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THE LIFE OF  
ISABELLA BIRD  
(MRS. BISHOP)







*Photo Elliott & Fry*

Believe me  
Yours Very Sincerely  
Hobbes & Bishop

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# THE LIFE OF ISABELLA BIRD

(MRS. BISHOP)


BY ANNA M. STODDART

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF  
PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE"

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## PREFACE

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FOUR Englishwomen have, during the last thirty years, established for themselves a well-grounded fame as travellers—Mrs. Bishop, Miss North, Miss Kingsley, and Miss Gordon Cumming. Lady Baker and Lady Burton were as brave and as resourceful as any of the four; but it must be remembered that each of them was protected by the presence of her husband against the most powerful of terrorising influences, namely, the solitude which magnifies peril and weakens resistance.

Each of these four ladies has her own special characteristic, literary and artistic; each in her own way has shown what English ladies can do, and with pen and pencil has aroused the interest and admiration of the reading public. Two generations of readers have been strongly attracted by Mrs. Bishop's books of travel, and her capacity for accurate observation, her retentive memory, and her power of vivid portrayal, have enabled multitudes to share her experiences and adventures in those lands beyond the pale which drew her ever with magnetic force.

To this widespread circle, which learnt to admire her resourceful self-reliance, is due some account of the circumstances which moulded her character, and of the work which she accomplished for her fellows.

As a traveller Mrs. Bishop's outstanding merit is, that she nearly always conquered her territories alone; that she faced the wilderness almost single-handed; that she observed and recorded without companionship. She suffered no toil to impede her, no study to repel her. She triumphed over her own limitations of health and strength as over the dangers of the road. Nor did she ever lose, in numberless rough vicissitudes, in intercourse with untutored peoples, or in the strenuous dominance which she was repeatedly compelled to exercise, her womanly graces of tranquil manner, gentle voice, reasonable persuasiveness. Wherever she found her servants—whether coolies, mule-drivers, soldiers, or personal attendants—she secured their devotion. The exceptions were very rare, and prove the rule.

Wherever she went, she gave freely the skilled help with which her training had furnished her, and her journeys were as much opportunities for healing, nursing, and teaching, as for incident and adventure. She longed to serve every human being with whom she came in contact.

I have sought to present her as I knew her. She so kept the balance of her gifts that it is difficult to indicate one quality as more characteristic than another. A woman of deep religious conviction and practice, she felt that true religion was the direct outcome of the working of the Spirit, and not dependent on the influence of this or that church or chapel. She ardently desired the spread of the kingdom of Christ Jesus in the world, but was not herself concerned to advocate any special rites or dogmas. She loved humanity, and eagerly welcomed and investigated all evidences of its wonderful and splendid possibilities, and she was inimical to any systems



which restricted the free entrance and expansion of the Eternal Spirit of Life.

In writing Mrs. Bishop's biography, I have been greatly indebted for information to her relatives and friends. Among the former I should like especially to name Miss Merttins Bird.

The friends who have helped me are too many for detailed mention, but Lady Middleton, Mrs. Blackie, Miss Cullen (who so soon followed her friend and whose welcome of this volume I sadly miss), Mrs. Bickersteth, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Macdonald, the Bishop of London, Sir Walter Hillier, Mr. Dunlop, Dr. Neve, the Rev. W. G. Walshe, and the Rev. L. B. Cholmondeley, have all contributed so greatly to the contents of this book that I cannot refrain from recording my sincere acknowledgment of their assistance.

To Miss E. M. C. Ker very special thanks are due for constant help, explanation, correction, materials, and for the originals of a large number of the illustrations.

And it is difficult to express adequately my great indebtedness to Mr. Murray and Mr. Hallam Murray for their deep interest in the book, for their encouraging and scrutinising criticism, for their personal help in revision and reconstruction, and for the use of many letters which have been the basis, not only of nearly all that is said about Mrs. Bishop's published books, but of many most interesting passages in this record of her life.

ANNA M. STODDART.

*August, 1906.*



# CONTENTS

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CHAP.	PAGE
I. PARENTAGE AND INHERITANCE . . .	I
II. FIRST TRAVELS AND PUBLICATIONS . . .	27
III. EDINBURGH AND WORK . . . . .	47
IV. IN JOURNEYINGS OFT . . . . .	70
V. THE WIDE EAST . . . . .	100
VI. "AN TAON BHEANNICHT" ("THE BLESSED ONE") . . . . .	122
VII. MARRIAGE . . . . .	143
VIII. LOSS . . . . .	167
IX. "THROUGH MANY LANDS". . . . .	193
X. NATIONS THAT SIT IN DARKNESS . . .	217
XI. PUBLIC WORK . . . . .	244
XII. THE FAR EAST . . . . .	270
XIII. THE CHANGING EAST . . . . .	303
XIV. LAST JOURNEYS . . . . .	344
XV. "I AM GOING HOME" . . . . .	369
APPENDIX . . . . .	394
INDEX . . . . .	398

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

---

MRS. BISHOP . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a photograph taken by Messrs. Elliott &amp; Fry (Photogravure).</i>	
ROBERT BIRD OF BARTON HOUSE, WARWICK, ob. 1842, GRANDFATHER OF MRS. BISHOP . . . . .	<i>Facing p. 2</i>
<i>From a miniature.</i>	
BOROUGHBRIDGE HALL, WHERE ISABELLA LUCY BIRD WAS BORN . . . . .	8
<i>From a photograph.</i>	
TAPLOW HILL, TAKEN BEFORE 1869 . . . . .	14
ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WYTON . . . . .	24
<i>From a photograph.</i>	
WYTON RECTORY . . . . .	34
<i>From a photograph.</i>	
LADY OLIVIA SPARROW . . . . .	36
<i>From a picture by Richard Buckner, engraved by William Walker, 1854.</i>	
THE REV. EDWARD BIRD, MRS. BISHOP'S FATHER . . . . .	44
<i>From a miniature.</i>	
MRS. EDWARD BIRD, MRS. BISHOP'S MOTHER . . . . .	64
<i>From a photograph.</i>	
DR. BISHOP . . . . .	118
<i>From a photograph by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.</i>	
HENRIETTA AMELIA BIRD . . . . .	122
<i>From a photograph.</i>	
VIEW FROM THE COTTAGE, TOBERMORY . . . . .	128
<i>From a photograph by Miss Alison Barbour.</i>	

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

xi

ISABELLA LUCY BIRD JUST BEFORE HER MARRIAGE	<i>Facing p.</i>	138
<i>From a photograph by J. Moffat (Photogravure).</i>		
BARTON HOUSE . . . . .	„	142
ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, BARTON-ON-THE-MOOR, WHERE MRS. BISHOP WAS MARRIED. . . . .	„	146
<i>From a sketch by herself.</i>		
THE COTTAGE, TOBERMORY . . . . .	„	156
<i>From a photograph by Miss Alison Barbour.</i>		
MRS. BISHOP'S TENT ON HER RIDE AMONGST THE BAKHTIARI LURS. . . . .	„	228
MRS. BISHOP IN HER TRAVELLING DRESS AT ERZEROUM . . . . .	„	242
MRS. BISHOP IN TANGIER. . . . .	„	260
MRS. BISHOP AT NEWCASTLE . . . . .	„	270
<i>From a photograph by Lyd Sawyer.</i>		
MRS. BISHOP'S <i>SAMPAN</i> , HAN RIVER, KOREA. . . . .	„	276
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
CANYON IN THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS. . . . .	„	280
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
GATE OF VICTORY, MUKDEN . . . . .	„	288
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
SOUTH GATE, SEOUL . . . . .	„	294
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
SNAPSHOT TAKEN OF MRS. BISHOP AT SWATOW BY MR. MACKENZIE . . . . .	„	298
PREPARING TO MEET MRS. BISHOP AT A CHINESE INN	„	302
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
MRS. BISHOP'S TRAVELLING PARTY . . . . .	„	306
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
MRS. BISHOP'S BOAT . . . . .	„	310
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		

THE MITAN GORGE . . . . .	<i>Facing p.</i>	312
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
THE TALU . . . . .	"	316
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
POPPY FIELD AT CHENG-TU . . . . .	"	320
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
A MAN-TZE ROCK TEMPLE . . . . .	"	322
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
BRIDGE AND MOUNTAIN INN . . . . .	"	326
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
HARBOUR OF CHEMULPO . . . . .	"	332
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
MRS. BISHOP IN MANCHU DRESS . . . . .	"	350
WEST GATE AT CHIA-LING FU . . . . .	"	360
<i>Specimen of one of Mrs. Bishop's Chinese photographs.</i>		
COVERED BRIDGE . . . . .	"	370
<i>From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.</i>		
THE "HENRIETTA AMELIA BIRD" MEMORIAL CLOCK, TOBERMORY . . . . .	"	394

## MAPS

NORTH AMERICA . . . . .	} <i>At the End</i>
ASIA . . . . .	



# LIFE OF ISABELLA L. BIRD

## [MRS. BISHOP]

### CHAPTER I

#### PARENTAGE AND INHERITANCE

THE Birds, a widespread clan of the upper middle class, almost defy tabulation into branches and families: their genealogists are so embarrassed by the results of constant intermarriage, amongst cousins of far and near degree, that the most valiant efforts are marred by confusion and blunders. It must suffice, therefore, to supply some simple details of Mrs. Bishop's immediate descent and relationships. These relationships have so direct a bearing upon her own great inheritance of character—mental, moral, and spiritual—that we may be pardoned for making a short digression into the maze of collateral families doubly and trebly allied to each other.

Of the clan generally little need be told, except its descent from William Bird, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century. He died in 1731, bequeathing Barton, in Warwickshire, to his eldest son, Thomas Bird. His second son, John, was for a time in London, where he became an alderman, and, after marrying Judith Wilberforce, retired to Kenilworth, where he died and was buried in 1772. His wife, who survived him many years, was in due time laid by his side.

Of these Kenilworth Birds, two daughters, Hannah and Lucy, especially claim our attention. Hannah, the elder, married, in 1779, the Rev. Robert Sumner, Vicar of Kenilworth, whom she survived forty-four years, living to see her eldest son, John Bird Sumner, made Bishop of Chester, a see from which he rose to the Primacy of the Church of England; while her second son, Charles Richard Sumner, was first made Bishop of Llandaff, and was then transferred to the see of Winchester.

Hannah Bird's sister Lucy married her cousin, Robert Bird, of Barton, and was Mrs. Bishop's grandmother.

This Robert Bird was Thomas Bird's grandson, a second son, and obliged to make his way in the world without expectation of inheriting Barton House. In this he prospered, seeking and finding fortune in India first, and then in America, for he had both spirit and ability, inherited perhaps from his maternal grandfather, Sir George Merttins, sometime Lord Mayor of London, whose memorial slab, with his shield as governor and treasurer of Christ's Hospital, has quite recently been removed to Horsham.

When Robert's elder brother, Henry, died without children, he succeeded to the property in Warwickshire. But by this time he was married and the father of ten children—four sons and six daughters. Barton was remote, and Mr. Bird felt disinclined to live out of touch with the world, so he let the place for a long term of years, and rented Taplow Hill, in Berkshire, where he and his family became so thoroughly at home that the county claimed them as Birds of Taplow, ignoring the fact that they were merely its tenants.





ROBERT BIRD OF BARTON HOUSE, WARWICK, *ob.* 1842,  
GRANDFATHER OF MRS. BISHOP.



He was properly Robert Bird of Barton, in Warwickshire, and the old gabled manor-house was worthy of greater attachment from its owner, though we can understand his seeking a more advantageous centre as home for his sons and daughters. Later on in our story Barton will interest us as the house from which Isabella Bird was married, and we linger a moment ere we follow her grandfather to Berkshire. It is greatly altered now to suit modern requirements, but in 1881 it remained much as it had ever been, and, with the village on the heath and its ancient church, looked more like a bit of Queen Elizabeth's than of Queen Victoria's England. The little church of St. Lawrence, with Norman tower and antique inconvenience, takes us farther back still, to days when the broad lands of Warwickshire harboured only churls enough to serve their lord's manor, and parish laws took no account of the future and increasing rural congregations.

But the squire of Barton on his final return from America settled at Taplow Hill. His wife was a daughter of Judith Wilberforce, and brought her mother's strenuous racial strain into the home atmosphere and into her children's character and rearing. She was doubly connected with the Wilberforces, for her aunt, Elizabeth Bird, of Kenilworth, married Judith's uncle, Robert Wilberforce, of Hull: these two were parents of the great liberator, William Wilberforce. The young people at Taplow Hill were twice over Wilberforce's cousins, and in his youth and middle-age he was a constant guest there, honoured by all, and especially after his death by the lingering maiden ladies, who treasured as mementoes of their great kinsman lines inscribed by him on the blank leaves of their Bibles.

How forcibly this impassioned strain was to direct and govern Edward Bird, the third son of Robert and Lucy Bird, remains to be told ; but it is impossible to overestimate its influence both in his and his daughter's character. From her great-grandmother, grandmother, and father Isabella received the priceless inheritance of a soul-hunger and thirst for righteousness, which in her later years was to dominate all that she observed, to vitalise all her convictions, and to culminate in her memorable appeals to Christian England to send out into all the Christless world and bring its unhappy millions to the Saviour.

The Taplow sons and daughters were Robert Merttins Bird, sent early to India, a happy-hunting-ground for lads in the days of the East India Company ; Henry, who went into the navy ; Lucy, who married the Rev. Marmaduke Thompson ; Mary, who followed her eldest brother to India, and when he married devoted herself to missionary work and died in harness there ; Edward, who was first a barrister and then a clergyman ; Elizabeth, who married Mr. Harrington Evans ; Henrietta, who had strong views on infant baptism and renounced on their behalf her clerical lover, at the sacrifice of her life ; Rebecca and Catherine, who never married ; and George Merttins the youngest, born in America, who followed his eldest brother to India, where both married daughters of the Rev. David Brown, one of the "five great chaplains," and a colleague of Henry Martyn.

These two Taplow sons entered the service of the East India Company, but the younger died in early manhood, his widow bringing two little ones to Taplow Hill, and living there till old Mr. Bird's death.



It is with the third son, Edward Bird, that we have especially to do, and of his career we have clear although scanty information in a memorial sketch written by his daughter in 1858, immediately after his death, and printed for private circulation. It contains only thirty-five short pages, and deals almost wholly with his clerical and public rather than with his private life. But a few facts may be gathered from it and interwoven with reminiscences supplied by his niece, Miss Merttins Bird.

He was born in 1792, and must have been a lad with two brothers and three sisters older than himself when the family roof-tree was set up at Taplow early in the last century. His father destined him, like his elder sons, for India, and sent him to Cambridge for thorough equipment. He was entered at Magdalene, where he graduated. In the meantime, his sister Elizabeth married the Rev. J. Harrington Evans, a young clergyman of the strongest evangelical type. Edward Bird was about twenty years old when it was proposed that he should read the Bible with his brother-in-law during vacation time. He did so in a perfunctory manner, indifferent at that time to its message. Mr. Evans was discouraged and suggested that readings so little valued should cease. This startled his pupil and brought him to anxious self-questioning. He became conscious of his own levity, went home in distress and prayed that God would pardon him and vouchsafe to him every blessing which the Bible can confer. From that day he read anxiously and earnestly, but it was not until he heard Mr. Evans preach on the text "Without Me ye can do nothing," that he fully understood his deep need of Christ Himself. It was a new man in Christ that returned

to Magdalene, eager to serve Him whom now he loved.

When he had graduated he went to London, studied law with Sir George Stephen, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. This was in pursuance of his father's plan for him, as a legal training led to judicial appointments and promotion in India. Thither therefore he sailed with his young wife, Emma Burt, in 1825, and settled down to practise as a barrister of the Supreme Court in Calcutta. But a great sorrow befell him the following year, when his wife died of cholera and left him comfortless but for her babe, a boy called Edward after himself, who was stricken with fatal fever three years later. This double blow shattered his health, and he was compelled to relinquish his practice and return to England in 1829.

The home nursing gradually restored his natural vigour, but he found himself averse to resuming his life at the point of rupture. Calcutta's worldliness, rapacity, and vice had appalled him, and during his brief stay he had maintained an attitude of uncompromising opposition to its callous unrighteousness. To return was very distasteful to him. Besides, grief, loss, and illness had weakened his anxiety about preferment and distinction. Within his heart had awakened a new yearning, a new necessity, and it had matured in the darkness of his night of sorrow. He longed to preach the gospel, and to gather in souls for Christ—souls for whom the world was ever on the watch to tarnish them and set its mark upon them.

He was thirty-eight years old when he took Holy Orders—set upon doing in half a lifetime a whole span of work in God's vineyard. His first curacy

was at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire. At Boroughbridge Hall lived the widow and family of the Rev. Marmaduke Lawson. Mrs. Lawson had inherited the house and grounds at her uncle's death in 1805. The Hall is mainly a fine old Elizabethan structure, gabled and pointed, to which a pillared porch and large bay-windows were added in 1836. Mr. Lawson had been a prebendary of Ripon Cathedral, an able but exceedingly reserved man. His children inherited both characteristics. In the year before his father's death, the eldest, also Marmaduke, won the first Pitt scholarship at Cambridge; and when news of this success reached the old gentleman he said drily, "Barbara would have done better." But Marmaduke took the Chancellor's medal also, and both he and his brother Andrew proved themselves to be honourable and useful men, members too of the House of Commons, for which the more brilliant Barbara was unhappily disqualified. Mr. Andrew Lawson lived in the neighbouring manor of Aldborough, and possessed a most interesting collection of pre-Roman and Roman antiquities, for Aldborough was the ancient capital of the Brigantes, and became a favourite Brito-Roman residence with its captors. He built and endowed a district parish church. He also had distinguished himself both at Shrewsbury, under Dr. Butler, and at Merton College, Oxford, and was twice returned to Parliament as Conservative member for Knaresborough. He outlived his brother Marmaduke thirty years.

Their sisters were highly educated up to the measure of that day; and when Mr. Bird arrived as curate at Boroughbridge, he found at once congenial friends in Mrs. Lawson and her family. This friendship ripened to affection in the case of Dora Lawson,



the second daughter, and they were married in 1830. Dora Lawson's favourite occupation for some years had been Sunday-school work. There was none at Boroughbridge, so she paid for a room in the village out of her own pocket-money, and taught five classes there every Sunday, from young women down to little children. She was a fitting companion in all respects—a woman whose tact, dignity, and kindness never failed, although great reserve of manner sometimes hid the true warmth of her nature.

Isabella Lucy, called after her two grandmothers, was born at Boroughbridge Hall on October 15, 1831.

Early next year Mr. Bird went as curate to Maidenhead in Berkshire, where two years of extraordinary activity awaited him. The spirit which animated him was felt from the beginning, and he not only filled the church at all ordinary services, but was obliged to hold many extra meetings and to receive in his study, daily, many anxious inquirers of every class. A troop of the Life Guards stationed at Maidenhead came under his influence, and some of the men came to him for spiritual help and guidance. It was a time of rapid sowing, reaping, and harvesting, very rare in one man's experience, and he was filled with joy and gratitude. But his physical strength was not equal to the strain, and, although he recognised that God had set His seal upon the life dedicated to Him, his enfeebled constitution compelled him to abandon his work at Maidenhead, and his cousin, Dr. Bird Sumner, Bishop of Chester, presented him with the quiet living of Tattenhall, in Cheshire.

Thither he removed with his wife and little girl in 1834, and in this restful sphere he remained for eight years. A baby boy, called Edward, had been born, and died at Maidenhead in 1833. Soon after





BOROUGHBRIDGE HALL, WHERE ISABELLA LUCY BIRD WAS BORN.



his arrival his third child was born, a little girl, to whom was given her aunt Henrietta's name. Here, in the midst of beautiful scenery, amongst the sweet influences of garden and pasture, these little ones spent their early childhood. The country round consisted of large tracts of grazing-lands where the farmers were engaged in cheese-making.

Chester was seven miles distant, but three miles of the road were paved, and it was not pleasant for either walking, driving, or riding. Nevertheless, Isabella was both walking and riding upon it when she was little more than four years old. Her tiny body was fragile, her face white, and on her lips was the constant cry, "I very tired." Her parents kept her out of doors as much as possible, and the doctor suggested that Mr. Bird should take her on a cushion before him when he rode round his parish. So she learned to ride almost in infancy, and was promoted a year or two later to her own horse, for her father rode one and she the other of the carriage-pair.

To those outings she owed far more than her life-long familiarity with the art of riding, although that was no small gain for one who was afterwards to mount, as necessity urged, ox, horse, mule, or yak in distant lands. As a child her riding-habit was her usual dress—a smocked frock, little finer than a carter's. As they rode, Mr. Bird would draw her attention to every feature of the wayside—to the fields far and near, in grass, or crops, or fallow, to the farm-houses, their dairies and press-houses, telling her the uses of all and each, questioning her minutely as to what she saw. Long after, a friend asked her to what she traced her habit of accurate observation. "To my father's conversational questioning upon everything," she

answered. "If we rode, he made me tell him about the crops in such-and-such fields—whether a water-wheel were under-shot, or over-shot, how each gate we passed through was hung, about animals seen and parishioners met." And so she learned to measure distance and space with her eye, to note each season's signs and labours, to look for changes in the crops and to know their purpose.

And as her father knew every wayside and meadow flower, she learned their names, habits, and uses, and felt for them an almost passionate love, which she retained to the end of her life. Even when human sympathy hardly consoled her, flowers would reach her sorrow and their sweet solace would recall her to fortitude.

An incident out of the meagre annals of those years at Tattenhall recurs to the memory as it was told in after years by herself. One Sunday morning she was left alone in the house and in bed. Her mother, thinking her scarcely well enough to go to church, had wrapped her up and bidden her rest till she returned. Isabella was not more than five years old, but a little scheme had been forming in her active mind for some days, and she felt this solitude to be her opportunity. Out on the lawn was a round bed of ranunculuses, crimson and golden and glorious, which she longed to visit. It was forbidden, for the weather had been rainy and the grass was damp. But she stole out of her wrappings and pattered downstairs with shoeless feet to the drawing-room window, which opened down to the ground. Out she darted straight to the flower-bed, and walking round and round, counting the bright blossoms, touching them and kissing them, she filled her whole being with the joy of them, and flitted



back to bed. She said no word about her escapade, but cherished its memory awhile and then forgot it for a score of years.

To this time too belongs one of those thrilling episodes which give to children their first awe-stricken but rapt experience of the mystery of iniquity.

Near Tattenhall rises a hill known as Rawhead, a name of itself sufficient to fill a child's imagination with strange terrors. This hill was full of caves, in which dwelt a gang of outcasts whose doings grew notorious. Robbery followed robbery in the neighbourhood. The caves were searched on suspicion, but nothing was found to warrant arrest. The burglaries continued and the matter grew serious. At length one midnight some one passing the churchyard saw lights and heard voices, and forthwith proclaimed that it was haunted. No one would go near it, until the magistrates decided to make a midnight raid with armed constables, and to see what manner of ghosts disturbed its peace. They found the Rawhead gang busy hiding booty in a grave, the slab of which they had raised. An old woman whose cottage was close to the churchyard proved to be in collusion with the burglars and had assisted them to choose their storehouse. All were arrested and transported. But Isabella never forgot how her nurse took her to see the unearthing of silver-plate and jewellery from that grim hiding-place, and how, trembling, rather with eagerness than fear, she and a little playfellow watched the whole process hand-in-hand, from the lifting of the slab to the recovery of the last teaspoon.

Fear, indeed, she hardly knew, and her fearlessness was disconcerting at times, when she played the

rôle of *enfant terrible*, flashing out the pithy sarcasm which in youth came so readily to her lips.

She was not more than six years old when—as Miss Grainger Stewart told us in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a few weeks after her death—she sat listening to a gentleman who was canvassing Tattenhall in his own interest, and who excited her distrust by his too obviously expressed admiration of the lovely little Henrietta. She marched up to him and asked in clear incisive tones: “Sir Malpas de Grey Tatton Egerton, did you tell my father my sister was so pretty because you wanted his vote?”

➤ This power of expressing herself was remarkable from her earliest years. Her parents treated her with wise observation and noted her quick mental growth, indicating rich and varied endowment. Her brain was never stunted by rebuff, nor stultified by baby language. They took ample care that her lessons should not be overstimulating; and as Mrs. Bird taught her children herself, her judgment meted out the length and quality of what they learned. To be in the open air, to be with her parents, to understand therefore almost unconsciously the conditions of life and human intercourse, the arts too of speaking, reading, and writing; to absorb from father and mother opinions, standards, tastes, and distastes—these were her early education in the truest sense. Recalling that time, she once said: “No one can teach now as my mother taught; it was all so wonderfully interesting that we sat spell-bound when she explained things to us. We should never have liked an ordinary teacher.”

It was not possible, however, to stay her from reading when she had once found the key to all knowledge stored in books. One day she was lost,

and the mid-day meal was cooling on the table while mother and maids sought her high and low. At last, in order that no possible hiding-place might be overlooked, they looked into the stable, and there in the manger they found her poring over a heavy volume, which proved to be Alison's *French Revolution*, more fascinating to the seven-year-old student than all the moral tales of Maria Edgeworth and her like. Isabella Bird wanted no books for children; from the beginning her mind fastened on the actual and grew robust on the strongest food, her vigorous imagination finding scope, and to spare, in real events, whether past or present, and preferring the miracles of Moses, and the wilderness-march of his people, to all the sentimental and educational feigning of that day.

Then there was one delightful annual visit which made a deep impression upon her character and multiplied her standards. This was the holiday at Taplow Hill with the grandparents and maiden aunts. They all went together and spent about a month, in the summer-time, when the gardens looked their best.

The old people were still alive, although the Squire was nearing eighty, and Mrs. Robert Bird was but four years younger. Their long life together was approaching its end, for the grandfather died in 1842, when Isabella was eleven years old, and the grandmother was solitary for six surviving years. But while Mr. Bird was Rector of Tattenhall both were alive, dignified and hospitable. Taplow not only sheltered all the Indian grandchildren, but the bereaved children of the house as well. It is from Miss Merttins Bird, "the last Taplow grandchild," that we gather details of her childhood's home, and are therefore enabled to realise the happy summer



days which helped to mould Isabella's manners, her sense of the fitting, perhaps to accentuate her reserve and to develop her individuality. The house is now altered out of knowledge, but it was always large and roomy, with stables, paddocks, gardens, and ample space attached. Long walks, planted with shrubs and fruit-trees, ran on either side of a great field, and these began and ended in summer-houses. Beyond the field were palings which separated the grounds of Taplow Hill from the adjoining Rectory gardens. Two generations of Birds have played as children beneath the old mulberry-tree, on the lawn or round about the borders, full of all old-fashioned garden glories, every one of which Isabella remembered all her life. A sunk fence separated garden from paddocks, and along it thyme, yarrow, and bedstraw made a bank of purple and gold in July.

Within, the drawing-room was wide-bayed and furnished with satin-wood, inlaid with borders of white roses on tables and chairs, whose spindle-legs vouched for their period. There, in the evenings, old and young would assemble to listen to reading aloud or unite in singing "The Pilgrim Fathers," "The Curfew Bell," "The Captive Knight," or some sweet melody by Balfe or Bishop.

Now and again some guest would engross his hearers by tales in condemnation of slavery or on behalf of missions.

The Taplow grandchildren breathed the atmosphere of "Causes," and were in contact with their leaders during all the second quarter of last century. What used to be called the "Clapham Sect" knew Taplow Hill well. Old Mrs. Bird's close kinship with William Wilberforce, a kinship moral as well as





TAPLOW HILL, TAKEN BEFORE 1869.



racial, determined the strictly evangelical tone of her household.

Family prayers began the morning. All servants, outdoor as well as indoor, were summoned, and sat in line to hear the Squire read the lessons and a prayer for the day out of Thornton's *Family Prayers*. Then the old gentleman rose up and bowed to men and maids, as they filed out past him with curtsseys and salutes. Breakfast followed, when letters were read aloud, for postage was a consideration then, and letters were framed with decorum for general reading—those from India exciting special interest. The ladies of the family took no sugar in their tea, and felt the sacrifice to be a sacred protest against slave-grown products. Oddly enough, although they daily mourned its absence, they took sugarless tea long after the emancipation in the West Indies.

The maiden aunts were short-sighted, and wore spectacles, which gave them an expression of sternness quite foreign to their natures. Still, on certain points they were stern enough, and the only drawback to Isabella's perfect enjoyment of Taplow Hill was that she was never allowed to sit down during the long Sunday services, but in pain and weariness had to endure, standing to the end. This was especially irksome to her, as it was in her early childhood that the trouble which dogged her whole suffering life was developed; and had her courage not risen above it she might have delivered herself over to confirmed ill-health and adorned a sofa all her days. But, even as a child, her brave spirit scorned prolonged concession to this delicacy. Every one rode at Taplow, and Isabella bettered her home lessons upon Shag and Camilla. She raced and rode with her cousins, and, though younger than

some of them, was recognised amongst them all as a superior, whose opinions on religious, social, and even political subjects were to be courted and quoted.

Her little sister Henrietta was shy and less spirited, although her health was more equable and her mental advance almost as rapid as Isabella's. She was very winning and gentle; always happy with a book and with her mother; a little reserved, and less inclined for boisterous comradeship. But she, too, could ride and run and read and dream. More drawn by the spiritual world than was Isabella then, her thoughts were wont to dwell there in a kind of rapt reverie. A cousin, Henrietta Bird, from whom we have quoted largely in these details about Taplow, lived there; and to distinguish one from the other, Isabella's sister was called Hennie, and was always known by that abbreviation.

The little girls were respectively eleven and eight when they were taken away from Tattenhall and set down in Birmingham. More than one reason made this change advisable. Isabella was stronger, Mr. Bird was anxious for a more arduous sphere of labour, and some discontent had arisen at his warm championship of Sabbath observance in the cheese-making districts round Tattenhall.

A great sorrow fell upon them all in 1842, in the death of their beloved father and grandfather. He had lived eighty-two years, and had received the last desire of his heart in the return of his eldest son Robert Merttins Bird. When the successful Anglo-Indian stood by his bedside, his father looked at him and whispered: "What was it the old man Simeon said? *Nunc dimittis*, was it not?" And soon after he passed away.



The church at Tattenhall had grown discouragingly empty, in consequence of Mr. Bird's fearless protests against Sunday labour. Nearly as much work was done on Sundays as on week-days—not in the open fields, but in the dairies and presses. It is difficult to understand the question in all its bearings, for it is obvious that cows must be milked on Sundays. Doubtless Mr. Bird did not oppose the necessary work, but only the increase of unnecessary work in the manufacture of dairy produce on Sundays which had crept in, and which to him was a manifest breach of a divine law, declared by God Himself to be the test of national righteousness and the condition of national prosperity. Mr. Bird's point of view was the law of the living God; but he was powerless against the bidding of Mammon, and the convicted farmers left a church where there was no comfortable doctrine for their case.

How sad a leave-taking it must have been is borne in upon us when we note the beauty and peace of Tattenhall, and then visit the parish of St. Thomas's in Birmingham. The Bishop, too, disapproved of his transfer; and had Mr. Bird not found absolute trust in his decision within his own family, the step might have been still harder to take. Those faithful to him at Tattenhall felt the parting bitterly, and for many years there lived in the parish godly men and women whom he had brought to Christ, and who were known as "Bird's saints."

St. Thomas's in Birmingham is a large, gloomy church, built in the worst possible taste, that pseudo-classical style, pretentious and dismal, which Georgian architects affected. It contrasted painfully with sunny St. Alban's at Tattenhall, where the light fell through ancient stained glass, and five cheerful bells called the

parishioners to worship. St. Thomas's had been planned to seat over two thousand people, but a few hundred formed the congregation in 1843, and these were always shifting.

The city was then heaving with the last throes of Chartism, and four years earlier the rioters had made a pause at St. Thomas's to pull up the railing and arm themselves with its iron spikes, on their march to wreck Lucy's Mills. The hands were still sullen, the employers were hard. Sunday labour was more than permitted. Success was the one standard in Birmingham. It mattered little of what intrinsic quality of righteousness, or the reverse, a man's aims might be—public opinion applauded, or blamed their issue according to their success or failure.

The Birds found a house in Frederick's Road, with a garden attached, which employed the old Tattenhall gardener, who came with them. It had some apple-trees big enough to give seats and shelter to the little girls, who used to climb into them and con their lessons hidden amongst the leaves.

Mr. Bird began eagerly to organise his work—the parish visiting, the Sunday school, the preaching. It was a heavy task. The parish contained a population of 16,000, and the church was almost empty. Then, stronger in Birmingham than in the grazing-lands of Cheshire, Mammon swayed men's souls. His parish was given over to Sunday trading, and the fight he had to wage on the Lord's side was with a very Apollyon.

At first his preaching produced the strong, arresting, and attracting influence which it had done at Maidenhead. Men came from all parts of the city to hear the new Rector, amongst them many working-men, who, of all others there, needed most the help of

God and of His servants, since help from Mammon there was none. These he received on Sunday afternoons, visiting their wives and homes through the week, spending and being spent for the poor. He had fellow-workers amongst the Nonconformists, with some of whom, and notably with Mr. Angell James, he formed cherished friendships. Indeed, Mr. Angell James and he together organised the midland division of the Evangelical Alliance.

For the Sunday-school staff he selected his best and most willing members, one of whom is still alive in Birmingham. It is to Miss Sanders, a sweet old lady, whose joy it is to recall those happy years of service for Christ, that we are indebted for most of these recollections of St. Thomas's. Only she and another are alive now to remember Mr. Bird. Young as Isabella was, she was pressed into the service. Miss Sanders remembers her teaching a class of girls as old as herself, and not only winning their attention, but their devotion. It did not occur to them that their teacher was too young, for her self-possession, mastery of language, and clear exposition gave her the needed command. It is most interesting, in this connection, to quote from a letter written by Mrs. Bishop to Miss Sanders at Christmas, 1903, less than a year before she died.

You are one of the very few survivals of the vividly remembered St. Thomas days. How well I remember you and your adult class in the corner below the desk and the high opinion which papa and mama had of you. Now, of my family, I, a widow, alone am left.

But she rendered the church a further service. Her ear was not musical, nor did she greatly care for music, but she was being taught to sing



and play, and she passed on her lessons to the young people, forming and training the choir, and going through the practising with them every week, with unfailing punctuality. She suffered at this time from abscesses in the feet and had often to walk to and from the church in great pain, but she rarely failed either her Sunday-school pupils or the choir. Henrietta was not yet enrolled on the teaching staff, but after a couple of years she was entrusted with some of the little ones, whom she taught with great seriousness and sweetness.

Miss Sanders remembers Isabella's calling on her in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, on some Sunday-school business, not to take shelter, as she at first supposed. Often the elder girl spent a day and sometimes several days with the Birds, and she retains the sunniest impression of their kindness, gentleness, and courtesy towards her and each other.

For some time Mr. Bird had visions of success in his struggle against Sunday trading. By preaching, by personal visiting, by gentle and constant persuasion, he got so far as to secure the promises of all his parishioners but two to give it up. The promises were conditional on the surrender of the two exceptions. It was evident to all that his own character and conduct were not only blameless, but absolutely disinterested, for it was well known that he had requested to be transferred to St. Thomas's where the annual stipend amounted to £60, from Tattenhall where he received £300. Indeed, had he and Mrs. Bird not both inherited money from their parents, the transfer would have been impossible. But the two remaining Sunday traders refused to close their shops, and the law was brought to bear



upon them through one of the Churchwardens, who took out summonses and served them himself. This roused fierce wrath in the parish. A crowd waylaid Mr. Bird and pelted him with stones, mud, and insults. The worst was still to come. Not only did he lose hold of those who had been almost won, but many of the members whom he counted as on the side of righteousness, at the bidding of Mammon, forsook their Rector and left the church. The bitterness of the repulse lay in the fact that the very men and women whom he had led to his Master forsook him at the crisis.

