience may be drawn upon for the advantage of your fellow men and women. Level heads were never more needed than at the present juncture; for our whole system—social, political, economical and religious—seems topsy turvy, after the world struggle for supremacy. Again with the very best of good wishes, believe me,

Yours faithfully,

THEO. R. HARDIMAN.

From the Conductor of the Municipal Orchestra :—

Pavilion and Winter Gardens,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, 3rd February, 1920.

On behalf of my wife and self I beg to send you our very sincere congratulations. I have only just returned from away and so unfortunately missed writing you in time for the actual anniversary.

The associations between your family and mine have always been so cordial and of such long standing that we are all the more glad that you and your dear wife have been spared to receive the congratulations of your many friends on the 60th anniversary of your wedding.

Your great generosity to Bournemouth, and unflinching interest in its welfare, will go down to posterity as something unequalled in the history of the town.

Sincerely hoping you and your wife will be with us for many years, and with all the best wishes for your family,

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

DAN GODFREY.

From an old scientific friend :—

The Links,
Sandecotes Road,
Parkstone, Dorset.

Dear Sir Merton, 31st January, 1920.

Among the most recent of your many friends allow me to offer you and Lady Russell-Cotes my sincere congratulations on the some-

Home and Abroad

what rare blessing, a Diamond Wedding day, to crown a happy and prosperous life in one of the most eventful and wonderful periods of human history.

Lady Russell-Cotes always reminded me of Steele's description of Lady Elizabeth Hastings. (Tatler No. 49.)*

With kindest regards and best wishes of

Yours sincerely,

WM. GOSSE.

The "London Observer" for Sunday, February 1st, 1920, draws attention to the fact that "as a mark of esteem and recognition of their" (referring to my wife and myself) "generous gifts to Bournemouth, in which they have taken an unceasing interest since they came to live in it in 1876, a public testimonial is being arranged."

The testimonial was suggested, quite unknown to me, by Sir Daniel Morris, who approached some personal friends with the result that he published the following letter, which I give *in extenso* as it appeared in the local newspapers:—

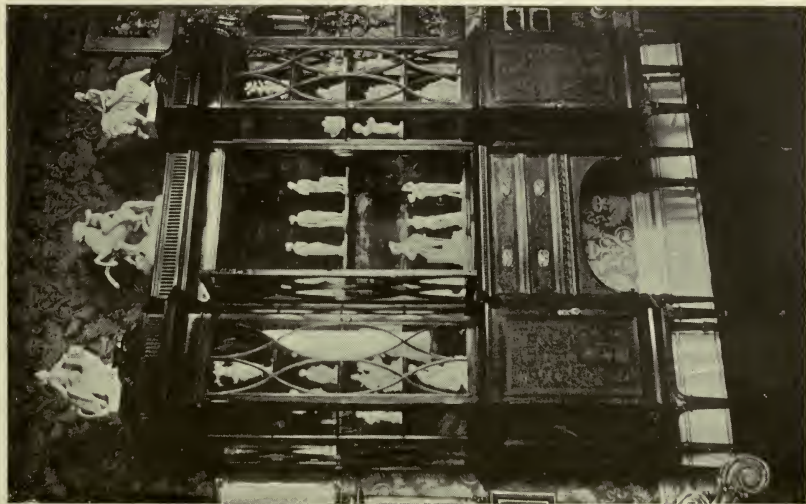
"RUSSELL-COTES DIAMOND WEDDING.

"To the Editor of the 'Times and Directory.'

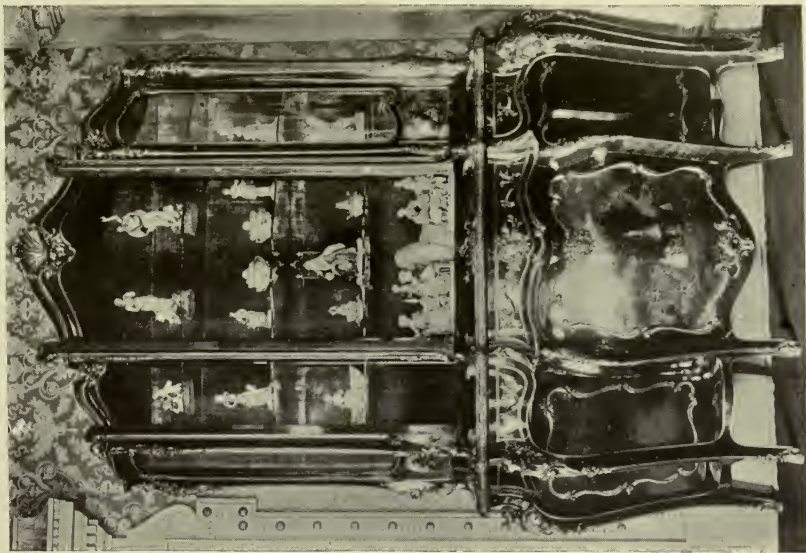
"Sir,—You have kindly made reference in your columns to the proposal to celebrate the diamond wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes by their friends in order to acknowledge their numerous benefactions and services to Bournemouth during a period of nearly half a century.

"Among those who have kindly expressed themselves in favour of the movement and have consented to serve on the committee are the following:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Sir George Meyrick, Bart., Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., Sir John Kirk, J.P., the Rev. H. Wilbur Ennis, Brigadier-General H. Page Croft, M.P., Major R. G. S. Maunsell, J.P., Councillor C. H. Cartwright, Mayor of Bournemouth, Mr. Herbert Ashling (Town Clerk), Alderman F. Allday,

*" Though her mien carries more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her is a liberal education."



Cabinet containing biscuit china.



Vernis Martin Cabinet.

Formerly the property of the Empress Eugenie, but looted after the Commune in Paris, and bought at the Palais Royale, in 1871.



Silver and gold Elephant

By Komai, with precious stones and crystal ball. The Marquis Inouye (Japanese Ambassador) told me it was the finest specimen of Japanese art he had ever seen.



Plaque

Purchased by me in Japan, a unique specimen of the goldsmith's art, by the famous artificer, Komai.

Suggestion for Testimonial

Alderman J. E. Beale, J.P., Alderman C. H. Mate, J.P., Councillor J. J. Brazier, Councillor Charles Long, Councillor F. J. Webb, J.P., Mr. G. W. Bailey (late Town Clerk), Mr. Percy Bright, J.P., Miss Marie Corelli, Dr. J. Steele Dickie, J.P., Mr. James Druitt, J.P., the Honourable Mrs. Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin, Mr. A. Durancé George, Mr. Dan Godfrey, Mr. Martin Harvey, F.R.S.L., Dr. J. M. Hiron, J.P., Mr. C. J. Hankinson, J.P., Mr. Charles Hodges, J.P., Mr. Alfred Pope, J.P., Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Dr. W. Johnson Smyth.

“The active part taken by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes in promoting the interests and adding to the amenities of Bournemouth is fairly well known ; it may be desirable to mention a few instances. Going back to about thirty years ago we find that on the occasion of the opening of the Royal Victoria Hospital, the town’s memorial of Queen Victoria’s Jubilee, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes entertained the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales ; and in the same year when Bournemouth became a municipal borough a handsome silver-gilt mace was presented to the town by Sir Merton, and Lady Russell-Cotes gave the gold enamel badge to be attached to the Mayor’s chain of office.

“Sir Merton served as Mayor of Bournemouth in 1894-5, and to commemorate the opening of Meyrick Park he presented a silver-gilt cup to the Corporation. A few years later, in 1907, on the occasion of the opening of the first portion of the Undercliff Drive, Sir Merton announced the intention of Lady Russell-Cotes and himself to present East Cliff Hall and a fine collection of pictures and works of art as a gift to the town. The assignment of the lease was made in 1908, when Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes received the honour of the Freedom of the Borough.

“Later in the same year, in acknowledgment amongst other public services of his considerable assistance to art by the loan of a large collection of 250 pictures to various exhibi-

Home and Abroad

tions in this country and abroad, Sir Merton received the distinction of Knighthood and the accolade of King Edward VII. In 1918 the freehold of East Cliff Hall was presented to the borough by Lady Russell-Cotes and further pictures and works of art by Sir Merton, together with an endowment of £5,000.

“ Last year, as will be remembered, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice opened the new Art Gallery and extension of East Cliff Hall, and formally handed to the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Bishop) the deed of gift. It is estimated that the total value of East Cliff Hall and its exceptionally interesting contents presented to the town is probably not less than about £100,000.

“ Among other benefactions may be mentioned the gift of land and a promise of £8,000 in connection with the Russell-Cotes Nautical Training School at Parkstone. Also, the gift of land and a cheque of £3,000 for the first house to the Shaftesbury Society School for poor children at Parkstone.

“ This is a brief outline of numerous public services that have been rendered to their fellow citizens by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes.

“ It is impossible to omit a reference to the important part so kindly and sympathetically taken by Lady Russell-Cotes in the many benefactions that have emanated from East Cliff Hall. Sir Merton himself is the first to acknowledge that, apart from her private charity, she has been the source of inspiration of many of his good works.

“ The committee cordially invite the co-operation and support of all those who desire to take part in the proposed presentation to celebrate so interesting an event. It is not the desire of the committee to raise large funds. It is proposed to limit the subscriptions to a maximum of one guinea, but lesser sums will be cordially welcomed by the Treasurer, E. Huxham, Esq., National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited, Bournemouth.

Correspondence

“ The date of the presentation is not yet fixed, but an early intimation will be issued to subscribers so that they may be able to attend. Subject to the wishes of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes the presentation may take place on a Saturday afternoon about the middle or end of February next.

“ The Honorary Secretary, J. H. Ralph Smythe, Esq., J.P., will be happy to reply to any correspondence addressed to him. Thanking you for your courtesy, I am, very sincerely yours,

“ DANIEL MORRIS, K.C.M.G.,
“ Chairman of the Committee.”

A few days before this letter appeared in the local newspapers, Sir Daniel Morris informed me that he and some of my friends had determined to form a committee for the purpose of presenting to my beloved wife and myself a souvenir to commemorate our Diamond Wedding Day. I wrote to those whose names Sir Daniel mentioned, expressing our hearty appreciation of the kindly thought that had prompted them to do us such signal honour, and we received the following letters in response :—

From The Right Honourable Field Marshal Lord Grenfell,
P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. :—

St. Rode,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton,

February 27th, 1920.

I was so sorry to hear you have been suffering. It has been a great pleasure to me to have been placed on the Executive Committee which is working to celebrate your Diamond Wedding.

You and Lady Russell-Cotes have been so devoted to the interests of Bournemouth, and we all owe so much to your patriotism and generosity, that the movement now in progress must demonstrate the high esteem which your numerous friends feel for both Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself, both here and in the neighbourhood.

I am, very sincerely yours,
GRENFELL, F.M.

Home and Abroad

From Dr. George M. Hirons, J.P., ex-Mayor of Bournemouth :—

Granton, Boscombe,
Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton,

February 15th, 1920.

I was pleased to receive yours in which you say how much Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself appreciate my having associated myself with the committee which has very properly been formed to do something to commemorate your Diamond Wedding.

Permit me to say that I feel it a great privilege and honour to join my fellow-townsmen and many others, who wish to show their great joy and gratitude that Lady Russell-Cotes and you have been spared by Almighty God to spend so many years in the town you have both loved and taken so much interest in, as evidenced by the work done for, and munificent benefactions to, Bournemouth. The pleasure to me is even greater owing to the fact that for many years I have enjoyed your friendship, and have received much kindness from your good wife and yourself.

I trust that you may both be permitted by an all-wise Providence to remain with us some years longer, and in improved health enjoy untold happiness.

With kindest regards, believe me, yours very sincerely,

GEORGE M. HIRONS.

From Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, J.P. :—

Willstead,
22, Cavendish Road,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton,

14th January, 1920.

I have been much touched by your letter, and very pleased that the project which Sir Daniel Morris is organizing with so much ability and in which I have the privilege of being allowed to take a humble part, is meeting with your approval and appreciation.

My dear old uncle, Sir George C. M. Birdwood, K.C.I.E., whom you may remember as a great authority on Indian subjects, used to say that it was a tenet of the Hindoos that when a man attained the age of eighty-four he automatically entered the ranks of the Saints, the holy men. But you have that claim not merely on account of age, but because you have "gained merit" by so many good works for your town and country—works which will earn the gratitude of succeeding generations as well as of the present. But it is for the present generation to show you that they are not ungrateful; and I am happy to think that the letters of sympathy with our project with which I am being inundated are indications that they will in fact do so. Your letter is

Correspondence

most interesting to me in its account of earlier history ; I well remember rough old " Knocker White " when first I came here.

I wish you could give me a better account of your physical welfare. You must brace yourself up and look forward to a great and happy re-union with your many friends when we all meet to offer you our congratulations.

Yours very sincerely,

J. H. RALPH SMYTHE.

P.S.—When the illuminated address is presented you will be given a book with all the subscribers' names. Will that meet your approval ? I will make a list and send it to you, say in a week's time, when it will be complete.

Sir Daniel has been the " Lion " in the matter of work, but it has given me very much pleasure to do my share both in recognition of our old friendship and of the great and unparalleled generosity that you and Lady Russell-Cotes have shown in your benefactions to the town.

J.H.R.S.

From Mr. E. Huxham :—

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.,
The Square, Bournemouth.

My dear Sir Merton,

17th January, 1920.

It is most kind of you to trouble to write me the truly charming letter which has just come to hand. It will take its place with just a very few, which will always be preserved among my most valued possessions of a personal nature.

Rarely have I undertaken a more agreeable task (if such it can be called), than that which has just been entrusted to me. I appreciate it all the more, in that I am not one of those who were privileged to be associated with you and your work in the days when you were more actively doing so much to make Bournemouth what it is now.

You have such hosts of old friends, and notable ones too, that I have been deeply sensible of your great kindness in holding out such a cordial hand of welcome to a " newcomer " like myself. May I long have the pleasure of grasping it from time to time.

It is most thoughtful of you to send over the albums, which I would like to keep for a few days. Their contents appear to constitute almost a history of our beautiful town.

Sincerely hoping that by February 1st you will be quite well, and able to face the avalanche of congratulations which will pour in upon you and Lady Russell-Cotes,

I remain, dear Sir Merton, most truly yours,

E. HUXHAM

Home and Abroad

Constantly in this, my biography, I have quoted the Press, as it is most inconvenient at times to write about oneself. In order, therefore, to preserve the record of what happened at the presentation of the address arranged by the committee, I again adopt this means, but before doing so I cannot resist the temptation to quote the replies sent to Mr. Ralph Smythe by certain of our friends who had been asked to join the large, *i.e.*, the General Committee.

From Sir George Meyrick, Baronet, the Lord of the Manor, of Westover, Bournemouth :—

Bodorgan, R.S.O.,
Isle of Anglesey.

Dear Sir,

January 14th, 1920.

I much regret that absence from Hinton Admiral prevented my attending the meeting of the committee to make arrangements for the presentation of an address together with some token of esteem for Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, who have done so much for Bournemouth, on the celebration of their "Diamond Wedding."

I am afraid that if the ceremony takes place on the 1st February I shall not be able to be present, which I should much regret, but I cannot leave Anglesey before the 3rd February at the earliest.

I should be very much obliged if you will kindly let me know what has been decided upon at the meeting of the committee to-day. I hope you received my wire in time to place my name as one of its members.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. Ralph Smythe, Esqre.

GEORGE MEYRICK.

From Captain J. W. D. Barron, J.P., Secretary of the Church Association :—

CHURCH ASSOCIATION,
14, Buckingham Street, Strand,

Dear Sir,

London, W.C. 2.

In reply to your letter *re* the presentation of an illuminated address to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding, and asking whether I would allow my name to be added to the committee, I can assure you that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to accede to your request, knowing as I do the wonderful record of public work and generous benefactions associated

Correspondence

with their names. I regret it will not be possible for me to attend the first meeting of the committee to be held to-morrow night.

Yours truly,

J. W. D. BARRON,

J. H. Ralph Smythe, Esquire, Bournemouth.

Secretary.

From Mr. G. W. Bailey :—

1, Queen's Gate Buildings,
Westminster, S.W. 1.

Dear Mr. Smythe,

January 13th, 1920.

I have pleasure in consenting to become a member of the committee to organize the presentation to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes of an address in connection with their forthcoming Diamond Wedding, though I fear my absence in town will prevent my being of much real service in an executive capacity. I should like to say that as one who for many years has enjoyed their personal friendship and been largely in their confidence, that I know of no citizens as to whom the same strong reasons exist that they should be honoured and continually extolled for their beneficent and unselfish efforts to promote the weal of Bournemouth. Many have been my confidential talks with them as to this, that or the other contemplated act of local patriotism or philanthropy, and I have sometimes felt bound to apply somewhat the discouraging brake, but I was always overborne by the ardent zeal with which they urged the justification for what they proposed to do, and in due course it was done. The town will never know all it owes to these two broad-minded and generous people, for to my knowledge much has been done that will never come to light.

One great passion rules their lives, and that is to be useful to others and to do this in a way in which the greatest benefit shall result to their fellow-citizens. If they are selfish at all, it lies in the fact that they derive continuous pleasure from their well-doing, and as the pleasure subsides they are prompted by that selfishness to renew the sensation.

I have heard critics speak of motives underlying acts of public and private generosity. In their case my intimate knowledge of them and of the root causes at work gives me no clue to anything less commendable than what I have just referred to as selfishness. Hence their characters stand out in an exemplary way, to aid all others in the like case.

Let us honour them and not cease to do so while they are happily spared to be among us. To have citizens who reach a Diamond Wedding day is not a common event and usually calls forth expressions of congratulation and good will. In the present case I think the town should esteem itself extremely fortunate, for a long life has merely meant, from a townsman's point of view, long-continued opportunity regularly

Correspondence

From Austin Brereton, Esquire, the famous litterateur :
19, York Buildings,

Adelphi, W.C. 2.

Dear Sir,

January 13th, 1920.

Your very interesting letter of the 10th inst. only reached me this morning, and I hasten to reply.

I am very pleased to learn of the arrangements that are being made to celebrate the "diamond wedding" of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, for whom I have the greatest respect, and feel highly honoured at being invited to join the committee. It is an invitation which I gladly accept

I regret that I cannot attend the first meeting to-morrow, but you have only to suggest to me how you think I might be able to assist you in the work, and I shall gladly do all that I can.

I am, yours faithfully,

AUSTIN BRERETON.

From the Hon. Mrs. Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin, better known as Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the famous novelist and daughter of the late Lord Wolverhampton :—

Mershire Lodge,

Marlborough Road,

Bournemouth.

Dear Sir,

13th January, 1920.

I am only too pleased to do anything to show my great regard for Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, so I shall be very glad for you to add my name to your committee if you care to have it ; but I fear I cannot attend the meetings, as just at present my doctor does not allow me to be out after 4 o'clock.

Faithfully yours,

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FELKIN.

From Sir Alfred Robbins, F.J.I. :—

32, FitzGeorge Avenue,

Baron's Court, W. 14.

Dear Sir,

January 14th, 1920.

It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request received to-day, to add my name to the committee engaged in doing honour to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. I have known Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes for many years, and have always held them in the highest regard.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED ROBBINS.

Home and Abroad

“The Times and Directory,” Saturday, March 27th,
1920 :—

“SIXTY YEARS AGO!

“RUSSELL-COTES DIAMOND WEDDING.

“1860—1920. Though the intervening years form but a brief span in a nation’s existence, they represent a great gulf of time in the life of the individual. There is, however, one aspect in which for both the period may be regarded as identical. Nationally and personally it has probably been the most momentous ever experienced. Fortunate the man who has honourably and happily bridged this gulf. But twice blessed the man and wife who at the end of sixty years of wedded life find themselves still in love with each other and secure in the affection of troops of friends. Such there are. And amongst them two of Bournemouth’s most worthy and respected citizens.

“It was on February 1st, 1860, that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes were married, and consequently on February 1st, 1920, they were entitled to a diamond wedding celebration. This fact did not escape the notice of their friends and well-wishers, and a committee was formed to see that so auspicious an event was suitably commemorated.

“The General Committee consisted of the following ladies and gentlemen: The Right Honourable The Earl of Malmesbury, D.L., J.P., the Right Honourable Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Sir George Meyrick, Bart., J.P., Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G., Sir John Kirk, J.P., Sir Alfred Robbins, J.P., Brigadier-General H. Page Croft, C.M.G., M.P., Alderman F. W. Allday, Alderman J. E. Beale, J.P., Alderman C. H. Mate, J.P., Councillor C. H. Cartwright, J.P. (Mayor of Bournemouth), Councillor J. J. Brazier, Councillor Charles Long, Councillor F. J. Webb, J.P., O.B.E., Mr. Herbert Ashling (Town Clerk of Bournemouth), Mr. G. W. Bailey, Mr. R. Y.

Formation of Committee

Banks, Capt. J. W. D. Barron, J.P., Mr. J. Bennett Beale, Mr. H. E. Beale, Mr. Austin Breerton, Mr. Percy Bright, J.P., Mr. Christopher Bradshaw, Mr. F. H. Cridland, Dr. H. Davis Coles, Miss Marie Corelli, the Rev. W. H. Eastwick Cotes, M.A., Mr. H. C. Cressy, Dr. James Davison, Dr. J. Steel Dickie, J.P., Mr. James Druitt, J.P., Mr. Reginald English, the Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis, the Hon. Mrs. Ellen Thorneycroft Felkin, Mr. A. Durancé George, Mr. Dan Godfrey, Mr. Martin Harvey, F.R.S.L., Mr. W. Haydon, J.P., Dr. G. M. Hiron, J.P., Mr. C. J. Hankinson, J.P., Mr. Charles Hodges, J.P., Mr. Louis B. Hurt, Mr. E. Huxham, Mr. Alfred Pope, F.S.A., J.P., Major R. G. S. Maunsell, J.P., Mr. H. F. Richardson, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, Mr. G. Reeves Smith, Dr. W. Johnson Smyth, Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, J.P. (Hon. Secretary), Mr. R. F. Sydenham, Mr. Harold Tattersall, Mr. Harry Thwaites, Mr. G. Deane-Webb, the Rev. Paul W. Wyatt, M.A.

“ The following circular was composed and sent out by the committee :—

“ Bournemouth,

“ Dear Sir or Madam,

“ January 31st, 1920.

“ As probably you are aware, it is proposed to celebrate the Diamond Wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes by the presentation of an illuminated address, and some token of the high esteem in which they are held by their numerous friends in Bournemouth and its immediate neighbourhood, and in other parts of the country.

“ It is recognised that for nearly half-a-century Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have devoted themselves assiduously to serve the interests of Bournemouth, and have been closely associated with all that concerns its welfare, and by their generosity and their genuine patriotism they have merited the gratitude of all their fellow-citizens.

“ One of the first occasions on which Sir Merton Russell-Cotes took an active part in public affairs was as long ago as

Home and Abroad

1880, when he entertained the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Francis Truscott, on the opening of the new Bournemouth Pier. In the following year, Sir Merton devoted all his energies to ensure that Bournemouth should be placed in direct communication (by the L. and S.W. Railway) with London, and now the town has one of the best railway services in the kingdom.

“ In 1883, Sir Merton became a member of the Board of Commissioners. In 1890, on the opening of the Royal Victoria Hospital (the town's memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee) by the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes gave a banquet to commemorate the occasion. When the Charter of Incorporation was received in June 1890, and Bournemouth became a Municipal Borough, Sir Merton presented to the town a handsome silver-gilt mace (a replica of that given by Queen Elizabeth to Wolverhampton) and Lady Russell-Cotes presented a gold and enamel badge to be attached to the Mayor's chain of office. In 1891, at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Bournemouth, with the late Dr. Roberts Thomson as President, Sir Merton rendered valuable services, and Lady Russell-Cotes gave a garden party and engaged the Band of the Grenadier Guards.

“ Sir Merton served as Mayor in 1894-5. To commemorate the opening of Meyrick Park by Lady Meyrick, during his Mayoralty, Sir Merton presented a silver-gilt cup to the Corporation. He opened the first Public Library at Cumnor Terrace, and the first School of Science and Art in Poole Road. On the visit of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society in 1895, Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes entertained the President, H.R.H. Prince Henry of Battenberg, and suite. In later years, Sir Merton took a deep interest in and was a forceful advocate of the construction of the Undercliff Drive. To celebrate the opening of the first portion, in November, 1907, Sir Merton

Article in "Directory"

announced the intention of Lady Russell-Cotes and himself to present East Cliff Hall and a fine collection of pictures and other art treasures as a gift to the town. The assignment of the lease was made in 1908, and in recognition of so noble a gift, the Freedom of the Borough was conferred on Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. In the following year their fellow townspeople were able to congratulate Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes on the distinction of knighthood and the accolade of His Majesty King Edward VII. This was deserved not only for Sir Merton's many services to Bournemouth, but to lovers of art all over the country. He had granted the use of what was known as the Russell-Cotes Loan Collection of pictures to exhibitions at Liverpool, Sheffield, Leicester, Bradford, Derby, Leeds, Glasgow, Bath and Oldham. The exhibition at Oldham was opened by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill who mentioned that he had never known before of a whole collection of 250 valuable pictures being loaned by one person. A selection of these pictures was afterwards loaned to the Guildhall Art Gallery, the Chicago Exhibition, Kansas City, and the New Zealand International Exhibition.

"Some years ago Sir Merton presented a handsome silver Challenge Cup to the Corporation, who in 1909 handed it over to the Bournemouth Hospital Saturday and Sunday Fund.

"In 1917, Lady Russell-Cotes presented six dwelling houses to the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital, the Shaftesbury Society, and other benevolent institutions. On Christmas Day, 1917, Sir Merton presented a sum of £500 to Dr. Barnardo's Home Garden City.

"In 1918, the freehold of East Cliff Hall was presented to the town by Lady Russell-Cotes, and further pictures and works of art were presented by Sir Merton with an endowment of £5,000 to be paid when the Corporation took actual possession, or at an earlier date if so desired. In February, 1919, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice opened the New Art Gallery

Home and Abroad

and extension of East Cliff Hall, and formally handed to the Mayor (Mr. Alderman Bishop) the Deed of Gift. Later in 1919, a generous benefaction of land was made to Dr. Barnardo's Home at Parkstone, and a promise of £8,000 (of which £2,000 has already been paid) for the building of the first house to be known as "The Lady Russell-Cotes House," in connexion with the Russell-Cotes Nautical Training School. The foundation stone of the house was laid by H.R.H. Prince Albert on May 8th. A further gift of land at Parkstone was made to the Shaftesbury Society together with a cheque for £3,000 for a first house to be called "The Lady Russell-Cotes House" for destitute children. The foundation stone of the latter was laid by H.H. Princess Marie Louise on July 15th.

"This is a brief record of some of the numerous acts of generosity and goodwill that have been so faithfully and consistently performed for a long period of years by Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes for the welfare of Bournemouth and neighbourhood, and, in a measure, also for the benefit of the numerous visitors who annually flock to the Garden City of the South for health and pleasure.

"It is impossible to omit a reference to the important part so kindly and sympathetically taken by Lady Russell-Cotes in the many benefactions that have emanated from East Cliff Hall. Sir Merton, himself, is the first to acknowledge that apart from her private charity, she was the source of inspiration of many of his good works.

"The committee cordially invite the co-operation and support of all those who desire to take part in the proposed presentation on so interesting an occasion. It is not the desire of the committee to raise large funds. It is proposed to limit the subscriptions to a maximum of One Guinea, but lesser sums will be cordially welcomed by the Treasurer, E. Huxham, Esq., National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited, Bournemouth.

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"The date of the presentation is not yet fixed, but an early intimation will be issued to subscribers so that they may be able to attend.

"We are,

"Yours faithfully,

"D. MORRIS, Chairman.

"J. H. RALPH SMYTHE, Hon. Sec.

"The labours of the committee having come to fruition, the subscribers were invited to attend on Wednesday afternoon at East Cliff Hall, the residence of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, and witness the presentation to them of an address of congratulation. The ceremony took place in the gallery of art treasures which was opened by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice on February 1st, 1919. The address is the work of Miss Funnell, of Bournemouth School of Art, and is probably the lightest and brightest and most artistic of the series that she has penned and illuminated. It is surmounted by the Russell-Cotes coat of arms, and in panels underneath and at the sides are little gems of pictures and portraits delineating and representing the entrance to East Cliff Hall, interiors of the Museum and Art Gallery, and the recipients' interests in the Geographical Society, Royal Colonial Institute, Art, Charity, Travel, etc.

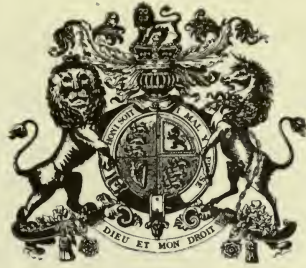
"The guests who were received by the Chairman (Sir Daniel Morris) and members of the Executive Committee, during the half-hour between the time fixed for the assembly and the commencement of the proceedings had opportunity for verifying the fact that, as notified in the gallery, "The eye rejoices in the beautiful from hour to hour." Sir Thomas Lipton was one of those so occupied.

"The distinguished company of fellow townsmen of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, presided over by Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G., J.P., D.C.L., Chairman of the Committee, which included Lady Morris, consisted of Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G. ; Sir Thomas Lipton, Baronet,

Home and Abroad

K.C.V.O. ; Sir George Meyrick, Baronet, J.P., and Lady Meyrick ; the Mayor, Councillor C. H. Cartwright, J.P., and Mrs. Cartwright ; Mr. Herbert Ashling, Town Clerk, and Mrs. Ashling ; Alderman Chas. H. Mate, J.P., and Mrs. Mate ; Mr. James Druitt, J.P., and Mrs. Druitt ; Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, J.P., and Mrs. Smythe ; Dr. Hiron, J.P., and Mrs. Hiron ; the Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis, B.A., and Messrs. E. Huxham, W. Haydon, J.P., F. H. Cridland and Dr. Johnson Smyth (the ten last named gentlemen together with Lord Grenfell, Sir Daniel Morris and the Mayor formed the Executive Committee) ; Mr. Alfred Bowker, J.P., C.C., ex-Mayor of Winchester ; Mr. A. E. Kitcher, vice-President of the Christchurch Board of Guardians, and Mrs. Kitcher ; Captain J. W. D. Barron, J.P., Secretary of the Church Association ; Mr. A. Black, of the Shaftesbury Society ; Mr. Alfred Pope, F.S.A., J.P., and Mrs. Pope ; Mr. C. Hodges, J.P. ; Rev. G. A. Johnstone, Vicar of St. Augustin's, and Mrs. Johnstone ; Dr. and Mrs. H. Davis Coles ; Mr. Councillor J. J. Brazier, J.P., and Mrs. Brazier ; Mr. Councillor Charles Fox ; Mr. H. Norman Jacks ; Mr. H. E. Hawker, F.S.I., M.S.A., and Mrs. Hawker ; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Cressy ; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Sydenham ; Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Mate ; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mapp ; Mr. and Mrs. W. Jordan ; and Messrs. Alfred Felkin, S. J. Wilkins, W. J. Burge, F. W. Cooper, F. Spencer, F. Saunders, G. A. Baker, A.R.C.A., Headmaster of the Municipal School of Art ; C. Caines, R. Y. Banks, A. A. Herring, H. C. Wills, C. A. Hayter, G. E. Barton, H. Harrison, H. A. Baker, G. G. Mapp, E. Underwood, G. Broome, H. Painter, Oliver Thomas, H. F. Richardson, H. J. Pearce, S. E. Wiltshire, J. P. Warman, Wm. Willoughby, H. F. Gladden, A. Meo, H. Shirley, and others.