Some time before this great trial, he caught scarlet fever, while visiting, and brought home its infection, for Hennie took it too; and while Mrs. Bird nursed her husband in one room, Isabella nursed her sister in another and yet escaped the fever. So, already weakened by illness, the pain of these desertions broke down his brave resolution and he was laid again on a bed of sickness. This illness lasted so long that the doctor urged him at last to take some months of complete rest, and Mrs. Bird succeeded in inducing him to resign his charge at St. Thomas's.

In 1848 they left for Eastbourne, then a village about a mile inland. But close to the sea there were a few houses, in one of which they lodged for a time.

Isabella was sixteen years old at this time, and so matured was her mind already that she took a deep interest in the questions of Free Trade *versus* Protection, which at that time, as in a minor degree now, agitated the country, and before leaving Birmingham she committed to writing her arguments in favour of Protection. Next year this essay was printed for private circulation in Huntingdon, and a

copy of the little pamphlet has come into my hands. It is a quaint invective against Cobden and Bright, and is remarkable as coming from the pen of a child: it takes the allegorical form of a trial before "Chief Justice Common Sense, Baron Public Opinion, and a special jury," in which the prisoners Weathercock and Parvenu were defended by Mr. Humbug and Mr. Mock-Philanthropist, while Messrs. Upright and Eloquence appeared for the prosecution. The charges were on four counts—agitation, dissemination of poison, uttering lies and false promises, and destroying the agricultural interest and with it the national prosperity of England; and the prisoners, being eventually found guilty, were condemned to be removed to the penal settlement of Public Detestation for fifteen years, and afterwards to be transported to the uninhabited island of Oblivion for the term of their natural lives! "And," concluded the Judge, "I earnestly hope that in the solitude which will be afforded you, you may learn to repent of your crimes, though you cannot repair the consequences which they have entailed upon your country."

After two months at Eastbourne, the Birds settled for a further term of rest in the country north of London and close to Epping Forest. Here Miss Sanders paid them a visit, which she still vividly remembers. They were mourning the death of their grandmother at Taplow Hill, an event which practically ended their connection with that beloved home. For Mr. Merttins Bird, of Barton, whose first wife died in India, and whose second wife, Jane Wilberforce Bird, passed away shortly after marriage, took as his third wife Henrietta Grenfell, a daughter of his neighbour Mr. Pascoe Grenfell of Taplow House.

She not only survived him, but lived on till 1897, a shrewd and witty old lady, interested in the generations of Birds, to whom she was step-mother, step-grandmother and step-greatgrandmother. From the time of his third marriage, Mr. Merttins Bird gave up Taplow Hill, and the family removed to Torquay. It is interesting to note that amongst her brothers-in-law Mrs. Merttins Bird counted Charles Kingsley, J. Anthony Froude, and Lord Wolverton, and that one of her nieces married Professor Max Müller.

While Miss Sanders was with Mr. and Mrs. Bird at Epping Forest, Mr. Merttins Bird came to pay them a visit, and she records her own shyness of the "big Bird," who proved to be both kind and peaceable, distinguished nabob though he was.

In the autumn of 1848 Lady Olivia Sparrow presented Mr. Bird to the living of Wyton in Huntingdonshire.

This was a small parish, less than two thousand acres in extent, with a population of scarcely three hundred souls. The village is on the Ouse, and to the west some three miles off is the town of Huntingdon. South-east lies St. Ives, two miles away. Not very far off is Olney, the poet Cowper's home. There were rides and drives for Mr. Bird and his daughters, and the river on which to boat, and there Mrs. Bishop acquired her skill in rowing. The cure included Houghton, and the stipend was good. Wyton itself had its literary and political associations. Horne Tooke lived there for years, and towards the close of the foregoing century Charles James Fox had been married at St. Margaret's Church, which now became the centre of Mr. Bird's duties for the remaining decade of his life.



These years were to be eventful for Isabella, in many ways. It was at Wyton that a new influence roused her to the sense that she was growing old enough to be morally responsible for what use she made of her time, her powers, her character. This was her friendship with a girl of her own age, Lady Jane Hay, now Lady Jane Taylor, a daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale and a niece of Lady Olivia Sparrow.

Isabella's duties had hitherto been based on the exigencies of home and parochial life, and in spite of her great delicacy she had risen to their fulfilment. She had not yet realised that even a girl may so sway circumstances as to improve them, may garner her observations as seed to be sown in the good ground of effort to help the destinies of a larger humanity than that within the parish.

This friendship aroused that part of her higher nature which had slumbered in inexperience. It called into being the enthusiasm for others latent in her Wilberforce blood. This never afterwards failed her in dealing with the men and women she met, whether they were friends, or merely the casual acquaintances of a journey by land or water, whether they were her own people among whom she dwelt, or the peoples, civilised and savage, amongst whom she sojourned for a day or a week, ere she left their cities or their tents for ever. On her death-bed she cried aloud, "If I could only do something more for them!"

But in 1850, when she was eighteen years old, her malady had become so serious that an operation was necessary. Just before this took place, her parents took her and Henrietta to visit the Rev. John Lawson, Mrs. Bird's brother, at Seaton



ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WYTON.





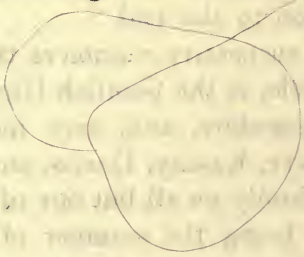
Carew, and her cousins still remember how ill she looked. Of the operation itself no record remains, beyond the fact that a fibrous tumour was removed from the neighbourhood of the spine. In after years she was subject to long periods of suffering in that region of her back.

It is possible that the low grounds of Wyton, and the river with its overflows and mists, may have accelerated the crisis. It is certain that after this she was ordered to leave home for lengthened periods, and that her father began in the summer of 1850 a practice which lasted for years, and introduced her to a part of Scotland that charmed her from the beginning, and for which she maintained a loyal affection to the end.

During six successive summers the Birds spent a number of weeks in the Scottish Highlands, in Inverness-shire, Ross-shire, and, ever more attracted to the west, in Skye, Raasay, Harris, and Mull. Isabella was with her family on all but one of these occasions, the exception being the summer of 1854, when she had her first opportunity of going to America.

To Mr. Bird the strict Sunday observance in Scotland, and especially in Free Church Scotland, immediately after the Disruption, was most sympathetic. "He loved Scotland," says his daughter, "not more for its beauty than for its hallowed Sabbaths and Christian zeal and for the love with which he was ever welcomed by his Presbyterian brethren." The "larger mind" which had made him draw close the bonds of Christian union between himself and his Nonconformist fellow-workers in Birmingham brought him into like relationships and communion with the first Free Church pastors—that band of men nerved and inspired by the Holy

Spirit, taught and empowered of God. They opened their pulpit doors to the faithful servant of their own Master, and he preached in many of their churches, in Inverness and Ross-shire, in Skye, in Renfrew, and elsewhere. Wherever he went he found Sunday a hallowed day. He fought in England thirty years for its consecration. He was an active member of the Metropolitan Commission, and attended its meetings in London twice weekly. He had suffered persecution and desertion for its sake; his health had been broken and two livings had been resigned in his conflict with Sunday trading. It is no wonder that his attachment to the Scotland of 1850 was very strong.



## CHAPTER II

### FIRST TRAVELS AND PUBLICATIONS

FROM time to time Isabella Bird stayed with both the Bishop of Chester and the Bishop of Winchester, who, when in London, lived in Winchester House, St. James's Square. In 1852, probably in late autumn, she paid her cousins there a visit, and on her way met with an adventure, her action in which illustrates the rapidity and courage with which she faced the unforeseen.

She had taken a cab from the railway station, and while driving out of the gate received on her lap a small parcel of advertisements, which, as was usual then, was thrown in at the open window. Putting it on the seat in front of her, she noticed another parcel lying, evidently left by the former "fare." She opened it, and found papers inside giving details of a plot to assassinate a member of the Cabinet at the approaching funeral of the Duke of Wellington. She had scarcely put them into her pocket, when she heard a voice stopping the cab, and a dark, foreign-looking man addressed her at the window. He asked if a parcel had been found in the cab. At once she handed to him the little bundle of advertisements, and after a minute's progress bade the driver hasten to the Home Office, where she insisted upon seeing the minister, in whose hands she placed the papers. So serious did



the matter appear to the Home Office that, while she remained in Winchester House, a detective was posted there to guard her against the vengeance of those whose plans she had frustrated.

Some sorrow, over which she brooded in the early fifties, was sapping her nervous strength, already impaired by the operation. Her health was far from satisfactory. It seemed as if quiescence so depressed her vitality that even the delightful months in Skye and Ross-shire failed to replenish its exhausted stores. Ever as spring returned, the old lassitude came with it, and in the relaxing air of Wyton she was able for little beyond her literary work, her chemical studies, and needle-work, all of which were possible in a semi-recumbent position. One effect, as well as cause, of this condition was sleeplessness, and no means taken to overcome it proved successful. A brief stay at Portsmouth hardly broke the habit of insomnia. But it supplied material for two papers in *The Leisure Hour*, as well as for lively letters home, which were afterwards printed in pamphlet form and sold to help her fund for aiding the West Highlanders. This pamphlet is forgotten now, but it described Portsmouth in March, 1854, when the sad Crimean War had become inevitable, and when Sir Charles Napier was starting on his fruitless cruise to the Baltic. Miss Bird saw Queen Victoria receive him on board the *Fairy* and bid him and the fleet God-speed.

The doctor urged a sea-voyage, and in the early summer of 1854 an opportunity occurred for carrying out his prescription. One of Mr. Bird's numerous cousins had married Captain Swabey, a veteran of the Peninsular War, who, after Waterloo, had been sent to Prince Edward's Island to superintend the



defences there. His daughters were in England and were about to return to their parents, and it was arranged that Isabella should accompany them, and make use of the occasion to extend her travels to Canada and as much of America as was possible. Mr. Bird gave her £100 and leave to stay away as long as it lasted. At his request, Mr. McFie saw her off on a Saturday morning in June.

Her cabin had been taken in the *Canada*, a royal mail steamer of the Cunard line. Its destination was first Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and then Boston. As the steamer left the Mersey she passed close to the troopship *Himalaya*, in which the Scots Greys were embarking for the Crimea—"the lions led by asses," who were to be shot down at Balaklava.

The voyage to Halifax was uneventful, through a succession of calms, with neither icebergs nor fogs to lend it a tremor. Miss Bird proved to be an excellent sailor, enjoyed her meals, and observed her fellow passengers. Only twenty of these were English; the others, numbering a hundred and fifty, came from almost every European country. She and her cousins landed at Halifax, and spent two days there. Then, taking the stage-coach, they were jolted over corduroy roads to Truro and Pictou. At Truro Miss Bird found a delightful old Highland woman, Nancy Stewart of the mountain, who gave the stage-passengers tea, and who responded joyfully to Isabella's greeting in Gaelic. Then they passed through a forest belonging to the Indians, where silence reigned and expectant thrills died away ungratified by adventures.

When they reached Charlotte Town they were met by Captain Swabey, who insisted on Isabella's staying six weeks at his house, as Canada and the

States were in the grip of cholera. Her report of Prince Edward's Island is not attractive: quarrels, gossip, and mutual detraction characterised its social life. Still she found congenial friends, with whom she made a tour of the island, its pleasantest incident being the discovery of a Skye man called Donnuil Dhu, with whom she had comforting talk of the Cuchullins and Loch Coruisk.

It must have been August when she left for Boston by steamer and coach, succeeded by steamer and train, a comfortless, solitary journey, only redeemed by the great kindness shown to her by her American fellow passengers. She saw nothing of Boston at this time, leaving after two days' rest for Cincinnati, where she was Bishop McIlvaine's guest, and where she learned much of the working of slavery in the Southern States from her host, and of the anxiety caused by Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, just published, which it was feared by the friends of emancipation would retard rather than advance their cause.

From Cincinnati she crossed the prairies to Chicago, refreshed by the beauty of those "gardens of God," where great bands of colour marked the various prairie-flowers—lilies, helianthus, cineraria, lupin, and euphorbia. The train, heedless of time-tables, came to an abrupt pause in their midst, and she had five hours of rest; then it went on to Rock Island, where she embarked on board a Mississippi steamer for the mere sensation of a three miles' cruise and back on the great river. It was in the train between Rock Island and Chicago that the famous pick-pocket incident took place, one in which her self-possession matched the courage with which she had thwarted a cowardly political assassination. A most unpre-

possessing man sat next to her in the car. She felt his hand in her pocket abstracting her purse, in which there was only enough money for petty travelling needs, but which contained her luggage checks. She sat passive, giving no indication of her loss till the luggage checks were being collected. When the official reached her, she bowed politely towards her neighbour and said, "This gentleman has my checks!" and he was startled into giving them up.

Chicago interested her deeply. Her description is a striking picture of the great western capital in making fifty years ago. But she could not complete her observations, as friends were to meet her at Toronto, and she had to travel by rail and steamer twice over to keep her appointment. On the way she halted at Detroit, which pleased her. Her friends duly met, she settled down to a thorough exploration of Toronto, noting the difference between the method of its growth and the sudden upheaval of big American cities, where recently was prairie, or forest, or mighty lake, and where a short time ago only the red hunter crossed the solitude to set his traps or launch his canoe. Stable progress marked the Canadian, as sudden growth and expansion marked the newer American cities; and while in Canada, streets, buildings, and institutions were not only completed but had acquired a settled and harmonious dignity—in the others, roads, streets, buildings, and undertakings were all unfinished, and the founders seemed callous to their disorderly surroundings.

Two excursions from Toronto varied her study of its civic conditions. One was a visit to the pleasant city of Hamilton, built on Burlington Bay. Her



voyage thither, short as it was, included a sudden storm; the side of the saloon was struck and shattered by a colossal wave, and she was thrown down into the water, a man near her having seized a life-buoy out of her hands. For a few seconds she was in the first stage of drowning, and her thoughts flashed back to the dear ones at home with a pang for their grief when they heard the news. But, happily, another wave floated her back and into a state-room, and soon the steamer righted itself. It was a dread experience, and prompted her to vow that she would never again venture on Lake Ontario—a melancholy expanse of water at the best, and subject to accesses of fury.

However, a few days later she took the s.s. *Arabian* back, and was met on Toronto Pier by Mr. Forrest, who had invited her to pay his family a visit in the backwoods, where her imagination had been busy with visions of a clearing, a lumber-waggon, a log-hut, and all the primitive contrivances due to such a home so carefully provided in fiction. So, when a smart mail-phaeton painted scarlet and black and drawn by a pair of perfectly groomed horses awaited her host and herself at the hotel, she was taken aback and had to control her surprise. There were twenty-two miles to drive, some of them bad, but much of the way excellent plank road, easier for draught than a high road. It was now the Canadian autumn, and the tints were glorious—scarlet, crimson, orange, and purple. They drove through forest, scrub, and cedar-swamp, then past a little whitewashed English church, into a field and along an apple-tree approach, up to a beautiful brick house surrounded by a green verandah and embowered in richly laden fruit-trees and flaming sumachs. When Mrs. Forrest appeared

to welcome her, clad in pink and white muslin, and took her through a hall floored with polished oak into a large and beautiful drawing-room, Miss Bird cast her preconceptions of backwoods life away, and composed a new theory of the lumber-man who drove a mail-phaeton, listened to Beethoven well played on the piano every evening, and slept on a feather-bed!

Her visit to the Forrests was altogether delightful, and she shared the whole round of Canadian country-life, including the neighbourly "bee," which at that season was a "thrashing-bee." Mr. Forrest took her for long and adventurous rides, roadless scrambles through the bush, and gallops along the shore of Lake Ontario.

Quite a month was spent after this pleasant fashion, and in its course several Sundays at both Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches. "Are ye frae the braes o' Glenaffer?" said an old Scotchwoman to her one day; "were ye at oor kirk o' Sabbath last, ye wadna' ken the differ."

But the time came for her return to Toronto, and then further east, taking Niagara on the way. She devoted many pages of her letters home to this last experience, which she "did" to the bitter end, to Termination Rock, "230 ft. behind the Great Horseshoe Fall," as was stated on her certificate, although a fellow traveller damped her elation by calling the document "an almighty, all-fired big flam."

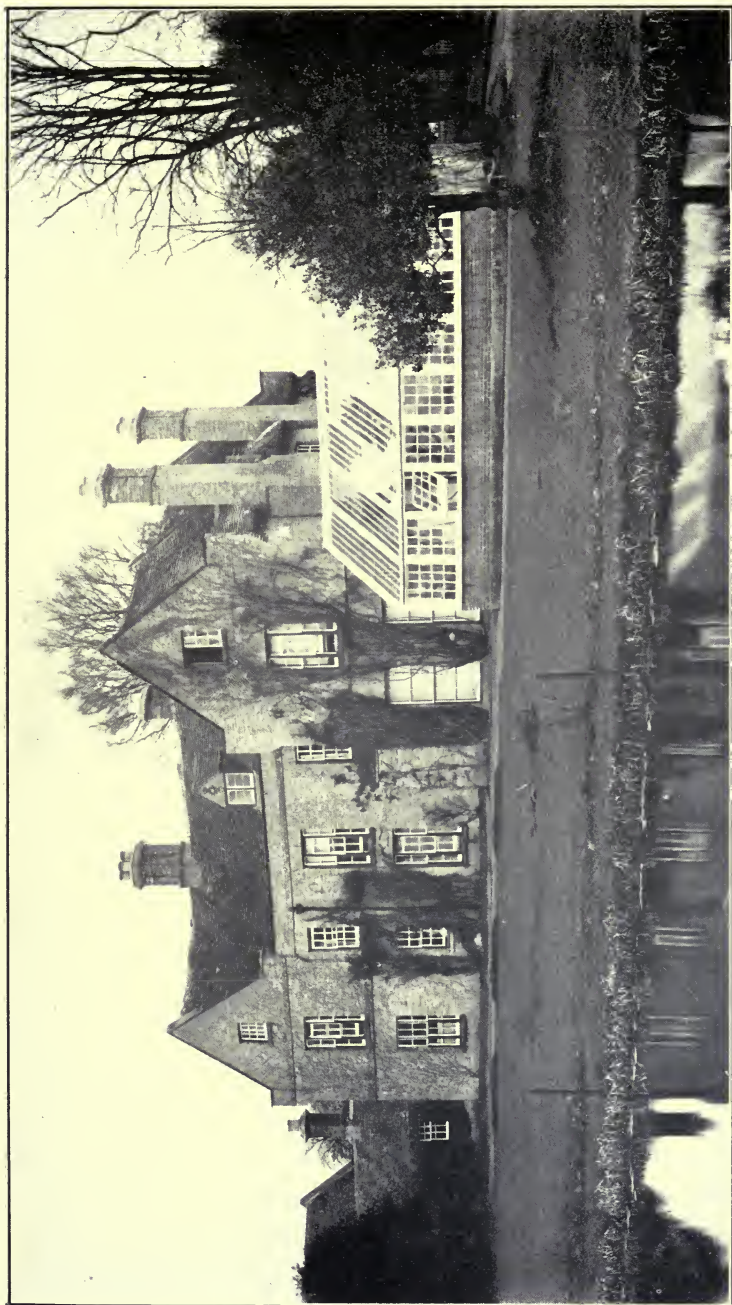
The *Arabian* took her down the St. Lawrence as far as the Thousand Islands, where, at five in the morning, she had to change into the *New Era*. In this steamer she cruised amongst the islands. They anchored before La Chine and shot the rapids at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour next morning when it was daylight, and so reached Montreal.



Here Miss Bird stayed a few days with the Bishop, before she resumed her voyage down the great river to Quebec. She had only two letters of introduction to residents in the capital, one of them to Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, whose secretary was Lawrence Oliphant.

Cholera had quitted the city less than two months before she entered it; but many desolated homes indicated its ravages. It was strange that, while still agitated and tremulous, society in Quebec whirled in a round of balls, receptions, sleigh-drives, and toboggan-parties. To most of these Miss Bird was invited along with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Alderson, and up to a certain point she enjoyed the experience. But her sense that a gaunt spectre still hovered near, and the contrast between the awful poverty of St. Roch, where lived the lapsed thousands in squalor and vice—almost more brutal than the dwellers in a London slum—and this brilliant circle of pleasure-seekers, indelibly impressed her sensitive mind.

A visit to Spencer Wood, Lord Elgin's headquarters, was much spoiled by an attack of something very like cholera, probably contracted at St. Roch. It was called ague, but its effects lasted several weeks. Her second introduction was to the Honorable John Ross and his wife, who not only made her stay socially pleasant, but most profitable, on account of the useful and precise information of which she was in search and with which they were able to provide her. Mr. Ross was President of the Legislative Council, and knew all that her thirst for general and particular statistics desired, and she made notes of political, ecclesiastical, educational, industrial, and economic matters in most favourable circumstances while in his house.



WYTON RECTORY.



One of her most interesting new acquaintances was Dr. Mountain, the Protestant Bishop of Quebec; famous for his arduous journeys to the Red River Settlements in a canoe, for the purpose of confirming 846 Indian converts, and ordaining two of their missionaries.

The year was growing late when Miss Bird returned to Montreal, where she stayed again with the Bishop, quitting the See House regretfully for New York, which she reached in a series of tedious stages.

There, and in Boston, she lingered until the waning of her travelling finances suggested home. Introductions from her Canadian friends procured her influential social privileges, and she recorded with warm appreciation all that she enjoyed and gained in the two great American cities.

It was arranged that she should return to Halifax in the Cunard steamer *America* to join seven of her relatives, the Swabeys, bent on going back to England, so that her homeward voyage was in pleasant company and was uneventful. She reached her home after seven months' absence, with £10 of the original £100 in her pocket—better in health, full of animation, and devoutly thankful to be once more with her parents and sister in the peaceful rectory of Wyton.

In 1854, during her absence, the parish of Houghton-cum-Wyton received a new resident, who became an intimate friend of the family at Wyton Rectory. This was Mrs. George Brown, of The Elms, and to her we owe the following reminiscences of Isabella Bird's home and occupations during the remaining years of the fifties.

Mrs. Brown writes:



Wyton Rectory, a roomy, gabled house of grey brick, was pleasantly situated amongst fine old trees, in which the rooks built year after year, and surrounded by green pastures bordering the broad River Ouse, which flows quietly in its fulness within a short distance of the house. A piece of water fed by the river formed a tiny lake close to the rectory. At that time Henrietta was my friend, but I became acquainted with Isabella soon after her return from America. I remember her favourite outdoor occupations then were riding and rowing, and we used often to meet along the roads and on the river. The roads had broad margins of grass, which favoured a pleasant gallop, and the waters of moat and river made boating especially delightful. Isabella was a fearless horsewoman, and would mount any horse, however spirited. In later years, when visiting at our house, she more than once rode a horse which no lady had mounted before, and she seemed to enjoy it all the more.

When she came home from America, she occupied herself on the book, afterwards published by Mr. Murray. It was her wont to write by night, which occasioned encroachment on the hours of the next day for needed rest and sleep; and this habit, so early formed, lasted throughout her subsequent literary undertakings. Many friendships were made with families in neighbouring rectories, and the coachman, who is still alive, remembers the rides he took with his young mistress to visit them.

The ride most frequently taken was to Brampton Park, where Lady Olivia Sparrow lived, a warm, kind friend of Isabella's. This venerable lady took a motherly interest in her young neighbour, whose courage, energy, and studiousness were in harmony with her own active nature. They were fast friends. Isabella had long periods of spinal suffering, after which she would brace herself to exercise. Resolution, courage, endurance, the love of adventure,





LADY OLIVIA SPARROW.

*From a picture by Richard Buckner, engraved by William Walker, 1854.*



the power of overcoming difficulties, all characterised her in those young days, as they did to the end. Her friends realised that she would always carry through her own ideas of what was best, and embody them in action when and how she deemed suitable.

Her family had carefully preserved all her letters; and in her note-books were statistics and deductions most studiously collected and recorded. Her father urged her to revise these ample materials and give them literary form. With this task she was occupied during five months of 1855. It was not difficult; for the letters narrated every day's doings and impressions, and were full of vivacious description. Besides, she loved writing for its own sake, and use and study had developed her natural facility of expression. Even in ordinary conversation her sentences came so finely constructed that each might have been committed to print as it fell; and the habit of business correspondence, begun in her work for the West Highlanders, her early papers for magazines, and her full diaries and notes on the summer visits to Scotland, were in her case training sufficient for the author's craft. Indeed, the articles already referred to were noticeable in respect of style and language.

In June, 1855, she met at Winchester House Mr. John Milford, the author of travels in Norway and Spain, whose books were published by Mr. John Murray. He was attracted by her vivacious account of her recent adventures, and she confided to him her desire to find a publisher for the now completed manuscript, part of which had been sent to a Canadian man of letters for corroboration and correction.

Mr. Milford read some of its chapters, and offered to introduce her to Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle

Street. This was done at once, but it was not till October 1 that she ventured to send her work to the famous publisher, and to write to him herself. Her letter illustrates the modesty which distinguished her literary career from first to last, an integral element of her character.

She wrote :

I have prepared for the press some travels in the United States, Canada, and the Eastern Colonies in North America, taken in the summer, autumn, and winter of last year. The title is, *The Car and the Steamboat*, and I, or rather some literary friends whom I have consulted, think that there is sufficient of novelty in them to justify their publication.

This was the beginning of a correspondence and a friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and with their son, which lasted almost half a century.

Mr. Murray accepted the manuscript, but objected to its title, and suggested in preference *The Englishwoman in America* ; and although Miss Bird scarcely liked the change, considering it too pretentious for a young authoress, she deferred to his judgment in the matter, for her own "inventive genius failed."

By November, the printing of her book had well begun, and she was correcting proofs most of that and of the following month. *The Englishwoman in America* appeared in January, 1856, and the edition was very soon exhausted. She ordered forty-five copies for herself at trade prices, and this led to a correspondence upon booksellers' rights.

No [she wrote], I certainly will not undersell the booksellers. These forty-five copies have been ordered from me by friends in Ross-shire and Skye, who are two hundred and fifty miles from the nearest bookseller, and whose means of communication with the civilised world are very few and far between.



A yacht belonging to a friend is shortly going to those northern regions, which will convey all the copies.

Her book was shortly followed by one written by a Miss Murray, in no way related to her friend and publisher, who was one of her fellow passengers on the *Canada*. This lady went to America with the avowed intention of writing a book. She took so perverted a view of the slavery question that a Virginian slave-owner said it would be quite worth while to pension her, for the principal anti-slavery pressure was produced by the state of public feeling in England on the subject. He did not, however, put his passing reflection into substantial practice, and Miss Murray's views lost her the appointment held prior to her voyage.

Very soon both daily and weekly journals were busy with Miss Bird's book. She was in London when the *Times* eulogy appeared, and on her return to Wyton she received four Canadian papers all containing favourable reviews of *The Englishwoman in America* and quoting from her account of Canada. On the day that these were issued in Toronto, a bookseller there received over fifty applications for copies, and arrangements were made with Mr. Murray to supply this demand. Even in America, where her strictures on slavery could not be entirely welcome, the book found many appreciative readers, one of whom sent her a beautiful carbuncle bracelet as a tribute of his admiration for the justice which she had done to his country.

"I am vain enough," she wrote to Mr. Murray, "to think that I have every reason to be satisfied with its success and with the favourable general criticism it has met with."

Substantial cheques from her publisher endorsed the literary verdict, and these helped her to carry out a scheme for the benefit of West Highland fisher-folk which had occupied her thoughts for some years and towards which some of her friends contributed. This was the provision of deep-sea fishing-boats for the men in Skye, Ross-shire, Iona, and Mull, districts where poverty had stultified enterprise.

Her affection for the Highlanders and Islanders, whose kindness and deep religious convictions half a century ago won the sympathetic regard of their visitors from the south, prompted these efforts on their behalf. She was in the Highlands during three summer months of 1855 engaged in this philanthropic experiment, and spent September at Balma-carra House, whence she went to Broadford in Skye, remote and desolate, for the route had not yet been fully opened by Messrs. Hutcheson, whose *Clansman* and *Clydesdale* alone ploughed the stormy northern waves. When the steamer brought Mr. and Mrs. Bird and their daughters and lowered them into the boat, the shore would be lined with men and women who rushed into the sea to drag their boat up on the beach and to shake their hands again and again with warm Gaelic greetings and inquiries. Long afterwards Miss Bird talked of those heart-stirring welcomes with tender retrospection as of golden moments in the past, for she felt the pathos of that dear Celtic remnant, unspoilt then by the vulgar south—in touch with a mystical world, where past and future reached out into the unseen; where the present was toil and sorrow, brief rapture and long pain, but all beneath the Father's guiding eye—not soiled with materialism and made sordid by unbelief, but in both gloom and gleam spiritualised by the

presence at all points of God—in the wind and in the wave, on the mountain-top and on the moor. For even their crimes were the outcome of a sort of loftiness, the daring treachery, the fierce revenge, the insult, the swelling boast, the wrath and its swift violence. Children were they and lovable as children : in their fantastic terrors and superstitions pagan as children ; in their affection and loyalty spontaneous as children ; in their faith simple as children. No wonder that this gifted and understanding woman was drawn to the unspoilt Gaels, any one of whom would have given his life to save or prosper hers.

“ You should visit these wild West Highlands,” she wrote to Mr. Murray : “ the air is so pure, the scenery so magnificent, the enjoyment so keen and fresh.”

Towards the end of 1856 her correspondent suggested that she should co-operate in the preparation of his series of guide-books and compile one upon the West Highlands.

When you develop your idea [she wrote] I daresay that I shall like to undertake it, if I am not stinted in time, as I am not at all anxious for the termination of our connection as author and publisher. My pen has been idle, except that I have been fabricating twelve papers on popular chemistry, a subject in which I am deeply interested. We have spent three months in Scotland each year for six years past, and until this last summer I have always taken copious notes on the various places which we have visited, but I do not know how far these would be serviceable in the compilation of a guide-book. I should be glad if you would enlighten me as to the kind of work you propose, and then we can discuss the subject on my next visit to London, which will be early in the season.

But the project fell through, because her health declined with the spring of 1857, and before the



season was far advanced the doctor urged her to leave again for America. She intended to take a six months' tour, but her numerous invitations and introductions extended this term into almost a whole year. It was deemed inexpedient to publish a second volume of American travels so soon after the first, and we are dependent on her own brief summary contained in a letter written on April 26, 1858, for a *précis* of her movements.

I remained a fortnight at New York, which I had visited before—from which point my route was new—and three weeks in Philadelphia; two months in the slave states, Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia; a fortnight at Washington during the session of Congress; a month in the neighbourhood of Boston; a week at Longfellow's; two months in a beautiful village in Western Massachusetts; two weeks at Albany; a week at Niagara; two weeks at Toronto; one month in the bush; two weeks at Detroit; six weeks in making a tour in the far, far west—over the prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, forty miles beyond railroads, up the Upper Mississippi, into the Minnesota Territory, to the Falls of Minnehaha, up Lake Huron and to the extreme end of Lake Superior, and into the Hudson's Bay Territory among the wild Indians—a journey altogether of 2,000 miles, during which I did not remain stationary for four weeks, as it was considered that frequent change was the most likely to benefit my health.

It is a tantalising catalogue of journeys and stages unrelieved by her bright comments, and but little can now be retrieved of the incidents which enlivened it. But the "week at Longfellow's" recalls a fading reminiscence of her meeting many of the Concord group of intellectuals in his house, a large country house near Boston, where George Washington lived for some years from 1775, while the War of Independence was being waged. Here she saw the



sacred room in which he wrote his despatches. It was either during this week, or when she stayed at Concord, that she spent a memorable evening round the great fireplace of the "Wayside Inn," with Longfellow, Dana, Lowell, Emerson, and other members of the fraternity. And in Concord she became well acquainted with both Emerson and his eccentric but interesting neighbour Thoreau, who lived there with two kind, quaint sisters, during intervals between his experiments in solitude. The American literary mind, so near to nature, so charged with primal enthusiasm for truth and goodness, and so optimistic, impressed her as peculiarly suited to national needs.

In a little book, written in 1859, she describes what was her main subject of inquiry throughout this tour in the United States. A great revival was in progress, in which her father was deeply interested, and to supply him with full information she thoroughly investigated religious developments in America, whether external as evidenced in the different Churches, or internal as indicated by national characteristics and education.

To secure an impartial and unprejudiced estimate, she went to all the religious meetings, of whatever creed professed, and listened to no fewer than one hundred and thirty sermons, some of them preached to Indians, to trappers, to negroes and by negroes. Perhaps the service which moved her most was one in the African Baptist Church in Richmond, held on the last Sunday of 1857. An aged negro, called upon to pray, did so in such a manner, reverent, apt, and eloquent, with such perfect diction and accent and with such a fulness of thoughtful petition, that she burst into tears and declared afterwards

that her religious life was quickened and strengthened for ever by this beautiful prayer uttered by a slave.

Another remembered fragment belongs to her travels in the wild west. Standing on a little pier by Lake Huron, waiting for the gangway to be lowered from a steamer on which she was about to embark, she was jostled off into deep water between pier and steamer. A tall Red Indian leapt down and seized her, saving her life, but not before she had experienced, as on Lake Ontario, that sudden reversion of memory to the past which is one of the mental phenomena of drowning. No long panorama of events appeared to her, however—only one scene—her childish disobedience in slipping out of bed to look at the ranunculuses, a scene forgotten a few days after its occurrence.

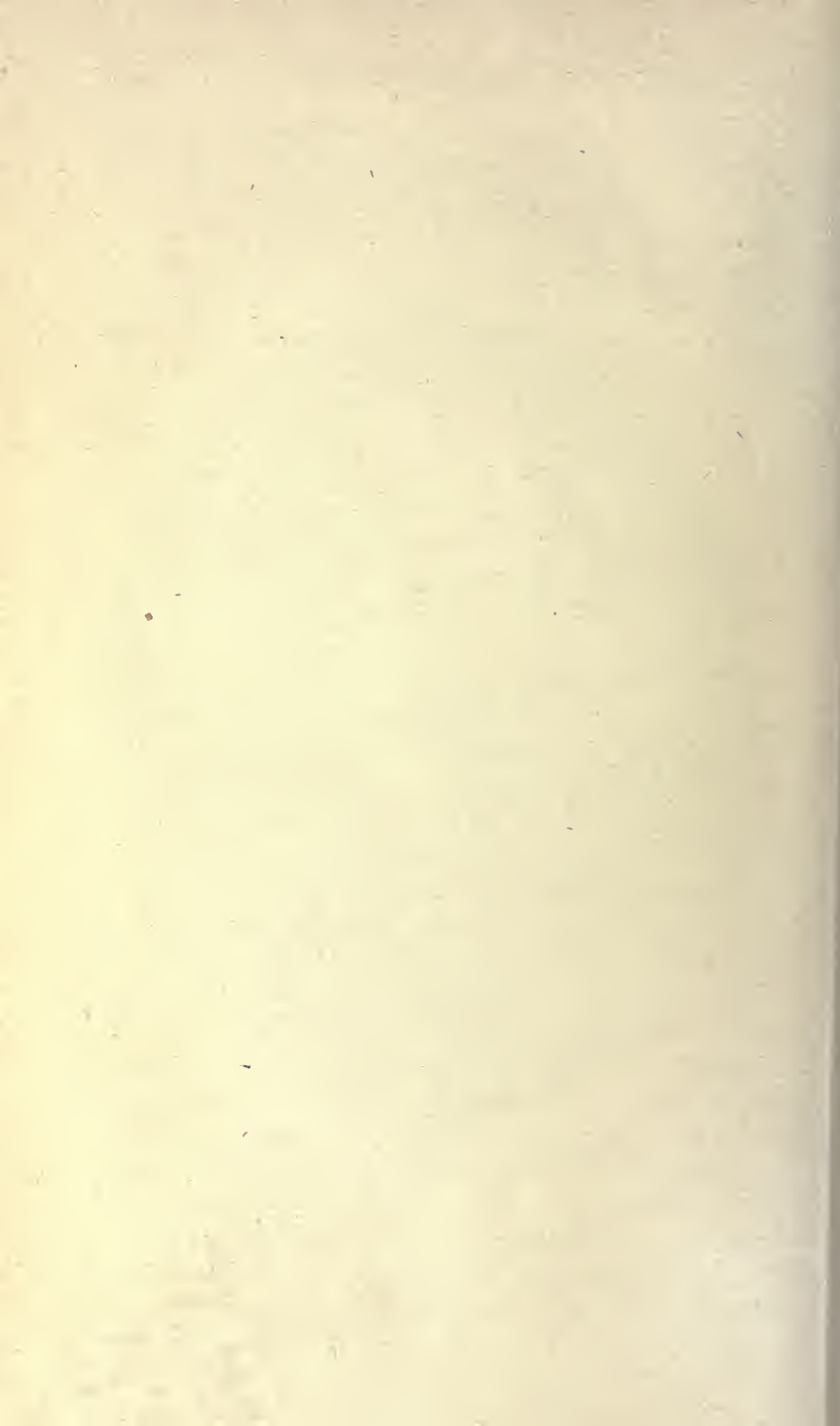
Her return to Wyton Rectory was on April 3, 1858.