“ Accompanying Sir Merton were his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. M. Cotes (with their daughters, the Misses Evelyn, Anita and Mary Cotes), and his daughter and



The President
Vice Presidents and Council
of
The Royal Society of Literature
of the United Kingdom

hereby notify that

Lady Russell-Cotes,

has been duly elected and incorporated

A Fellow

of the said Society under the provisions
of the Charter of Incorporation granted
by His Majesty King George IV.

Walsby President

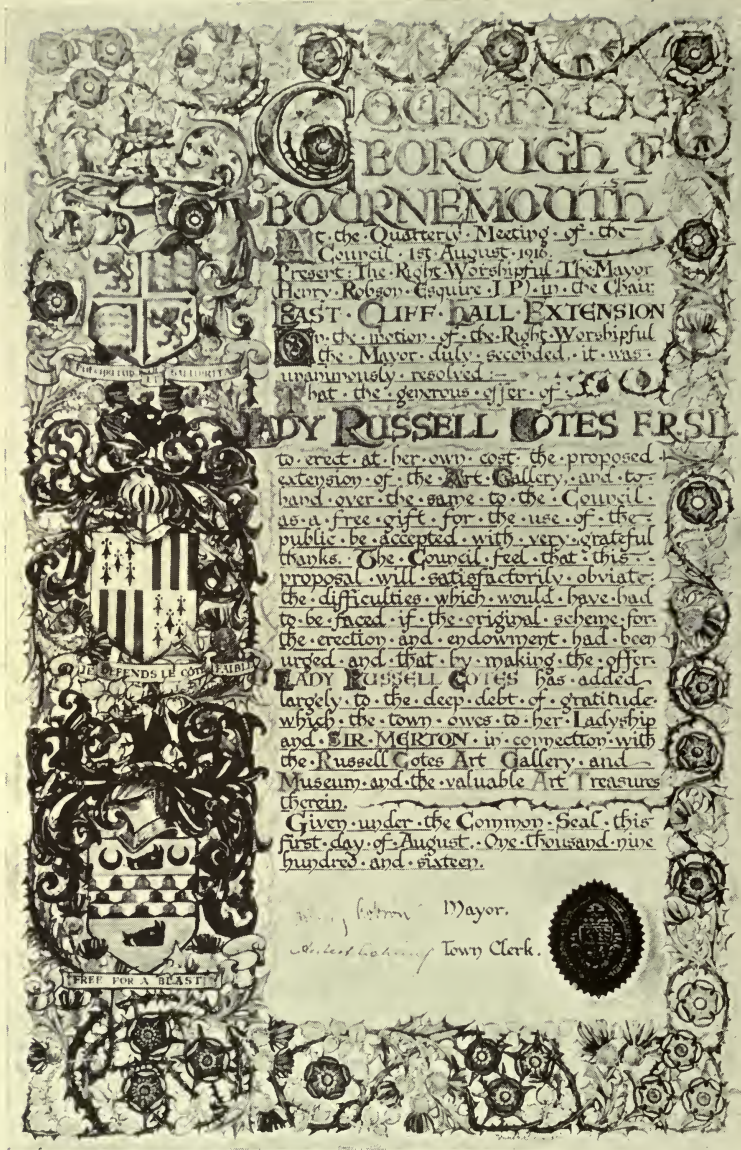
Proc. Mr. Amers Secretary

London.

1903.



My wife's Certificate as a "Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature."



COUNTY OF BOROUGH OF BOURNEMOUTH

At the Quarterly Meeting of the
Council, 1st August, 1916.

Present: The Right Worshipful The Mayor
Henry Robson, Esquire, J.P., in the Chair.

EAST CLIFF HALL EXTENSION

On the motion of the Right Worshipful
the Mayor, duly seconded, it was
unanimously resolved:-
That the generous offer of

LADY RUSSELL GOTES FRSL

to erect at her own cost the proposed
extension of the Art Gallery, and to
hand over the same to the Council
as a free gift for the use of the
public be accepted with very grateful
thanks. The Council feel that this
proposal will satisfactorily obviate
the difficulties which would have had
to be faced if the original scheme for
the erection and endowment had been
urged and that by making the offer
LADY RUSSELL GOTES has added
largely to the deep debt of gratitude
which the town owes to her Ladyship
and SIR MERTON in connection with
the Russell Gotes Art Gallery and
Museum and the valuable Art Treasures
therein.

Given under the Common Seal this
first day of August, One thousand nine
hundred and sixteen.

Henry Robson Mayor.

Robert Henry Town Clerk.



Illuminated Vote of Thanks from the Mayor and Corporation of Bournemouth to my wife, on the occasion of her gift to the Borough of the new Gallery opened by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, 1st Feb., 1919, the anniversary of our Wedding Day, 1860.

1



3



5



Interior of East Cliff Hall.

1 and 2—Drawing Room.

3—Morning Room.

4—Study

5 and 6—Views in Gallery

Ceremony of Presentation

son-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Stebbing (and their daughter Miss Phyllis Stebbing).

“Owing to indisposition, which confined her to her bed, Lady Russell-Cotes was unable to take any part in the celebrations.

“In addition to Lady Meyrick, the ladies on the platform included the Mayoress, Mrs. C. H. Cartwright; Lady Morris, Mrs. Stebbing and Mrs. Herbert V. M. Cotes.

“The reception over, the guests passed through the Museum and Art Gallery, inspecting the collection of art treasures. Each of the company was presented with a finely executed brochure written by Mr. Austin Brereton, the well-known litterateur and member of the General Committee, dealing in a most interesting way with the record of the life of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, more particularly since they came to reside in Bournemouth forty-four years ago.

“Sir Daniel Morris, who was received with applause, said:—

“As Chairman of the Committee organised to celebrate in a fitting manner the Diamond Wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes it is my privilege to say a few words in opening the proceedings this afternoon.

“I do so with great pleasure, for during a period of twelve years I have been brought into close relations with Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes.

“As one of the Trustees of the Art Gallery and Museum I am in a position to appreciate very fully their great value in promoting some phases of the intellectual life and the amenities of Bournemouth.

“No other monument is really necessary to keep in memory Sir Merton Russell-Cotes's long and devoted services to the town and neighbourhood. He has been fortunate in possessing in a remarkable degree a combination of rare qualities, and with these a spirit of enterprise and philanthropy which have

Home and Abroad

enabled him to achieve great results. No doubt in the years that have passed strenuous discussions have taken place in regard to some of the projects put forward from time to time by Sir Merton, but it is a characteristic feature of the present celebration that his old and tried friends, as well as those who in former days were keen critics, are now cordially in agreement to do honour to Sir Merton and not less so to his kindly wife, adviser and devoted guide who has so faithfully stood at his side for sixty years !

“ Those here to-day while giving practical evidence of the goodwill of the people of Bournemouth are at the same time closely associated with a widespread circle of friends and admirers all over the kingdom. Others are on the Continent, in distant parts of the Empire and in the United States of America. We are assured by letters and cordial messages received from them that they are present with us in spirit and are joining heartily in tendering our congratulations to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes.

“ It is impossible in the short time available to adequately review the numerous benefactions and enterprises associated with the names of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. Perhaps no one of them stands out more prominently than the gift to Bournemouth of the freehold of East Cliff Hall (in which we now meet) and its exceptionally interesting and valuable collections of pictures and art treasures. This gift has since been enhanced by an endowment fund for their future care and upkeep. Other benefactions with far-reaching aims are the Russell-Cotes Nautical Training School for boys connected with Dr. Barnardo's Homes and Russell-Cotes Home connected with the Shaftesbury Society for Destitute Children. Both of these are in course of being established in the neighbourhood of Parkstone.

“ Among the many honours conferred on Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes we may recall at least two notable ones.

Sir Daniel's Speech

In 1908, on the birthday of Lady Russell-Cotes, the town marked its appreciation of the great benevolence of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, during a period of thirty-three years, by conferring on both of them the Freedom of the Borough. In the following year, 1909, his fellow-townpeople were able to congratulate Sir Merton on the distinction of knighthood graciously bestowed upon him by His Majesty King Edward. This was in recognition not only of what he had done for Bournemouth but to lovers of art all over the country.

“ The Russell-Cotes ‘ Loan Collection ’ of pictures included some of the finest works of art, and they had been selected with the greatest care. After being exhibited in many of the principal cities in the United Kingdom, as the many illuminated votes of thanks testify, they were loaned to the United States and eventually they travelled to an International Exhibition in far distant New Zealand.

“ In bringing these brief remarks to a close I cannot refrain from drawing attention to the brochure by Mr. Austin Brereton (in course of being distributed to subscribers). In the closing paragraph he mentions that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have practised the highest gift of charity with that sense of duty which no labour can weary ; and in their benevolence they have closely adopted the well-known maxim of Horace, namely, that ‘ the office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.’

“ I have pleasure in announcing that in addition to the illuminated address presented to-day the committee has recognised that to such true exponents of art, it would be most appropriate that a life-size portrait in oils of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes be added to commemorate this auspicious occasion. The picture, I am glad to say, is now in hand, and it is hoped to present it on the anniversary of Lady Russell-Cotes' birthday, on the 15th July next.

Home and Abroad

“ Sir Daniel then called upon the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Ralph Smythe, to read the address, which he did, as follows :—

“ To Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.L., and Lady Russell-Cotes, F.R.S.L., M.J.S., of East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

“ We the undersigned, representing a wide circle of friends, desire to express our warm appreciation of the spirit of generosity that has actuated you both during your long residence in Bournemouth.

“ As the first of February, 1920, marks the celebration of your Diamond Wedding, and the crowning point of a lifetime of mutual domestic happiness, we tender to you our warmest congratulations.

“ We take advantage of the occasion to convey to you both our sincere admiration of the many acts of benevolence and munificence bestowed by you in Bournemouth and other places.

“ We recognise the eminent services you have rendered to art, and these, combined with your charitable beneficence, command our deepest gratitude, and afford a splendid example of true patriotism and citizenship. We tender our cordial good wishes for your future welfare.

Sir Daniel Morris, K.C.M.G., J.P. (Chairman), J. H. Ralph Smythe, Esq., J.P. (Hon. Secretary), E. Huxham, Esq. (Hon. Treasurer), the Right Hon. the Earl of Malmesbury, D.L., J.P., Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Councillor C. H. Cartwright, J.P. (Mayor).

“ Lady Morris (to Sir Merton): I have the greatest pleasure in presenting to you this beautiful address, which contains words from all present that come from our hearts (applause).

“ Sir Merton : Thank you very much.

Mr. Ralph Smythe's Tribute

“ ‘CHARMING LETTERS.’ ”

“ The Chairman announced that there were a number of subscribers not able to be present, but who had written charming letters. He asked the hon. secretary to read a selection.

“ A PERSONAL TRIBUTE. ”

“ Before doing so, Mr. Ralph Smythe said he would like to add a tribute of personal esteem and to deal with an aspect of Sir Merton's character that did not appear from the letters, and that was his character as a fighter (laughter). He had, he added, known Sir Merton for over thirty years. He was a member of the Bournemouth Town Council when Sir Merton was Mayor, and was associated with him there and in other ways. But there was one bone of contention between them, and that was the Undercliff Drive. Sir Merton favoured the improvement. His (the speaker's) party thought—and he was stubborn enough to think wisely—that the finances of the borough would not bear it then. The contest went on till they had the pleasure of seeing the magnificent promenade started. Sir Merton was strenuous in this as in all things, and when he put his heart into a fight he fairly boiled over. Throughout the prolonged contest, however, there was not an unkind word or act spoken or done. They were all the time foes and friends, and ever since they had been the best of friends, and he could hardly tell his hearers how much happiness it gave him to be allowed to participate in one more tribute of esteem to add to those already deservedly given to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes (applause).

“ Mr. Ralph Smythe then proceeded to read certain letters from subscribers who were unable to be present.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.

15, Bishopsgate,

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., London, E.C. 2.

East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.

19th March, 1920.

My dear Sir Merton,

Your further most kind letter has given me very great pleasure.

Home and Abroad

I am intensely interested to hear of this splendid occasion—the Diamond Wedding celebration.

What a wonderful record, Sir Merton! To think that you and your dear wife have been spared to each other for so many years with such perfect happiness, is a cause for much thankfulness.

In this we all participate, and remember with much gratitude your many and varied gifts of munificence to Bournemouth and district.

I trust, my dear Sir Merton, that you may be long spared to us all, and that your dear wife and companion may have restored to her at least some measure of health to enable you both to enjoy these later years of your life.

With all good wishes for your health and happiness,

Believe me, ever most sincerely yours,

A. McCLELLAND.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.,

London, E.C. 2.

My dear Sir Merton,

19th March, 1920.

Since writing you this morning, I have had an opportunity of informing the General Managers of the forthcoming celebration of your Diamond Wedding, and they have asked me, on behalf of the bank, to offer you their very hearty congratulations on this event and to express the sincere hope that you and Lady Russell-Cotes may long be spared to continue your excellent work in Bournemouth with a full measure of health and happiness.

I need hardly say, Sir Merton, that it gives me very great pleasure to send you this message.

Yours very sincerely,

A. McCLELLAND,

pro Joint General Manager.

J. H. Ralph Smythe, Esquire,
Bournemouth.

Grosvenor Street,
Sydney, Australia.

Dear Sir,

February 13th, 1920.

I am in receipt of yours *re* "Russell-Cotes Diamond Wedding Celebration."

Although 16,000 miles away, my heart beats with pride and sympathy towards the event (so distance has not in any way dimmed my affection and admiration for Lady and Sir Merton Russell-Cotes). I am a very old friend, and it is now many years since I had the honour and pleasure of seeing them, but the bonds of regard and esteem are

Correspondence

just as strong and sincere as the first day I had the privilege of meeting them.

I need hardly say I wish the event every success, and only regret that I cannot be present to offer my congratulations in person.

Yours sincerely,

A. A. HOLLANDER.

J. H. Ralph Smythe, Esquire, J.P., 9, East 37th Street,
Cavendish Road, Bournemouth. New York, U.S.A.

My dear Sir,

March 1st, 1920.

You have put me under a very pleasant obligation by your communication of January 31st, 1920. I hasten to join the great host of friends and well-wishers of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes by enclosing three guineas, one for myself, one for Gladys (age 12) and one for Freddie Michaelyan (age 2), as an appreciation not only of the many numerous acts of generosity and kindness of which you speak, but as an appreciation of the many deeds of benevolence of which I have been the recipient in days gone by.

I shall never forget how good Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes were to me when I needed their friendship. They opened their heart and their home to me, a stranger; they helped me to gain a livelihood, they comforted me with their friendship; they inspired me with their example. I am a better man for knowing them.

Now that you are about to commemorate their Diamond Wedding, I come to mingle my prayers and best wishes with yours. May they live long to enjoy, and continue to enjoy, the respect and affection of all who know them, because to know them is to love them.

Your communication caused me double pleasure inasmuch as I missed Lady Russell-Cotes' Christmas card last Christmas and I was, in consequence, feeling much concern for her health.

Please convey both to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes my great delight at hearing about them again, and on this auspicious occasion.

I would like to mention also in closing that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have been great friends of the Armenian race of which I am a member.

Respectfully,

H. MICHAELYAN.

“Other subscribers who sent their congratulations, but were unavoidably absent, were the following:—

The Duke of Somerset.

The Earl of Shaftesbury.

The Earl of Malmesbury.

Admiral Lord Jellicoe.

Home and Abroad

Sir David Murray, R.A.	Sir Sam Fay.
Lady Windham.	Colonel Ainsworth.
Major R. G. S. Maunsell, J.P.	Canon and Mrs. Wainwright.
Canon and Mrs. Daldy.	Alderman J. E. Beale, J.P.
Alderman and Mrs. Bishop.	Councillor F. J. Webb.
Mr. W. C. Maude, J.P.	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sutton.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trevanion.	Mr. Harold Tattersall, LL.B.
Mr. A. R. Mangin.	Mr. Kerrison Preston.
Mr. Kenneth Cameron, J.P.	Mr. A. McClelland.
Mr. Austin Brereton.	Mrs. Britton.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Quarry.	Mr. A. T. Quarry.
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Pringle.	Mr. James McClure.
Miss Craig.	Mrs. Maitland.
Mr. and Mrs. G. E. W. Bridge.	Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Hurt.
Mr. D. H. MacBrayne.	Mr. A. A. Hollander.
Mr. H. G. Michaelyan.	Miss Florence Thorneycroft.
Com. Claude Hamilton, R.D., R.N.R.	Mr. J. A. F. Muirhead.
Mrs. Miller.	Mrs. Landseer Mackenzie.
Mr. Richard Thorburn.	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Painter.
Mrs. Wooldridge.	Mr. Wm. Baker, B.A., LL.B.
Mrs. Chas. Elsworth.	Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ingram.
Mr. A. G. Gwynne.	Mr. Whineray.
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Collard.	Miss Dodds.
Mrs. Thorne.	Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nethercoate.
Mr. and Mrs. Williamson Milne.	Mr. and Mrs. J. W. C. Gill.
Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Matterson.	

“ Sir Merton Russell-Cotes was received with applause on rising to acknowledge the presentation and congratulations. He addressed the company as ‘my dear friends,’ and said he did not feel that he was addressing an ordinary meeting, but a gathering of affection. ‘Words fail me,’ he continued, ‘to express how deeply touched my beloved wife and I feel with all these manifestations of goodwill spontaneously

My Reply

towards us, in our "sere and yellow leaf" of life. It is these things that make life worth living. I certainly knew that we had many kind and sympathetic friends who bore towards us not only the sentiments of friendship, but affection, and I may venture to say, even love; but we were utterly unprepared to be overwhelmed with kind words, telegrams, and piles of letters from legions of friends, both at home and abroad, on our diamond wedding. We thank our Heavenly Father that we have lived to prove that friendship is among the richest blessings that God gives to his children; and that we have been spared to spend sixty years of life together. This sixty years of married life has not been one of the usual conventional type of married life, but one of loving friendship and sweet companionship, and I cannot help expressing my heartfelt regret that my beloved wife is not with us to-day to tell you from her own lips her deep appreciation of all the kindnesses that have been heaped upon us. I am sure I have the deepest sympathy of you all in the cause of her enforced absence.

"This is a day of friendship's offering to my beloved wife and myself, but I feel that it is infinitely more her day than my own, and I feel that I can only claim a share in it with my son and daughter, as we have never carried out any charitable or philanthropic work but she has been the moving spirit, and we have only cordially and with hearty goodwill co-operated with her uniform desire and anxiety to promote the happiness of others. To say that she has been unselfish to the last degree is within the mark; her motto was always "others first" regardless of self, and so it is to this day.

"If Lady Russell-Cotes and I have ever carried out any good work we have always consulted our son and daughter and obtained their views, and in every instance they have given their hearty co-operation. We have always worked together—in fact it has always been a "family affair," and my son and

Home and Abroad

daughter, therefore, ought really to share any credit we have received at your kind and generous hands. Had my son and daughter ever opposed our views, instead of Bournemouth possessing the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum; the Barnardo's Homes "Nautical School," and the Shaftesbury Society "Home for Children" at Parkstone, the hospitals and other charitable institutions, the gifts of houses, etc., etc.—the capital so expended would have been theirs.

"Lady Russell-Cotes has always been my confidante—my counsellor and my guide in any difficulty, and in more than one seemingly overwhelming perplexity she has, with her sound sense and ready resource seen a solution. For instance, in regard to the "Sanitary" Hospital! Very few have any idea of the difficulties that had to be encountered before this was carried through. I was nominated by the Medical Committee to take the place of Mr. Nixon on the Board of Commissioners as Hon. Secretary of their committee, for the sole purpose of getting the Fever Hospital carried out, which he had failed to do. Indeed, the obstacles that were thrown in the way appeared almost insuperable, the most formidable being the title "Fever" Hospital; and, after a stormy board meeting, I was telling my wife about it, when she said, "But why use the word 'Fever' at all? Why not substitute 'Sanitary' and call it the Sanitary Hospital?" At the psychological moment that admirable suggestion solved the problem and enabled me to throw oil on the troubled waters. At the following meeting of the Board, I put the resolution forward and it was carried, so Bournemouth is now in possession of a "Sanitary" Hospital, and the name is a perpetual memento of my wife's ingenuity.

"My beloved wife during the whole of her illness for the last eighteen months has made no complaint—no word of complaint has ever passed her lips—she is the embodiment of patience and contentment.

My Reply

“ ‘ And now, my dear friends, for the good works that have been inspired by my wife and carried out by myself and our son and daughter, we would earnestly plead for your future support in helping our founding of the Dr. Barnardo’s Mercantile Marine School for the training of British boys for the British merchant sea service—and I would like to say that this has received the hearty commendation of my friends Lord Jellicoe, General Baden-Powell and other authorities in letters received from them—temporary huts have been erected and are now occupied by 30 boys, and two Government officials have expressed their complete approval of the entire arrangement. Also, we crave your support for the Shaftesbury Society’s Home for Children at Parkstone, and last, but not least, our local hospitals. These are some of the benefactions near and dear to our hearts, which we yearn for your pecuniary help in promoting their success and prosperity, and so that they may become a credit to the boroughs of Bournemouth and Poole, and the counties of Hants and Dorset. Our local hospitals are open to both these counties, and the Barnardo’s Homes and Shaftesbury Societies are open to the entire British Empire without any reservation whatever.

“ ‘ I should like to take this opportunity of expressing our deep appreciation of his Worship the Mayor’s presence here to-day, and for his sympathetic and hearty co-operation, and also that of Mr. Ashling, the Town Clerk. We have been very greatly helped in any project which we wished to realise by all the Mayors and Town Clerks of Bournemouth, from the provisional Mayor, my friend Mr. McWilliam, right down to our mutual friend, Mr. Councillor Cartwright, one and all of whom have heartily aided us in attaining the objects we had at heart, and I now and here, tender them all, our most grateful thanks.

“ ‘ We have had much arduous work—often—to obtain the realisation of what we had in view, and had they not helped us, in most cases all our efforts would have been futile.

Home and Abroad

“ ‘ I take this opportunity of expressing our own and our children’s thanks, and those of the Mayor and Burgesses, to Sir George Meyrick, the Lord of the Manor, for agreeing to Lady Russell-Cotes buying the freehold of the property she has presented to Bournemouth, Sir George’s action enabling her to “ crown the edifice ” by the gift being in perpetuity instead of leasehold.

“ ‘ Before concluding my remarks, I should like very much to say what a deep debt of gratitude we owe to the Chairman, Sir Daniel Morris ; the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Ralph Smythe ; the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Huxham ; Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, Mr. Ashling, the Town Clerk, and other members of the Executive Committee, for the arduous labour which they have gratuitously taken upon themselves, and also the members of the general committee, and, indeed, one and all who have in any way contributed to the utterly unlooked-for tribute of friendly esteem which has been conferred upon us, on this, the 60th anniversary of our wedding day.

“ ‘ We deeply appreciate the lavish subscriptions of many of our dear friends who have sent cheques for an amount far exceeding the limit of one guinea, but in each case the surplus has been returned.’

“ The company then adjourned to partake of afternoon tea and inspect the Art Gallery and Museum.

“ As a souvenir of an event of unique interest and importance, each guest was presented with a very attractive brochure compiled by Mr. Austin Brereton, giving many biographical details with regard to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes and dealing particularly with the period of their life in Bournemouth (since 1876), the leading part they have played in promoting the town’s interests, their many achievements for the town’s welfare, and their unrivalled record of beneficence and philanthropy. ‘ No monument, no statue of marble is needed to commemorate the work which Sir Merton

Mr. Brereton's Brochure

Russell-Cotes has done for Bournemouth,' says Mr. Brereton. 'Bournemouth itself is his monument—*monumentum ære perennius*—in the words of Horace, a monument more durable than brass. The history of the rise and progress of Bournemouth is the story of a man in whom are united the rare qualities of keen perspicacity, enterprise, perseverance, and philanthropy—not the least of these being philanthropy, which enabled him to make Bournemouth what it is to-day. It may be that with that modesty which is allied to all true greatness, he may claim that it is Bournemouth which has made him what he is. The means, perhaps, it has been. But of that fortune which he has gained, how lavishly he has given to its building. From a sleepy, neglected, unknown little seaside town, he has raised it to one of the best known, one of the healthiest, one of the most attractive and most popular watering places in England.' Later on the writer pays well-deserved tribute to Lady Russell-Cotes, in the remark that Sir Merton 'might not have achieved the success he has done, but for the wisdom and intuitive judgment of the kindly lady who as wife, adviser, and guide, has stood so devotedly by his side for sixty years.'

"Two photographs adorn the book, the first representing Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes as they appeared at the time of their marriage in 1860, the second a present day picture, reproduced from the most recent photograph available. An illustration also appears showing East Cliff Hall, the beautiful mansion which Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have presented to the people of Bournemouth."

I close the story of this wonderful day with the following letter :—

Willstead,
22, Cavendish Road, Bournemouth.
27th March, 1920.

Dear Sir Merton,

Thank you for your very kind letter. I was pleased to get it not merely because of the kind expressions which it contained, and which

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I fully reciprocate, but because it was evidence that the strain had not been too much for you which you had been undergoing for some time past, and which culminated on Wednesday last. The function on that day was a unique and personal one, and I hope that you feel in accord with the general opinion that it was an unqualified success whether looked at from the artistic point of view as being set in surroundings of altogether unusual brightness and beauty, or from the spiritual point as enveloping the effort to render something of the homage due to the public spirit and patriotism, that you and Lady Russell-Cotes have so conspicuously shown, in an atmosphere of warm friendship and good feeling.

Let me repeat once more how great pleasure it gave me to be allowed to take a personal share in that celebration, and to assure you that however I may have differed with you in the past on the subject of the Undercliff Drive, I am at one with you in admiration of that splendid promenade now, and in recognising its advantages to the town.

With all good wishes in which my wife joins,

Believe me, yours sincerely,

J. H. RALPH SMYTHE.

* * * * *

The life-size portrait in oils of my beloved wife and myself, spoken of by Sir Daniel Morris when he presented to us the illuminated address * being completed, the committee in full accord with His Worship the Mayor, arranged that the presentation should take place on the 5th October, 1920, in the Council Chamber. The ceremony which followed is fully described in the following report issued by the committee :—

THE RUSSELL-COTES DIAMOND WEDDING COMMEMORATION.

*With the Compliments of the Chairman and Members
of the Executive Committee.*

Bournemouth,

October 26th, 1920.

RUSSELL-COTES DIAMOND WEDDING PORTRAITS.
PRESENTED BY SUBSCRIBERS AND THEN GIVEN TO THE TOWN.

There was a memorable ceremony at the meeting of the Bournemouth Town Council held on October 5th, 1920.

* See page 1003

Town's Presentation

In commemoration of the diamond wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, many residents, rightly regarding them as distinguished citizens and generous benefactors of the town, subscribed for and presented a life-size portrait picture.

It was received by Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes on behalf of his father ; his mother had, to the great regret of her many friends, passed away since the happy event the presentation commemorated.

Mr. Cotes in turn handed the picture over to the Mayor as chief magistrate to be placed in the town's portrait gallery of past mayors and freemen of the borough, and it was by his Worship gratefully received on behalf of the municipality.

It is a beautiful work of art, and a "speaking likeness."

Sir Merton was Mayor in 1894-5, and he and Lady Russell-Cotes were made Freemen in 1908.

TWO NOBLE LIVES.

TOWN'S PRESENTATION IN BOURNEMOUTH.

A CELEBRATION AND A MEMORIAL.

On Tuesday morning last, in the Council Chamber of the Bournemouth Corporation, there was unveiled a life-sized portrait picture of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, both of whose names occupy distinguished places on the town's freedom roll. The attendant ceremony was marked with peculiar interest, for it was unique in its character. It was at once a celebration and a memorial.

It may be remembered that on February 1st last Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes celebrated their diamond wedding. During their long association with the town Bournemouth had become indebted to them for many munificent benefactions. It was not surprising, therefore, that the townspeople as a whole—public persons and private citizens alike—should have contributed to mark so auspicious an event in their benefactors' lives. It was resolved to present to them a portrait

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in oils and the necessary money was readily subscribed. Details were managed by a representative committee of whom Sir Daniel Morris was chairman, Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, hon. secretary, and Mr. E. Huxham, hon. treasurer. The commission to paint the portrait was entrusted to Mr. Frank Richards, and it was his work that was unveiled on Tuesday.

Unfortunately Lady Russell-Cotes passed away before the portrait could be presented, and it was this fact that gave a tinge of sadness to Tuesday's proceedings, which would otherwise have been marked by rejoicing as well as by congratulation. It was matter for regret also that Sir Merton himself, owing to his state of health, was prevented from being present. He found, however, an efficient substitute in his son, Mr. H. V. M. Cotes.

By Sir Merton's express wish the portrait is to hang in the Council Chamber among those of other distinguished citizens. Thus after it had been unveiled and formally presented to Mr. Cotes, he, in turn, on his father's behalf, asked the Mayor's acceptance of it for the town.

Following the death of Lady Russell-Cotes, Sir Merton expressed a wish to still further memorialise her, and on Tuesday the Mayor was asked to accept a magnificent silver gilt chalice, which had originally been in the family of the Duke of Beaufort. It was presented as an addition to the Corporation plate, and it was gratefully and gracefully accepted.

The proceedings took place prior to the ordinary Council meeting. The Mayor presided, and besides the members of the Council there were also present : Mr. H. V. M. Cotes and Mrs. Cotes, Captain Stebbing (son-in-law of Sir Merton) Mrs. Jacks (grand-daughter), Sir Daniel and Lady Morris, Sir George and Lady Meyrick, the Rev. H. Wilbur Ennis, Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, J.P., Mr. Jas. Druitt, J.P., Mr. Huxham, Dr. G. M. Hirons, J.P., Mr. W. Haydon, J.P., Mr. R. Y. Banks, Mr. Cridland, etc.



The Central Hall—The Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.



Banner presented to the Drummond Wolff
Habitation of the Primrose League by me
in memory of my wife.

Sir Daniel's Speech

Sir Daniel Morris rose and addressed the Mayor as follows :—

As Chairman of the Committee entrusted with the arrangements to celebrate the Diamond Wedding of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes I have been asked to convey the thanks of the Committee to you, Mr. Mayor and the members of the Council, for your courtesy in granting us an opportunity for taking a further step in connection with that interesting event.

At the presentation of an illuminated address to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes at East Cliff Hall in March last it was announced that in recognition of two such true exponents of Art it would be fitting and appropriate that a life-size portrait in oils of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes might be added to commemorate in a permanent form their great services to the town of their adoption.

Sir Merton, I believe, arrived in Bournemouth on Christmas Day of 1876. He came, like many others, under stress of health ; but it is a high testimony to the mild climate and the pure air of Bournemouth that in spite of a singularly active life he has now reached his 86th year. It is generally acknowledged that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes had nobly devoted themselves to serve the best interests of Bournemouth. They have been closely associated with nearly every event that materially concerned its welfare, and by their great generosity and genuine patriotism they have won the hearty goodwill and warm appreciation of all who had come into contact with them.

It was originally proposed that the picture would be presented on July 15th, the date of Lady Russell-Cotes' birthday ; but sad to relate, her Ladyship passed away in April, and in deference to her memory and in accordance with the wishes of Sir Merton the presentation was postponed. I regret to say that owing to the critical state of his health Sir Merton is unable to be present with us to-day, and under the

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circumstances the picture will be accepted in his behalf by Mr. Herbert Cotes. In ordinary course, as far as the Committee was concerned, this would have completed its share in the matter. But in view of the fact that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes were among two of the oldest and most eminent of the citizens of Bournemouth, had served as Mayor and Mayoress, and been elected Honorary Freemen of the Borough, it was felt that it would be appropriate, and entirely in sympathy with the views of the Committee, if the picture were accepted by the Borough Council and added to the notable ones already in its possession.