Her father, who—as she wrote that year—was the “mainspring and object of her life,” had been strenuously at work in the cause of Sabbath observance and in that of temperance. He found amongst the agricultural labourers of his parish too many instances of ruined and debased lives due to drinking; and in order to reach their consciences he began to leave off the glass of wine with dinner so usual then, and by autumn, 1857, was able to do without it. Early next year he took the pledge publicly, and declared that he had never been in better health than during that winter. His daughter's letters about the American revival had roused a great desire that the awakening spirit might come to England, and his daily prayer was, “Lord, revive Thou Thy work in the midst of the years.”

He had, indeed, begun a pamphlet on the subject, and hoped to finish it soon after Isabella's return.



THE REV. EDWARD BIRD, MRS. BISHOP'S FATHER.





On that April evening the little family group was radiant with the joy of reunion, and without forebodings of the heavy loss which was about to fall upon it. A parting, longer far and more agonising than any which they could have foreseen, was at hand.

That very night Mr. Bird was attacked by influenza, and a fortnight later a deep-seated abscess began to form. He refused to forego his duty, and preached in his own pulpit on April 18 for the last time. On the 21st his sufferings were so great that the doctor forbade his rising, and a week later a surgical operation took place. But he was too weak to revive. On May 10 he asked them to kneel where he could see them, and commended them in prayer to God and to the hope of reunion in that inheritance that fadeth not away, and on May 14 he died.

Towards the end he spoke almost constantly of his flock. "Tell them," he said, "that my sole desire has been to bring them to Jesus." During his last night he was too feeble to do more than whisper, but his whispers were ever of "the Friend that sticketh closer than any brother"; and as he spoke he smiled radiantly, as one comforted by the presence of Him he loved.

In June Miss Bird wrote the short memorial sketch already alluded to, from which these details have been chosen. Her health, impaired by this blow, and never strong at Wyton, drooped in the summer, and in July she went with her mother and sister to Scotland, and passed some months in the Highlands, where she occupied herself in putting into form her notes upon *Aspects of Religion in the United States*. This was in response to her father's dying wishes. She wrote in all nine papers, published in

*The Patriot* newspaper, and so much appreciated by its readers that their republication in a separate form was called for in the spring of 1859.

She had seen to the printing and publication of her father's manuscript, *Some Account of the Great Religious Awakening now going on in the United States*, for which she had supplied him with statistics. It was published by Messrs. Seeley in the very month of his decease.

## CHAPTER III

### EDINBURGH AND WORK

WYTON was left behind, and for some time Mrs. Bird and her daughters were without a settled home. When the demand for a book on "Religion in America" reached Miss Bird, she was visiting relatives near Tunbridge Wells. She proposed to revise her papers, and to make such alterations as would suit them for readers not exclusively of the religious world, but for those who were less likely to be acquainted with their subject.

The book was published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., in the summer of 1859, and gave a remarkable summary both of the sectional characteristics of American creeds and churches, and of their practical influence on the various divisions of the nation. Thus, she pointed out that in the north, Congregationalism and Puritan forms of worship resulted from the stern virtue of the Puritan Fathers; that in the south, Episcopalianism was established by the immigrant merchants and gentlemen; and that in the West, where were collected the restless and enterprising elements of European and American society, "every creed had its adherents and every church its ministers, from Mormonism upwards." It abounds in graphic description and illustration, and ends with the declaration of her steady faith in the growth of Christianity throughout America and



the great country's destiny in carrying out God's purposes towards the human race.

Just before *Aspects of Religion in America* was published, Miss Bird spent three weeks in Ireland investigating what was known as the "Ulster Revival," a movement which had spread from America, and which showed some of the undesirable features of an excitement communicated rather than inspired. She says, in a letter to Mr. Murray: "We saw the movement in every denomination and in all its phases, sober and extravagant. I never witnessed anything more frightful than some scenes at Armagh."

That autumn, too, was spent in the Highlands, and most of the winter in Edinburgh, where she had begun to make many friends. Perhaps the earliest of these were the Rev. George D. Cullen and his daughter. Mr. Cullen had been much interested in her articles on the American revival, and had corresponded with her when they first appeared. So it was to Miss Cullen that Miss Bird wrote, when her mother decided to winter in Edinburgh, asking her to find them rooms, and to these two friends they owed their first welcome to the northern capital. They were subsequently led to make their home there, partly because they loved Scotland and because it was more convenient for the West Highlands than the South of England, and partly because in working for the fisher-folk and crofters Miss Bird found helpers and sympathisers in Edinburgh. She soon became acquainted with Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Hanna, Dr. John Brown, and Dr. Macdonald, of North Leith, all keenly interested in the fragile little lady, whose spirited mind and sympathetic insight gave her an exceptional power of attracting and retaining friends.



In 1860 Mrs. Bird took a comfortable flat at No. 3 Castle Terrace, where they lived for many years. It must have been in that year that I first met Miss Bird. She had an introduction to Professor and Mrs. Blackie, then resident at 24 Hill Street, where she called one afternoon when I was present. The memory of a small, slight figure dressed in mourning is still vivid—of her white face shining between the black meshes of a knitted Shetland veil; of her great, observant eyes, flashing and smiling, but melancholy when she was silent; of her gentleness and the exquisite modesty of her manner; and, above all, of her soft and perfectly modulated voice, never betrayed into harshness or loudness, or even excitement, but so magnetic that all in the room were soon absorbed in listening to her. The incident which she narrated has long been forgotten, but the manner of it lives to this day—the skill of her delicately woven sentences, her perfect choice of words, the value of what she told, the point and vivacity of it all. Longing to know her better, my aunt (Miss Frances Stoddart) and I called on Mrs. Bird, and so began a friendship which endured for my aunt whilst she lived, and for myself whilst the life I am now recording lasted.

Miss Bird was in those years often suffering from spinal prostration, and could seldom rise before noon; but all her correspondence was done in the morning, as well as many of her numerous articles for *The Leisure Hour*, *The Family Treasury*, *Good Words*, and *Sunday at Home*. She wrote propped up by pillows, a flat writing-board upon her knees, and letters or sheets of manuscript scattered around her. Often she laid down her pen to greet some privileged visitor, and sometimes sacrificed an hour or more

to advise, suggest, console, and stimulate. Dr. Moir attended her then, but after a few years he brought Dr. Grainger Stewart to take his place.

She was able to make calls, attend committee meetings and do business in the afternoons, and occasionally to dine out, although she was chary of too frequent social fatigues. Wherever she went she became without effort the most absorbing person present, and an hour spent with her was worth many dinner-parties, even in those brilliant Edinburgh days. It was her power of forgetting herself entirely in the person whose character, mind, or mood she was seeking to help that made her so effective a friend. She was never blind to defects in her acquaintances ; indeed, she noted them keenly, but she did not visit them with the appalling self-righteousness of commoner natures. It is difficult now to feel that she disliked defects so much as one's friends usually do ; perhaps they lent piquancy to the worthier qualities, and she preferred the complex to the obvious. But her eyes searched out all qualities, and brought them, if not to judgment, certainly to comment. She was sometimes accounted insincere, as she was accounted inaccurate ; no more unjust criticism was ever passed. The keenness and thoroughness of her penetration made her sincere, tolerant, and all-forgiving. She allowed herself to comment on all qualities alike, but those comments of a more critical character were not offered spontaneously, they were drawn from her by others, whilst her expressions of warm appreciation came unsuggested and unstinted. Frail, dependent on the love of mother and sister, timid, often disinclined to make a stand for her own opinions, she was none the less an absolutely independent observer, and

used, in order to complete her own judgment, not the idle words of others, but the deep, pardoning, understanding love of the Christ who lived in her.

One influential element of her life, from its earliest years till she was left solitary, was her deep home affection. Mere acquaintances scarcely noticed it, for it was never paraded, but each member of her family was wrapped up in devotion for the other, and each armed the others for happiness. Natural and acquired reserve concealed this mutual affection from the outside world, and even their dearest friends saw but a gleam of it now and then. It was enough that it was realised and understood amongst themselves, and its satisfying presence filled their hearts with courage in all their undertakings.

To help their beloved Highlanders was one of the undertakings which lay nearest to the hearts of Miss Bird and her mother and sister. Summer by summer they continued to make Oban their headquarters. Mr. Hutcheson gave all brothers of the pen and pencil free passes on his steamers, and included Miss Bird in his generous franchise. She used his passes freely, and made many voyages amongst the islands. Everywhere there was distress—blighted potato crops, poor harvests, acute poverty. Captain Otter, of the Government Naval Survey Service, lived just outside Oban, in the Manor House, where great fuchsias clambered up the white walls, loving the wet western wind. His wife knew the islands well, and in relieving their starving people joined with Miss Bird in organising plans for the emigration of some, and for the industrial employment of others. Miss Bird originated the Harris cloth manufacture, the success of which was mainly due to



Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Clifton, and other ladies who were drawn into co-operation with her.

Lady Gordon Cathcart, whose crofters in the Outer Hebrides were in desperate need, welcomed the emigration scheme to which Miss Bird was devoting herself, and assisted in the transport of the Islanders to Canada, where they were to find land, labour, fellow countrymen, and encouragement. Miss Bird took upon herself the correspondence required to carry out this enterprise. Her acquaintance with Canada and her influential friends there were her capital, and she wrote to them with such fulness of detail and with such admirable suggestions that they were prompted to give willing assistance in just the manner desired. There remained the passages to secure and the outfits to provide. Concerning the passages she sought advice from Messrs. Allan, and induced Mrs. Otter to accompany her on her visit to their office in Glasgow.

This brought about her introduction to Mr. Nathaniel Dunlop, who remembers the occasion well, and writes :

It was during the early sixties that Mrs. Otter called upon me, accompanied by a bright young lady, who I learned was Miss Bird, to arrange for the passages to Canada of crofters and their families from the Western Highlands. The impression left by our interview is of my great desire to serve the singularly gifted young lady well. She astonished me by her energy and her capacity in making arrangements for the conveyance of the emigrants. She paid me several visits in respect to these, and took a personal interest in the minutest details. When all was settled and her people were about to embark, she was amongst them, seeing to their every want. The embarkation took place the day before their departure. Miss Bird remained with them all night, and when the official visit prior to their departure took place she had them



marshalled in order, tidy and cheerful. The sadness at leaving their native shore had given place to cheerfulness—due to Miss Bird's presence amongst them, to the completeness of the arrangements for their comfort which she had secured, and to the bright hopes for their future well-being which she had inspired.

This was the first of a succession of such embarkations in the years between 1862 and 1866. Mr. Dunlop goes on to say :

Several scenes of this kind, in which Miss Bird was the chief actor, come to my memory, and the impressions that remain of those early emigrant times are the pleasantest and most vivid of all my experiences. There was something in Miss Bird that filled every one with whom she came in contact with a desire to serve her. She never complained of inattention to her people, nor asked for special consideration for them or for herself. She was personally self-denying, her only wish being to make others happy. There was a fascination in all her ways. She was small of stature, simple and neat in her attire, and was full of a refined humour that brightened her conversation. There was always a grace in what she said, and an ever-present evidence of latent intellectual power ; and presiding over all there was a dignity that forbade the slightest approach to familiarity.

Of the outfits supplied to her emigrants I have personal recollections. Miss Bird provided new garments for them all. Her mother and sister helped her energetically, and friends who knew what was required gladly brought her cloth for gowns, coats, and kilts, calico and flannel, and such necessities as brushes, combs, shawls, bags, and hold-alls. The chief difficulty lay in getting the materials made up in time, but that was overcome by a series of sewing-bees, managed by Miss Phœbe Blyth. Miss Bird was herself an excellent needle-woman, had sewed smocks at the age of six, and was prouder of her

dressmaking than of her bookmaking. The measuring, folding, unfolding and refolding, the despair of completing twelve kilts in time, the many regretful visions of twelve unhappy Highland laddies struggling with those twisted and uneasy skirts have never been forgotten.

The emigrants were not only sent out with a respectable "plenishing," not only sped on their way by Miss Bird, but were committed to the care of friends in the States and in Canada, who saw to their settlement and favourable start on grants of lands and in the backwoods. And she visited them after their first difficulties were surmounted. Mr. Dunlop continues :

One man alone of those who shared with myself in the shipping part of the work remains, and when I asked him if he recollected Isabella Bird and her Highlanders,—“Yes,” he cried, “I mind her well, and a grand woman she was. She went out with us in the *St. David* in 1866, to Portland, Maine, when I was an officer in the ship. She went out to visit the people she had helped to settle in Canada.” I have every reason to believe that she was instrumental in founding a prosperous settlement.

The crofters sent out were from the Hebrides only: Miss Bird had no power to help emigrants from the mainland.

Her social life expanded during the years that she was thus engaged. She was, while her mother lived, less tempted to wander afar than in later years, because the long summer drew them all northwards, and her constant voyages and the arrangements which she had to make supplied occupation, fresh air, and change sufficient to maintain her in a measure of health. Iona had grown especially dear to her. The Birds were in the habit of living in

the fisher-huts, where they acquainted themselves with simple fare, long before the St. Columba Inn was built. The Duke of Argyll, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, and Mr. Skene were Isabella's guides and instructors, and there was nothing connected with the archæology and sacred history of the island which she did not know, while its shores and rocks and flowery knolls were all familiar and dear to her, as truly as its Street of the Dead and tombs of kings, its Runic crosses and pillow of St. Columba. Sometimes Professor and Mrs. Blackie would come over to Iona and live on fish and girdle cakes, eggs and butter, and she would act as guide to both. This friendship had grown very important to her, and Mrs. Blackie had gladly welcomed into her inner circle of friends one so devoted to well-doing, so exceptional in mind and character, so understanding, so unassuming and yet so instinct with power. Edinburgh knew nothing about Miss Bird's early literary success, but was beginning to read her articles in *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday Magazine*, although it was rather her personality than her writings which gave her the passport to all that was intellectually and therefore socially best in the city.

To Mrs. Blackie she turned with the same attraction which she herself inspired, and we owe most of our acquaintance with this period of her life to their correspondence. A letter from Miss Bird written in the autumn of 1864—after Professor and Mrs. Blackie had left Oban, about the time that their thoughts were dwelling on a possible home above Kerrera and its Sound—gives a vivid account of one of Miss Bird's island tours.

I must sketch our ongoings since we left Oban for "parts unknown." I had a very rainy voyage to



Skye, and reached Kyleakin at 3.30 on a gloomy morning. The Saturday was tolerable, and we went to Castle Bay, but the weather changed and I caught a bad cold and all my strength went. That terrible gale was very grand there, and on Tuesday, in coming round Ardnamurchan, the waves were as grim and resistless as human destiny. It was a miserable voyage of fourteen hours' storm and hail and sorrow. Near Tobermory, a passenger fell from the bridge and was drowned. And the gaze of the dead looking its last upon the familiar sky has haunted me ever since. Then a gentleman had an apoplectic fit in the saloon. Then we swamped a boat and saved the lives with difficulty, ending by running into the *Pioneer* at Oban Pier. The next day I joined mama and Hennie at Ardgour, and on the Friday came down to Oban for a hamper of food, leaving them on Appin Pier, but the *Charon* would not take them to Lismore till the next day, when I rejoined them and we remained there six days. I never before realised my ideal of quiet and pure primitive life. It was delicious. It seemed as if a heavenly balm stole in at every mental pore, and as if the invisible, usually shut out by the material, came very near. We never saw a creature excepting the interesting and patriarchal family where we lodged, and the perpetual gale prevented communication with the mainland. Our sounds were barkings, cacklings, lowings, bleatings, with the endless harmonies and discords of winds and waves. On Friday I went to Ballachulish and Corpach in the *Pioneer*, and we met at Appin and all came home in the evening to Oban, but we intend to return to our solitude to-morrow and to remain till Friday. I have been going about in the *Pioneer* in a tarpaulin coat and sou'-wester hat! I have observed that Scotch characteristic of "roaring out" confidences on board, the voice rising as the revelations deepen in interest, and have learned most singular bits of history owing to this national peculiarity.

It was Mrs. Blackie's habit to visit her in Edinburgh every Thursday morning when it was possible, and these visits were cherished and guarded by both, only illness or absence from home being permitted to hinder them. Their talks were of deep things, spiritual,



emotional, intellectual, revelations each to each of aspiration and failure. So much we may gather from their letters to each other, which often refer to subjects touched upon in their weekly converse.

Miss Bird's frail health had induced habits which at this time disturbed her conscience—late rising, frequent meals, careful protection of her time and strength against intrusion, perhaps too marked an avoidance of tedious persons and engagements. These were Dr. Moir's orders, and were sound sense when she was prostrated with recurrent spinal attacks; but she was conscious that they encroached upon her higher nature and hindered its growth.

I feel [she wrote in 1864] as if my life were spent in the very ignoble occupation of taking care of myself, and that unless some disturbing influences arise I am in great danger of becoming perfectly encrusted with selfishness, and, like the hero of *Romola*, of living to make life agreeable and its path smooth to myself alone. Indeed, this summer I have made very painful discoveries on this subject and long for a cheerful intellect and self-denying spirit, which seeketh not its own and pleaseth not itself.

It was at this time that she was straining mind and hand to provide passages, outfits, and settlement for her emigrant crofters. But there was some reason for her plaint against herself—in that she was not able "to suffer fools gladly," and refused them admission. Poverty was never repulsed; she was as courteous to a maid-servant as to a countess; but those who were permitted to visit her required some qualification, either of usefulness to her work, or of affinity. She was inclined at that time to elect and select, and to discourage general advances.

I remember many a bright gathering at No. 3, Castle Terrace, when artists, professors, poets, and

publishers were present. One occasion is specially vivid, when Dr. John Brown came, after taking precautions against "being mixed up with strong-minded women," and when he bandied genial quips with Professor Blackie, Dr. Hanna, Mr. Constable, Sir Noël Paton, Mr. Fraser Tytler, and Alexander Smith.

Miss Bird was interested in the Scottish churches and their assemblies. Her father's example inclined her from the first to large-minded intercourse with Presbyterians and Episcopalians alike. As a rule, the Birds attended St. Thomas's Church, but they were enthusiastic for Dr. Candlish, whose church was near; and Isabella was often to be found in Free St. John's, either listening to Dr. Hanna's lectures on the life of our Lord, or to Dr. Guthrie's impassioned oratory in the afternoon. To Dr. Hanna she owed much, and warmly acknowledged his help in the things of the Spirit. He could divine her perplexities almost before she admitted them, and his courageous treatment, so far in advance of that age, of the Life of lives, with its reverent devotion to our divine Lord, made his faith a fortification to her own. She saw much of him during the sixties and seventies, and deplored his retirement when health failed him.

We find her catching the Assembly epidemic and attending without prejudice the most interesting debates in all three, enjoying especially, in 1865, the Innovation Debate in the Established Assembly.

In the summer of that year Professor Blackie was disappointed by the unwillingness of London publishers to accept his *Homer*, issued afterwards by Messrs. Edmonstone & Douglas, and her sympathy for Mrs. Blackie was warm and spontaneous:

If am able to comfort you at all, it is that my own connection with literary life enables me to enter into

your sorrow, the keenest element of which is disappointment for one so truly loved and worthy of love. That his book may bring him in the fame wherewith you long to see him crowned I earnestly desire, and I by no means despair of this, although I am aware that it will have to fight its way to the vantage ground from which it could have started if it had been undertaken by Mr. Murray. The beautiful way in which the Professor has taken it greatly ennoble him, and this and many other such conquests and unworldly deeds will ever form his most durable and blessed fame.

She was busy with literary work herself during that spring and summer. "I have earned £30 this month, and the 'accumulative passion' is wakening. I have to complete another paper on hymns by June 5."

These papers were published in *The Sunday Magazine* during parts of 1865, 1866, and 1867. They were eight in number, and involved minute research. It was after a conversation with Dr. Hanna that, astonished at the fulness of her acquaintance with the beautiful old hymns of the Church, he suggested the papers.

The first deals with the "Early Hymns," and begins with an allusion to the praises of God sung at the world's birth by the morning stars, who heralded the hour "when angels bent over the plain of Judea to sing the sweetest song that ever pealed over our sin-smitten earth when the Babe was born in Bethlehem." It speaks of the Gospel hymns (the *Magnificat*, the *Benedictus*, and the *Nunc Dimittis*), then of the simple lauds of the post-Apostolic Church, and of Syriac and Greek hymns. She gives in great part her own translations of those quoted, and the paper ends with the hymn sung at the lighting of the evening lamp perhaps as early as the first century, and preserved by St. Basil.



Three papers succeed each other in the May, June, and July numbers of *The Sunday Magazine* for 1865, and are devoted to "The Latin Hymns of the Church," covering the period between St. Jerome in the fourth and the decadence after the thirteenth century, and indicating the hold which hymns acquired and retained in Western Europe.

Christian poetry became popular [she wrote], and wherever Latin Christianity penetrated, hymns were the expression of the new thoughts, fears, and hopes which were stirring to their depths the souls of men; and in accent and rhyme essentially popular, appealing to the ears of all; in their simple rise and fall appreciable by all—the immortal longings of the new Christian life were breathed forth.

She indicates the stage at which the decaying and undevout Church destroyed this form and in Leo X.'s time classicised the Latin hymns after the model of Horace, and so robbed the people of their heritage; and she warns us against accepting as veritable productions of the true Church of Christ all the quaint and often farcical conceits of monkish hymn-writers.

In the second paper Miss Bird deals more particularly with the exquisite hymns of St. Bernard of Clairvaux and St. Bernard of Clugny, of Robert II. and other great writers of the twelfth century, and amongst them she interpolates one with the more personal and subjective character which marks it as of later, probably Renaissance, date. This is given in her own translation, and may be quoted.

#### IN THE FIELD

Fighting the battle of life  
With a weary heart and head;  
Far in the midst of the strife  
The banners of joy are fled;



Fled and gone out of sight,  
When I thought they were so near;  
And the music of hope this night  
Is dying away on my ear.

Fighting alone to-night—  
With not even a stander-by  
To cheer me on in the fight,  
Or to hear me when I cry.  
Only the Lord can hear,  
Only the Lord can see  
The struggle within how dark and drear,  
Though quiet the outside be.

Lord, I would fain be still  
And quiet behind my shield;  
But make me to love Thy will,  
For fear I should ever yield.  
Even as now my hands,  
So doth my folded will  
Lie waiting Thy commands  
Without one anxious thrill.

But as with sudden pain  
My hands unfold and clasp,  
So doth my will start up again  
And taketh its old firm grasp.  
Nothing but perfect trust,  
And love of Thy perfect will,  
Can raise me out of the dust,  
And bid my fears lie still.

O Lord, Thou hidest Thy face,  
And the battle-clouds prevail;  
O grant me Thy most sweet grace,  
That I may not utterly fail!  
Fighting alone to-night,  
With what a sickening heart!—  
Lord Jesus, in the fight,  
O stand not Thou apart!

The author is unknown, and we can imagine this to be the outpouring of some anxious heart awaiting trial, for loving Christ better than His perverted Church, in Reformation times. The article ends with the Hymns of Judgment.

The concluding paper goes over the ground of

the whole Latin hymnology, with definite classification into Ambrosian, Mediæval, and Transition periods, and concludes with an exquisite reflection upon the last :

For several centuries the Latin Hymns were emphatically "songs of the night," and when the day at last dawned it was upon men sitting in the region and shadow of death, with death's heavy atmosphere all around them. It is not wonderful that the poetry should reflect the autumn-time, and that the plaintive cry of distress should overpower the murmur of thanksgiving, for the spirit of bondage unto fear had returned, the "lame hands of faith" which grasped the Cross were paralysed by doubt, and the misgivings of the fearful were never set at rest, until the river was crossed, and the Master's voice of welcome fell upon the ears of His trembling servants.

As we already know, Miss Bird crossed the Atlantic in the early spring of 1866 to visit her settlement in Canada, so that it was not till May of that year that she was able to resume her papers. It is, however, advisable to review the series without biographical interruption. In that month she contributed an article on the development of German Hymnology and the Reformation and the Revival of praise. "It was on the wings of hymns," she wrote, "which embodied and popularised the new doctrines, that the Reformation flew through Germany. The Latin sacred poetry was speedily lost in the German Christian lyric."

She draws attention to the richness of Danish and German Protestant Hymnologies two centuries before England and Scotland found the "new song."

In the two succeeding articles she sketched the meagre hymnology of the time of Queen Elizabeth, whose writers she illustrated with careful quotation. She recognised its rare praise, its melancholy, its

tendency to trivial conceits, its formality, its want of spontaneity, its occasional homeliness almost verging upon coarseness.

Miss Bird contributed "The Emblematisers" to *The Sunday Magazine* for September, 1867. In this paper she deals with Donne, Quarles, and Herbert, preferring Dr. John Donne and quoting his "Hymn to God the Father," which was "set to a solemn and stately tune, and was regularly sung at the conclusion of public worship in St. Paul's." But her account of Herbert is naturally more attractive than those of Donne and Quarles, and she reminds us that his *Temple* is the prayer-book in poetry. This literary work of Miss Bird's, executed at 3 Castle Terrace, is characteristic: it was so good, so instructive, so well handled and so well written.

Again a great sorrow awaited her. Mrs. Bird had been tempted south the previous autumn, but returned from a round of visits greatly exhausted, and her daughters were anxious about her all winter. In April Dr. Moir suggested a change, and she had gone to Bridge of Allan with Henrietta during Isabella's brief absence: at first she rallied and enjoyed walking and driving. Then a spell of bitter east wind undid all the benefit received and bronchitis kept her a prisoner till May, when they went to Gourock, where a milder climate revived her wonderfully. They stayed there till Isabella's return, and she joined them for a day or two, driving with them to Greenock to see Henrietta on board the *Clansman*, bound for Tobermory, after which Isabella took her mother home to 3 Castle Terrace. But the east wind was again in full force, and for weeks she was very poorly. It was some time before she could be persuaded to give up her habit



of rising at six o'clock, that she might have a long time for her morning devotions, but soon there was no question of her rising at all. In her last days she was much soothed by her daughters singing to her her favourite hymns, and on August 14 the end came.

She was laid in her grave in the Dean Cemetery, and Mr. Bird's coffin was brought from Houghton and lowered beside hers. On her headstone were engraved her own chosen words: "With Christ, which is far better."

"She has been my one object for the eight years of her widowhood," Miss Bird wrote, "and her stimulating presence has been ever beside me."

To both sisters her death was a crushing blow, and they left Edinburgh for nearly six months, Henrietta to Tobermory, Isabella to London, Tunbridge Wells, and Farnham.

They returned in February, 1867. Mrs. Blackie, with tender thoughts for their feelings, went early, on the day of their home-coming, to 3 Castle Terrace, and with deft touches altered the arrangement of their sitting-room, filled vases with flowers and saw to the setting of their dinner-table, so that the first sight of the vacant place might be tempered with just enough of change to spare them too poignant pain.

Your kindness [wrote Miss Bird] gave us both such a singular feeling. Nothing makes a place so like home as the presence of those who love us, and in returning to Edinburgh I do feel it more homey than any other place can be, even apart from its sacred memories. We very much like the alterations, but we have replaced the sideboard, for its removal made the room look too unlike the one in which my treasure lived and died.

While at Farnham Castle with the Bishop of





MRS. EDWARD BIRD, MRS. BISHOP'S MOTHER.



Winchester, Miss Bird put into literary shape her notes of the tour made in 1860 to the Outer Hebrides, for which she had taken sketches on the spot. Both she and her sister were artists, Henrietta the finer of the two. Her journal made five papers for *The Leisure Hour* of September and October, 1867, which record her voyage to North Uist and her visits in H.M.S. *Shamrock* and H.M.S. *Rose* to South Bernera, Barra, Vallay, Baleshere, Benbecula, Grimasay, and South Uist, and end sadly: "The islands are but 'a fisherman's walk, two steps and overboard,' hummocks of rock rising out of desolate, rainy seas, deserts without an oasis, the sport of winds and waves."

Henrietta Bird devoted herself to study more than ever. She worked at Hebrew, Greek, and Latin and lived her own gentle life, shrinking from Edinburgh dinners and parties, but cultivating some quiet friendships and giving a radiant welcome to all Isabella's visitors. Her artistic power had grown with constant practice in the Highlands, and many a lovely scene in sunset light or morning glory was caught and kept by her skilled hand. There was an inspiration in Henrietta as true and almost as powerful as in Isabella, but it expressed itself in beautiful thoughts and reveries; in loving deeds that her own left hand was not permitted to know; in extraordinary acquaintance with the Scriptures, for whose sake she studied both Hebrew and Greek; in poetry and in painting, both arts delicately used to utter the expression of her own soul, pure, gentle, tender, and self-suppressing.

Professor and Mrs. Blackie had realised by the autumn of 1866 their dream of a Highland home, and Altnacraig stood complete on a little plateau above the Sound of Kerrera, a place to be remembered

by all who were honoured with the freedom of its gracious hospitality. One of its earliest invited guests was Miss Bird, but she could not go that sad autumn, and it was wiser for her to refrain from scenes which acutely reminded her of the beloved dead.

Both sisters went to Oban in the summer of 1867 and visited many old haunts, but Isabella still shrank from Altnacraig, for the Professor's house was full of guests, and she preferred quiet weeks with Miss Clayton, who let her occupy herself exactly as she wished to do. She wrote towards the close of summer:

I should not like to be the skeleton at the feast. Instead I hope to go with you to Ardrishaig on Monday, when I may have a chance of a quiet talk with you. Hennie and I have been spending a very interesting day at Lismore. No place in the Highlands has equally happy associations to me.

But next year she made out the visit to Altnacraig, and a letter written on July 20 suggests how it had charmed her:

Altnacraig is constantly before me in its perfect beauty; it spoils one for everything else. I only feel that if I lived there as long as you do I should be in danger of practising Edgar Poe's heartless maxim—"Forget the painful, suppress the disagreeable, banish the ugly." My visit was delicious at the time and is delicious in memory, as a brief, bright episode of peace. Vainly I waved from the deck of the *Chevalier*! The blue smoke, as from a newly lighted fire, curled lazily up from your kitchen chimney, your blinds were all drawn, and I mentally ejaculated, "Go to the ant, you sluggards!" It looked so lovely, I wished I had just begun my visit.

During the winter and spring of 1868 Miss Bird was occupied with the appalling conditions of the Old Town of Edinburgh. The subject came to



her notice through the work done by Dr. Guthrie's Ragged Schools, upon which she had written an article for *The Leisure Hour* in 1861, and her interest was quickened by acquaintance with the Pleasance Mission and the efforts being made in the Cowgate, Cannongate, and Vennel.

Now that her emigration work was over, she turned her special attention to the perplexing problem of helping the unhappy denizens of these slums. She visited the tenements where they congregated in squalor and filth, making little effort at cleanliness, since it was hopeless to keep clean what in weariness they scrubbed; for added to the foulness of their rooms was a most inadequate water service, and they could count on its supply for only three hours in each day. Whisky was unlimited, and its taps flowed at every corner. It cost money, indeed, but then it gave respite in drunken dreams from the hideousness of waking life; it meant ruin of body and soul, torture of children, hatred of one another, brawling and murder, but it also meant excitement, that dreadful drama, ever in action on street and staircase, which is so often an absorbing tragedy. And all because for generations the poor had been penned into what was deemed their proper place, and they had matriculated there in vice and misery, making perpetual riot, because they had never known what cleanliness and peace of soul and body meant. Early in 1869 Miss Bird wrote her *Notes on Old Edinburgh*, and spared no detail of the civic shame.

She put her name as the writer of *The English-woman in America* upon its title-page, and attributed to that its great success; but, indeed, men's minds, hearts, and eyes were opening to look upon the distressful existence of the masses, and to haste to

their rescue, and since that time the cause of the poor has been the war-cry of an army of God's servants. But then philanthropy was only rubbing its eyes awake from slumber. It seemed to be exclusively the rôle of great men and women—John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, Wilberforce, Thomas Guthrie—and their helpers; it had not then become a principle in each individual life, as it is growing to be. Miss Bird's brain was busy with the problem, and schemes for a measure of cleanliness occurred to her as possible in the meantime, until town councillors and landlords should be coerced into action. So she spent five weeks of the winter in London to inform herself thoroughly in the details of a practicable project, and visited several wash-houses established in the East End for the convenience of its overcrowded population.

Admiral and Mrs. Otter lent her and her sister the manor-house at Oban for a month of the early summer of 1869, induced by Dr. Moir's verdict that Miss Bird must go to the sea, sleep on the ground floor, and be out in a boat most of the day. This hospitable offer was accepted from the middle of May, and was extended to nearly the end of June, as the Otters remained absent from home till then. On June 2 she was so much better that Henrietta left her to pay some visits in England, and had hardly gone when her sister was seized with inflammation of the throat, and was "as ill as could be with choking, aching, leeches, poultices, doctors twice a day, etc."

Fortunately Miss Clayton was able to hasten northwards to nurse her, but much of June was wasted in illness and spent in her bedroom, which happily had a lovely view and received the westering

sunshine. Before June ended she was able to be out again, and row gently about the coast and across to Kerrera.

Before the publication of her *Notes on Old Edinburgh*, by Messrs. Edmonstone & Douglas, much of her time was spent with Miss Clayton and the Miss Kers, who lived at 28 Rutland Square. Miss Clayton had helped to nurse Mrs. Bird in 1866, and was dear to Isabella as a sister. Although the flat at 3 Castle Terrace was retained till the spring of 1872, her great spinal weakness made the stair an obstacle at times of greater suffering than usual, and it was Miss Clayton's pleasure to have her as a guest, and to nurse her. She was a woman of exceptionally bright intelligence, always entering fully into Miss Bird's interests, and they enjoyed each other's society. When she stayed at 28 Rutland Square, Miss Clayton went to her room immediately after breakfast, and they had an hour of talk before the busy day began. Isabella's energy was a constant source of anxiety to Miss Clayton, who used vainly to remonstrate with her when she attempted expeditions for which she seemed bodily unfit, and from which she always returned in a state of collapse; and at these vain entreaties Isabella would compare her to a mother-hen distracted with the doings of her duckling brood, and would call her "Hen" in affectionate raillery.



## CHAPTER IV

### IN JOURNEYINGS OFT

OF the early summer of 1870 we have but scanty record. Henrietta Bird spent July in lodgings at Tobermory, but in that month Isabella was at home, frail and in pain. Dr. Moir suggested a steel net to support her head at the back when she required to sit up, her suffering being caused by the weight of her head on a diseased spine. During the last week of July she was sufficiently relieved by this contrivance to take great pleasure in an unexpected visit from her cousins Professor Lawson<sup>1</sup> and his elder brother, whom she had not seen for fifteen years.