The picture which is now before us has been painted with great care by Mr. Frank Richards. It is regarded as an artistic piece of work and skilfully executed. The artist was unfortunate in not being able to secure sittings of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, and on that account his task had been rendered more difficult.

It cannot fail, however, to recall the features of those who, during nearly half a century, displayed a warm spirit of generosity and carried out numerous acts of benevolence and munificence in Bournemouth and its immediate neighbourhood. They also displayed a life-time of mutual domestic happiness which reached its crowning point in their diamond wedding on the 1st of February last.

As no other opportunity may be offered, I desire now to express our most hearty thanks to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. J. H. Ralph Smythe, and to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. E. Huxham, for their loyal and hearty support in carrying through the arrangements connected with the presentation. I have also to mention that the funds placed at the disposal of the Committee amounted to £503 18s. od., and the disbursements to date amounted to £466 17s. 8d.

I have now great pleasure, in behalf of the subscribers, to present to you, Mr. Herbert Cotes, this handsome picture

My Son's Reply

of your father and mother, and we wish you to convey to your father our sincere and cordial good wishes for his health and happiness.

Mr. Herbert V. M. Cotes then rose and said :—

Sir Daniel, Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen,

With deep gratitude, and on my father's behalf, I accept this handsome picture.

I am sure you will sympathise with me in the position in which I find myself this morning, and perhaps you will understand what I felt when the linen cover fell from that picture.

My father is still with us—but my mother has gone—still I have to remember that there are obligations due to those around me.

I would like to thank most sincerely those gentlemen whose names have been mentioned by Sir Daniel Morris (and indeed Sir Daniel himself), who have acted so splendidly and energetically on the Executive Committee, not only for the work which they have accomplished, but also for the kindly thought that prompted them so to do.

I would also like to thank those many kind friends—both in Bournemouth and in all parts of the world—who by their support have made possible the presentation of this beautiful picture.

The result of the appeal made by the Committee came to my family as somewhat of a surprise. Friends one never realised one had, sprang up ; and I can assure you, Mr. Mayor, the letters that have been received (not only on this occasion, but also when my dear mother passed away) from hundreds of persons, many of whom we scarcely knew, have surpassed in kindly expressions of friendship anything that we could have imagined. It was extraordinary ; it went to our hearts !

I sincerely thank you, Mr. Mayor, and the members of the Council, for allowing this presentation to be made in your Council Chamber, and I beg your acceptance, on behalf of our

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fellow townsmen, of this fine portrait group of my father and mother.

I now beg your acceptance of this silver gilt chalice from my father, sister and myself, in loving and devoted memory of my dearly loved mother.

You, Mr. Mayor, have received a letter in which the history of this chalice is written. It was formerly in the Duke of Beaufort's collection. May I say that this is a gift in perpetuity, that it will be kept at East Cliff Hall, and will be used at suitable Corporation functions.

Before closing there is one other matter that I would like to briefly mention. You know, Mr. Mayor, that the building scheme for the finishing of the picture galleries at East Cliff Hall could not be completed on account of the war, and indeed had it not been for the kindly help of Lord Ribblesdale, General Page Croft (both of whom are Trustees of the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum), our worthy Town Clerk, Mr. Ashling, and Mr. Hawker, the walls, as then existing, would have been left standing without a roof. There was much trouble before the necessary "permit" to roof in the walls was granted, and then only on condition that only two men over 60 and one labourer were employed! My message to you is that my father hopes to proceed, at once, to complete the scheme.

I again beg to thank you one and all for your kindheartedness and goodwill.

The Mayor in response said:—

It is with deep pleasure that this Council accepts from Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, by the hands of you, his son, this very beautiful portrait of himself and the late Lady Russell-Cotes, distinguished citizens, former Mayor and Mayoress, and Honorary Freemen of this County Borough. We are sorry to learn that the state of Sir Merton's health will not permit his attendance here to-day—indeed it could hardly

The Mayor's Speech

be expected that at his age he could undergo the fatigue of this ceremony, which, moreover, would have been fraught with some sad memories, otherwise it would have given us great pleasure to have conveyed to him our thanks in person. But we are glad that he has chosen the Town Hall as the home of this beautiful painting, because it is appropriate that the portraits of two citizens who have given so many benefactions to the town should find a resting place in the Halls of the Civic Government.

It has been my pleasure at another meeting to recount the many services that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes have rendered to the Borough of Bournemouth. I do not propose to deal with them in detail again to-day. As, however, this is the Council Chamber, I think I might appropriately refer to Sir Merton's associations with the governing bodies of the town. He became first a member of the old Board of Commissioners, of which body he was a valued member, and later on when the Charter of Incorporation was received he manifested his deep interest in that event by presenting to us this fine emblem of Authority, the Mace, while Lady Russell-Cotes was the donor of the Mayoral Badge. In due course, in response to the wish of the Corporation, he was elected to the high office I have now the honour to fill, and with Lady Russell-Cotes became Mayor and Mayoress. Sir Merton has, during all the years he has lived here, continued to take a deep interest in the progress of the Borough, and has originated some of its greatest improvements. The ultimate consummation of the Undercliff Drive was largely due to his advocacy and perseverance, and it was on the completion of the first stage of this undertaking that Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes celebrated so auspicious an event by presenting to the town their beautiful residence, East Cliff Hall, together with all the pictures and works of art contained therein, as a gift to the citizens for their use and enjoyment for all times. The town recognising the

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greatness of this gift and the valuable services of Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes unanimously resolved to confer upon them the only remaining honour left in their power to bestow—they were made Honorary Freemen of the Borough.

Happy indeed must be the man who in the autumn of life can look down the vista of years at so much good work done—at so many good deeds accomplished.

Lady Russell-Cotes' memory lies deep in the hearts of all those who were brought in contact with her, and no poor words that I can command would be a sufficient eulogy. Perhaps the words of your father himself when he said, "In all the good things I have done she has been my adviser and the source of my inspiration" are the highest praise that can be given. It is a great tribute to give to a woman and a wife. We all know she was a woman of unbounded charity. Her works abound amongst us to-day, in the gift to Dr. Barnardo's Homes of those Nautical Schools at Parkstone; in the Shaftesbury Society's Homes for Children; in her endowments of the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital; in many other works of private charity, and last but not least, in the gift to this town of the freehold of East Cliff Hall. She has left behind her the mark of her goodness, and it is in that spirit I receive this portrait, to grace first this Chamber, and later to be removed to the walls of a statelier building, there to perpetuate for all time the memory of the lives of two noble citizens.

It is also my pleasure to receive from Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, "In memory of his devoted and beloved wife," this very beautiful chalice. Some months ago, when I received a gift of Corporation plate from my predecessor I expressed the hope that it would be the forerunner of gifts from other citizens. I little thought at the time that that remark would be followed so quickly with the gift, from Sir Merton, of so beautiful a work of art.

Primrose League Banner

It does not need this chalice to perpetuate in our memory she who lived with us, but when we in our turn shall pass away and the generation that comes after us may ask, "To whose memory was this given?" the answer will be "To the memory of Lady Russell-Cotes, a noble lady of charity, a true wife and a devoted mother."

* * * * *

Although I began my autobiography before the commencement of "The Great War" it is only now, at Christmas, 1920, that I have been able to approve and return the last proof to the printer.

Various causes have contributed to this delay, the principal being the failing health of my beloved wife and my own unsatisfactory condition of health through nerve exhaustion. Another contributing cause was the inability to get work pushed forward during the war.

But this, however, I do not regret, as without the consequent delay the later, and possibly, the most interesting occurrences of my life would have remained untold by me in these volumes.

When, shortly after my beloved wife was taken from me, Miss Scott Murray appealed for subscriptions to purchase a new banner for the Drummond Wolff Habitation of the Primrose League, I decided I would present it *in loving memory of my devoted wife*. The presentation of the banner was made on the 20th November, 1920, and as I feel sure this will be the last function in which I shall participate during the few years that remain to me, I think it will not be out of place to quote the following from "The Bournemouth Guardian," 27th November, 1920:—

"BANNER FOR THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

"PRESENTATION BY SIR MERTON RUSSELL-COTES.

"In the presence of a large gathering on Saturday afternoon Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.L.,

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presented to Miss Scott Murray (Ruling Councillor) a beautiful banner for the Drummond-Wolff Habitation of the Primrose League, in memory of the late Lady Russell-Cotes. The ceremony took place in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, where the fine bust of Beaconsfield, which Sir Merton purchased in the 'Eighties' at the sale of the effects of the Beaconsfield Club in Pall Mall, was surrounded with posies of primroses, and decorated with a wreath of bay leaves, and the small table that always stood by his bedside during his six months' residence in 1874-5, at the Royal Bath Hotel, Bournemouth, during which time he held three Cabinet Councils there, was also decorated with primroses.

"The bust was the work of Count Gleichen, the Queen's cousin, who only executed two, one for Queen Victoria and the other, by her Majesty's permission, for the Beaconsfield Club.

"The company present included Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. M. Cotes, Mr. and Mrs. H. Norman Jacks, Miss Anita Cotes, the Mayor and Mayoress (Councillor C. H. and Mrs. Cartwright), Sir George and Lady Meyrick, Sir Daniel and Lady Morris, Miss Scott Murray (Ruling Councillor), and Mrs. Mason (hon. secretary and treasurer), Mrs. Widdowson, Miss T. Coulson, Mrs. MacDougall, Mrs. Macalister, Mrs. Tarrant, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Snell, Miss Dudley, Miss Tracy, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Knight, Miss Lendrum, Miss Smith, Miss Jackson, Miss Wollaston, Miss Lewis, Miss Fraser, Miss Grimley, Mr. H. Frost, Mr. W. J. Palmer, Mr. W. A. Ward, Mr. Bagot Everard, Mr. D. Sayer, Mr. C. Carey, and Mr. Bailey. Among those from whom apologies for absence were received were the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, and Lieut.-Colonel H. Page Croft, M.P. Captain and Mrs. Stebbing (Sir Merton's daughter and son-in-law) were unfortunately prevented from attending through illness.



The First Room of the new Gallery, Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.

My Speech

“ Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, presented the banner and paid great tribute to the work of Miss Scott Murray for the Drummond-Wolff Habitation. To her, he said, belonged the honour and credit of having devoted a quarter of a century to the patriotic and loyal work of the League, surrounding herself with earnest and willing workers. During the war Miss Scott Murray organised through the Drummond-Wolff Habitation, among other excellent war work, the collection of funds, and provided drum and fife bands for 19 regiments; and a motor ambulance was subscribed for and sent to the front. Their member, Lieut.-Colonel Page Croft, when he was returned at the last election, in a letter to the Habitation had said: ‘ I am not exaggerating when I add that the Primrose League fought the election.’ Ever since Miss Scott Murray became Ruling Councillor in 1895 the Drummond-Wolff Habitation had progressed in every way, and had never gone back, and it was to her, to the secretary, the wardens, and sub-wardens that most hearty congratulations were to be accorded on the result. (Applause.)

“ Proceeding, he said that never in the history of the land, or in the history of the world generally, had patriotic, loyal and steadfast goodwill towards men been needed so much as in the great crisis that the country was now passing through. Throughout the world there was a state of labour unrest, which had developed into an absolute state of anarchy, while civil and religious life seemed to have lost their Christian influence on the human mind, and instead every opposite characteristic had become epidemic. Had the principles of the Primrose League been established throughout the world, this terrible upheaval would not and could not have come into existence.

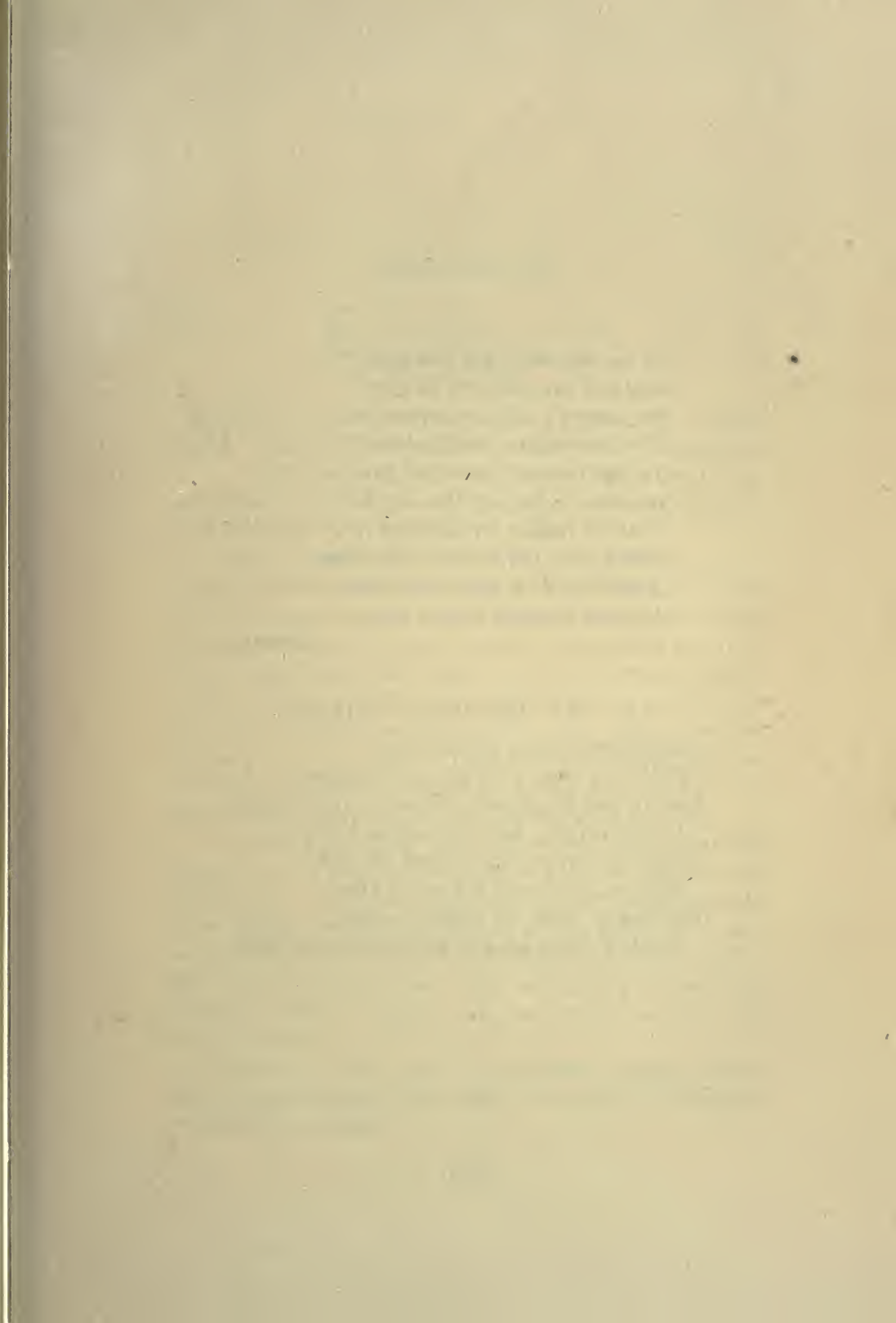
“ Sir Merton then asked Miss Scott Murray, in the name of his late wife, to accept the banner, whose motto, ‘ Imperium et Libertas,’ they all knew, and which stood for the welfare and advancement of the British Empire. (Applause.)

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“ In reply, Miss Scott Murray cordially thanked Sir Merton for his references to the Habitation, and said that the excellence of the work of the hon. secretary and the loyalty of the wardens and sub-wardens, had enabled her to do the work. She accepted the banner on behalf of the Habitation with the deepest thanks, and added that it would always be cherished not only for its beauty, but because of Lady Russell-Cotes, in whose name it had been given, and whose good works they would always remember. Sir Merton's gift would be remembered among the many good things he had done for Bournemouth. (Applause.)