I enjoyed their coming [she wrote to Mrs. Blackie], they were so lively and so affectionate and enthusiastic about Edinburgh and Scotland. It was so funny, suddenly to find myself playing hostess to two charming young men. Hennie has only come home to renew her clothes and go back to Tobermory. I spent one evening with Lady Emma Campbell, and on Friday she brought Sir John McNeill to afternoon tea with me. She says that "with her infinite happiness an infinite terror is linked!" She is indescribably happy and so fascinating—all tenderness, womanliness, and brightness. Read *Studios Women*, by Bishop Dupanloup. I like it better than any of the contributions to the literature of the women question. Oh, how I hate this war—all wars! Do not you long for a King

<sup>1</sup> Professor of Botany and Rural Economy at Oxford.



to come whose title to universal dominion shall be *Righteousness*, and in whose beneficent reign men shall learn war no more?

During her long days of prostration she read incessantly. She had the freedom of Professor Blackie's library, and ends this letter with: "Lend me the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and Matthew Arnold's *Poems*, the volume which contains 'Empedocles on Etna.'" Later she went first to London, and then north, as we learn from Lady Middleton, who writes:

I first knew Isabella Bird in 1870. Travelling up to Applecross in the same boat as her sister Henrietta, we fraternised, and she told me Miss Bird was coming up to visit a "ladies' school" on the Applecross estate. I told my mother-in-law, who invited her to make Applecross House her hotel for the two or three days she required to be on the place. From that time began a friendship that lasted—notwithstanding gaps sometimes of years in contact of communication—till her death.

Mrs. Bishop's first letter to Lady Middleton—then the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby—supplements this earliest of many recollections and gives a detailed account of her project for helping the Edinburgh poor. It is also interesting for its allusion to Miss Gordon Cumming, whom she met for the first time at Applecross, and with whom she maintained a warm and admiring friendship in after years.

The letter is dated September 29, 1870, from Balmacarra House, Ross-shire:

I received your very welcome note on my arrival here from Loch Hourn, but a wretched cold which continues to stultify my intellect has prevented me from answering it. I wished to say, in answer to your generous thought, that since my "wicked book" [*Notes on Old Edinburgh*] was written, several taps or spigots have been placed in closes, which formerly

depended on that one well; also that in the present state of things, with six reservoirs out of seven absolutely dry, and rich as well as poor dependent on a supply during only three hours of the day, the new water-trust is unable to sanction even the erection of a drinking-fountain, much less such a well as you so kindly propose. So the poor must continue to suffer and to slake their thirst with the whisky which stimulated it, till true notions of love and justice control the wretched landlords, who are making wealth out of the dismal dens which they call "house property." In the meantime, owing to the "city improvements," which consist in pulling down the old houses and building handsome, high-rented streets on their sites, the overcrowding is worse even than it was when I described it. Several thousand pounds are forthcoming for the purpose of either rendering habitable the substantial stone carcasses of these old houses, or of building new ones, as may seem most feasible—the rents of rooms fit to be human abodes not to exceed the rent demanded for these dark and airless lairs. But renovating and building alike take time. I am anxious to set a-going some means of temporary relief of two kinds. First, to hire rooms in several of the lowest quarters of the town, and fit each room with a portable boiler, a mangle, an ironing-stove, and ironing-boards. This can be done, I learned in London, for £50 a room. These wash-houses should be open to twelve or more women every day on paying for their soap and a trifle for fuel, thus enabling our very poorest to have clean clothes without the difficulty of getting water and without the misery and unwholesomeness of the steam of half-washed clothes in their dark and crowded rooms. If I can get £100 I shall lose no time in trying to start a wash-house in the Grass Market. The other plan (which I saw being successfully worked in the East of London) is to open a wash-house with the necessary appliances for taking in washing for the poor at sixpence a dozen. This furnishes a labour test also, as no women who are not industrious as well as poor will wash *such* clothes at 1s. 3d. per day. . . . I wonder whether your aunt knows ladies of devotion and administrative ability, who would learn to organise and work the last scheme. When I went five weeks ago to investigate

it in London, I was proud of our Church for being able to produce ladies who undertook such odious details. . . . How delightful it is that I have been able to interest *you*! I got to Broadford by the railroad steamer, and fraternised with Mr. Tosh and two ladies at the inn there. The next day was the communion, and I greatly enjoyed the sight; three thousand people were present. On Monday I went to Glenelg, and had a splendid drive of thirteen miles along an awful road to Arnisdale, far up Loch Hourne. I longed for your aunt [Miss Gordon Cumming], for the scenery was grand beyond all description, such richness and depth as well as brilliancy both of local and atmospheric colouring. My sister joined me at Glenelg, and we came on here on the 20th. . . . I cannot tell how happily those two days passed at Applecross, or how grateful I feel to you for making me acquainted with yourself and Lady Middleton and her family. It is indeed a delight, not to be forgotten, the seeing such a happy and beautiful family life. Among the enjoyments of those two days I do not forget my acquaintance with your aunt, which is to be renewed, I hope, in the winter. As I saw you all grouped at the door, I wondered how it was that I felt so much regret at parting with people whose acquaintance I had only made three days previously.

Miss Gordon Cumming had just returned from India, Egypt, and Malta, as she tells us in her recently published *Memories*, and was staying at Applecross. She remembers how—

One morning Lady Middleton announced that she had to take a somewhat distant expedition by boat to fetch a lady who was doing a tour of inspection of schools in the Highlands and Islands, which she was accomplishing in the simplest manner, walking or boating from point to point, and having sometimes to make the best of very rough quarters. In the evening Lady Middleton returned accompanied by a tiny and very quiet little lady, and we all wondered at her pluck in undertaking such arduous journeying all alone. I was at that time writing my very big book, *From the Hebrides to the Himalayas*, being keenly



interested in various points of resemblance between the old customs of both races, and my large portfolio of Indian sketches gave daily amusement to all visitors. Naturally, Miss Bird was interested in these subjects, but she had to hurry away to inspect more schools.

Lady Middleton goes on to say :

When I first knew her, she was a very extraordinary woman. Her quiet, slow, deliberate manner of speech might have been a little tedious in one less gifted ; but when the measured sentences at last came forth, you felt they had been worth waiting for. She had very projecting upper teeth then, and they may have affected her utterance, but she had the pluck to have them replaced.

This tour in the Highlands included the examination of eleven schools altogether, and she was surprised to find how efficiently the children were taught in those remote and often lonely places.

Next winter, Henrietta was busy with Greek, for Professor Blackie had begun his class for ladies, whilst Isabella was obliged to go to London to see a specialist, who sent her home "to stay in bed and keep as quiet as if I had a fever,"—so for a time she saw no one, went nowhere, and rested the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Perhaps her autumn exertions brought on this collapse. The old insomnia returned, and her nervous system was affected. A constant distress assailed her spirits and kept her in mental as well as physical anguish. When sleep returned, and with it relief from this depression, she gave utterance to her experience in a beautiful poem, well known to her most intimate friends, and comforting to many.

#### THE DARKNESS IS PAST

Fevered by long unrest, of conflict weary,  
Sickened by doubt, writhing with inward pain,  
My spirit cries from out the midnight dreary  
For the old long-lost days of peace again.



Gone is my early Heaven, with all its radiant story  
Of fiery throne and glassy sea, and sapphire blaze,  
Its white-robed throng, palm-bearing, crowned with golden glory,  
Its ceaseless service of unhindered praise.

Vanished my early faith, with all its untold treasure  
Of steadfast calm and questionless repose  
Bartered away—lost for a heaped-up measure  
Of strife and doubt and fears and mental woes.

No Light ! no Life ! no Truth ! now from my soul for ever  
The last dim star withdraws its glimmering ray ;  
Lonely and hopeless, never on me, oh never,  
Shall break the dawn of the long-looked-for day.

Rudder and anchor gone, on through the darkness lonely  
I drift o'er shoreless seas to deeper night,  
Drifting, still drifting—oh, for one glimmer only,  
One blessed ray of Truth's unerring light !

Out of the depths I cry—my anguished soul revealing,  
"Light in the darkness shining ! shed Thy life-giving ray :  
Low at Thy cross I fall, I plead for aid and healing,  
O Christ ! reveal Thyself and turn my night to day !"

The prayer is heard, else why this strange returning  
To stranger peace, to calm unknown before ?  
The peace of doubt dispelled, the calm of vanquished yearning,  
A deeper, truer rest than that of yore.

O Saviour-Man ! Priest, but in garments royal !  
Thyself the Truth ! Thyself the inner life !  
While at Thy feet I kneel in homage loyal,  
I hear unmoved the weary din of strife.

The din of impious men, for ever thronging  
The sacred threshold of the unrevealed—  
Smitten with blindness, and the hopeless longing  
To force the door which Thou Thyself hast sealed.

Farewell, my early Heaven ! Brighter the life victorious  
Of which Thou art the joy, the breath, the light ;  
While on Thy throne, the Church, Thy Bride most glorious  
Beside Thee sits, arrayed in mystic white.

Farewell, my early faith ! Better the trust unshaken  
With which in child-like love I grasp Thy pierced hand,  
Child-like to learn of Thee, until I waken  
Blest with Thy likeness in Thine own bright land.

Content to wait, till days of darkened vision  
And lisping speech and childish thought are done,  
And knowledge vanishes in faith's fruition  
As fading stars before the morning sun.

I. L. B.

When spring came she was sufficiently restored to see friends and to write a little. It was early in 1871 that she began a series of papers on eighteenth-century hymn-writers, Wesley, Watts, Cowper, and others.

Miss Cullen was privileged to see her often, when her weakness forbade visits from others, and she and Miss Clayton were much with her during those months of retirement.

The Rev. George Cullen, too, was a welcome friend. He had co-operated with her in all her work for others, the emigration from Skye, the effort to do something to relieve the wretchedness of the poor. He was endeared to both sisters by his regard for their mother, and he had officiated at her funeral in the Dean Cemetery, reading a passage from Scripture which Henrietta pointed out—perhaps that from which was chosen the line upon her tombstone—Phil. i. 20-24. If so, it was Mrs. Bird's own choice, for by her wish the words were engraved, "To be with Christ, which is far better."

His early correspondence with Miss Bird has been mentioned, and his own account of it, written in 1880, explains it:

In 1858, when trying by the formation of the Union Prayer Meeting to carry out a resolution which I had formed in Malvern during the Mutiny in India, I had to collect and send out intelligence of the Revival in America and elsewhere. Among other sources of information I prized greatly the letters that appeared in *The Patriot* newspaper, from a lady. When afterwards I was asked to prepare a summary of this intelligence for very extensive circulation, I drew largely from these letters. On publication of the pamphlet, I wished to send a copy to the writer, but not knowing her address I forwarded it to the editor of the newspaper. It reached the lady, and in a very short time

I heard from her from a rectory in Huntingdonshire, and this led to a correspondence with Miss Bird and with her excellent father.

It seems to have been about autumn-time that Dr. Moir and Dr. Grainger Stewart urged her to take a sea-voyage. She chose a short one, for she felt unwilling to leave her sister and home for more than a few months. They decided to give up the flat at the May term of 1872, as the possibility of further absences and Henrietta's growing attachment to Tobermory made its retention almost an encumbrance.

Miss Bird engaged a berth through Mr. Dunlop in a steamer bound for New York, and chartered to go up the Mediterranean on its return, in order to visit ports in Italy, Algeria, Spain, and Portugal before making for Liverpool. She was furnished with an introduction to Mr. James Robertson by Mr. Thomas Nelson, whose publishing firm Mr. Robertson represented in New York. When the steamer arrived he called on her, and finding her living on board, he invited her to stay at his house during the few weeks of detention. But she was too ill to make much use of her visit, and returned from the trip less benefited than her doctors had hoped.

Her sister had become much attached to Tobermory, where she stayed part of every summer with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, at the Baptist Manse. Mr. Macfarlane was, however, now "translated" to Tiree, so she made arrangements with Mrs. Thomson, of Ulva Cottage, whither she transferred her belongings, and there, in an upper room, she stayed as long as the summer permitted. It was not till 1874 that she found quarters in Strongarbh



Cottage, which two years later she rented from the Free Church of Tobermory. After giving up 3 Castle Terrace, and seeing her sister off to Mull, Miss Bird started again for a more prolonged cruise, under orders to shift the scene as much as possible, and to remain within the curative influences of sea and mountain air. Mr. Dunlop made her arrangements, and she left Edinburgh for Australia on July 11, 1872, for an absence prolonged to eighteen months—desolate at parting with Henrietta, and quoting in her diary the rebellious cry: "All his days he eateth in darkness, and he hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness."

Early next morning the steamer left its anchorage, and she had to conquer a strong impulse to quit and go back before it was fairly under way. For weeks she was dejected, dull, and uncomfortable; but when the line was crossed, and the weather grew cool with favouring winds, she began to take an interest in her fellow passengers and to bring her work upon deck. It was an elaborate piece of bead-work, which she found rather inconvenient, but pursued to the finish. Then in September she caught a chill, and was so prostrated that the captain thought she was dying. There were many disagreeables to add to her suffering—loud quarrels, noisy complaints, a dirty stewardess, and, above all, vile conversation only too audible. It was not till Saturday, October 5, that she reached Melbourne, where she was met and hospitably housed by friends to whom she bore an introduction. She stayed nearly two months in Australia, experiencing all its varieties of weather—dust-storms, drought, and rain; and, except for much hospitality, not greatly appreciating its life, scenery, and sights. The bush interested



her most, and she notes its gum, acacia, bottlebrush, and blackwood trees.

On November 28 she left for Invercargill in a small crowded steamer, its decks loaded with a cargo of sheep and horses, and, what was worse, with a lunatic in the berth next to hers. But a week later she changed steamers at Port Chalmers and went on to Dunedin, where Mr. Blair met her and took her to an hotel. New Zealand must have been at its worst that summer at the Antipodes, for she has no good word to say of it, although she liked its people greatly and visited both the Otago and Canterbury settlements thoroughly. Heat and dust prevailed, and she was appalled by the drunkenness everywhere.

She left for the Sandwich Islands on January 1, 1873, and after an adventurous voyage in an unseaworthy vessel, described in her book *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, she reached Honolulu on January 25, and took up her quarters at the Hawaiian Hotel. That, by this time, she was in much better health is evidenced by her enjoyment of the voyage, one which at several stages threatened danger. When she was well she delighted in the sea, and a letter written to Mrs. Blackie about this time contains a rapturous passage on its attractions :

At last [she wrote] I am in love, and the old sea-god has so stolen my heart and penetrated my soul that I seriously feel that hereafter, though I must be elsewhere in body, I shall be with him in spirit ! My two friends on board this ship have several times told me that I have imbibed the very spirit of the sea. It is to me like living in a new world, so free, so fresh, so vital, so careless, so unfettered, so full of interest that one grudges being asleep ; and, instead of carrying cares and worries and thoughts of the morrow to bed with one to keep one awake, one falls asleep at once to wake to another day in which one knows that there can be

nothing to annoy one—no door-bells, no “please mems,” no dirt, no bills, no demands of any kind, no vain attempts to overtake all one knows one should do. Above all, no nervousness, and no conventionalities, no dressing. It sounds a hideously selfish life, but in the inevitably intimate association of people in all circumstances for months of almost entire isolation, human relations spring up and human interests and in some instances warm feelings of regard, which have a tendency to keep selfishness in a degree under.

All the world knows how this delight extended to her land adventures in the Sandwich Islands, whose marvels of scenery, volcanic mountains in action, valleys, forests, rivers and coasts, glorious vegetation, and political social and religious life fascinated her into a residence of seven months.

From the Sandwich Islands she sailed to America, spent some months at a Sanatorium in the Rocky Mountains, achieved her famous ride and then made her way to New York and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Robertson till her steamer sailed for Liverpool.

All her detailed letters were written to Henrietta, who kept them carefully. A small group of her most intimate friends had the privilege of reading them—Miss Clayton, Miss Cullen, Mrs. Blackie, sometimes Mrs. Smith, widow of the author of a book widely read in its day, *The Conflict of Opinions*, and a woman endowed herself with gifts of mind and heart, who could value those of Miss Bird.

She wrote to Mr. Murray from Black Cañon, Colorado, on December 13, 1873, respecting these letters :

The seven months in the Sandwich Islands was a period of the most intense interest and fascination. . . . I wrote journal letters to my sister of a highly descriptive kind, and even with the disadvantage of laborious accuracy. They are enthusiastic enough to

have awakened a great deal of enthusiasm amongst my friends at home, and they are very anxious that I should publish my experiences, on the ground that there is no modern book of travels in Hawaii-nei worth anything, and that my acquaintance with the islands is thorough enough to justify me in giving it to the world.

Dr. Blaikie had tried to secure the letters for *Good Words*, but Miss Bird felt them to be worthy of a less fragmentary mode of publication.

On her final return to Edinburgh the sisters took lodgings at 17 Melville Street, and there Mr. Murray's answer reached her. He requested further details of her wishes as to the scheme of a book on the Sandwich Islands, and she replied at once giving her reasons for retaining the epistolary form, adding that she had made some sketches and collected photographs, plans, and maps sufficient for illustration, material enough altogether for an octavo volume. At this time she would have preferred her Rocky Mountains letters to be combined with those from the Sandwich Islands, but deferred to Mr. Murray's opinion that they should be published separately.

Her immediate work therefore was the revision of her letters, the excision of a mass of personal details, the verification and correction of her statistics, and the copying of the whole into a form fitting for Mr. Murray's perusal and verdict.

During this lengthy process she spent some time in Oban and in Tobermory, delighted with the cottage. Then, called south by her relatives and friends, she left for London about the middle of May. There she paid Mrs. Rundle Charles a visit in Hampstead, heard a debate in the House of Commons, and a fine sermon by Dr. McGee, Bishop of Peterborough, in Westminster Abbey, visited



Kew Gardens for the first time and to her great delight. "They are truly stately," she wrote to Mrs. Blackie, "and the tropical houses satisfied my soul with the beauty and redundancy of the tropical forms."

From London she went to stay with Mrs. Brown at Houghton, and had a week's boating on the Ouse, which proved "even better than I anticipated, the restored old churches are ravishing, and all that Cowperian country was home to me; its soft, dreamy beauty of great trees and green meadows, and a silvery, liliated river, was entirely perfect."

When she wrote this letter she was staying at Knoyle Rectory, near Salisbury, with her cousin Mrs. Milford, the Bishop of Winchester's daughter, and was resting with deep appreciation of the absolute peace of a sweet English home. It enabled her to complete about two-thirds of her manuscript, which she forwarded to Mr. Murray on June 17, 1874. He accepted it for publication, pending her completion of the work and the arrival of maps and illustrations, which at the time were rounding Cape Horn.

In July she returned to London and stayed with her aunt, Mrs. Harrington Evans. It was on this occasion that her teeth broken in the Rockies were replaced, an alteration for the better in many ways, although she declared that the absence of her natural front teeth detracted from the cheerfulness of her expression!

Plans for three weeks by the Ouse and for a pleasant family gathering at Seaton Carew were upset by Miss Clayton's wishing Miss Bird to join her and other friends in Switzerland. So Henrietta, who had joined her in London, returned to Tobermory, and Isabella started on July 29 for Hospenthal.



On the evening before her journey she received from America news which made her indescribably sad. Her guide in the Rocky Mountains, known as "Mountain Jim," was a Mr. Nugent, a man of good birth and university education, who had unhappily yielded to ruinous habits and had drifted down to the precarious freedom of a trapper's life by 1873, when she met him. His intercourse with her during the weeks of her enterprise brought out all that was good and gracious in the man, and his care, forethought, and experience smoothed away difficulties which might otherwise have deterred even her extraordinary courage. Her influence over him was wonderful. He surrendered every evil habit, drinking, swearing, quarrelling, murderous fighting, and became what he was meant to be—a considerate gentleman, sympathetic and helpful in all her interests. When she had to bid him farewell at Namaqua, Mr. Nugent broke down completely. "I shall see you again," he reiterated. "I must see you again." She spoke very gently to him about the one influence which redeems from sin and fortifies the repentant sinner, and repeated to him a text to keep ever in his remembrance, as a reminder to the unhappy man, whom her gentleness had restored to a measure of self-respect. Then they promised each other that after death, if it were permitted, the one taken would appear to the other. This parting gave her great pain, but she felt that Mr. Nugent had undertaken to live a new life and that she could help him by prayer and by her letters. Nearly a year had passed. Mr. Nugent's letters gave evidence of continued steadiness. Then suddenly, on July 25, came the distressing news that he was dead. Insulted by a man named Evans, he was overcome by rage, and the Welshman shot him

under the impression that "Mountain Jim" was about to murder him. He deeply regretted his tragic mistake and carried him into his own house, where, contrary to the first report that he had been killed outright, he lingered for ten days. Miss Bird went to Switzerland full of the distressing conviction that Jim had died unrepentant, and occupied with the remembrance of their mutual promise.

From Hospenthal an almost immediate move was made to Interlaken, and there one morning as she lay in bed, half unnerved by the shock of his death and half expectant, she saw "Mountain Jim," in his trapper's dress just as she had seen him last, standing in the middle of her room. He bowed low to her and vanished. Then one of her friends came into the room and she told her what had just occurred. When exact news of his death arrived, its date coincided with that of the vision.

Torrents of rain made her stay at Interlaken very dreary, and she was not sorry to return to London by the middle of September, and thence to go to her sister at Tobermory till November, when they took up winter quarters at 7 Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh. Mr. Murray decided to postpone the publication of *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands* till February, 1875, as several new books were to appear in November.

I thoroughly appreciate [she wrote] the reasons you give for delaying the publication of my book, and have pleasure in deferring to your experienced wisdom. I have seen small craft swamped in the swell of larger steamers before now.

When it came out it met with the most cordial reception; men of science, as well as the reading public, thanked her for the valuable addition made

by her to the sum of knowledge ; and appreciative reviews appeared in all the leading journals.

Indeed, her extraordinary power of observation had grasped so much of the natural history of the Hawaiian Archipelago, and particularly such an infinite number of details concerning its active volcanoes, that the islands were for the first time made intelligible. It is not surprising, therefore, that *Nature* reviewed the book with warmth not unmingled with astonishment, and that members of the scientific societies wrote to her with admiring congratulations. But apart from its valuable contributions to the physical geography, the mineral products, the botanical redundancy of Hawaii-nei, *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands* has a charm of narrative very rare in books of travel, a charm doubtless due to the freshness of impressions committed to language before they had time to fade into an outline.

Perhaps the result is less artistic, as a whole, than a well-considered plan of record might have been. Details are scarcely less prominent than the main facts, and the reader becomes wearied at times of reiterated lists of forest trees and mountain scrub. But the facts are in themselves so important, and so graphically presented, that they take firm hold of the memory, whilst the repetitions lose themselves in a general haze of atmosphere, cliffs, forest, and ferns.

It would have been undesirable even for a traveller of a prosaic mind—who had seen all that Miss Bird had seen—to attempt to relate his experiences in cold-blooded literary form, with due regard for perspective, and balance of values ; but, for a person of her temperament and personality, such a course was impossible. Not only are the records of her impressions of lighter things bright and sparkling, but even the



dry bones of her narrative are clothed in so attractive and picturesque a veil as to become interesting and engrossing.

The literary charm of every paragraph and sentence is obvious, and one reads the book to-day with the same eagerness with which one devoured it in 1875. The vividness of her style is shown in the following passage on p. 222, a description of the Iao valley in Mani:

The trail leads down a gorge dark with forest trees, and opens out into an amphitheatre, walled in by precipices from three to six thousand feet high, misty with a thousand waterfalls, planted with *kukuis*, and feathery with ferns. A green-clad needle of stone, one thousand feet in height, the last refuge of an army routed when the Wailuku ran red with blood, keeps guard over the valley. Other needles there are; and mimic ruins of bastions, ramparts, and towers came and passed mysteriously; and the shining fronts of turrets gleamed through trailing mists, changing into drifting visions of things that came and went in sunshine and shadow—mountains raising battered peaks into a cloudless sky, green crags moist with ferns, and mists of water that could not fall, but frittered themselves away on slopes of maidenhair, and depths of forest and ferns in which bright streams warble through the summer years. Clouds boiling up from below drifted at times across the mountain fronts, or lay like snow-masses in the unsunned chasms; and over the grey crags and piled-up pinnacles and glorified green of the marvellous vision lay a veil of thin blue haze, steeping the whole in a serenity which seemed hardly to belong to earth.

Miss Bird had to pay the penalty of all popular authors. Letters from the dreary fellowship of bores assailed her. Of one she wrote:

He has laid before me, with the prolixity of a valedudinarian, a whole host of symptoms fitted for the consideration of a physician, given me a personal



narrative of twelve years, and asks eventually if the climate of Honolulu would suit his case, and if I can supply him with a tabular view of the amount of damp in the atmosphere for any given six months.

In the same letter she mentions that an order for fifty copies had arrived from Honolulu, and that one of the Professors at Punshan was giving three readings daily from her book.

She was in wonderful health and spirits that spring; busied with histology lessons at the Botanical Gardens, which occupied six hours weekly, for a month; entertaining Canadian and American friends; correcting the proofs of Miss Gordon Cumming's book; attending the Assemblies in May, and giving three large "Kettledrums" during the week of their session. She was full of new plans, too, for the help of others, and wrote letters to all the Town Councillors regarding a "Cabmen's Rest and Refreshment Room," which Mrs. Willoughby and she desired to erect. The tenement scheme and the wash-houses had fallen through—the former for want of official support, the latter for lack of a lady qualified to manage them and willing to give up her time. As she wrote to Mrs. Willoughby:

The difficulty lies simply in the fact that no lady has come forward to take up and work the scheme. Every one approves it and thinks it would supply a great need; and were any one found to work it, money would be at once forthcoming, but this initial difficulty remains in full force. It would take the whole time and energy of one lady, and apparently "dirty clothes" do not inspire enthusiasm.

There were many difficulties, too, in the way of the Cabmen's Rest, and a labyrinth of committees to traverse before a site could be granted.

On June 7 Miss Bird and her sister left Edinburgh for Beaulieu, from which place they drove seventeen miles to Strathglass in a public conveyance crammed with fourteen country-people not altogether sober. They settled at Glen Affric Hotel for a month, a lonely spot in the midst of a Roman Catholic and Gaelic-speaking population. The fatiguing journey brought on pain and sleeplessness, and a whole week passed without an effort to walk or drive. But she had her microscope and its many adjuncts with her, and the friendly landlady gave her a small, empty room, which she arranged as a study, and there she rested and worked, much absorbed with microscopic research.

She was revising her notes on the Highlands as well, correcting the place-names with the aid of local gamekeepers, and sent Mr. Murray the results on July 7, to assist him in a new edition of his "Handbook."

A letter from him cordially congratulated her on the success of her book; the large edition was nearly exhausted, and favourable reviews were still arriving. They went to Oban and Tobermory about July 8, and a few weeks later Miss Bird left her sister to pay visits in the south, her first stage being Knoyle Rectory, near Salisbury, from which address she wrote to Mrs. Willoughby, giving her some account of the Town Council's delays:

I wrote to the Edinburgh Town Clerk proposing to meet the City Committee on Saturday, September 4, on my way through Edinburgh, and he replied that he feared it was impossible to collect a quorum at this season, and that it would be best to postpone the conference till November. In one respect I was not sorry, because, as the money is of your raising, I should not have liked to hand over the "Rest"

without your sanction; but in another I am much vexed, because the "Rest" ought to have been ready *by* November, and, even if everything goes as it ought, these vexatious delays will postpone its erection till January. In the meantime I shall see some of the Bristol and London Rests.

Mrs. Willoughby was at Franzensbad at the time, and when she returned to Yorkshire was in frequent correspondence with Miss Bird about the "Rest" and about the proofs of Miss Gordon Cumming's book, which Isabella was still correcting and revising, as their author was in the Fijian Isles during the processes of publication. She carried the proofs with her to London and Tunbridge Wells, and back again to London, till the beginning of November, when they were transferred to Major Grant Stephen for the latest Indian orthography.

Her independent headquarters in town were at 16 Oakley Square, near her North London relatives and friends; from which point she made excursions on foot and by train eastwards and westwards, chiefly to scientific haunts amongst microscopes, which "filled her brain," spending hours daily in this pursuit. Twelve visits in all were accomplished before she returned to Edinburgh in November, and it is not surprising that she was at once invalided and condemned to bed and seclusion till New Year's Day. Reviews of her book were continuous till the end of 1875, and her rank amongst the foremost writers of travel and adventure was conclusively established. It was to the point, too, considering the cheap incredulity of some of her more ignorant reviewers, that a number of letters came from Honolulu and other parts of Hawaii-nei, testifying most emphatically to the accuracy of her book, and



endorsing both her facts and her inductions. Her gratification is expressed in a letter to Mr. Murray:

I assure you I am beginning to think it rather a nice book! Seriously, there has been nothing but what is pleasant connected with it; and as it has been so very pleasant to me, I am glad that you are in a measure satisfied with its sale.

Her suffering from pleurodynia lasted most of January, 1876, but she was able to write and study soon after New Year's Day.

The "Cabmen's Shelter," as it was finally called, was in process of building in Princes Street, near Sir Walter Scott's monument, and it was opened on the 31st, welcomed cordially by the Edinburgh press, and enthusiastically by the cabmen. But Miss Bird had to battle once more for her scheme, as the incredible Town Council wished to hand over the building to the men themselves, without an attendant to clean, cook meals, and keep it in order. She was forced to insist upon their keeping to the contract, which she had drawn up and to which they had agreed. In this conflict of wills hers triumphed, and she could write to Mrs. Willoughby on March 5th:

The Shelter and Coffee-room has now been opened for a month, and the cabmen seem as much at home in its use as if they had had it for ten years. About thirty-five take their meals there, and it does look so cheerful. *So far*, it has worked more smoothly than I expected. . . . I wish much that the £17 which remains in the bank after paying for everything should go towards another shelter, and I doubt not you will wish the same.

And she added a graphic account of her victory:

I had been asked at the Town Council whether I was empowered to act for you, and replied that I was; but when I got the Town Clerk's letter, I wrote that I declined to act further and should refer to you.



On hearing from you, I wrote a *very strong* letter to the Council, enclosing yours, and saying that if the magistrates now turned round against our plan of refreshments we should withdraw the Shelter and place it in Glasgow. The following morning, at the meeting of magistrates, our ultimatum was read, and the wretches were in such hot haste to undo their work that they did not even take time to send a written intimation, but sent down the same city official who had bullied me the week before to say that they had unanimously conceded all we asked. He was oily in his manners and profuse in his explanations, but I drew myself up to my full height of 4 ft. 11½ in. and told him politely that after the difficulties which had occurred it would be essential to have an official intimation in writing of the decision of the magistrates. This came in an hour.

Gog and Magog quailed before scarce five feet of superb will. She was most anxious that all the credit of this Cabmen's Shelter should rest with Mrs. Willoughby, and even wrote to *The Scotsman* to explain for whom she was acting; but Lady Middleton earnestly disclaims any share except that of finding funds. By the middle of March they were both delighted to get a financial report of its five weeks' trial, which proved that it was self-supporting, a fact endorsing the cabmen's appreciation. Miss Bird was a capital woman of business, and all her philanthropic work was based on minute calculations of its likelihood to secure, from those benefited, an honourable and self-respecting contribution towards its maintenance—surely the most vital form of philanthropy, since it breeds no race of torpid, expectant, mendicants. What modern charity lacks is intelligent financing; a lack which, happily, men are beginning to realise.

She cherished a fanciful mood at this time—wishing to give up literature for study, which meant microscopes. It seemed to her almost wrong to continue

a pursuit which delighted her in the doing and brought her praise and profit when done. Fortunately editors and publishers intervened. Early in April she was engaged in revising and correcting *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands* for Mr. Murray, who proposed to publish a cheaper edition, slightly abridged, and with its statistics brought up to date. She had, too, an accumulation of commissions for different magazines, and was anxious to redeem her engagements to their editors, delayed by her illness.

Henrietta came out third in Professor Blackie's examination of his Greek class for ladies, and was worn out by her exertions. In April she went to Tobermory for three weeks, while Isabella stayed on, writing busily. She was in Edinburgh all June, although her toils were relaxed; and various social doings are reported in her letters.

I only once dined at home the whole month of June. I went one Quaker picnic to the top of the Pentlands and another to Winton, descending at 11 at night, and also went up the highest Pentland on horseback! I was for four days at Dreghorn and three with the Miss Mackenzies at Eastland Hill, near Inverkeithing. I saw dear Mrs. Nichol several times. I had some very pleasant microscopy with Dr. McKendrick, and also with Dr. Bishop, whose noble character compels one's increasing and respectful admiration.

It was not till July 11 that she went south, beginning a round of visits at Settrington House, near York, where she stayed a week with Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby. Here she was very happy. Her hostess loved her and used to call her "dear little soul." "She was fond of the name," writes Lady Middleton, "but it was not apt, for it was her body that was little and her soul big!"

While at Settrington, Miss Bird wrote to Mrs. Blackie :

You have seen my hostess, and when I tell you that her soul is as noble and rich as her appearance and manner are bewitching, you can imagine how very pleasant it is. Her husband is a true, honourable English gentleman. There are no other guests but Lord Middleton and a gallant fox-hunting old parson like one of Richardson's. Isaac Taylor is the rector.

A few short visits were paid, and then she went north to redeem a promise to her sister, that they should spend a month in Iona together. Tobermory was too relaxing for her, although admirably suited to Henrietta, and this was a compromise. They were settled in the little St. Columba Inn by the middle of August and stayed till the end of September, very quiet and very happy in each other's companionship. Isabella reverted to her arrears of articles, one of which was a paper on "The Two Atlantics" for *The Leisure Hour*. They had the drawing-room almost to themselves, as few of the visitors were ladies, and the artists and literary men such as Mr. Lorimer and Principal Tulloch, were there to explore the island, making use of the inn for meals and sleep. But the hostess of the St. Columba, one of three sisters whose father was captain of a small trading-vessel, was always ready to accompany Miss Bird upon her daily faring-forth, whether in storm or sunshine. They climbed Dun-Ée together, skirted the coast, lingered on the historic knolls and recited against each other, and against the wind, pages upon pages of Shakespeare, Milton, and Browning!

Two ladies arrived in early September, set down by the steamer to be picked up again a few days



later. They had heard much of Miss Bird, but did not venture to disturb her seclusion until the morning of the day on which they were to leave. Then they called on her, fortified by their acquaintance with her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Stewart, and had "a few hours of delightful intercourse with the sisters, and we repented our modesty, for Miss Bird would have been a perfect guide over the island, which she loved." Thus began her acquaintance with Miss Pipe, a woman whom to know was a liberal education, not only intellectually, but on account of the exquisite art of living to the glory of God in all things, in beauty of life, in temperance, truth, loyalty and peace of mind and manners. Miss Bird understood her at once, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship. With her, friendship included its endurance to the end. Acquaintances, made in the contact of daily circumstance, were not accounted friends, although some of these attained to the higher rank, and having attained were entitled to all its privileges. Loyalty was innate in her, and no misgiving ever checked its flow, not even the deterioration of a friend; for in several instances, when the character of a friend became deteriorated by evil, Isabella's affection showed itself in self-sacrifice for her good.

It is probable that she spent a few days at Altnacraig this summer, taking the steamer to and fro from Iona.

Their winter quarters in Edinburgh were again at 7 Atholl Crescent. Apparently Miss Bird began the season's work by developing her scanty notes of the two months spent in Australia in 1872, for an article appeared later in *The Leisure Hour* entitled "Australia Felix."



But there is little record of the weeks which closed 1876. The next year found her taking an energetic interest in the proposed Bazaar for the erection of a "National Livingstone Memorial," in the form of a non-sectarian college for the training of medical missionaries and of lady nurses for Africa and India. Her friends Miss Cullen and Dr. Bishop engaged her help and enthusiasm in this undertaking, and she secured the names of many influential men and women as patrons and patronesses of the Bazaar, amongst them being Lord and Lady Teignmouth, Mrs. Willoughby, Sir John and Lady Emma McNeill, Sir William and Lady Muir, Sir Noël and Lady Paton, Bishop Perry, and Mrs. Horace Waller, the wife of Livingstone's friend. She took no interest in bazaars as a rule, but the object of this was so entirely in accordance with her own mind, on what was essential to the equipment of missionaries, that she became a member of its committee, and threw herself heart and soul into the preparations. For this memorial was to be no barren monument, but a living and life-giving source of help to the helpless.

Livingstone had been commemorated by Mrs. D. O. Hill's vigorous and lifelike statue in bronze, which stands in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh's Valhalla; but this College was to keep fresh and full that twofold outpouring of healing for soul and body, of which Livingstone was the pioneer in troubled Africa. This combination of physical with spiritual healing he had warmly advocated as the very method of Christ Himself.

The Directors of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society had already collected £6,000, and the building was begun in the Cowgate, but it was estimated that £4,000 were still required to complete it. An

influential Edinburgh Committee was formed, consisting of eighteen ladies, who organised branches in all parts of Scotland, and in London, Manchester, and Liverpool, for the collecting and forwarding of work, while Dr. Lowe and the other directors undertook to receive donations in money.

The veteran African missionary, Dr. Robert Moffat, wrote :

I have no language to express my admiration of your undertaking. To what purpose do all the sculptured heroes of bygone ages serve, except to remind us that such once lived, and some of them to some purpose, but beyond that they are silent as the grave. The "Livingstone Medical Missionary Memorial" will be a *living one*, diffusing influence and scattering blessings, not to Africa only, but to every quarter of the globe, where suffering humanity is crying for the sympathy of human aid.

The powerful patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Louise was secured, as well as that of forty-three Scottish notables, beginning with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

At committee work and bazaar correspondence Miss Bird laboured indefatigably all spring. Miss Cullen was one of the secretaries and they were in constant touch. Dr. Bishop, who was now a devoted friend of both sisters, was giving every spare moment to aid their preparations and plans. Henrietta was suffering from a severe chill, and as Dr. Moir had retired from practice, Dr. Bishop was her medical attendant, and his visits to 7 Atholl Crescent were frequent on both counts. Besides, he was an ardent microscopist, and Miss Bird and he were busy with the marvels of Atlantic oaze.

Her literary work was set aside for this absorbing study. Apparently even then it was Dr. Bishop's

earnest wish that she should marry him, but, in spite of deep admiration for his character, she was unable to grant his petition. In truth, she was so deeply attached to her sister, whom she called "all my world" and "my pet, to be with whom is my joy," that she shrank from admitting and returning another affection. In summer Henrietta went to Tobermory and Miss Bird to Braemar, where she spent some weeks, followed up by a short sequence of visits, before returning to Edinburgh for a few days. During these days of late August, Dr. Bishop renewed his suit, but she persuaded him to let their friendship abide undisturbed by considerations which she was unwilling to face, and "he behaved beautifully, so that our intercourse will be quite free from embarrassment."

She was at The Cottage in Mull early in September.

I am enjoying it very much [she wrote to Mrs. Blackie], though it is disagreeing with me as usual. Hennie is so happy and delightful in her own house. I cannot say how much I admire her. Her house is so warm and comfortable, and she manages so nicely. Dr. Bishop is here "healing the sick."

Henrietta urged Professor and Mrs. Blackie to pay them a visit, which took place successfully towards the end of September and so charmed the Professor that it inspired him to write his beautiful "Lay of the Little Lady," in which he portrayed his hostess with delicate, admiring touches.

Where a widow weeps,  
She with her is weeping ;  
Where a sorrow sleeps,  
She doth watch it sleeping ;  
Where the sky is bright,  
With one sole taint of sadness,  
Let her come in sight  
And all is turned to gladness.



In October Miss Bird went to Altnacraig, after its summer visitors had taken leave, for she preferred to be with her friends when they were freed from hospitable cares, and she could have true converse with them. Both she and Mrs. Blackie were moved and even agitated by the flowing tide of materialism, infidelity, and its effect on the moral character of those whom it submerged. They conversed with that apprehensive sense of insecurity which beset even the faithful few in those days, half-stupefied, as if their creed must be false because there were a few verbal mistakes in much-translated and copied versions of God's Word, and half-abashed as if the loud-voiced materialists knew all things because they had discovered another of God's laws and a few new groups of facts all really redounding to His praise. But the wavering did not last long in Miss Bird's mind, and she soon recovered the assurance of faith in which she had lived from her earliest days.

Winter and the great Bazaar recalled her to 7 Atholl Crescent. Another occupation claimed her evenings and mornings. The editor of *The Leisure Hour* asked her for a series of papers on her travels in the Rocky Mountains, so she was engaged in the now familiar task of revising her letters this time of the autumn of 1873.

Again Dr. Grainger Stewart advised travel, and her thoughts went far afield—to the Andes and to Japan. She asked Mr. Darwin for advice as to the highlands of the Andes, where she hoped to ride, using the Mexican saddle, which had been indispensable to her comfort in the Rockies. But he was not encouraging, and the untravelled parts of Japan began to win on her consideration. Miss Gordon Cumming was there at this time.



The Bazaar was fixed for December 13, 14, and 15, and she engaged to assist Lady Paton in taking charge of a table for pictures, for which Sir Noël had already painted one. On December 18 she wrote to Mrs. Willoughby :

The Bazaar was a most splendid success, and the very pleasantest thing of the kind I was ever at. Hennie edited a *Bazaar Gazette*, which was printed and sold in the Hall at three o'clock daily, and took immensely. I wrote a *Bazaar Guide*, of which two thousand copies were sold. Lady Paton and I took £630—not bad, as raffling was prohibited. Our most expensive things sold best. I hope to answer your very delightful letter shortly. In the meantime, I will only say that it did me good.

But alas for her bereaved friends! her next letter, only three days later, was to sympathise with them on the death of Lord Middleton, Mr. Willoughby's father :

Truly death is a terrible thing. Fearlessly as we commit the spirits of those we love into the keeping not only of a merciful Creator, but of a loving Father, mystery hangs around their future, and faith has to ignore speculation as to their condition and look hopefully forward to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ and our gathering together unto Him—when we shall be satisfied not only in ourselves, but in *each other*, and lose at once and “for ever” that bitter ache of loneliness, which is sometimes almost maddening.

## CHAPTER V

### THE WIDE EAST

JAPAN was in Miss Bird's mind all winter, and by February, 1878, she was preparing for her voyage and exploration. From the first she planned to make a tour in the interior rather than to prolong her residence in the capital and other cities. She wished to come in contact with as much of ancient Japan as possible. The old order was changing, the Shogunate had disappeared, the very name of the capital—Yedo—was altered to Tokio, although the old customs died hard, and there was still an old-world, in spite of its continuous transformation under the breath of the Western spirit. It was indeed the very hour of its transition, and Miss Bird was to witness the process of a metamorphosis unequalled in thoroughness since Roman days and swifter far than any national change chronicled by historians.

Lady Middleton, who secured for Miss Bird a valuable introduction to Sir Harry and Lady Parkes from the Duke of Argyll, had asked her to choose and purchase curios, embroideries and bronzes. She was equipped altogether with forty letters to influential residents. The parting with her sister was unspeakably sad. Henrietta was not well, and Dr. Bishop was again in attendance.

He has treated her admirably [Miss Bird wrote to Mrs. Blackie], and I am so glad that, if need arise,

she is now able to have a doctor who has learned something of her very sensitive constitution. It is terrible to me to part from her. I hope I shall get such health as that I may never be long separated from her again. These are very solemn and pathetic hours; "the last time" is written on everything.

This foreboding was half prophetic and originated no doubt in the shock she received from the illness and death of her father, immediately after her second return from America.

My friends [she continued] are dearer to me, and people I care little about become more interesting, and even the dull grey streets smile in the sunshine.

Dr. Macgregor prayed aloud for her safety in St. Cuthbert's Church on her last Sunday at home. Then she and Henrietta gave three large afternoon parties, to save her from a trying round of farewell calls, and when all was arranged and ended she left for Japan. It was April when she started, and already for some months her letters from the Rocky Mountains had been appearing in *The Leisure Hour*, where they attracted so much interest, that a demand for their separate publication made itself heard, even before her departure. But she deferred its consideration until her return.

She had a particularly good passage to New York, and found on board a pleasant companion in her friend Mr. Robertson. At Chicago she spent a day with Sandwich Island friends, and then travelled to Salt Lake City, where some of her introductions enabled her to see a little of Mormon domestic life, before she resumed her long and weary railroad journey to San Francisco. Thence she sailed to Shanghai, which she reached in May, going on to Yokohama in the s.s. *City of Tokio*. At Yokohama



she put up at the Oriental Hotel, paid business visits to Mr. Wilkinson, the Consul, and to Mr. Fraser, who changed her British gold into Japanese paper money and rouleaux of copper coins. She left her letters and cards at the Legation, and Sir Harry and Lady Parkes came to see her the next day, in *jinrikishas*, and showed the liveliest interest in her intended enterprise, encouraging her with offers of every possible assistance.

Two days later she took the train to Tokio and stayed at the British Legation, where she met for the first time Mr. (now Sir Ernest) Satow, Secretary to the Legation, the best-informed man in Japan, whose friendship she secured and who put at her disposal all his stores of knowledge of the country and its history. This was indeed an acquisition, for she had learned how needful it is for a traveller to have her record endorsed by authority, since the quidnunc stay-at-home is unwilling to believe what he is unqualified either to prove or disprove. What she needed most for her adventurous journey were a servant and a pony, and they were hard to find.

At last a servant was secured—the “Ito” well known to readers of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*—and about the middle of June, after a visit to Nikkô, she started for the interior without a pony, in one of the three *jinrikishas*, which she had hired with their runners for the first stage of ninety miles, at a charge of eleven shillings each for three days! But her book narrates every step of that deeply interesting journey, and we must note its interludes rather than its stages.

Her tour was prolonged throughout July, August, and part of September. By August 10, she reached Hakodaté, the port of Yezo, the northern island of the Japanese empire. She had come from Aomari in

an old steamer which took fourteen hours to cross the sixty miles of choppy sea, with gusts of rain and spindrift, reminding her of the Highlands. She reached the Church Mission House soaked and coated with mud, her luggage sodden with salt water—an unprepossessing visitor, but warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Dening, and triumphing in her conquest of all obstacles.

How musical the clamour of the Northern Ocean is! [she wrote to Henrietta]—how inspiring the shrieking and howling of the boisterous wind! Even the fierce pelting of the rain is home-like, and the cold in which one shivers is stimulating! You cannot imagine the delight of being in a room with a door that will lock, of being in a bed instead of on a stretcher, of finding twenty-three letters containing good news, and of being able to read them in warmth and quietness under the roof of an English home!

On the 12th she wrote to Mrs. Blackie:

All difficulties suggested as to my getting into the interior turned out myths; the Government has afforded me every facility, and I have just successfully accomplished a tour of seven hundred miles, through the heart of the interior without molestation, although on much of my route no European has ever been seen. After being for two months exclusively among Asiatics, I find the society of English people fatiguing; my soul hankers for solitude and freedom. So in two days I go off into the interior of Yezo, to live among its aborigines, the "hairy Ainos," till the summer heat be over. As regards health, my journey has been a great disappointment. I am much worse than when I left home. But I am accumulating much interest for the future. Japan involves severe brain work; I give myself entirely up to studying it.

Miss Bird's residence amongst the Ainos was fruitful in interesting episodes and discoveries, although its brevity and hardships made her continuous investigations both painful and exhausting.

She was for four days the guest of Benri, the Aino chief. At first her host was absent, but his nephew Shinondi received and made her welcome, and the sordid details of her visit were redeemed by the pathetic interest roused in her mind, by these oppressed but in many ways attractive people. Her self-control, her gentleness, kindness, and that quality of sheathed power which characterised her, made her supreme amongst them. The men, old and young, were eager to serve her, to explain and relate what she wished to know, always humbly protesting their ignorance, since Benri, the absent chief, knew best. The women were busy about her, cooking their best and full of courtesy. Only the chief's mother looked on her with sinister eyes, suspecting evil to the tribe from the stranger's presence. The old men pressed into the hut to do her honour. Indeed Benri's spacious hut seemed to be used as the Aino Club. At night when she climbed into her bunk in the wall, the fire was piled up with logs, and one after another the old men dropped in to gather round it and talk in low soft voices, a score of them at a time.

I never saw such a strangely picturesque sight as that group of magnificent savages with the fitful firelight on their faces, and for adjuncts the flare of the torch, the strong lights, the blackness of the recesses of the room and of the roof, at one end of which the stars looked in, and the row of savage women in the background; Eastern savagery and Western civilisation meet in this hut, savagery giving and civilisation receiving, the yellow-skinned Ito the connecting link between the two and the representative of a civilisation to which our own is "but an infant of days."

One night even *her* fortitude was shaken. She was in her bunk watching the wild scene, when a



quarrel seemed to break out between two of the younger Ainos ; their voices grew loud, their gestures excited and fierce, the arm of one of them was constantly extended towards her, and she shivered in apprehension, never doubting that they planned her murder. But the voices grew hushed, one by one the men passed silently out of the hut, and all was still, save for the women who sewed by the light of a rude lamp till midnight, when they crept into their beds hidden by hanging mats from the large interior. Ito was curled up on the floor, and in the morning she asked him what had happened. "It was nothing," he said: "one of the men was hot and wished to take off his garment, but Shinondi would not let him do it before the stranger woman."

Miss Bird has not recorded this incident, but told it to me one day when we were looking over Tobermory Bay from The Cottage.

About September 20 she was back at the British Legation in Tokio, with Sir Harry and Lady Parkes. Miss Gordon Cumming was there too, and is mentioned in a note to Lady Middleton dated September 30:

I hope to execute some of your commissions, but good things have become immensely dear, owing to the incursions of curio hunters from every part of Europe. Miss Gordon Cumming left for Nikkô with the French minister this morning. She is beautifully dressed, and is strong and well.

Miss Bird's headquarters were now at the British Legation in Tokio for nearly two months. Mr. Satow helped her to verify and correct her notes and statistics, and Sir Harry Parkes promoted her short excursions in every possible way. He secured permission to visit one of the cremation stations, to which the

governor of Tokio, Mr. Kusamoto, sent her in his own carriage, accompanied by a Government interpreter, and supplied her the next day with a translated account of cremation and its introduction into Japan.

The colder, drier weather restored her, and she was fairly well when she left that most lovely and interesting land, where she had spent seven busy months, reaping a golden harvest of knowledge for her own country. She embarked on December 18 on the s.s. *Volga* for Hong Kong, and suffered from the pitching of the wretched vessel in the violent gales which beset it all the way, cold and noise adding to her misery. On the last day the storm, although still fierce, was dry, and she went on deck eager to see the coast of the "mysterious continent." Her welcome to Hong Kong was startling. The city was on fire and was wrapped in columns of smoke, while the beating of drums and the tolling of bells sounding out of the darkness told of agitation and alarm. The hotels were packed with refugees, and she had to be carried in a bamboo chair, through terror-stricken crowds, straight to Bishop Burdon's house, where she was hospitably welcomed, although warned that if the wind continued to blow towards the house they must be ready to leave at a moment's notice. But at 10 p.m. the wind changed and the danger was over. Her first action in Hong Kong was to go down to the burning city with the Bishop, and she describes its wreck in the letter written to Henrietta immediately after her arrival. But these and other remarkable details are given in the chapters upon Hong Kong and Canton in her *Golden Chersonese*, published in 1883, and they may be omitted here. She wrote to Mrs. Blackie that she considered

Canton "the most wonderful and picturesque city on earth."

Mrs. Blackie was very slowly recovering from a fever contracted in Venice, where she had been nursing her niece in the hottest part of the summer, and Miss Bird's letter is full of concern about her long-continued delicacy. Dr. Bishop attended her, as Dr. John Brown was not in Edinburgh, and this elicited some interesting comments :

From what I have seen and heard, I have the highest opinion of his medical intuitions, conscientiousness, and resources, and he never speaks of the illnesses of his patients! I am so glad for himself, too, to know you. He is so pure and good that he will appreciate and love you. His treatment of Hennie was a great comfort to me. I don't think that any doctor before has understood her peculiarities of constitution.

When she left China it was with the intention of visiting Ceylon, inspired by the recollection of Miss Gordon Cumming's beautiful sketches; but at Singapore, Mr. Cecil Smith, Secretary to Sir William Robinson, the Governor, suggested to her that a Chinese steamer was to sail for Malacca on January 19, and that if she cared to explore the Malay States everything would be done to further and facilitate the expedition. In five minutes her mind was made up, the prospect of escape from civilisation into new and fascinating wilds being irresistible, so that we find her on board the little s.s. *Rainbow* on Monday, the 19th, committed to the care of a kindly Welsh engineer, who saw to her comfort during the voyage.

*The Golden Chersonese* vividly reproduces all the stages and transits of this interesting journey, and will be discussed more fully when we reach the



date of its publication. She spent five weeks altogether in the Malay Peninsula, leaving it on February 25, by steamer, for Cairo. There she was attacked by typhoid fever, not fully developed until she was in the desert, where she had to suffer all the agonies of thirst and the accesses of fever-heat and shivering untended. But she made good use of its intervals and carried out a long-cherished plan of encamping on the solemn slope of Mount Sinai, spending four days in its solitude, amongst its awe-inspiring associations.

Immediately following the fever, and resulting from it, came depths of deep depression. The eastern tour had proved unprofitable to her health, but its interests were great gain and she was to obey their summons again and again, after a period amounting to nigh a decade of years, during which time she was kept at home.

There can be no doubt whatever about the immense intellectual and spiritual increase garnered from these eastern travels. Her books from this time indicate a loftier aim, and wider outlook, than those already published and that in preparation. They are more masculine in their scope, and evince a more powerful and accurate apprehension of each nationality, as the complete and separate expression of humanity produced by different equipment, circumstances, and development. The exuberance of detail and reiteration, which dimmed somewhat the brilliance of her *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, falls away; the judgment is no longer in fetters; the mind is more richly endowed, less censorious, less stultified with prejudice; the spirit, no longer dwarfed within stereotyped bounds, grows in wisdom and understanding.

The heat and dust of Egypt discouraged a longer stay in the East, and she was on her way home early in May. Mr. Loftus of *The Saturday Review* was her fellow traveller and they became great allies. But she caught cold sitting up one bitter night to nurse an invalid passenger, and, as she was weakened by fever, this brought on an agonising attack of pleurodynia, so that she was a wreck when Miss Clayton met her on landing, and had to be nursed back into a measure of convalescence before she could travel to Mull, where she rejoined her sister at The Cottage on May 27. She was then so weak that she could not walk from the *Clydesdale* to the carriage without help, and three weeks passed before she could walk even as far as the village of Tobermory.

In a letter to Mrs. Blackie, written on June 16, Miss Bird describes her state and occupations :

My body is very weak, and I can only walk about three hundred yards with a stick ; but my head is all right, and I am working five hours a day in this delicious quiet. Hennie has improved wonderfully since I came, and we are very happy together. I feel that "goodness and mercy have followed me," and the joy of my return to Hennie's unselfish love and the precious affection of many dear friends is new every morning. Nothing but kindness has been my lot all round the world, and, except that my health grew worse rather than better, nothing ever went wrong.

Mr. Murray bespoke *Japan* at once, and wished to publish it so soon as a date could be fixed which would avoid clashing with Mr. Reid's volume on the same subject, then in course of preparation. *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* was on the point of publication in book form. Its appearance in *The Leisure Hour* had been most successful, and the editor of *The Spectator* had congratulated his

contemporary on the privilege of publishing such papers, the interest of which, as he expressed it, "intoxicated" him.

This book appeared in October, a second edition was called for in November, and the third appeared in January, 1880. It is easy to understand its charm, in spite of its being seven years old when it received its final form. Its matter is of the kind which "age cannot wither nor custom stale," for the human interest of the book is so strong and fresh that it overpowers the record of dangers overcome and nature surprised in her most inaccessible retreats. The austere, uncouth, dull, and respectable settlers in the Canyon of Colorado, avoiding courtesy as the breath of the evil one; Dr. and Mrs. Hughes; Evans and his sanatorium, and above all "Mountain Jim," or rather Mr. Nugent and Ring, his dog,—form a group of *dramatis personæ* not easily to be forgotten. And, alas! their play ended in a tragedy as grim and fierce as any planned by Aeschylus.

But at Tobermory she was engrossed with *Japan*. Henrietta wrote to Mrs. Macdiarmid about these quiet weeks together:

I had time to get stronger before she came, for which I was very thankful. We spend our days thus: She writes in the sitting-room till dinner at 1.30, and I either sit out in the wood, or in my own room downstairs, which I have fitted up as a half drawing-room. After dinner we go out for a stroll, come in about 3 or 3.30 and have a cup of tea, then I leave her to write till 7, and I go down to do business, or make visits in the village. After tea at 7, we go out for a longer stroll, and usually come in about 9. Nowhere could she have such quiet and freedom from interruption. Keeping the house is a great burden to my mind! Dinners seem always upon it, for it is so difficult to get variety, and now and then



difficult to get *anything*. And I like to have everything perfect, and when it falls short of this perfection I always feel vexed and disheartened. I have two patients at present—the old pilot, who is ill with paralysis, and a young lad, Hector Macdonald, dying in consumption.

In a letter to Lady Middleton, written about this time, Miss Bird gives a tempting catalogue of the curios bought in Japan for her correspondent. There were six paintings on silk, the only duplicates of some executed for the Mikado, an old picture in embroidery from a temple, a piece of cloth of gold of the Shogun dress, and some knife handles. For herself she had chosen some exquisite embroideries, pictures representing the Japanese moral law, of which I particularly remember that illustrating the mythical antetype of all duty to parents. A man in despair because his mother was dying consulted an oracle for help, but received only the depressing answer: "When bamboo shoots pierce through the snow, thy mother will recover." The snow lay thick upon the ground, but he remembered a corner of his garden where they were wont first to appear in spring, and kneeling there he wept hot tears day and night until the snow was melted and the soil penetrated with moisture: then the bamboo, tricked into a dream of spring-time and warm rain, sent out its first young shoots. Then he rose and went into the house, and lo! his mother sat up and welcomed him with a smile. This was embroidered in silver and gold on a crimson satin panel.

She bought, besides, an antique bronze, a daimio's bath, which served to hold palms and plants; an exact copy of a bronze jug in the Japanese Treasury, which was nine centuries old, and other beautiful bronzes of a quality which the curio-hunter of to-day cannot find.

Early in September Miss Bird went to Applecross to pay Lord and Lady Middleton a long visit. Her hosts picked her up at Tobermory on the way to Applecross in their yacht the *Lady Eisa*, and Lady Middleton thus recalls the voyage :

I was a bad sailor ; but as she and I lay on opposite sides of the deck cabin during a quite rough passage, I don't remember to have felt the day long at all, so entertaining was she.

Miss Bird gives an account of her visit and of her hostess to Mrs. Blackie on September 13, enclosing an invitation to the Professor from Lord Middleton.

I have the exclusive use of the boudoir, and can plod here nearly as well as at home. There are twenty-three guests in the house, including Lord and Lady Galway on their honeymoon and two very riotous engaged couples. I like to see the dress—or undress—fearfully and wonderfully made. The jewellery too is beautiful, but the bodies are more adorned than the minds. Do you remember how attractive you thought Lady Middleton, when you met her in Atholl Crescent? She is lovelier and more lovable, and her accession to the title and the surroundings of enormous wealth has left her as it found her.

In this letter too are allusions to Dr. Bishop, who had been attending both Lady Parkes and Miss Parkes on their home-coming. Lady Parkes had written to Miss Bird :

Except Sir Harry, he is the most unselfish man I ever met, and I can never repay his thoughtful kindness to us all. I believe that his society will be of real and lasting benefit to my eldest daughter, stimulating her in the exact direction in which I wish to see her developed.

Dr. Bishop renewed his suit, but Miss Bird felt herself to be scarcely "a marrying woman," and he

forbore to distress her. "He has acted nobly and sweetly to me, never saying one word about his own suffering."

Lord Middleton lent her the steam-yacht for two days' cruise and she spent them at Loch Torridon, where she visited a school for which she had long collected money. After three weeks' stay at Applecross, she returned to Tobermory, and on the way halted at Kyleakin in Skye, sitting under the ruin of the castle till darkness fell, remembering the happy days of youth when parents and sister were with her, at the first landing there in 1852, "Hennie and I enthusiastic and blooming lassies." Now, she thanked God on the very spot for those "who had departed this life in His faith and fear," and prayed to be purified from selfishness and worldliness, as they were.

She was again greatly concerned about the selfishness which she suspected in herself, confounding the care needed by her constant suffering with pampering of the flesh.

Lady Middleton's perfect consideration for all her guests, a delicacy regarding others expressed by look, word, and deed, and the wonderful power which enabled her to place herself sympathetically without effort close to people in all circumstances, had gone home to Miss Bird with self-convicting force, and we find her dwelling on the subject in many letters. "The heart," she concludes, "only grows strong by loving and working, and so only can ever follow the Master, and happily there are always people to be loved and helped."

At The Cottage she worked unremittingly. Mr. Murray desired to publish her book on Japan as soon as it was completed, and proofs were already



coming and going. She and Henrietta left Mull for Oban in October and settled for a last week of quiet there. Isabella was in better health, but "tired." She wrote:

I think perhaps that I shall never again have such a serenely happy four months. I shall always in the future as in the past have to contest constitutional depression by earnest work and by trying to lose myself in the interests of others; and full and interesting as my life is, I sometimes dread a battle of years.

When they left Oban for the south, she spent a few days with Professor and Mrs. Blackie at 24, Hill Street, and then continued her journey to London, where she lived at 16 Oakley Square. Her aunt in Eton Road died while Miss Bird was in Japan, and the shadow of death again encompassed her. Lady Parkes, who had done so much for her, was dying. Sir Harry had been telegraphed for, and returned, alas! only the day before the funeral. She was unwilling to die, because of her six children, but no woman was ever spiritually fitter to pass through the brief, dark corridor to heaven. Isabella suffered as she watched her shrink from entering.

Not all the preaching since Adam  
Can make death other than death.

Meanwhile reviewers were busy with *The Rocky Mountains*, and some of them, notably those of *The Times* and *The Saturday Review*, had shocked her by their hasty assumption that the Hawaiian riding-dress used by her was a male garment. She corrected their ignorant blunder in a short note added to the preface of the second edition, for which there was now an eager call.

Dean Stanley told Mr. Murray that "every-

body asks everybody, 'Have you read *The Rocky Mountains*?' "

Mr. Murray is delighted and I find him delightful. I told him with some fear that I had refused a favourable notice in *The Saturday Review* from Mr. Loftie, and he was quite sympathetic. He asked me to go and finish *Japan* in his country house, but I need solitude for work. The critics have not scented out impropriety in the letters. Travellers are privileged to do the most improper things with perfect propriety. The pity and yearning to save Mountain Jim that I felt have taught me a little of what I think may at an immeasurable distance be the pity and yearning of the Father. People will find my *Japan* flat and dull after *The Rocky Mountains*. Hennie has been very poorly from a chill caught at church—in bed eight days, and I have been anxious about her.

Miss Bird joined her sister in December at No. 19 Coates Crescent, their winter quarters in Edinburgh. By New Year's Day, 1880, a third edition of *The Rocky Mountains* was in the press, and she was finishing *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*.

Henrietta was a little better, and the usual Edinburgh "grind" of dinners and tea-parties had well begun. Both were drawn into the vortex during January, and Henrietta wrote to Mrs. Macdiarmid:

I long very much for a single week of stillness and pure air, but such longings must be stifled for some time to come. It aggravates me to know of the glorious weather there has been lately in my Hebride, and to know how blue the water and the sky must be, and how all my familiar scenes must be looking their loveliest. I am more and more convinced that *winter* is the time to be in the Highlands and is the worst time in town. "She" is toiling to finish her book.

The dissolution of Parliament, and the consequent hubbub of elections, decided Mr. Murray to withhold

*Japan* at Easter and to delay its publication until the House of Commons was formed and constituted, as he knew that literature had little chance until the electoral fray was over. So Miss Bird had a respite in her plodding, and went south early in April, first to Birdsall House, to pay Lady Middleton a short visit, then to London, to keep faith with Mr. Murray, who gave a dinner party in her honour, and then back to Birdsall, where she met Miss Gordon Cumming laden with new portfolios full of treasures.

She returned to Coates Crescent about April 20, carrying a superb and enormous bouquet, which she took to a party at Sir Alexander Grant's the following evening.

It made a great sensation. I really believe that few of the people had seen a bouquet of such size. Murmurs of wonderment ran round the room, and all the learned men were in raptures. It is quite fresh for to-night, and Lady Teignmouth has sent across the Crescent to invite it, Lord Teignmouth having wondered at it last night.

Henrietta had gone to Tobermory on April 1, after a week of suffering. In her last letter to Mrs. Macdiarmid, dated April 16, she says :

You can imagine how weak I was for the journey. I never felt so weak on that voyage before, and I continued so for a few days after coming here ; but I am much better now—in fact, quite a new person, though far from strong yet. Mrs. A. Macdonald has been taking me out daily for a sail, which has done more for me than any doctor could have done.

In addition to her illness, Henrietta had to look after the caretaker of The Cottage, to send her to the infirmary in Edinburgh, and to secure the services of a kindly neighbour. She meant to return to Coates Crescent to welcome her sister back, but was



first storm-stayed at The Cottage and then seized by a feverish cold which laid her up only a few days after writing the letter quoted.

The news of her illness decided Miss Bird to go at once to Mull. At every stage of the journey telegrams from the doctor met her, indicating the growing seriousness of the feverish attack, which became typhoid. There is no doubt that its germs had been developing all spring, and it was with agonised foreboding that Miss Bird read the last message at Oban. She sailed thence on board the *Clydesdale* on the 27th, reaching The Cottage about two o'clock and finding her sister too weak to speak or even open her eyes.

The doctor told her that he could do no more, and that he had telegraphed for Dr. Bishop, who arrived on the 30th, bringing with him all necessities and an admirable nurse, the superintendent of the fever ward in the Edinburgh Infirmary, who sacrificed her holiday to nurse Henrietta. It was, too, by what one is tempted to call a providential accident that Dr. Bishop was enabled to devote himself to the treasured patient. He had been riding three weeks earlier, when his horse fell and rolled over him, breaking his leg, so that he was unable to continue his customary practice, and rest had been specially enjoined upon him. On May 26 Dr. Bishop writes to Mr. Murray:

Miss Isabella Bird desires me to tell you that she is here watching her sister, who is dangerously ill with typhoid fever, of which this is the thirty-sixth day. . . . I am to say that she has had many difficulties and hardships in travelling, as you know, but never anything equal to this, apart from the anxiety. This has arisen from the remoteness and isolation of the island at this season, the smallness of the house, the madness

of an old and valued servant, the breakdown (from typhoid) of the volunteer substitute, and from the abject panic amongst the natives, who fly The Cottage as a pest house.

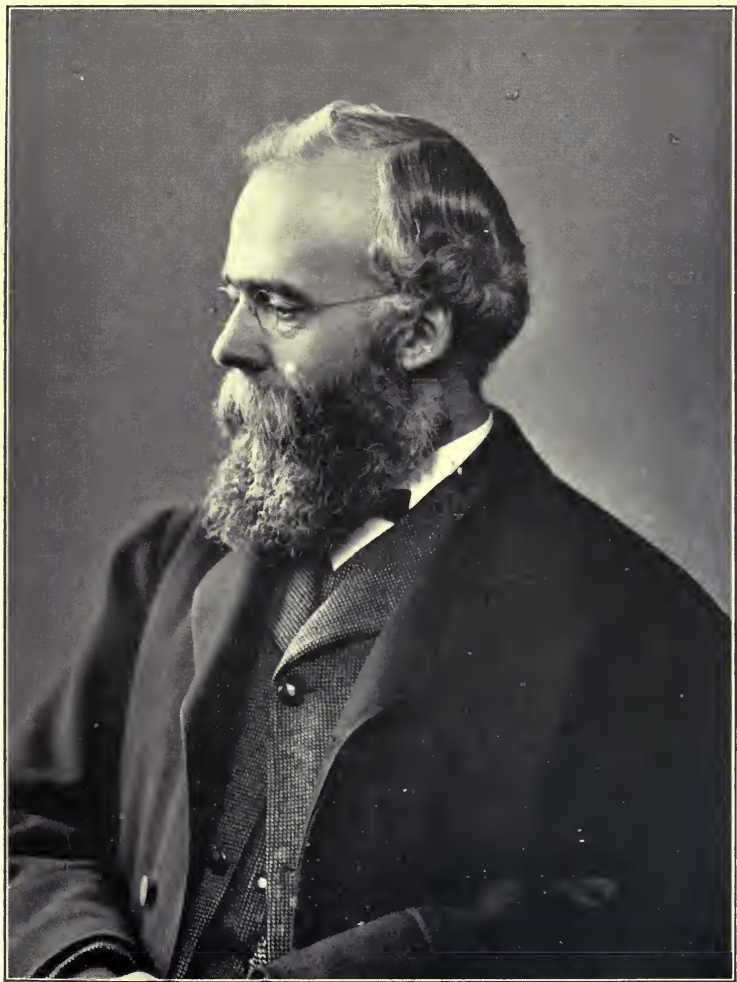
Henrietta was most efficiently tended. Her times of prostration were frequent, and the flickering flame of life seemed again and again on the point of expiring; but the remedies revived her for some time, and her sister began to hope that she would recover. She seldom opened her eyes, but even in her wandering the few words that she spoke were of sweet and tender gratitude for their care. But she did not realise how ill she was, and they did not dare to tell her so long as a glimmer of hope existed.

I can only trust to God [wrote Miss Bird], who may see fit to spare me my last treasure, though I often feel that it is selfish to pray that one so prepared to see God should for my sake be detained among the troubles of this troublesome world.

Then she continued of Dr. Bishop :

There is such a strength in having so good a man and so skilful a doctor, who knows her constitution thoroughly, in the house. He makes me feel that he is not dull, for he goes out for hours on horseback, though his leg is in splints, and sees cases of poor people from all the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Allan of Aros and other friends sent in cooked food almost daily. The poor sorrowed for their friend, and from early morning stood outside the garden waiting to hear how she had passed the night. One night half the neighbours sat up in great distress, because she was thought to be sinking; and in the sickroom were masses of the spring flowers she loved, gathered fresh every morning. The month



DR. BISHOP.

*From a photograph by J. Moffat.*





of May, which had been spent in hoping and striving, ended in surrender, for the dear one passed away early in June.

At the end the superstitious islanders avoided The Cottage entirely, and Dr. Bishop, in writing to Mr. Murray on June 6, gives a graphic account of the way in which the last sad offices were carried out:

I cannot tell you how nobly and gently the sufferer bore the illness, and how in her very delirium her thoughts were always holy, innocent, and unselfish. After the death the carpenter, selected as the best man, declined to enter the house to measure the body, which had to be done by myself and a gentleman who had just arrived from Edinburgh to offer help to Miss Bird. In the evening the coffin was deposited on the doorstep, and it had to be carried upstairs by Dr. McLachlan (the local practitioner), the nurse, and myself. We reverently laid the body into its narrow resting-place, admiring greatly its loveliness, and its gentle dignity, and its heavenly smile. Then I led in Miss Bird, who, after kissing the brow tenderly, covered the face for the last time, after which Dr. McL. and I screwed down the lid. Thus it happened that only those who loved the saintly one touched her after death. Miss Bird is pretty well at present. She is woefully distressed, and yet she bears her grief as a gentle Christian woman should.