“ Miss Scott Murray then presented to Sir Merton a photograph of the banner, for which Sir Merton suitably returned thanks.

“ The company then viewed the Art Gallery and Museum, and afterwards partook of tea at the invitation of Sir Merton, Mr. Arthur Sayer thanking Sir Merton for his hospitality on behalf of the company.”



*To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign, consoling dear !
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.*

MOORE.

TO MY HEAVENLY FATHER.

*A broken heart, and a divided mind,
Half led by hope, half battling with despair.
Thou knowest for strength, and not for rest, I pray ;
Let me fight on ; teach me to choose Thy way.
So help me, Lord, to make my will Thy will,
Daily to draw nearer to her and Thee,
Till freed by death, the conflict I resign,
And find eternal peace in her dear love and Thine.*

EPILOGUE

*Dear wife beloved,
Still in my heart thy face I'll keep,
Still in mine eyes thy dear face,
Until we meet again.*

NOW as I come to the close of an eventful life, I suffer the bitterest moments of my life from the irreparable and agonizing loss of my beloved and devoted wife, my constant and loving companion for upwards of sixty years and the sharer of all my joys and sorrows.

I pray earnestly that our Heavenly Father will help me to bear my irretrievable loss, feeling, as I do, that the light of my life has gone out, and my soul yearns with inconceivable longing to meet my darling wife again. This is all I now exist for, looking forward with rapturous joy to meeting her again. I pray that I may follow in her sainted footsteps *and say, and do, all that she herself would say and do*; that I may be enabled to carry on her loving and Christlike daily efforts until our Heavenly Father in His own good time and blessed love, grant that we may meet again in His Heavenly Kingdom.

If earthly sympathy and consolation could afford me peace of mind and rest of brain, it has been given to me abundantly. The many hundreds of letters I have received, from H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice to the humblest of our widespread circle of friends, acknowledge my darling's saint-like nature and loving soul. She was all that a good and Christian woman, daughter, wife and mother can attain to on this earth.

The heart trouble and its concomitants became evident five or six years ago, but caused no anxiety till faintness occasionally occurred.

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We travelled, hoping change of air and scene would create an improvement, but when in Spain these symptoms became more pronounced, and during our visit to Captain and Mrs. Bennet, at Gibraltar, the doctor had to be called in, on two occasions, and some weeks later, during our sojourn at Cannes, I felt it imperative to telegraph to our daughter, Ella, to join us in order to be with her dear mother.

On our return to London and when visiting our old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, the former at once diagnosed the actual condition of my darling wife's health. The blood pressure being abnormally high, he at once treated her, and for some time an improvement was evident, but for the last two years a decided change for the worse gradually took place, and a year ago she had to take to her bed, only occasionally leaving it for an hour or two, sitting up and looking over the beautiful sea she loved so much.

Long I watched the shadow creeping ever nearer. Sick with fear I prayed that Death might stay his hand and spare my loved one. Alas, it was not to be. Very gradually little acts of loving care for others had to be relinquished, as failing health made rest and quiet imperative. I cannot speak of the cheerful patience with which the daily increasing dependency on others—that surest test of a noble character—was met. Very precious are the memories of those last months. No word or sound of the world's unrest and strife was ever allowed to cross the threshold of the room which few were privileged to enter, where the choicest flowers, the cheeriest smiles, the most loving thoughts, were ever to be found gathered around the "Queen of Bournemouth," as she was lovingly termed by her grandchildren.

Of my wife's great and abiding love of children it is needless for me to speak. Countless deeds of charity bear witness to this, still more live only in the hearts of those who benefited by that love. Almost her last joy was to receive

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a number of the boys from the Russell-Cotes Nautical School, at Parkstone. My wife had been told the boys were coming to see the Art Gallery, and knowing the delight it would be to her, it was suggested that she should see two of them—the eldest and the youngest. However, she begged to have them all brought in to her. Who that saw the beautiful smile of loving welcome with which she greeted each little sailor, as, with the perfect courtesy of childhood, each one went up to the bedside and took the frail hand extended so eagerly to all, could ever forget the pure soul that shone out of those dear eyes. “Dear little things, dear little things, how happy they look,” she repeated again and again. It was beautiful to see her tender concern for a boy’s distress when calling her “Miss” instead of “My Lady.” It was only on representing to her that tea was waiting for them that she could bear to part with the children.

These same boys, at the request of Commander Hamilton, R.N.R., the Captain Superintendent of the Russell-Cotes Nautical School, furnished a Guard of Honour to accompany the funeral *cortège* from East Cliff Hall to the Mausoleum in Bournemouth Cemetery.

We hoped against hope, but in spite of the attendance of two medical men and the devoted service of Miss Newbould, an excellent trained hospital nurse, and a night nurse, it became apparent to all that the end would not long be delayed. And so, on the 17th April, 1920, in that room where all was peace, within sound and sight of the sea, with her face turned, as so often before, to the glory of the setting sun, my dear one fell asleep. A beautiful ending to a beautiful life.

I feel somewhat reticent to refer to her innumerable and life-long efforts for philanthropic and charitable works. Her faithful, loving and generous heart knew no “self”! Her life and thoughts were all for *others*—time, money, everything—all, *all for others!*

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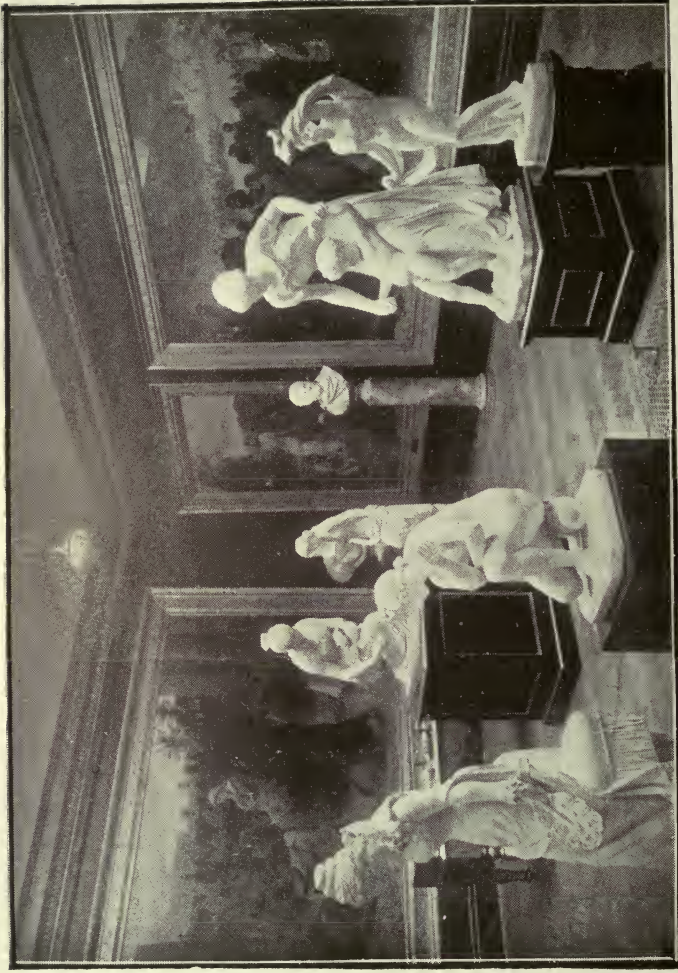
From a leading article in the "Bournemouth Times and Directory," Saturday, April 24th, 1920 :—

"LADY RUSSELL-COTES.

"A 'leading citizen' who 'throughout her intimate association with the town for so many years never failed to promote the town's best interests through her own keen and active participation in its religious, social and philanthropic work.' This is the official tribute which the Town Council has paid to the memory of the late Lady Russell-Cotes, upon whom the town some years ago bestowed the distinction of the honorary freedom of the borough—a reward of merit which was richly earned and of which Lady Russell-Cotes has so far been the only lady recipient. In the resolution—the full text of which appears in another page—special reference is made to her ladyship's 'unexampled generosity' in the gift of East Cliff Hall to the town; but it is not any isolated act, however generous, that constitutes her claim to honoured remembrance. Her citizenship found continuous expression from the day when she first came here down to the very close of her life; she was always anxious to do something for Bournemouth, and missed no reasonable opportunity of prompting others to similar action and self-sacrifice. Called to fill positions of prominence—she was Mayoress in 1894-95—she made innumerable friends, and never an enemy. Her charity was boundless, and the Shaftesbury Society, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and other institutions operating outside as well as within the borough, remain her debtor for substantial aid and generous impulse. Her death cannot but evoke new expression of gratitude, while it at the same time fills us with a sense of great loss. That feeling enables us all the more to sympathise with the bereavement of the family—and particularly with Sir Merton, who has lost the constant companion of all his travels, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, and, according to his own testimony, the inspirer of all the good things he has done,



The Second Room of the new Gallery, Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.



The "Long" Room, in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery.



My Wife





Our Garden.

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or endeavoured to do, for the public welfare. Sir Merton, himself in his 85th year, has for a long time been in ill-health, and was not sufficiently well to attend the funeral on Tuesday. His son and daughter are with him, and their devotion knows no stint. But nothing can entirely remove the sense of loneliness which has settled upon him like a dark cloud. In his grief, however, he may be assured he has the deep sympathy of friends far and near—of burgesses of Bournemouth who remember the example of citizenship which both he and Lady Russell-Cotes have displayed, and a multitude of others whose friendship they have made in various parts of the world or with whom they have been associated in philanthropic work.”

* * * * *

“DEATH OF LADY RUSSELL-COTES, F.R.S.L., M.J.S.

“Lady Russell-Cotes, the first and only lady admitted to the honorary freedom of the county borough of Bournemouth, died on Saturday night, and with her passed one of the most generous friends Bournemouth has ever had—a lady whose life was made up of good works and who has left the impress of a gracious personality upon the whole town. As our readers are aware, for more than two years past Lady Russell-Cotes had led the life of a confirmed invalid—confined to her room, and unable to take even the slightest part in various interesting functions under her own roof-tree. To the great regret of her many friends she was, for instance, unable to give personal welcome to H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice when that lady visited Bournemouth in February, 1919, to open the new Russell-Cotes Art Gallery, the building of which was due to her initiation, the cost of which was defrayed out of her own purse, from which source also comes the endowment of £5,000 for its upkeep. Her ladyship’s illness was serious in its character, and protracted as regards its duration, but it was borne with Christian fortitude and resignation, and we under-

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stand that though one by one many things slipped from her memory, her solicitude for those near and dear to her never ceased. About a fortnight ago a change became manifest in her condition, and her friends realised that her hold on life was becoming increasingly precarious. They had known for a long while past that there was no hope of recovery; then they became aware that the end was drawing near. She passed away, as stated, on Saturday night, at about nine o'clock, and on Sunday morning flags hoisted half mast high at East Cliff Hall and the Royal Bath Hotel, conveyed the intimation to the people of Bournemouth that one of the town's best and most honoured citizens was no longer with them.

“ Lady Russell-Cotes, who was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John King-Clark, of East Woodside, Glasgow, was born on the 15th July, 1835, and consequently would, had she lived a few months longer, have celebrated her 85th anniversary. That event was, indeed, being looked forward to with great hope—not unmixed with trepidation—by the family, for it had been decided to utilise that occasion for the formal presentation of the portraits which Mr. Frank Richards has been commissioned to paint as a ‘diamond wedding’ gift from friends and admirers. The diamond wedding anniversary, as readers will recollect, occurred on the 1st February, and was made the occasion for the passing of a congratulatory resolution by the County Borough Council as the representative authority of the town, and the presentation within the same week of a beautifully illuminated and appropriate address from the subscribers to the testimonial. There had not been time for the completion of the portraits, and that presentation for the present stands deferred. But the work is going on, and in due course the portraits both of Sir Merton and of Lady Russell-Cotes will, we hope, find place on the walls of the institution which they have founded and endowed, revealing to future generations the lineaments of the noble donors.

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“ Lady Russell-Cotes’ marriage with Sir Merton took place, as already indicated, in 1860 ; sixteen years later they came to Bournemouth, and Sir Merton soon found himself immersed in public affairs, with his wife as aider and abettor in every good work to which he set his hand. He himself has declared over and over again that every good thing which he has accomplished has been done on her initiative or with her assistance and support. We need not trouble to inquire too closely whether such apportionment of merit is exactly fair to Sir Merton himself : the point to remember to-day is that Bournemouth owes a great debt of gratitude to Lady Russell-Cotes, which it can never repay, but can only acknowledge by cherishing a kindly recollection of the gracious lady who has gone, by keeping her memory green, and by giving her that place of honour in the town’s records to which she is justly entitled.

“ After some years’ residence in Bournemouth Sir Merton became a member of the local governing authority, the old Board of Improvement Commissioners, in which connection we recall the story already told in these columns, that it was due to a suggestion made by Lady Russell-Cotes that the authority’s local hospital received the title of ‘ Sanitary Hospital,’ instead of the more objectionable one of ‘ Fever Hospital,’ and the Board were freed from a difficulty which threatened seriously to prejudice their work as guardians of the public health. In 1890, Bournemouth became a municipal borough, and then again Lady Russell-Cotes came upon the scene. The handsome silver gilt mace which was borne before the Mayor at the funeral on Tuesday last was a gift to the newly-incorporated town by Sir Merton, and was supplemented by another very beautiful present from his wife—the gold and enamel badge which is worn by the Mayor. In November, 1894, though not a member of the Council, Sir Merton was co-opted to the office of Mayor. Then came an opportunity for the Mayoress to exercise the virtue of hospitality—of

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which later on the town was to have so many illustrations—and at the same time to display her own originality and initiative. She decided to give a Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Winter Gardens, and issued invitations for some hundreds of little folk to attend. It was, if we remember aright, the first civic function of the kind ever held in Bournemouth, and it was, we know, a brilliant success. The children—and their parents—were so delighted, that a collection of something like two hundred portraits was got together, bound up in a very handsome volume, and presented to Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes. To-day it is one of the most cherished possessions at East Cliff Hall, and judged by the condition in which it appeared when Sir Merton—with pardonable pride—showed it to us a few weeks ago, it must have been kept with very great care through all the long years which have passed since 1894.

“Lady Russell-Cotes was not one who loved ostentation, and we shall, we believe, be doing greatest honour to her memory by avoiding meticulous chronicle of all the good deeds which have won for her the gratitude of the people of Bournemouth. There are some facts, however, which it would be gross injustice not to recall. East Cliff Hall was built as a private residence, and Sir Merton gave it to his wife as a birthday present. She passed it on to the town, and Sir Merton, prompted by her generous impulse and example, and with the full approbation of his family, decided at the same time to present the town with the large, unique, and valuable collection of pictures, works of art and curios, which they had got together during many years of travel in far distant parts of the world and as the result of very extensive art collecting in our own country. In recognition of these acts of princely generosity, the Town Council, by a unanimous vote, decided to confer the honorary freedom of the borough upon both husband and wife—Lady Russell-Cotes being the first and

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only lady to receive this great distinction, as one who, in the language of the official resolution, was 'entitled to have her name recorded upon the scroll of those whom the Council and town have been pleased to honour.' After an interval came another noble offer from Lady Russell-Cotes. The Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum had been duly established as a town's institution, housed in a beautiful mansion, giving it features differentiating it from any other institution of the kind in the kingdom. But the building was only upon a leasehold tenure. Lady Russell-Cotes used her influence to secure the freehold, and the ground landlord (Sir George Meyrick) sympathising with her desire, the thing was accomplished. But it was not for herself she had acquired this interest; her intention was to present it to the town, and make the gift previously presented yet more worthy of the town's acceptance. She did not stop even there, but proceeded with the building of a new picture gallery. The coming of the war delayed the completion of the work; but it was finished at last, and the new rooms, with nearly every inch of space covered with beautiful pictures, were formally opened by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice in February of last year. Unfortunately, the delay had been so long that Lady Russell-Cotes could not herself take part in the day's proceedings, which, in her absence, must have impressed everybody with a sense of something lacking.