It was perhaps well that these duties were forced upon Miss Bird. They saved her from collapse, both of body and spirit. The coffin was closed and they left the deserted home for Edinburgh, bearing their dead with them, halting at Oban on the way, where they stayed at Altnacraig.

Mrs. Blackie remembers well her friend's unspeakable sorrow, the white face, the rigidity of a grief that chilled and devitalised her, the awful loneliness that wrapped her round,

She went straight to her room and stayed there. Dr. Bishop walked up and down the lawn with Mrs. Blackie, and entreated her to plead his cause with Isabella—who, brave woman though she was in all circumstances that called for courage, was utterly unfitted for heart-loneliness, and might sink under its pressure.

Next day they took the train to Edinburgh, where she was the guest of Miss Cullen, at 33 Royal Terrace. It was from this house that the funeral took place. Her uncle, the Rev. John Lawson, came from Seaton Carew to officiate at the grave; Mr. Cullen and Dr. Hanna took the service in the house. Sir Harry Parkes was there, ready to mourn with her who had so deeply mourned his wife, and many who had known and loved Henrietta in Edinburgh gathered round the grave in Dean Cemetery, where mother, father, and child were laid, their ransomed spirits reunited, and "with Christ, which is far better."

Miss Bird stayed with these valued friends till the end of July, receiving at their hands the tenderest consideration. Some of the letters written during summer give a glimpse of her agony of regret. One to Mrs. Macdiarmid, written on July 8, says :

My own sorrow does not dull me to yours; you will never quite get over it—you will miss her whenever a new joy, or sorrow, or difficulty comes, for—as she told me with such pleasure—you said she "was the mother of your spirit." She loved you so dearly. In going over her papers, I found every note and letter you had ever written her tied up in packets by years. I burned these unlooked at of course. They were among her treasures. I hear her now calling you "child," and remember her, *our*, enjoyment of seeing you last year. I like all you say



so thoroughly and feel how she would like it. Oh, Mary, the anguish is *awful*. She was *my world*, present or absent, seldom absent from my thoughts. Such a lovely, angelic being, as a friend writes—"so beautiful a mind and so lovely a disposition have been, I should think, rarely united on earth." And now all is gone. I seem as if I must return to Tobermory to the scenes and people she loved, and spend some weeks in reading her precious papers. I seem hardly to care what becomes of me, and yet I pray God to make me follow her helpful, loving footsteps. I must not lose sight of you, very dear to me for the love on both sides.

## CHAPTER VI

### "AN TAON BHEANNICHT" ("THE BLESSED ONE")

HENRIETTA BIRD, whom her sister mourned so deeply, is still remembered with devoted affection in Tobermory, although it is now a quarter of a century since she was called away from the scene of her loving endeavours to bring light into dark homes and comfort to sorrow-stricken hearts. She is still known there as "The Blessed One," some quality of unruffled peace, whose still radiance shone in her eyes, having evoked from the spontaneous symbolism of Celtic minds this apt description. Her genius was moral rather than intellectual. Less complex of character, less powerful mentally, less courageous physically, than her gifted sister, she excelled her in spiritual attainment, in the dignity of steadfast faith, the serenity of a soul ennobled by constant dwelling in the presence of the Most High. She lived in a world apart; a retreat from which only duty summoned her. Her parents employed and bounded her activities while they lived, and her devotion to both is a revelation of filial affection. Perhaps her mother was dearest to her; she clung to her in childhood, and learnt almost everything from her in girlhood, for Mrs. Bird had maintained her resolution to teach her sensitive little ones herself, and studied history, literature, and popular science in so thorough a fashion for the task that both children were



HENRIETTA AMELIA BIRD.





convinced that no one in the world was so clever as their mother. Henrietta kept a diary even at the time of her father's last illness, as well as in 1866, and in it she recorded every word, emotion, and suffering, and each change which befell her parents, in such a fashion as to witness now to her absolute preoccupation with both. Her own character resembled that rather of her mother than her father, while Isabella inherited her father's impulse and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Brown, their neighbour at Wyton, writes of her :

The two sisters were widely different in girlhood, their temperament and characteristics, as well as intellectual tastes and acquirements, varying greatly, but both were charming companions and able to converse well on many subjects. What one lacked the other possessed, and thus together they formed a perfect combination. Henrietta was timid except where her sense of duty bade her be courageous; very simple in her tastes, and very fond of study and scholarly pursuits. Above everything she loved nature; this was part of her spiritual life and of her devotion to God and through Him to all His creatures. Her spirituality was felt by all with whom she came in contact; it needed no expression in words. Henrietta looked up to Isabella with reverence as well as love, delighting in her strength, energy of purpose, and power of mind, and finding in her spiritual understanding and true sympathy. Henrietta's pleasure consisted in giving pleasure to others. In the early days of our friendship, we often met in her beautiful home on the banks of the Ouse, taking tea together, sometimes indulging in a little picnic on an island close at hand. She was a completely unselfish character, thinking little of herself and much of others. When my children were young, Henrietta gave them daily little astronomical talks, during a visit to us, and these delighted me as much as the children. Boating and walking were her favourite pastimes, and during the summer she was

frequently to be met sculling herself on the broad river near the rectory. In March, 1858, I was called to part from my father, and I shall never forget her loving sympathy with me in my loss. When two months later her own father was taken, we sorrowed together.

It was characteristic of her that she never wasted time. Some tranquil task fell to each hour; her recreations were all simple. If the amazing penetration which gave her sister the mastery over most difficult and complex subjects was not hers, the patient studiousness of a seeker after truth enabled her to tackle Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, to devote herself to natural philosophy, astronomy, and botany, to work out mathematical problems, to collate historical descriptions, to delight in all true poetry, and above all so to study the Scriptures that her mind and memory were a storehouse of their treasures, which gave their own character to her thoughts and speech.

For to all her graces she added that of the pure in heart, who turn away from morbid interests and secular excitements, and love all things that are lovely and of good report. Her joys were in the home, in the beauty of nature, in the glory of sunset over the western seas, in the fragrant flowers of wild and meadow, the low burnet roses on the shores of Mull; the thrift gardens amongst its rocks; the saxifrages and fragile sorrel-cups; the rare wild shamrock on Dun Ee; the astonishing grace of reaches of oak fern opening in May; the fleeting cloud-shadows on Highland hills; the thrilling blue of summer seas. As she derived from her mother unobtrusive ability and unflinching conscientiousness, so too from her she caught that sense of the divine in nature, a glimpse of the Creator's



presence. On her deathbed Mrs. Bird referred constantly to the sunrise and the Sun of Righteousness and to a night journey she had taken the year before, when she had watched from the carriage window the upward leap of the summer sun. Amongst the many hymns which her daughters sang to her, Keble's "Sun of my Soul" was her favourite. Henrietta too rejoiced in the coming of light "with healing on its wings," and her eyes seemed ever to be looking for the everlasting day.

Give thanks in everything !  
 For the call (whene'er it be)  
 That shall bid thy prisoned soul take wing—  
 Saved everlastingly !  
 Faith, lost in vision bright !  
 Shadows, in perfect day !  
 Fix *there* thy gaze, and the distant light  
 Shall illumine all thy way.

So she wrote, and *there* her gaze was fixed. Constantly the poetic reverie to which she gave expression turned to the sun and its message of the light beyond. Thus she wrote of a summer day strayed into mid-October :

Cool airs breathed gently from the north,  
 The waves as glass lay still,  
 When that rose-tinted morn looked forth  
 Upon the dewy hill.

All day the hours in rhythmic flow  
 A poem seemed to sing ;  
 Till in warm hues and tenderer glow,  
 The eve was mellowing.

I watched the climbing shadow creep  
 Up high Ben Talla's side ;  
 And on his crest in purple deep,  
 The latest radiance died.

One halcyon day ! 'tis all ! Adieu !  
 One pledge to memory given :  
 The skies beyond the clouds are blue,  
 The sun is still in heaven.

Henrietta had begun to know and love the West Highlands in 1850, when she was about fifteen years old. Before Mrs. Bird died, she and her mother had been especially drawn to Tobermory, where they stayed again and again, at one time with the Miss Campbells, then in the Baptist Church Manse with Mrs. Macfarlane, to whom she felt strongly attached. In April, 1905, Mrs. Macfarlane was reading over Henrietta's letters, with the kindly wish to contribute as much as possible to this brief sketch of her friend, when her husband, who was in the room, hearing a sigh, turned to see her head droop and the letters fall from her hand. He went to her to find that in that sigh her spirit had fled.

It must have been while staying with the Macfarlanes in Tobermory, perhaps in 1870, that Henrietta became interested in a little girl of lonely and sensitive nature, who was much drawn to her friend, and as time went on repaid her with devoted affection. So strong was the tie that Henrietta was more like her mother than her friend and counsellor only. She supplied care, guidance, and supervision, taught her to love reading and to seek knowledge, and procured for her the best possible education. The little girl was impressionable and responded to the influence which God had provided for her, and this great interest filled the blank in Henrietta's life caused by the loss of her mother and the frequent protracted absences of her sister. She had the joy of watching this young life's growth, its mental development, its awakening to all the standards of goodness towards which she herself so unfalteringly pressed. She was the "mother of her spirit," as indeed her charge told her later, when she married soon after returning from the excellent school to which Henrietta was the means of sending her.

When the Macfarlanes left Tobermory, Henrietta stayed with Mrs. Thomson at Ulva Cottage so long as there was a room for her, a room that looked out to the gleaming Sound of Morvern and the glowing heights beyond. But later she migrated to a cottage a little lower down. The place had grown very dear to her—for its beauty and the come and go of fishing-boats upon the bay below; for the lovely woods of Aros opposite, the islands that barred the harbour mouth; for friendship ripened and solitude sweetened by labours of love; for a multitude of poor neighbours, whose homes were her resort when sickness and sorrow shadowed them, on whose earthen floors she was wont to kneel and pray aloud for the healing and consoling presence of the Spirit, whose secrets were confided to her, sordid secrets often, but sacred to “the Blessed One,” who had learned that in hearing, seeing, and silence lay the power to save. So she decided to become its tenant, and a lease for five years from Martinmas, 1876, was granted by the Deacons’ Court of the Free Church of Tobermory to which it belonged.

When her sister was in the Sandwich Islands, during the spring of 1873, Henrietta paid the Misses Mackenzie a long visit at their home near Inverkeithing in Fife, and one of these ladies, surviving her sister, vividly remembers the weeks of her stay. She was very delicate at the time, but was able to enjoy the garden and the surrounding country, of which she made many water-colour sketches. Sometimes she was induced to repeat her own verses to her hostesses.

She was not only good and clever [writes Miss Mackenzie], but charming. She had the peculiar happy faculty of attracting much affection from many



friends, rich and poor—but her life, so uneventful, quiet, and retiring, hidden like a fragrant violet, afforded little to tell. While with us, she received a very thick letter-packet from Honolulu, from her sister—many sheets closely written, a journal letter; on the envelope was written outside, "No bad news in this letter; may be read a little bit at a time."

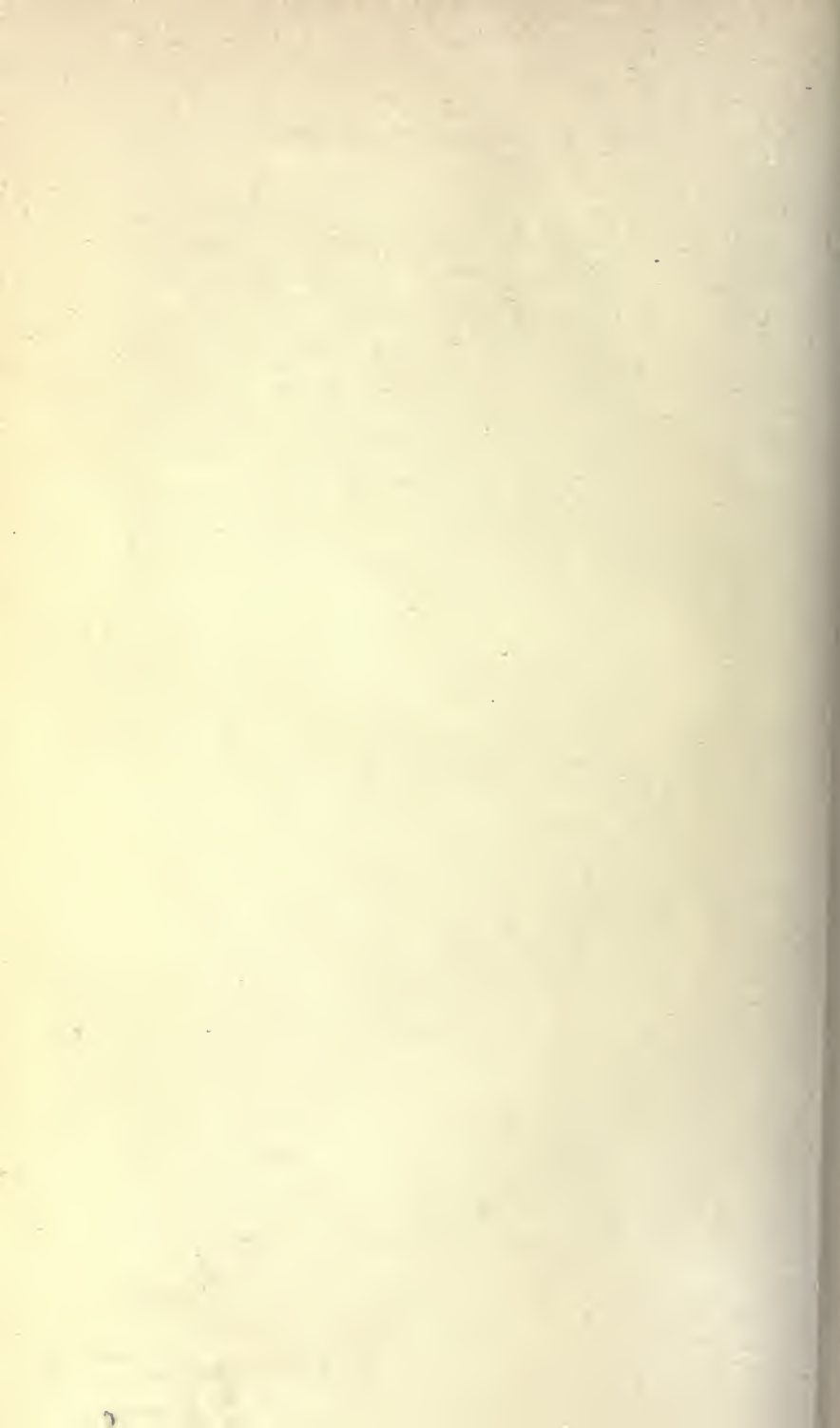
The water-colour sketches alluded to remind us of her gift for reproducing the most delicate atmospheric impressions. She loved the West Highlands nearly as much for their wealth of exquisite colouring as for their human interest—a colouring new every morning and magical every evening, except when fierce gales blow, or a pall of driving mist shrouds sea and sky. Sketching was one of her favourite recreations, but she was too shy to offer the little pictures for exhibition, and they were only known to her intimate friends. Her sister liked to have them mounted and hung, and crowded her walls with them, pointing them out and dwelling upon their beauties to her visitors; but Henrietta herself shrank from admiring comment and observation.

Her summers were always too brief for her own liking, but unhappily Tobermory did not then agree with Isabella, who was dearer than life to her, so that the long winters were spent in Edinburgh. The one exception was during Miss Bird's absence in Japan, China, and Further India, when Henrietta was able to remain in her cottage for fifteen months without interruption. But even the dreaded winters in town had compensations. Gradually Tobermory boys and girls grew old enough for school, college, or service, and she became their refuge and friend during their months or years in Edinburgh. It was a special pleasure to collect them round the breakfast- and tea-table; her "Tobermory Parties," she called



VIEW FROM THE COTTAGE, TOBERMORY.

*From a photograph by Miss Alison Barbour.*





those occasions, and triumphed when as many as six were gathered together. Two of these were medical students in whose careers both sisters took a special interest. They engaged influential friends to counsel them as to their profession and to help their first steps upon its ladder. Once for a whole winter Henrietta's adopted charge stayed with her and attended classes; others came for visits, when they needed medical advice or other help. These guests were chosen for the joy of brightening dull lives, of helping them to congenial occupation, of securing for their ailments the generous advice and assistance of skilled physicians. Henrietta's friends were made for reasons very unusual; for the sake of their poverty and need of her, of their loneliness and dependence on her affection, of their sensitive youth and instinctive turning to her for understanding and guidance, of their sickness and sorrow and bereavement, and their faith in her sympathy and help.

In Tobermory her tea-parties were social events. She used a number of graceful arts to make them successful. There were children's parties, and grown-up gatherings at The Cottage; each had its own attractions: pictures, stories, games for the one—telescope, microscope, conversation for the other. Mrs. Forrest, her working housekeeper, had to prepare the scones and cakes, Henrietta gathered and arranged the flowers, often helped by some of her younger friends.

As a hostess she was perfect. Here is an account of her reception of Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, who often enjoyed an hour's talk with her, and who wrote an obituary notice of her in *The Christian Monthly*, from which the extract is borrowed:

Those who enjoyed her friendship and used to visit her can never forget the fragile, delicate figure which used to rise from some occupation to receive her guest; the composed and intelligent countenance, the friendly greeting, the cordial, firm grasp, the self-forgetfulness with which the work that had been occupying her was laid aside. There was no time wasted in small talk; at once some topic of real interest was started and was pursued with zest and frankest statement of opinion. Whatever her occupation had been, she was always at leisure from herself and ready to enter into the thoughts and feelings of her guest. As the conversation went on, one used to notice her modesty and wisdom, the extent of her knowledge, the accuracy of her perceptions, the felicity of expression (rendered all the more marked by a slight embarrassment of utterance), the play of fancy, and the goodness of heart. Some experience of joy or sorrow, some new or lofty thought, a poem, a sunset over the Atlantic or behind one of her favourite western islands, or the story of some generous deed, would awaken her quiet enthusiasm and new beauties in her nature would be revealed.

It is worthy of our attention that there seems to have been no time in her life when she doubted, or was for a moment in the wilderness of disobedience and forgetfulness of God. There was no crisis of conviction and conversion.

In Edinburgh she went with her mother to St. Thomas's Church, where the clergyman, Mr. Drummond, was their valued friend. Often in the evenings they listened to Dr. Candlish, whom both sisters loved and understood. Neither was prejudiced in favour of Anglican or Presbyterian; and the divisions amongst churches, professedly Christian, interested them vividly as spectators, not at all as sharers. Henrietta went to church for the living bread and water, not for the fraction of differentiating doctrine or government.

She was a student, as we have already learnt, of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, natural philosophy, astronomy, history, and literature; and, when settled in her cottage, she began to take lessons in botany from Mr. George Ross. He was an enthusiast, and after four lessons she grew fascinated by the wonders revealed to her in every leaf, stem, and blossom. Constant delicacy shadowed her last years, and this pursuit solaced the great loneliness which she endured during her sister's absence in the East. She gathered plants as she walked on the cliffs or in the woods, to classify and so to verify all that she learned from Mr. Ross.

But her favourite study was the Bible, and for this she sought the aid of Greek and Hebrew. Along the lighthouse walk she found a slab of rock sheltered from the sun, whither she could carry her books and writing materials, and which served at once as chair and table. Here she spent happy hours in fine weather, going through the sacred pages which she had known "from a child," but in which she found new treasures for every new need. This was one of the ever-full sources of her power to help others. She never used Scripture for perfunctory quotations. She used it charged with primary significance, "by inspiration of God."

The Birds were all great Bible students. Isabella constantly expressed herself in the language of Scripture, both in her books and her letters. When packing for her long expeditions, however much she sacrificed her personal comfort in reducing her travelling gear, her Bible went with her. In some articles published in *The Leisure Hour* in 1886, giving an account of her pilgrimage to Mounts Horeb and Sinai in 1879, she records her minute comparison of



the journey through the desert on the Asiatic side of the Red Sea—when with the burning heat and thirst of fever upon her, the thermometer registering 110° in the shade, she made slow and painful progress—with the route taken by the children of Israel, for whose desolation and starvation she felt the deepest sympathy. And resting all Easter Sunday on the slopes of Sinai, she read their whole inspired history from Exodus xii. to the Captivity.

This was just before her return to spend the summer in peace with Henrietta—their last summer together. The four months in Edinburgh which followed were a time of distress and disheartening to the younger sister. She made efforts to go out for Isabella's sake, and suffered them in silence. Her own words best express what Edinburgh meant to her still mind and spirit. They occur in a letter to Mrs. Macdiarmid, to whom Henrietta uttered her inmost heart:

I never was so sorry to leave my cottage as this time. My illness, by the daily, hourly kindness it called forth from my friends and neighbours, gave an added pathos to my departure. Poor Mrs. Forrest had been so continually about me, and was like an old family servant in her devotion—and I know the blank without me must be terrible. Then the winter beauty "eats into my soul." I felt town most depressing. No one would believe that I could suffer so much from the separation from Nature, "my loved and faithful friend." The want of my hills, blue waters, clear skies, and bright sunshine made me simply wretched.

From childhood she had been independent of outsiders for interest and happiness, and her friends were few in number and slowly acquired. While her parents lived, Mrs. Brown, of Houghton, and Mrs. Purves seem to have been the only companions

of her girlhood really loved and sought. A very quaint little note to her mother has outlasted both their lives, in which she gives her reasons for declining companionship. It is undated, but evidently belongs to her early teens, before Mrs. Brown came to the neighbourhood of Wyton Rectory. Evidently her parents had urged her to seek companionship, regretting her loneliness when their more brilliant and sociable child was visiting her cousins. The little philosopher wrote :

I think that for *some* people it is very good to have a companion, while for others it is very bad, and for others not exactly bad, yet conducive of no good. I have several reasons for objecting to the system of companionship. First, because I have never got from them spiritual profit, or yet temporal profit; second, because I get on quite as well without companions, and therefore I think I can do without them now as much as I did before; third, because I have been blest with a very dear sister, who is young, and to whom I can tell all secrets as well as have profitable conversation, which I could not do with a companion, and therefore I need no other. Older companions there are, many of them, who are suitable and profitable—viz. Mrs. Grocock, Miss Edge, Mary Toogood. These are the sort of companions I like.

There is a priggish note in this early effusion, and as Henrietta grew older she discovered the joys of friendship and relaxed her stern code, but never wholly, for I have vexed memories of hours spent in answering question after question upon books of history and literature just studied, instead of being let loose upon the refreshing stream of natural conversation. To the end she maintained her conviction that companionship must pay toll, spiritual or temporal.

None the less, she had a charming vein of fun which sparkled at intervals and found vent in rhymes

sent with gifts at Christmas, or in half-shy retort when with those she loved. Once she darned twenty-five pairs of stockings at sixpence a pair for a friend, who paid the money earned into the treasury of some charity. When Henrietta sent back the last three pairs her patience was exhausted, and broke into petulant verse.

Oh ye innumerable holes !  
Oh toes that mock repair !  
Oh gaping heels ! Oh tattered soles !  
Ye drive me to despair.

Here, take your stockings, put them on,  
Pay me six times a penny ;  
I'm glad to think the last is done,  
For it was worse than any.

And now—since patience has its bounds—  
So dire the toil and shocking,  
Unless you turn your pence to pounds  
I've mended your last stocking.

Her mental wandering during intervals of delirium in her last illness was an index to her habit of spiritual reverie. The murmured words were all of heaven, its radiant vistas and pure delights. Only one sad mood is recorded, when she fancied that those about her were preventing her from going to her beloved "child" at Tiree.

Ten years earlier she had written a hymn called "In Everything give Thanks." It almost seemed as if her dying were a thank-offering for the life of sacred joys and quiet work which the Father had given her, and from which on June 2, 1880, she passed behind the veil.

Dr. Bishop wrote to Mrs. Milford on July 4, 1880 :

She bore her sufferings with wonderful patience and sweetness. The nurse and I felt that we had never seen so lovely a patient. To the very last,



and even in delirium, she delighted in nature and in the beauty of flowers. The end was most calm and peaceful. After death her face became angelic in its beauty and calm, sweet dignity. She was a ministering angel in Tobermory; all who knew her here are mourning deeply, and many are only now finding out how much she was to them. She was so quiet and free from self-obtrusion that it seems to have needed her removal to reveal her value to many.

Dr. Hanna preached her funeral sermon in St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, and of this her sister preserved one exquisite passage :

A mansion then for *her*, the beautiful, the meek, the gentle, the lowly, the loving, the holy—in whose heart the seeds of grace had been sown in earliest days, who had never known her Saviour but to love Him, and who had loved Him so well and followed Him so faithfully that all through life her loving hands busied themselves in tenderly binding up bruised and broken hearts and in doing numberless kindly offices to all the needy about her.

Professor Blackie had dedicated a poem to her three years earlier, which had been translated into Gaelic, and was well known throughout the West Highlands. These verses are given in an appendix to the present volume.

On June 16 Miss Bird writes to Mr. Murray :

I thank you very truly for your kind letters of sympathy as well as for the one received by Dr. Bishop, which he has given to me, and for Mrs. Murray's. It is all too terrible, except that a stingless death crowned one of the loveliest lives ever lived. She was everything to me, whether present or absent—the inspiration of all my literary work, my best public; my home and fireside, my most intimate and congenial friend—as well as a "ministering angel" to all who came in contact with her in needs of every kind. Beloved in life, and mourned in death as few

are mourned, there is not a memory of her which is not lovely, and this to me is at once the sting and the solace of her early removal. The people who dared not even bring the coffin to the house mourn for her as they only mourn for their own, and here, though only our own relations were invited to the funeral, there was a crowd round the grave of those to whom she had been dear and helpful, and to whom life would never be quite the same again. Utterly deserted as we were it is impossible to speak too highly of the noble conduct of Dr. Bishop, who, with a large and increasing practice, out of humanity sacrificed everything for more than five weeks, during which time he never was in bed; was doctor, friend, partially nurse and servant; and at the last, having risked his own life and made himself lame for life by exerting himself incessantly with a leg which when he came had not been broken three weeks, with the help of the nurse carried out the coffin, which even those who loved her best dared not enter the house to remove. It is too soon, and I am too dazed with grief and fatigue to think of any future.

On June 29 she writes again :

I am going to Thusis, in the Grisons, for six weeks, on a visit to some very dear friends whose house, for twenty years, has been a second home to my sister and myself. I should be glad to hear of any one travelling to Zurich after the 7th, as I am not used to travel alone on the Continent, and am besides much shaken in nerves.

Will you tell me the latest date when the Japan book must be printed. . . . I can hardly bear to think of the book now. The original letters were written to my sister and rewritten in our last happy summer in the little cottage at Tobermory, which her early death has consecrated to me for ever.

Isabella spent all August and part of September in Switzerland with Miss Clayton and the Miss Kers. Rest and quiet were essential both for her health and to finish the preparation of her notes

on Japan, which Mr. Murray wished to publish in October.

While she was abroad news came to her of Lord Middleton's illness, and her heart went out to the friend with whose sad tending she knew so well how to sympathise.

It is wonderful [she wrote] what God does for one when human help is helpless, and one is shut up to leaning on and trusting Him alone. I have felt Him strongly strengthen me in my agony and loneliness, and it is worth suffering much to regain the "child heart" and its simple faith, and to *know* whom we have believed as near, true, and tender, not a dead person, but a living person, who has us and our beloved in his keeping for life, or what we call death.

To another friend she wrote in August :

I think I can say that God has comforted and sustained me, or I should utterly have fainted, but the sorrow is very sore and often threatens to overwhelm me. We were truly everything to each other and our companionship was perfect and carried on even in absence by our detailed and daily letters. I often told her that she was "my world." She was so essential in every respect to my happiness, and things without her have lost nearly all their interest. She was lovely in her life, following Christ in all things, and lovely in her death, so much so that death in her case hardly seemed like dying. I had no idea till now of the powerful influence that my gentle darling exercised, or how widely she was beloved. I pray that He who strengthened her for lowly service may strengthen me to follow her; but oh! I do long so for the Father's House and the gathered family, and freedom from sin and from the constant effort to grasp the unseen.

When Miss Bird returned with her friends to Edinburgh she halted only two days, and then went to Tobermory, longing for and yet shrinking from the memories and associations of The Cottage.



Perhaps she had too strong a drawing towards sorrow, a yielding to invincible grief, but her home had ever been to her the dearest place on earth, her parents and her sister had ever filled and satisfied her heart, so that, in spite of a myriad interests and countless friends, her thoughts dwelt chiefly with them, and she worked and carried out her projects stimulated and supported by their presence, whether actual or subconscious. Each loss at home crushed her and her only comfort came from God, until in His good time gain from His consolations fortified her spirit. The immediate gain was won in her effort to take up Henrietta's work in Tobermory. For a time nothing interested her beyond the papers, which she busied herself in arranging, and the garden, which she tended, planting and digging herself. Her *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* was published and she put the parcel of copies away without opening it.

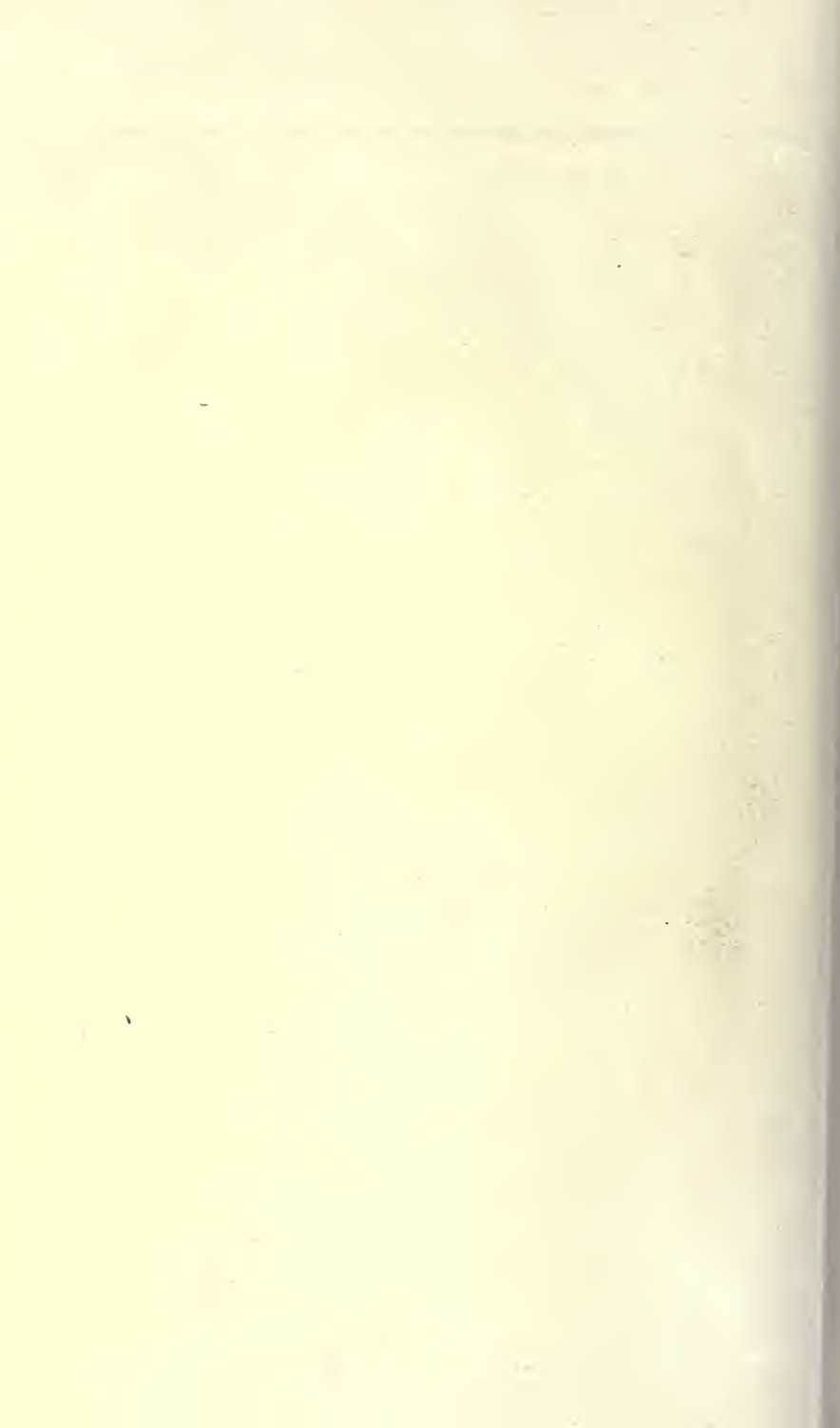
The things I am interested in are *her* interests, and for *her* sake I have become attached to Tobermory. The Cottage is looking lovely; I have replaced all the things which were given away and have brought more drawings of hers for the walls, and it is exactly as it used to be except that it is "filled with absence." I love it so. We were so happy here last year. She is never out of my thoughts, a living memory and a living hope. I sometimes feel as if to have known her well was enough to lead any one to heaven. She was indeed, as many of the people here call her in Gaelic, "the Blessed One!"

From that calmer mood of memory she rose into a nobler mood of activity, a better tribute to the example which she followed. In November she wrote to Lady Middleton:



*Moffat & Son's Photo*

*Isabella Bird*





I came here on October 1. It was such agony that I thought I must leave by the next steamer; but as days went by and human interests claimed me, and there was help to be given and dying people to be comforted, the first anguish calmed into a sorrow of exquisite pain and intensity, but without bitterness or repining against Him who has sent it, and now I think of staying here till near the middle of next month. . . . Light surely will break, and, whether in the light or in the darkness, there is work to be done, thank God, and in work there is always interest.

By the middle of November this mood revived her interest in her book, published in two volumes, already in a third edition, and reviewed with a new note of admiring respect in *The Quarterly Review*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Scotsman*, *Athenæum*, and many other literary journals. She could even feel a certain satisfaction in its success, for reasons which she thus expresses: "It is not only the record of honest and earnest work, but it vindicates the right of a woman to do anything which she can do well."

In writing to Mr. Murray she says:

I much wish to see what *Nature* says about the Ainos. I am pleased that careful and honest work is being appreciated.

And again:

Thank you for sending me *The Contemporary Review*. I value Sir R. Alcock's favourable opinion of my book more than any other, and especially his high estimate of my concluding chapter, which cost me a good deal of hard work, and was rewritten three times. . . . I am pleased with what may be regarded as a triumph for a lady traveller, and more highly respect your judgment in deciding that Sir E. Reid's book would not crush mine, as I certainly feared it would. Hitherto not one critic has attached less weight to my opinions on the ground of their being those of a woman.

Her interest in this book may still be shared by us. Japan has leapt from rung to rung of the ladder of national greatness, and promises to be as leaven to the whole East, rousing, vitalising, developing what has lain in the valley of dry bones for many centuries. For in that island race there glowed living brain and eager spirit, and who shall foretell the issue? Now, China responds to her call, and India's foremost minds rejoice; and the West recoils already before the prowess it inspired. On her deathbed Mrs. Bishop watched the conflict with amazement and foreboding, incredulous of the smiting of Goliath to the ground, for to her Japan was a "little nation," and its Western garb clung crudely to its Eastern form, as the armour of his warrior brother to David. She died too soon to realise how mighty was the rebirth, how astonishing the spirit breathed into the nostrils of Japan, how quickly its form responded to the spirit. She had seen the country half awake, its remoter parts still dormant, and she feared that the colossal foe must prevail.

But just because she gives so candid and so literal an account of the country a quarter of a century ago, her book has the value of accurate history, and cannot be excluded from the reference books of a conscientious student of the Oriental revival. A few months ago, on board a steamer between Japan and Korea, an Englishman asked a Japanese fellow passenger what modern book would give him the best idea of Japan. "Bird's *Japan* is the most valuable," was the answer—"it describes the interior better than any more recently written." And that is just its great merit still. Towns, villages, watering-places, rivers, mountains, valleys, roads, tea-houses, inns, industries, schools, and family life, as these were in 1879—as they

are in some districts still—are unflinchingly photographed on the spot, in vigorous word-pictures, by that keen and unrelenting observation. She admired much, she censured much, and in what country can a candid and observant traveller do otherwise?

Miss Bird was working hard for Henrietta's poor, and growing to like Tobermory better than she had done before, so that she felt regret at leaving The Cottage on December 16, although she fully realised the disadvantages of the situation, and wrote to Mr. Murray :

The great drawback of Mull in the winter is the irregular and often suspended post, as, for instance, there have been two days within a week in which the post-boat has been unable to cross, and almost always when that occurs the gale has been severe enough to prostrate a number of the Mull telegraph poles. Thus, amidst howling storms, without letters, newspapers, or telegraph possibilities, the isolation is very trying ; but my nerves are so shattered that I need complete rest, and that I have here, with a sufficient amount of human interest to make the endurance of solitude wholesome. The Highlanders have some very charming qualities, but in cunning, moral timidity, and plausibility they remind me of savages of rather a low type.

She stayed a fortnight with Miss Clayton and the Miss Kers at 28 Rutland Square, in Edinburgh, before going farther south.

The consoling influence of Dr. Bishop's devoted love was reaching her heart at last. Her engagement to him took place early in December. He had passed through the furnace of her affliction with her, and only *he* knew what those last sacred scenes had been in May. It had long been Henrietta's wish that her sister should accept his unselfish love ; but had *she* lived, Isabella would probably have continued to



refuse him. Her letters of December indicate the growth of her deep and almost reverent regard for his exquisite character. She wrote to Lady Middleton :

I earnestly pray that I may be able to return in some degree the most unique, self-sacrificing, utterly devoted love that I have ever seen, and that I may find calm, and he happiness, while my life lasts.

And in a later letter she continues :

I have accepted the faithful love which has for so long been mine, and which asks for nothing but that when the final parting comes I may be able to say "you have made me less miserable." Ah ! but I hope it may be more than this, and that a love so unselfish, though it cannot heal the grief, or fill the vacancy, may as time goes on soothe and comfort, that *he* may be happy and that I may know at least a thankful rest. Our marriage is to be in England in early March.

Dr. Bishop was a welcome guest at 28 Rutland Square, where all knew and loved him, and he spent his evenings there, reading aloud to them Whittier's *Poems* during those weeks in December.

Miss Bird went south in January to visit relatives and to make arrangements for her marriage. Her cousin, Major Wilberforce Bird, suggested that it should take place at Barton House, the old family home in Warwickshire.



BARTON HOUSE.





## CHAPTER VII

### MARRIAGE

DR. JOHN BISHOP was born in Sheffield in 1841, and came to Edinburgh at the age of twenty-five, to complete the study of medicine, which he had begun in England. After taking his degree he acted as Professor Lister's house surgeon and subsequently had charge of Dr. Matthews Duncan's, Dr. Keith's, and Dr. Grainger Stewart's wards. In May, 1872, he began to practise as physician and surgeon in Edinburgh, and was soon a favourite amongst his patients, who belonged to the more intellectual class of that generation. He made valuable contributions to various medical dictionaries and reviews in the first years of his general practice. From its commencement he attended Henrietta Bird, introduced by his friend Dr. Murray Mitchell. His study of histological botany first attracted Isabella Bird's interest towards him, and they worked together, using the microscope for practical research. Then his admirable treatment of her sister called out her gratitude and recognition of his medical skill, and this was endorsed by the favourable opinions of his worth both as a doctor and a man held by Edinburgh's best surgeons and professors.

Professional deepened into friendly relations, his ardent intellectual sympathies were attracted and held

by Isabella's astonishing mental power, and her many delightful gifts.

It was not wonderful that, unconsciously to herself, she should soon become enshrined in the temple of his heart. His was a nature of a rare simplicity and purity; and upon the writer, who knew and partially understood him, the impression made was that of a man whose thoughts were not so much unworldly as crystal-clear from the source of thought, penetrated by its knowledge, shaped by its wisdom, made tender by its vast charity. He was gifted with an absolute selflessness, for ever going out towards suffering with a keen desire to bear it for others. This quality, which the word *chivalry* but feebly expresses, is the birth-mark of the *saviour*, wherever he is found, and it ruled his impulses as inevitably as the rhythmic beat of life his body. Few noticed this grace of character, but it was his soul's breath and by it he lived.

Isabella was conscious of all this, and part of her nature turned to him for the help it needed, only part at first, although she was soon to awake wholly to the forceful spirituality of the man, who stayed so short a time at her side, but left her a changed woman, who had caught—

A new light thrown on things,  
Contagion from the magnanimity  
O' the man whose life lay on his hand so light,  
As up he stepped, pursuing duty still  
"Higher and harder," as he laughed and said.

Before her marriage she avoided discussion of her motives, but her friend Mr. Dunlop asked her playfully if it were possible that one so filled as she was with high purposes could be so prosaic and like other people. Pausing a moment, she answered

gently, "I trust that I am too full of human sympathy to be quite impervious to these impressions."

She was working intermittently during the latter half of January, 1881, and completed an able analytical sketch of Dr. Candlish for the March number of *The Catholic Presbyterian Magazine*. It was suggested by Dr. Wilson's *Life of Robert S. Candlish*, just then published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, but was rather an estimate of the man as she had known and admired him than a review of his biography. Both she and her sister often went to hear the old Disruption hero, orator, and divine, whose good qualities they both appreciated. Miss Bird's article is singularly well informed and clear-sighted, penetrating beyond the outer man into the deep-hearted preacher, pastor, and scholar, and expressing his value as a combative debater and church-leader.

It was good for her to be plunged into this somewhat difficult mental exercise during her stay in England, where she spent some weeks before her marriage, one of them with Lord and Lady Middleton in South Street, Mayfair. One afternoon she came in at tea-time wearing a moderately thick jacket. The weather was bitterly cold and the frozen streets made traffic almost impossible.

I asked her [writes Lady Middleton] to take off her jacket in the warm room, but she refused and, when I pressed, said laughingly, "I have no other bodice." I once asked a doctor about this, and he said, "Such power of bearing cold means a physically large heart." The late Queen Victoria was another to whom cold mattered little for the same cause. At that very tea she stated her intention of being married in her deep mourning; my Scotch superstition rebelled and we had an argument, but she held to her intention. I confess I felt a little sorry for the then to me unknown *fiancé*, for I believed she was marrying him, as it were,



under protest. But she came to love him truly afterwards, as her letters prove. Her real self was buried then in her sister's grave.

Miss Bird's marriage took place on March 8, 1881, at the little church of St. Lawrence, Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, her cousin, Major Wilberforce Bird, giving her away. The rector of the parish, the Rev. Arthur Nettleship, and the Rev. the Hon. Walter R. Verney, whose wife was Major Bird's daughter, performed the ceremony. The bride was in deep mourning and there were no wedding guests. It was peace she sought, not joy, and the little group round the altar that day harmonised with the old ancestral tombs and tablets on the walls rather than with the marriage bells that pealed as they left for Barton House.

Mrs. Bishop described her husband to Lady Middleton in a letter written soon afterwards :

He is about, or a little under the middle height, very plain, wears spectacles and is very grey, but his face is redeemed by eyes which Sir Noël Paton says are "beautiful from their purity," and a high, broad, intellectual brow. He is very intellectual and studious, very receptive and appreciative intellectually, and very able, much cultured, with very artistic tastes, but no artistic facility, passionately fond of nature, very diffident, not calculated to shine socially, or to produce a favourable impression *at first*, with a simple, truthful, loyal, unselfish nature and unfathomable depths of love and devotion. A character of truer, simpler worth could not be found.

If the "spark from heaven" had not yet kindled her heart towards John Bishop, she revered and admired him more than she did any man living ; and if we remember that she was in her fiftieth year when she married, we can hardly wonder that the dreamy rapture of romantic love was absent from her heart, though



ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, BARTON-ON-THE-MOOR,  
WHERE MRS. BISHOP WAS MARRIED.

*From a sketch by herself.*





it was replaced by absolute trust and sincere affection. Indeed, she still kept the "cruel fellowship of sorrow," was still "drunk with loss." When she returned to Edinburgh with her husband, her first preoccupation was her grief and loneliness.

It would have been wiser [she wrote to Lady Middleton] to have broken away altogether from the old life and circumstances rather than to attempt to gather up their fragments. She was *my world*; I ventured all that I had to give upon her life, and exhausted my power of absorbing love upon her. She was the inspiration of anything worth doing that I ever did, and I am now reaching despairingly after the life that she lives away from me.

Dr. Bishop, with tender consideration for this mood, suggested to her a fortnight's change at The Cottage, and, in spite of the pain of every revived memory, it did her good. The barren wilderness of modern Edinburgh society, into which her return almost forcibly projected her, with its sterile talk, its curiosity, and its dull range of personal interests, had much to do with her depression—for she felt less overwhelmed at Tobermory, where "Nature was the same and her changelessness so soothing."

She needed solitude again and again—cave, cot, or cell—the place where her mind could recover from the fretful, arid, thriftless energising of conventionality.

A tender little note to Mrs. Macdiarmid belongs to this stay at The Cottage:

I feel that many days would not exhaust what you could tell me about her. What you told me at her grave comforts me; but she could not know what her loss would be, or how I loved her, or how all my days would be darkened, because she "is not." It was a mercy that she did not know that she was going, for I think she would have mourned so much over what her loss would be to others.

On her return to Edinburgh the occupations incident to her settling down in a place where she had already an almost unmanageable circle of acquaintances filled every day. Dr. Bishop had taken 12 Walker Street as their home, and part of the old furniture, which she had stored after leaving 3 Castle Terrace, was used for the bedrooms and for Mrs. Bishop's own writing-room. The drawing-room was beautiful, and had the charm of originality, for her bronzes and embroideries gave it an Oriental character, sustained by Eastern cabinets and the palms which stood in the daimio's bath. Her rare lacquer, Satsuma and Nagasaki china, and antique bronzes were very different from the cheap ware in these materials which flooded the market to gratify a momentary caprice. A pair of the bronzes represented two mythical heroes of Japan—twins, like Castor and Pollux, but, unlike the Roman brethren, rogues and vagabonds of the worst description, who lived by the abnormal length of legs possessed by one and of arms possessed by the other. The long-legged brother forded rivers and climbed mountains with the dwarf upon his shoulders, and the latter looked into all the houses which they passed, stretched out his telescopic arms and abstracted food, *saké*, vessels, and clothing as they required. These bronzes were candlesticks, and Japanese humorists had modelled exquisite lotus-blossoms to receive the candles—a flower which, in their symbolism, is the emblem of righteousness—just as if the scamps were pressing upwards to attain it.

The lease of Henrietta's cottage in Tobermory having nearly expired, Dr. Bishop decided to renew it, as the Highland home served as a retreat where Isabella could rest, write, garden, and visit her

sister's poor. He had promised her that, when the need of travel awoke, she should go to whatever end of the earth beckoned to her, and he used to say, "I have only one formidable rival in Isabella's heart, and that is the high tableland of Central Asia." But during the few and anxious years of her married life she never left him except for a short resting-space. A letter to Mrs. Greaves Bagshawe, written during the few weeks spent at Tobermory in 1881, gives a picture of her in The Cottage :

I am sitting in the low folding-chair that you gave me, in the sweet sitting-room in the house which she created, and which is consecrated by lovely memories of her lovely life and serene happiness. God only knows what it is to sit here *alone*, and yet the very anguish, because it is so full of her, is dearer to me than all else. . . . I try to carry out her wishes here and elsewhere as much as I can, but all that I can do is so poor and shadowy compared with what she did. *Here* her interests have become mine, and I am devotedly attached to the place and people. We are just renewing the lease of The Cottage. It is a shrine, but a pivot also. If we gave it up, I could not in any way carry out her work, for which personal knowledge and sympathies are so largely needed. My husband is considerate, devoted, and unselfish beyond anything I have ever seen. His love is truly wonderful. For him I regret the incurable nature of my grief, though he asks nothing but to be allowed to try to soothe it. My book on Japan is being translated into German for publication at Jena in October. It is in a fourth edition, both here and in America. I have written nothing this year but a sketch (analytical) of the character of Dr. Candlish. I hope after a time that I may be able to write again, as I have much left to say, but Dr. Stewart lately enjoined rest for four months.

Early in September, Kalakaua, the King of Hawaii-nei, arrived in Edinburgh, where he was the



guest of Mr. and Mrs. Macfie, of Dreghorn Castle. After being present at a grand conclave of the Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine, he lunched with his old friend Mrs. Bishop and her husband at 12 Walker Street, and there conferred on her the Hawaiian Literary Order of Kapiolani. She wrote to Mr. Macfie prior to the king's arrival :

He is a very unassuming man, who would be pleased with the humblest lodging, and will be delighted with Dreghorn. I think it would be both fitting and kind if you offered him hospitality during his stay, and Dr. Bishop and I would have great pleasure in being your guests.

Another incident of the month was Queen Victoria's visit to the Infirmary, where Mrs. Bishop had the privilege of seeing her. "She looked radiant and noble, and so very well and young for her years."

Dr. Bishop snatched a brief holiday late in September; and after visits near the highest part of the Peak, and to Peterborough, he wrote from The Elms, Houghton :

Here we have had a time of rest and brightness all too short. Isabella showed me Cromwell's school, Cowper's house, the church of which Cromwell's father was a churchwarden, and we have made pilgrimages to the lovely home of her father's later ministry. Yesterday she rowed me on the Ouse past the rectory, to Hartford Church, with its one set of arches Norman, the opposite ones very early English. Your heart will tell you how delightful all this is to me, and how full of pathos and tenderest interest to both of us.

When they returned, Dr. Bishop sent his wife for a few days to Tobermory, where she caught a chill by helping to put out a fire which threatened The Cottage in the middle of a bitterly cold night.

Immediately afterwards she was summoned to Edinburgh by the illness of her husband—an illness which was to overshadow, with but few brief intervals, the whole of her married life.

On Sunday night [she wrote to Lady Middleton early in November] it came on to blow a full gale from the S.E. On Monday morning, just after the daily steamer had left, came a telegram from two doctors saying that my husband was ill and asking me to come at once. I offered £100 to any boatman who would get me to Oban for the night train, but the answer was that if it could be done they would do it for love, and indeed the Sound was yeasty with foam and smoking with spindrift. Four telegrams arrived that miserable day—twenty-three hours of helpless waiting. I left on Tuesday morning, but the train stuck twice in the snow, and I did not arrive till late, but found him better. He had a severe relapse on Wednesday evening, and a tendency to failure of the heart on Thursday morning, but since then has been improving steadily. He performed an operation on a foreign sailor in the erysipelas ward of the fever hospital on Friday, having, they tell me, a slight scratch on his face, and came back with shiverings and sickness. Every organ except the brain has been affected; the eyes and back of the head were exceedingly bad. Such angelic quiescence, sweetness, and unselfishness I have only seen once before. The servants said they thought he would not get better because he was so good! I now think that his recovery will be rapid, although he is not out of bed yet.

When he was able to travel they went to Seaton Carew Vicarage to visit the Lawsons, and thence, on November 24, to Birdsall House. It was during this visit that the inventor of a new side-saddle, low and level, sent Mrs. Bishop a specimen in deference to her prowess as a horsewoman. Lady Middleton remembers how “she insisted on having it put on a mettlesome, high-bred, sixteen hands

hunter, and climbed up to try the seat, but it was an effort, and rather alarmed me and the horse, who never quite forgot it when mounted in future."

To accompany her husband on Saturdays she was breaking herself into "elderly rides" on a side-saddle, but felt "a crippled fool" all the time.

This long visit did both invalids good.

I think [wrote Mrs. Bishop after their return to Edinburgh], in his secret heart, he has always associated grace and charm with the cloven hoof, and I watched silently and with amusement the struggle going on in his mind and his complete surrender. To-day he said: "I am thinking of Lady Middleton. What a wonderful influence she must have! She's unearthly."

Early in 1882, while Dr. Bishop recovered sufficiently to resume both his practice and his Infirmary work, Mrs. Bishop was seriously ill and in continuous pain from a succession of carbuncles, which formed close to her spine and just where the operation for fibrous tumour had been performed in her girlhood. During the following weeks she was practically an invalid; and being in Edinburgh for a short period, I spent many hours with her and made her husband's acquaintance. I recollect his keen enjoyment in being read to aloud, and in his first introduction to Robert Browning's poems, which he demanded every evening. Four afternoon parties were given in February, forty guests at each, chiefly to show the Polynesian and Japanese curios, the former of which attracted special notice because of King Kalakaua's recent visit. This indeed had reawakened public interest in the Sandwich Islands, and a whole new edition of her book was sold during this winter. The volumes on Japan had also achieved a marked success and yielded a very satisfactory return of profits, so that she wrote with



warmth, "I, at all events, have no cause to complain of my publishers."

In March Bishop Burdon and Mrs. Burdon arrived from South China and stayed a fortnight with Dr. and Mrs. Bishop, who planned medical missionary drawing-room meetings and breakfasts for them and helped them to carry through their plans. The cause of medical missions was strongly advocated by Dr. Bishop, and he spared no trouble to prosper it, being convinced that it was based upon sound principles and had been adopted by Christ Himself, not only in His personal ministry, but in His instructions to those of His disciples whom He commissioned to teach His Gospel and whom He qualified with healing power.

When April came, the anxieties and strain of winter had reduced Mrs. Bishop to prostration, and she fled for a week to Tobermory, taking with her a traveller's store of provisions and cooking-pans, for her Cottage housekeeper was very ill and she did not wish to supplant her with a stranger. Mrs. Macdonald and her daughter came to the rescue and helped her daily. The weather was glorious, though snow crowned the hills, so she could walk a little and visit all her Tobermory friends, and she was somewhat rested by the 18th, when she returned to Edinburgh, met at Falkirk by Dr. Bishop. The very next day found her entertaining forty-six people at afternoon tea, and till May 6 she was engulfed in the usual Edinburgh vortex.

During her absence, Dr. Bishop dined every evening with Professor and Mrs. Blackie. He had strongly advised Professor Blackie to give up his chair of Greek in Edinburgh University, as acute illness of some duration that spring pointed towards resignation, and the wise old Scot accepted his

physician's *dictum* with cheerfulness. Every evening after dinner some favourite poem of Robert Browning's was read ; but in spite of anxious efforts to appreciate it, Dr. Bishop could not reach the level of enthusiasm demanded by the reader. Mrs. Bishop wrote to Mrs. Blackie about the Professor's resignation:

After it appeared in the papers, John showed me his letter to him, which I thought wise, wholesome, and beautiful. I trust you will be greatly relieved by this decision. You made my husband so happy at your home. With his loving and grateful nature you have made him your slave for life. It was a most kind thought, and it was such a relief to me to think that he was being cared for. I am doing some literary work, but the glow has faded from it, as from all else except nature, which I love more than ever since my darling died. She, as I always told her, was my inspiration. I work listlessly and wearily now and care nothing either for fame or money.

The "literary work" was her notes of the Malay Peninsula. These were in the accustomed form of letters to her sister, to whose "Beloved Memory" the book was eventually dedicated. Perhaps her health was more accountable for her listlessness and weariness than her loss, but she had allowed herself to be captured by a morbid obsession regarding that loss which the special character of her ailments fostered. This morbid strain exaggerated her personal moods. When she conquered its influence and went out in large sympathy towards others, she was clear-headed, wise and practical. Happily, she was normally conscious of this entanglement of physiological with emotional depression and could combat it, but after exhausting work, illness, or grief she yielded to its recurrence.

On May 6 Dr. and Mrs. Bishop went to London,

where they spent ten days together, he returning to his work on the 15th, when she crossed the Channel, halted at Paris to hear two addresses, and took the night train to Turin on the 18th. Miss Clayton and her friends were at Cadenabbia, where Mrs. Bishop joined them on the 20th. From that date till July 8 she was at the Italian Lakes and in Switzerland and Tyrol, but the only mention of her travels, except the barest diary jottings, occurs in a letter to Mrs. Blackie, dated August 5:

Switzerland was very nice, but I don't like the Swiss, and, after the frank, genial manners of the people of Northern Italy, I found them specially ungracious. The most delightful place we were at was Soglio, high up above the chestnut woods of the lovely Val Bregaglia, where we lived in an old palace of the de Salis, built in 1538, and with furniture of the sixteenth century, looking across to the glaciers and snow-fields of the Val Bendasca. That was the kind of place that I like.

On returning to London in July, she found a "mild ovation" awaiting her, and many invitations. She visited Mr. Murray several times, one of the occasions being an evening party of a hundred and twenty people, including Miss Gordon Cumming, Miss North, and other famous travellers—"very pleasant," she comments. On July 18 she went home, Dr. Bishop meeting her at Galashiels.

During all these summer weeks she had been busy with *The Golden Chersonese*, and complained even in Switzerland of the listlessness which dogged her efforts at work. Traces of this are indeed observable in the volume, but perhaps the subject was scarcely so inspiring as those of her earlier books. *The Golden Chersonese* is far more valuable from a practical than from a literary point of view, and a brief five weeks



full of discomforts and dangers, in a land where she had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the people, and where therefore her experiences were amongst the residents and their *entourage*, did not provide her pen with that panoramic variety which made *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* so delightful. She was, in fact, driven to study up the subject from both standard and official sources of information, and to work in, with her adventures, a number of admirable chapters devoted to the history, geography, and economic features of the little-known peninsula. These, as she tells us in a footnote to the preface, were based upon annual reports and upon the two main authorities for the Malayan Peninsula.

Professor Blackie was that autumn preparing his *Wisdom of Goethe*, of whom and of the Professor she wrote on August 6:

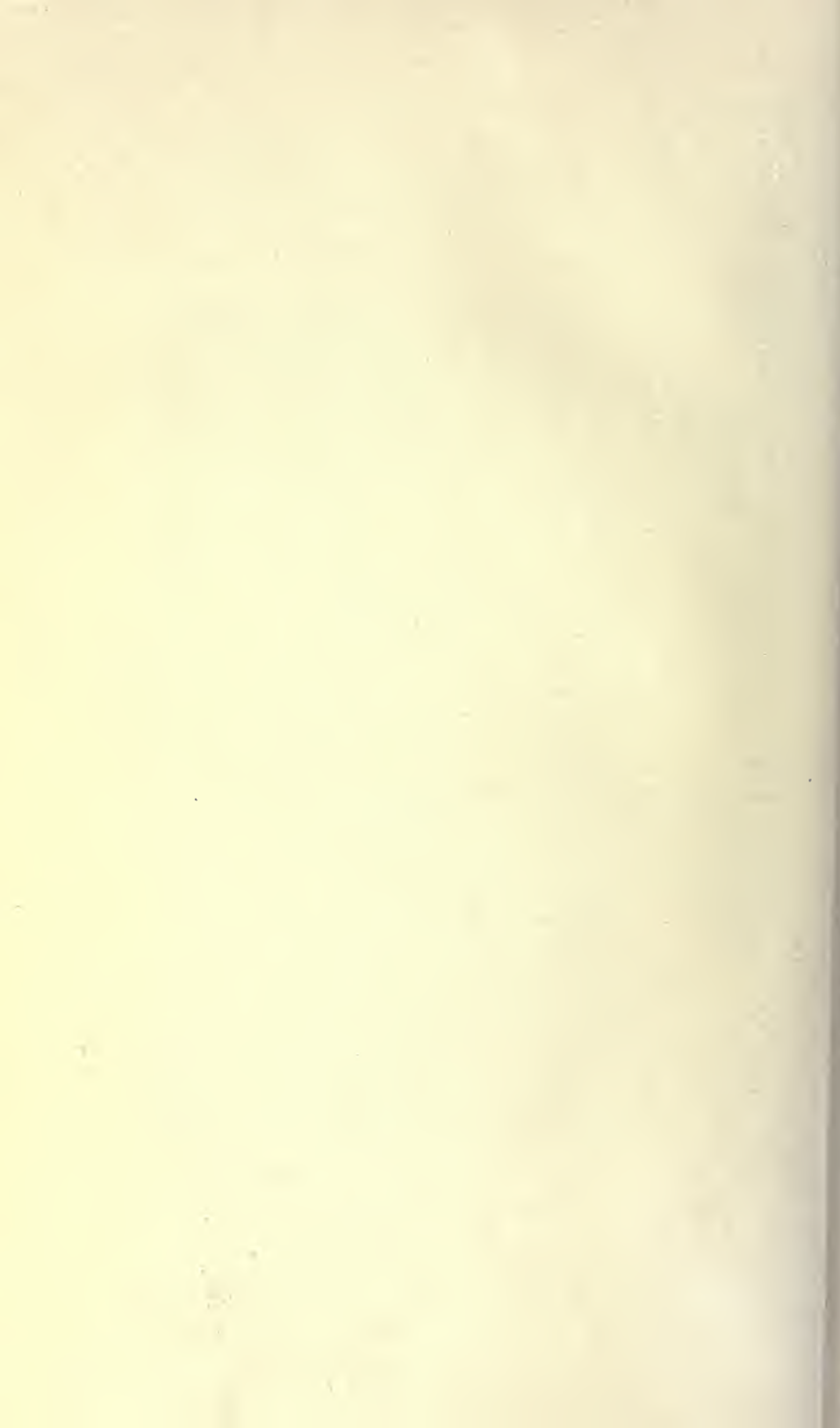
Professor Blackie lunched with me lately, looking very well and in great spirits. He is at present pounding Goethe into people as a pattern of moral excellence. I have no admiration for an exclusively artistic nature which deliberately puts sorrow, suffering, and evil out of its picture of life, because they won't "compose," and at the best this was Goethe's nature. At the worst, perhaps "Rab" was not far wrong when he epitomised Goethe's *Life* by Lewes as "a beast writing the life of a beast." I wish that Professor Blackie, one of the whitest souls among men, would not be so tempestuous in his defence of Goethe's morals and views on morals.

Nor did she express her opinion less explicitly to the Professor himself, when she wrote after the appearance of his volume of extracts:

Goethe is always fascinating, and you make him still more so, but personally, the preponderance of the purely artistic element in his nature repels me. When



THE COTTAGE, TOBERMORY.  
*From a photograph by Miss Alison Barbour.*





I admire him, it is with an intellectual appreciation of the vigour, brilliancy, culture, and many-sidedness of his intellect, but I am not in sympathy with his nature.

She had derived considerable benefit from Switzerland, so we find her energetically busy during the rest of summer with work, hospitality, and tricycling, and there is not a single allusion to her own health either in letters or diary. On August 23 she went to Tobermory for a month, and this improvement lasted and enabled her to go daily amongst her neighbours—amongst whom were Bishop Burdon and his wife—to entertain them constantly at The Cottage, to work in her little garden, to row herself across the bay to Aros House, and to spend her mornings and evenings at her *Golden Chersonese*.

When she returned to Edinburgh late in September she found her husband far from well. They had hoped to spend his holiday together at Ford, in Derbyshire, and at Birdsall, but the Infirmary held him fast till near the end of October, when his illness became sufficiently serious to keep him in bed for some days and to upset their plan of paying visits. Mrs. Bishop explained his condition to Lady Middleton in a letter dated December 10. The blood-poisoning of the previous autumn was not eradicated. It was sapping at the quality of his blood, and the slightest over-exhaustion or chill—neither one nor the other avoidable in his work—brought on a temporary collapse. When he was convalescent, a change was advisable.

He was only up to very short journeys, so we went to Moffat and Hexham, and explored the Roman Wall in a high, double dogcart, and then went to two rectories in the south of Durham among my

kin, and then to Canon Tristram's at Durham, to revel in Durham Cathedral.

Lady Middleton wished her to write a memoir of Henrietta, and in the letter quoted already she gave reasons for her hesitation :

I cannot yet attempt the beautiful life which you wot of. Every hunt among my sister's papers and every attempt to put on paper anything about her brings on such violent physical agitation, succeeded by collapse, that I feel, for my husband's sake, I must wait for more strength before I begin the labour of love. It is awfully lonely to be the *last* of one's family, and to have no one to share one's early memories and with whom to recall the delightful peculiarities and individualities of father and mother, and all the beloved events and trifles which made up the past. Sorrow and I must walk hand in hand till, through "the grave and gate of death," I pass alone into the world where there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." My husband is perfect in character and perfect in love, my devoted lover yet, and I try to conceal from him how much I suffer.

She continues :

I have quite given up making calls, and find the relief indescribable. It is almost freedom. We accept two dinner invitations weekly. I am "at home" every Friday afternoon; I give small, cosy afternoon teas, and go to my friends when they let me know that I shall find them, and consider that I pay my debt to society. My spine is considerably worse, and I go up and down stairs with so much difficulty, and am so altogether unable to drive over pavements, that giving up calls was a necessity, but at the same time I don't find poor people's stairs present such insurmountable difficulties!

She refreshed herself with microscopic work, and went twice a week to the Botanic Gardens to Professor Balfour's lectures on "Microscopic Cryptogamic Botany," and delighted in their marvellous

revelations. She was already a good botanist, as her remarkable observation of plants in the Sandwich Islands and in Japan revealed, and she constantly enlarged her study of the various departments of vegetable life. Indeed, her great horticultural knowledge induced the principals of a firm for importing foreign trees and plants for acclimatisation to offer her a large commission if she would undertake to be their agent, an appointment which she did not accept. Some passages in *The Golden Chersonese* illustrate this power of noting plants as she passed through a tropical jungle. Here is one from the letter describing her journey from Larut to Kwala Kangsa in Perak :

In the day's journey I counted one hundred and twenty-six differing trees and shrubs, fifty-three trailers, seventeen epiphytes, and twenty-eight ferns. I saw more of the shrubs and epiphytes than I have yet done, from the altitude of an elephant's back. There was an *Asplenium nidus*, which had thirty-seven perfect fronds radiating from a centre, each frond from three and a quarter to five and a half feet long, and varying from myrtle to the freshest tint of pea-green! There was an orchid with hardly visible leaves, which bore six crowded clusters of flowers close to the branch of the tree on which it grew, each cluster composed of a number of spikes of red coral tipped with pale green. In the openings there were small trees with gorgeous erythrina-like flowers, glowing begonias, red lilies, a trailer with trumpet-shaped blossoms of canary yellow, and a smaller trailer which climbs over everything that is not high, entwining itself with the blue thunbergia, and bearing on single stalks single blossoms, primrose-shaped, of a salmon-orange colour, with a velvety black centre. In some places one came upon three varieties of nepenthes, or "monkey-cups," some of their pitchers holding (I should think) a pint of fluid, and most of them packed with the skeletons of betrayed guests; then in moist places upon steel-blue aspleniums and



luxuriant selaginellas, and then came cælogynes with white blossoms, white-flowered dendrobiums all growing on or clinging to trees, with scarlet-veined banksias, caladiums, gingerworts, and aroids—inclining one to make incessant exclamations of wonder and delight.

All December and January she was occupied with the manuscript and proofs of this book, which she finished on February 7, 1883. *The Leisure Hour* was favoured with three chapters on the subject, called "Sketches in Malay Peninsula"—but the book itself was published by Mr. Murray in April, under the title, which her sister chose for it four years earlier, *The Golden Chersonese*. Its starting-point is China, and five of the letters are descriptive of Hong Kong and Canton, while three deal with Saigon and Singapore. The long introductory chapter, and from Letter IX. to the end—embracing altogether 278 pages—are occupied with the Malay Peninsula, and an immense amount of valuable information is packed into this compass. The book made a favourable impression.

During the latter part of 1882 Mrs. Bishop had another bad spinal attack, and in February and March, 1883, was so ill that her hand could hardly hold a pen. A series of sleepless nights in January preceded this break-down, caused partly by anxiety respecting Dr. Bishop, who was working at full pressure and growing whiter and more delicate every week, though he persisted in fulfilling his daily duties in every detail. By April she was better and fled to Tobermory, where she regained her vigour, put the garden in order—planting and sowing—and visited all her sister's friends, rich and poor.

In June she went to London—where, after a fortnight of movement and almost of gaiety, luncheons,

dinners, rides in the Park, visits to the Health Exhibition and the Academy, she was joined by her husband and together they left for Canterbury and St. Leonards on June 22.

After a few days' rest by the sea they went to Devonshire to carry out a plan made in May, a driving and riding tour which lasted three weeks, and which included all that was beautiful in cathedral, church, castle, and coast in that county. It is startling to read of this energetic enterprise on the part of two invalids, but it is certain that both greatly enjoyed it. Alas! for one of them it was too hazardous. By July 18 Dr. Bishop was once more so ill that they had to halt at Clifton to consult Dr. Shaw. They were due at The Butts, Westbury, the home of Mrs. Merttins Bird and her daughter, who although themselves absent, had invited them to make use of their house for a few days, on their way to the deanery at Llandaff. But Dr. Bishop grew rapidly worse and the local doctors gave up all hope of his recovery. Four consultations were held and Professors Grainger Stewart and Greenfield came from Edinburgh to attend one of these, but they had little encouragement to offer. In August it seemed as if the end were very near. On the 14th Mrs. Bishop wrote to Lady Middleton, who had a short time earlier suffered a week of almost despairing suspense about Lord Middleton:

On our way to the Dean of Llandaff's, we were stranded here a month ago, and often, often I wonder if I shall at last go forth alone. My dear, gentle, devoted husband, after goading the weary brain and body up to the verge of paralysis, is now laid down to rest, a white and wasted form just moved from bed to a couch by the fire, or on very fine days to a couch outside the window, and fed with milk, wine,

brandy and egg, or beef-tea every two hours. It is such a strange and still life—all doing in the present and all planning for the future at an end. God only knows what the result is to be. The doctors give little hope of recovery.

On September 9 she wrote again :

He has become a skeleton with transparent white hands, and his face is nothing but a beard and beautiful eyes. He is always happy; everything, however distressing, is "all right." He says that these weeks have been the happiest time of his life. His mind is very clear and bright; he is full of fun, interest, and thought for others. My aunt speaks of the "sweet dignity of his self-control," and his utter *selflessness*—a thing beyond unselfishness. I nursed him entirely day and night for six weeks; but when he came to require lifting, I sent for the splendid woman who nursed my sister, and who saw him then so strong for others. She quite adores him, and it is a great comfort to me to have a person who knows something of my husband. On Saturday week he was sinking so fast that the doctors said he would not see midnight, and on the following Monday he nearly sank. "My love is the love of eternity," he whispered, as I wiped what was believed to be the death-dew from his brow. We are now fighting death inch by inch. It is an awful time. Death may occur at any moment from "fatal syncope"; but perhaps even now God will hear prayer, and preserve that useful, unselfish, stainless life. I now realise that his devoted love has stood between me and the worst desolation, ever since he led me from the death-chamber at Tobermory.

The fight was steadfastly maintained, and at last, on December 3, some of the more alarming symptoms were subdued, and it was possible to remove him to London. Mrs. Merttins Bird and her daughter had done everything for them both during the four and a half months of anxiety. The nurse was assisted by a dear young friend from Tobermory, whose devotion was an unspeakable relief and



support to Mrs. Bishop. Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Shaw took him to the station, and Dr. Shaw travelled with him to Paddington, where Dr. Dixon and Dr. Wright met him, with a carriage sent by Miss Poole. They went to the Paddington Hotel for three weeks, and here he was constantly visited not only by the gentlemen already mentioned, but by Sir Andrew Clark and his old professor, Mr. Lister. They saw him together on the 5th, but gave no definite verdict on that day. It was a case of "pernicious anæmia," and its origin was doubtless that unfortunate operation on the Swedish sailor in the erysipelas ward of Edinburgh Infirmary in autumn, 1881, when he forgot the tiny scratch on his face, which laid him open to blood-poisoning.