"Lady Russell-Cotes was a generous supporter of our local hospitals. By her liberality, with Sir Merton's co-operation, a Training School for Merchant Seamen, in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, has been established at Parkstone, and on an adjoining site the Shaftesbury Society are establishing new convalescent homes for ailing and crippled children from the great metropolis. These matters, however, are so fresh in the minds of our readers, that we need enter into no details. But we mention them as illustrations of a noble, generous disposition, of a life devoted to the good of others, a life which

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spent itself in generous deeds. It is not surprising to learn there will be no large estate for her executors to administer: she made her benefactions in her lifetime, with this result: that the harvest of her good deeds is already being reaped.

“Lady Russell-Cotes, besides sharing with her husband in the amiable pursuit of an art collector, had also literary tastes. She was the authoress of a very interesting series of papers dealing with her travels in Russia, and of a yet more important book of travel—copiously illustrated and very attractive reading—entitled ‘Westward from the Golden Gate.’ The Royal Society of Literature did her the honour of electing her a Fellow of the Society. She was also a member of the Japan Society; a member of the Ethnographical Society and a member of the Ladies’ Council of the Shaftesbury Society. Her influence was wide-spread, and everywhere beneficent.

“Telegrams and letters of sympathy numbering some hundreds have been received by Sir Merton, Mrs. Stebbing and Mr. H. V. M. Cotes, including many from leading townsmen and occupants of official positions within the borough, representatives of various institutions, and personal friends, far and near. Our space will only permit brief mention of some of these—to quote the whole would fill columns of our space. Sir George and Lady Meyrick both wrote letters of sympathy; Mr. Cooper Dean sent a telegram; and other communications came from Brigadier-General and Mrs. Page Croft, Lady Morrison Bell and Miss Bell, Sir Alfred and Lady Temple, Sir Alfred and Lady Robbins, Lady Wyndham, Sir David Murray, R.A., Sir David Ferrier, M.D., the Mayor and Mayoress of Poole (Major and Mrs. Dolby), the Editor of the “Daily Graphic,” Mr. G. W. Bailey (formerly Town Clerk of Bournemouth), Dr. Robert Bell (who recalls memories of Lady Russell-Cotes during the meeting of the British Medical Association), Sir Daniel Morris, Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr.

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Arthur Bouchier, Sir Walter and Lady De Frece, the Rev. Paul Wyatt (an ex-Chaplain of the Royal Chapel, Savoy), Mr. Austin Brereton, Mr. J. Landfear Lucas, Mr. H. Spielman, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Felkin, Mr. E. Svensson and many others. The Middle Classes Union sent a resolution of 'deep sympathy and sincere condolences,' and other organisations sending official messages include the Church Association ('by her home-call a saint is lost to earth'), the London and South Western Railway Company, the Royal Colonial Institute, the Japan Society, the Shaftesbury Society, the Y.M.C.A., the Committee and Workers of the Disabled Sailors' and Soldiers' Workshops, the Committee and Members of the West Conservative Club, the Chairman and Directors of Messrs. Twinings, etc.

" TOWN COUNCIL'S TRIBUTE.

" Commencing a special meeting of the Town Council on Tuesday morning last, the Mayor made touching reference to the death of Lady Russell-Cotes. He said: It is with grief, which I am sure is shared by the whole of the burgesses and residents of the borough, that it is my duty to report to the Council the death of Lady Russell-Cotes, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, Honorary Freeman of the County Borough, which took place at East Cliff Hall on Saturday last, the 17th April, after an extended illness. I therefore beg to move the following resolution:—

" ' That the Council offer their sincere sympathy to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes on the irreparable loss he has sustained, and in doing so desire to record their sense also of the loss suffered by the Municipality in the death of one of its leading citizens and one who as Mayoress during year 1894-95 sustained her high position with a grace and dignity which could not be surpassed and as a recipient of the highest honour in the power of the Council to bestow—the Honorary Freedom of the Borough—so amply justified the Council's

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decision, and who throughout her intimate association with the town for so many years never failed to promote the town's best interests through her own keen and active participation in its religious, social and philanthropic work. Particularly would they refer, as the trustees of her unexampled generosity in the gift of the freehold of the East Cliff Hall, to the unending debt of gratitude which is due from the town to her ladyship's memory as that of a patron of art, as well as to the many other instances of her good will through which the town, in its hospital and other works of charity, will benefit in perpetuity.'

" 'The Council also desire to convey to Mr. Herbert Victor Merton Cotes and Mrs. Stebbing, the son and daughter of the deceased lady, and to all the members of her family their sympathy and condolence.'

" The resolution was carried in silence, the members of the Council rising in tribute.

" MAGISTERIAL REFERENCE.

" At the close of the business at Bournemouth Police Court, on Monday, the Chairman (Mr. Godwin Pratt) said it was only fitting that the Justices should express their sincere and heartfelt sympathy with Sir Merton Russell-Cotes on the great loss that had befallen him in the death of his wife. The family had been so honourably and intimately and generously associated in the life of the town for so long that the magistrates would be wanting in the most ordinary feelings if on such an occasion they did not express their regret. Whilst nothing one could say could console a man for such a loss, knowledge of the fact that Sir Merton had the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen would be some consolation to him, and therefore on behalf of the Justices he extended to him their heartfelt sympathy in the great loss he and his family had sustained.

" In the absence of Superintendent Garrett, Inspector Pharo expressed the sympathy of the Police Force."



The Funeral of my beloved Wife.

The escort of Barnardo Boys from the Russell-Cotes Nautical School at Parkstone.



Passing into the Cemetery.



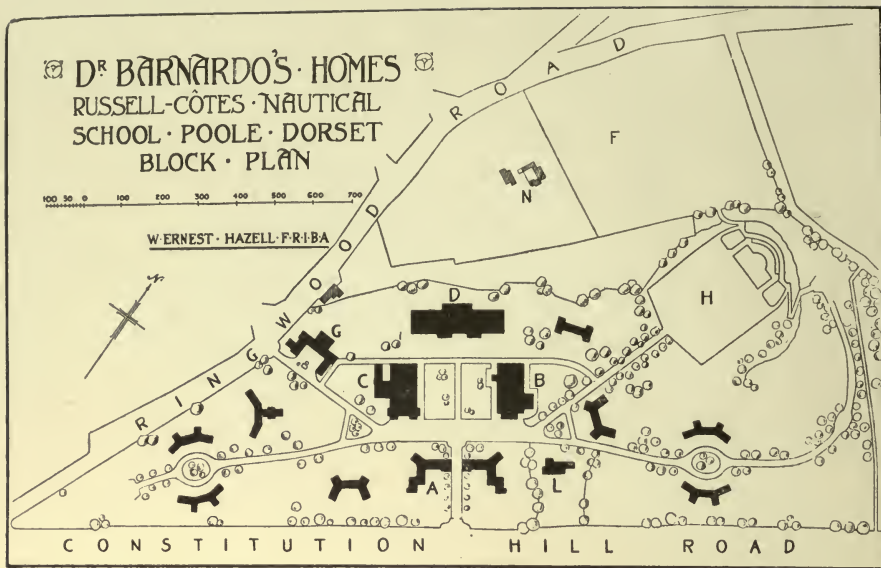
Floral tributes from friends.



The last procession.



Our Mausoleum after my wife was laid to rest.



A—LADY RUSSELL-COTES HOUSE
 B—CHAPEL
 C—DINING HALL

D—SCHOOL
 F—PLAYING FIELDS
 G—STORE, LAUNDRY, BAKERY, ETC

H—PARADE GROUND AND SWIMMING POND
 L—CAPTAIN'S HOUSE
 N—EXISTING FARM BUILDINGS AND ARABLE LAND



Model of the Estate exhibited at the Shipping Exhibition, Olympia,
 now in the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery and Museum.

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From the Protestant Alliance :—

430, Strand,
London, W.C. 2.

Dear Sir Merton,

April 28th, 1920.

We did not trouble you with even the receipt for your kind gift to the Alliance (now herewith), on behalf of Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself, in the midst of your great trouble, but hesitate no longer to convey to you the expression of sincere sympathy of the Alliance Committee (who have met to-day) with you in the irreparable loss you have sustained in the "Home-going" of your dear "life-partner" Lady Russell-Cotes.

Only He who lent you so excellent and prudent a counsellor can fill the aching void in your life which her absence creates; and to Him we commit you in prayer that He may fill the void in His own loving way, till presently, when you, too, shall have finished your course, He shall permit your re-union, not as on this terrestrial home, of unions and separations, but in the "house not built with hands" in His eternal presence.

I am, Sir Merton, for our Committee, Mrs. Fowler, myself and many sympathising friends,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY FOWLER, Secretary.

From the Ladies' Union of Workers :—

April 27th, 1920.

Some London members of the Ladies' Union of Workers, at a meeting held at 146, Alexandra Road, N.W. 8, on Tuesday, April 27th, desire to send to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes a vote of condolence in his sad bereavement, and *to testify to a sense of their own keen loss by the death of their honoured and principal Vice-President, Lady Russell-Cotes.*

EDITH M. KENSIT, *President.*

May Kensit.	E. M. Tabey.
Florence E. Burton.	Emily Jennings.
Orpah A. Rummery.	A. E. B. Walters.
E. J. Howlett.	A. Howlett.
Mary Powell,	M. Lillie.
A. Gerds.	T. Macfield.
Emily Osborn.	L. Parsley.

T. Gerds.

From the Bournemouth British-Israel Association :—

Resolution—

"That the Committee of the Bournemouth Branch of the Imperial Association beg to express their deep sympathy with Sir Merton Russell-

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Cotes, in the great loss sustained by him by the death of Lady Russell-Cotes, *who was one of the pioneers of British-Israel work in Bournemouth.*

"They also beg to tender their grateful thanks for the many kindnesses shown to the British-Israel Association during the twenty-three years of its existence in this town."

From the Young Men's Christian Association :—

Divisional Headquarters,
St. Peter's Road,
Bournemouth.

Dear Sir Merton,

April 20th, 1920.

I have only just this morning heard of your sad loss, and on behalf of the Y.M.C.A., as well as myself, I beg to express to you and to the members of your family our deepest sympathy.

I am exceedingly sorry that owing to previous engagements at the Camps it is impossible for me to be at the ceremony to-day, but I do beg you to receive my assurances that all our Y.M.C.A. friends deeply deplore the loss of Lady Russell-Cotes, and desire to place on record our high appreciation of her valuable co-operation and help rendered to our cause whenever opportunity presented itself.

I am sure the whole town will mourn her loss, and hold you and yours in their kindest thoughts at this time.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

Believe me to be,
Sincerely yours,
H. M. BRADSHAW.

From the Middle Classes Union :—

The Gables,
Bracken Road,
West Southbourne,

Dear Sir,

20th April, 1920.

At this afternoon's meeting of the Provisional Committee of the Bournemouth Branch of the Middle Classes Union, on the motion of Mr. A. Hudson, the vice-chairman, seconded by Mr. A. H. Dunnill, it was unanimously resolved :—

"That the committee expressed its deep sympathy and sincere condolences with you and your family upon the sad bereavement which you have suffered in the loss of Lady Russell-Cotes, *who was so respected in every ward of the Borough of Bournemouth and the surrounding districts.*

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

I remain, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
RUSSELL DAY,
Hon. Secretary.

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From the Middle Classes Union :—

The Gables, Bracken Road,
West Southbourne.

Dear Sir,

21st April, 1920.

At to-day's Annual Meeting of the whole of the Members of the Bournemouth Branch of the Middle Classes Union, held in the King's Hall, a vote of sincere sympathy and condolence with you and your family was proposed by the vice-chairman and carried upstanding, before the meeting proceeded to any business.

The proposer, Mr. A. Hudson, spoke with great feeling of your sad loss and of the widespread affection of the Bournemouth people for Lady Russell-Cotes and yourself.

Sir Merton Russell-Cotes, J.P., F.R.G.S.,
East Cliff Hall,
Bournemouth.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

RUSSELL DAY,

Hon. Secretary.

“ THE FUNERAL.

“ The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, the remains being interred in the family mausoleum in the Wimborne Road Cemetery. The *cortège* proceeded direct from East Cliff Hall to the burying ground, where it was met by the Mayor and Corporation in robes, and a very large concourse of all grades of the general public, who had assembled to pay tribute to the memory of a generous benefactress to the town.

“ The immediate family mourners were Mr. and Mrs. H. V. M. Cotes (son and daughter-in-law), Miss Evelyn Cotes, Captain and Mrs. Stebbing (son-in-law and daughter), Mr. P. Quarry (father of Mrs. Herbert Cotes), Mr. H. Norman Jacks (Miss Evelyn Cotes' fiancé), and Nurse Newbould. Other mourners were Mr. G. Deane Webb, Mr. Charles Trevanion, Mr. Harry Trevanion, Mr. Harold Tattersall, Mr. F. H. Cridland, and Captain J. W. D. Barron (Secretary of the Church Association). The household staff were represented by the following: Messrs. Svennsen, Joseph, Warman, Willoughby, Gladden, O. Thomas, Shirley and Bloomer.

“ The Mayor (Councillor C. H. Cartwright) was preceded to the cemetery chapel by the Mace Bearer (Mr. Davies), the

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mace (a gift from Sir Merton and the late Lady Russell-Cotes) being draped with crape. He was accompanied by the following gentlemen of the Corporation: The Deputy Mayor (Alderman E. E. Bishop), Aldermen J. C. Webber, C. H. Mate, H. Sparkes, J. A. Nethercoate, F. W. Allday and F. Elcock; Councillors Mrs. Laney, N. Hart, F. S. Mate, T. Mattocks, G. J. Luckham, C. Fox, J. J. Brazier, G. Newman, F. J. Webb, H. Hook, W. Taylor, C. Long, J. R. Edgecombe, J. D. Mann, W. E. Crowther and C. Hussey, with the Town Clerk (Mr. Herbert Ashling), the Assistant Town Clerk (Mr. C. Stacey Hall), the Borough Engineer (Mr. F. P. Dolamore), the Borough Accountant (Mr. C. R. Haley) and the Chief Assistant Overseer (Mr. F. J. Phillips).

"Others in attendance included Sir George and Lady Meyrick, Sir Daniel Morris (Chairman of the Russell-Cotes Commemoration Committee), Dr. Johnson Smyth, Mr. J. H. Ralph Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders, Mr. W. W. Haydon, J.P., Mr. T. B. Sutherland (Richmond Hill Conservative Club), Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Blair, Mrs. H. E. Hawker, Dr. H. D. Coles, Mr. J. R. Treadgold, Colonel Dickson-Dickson, and Mr. H. J. Cheverton.

"After the remains had been taken into the chapel and deposited before the lectern a detachment of lads from the Russell-Cotes Nautical School at Parkstone filed in and lined up on either side of the coffin. These lads were in the charge of Commander Claude Hamilton, R.N. The lads also formed a guard of honour as the body was subsequently carried into the mausoleum."

"The Revd. Howard Wilbur Ennis, B.A., who officiated, in his address spoke with the deepest feeling in the following sympathetic terms:—

"I am privileged as the late Lady Russell-Cotes' minister to express my appreciation of a superbly womanly woman, of her consistently balanced Christian life, of the beautiful

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and harmonious force with which she imbued the church wherein she worshipped and was so loved, and which she loved to serve. Her Christianity was real, and was devoted to the Divine Head of the Church, reflecting the highest of human attributes, an utter abnegation of self.

“ I have never known a woman who was more dignified or who was not only universally honoured, but loved with such a degree of sincerity. By gracious loving, she glorified the commonplace ; by unfeigned sympathy, she won all hearts ; by high intelligence she grasped and interpreted for others the hidden things of heavenly beauty and worth.

“ Because of great tenderness she felt deeply for the oppressed, the unfortunate, the broken ; because of her profound understanding she sought her highest happiness in ministering to others ; although so conscious of, and responsive to, the shadow in others' lives, never did the shadows find place in her.

“ She had a buoyant albeit a quiet temperament, a sunny disposition, and from her warmth of heart she poured forth the treasures of her soul in a profusion that made dark places and drab lives to shine.

“ We cannot, therefore, call this death, but life more abundant, achieving a position where time has been exchanged for the consummation of eternity. The shadow of the material has been lost in the glory of the spiritual.

“ And with the peaceful and triumphant passing of this gentle soul, so rich in faith, so sure of the realities, so confident of the promises, so alight of countenance with the glories of the Easter morn, we take new courage, we speak more gently, we tread more reverently, we yearn more deeply, we love more tenderly.

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“ An angel has dwelt on this earth and among men, has spoken her message of love, and has passed into the glories of the sunset which she loved, and into the life everlasting in her Heavenly Father’s Kingdom. Amen. ”

“ The remains were then removed to the mausoleum and deposited in their resting place, the large assemblage of mourners being allowed to enter the edifice for a last view. The breastplate of the coffin was inscribed ‘ Annie Nelson Russell-Cotes, died April 17th, 1920, aged 84 years.’ In the mausoleum the coffin supported only three family wreaths.

“ The floral tributes were :—Sir Merton : ‘ In loving memory of my beloved wife and devoted and loving companion in every good work for over 60 years.—Merton Russell-Cotes.’

“ Mr. and Mrs. H. V. M. Cotes and family : ‘ In loving memory of our beloved from Edith, Bert, Evelyn, Anita and Mary.’

“ Captain and Mrs. Stebbing : ‘ With ever loving memory from Ted, Ella, Edward and Phyllis.’

“ Miss Evelyn Cotes and Mr. Henry Norman Jacks : ‘ In loving memory of darling grandmama, from Evelyn and Norman ’ (eldest daughter of Mr. H. V. M. Cotes and Mr. Norman Jacks, her fiancé).

“ Gwen Stanford : ‘ With fondest love ’ (granddaughter of Lady Russell-Cotes).

“ Miss Florence Thorneycroft : ‘ With deep sympathy ’ (the first bunch of Tettenhall bluebells from the Grove where Sir Merton played as a boy).

“ Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Painter : ‘ With love and deep sympathy.’

“ The Committee of the Russell-Cotes Diamond Wedding Commemoration Fund : ‘ With deep regret at the passing of

Home and Abroad

a noble and public spirited woman and sincere sympathy with those she leaves behind to mourn her.'

"The Imperial British-Israel Association (Bournemouth Branch): 'In grateful remembrance.'

"G. Deane Webb: 'In affectionate remembrance.'

"'Nurse,' Miss Sherrard and Miss Williams: "From three who loved her."

"The Staff of the Royal Bath Hotel: 'With deepest sympathy.'

"The Staff of Messrs. G. Lane and Co.: 'With sincere sympathy.'

"Charles and Violet Hankinson: 'In affectionate remembrance.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Trevanion: 'In loving memory of a very dear friend.'

"Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hawker: 'In affectionate memory of one of our earliest friends and with deepest sympathy.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cordeux: 'Loving sympathy.'

"The Earl and Countess of Malmesbury: 'With warmest sympathy.'

"The Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors of the Borough: 'With deepest regrets and sympathy.'

"Bournemouth West Conservative Club: 'With sincerest sympathy.'

"Alderman and Mrs. Edward Bishop: 'With deepest sympathy.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Dan Godfrey: 'With deepest sympathy.'

"Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bell: 'In very loving remembrance.'

"Mr. and Mrs. J. Hinks: 'In kindly remembrance.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Cressy: 'With deepest sympathy.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Landseer MacKenzie: 'In affectionate remembrance.'

"Mr. John H. Tattersall: 'With profound sympathy.'

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" Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cridland : ' With sincere sympathy.'

" Mr. and Mrs. Durancé George : ' In kind memory.'

" Rev. and Mrs. Howard Wilbur Ennis : ' Affectionate memories.'

" Mr. H. F. Richardson : ' With sincere sympathy.'

" Mrs. Frederick Hounsell : ' With loving memory of dear Lady Russell-Cotes.'

" Mrs. Henry Pillow : ' With love, in remembrance.'

" Dr. and Mrs. Shoppee : ' With deepest sympathy.'

" Miss Nancy Smith : ' In loving remembrance.'

" Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blair : ' With deepest sympathy.'

" E. W. Jeans and Son : ' With sincere sympathy.'

" Messrs. Mark Briant : ' With deepest sympathy.'

" Mrs. Alfred Trapnell : ' In affectionate remembrance with sincere sympathy.'

" The boys from the Russell-Cotes Nautical School deposited wreaths, one from the staff and boys of the school, the other from the Director and Councillor of Dr. Barnardo's Homes."

VALEDICTORY

MY task is ended and an indescribable sense of loneliness and isolation possesses my soul, and I now crave for the companionship of my darling wife, and I live only to carry out her desires.

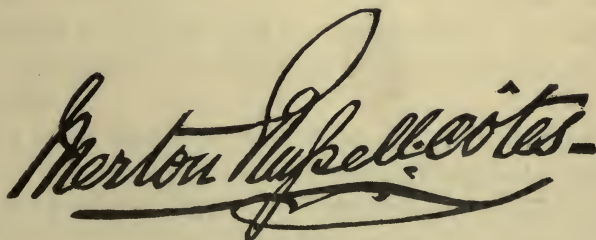
My heart, too, goes out to my beloved mother, the dear ones that have gone before, and the innumerable loving friends who have contributed to my lifelong happiness and pleasure.

“ Remembrance is the golden chain
That naught on earth can sever,
The passing years roll on in vain,
True friends are friends for ever.”

Finally, in the words of my old friend, Sir Henry Irving :—

“ I believe in immortality, and my belief is strengthened with advancing years. Without faith in things spiritual, this life would indeed be a weary waste.”

I pray earnestly that the existing terrible world unrest (the effects of the bloodthirsty and devastating war, brought about solely by the ambition of the German Emperor and the all-absorbing Prussian militarism that dominated the whole of the German Empire, the danger of which the nations of the earth failed to grasp) may soon abate, and that in 1921 the loving message given at the advent of our Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, of “ Peace on earth, goodwill toward men ” may be realised abundantly.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Morton Russell Coates". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent flourish at the end.

POSTSCRIPT

*The course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbour, where must rendered be
Account of all the actions of the past.*

OLD AGE.—Longfellow.

*And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.*

IN MEMORIAM.—Tennyson.

IN the "Foreword" which appears in the early part of this book my father has expressed his "grateful appreciation" of such services as I have been able to render him in connection with its completion. When he penned those lines he probably thought as little as I did that within a few days of his finishing the last chapter, and passing the printer's "proofs" of the concluding pages, the hand of the penman would be stilled in death, and that upon me would devolve the final duties in connection with the publication of his Autobiography, with its many interesting reflections upon Art, Literature and other matters, its pen pictures of celebrities of three or four generations past, and its wonderful record of travel in many lands.

My father commenced his work, as already stated, in 1917, and, from that period on to the end of 1920, it occupied all the spare time that he could devote to it. The task was not a light one. It meant the turning over of many records, the sorting out of a voluminous amount of correspondence, and much thought and care in the matter of arrangement. But day by day he persisted in his efforts, and at length had the gratification of feeling that his task was accomplished, all that remained to be done being the compilation of the index and the "editorial" work, for which he had previously asked my assistance.

Then, more exclusively than before, his thoughts turned to my dear mother and how he could best fulfil what he believed would have been her wishes. He had pined for her since the day of her death, and was ever looking to the time when they

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would be re-united. Meanwhile, he regarded it as a duty to complete those works which she had already suggested for the good of others, or those that his own benevolence of heart prompted. These works he had almost completed when he was taken away, whilst planning still more benefactions.

One little incident that occurred the day before his death will serve as illustrative of his affectionate remembrance and of his continuous desire to honour my mother's memory. He had had a letter from the General Secretary of the Shaftesbury Society (Mr. Arthur Black) suggesting that there should be a large portrait of himself and my mother in the Lady Russell-Cotes' Cripples' Home at Alum Chine. He said to me, "Oh, my dear Bert, Mr. Black does not understand me. I don't want *my* portrait to be there, but only your darling mother's, just hers, and hers alone! It is for her memory I have done this, and I want her to have all the acknowledgment."

My father's last illness was comparatively brief; for a few days only was he compelled to keep entirely to his bed. The end came on the night of Thursday, January 27th, and on the following Tuesday, February 1st, we laid his mortal remains to rest by the side of my mother in our mausoleum in Bournemouth Cemetery. My father was one who endeavoured to cause any function in which he was concerned to fall, if possible, on an anniversary of some other event, his favourite days being my mother's birthday, the 15th July, and the 1st February, their wedding day.

Many who knew my father's custom, struck with the coincidence of the funeral being on the 61st anniversary of my father's and mother's wedding, wondered whether the selection of date was not a matter of arrangement in continuance of established practice. But this was not so, so that the fact of their being laid side by side *exactly sixty-one years after they were married*, is all the more remarkable. On Friday,

Postscript

the 28th January, the morning following my father's death, I had an early telephone message suggesting that the funeral be on the following Monday. I did not approve the date, for, as I pointed out, friends who lived outside Bournemouth would find it very difficult to get there on that day, and probably impossible on Sunday. I therefore suggested Tuesday. My sister Ella approved, but it was not till the Friday evening when I was at my home, and she had returned to her home, that the extraordinary coincidence struck her, and she telephoned and said, " Bert, do you realise that Tuesday is the 1st February ? " Thus it happens, that so far as my knowledge goes, they have never spent a wedding day apart.

The funeral was as simple as possible, a service being held at St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, which we, his nearest relatives, attended, accompanied by some of his oldest and most valued friends, the Mayor and Members of the County Borough, the Borough Magistrates, leading public officials of the town and neighbourhood, and many representatives of various institutions with which my father and mother had been personally associated or which had been the recipients of their beneficence, such as Dr. Barnardo's Homes (Mr. Percy Roberts, Assistant Director), Shaftesbury Society (Sir John Kirk, Treasurer, and Mr. Arthur Black, Secretary), the Church Association (Captain J. W. D. Barron, J.P., Secretary), the Protestant Truth Society (Mr. J. A. Kensit), Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital (Mr. R. F. Sydenham and Mr. Gordon Saul, Secretary), Primrose League Drummond Wolff Habitation (Mrs. Mason, Secretary, and Mr. W. M. Staniford), Hampshire Football Association (Mr. W. Pickford), Elders of St. Mark's Church, the Y.W.C.A. (Miss Flower representing Miss Wingfield Digby), the Bournemouth Natural Science Society (Mr. Hubert Painter, Chairman of Council), Bournemouth Chamber of Trade (Mr. M. S. Plomer), Bournemouth Hotels Association (Mr. Ernest S. Rosevear, Secretary, and

Home and Abroad

Mr. A. W. Coton), Messrs. G. Lane and Co., Ltd. (Mr. H. C. Cressy), the Royal Bath Hotel (Mr. H. F. Richardson), the Middle Classes Union, the Royal Colonial Institute, and many others. Some of the Corporation officials formed a body-guard, whilst policemen and the boys from the Russell-Cotes' Nautical School, led by Commander Hamilton, acted as a guard of honour to accompany the body to its last resting place, the ceremony of interment concluding with the "Last Post" played by the boys.

I have not considered it necessary in this place to chronicle full details of the funeral honours paid to my father's memory, but I feel I should be lacking in duty if I failed to put upon record my own appreciation, and that of all the family, of the many letters of sympathy and condolence which poured in upon us from all parts of the world, of the resolutions sent to us from the Town Council and other public bodies, and of the many tributes which reached us, showing how greatly my mother and father were honoured and respected, alike for their personal qualifications and merit and the good deeds which they accomplished. We are told that "the good actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust." So I believe it will be in their case; for long years to come the memory of their self-sacrificing lives, of their passionate devotion to Bournemouth and to Bournemouth's interest and their unbounding charity and beneficence will be as the fragrance of sweet incense and a stimulus and encouragement to others to follow in their footsteps.

H. Russell-Cotes.

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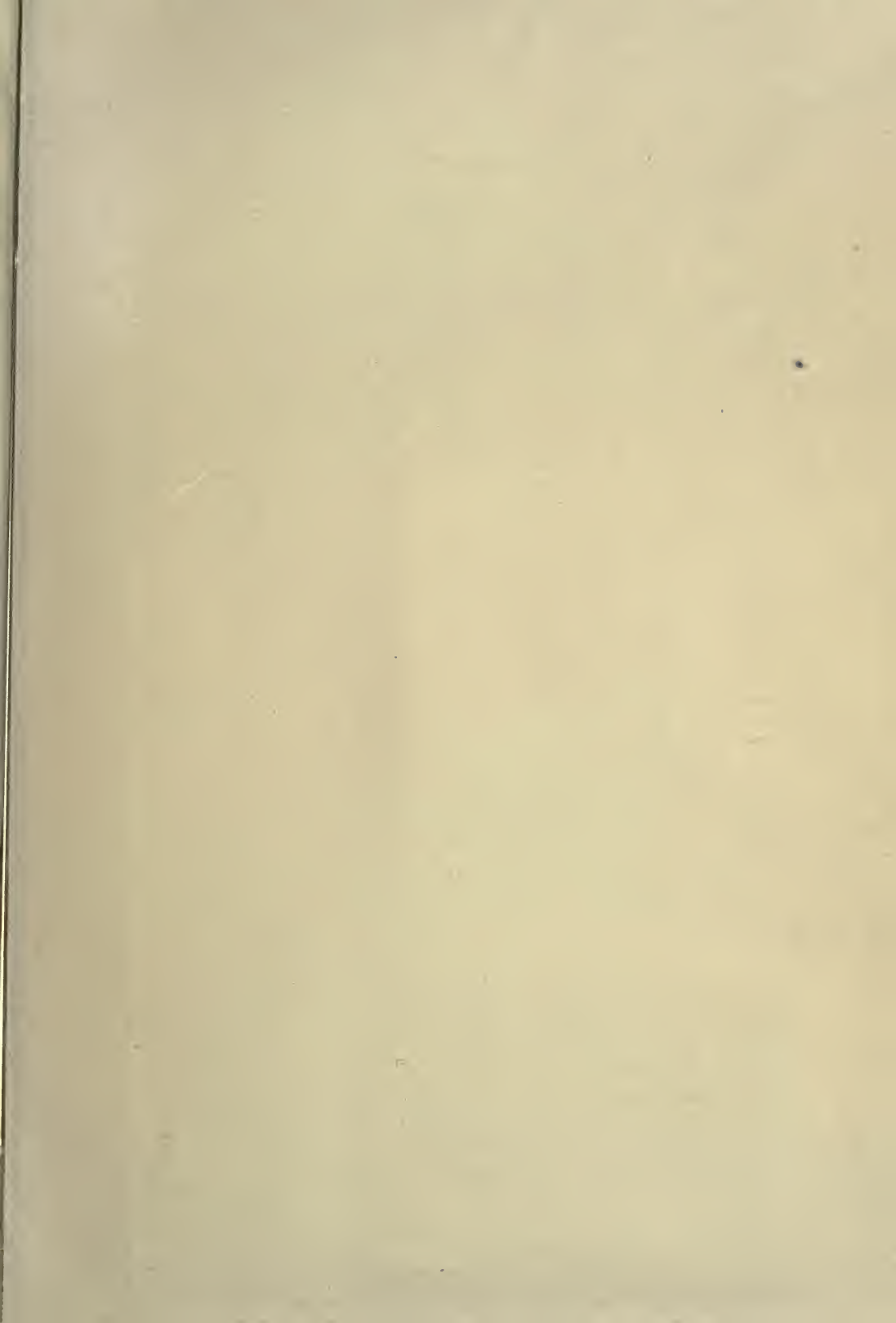
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