Their advice was to get him at once to the sea-side, so Dr. Dixon accompanied him and Mrs. Bishop to St. Leonards, where they remained all January, February, and part of March, 1884. There ensued at first a great improvement in his general condition. The weather was brilliant in January, and he was often able to go out for an hour in a bath-chair. Some cousins of Mrs. Bishop's were staying at Hastings, and came constantly to share her nursing, reading to him and cheering him. His appetite improved, and for a time the strain of apprehension was relaxed. Two good doctors saw him almost daily, and till February the only disquieting circumstance was the recall of his valuable nurse and the incompetence of her successors. But then the improvement ceased, and some of the worst symptoms reappeared. He was dependent on the weather, as are so many sensitive invalids. Constant sickness and inability to take food returned. So it was decided that he must see Sir Andrew Clark again,

and Mrs. Bishop took him back to London, where a consultation was held on March 18. The verdict, if not favourable, was at least not threatening, so it was possible for her to leave him in charge of hospitable friends, the doctors, and a nurse, and go to Edinburgh on the long-delayed business involved in dismantling their Edinburgh home, which had now to be given up.

It was a melancholy errand, and involved almost heart-breaking work, for time and her husband's devotion had gradually strengthened her attachment to the house in Walker Street. At last, with the help of friends, valuables were taken to the bank and the furniture was stored, and she was able to take the night train back to London on April 7. She had received two telegrams daily, and sometimes a letter, from her husband, who was with her friend Mrs. Bowman, and she was rejoiced to find him looking a little better.

She longed to take her husband to Tobermory, and asked the Macdonalds to superintend some necessary preparations. They had been the kindest of neighbours to Henrietta, and were to prove themselves devoted friends to Mrs. Bishop.

I have wanted to tell you how delighted I was with Maggie, and how highly I think of her. A more competent, thoughtful helper I could not have had, and her gentle, sympathetic, and sweet ways were such a comfort to me. She never thought of herself, and always seemed to know without being told exactly what I wanted. She has prudence and tact beyond her years—a very dear girl.

The doctors now advised Brighton for her husband, and they moved there on April 9, and were joined there by Blair, their trusted servant, who helped to

nurse him. There can be no doubt that Dr. Bishop's health revived in the strong sea air, and he not only went out daily in a bath-chair, but was able to go for short walks and an occasional long drive. His brother came to Brighton, and was his frequent companion. Nearly every evening he was massaged; his whole weight at the beginning of their stay was eight stone, but he gained flesh before they left.

It was during this time that Mrs. Bishop made the acquaintance of Mrs. Peter Taylor, who spent the last twenty years of her life in and near Brighton. Her "Wednesdays" at Aubrey House, on Campden Hill; had been famous, and in their social and cosmopolitan variety had a character of their own. Mrs. Taylor was the personal friend of Mazzini, Garibaldi, John Stuart Mill, the Grotes, and of many pioneers of reform. She collected about her a memorable circle of men and women—somewhat regardless of their poverty or wealth, but with care as to their worth, ability, and convictions. Perhaps few are living now who remember her lovely face and slight form, the delicate lavenders and sea-greens of her dress, her clear, penetrating glance, bright laughter, and swift wit. Mrs. Bishop appreciated her at once, and went to see her often during May, 1884.

She wrote to Mr. Murray from Brighton in answer to his inquiries:

Under new treatment an improvement has taken place, which has been maintained for more than a month. Some strength has been gained, and there seems now reason to hope for recovery, though by *very* slow degrees. We have sold our Edinburgh house, as the doctors have decreed a wandering life for eighteen months. A facsimile of my Rocky Mountains travelling dress is being exhibited at the National Health Exhibition, at the request of the



Committee. I might have made the exhibit dainty and attractive, but it is strictly a working costume, such as I shall wear if I travel in outlandish regions again.

After five weeks she took her husband back to London to ask Sir Andrew Clark's sanction for a three months' residence at Tobermory. This was given, and they began to move northwards by easy stages, one of them being Ilkley, where Dr. Bishop enjoyed the moors, and ventured out on the heather for brief walks. He was weighed here by Dr. Johnstone, and found to be nine stone, two pounds. Mrs. Bishop left him at Ilkley, and went on to Tobermory to make all ready for his coming. During all this time she never recorded a word about herself and her ailments. Self had passed out of sight in love's ministry. Her diary is filled with entries concerning him—his doctors, nurses, movements, daily condition. On July 26 Dr. Bishop arrived by the *Pioneer*, on board which she had made all arrangements for his comfort. He seemed wonderfully well after the double journey by rail and boat, and was able to stroll up to Heanish that very evening.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LOSS

WHILE the weather kept up, Dr. Bishop continued to improve. Two young doctors, Mrs. Macdonald's sons, were at home and took him out boating almost daily. His brother came to the new hotel for a month, and was his companion, boating or driving. He ate better, began to sketch, sat out a great deal, made visits and enjoyed those of friends and neighbours. By the end of August, 1884, he had gained half a stone. Mrs. Bishop was at liberty to read and write a little and to visit the poor people whose care she regarded as Henrietta's legacy.

On the 23rd she wrote to Lady Middleton :

I wished I had been with you when you entertained Lowell, whom I remember as a young widower living in a small clematis-embowered wooden house in Cambridge, Mass., wearing masses of brown auburn hair rather long, and being regarded as resembling Shakespeare. He was then known only as the author of *The Biglow Papers*. I think much more of him as a most accomplished critic than as a man of great literary talent. I wonder what he is like now. His public appearances are tactful and charming.

Unfortunately about that time torrents of rain and thunderous heat replaced the fresh summer air and sunshine, and Dr. Bishop ceased to benefit and even began to lose ground.

I do not now think [she wrote] that John will recover, but unless he has an illness he may live for a long time as an invalid. He is ordered to the Riviera for the winter, and unless this retrograde movement goes on I suppose we shall leave in November, paying perhaps one or two visits previously. He keeps up his wonderful patience and quiet cheerfulness. He spends much of his time in drawing, which he only began in May, but already he has taken one or two slight sketches in water colours. He can walk about two hundred yards, and take long drives, but his great delight is in boating—actual sailing in the Sound of Mull.

She was busy in leisure hours with the compression of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* into one volume—for a new edition which Mr. Murray asked her to prepare—leaving out statistics and making it a book of travel and adventure. She finished this by October 1, a week before taking Dr. Bishop to Edinburgh. Mr. Murray had also inquired about her notes of travel in the Highlands of Scotland in the fifties and sixties, but these had all been destroyed.

On October 8 they travelled to Edinburgh, after a day's halt at Oban for the invalid. Lodgings were taken at 16 Alva Street, where they stayed a fortnight, Professor Grainger Stewart and Dr. Ritchie daily visiting Dr. Bishop. A new treatment was begun, but he was losing ground, and it was imperative to get him away as soon as possible. They moved to the Royal Hotel, because Mrs. Bishop noticed that he ate more when people were about him, and there I saw him on a blustering autumn day. He looked pearly white, but his eyes were full of peace, goodness, and cheerfulness, and he asked me to come back in the evening and read *King John* to him. I was staying with Mrs. Blackie, who thought it hazardous to go out in the midst of a perfect tempest of wind and rain, but the promise



to one so near the world of spirits, and who looked already like one of their company, was sacred. He met me at the head of the staircase. "I knew you would come," he said; "Isabella thought you could not possibly come, but I knew better." He enjoyed the reading greatly and listened till it was time to cease, thanking me generously when I left.

Two days later they were in London at the Portland Hotel, where Dr. Bishop's brother joined them and went with them to Dover, Paris, Marseilles, and Hyères, which they reached on November 19.

The opinion of the London doctors [wrote Mrs. Bishop from Dover to Mrs. Macdonald] all but shuts out hope; they say that the journey is a great risk, but that he could not in this country live more than three months. I look at the sea before the window, which it is proposed that he shall cross, and seem ever to hear a voice saying, "Weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country any more."

The passage was bad, and, although he was laid on an air bed throughout the whole journey, it tried him severely. When at length Hyères was reached, Mrs. Bishop secured a suite of rooms at the Hôtel de l'Ermitage—"two large bow-windowed rooms with a splendid view, and a smaller one with a fine wood view."

Dr. Bishop was so exhausted that he lay scarcely noting who was there, or what was done. She nursed him day and night herself for a fortnight, giving him milk and brandy every two and a half hours, and now and then a freshly gathered orange. Then she found an English nurse just disengaged, who took the night duty. He regained a very little strength by December and liked to be read to. He talked a great deal about Tobermory, saying again

and again, "Last summer was the happiest time in my life." He longed for news of all the people there, and Mrs. Bishop asked Mrs. Macdonald to send them a letter full of details about everybody. He was still entirely confined to bed.

Besides nursing him and reading to him, I get very little done [she wrote to Lady Middleton on January 22, 1885], a little drawing, a little French study, and two or three sheets of *A Pilgrimage to Mount Sinai*. My head and heart are weary, and I find it difficult to lose myself in my subject.

Mr. Murray asked her to send an article on the Riviera to the editor of *The Quarterly Review*, but she was too dispirited by her immediate pre-occupations to consent. She had promised Dr. Macaulay, of *The Leisure Hour*, to put her notes of the desert journey to Mount Sinai in order, and from time to time she spent an hour upon them. The three papers were not finished till the end of 1885, and appeared in 1886.

At the beginning of the former year an improvement in Dr. Bishop's health gave short-lived hope. He could sit up, be carried down to the Terrace, and even take a short drive, but in February this rally ebbed and he seemed to be fast sinking. Then with March came an even more encouraging revival, and for a time she almost hoped to take him back to England for the summer. She was in desperate need of change and rest, and the presence of her capable friend Miss Clayton enabled her to take it, when the spell of improvement grew steadier in April. She described this three weeks' holiday in a letter to Mr. Murray written on April 29:

As I had only such luggage as I could easily carry myself and had fairly good weather, I saw a good

deal and enjoyed it as much as anxiety and feeble health on my own part would allow me. I went to every place along the coast from Cannes to Final Marina! My preference for outlandish travelling and half-civilised peoples remains unshaken, however. I had not realised that the Riviera is suburban Genoa, or suburban Marseilles, or both, for its whole extent, and still speculators are planting trees, making boulevards, and building unsightly houses. I spent a week at Cannes, or rather at Garibondy in perfect weather. The unusual rains have given the gardens and surroundings of Cannes an exquisite beauty this year.

She combined the practical with the recreative in this tour, going to all the hotels to inspect their resources, in case it were advisable to change Dr. Bishop's surroundings in the autumn. But none of them pleased her so well as the Hôtel de l'Ermitage. On her return, the doctors prescribed mountain air, "as a last resort," and absolutely forbade his return to England. But for the moment Dr. Bishop was a little better, and was sketching and even writing letters. One to Mr. Murray bears date May 2, 1885, and asks for information respecting Dean Mansel's contributions to *The Speaker's Commentary* and other theological collections, adding :

My dear wife has returned from her eighteen days' rambles along the coast. She looks better, though alas! her spine is very troublesome. I know that you will be interested to hear that I can report over five weeks' fair progress in convalescence on my own part.

The time was favourable for his removal, and their friends were willing to go with them, so on the evening of May 19 a start was made with every possible precaution. They reached Geneva at mid-day of the 20th, and drove to the Hôtel Nationale.



Dr. Bishop slept part of the way, and on the 21st was able to lunch and dine with the others. After establishing him at Glion and finding that her health made a visit to London imperative, and that she could leave him with confidence in Miss Clayton's hands, Mrs. Bishop went to London, and there, on June 1, underwent an operation at Sir Joseph Lister's hands. Then she stayed four days with Professor and Mrs. Blackie in Edinburgh, did much business, and had many consultations with Professor Grainger Stewart about her husband. Returning to London for a final visit to Sir Joseph Lister, she left England on June 17, and on the 19th was once more with Dr. Bishop, whom Miss Clayton had removed to Territet during her absence. She described his state to Mr. Murray on the 24th :

I was exceedingly sorry to leave without seeing you again and without the little visit to Wimbledon for which I had hoped. I was for ten days a patient of Sir Joseph Lister, and afterwards was obliged to make a hurried run to Edinburgh to arrange for our longer absence. During my short sojourn in England, my husband became so much weaker that I felt it absolutely necessary to return. He looks pathetically fragile and ethereal, and, though the doctors still fancy that a high altitude may alter the course of his illness, I am slowly coming to the conclusion that this long and weary time of weakness must ere very long terminate fatally. My husband is too weak to sit up even in bed, and I very greatly dread the risk of moving him to any such height as the Eggishorn, to which he must be carried on a litter, and where he may become worse. . . . We are thinking of Vissoie in the Val d'Anniviers and possibly of Bella Tola afterwards.

This project was carried out almost at once, for by July 7 the whole party was settled at the Hôtel Bella Tola, St. Luc, Valais, and the Bishops remained

there for nearly three months. Dr. Bishop was carried up from Vissoie on an air-bed, and as the ascent is steep, the strain exhausted him. After a few days' rest, he spent four or five hours daily lying on a couch in the open air. The weather was glorious, no rain fell for eight weeks—except after occasional thunder-storms. Indeed, one of their first encounters at Vissoie was with a procession of 743 men and women in white from head to foot, nearly all very devout-looking, who had assembled at 4 a.m. and had walked ten miles and back to a very sacred shrine of the Virgin Mary to pray for rain. The mediævalism of this procession, as it wound like a monstrous white caterpillar along the mountain path, was very striking. The pious trudge was in vain, for the drought lasted eight weeks longer.

Miss Bessie Ker, one of the friends whom Mrs. Bishop affectionately called "the people," gives the following account of their ascent to Vissoie :

After the winter of 1884-5, which we spent in the same hotel with them near Hyères, and during which Miss Clayton used to read to him daily and comforted him much, we all went together into Switzerland and she took charge of him at Glion at the head of the Lake of Geneva, while Isabella went to England on business. On her return, we all went up to the Val d'Anniviers, a lateral small valley from that of the Rhône. It was then only accessible by a narrow road partly resting on wooden supports outside the precipices along the river, and so narrow that it could only take the long, narrow country cart. In one of these he lay on a mattress, Miss Clayton going with him on the very uncomfortable seat beside the driver. Isabella and I followed, my sister and Deis [a Swiss nurse] were behind. This drive excited him very much, he had never seen anything like it and was enjoying it greatly. Once or twice he raised a white face with gleaming eyes, looked back and waved his cap.

The heat at Vissoie was so great that it was soon necessary to seek the higher levels of St. Luc, whither on July 7 he was carried up the steep zigzag road by four men, on a stretcher. Isabella walked up, the others on mules rode through the wood to Hôtel Bella Tola, 5,496 ft. high. Many days and nights of anxious ministry followed. In August Mrs. Bishop was left alone with her husband, but when the September cold came on and the hours spent outside were gradually reduced to one, she sent for Mr. Duncan Macdonald, a medical student whose aid she urgently needed. The worst symptoms were returning and it was important to carry him down to Lausanne before winter set in, when Bella Tola was shut up and the landlord left for Vissoie. All October he suffered a succession of agitating changes and it became obvious that he must avoid the winter severity. Cannes was chosen by the Swiss doctor as his next stage, and thither they journeyed from Lausanne, arriving at the Hôtel Richemont on November 3. But the tide rose and fell ever more feebly.

At last Mrs. Bishop sent for Sir Joseph Lister, and it was decided to attempt the perilous operation of transfusion of blood. A sturdy young Italian peasant was willing to risk it for a large sum of money, and every precaution which surgical science could dictate was used. Sir Joseph Lister, assisted by three doctors, operated, and the process lasted an hour and a half. This was on January 3, 1886.

No evil effects followed this almost despairing effort to prolong the beloved life, but it was futile, for he had no power to assimilate the fresh young blood. When it was safe to move him, he was taken in an ambulance to the Hôtel des Anglais, where, very gently but very surely, he faded from



earth before her eyes. To the last he was happy, and except when fevered by exhaustion absolutely peaceful. An excellent man-servant, Jean Hari, had been brought from Valais, and could hardly be prevailed upon to leave him for the briefest rest. Just towards the end his suffering was so great that Dr. Frank recommended chloroform from time to time to spare him its paroxysms. Mrs. Bishop administered it. She was with him till one o'clock the night before he died, and received his last whisper of love as she bade him good-night. At seven o'clock she came back to him, and at half-past eight his gentle spirit fled. It was Saturday, March 6, 1886.

His brother had been at Cannes for ten days, and with Dr. Frank's assistance made all the funeral arrangements. It was hastened by a day, for March 8 was the anniversary of his marriage five years earlier, and Isabella could not bear the thought of burying him on that day. So on Sunday, March 7, he was laid to rest in the hill cemetery, from which his mourners could look upon a view of sea and mountains. They were his brother, Dr. Frank and Lady Agnes Frank, Miss Ker, Miss Lillingston, and Jean Hari. Even by friends of a few weeks he was truly mourned.

Mrs. Bishop would have sunk altogether had not Miss Clayton come to her at once. As it was, she was lost in a stupor of grief after the funeral, which she had watched winding up the hill towards the cemetery. Her friends did all they could for her, and kept her as much as possible in bed.

After each bereavement her heart and flesh were nigh to failing, and now that the last human treasure was taken, and she was left alone, a wave of anguish

overwhelmed her. But in her grief there was a new element, a throbbing and stirring of her spiritual life, a sense of the world which her husband had entered, and, as she said herself, she "was brought face to face with Jesus Christ." Long before, when Mrs. Bird died, Isabella had written a "prayer of the bereaved."

Saviour, whose crowned humanity  
Still stoops to wipe the tearful eye,  
Unto whose ear the voiceless sigh  
Pleads not in vain ;

Thou, who the broken heart hath healed,  
Look on the woe to Thee revealed,  
The burning fount of tears unsealed,  
This bitter pain.

If blindly on a mortal head,  
With lavish hand, I fondly shed  
Gifts on Thy shrine more fitly laid,  
Saviour, forgive !

With earthly love compelled to part,  
Stricken by Sorrow's keenest dart,  
Have mercy on this wounded heart  
And healing give.

If mortal accents all too dear,  
With their deep music filled my ear,  
So that Thy voice I failed to hear,  
O Christ, forgive !

Turn not this human heart to stone,  
But once again, with magic tone,  
Thrill through its chambers dark and lone,  
Bidding it live.

On March 11 she began to face her solitude. During the first quiet days she sewed for herself dress, mantle, bonnet, cap—all the sad garb of widowhood. As a child she had learned to cut out and make the simple cotton smocks which she and her sister wore at Tattenhall. Needlework was her constant resource

in times of suffering, and she was expert at cutting out and at using the sewing-machine.

On the 24th she went to Mentone on business, but returned after a few days, and chose a monument for her husband's grave in Cannes. Dr. Murray Mitchell was at Mentone—the friend who had first introduced Dr. Bishop to her—and he helped her with the business complications which followed.

By April she was able to visit the grave daily, and there, on the 13th, she consecrated herself to those special labours for others which had been his delight and to which Christ had called her. On May 1 she wrote to Mrs. Blackie :

The loss of him is simply *awful*—my own pure, saintly, heroic, unworldly, unselfish, devoted husband. I have long known that he was the only man I have seen whom I could have married with any chance of happiness. His long and weary illness had made him the object of all my thoughts, plans, hopes, fears, interests. I have lived for him. But I must not write about my grief and desolation. Life at the longest cannot be very long, and will be made up not of years, but of *days*, and I should be traitorous to the blessed memories of those whom I have loved and lost if I did not seek to show my gratitude for the good things of my past life. Henceforth I must live my own life, responsible to God alone and my conscience. It must be lonely and darkened by the shadow of death, but by God's help I trust that it will neither be selfish nor repining.

Here is a new note, and "by God's help" its music swelled into a psalm of service.

The "people" were about to return by Paris to London, and she decided to go with them as far as Aix-les-Bains. After a few days together they separated, and she made her way to Sierre and St. Luc, where she spent a whole day in what had



been Dr. Bishop's room, praying, reading, formulating her resolutions, renewing her solemn dedication. On May 11 she wrote from the Hôtel Bella Tola to Mrs. Macdonald :

I came here to retrace the precious memories of last summer, and to stamp the place for ever on my memory. I have *this* room, in which patience did her perfect work, and can almost see the bright angel-face. He was "an angel," the landlord said—"yes; angel of patience." It was from here on a sunny afternoon, carried in his camp-bed by four men, that he started with radiant face on his journey to death. I see it all as I write. The snow is deep all round here. The father and daughter who keep the hotel came up to open it for me. The father and my husband had formed a strong mutual attachment, and they sympathise deeply in my terrible loss. Will you help any one with goods from me who may be in special want? I leave the helping of the very poor to your discretion and knowledge, and ask you to be generous, for I can make my personal expenses very small now.

Then, after a day at Geneva, one at Glion, one at Pontarlier, and one at Lausanne, she took the train to Paris, joined her friends there, and went with them on May 15, going to stay with Miss Poole at 48 Avenue Road for a fortnight. There were many people to see and things to do, and she was besides called to St. Leonards to visit a dear cousin, Harriet Bird, on her deathbed.

By June 2 she was able to leave for Edinburgh, where Professor and Mrs. Grainger Stewart were her hosts. Her duty was to unpack her husband's books and papers and to distribute them as he had wished. This work went on at 9 Douglas Crescent, where Mrs. Blackie had stored her boxes.

On June 18 she reached Tobermory, and found distress at The Cottage. Mrs. McDougall, caretaker

in her absence and housekeeper during her residence, was very ill, and an immediate operation was necessary. This was performed on the 25th by Dr. Maxwell, of Tobermory, to whom Mrs. Bishop acted as assistant surgeon, administering the chloroform and supplying all instant requirements. She then nursed Mrs. McDougall to recovery with the help of Nurse Mackinnon, and had the satisfaction of seeing the good woman look better than before her illness. July was spent in constant visits and deeds of mercy; her home occupations were gardening, sewing, reading. She was besides writing out a detailed narrative of her whole acquaintance with Dr. Bishop, her married life, his long illness, and his death. To this she added the many tributes to his rare character received from all parts of the world. The "people" were in Ulva Cottage, and much with her, and Tobermory was crowded with summer visitors, who found their way to The Cottage.

Only two excursions are recorded—one to Loch Ba to take tea on its shore, the other to Calgary for three days. But in August she went to Tiree to spend some days with Mrs. Macdiarmid, and her account of this visit, in a letter to Professor Blackie, is too interesting to be omitted. Ceaseless bad weather had delayed her from risking the difficult landing at Scarinish Bay, although her bag was ready packed for ten days; at last, on August 20, it was possible. Tiree was in a state of uproar; the land-leaguers were busy and angry; some of the members had been evicted and they were holding a meeting to hear the ousted tenants speak upon their wrongs.

From the wild, difficult landing-place, the white tents of the camp, "the thin red line" of the marines, and the gleam of bayonets looked most singular.

The Tíree men, magnified in the mist, looked gigantic, appalling. They are really children of Anak. I never saw such a tall and massive race. There was a singular rabble on shore—policemen, special correspondents, commissariat officials, camp doctors, bluejackets from the troop-ship, all awaiting the mail. I suppose it is now much like some of the least disturbed parts of Ireland. The factor's life has been threatened, and the people yelled round his house "Remember Lord Leitrim." [Mr. Macdiarmid was the factor.] Those who won't join the League receive threatening letters with coffins on them, and many are boycotted. A sort of mild reign of terror seems to prevail. The island looks pretty on a bright day, intensely white sands, long stretches of sward as fine and smooth as the finest English lawn, all surrounded by a sea in which brilliant blue is mingled with bands and splotches of deep purple and violet. It is the most prosperous looking part of the Highlands and Islands that I have seen—men and women in such substantial home-spun clothing, the children so well dressed, strong and handsome.

She stayed in Tobermory all September, leaving for October and November and returning to spend three more months in "the beloved little home on the wooded edge of the moorland above the Northern Sea," as she had called it in one of her letters from *The Golden Chersonese*. Early in November she travelled to Bristol to pay a brief visit to Mrs. Merttins Bird at Westbury, where Dr. Bishop's first serious break-down occurred, and where four months of 1883 had been spent. Mr. Murray asked her for a contribution to his *Magazine*, and from Westbury she wrote on November 5, 1886:

Dr. Grainger Stewart has forbidden me to think of literary work for four months. You will not therefore think me ungracious for my non-appearance at present in your forth-coming *Magazine*. In looking over the contents of a trunk lately, I found the enclosed, which, if it be suitable, make use of.



The manuscript was accepted and printed in the March number of *Murray's Magazine*. It is a singular record in poetry of her subconscious experiences during the first moments of the action of chloroform, and we may date the incident as belonging to June 1, 1885, when she underwent an operation for which the anæsthetic was employed. She was so impressed by her vision that she wrote a prose account of it while it was still vivid in her recollection, and this she followed in her poem, whose sub-title is "A Psychological Fragment." It describes at first exquisite peace thronged with sunny memories from earliest childhood, then "a brief and bitter agony" in the hour of parting between soul and body. Her spirit looked on the "cold, expressionless, pitiful log" of her body, and thrilled with the joy of freedom from mortality. It soared to seek—

The fiery throne  
On which sits "the High and Lofty One,"  
And, with eye undazzled by the light,  
To gaze on the glory infinite,  
And shining host of Seraphim  
And veiled face of Cherubim.

But, alas ! the poor soul failed to attain, for suddenly, "at the moment when anæsthesia became complete," there was—

*Darkness* where light should be !  
*Nothing* where I should see  
The great, thrice-holy Three !

Returning through London she visited St. Mary's Hospital with a view to future plans, and was restlessly occupied for some time. The Birds had always called such busy days "hard-hunted" and the word occurs frequently at this time in her diary.

All December she was amongst her Tobermory

friends, out in all weathers, working at home, writing and nursing. Before Christmas she spent two whole days making up and posting parcels of gifts. On December 22 she wrote to Lady Middleton :

I prefer to spend this time alone in this weird fashion, on the edge of the moorland above the sea, to anything else. I think of remaining here till the first anniversary of my husband's death, March 6, is past, when I purpose to go into St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, for three months. Then I think of paying a few visits, and possibly in the early autumn I may go and visit medical missions in Northern India. My inclination is never again to cross the Channel, but this is urged upon me, and I wish to found a memorial hospital to my husband in connection with a medical mission to which he was devoted to the end.

The year 1887 began with heavy rain, but nothing deterred her from her rounds—visiting the sick, helping the poor, making soup and puddings for her invalids, giving lessons at home to a number of young people in French, drawing, and the use of the sewing-machine. Sometimes she walked round the bay to Aros House, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Allan ; this was generally on dark and stormy winter afternoons, when she would arrive drenched, would take off her water-proof and long snow-boots and would sit at the ingle-neuk drinking tea and talking delightfully till it was time to walk home again. When she went to lunch, she rowed herself across the bay, tied her boat to the tiny pier, and walked up to the house.

Her costume shocked some of the good Tobermory people, and indeed it was adapted rather for convenience than beauty. A servant lassie, listening to her praises from her mistress, who descanted on the courage with which she overcame the difficulties

of travelling amongst half-savage peoples, said scornfully, "It's no wonder she gets through—no one would look at her." "What do you mean?" said her mistress. "No man would run away with her; the very black mans would not want her, she's so ugly." It was a tremendous indictment, and to those who remember her charm and dignity at home and with her friends somewhat astonishing. But an ulster made like a man's, a rather weather-beaten hat, and big snow-boots conceal charm and dignity, qualities which the Highland lassie associated with Sunday frocks and bonnets. Badarroch was a favourite resting-place and occurs constantly in her diary as the scene of pleasant hours spent with Mr. and Mrs. MacLachlan. "Visitors all day" is a frequent entry, and sometimes "made calls in all parts of the village." Her French and drawing classes were held on alternate days. Mr. John Macdonald, who was at Heanish with his parents before leaving for Egypt to take up a medical appointment there, benefited by the French lessons. Sometimes the students stayed to tea and read poetry with Mrs. Bishop.

About the end of February, fatigue brought on a short spinal attack, but she got over it quickly, and pursued her beneficent activity until March 22, when she left for Edinburgh. A long letter to Mrs. Macdiarmid, written on March 10, mentions the three sad anniversaries—of her husband's death, his burial, and their marriage—through which she had just passed "alone with God." The rest of its pages are full of helpful suggestions for a "Teacher's Class," which Mrs. Macdiarmid had begun in Tiree, and of advice and prescriptions for a case of anæmia.

There was another matter about which she was



much concerned that spring. Her sister had always been distressed by the drunkenness in Tobermory and had helped to keep up a Band of Hope amongst the children. Mrs. Bishop felt deeply the importance of temperance work, but upon being asked by Mr. Levack to speak at a Band of Hope meeting in January, 1887, she wrote:

Your note puts me into a great difficulty. I am deeply interested in temperance work, but, not being a pledged abstainer, I feel that to speak at temperance, or rather total abstinence, meetings is hardly honest. As the matter stands, I never touch spirits, and for the last ten years I have not taken wine as a beverage, and for the last three not at all except twice, when I took it for three weeks at a time, for weakness of the heart caused by rheumatism, and shall probably have to take it again. I am abstaining now, but it is against the doctor's positive orders. Again, I do not regard the taking of wine, or beer, in moderation at meals as wrong. Abstinence I only regard as essential for the present distress and as a part of the "bearing one another's burdens" (by those who are not in circumstances of temptation) to which as Christians we are bound. I must now leave the matter to you, merely adding that I cannot be at the Hall to speak—or not—till 8.30.

As a matter of fact she did speak at the meeting, and there is reason to believe that this was her first public address. She was very shy when speaking to children both upon this and other occasions. She had not the natural facility for entertaining them remarkable in her sister, but she now set herself to overcome this reluctance and timidity and frequently accepted invitations to address the Band of Hope. Mr. Levack writes:

When she was fairly started and had caught their attention by wonderful tales of what she had seen

in far-off lands, her courage rose and she was in her element, the young people engrossed in her talk and responding most enthusiastically.

Perhaps it was on this occasion that she told them about Mr. Low's monkeys at Kwala Kangsa in the Malay Peninsula, one of whom seized a long glass full of champagne at dinner and drank the wine before the glass could be taken from him—the wine mounting to his head at once, so that he had to stagger to a sofa and lie down. "If drunkenness were not a loathsome human vice," she wrote when, describing the scene, "it would have been most amusing to see it burlesqued by this ape."

Lady Victoria Campbell was district referee for the Young Women's Christian Association, and wished to form a branch for the Western Islands. She paid a visit to The Cottage, and secured Mrs. Bishop's co-operation. What especially attracted Mrs. Bishop to the proposal was the hope that a brightly conducted branch might not only interest and concentrate the lives of many young women in Tobermory, but might attract girls who grew too old for the Band of Hope, and, by filling their leisure evenings with pleasant and profitable occupation, destroy the attraction of idleness, gossip, and their perils. She therefore willingly consented to form the branch, and had completed many preliminary arrangements when she left Tobermory on March 22. Miss MacCallum was made the first secretary, and it was arranged that she should draw up a list of all young women who wished to join, so that the work might begin in autumn.

On April 1 she went to London, and took rooms in Oxford Terrace, to be near St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where she purposed to take a

three months' course of training in nursing. She was allowed to choose somewhat exceptional instruction. Her experience at Tobermory guided her choice of the casualty wards and the operating theatres rather than of the wards where medical cases were treated. She spent from six to ten hours daily in the hospital, going at nine in the morning and leaving at from three to seven and eight o'clock in the evening. Sometimes she rested for a few hours in the afternoon, and spent the whole night nursing, or assisting to nurse, a bad case. Surgical and eye cases occupied her chiefly. She learned to make and use splints, bandages (both of linen and plaster), to dress wounds, even to put up "a man's leg in plaster," watched operations—sometimes two in a day—amputations, hernia, trephining, tumours, and took single-handed work often for many hours.

And in spite of all this, she dined out constantly with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Bishop Perry, Canon Cook, Sir E. Sieveking, Sir Edwin Arnold, and many others. One brief respite she snatched in May to visit Mrs. George Brown at Houghton, returning after four days to St. Mary's, and adding to her work not only many missionary meetings, but the search for a house in London—a long and disappointing "hunt." She fixed upon 44 Maida Vale, but it required considerable repair, so that some months elapsed before she could furnish it. This step was urged upon her both by her English relatives and friends, and by her own desire to be nearer the centre of the intellectual and religious movements of the day.

Edinburgh was a place of saddest reminders, and these were apt to unfit her for the life of unselfish activity to which she was now pledged. She had



always been open to the action of her environment. Much that seemed, and indeed *was*, conflicting in her character was due to this wealth of sympathetic response to her immediate circumstances. She heard keenly, and vibrated deeply to every note in the scale of human character, suffering, and emotion. She placed herself intuitively at the standpoint of those in contact with her, assenting to their views, their prejudices, their enthusiasms. There was often apparent contradiction in her stated estimates and opinions, due to the fact that each of these represented but one facet of the whole crystal of truth, and was the response made by her many-sided sympathy to one particular mind or special environment.

She was aware of her tendency to be attracted by the disturbing magnetism of humanity, and she longed for a definite sphere in which she could concentrate her forces for active work. London seemed best for this purpose, and she decided to try the experiment of making her home there. Her thoughts, too, were filled with a matter of great importance to herself. Dr. Bishop's concern to promote medical missions has been already indicated. Even during his protracted illness he had lost no opportunity of urging their value. His personal friend, Dr. Torrance, at Nazareth, was much hindered in his work because his patients from outlying districts could not be kept directly under his care. Mrs. Bishop desired to carry out her husband's wish that a hospital should be built at Nazareth. About this project, destined unfortunately to fail, she writes to Mrs. Blackie:

I purpose to put up as a memorial to my husband a hospital of twelve beds in connection with a medical mission. The demand for one at Nazareth is great; the surgical cases come to the doctor in numbers

from Judea and Galilee, and even from the confines of the desert, and he has to send some away, and to treat others in dark mud-hovels. So, if the Turkish Government will consent, I purpose to put up the memorial there *fully equipped*, sending it out in pieces from England. Wherever it is, I wish to qualify myself for giving some help at the beginning. John's profound interest in medical missions, and his years of persevering work in connection with them, makes me decide upon such a hospital as the most fitting monument I could put up.

Her work at St. Mary's Hospital went on till the end of July. An interesting correspondence with Mr. Murray belongs to this summer in town. It was the critical time of the Irish troubles and the Plan of Campaign. English public opinion was notably ignorant of the real state of matters below the surface. It was split into two almost equally hysterical and rancorous cries, and the action of the Plan of Campaign increased the violence and obscured the discernment on both sides. Mr. Murray hoped that a series of articles written from the disaffected districts of Ireland by a tactful inquirer and observer would to some extent inform the public mind. He asked Mrs. Bishop to accept the risk of personally visiting these disturbed regions, knowing how much she preferred a spice of hazard to tame and comfortable adventure. He wished her to hear all that the people could be won to admit of their actual needs and wishes, and begged her to think the matter over.

I feel dubious [she replied] about my power of ingratiating myself with the Irish peasantry to such an extent as to win the confidence of individuals among them. Perhaps, however, if I tried and failed it would be worth something to fail in a good cause.

But for the moment she either lacked the literary impulse or was absorbed by the encroaching interests of her nursing work, her new home, with its preparatory renovations, and her correspondence about the hospital at Nazareth—and the proposal was temporarily put aside.

When July ended she went to Scotland with Miss Clayton, and rested peacefully for a month at Banchory.

We lead a very quiet life [she wrote to Mrs. Macdiarmid]; we write letters in the same room in the morning; work, walk, or drive in the afternoon; take tea at seven; and at 8.30 B. reads Bishop Thirlwall's letters aloud while we work.

Her sewing was on a travelling outfit, for visions of the East were present with her, and she was quietly preparing for their realisation. She mentions having taken the new house in this letter :

I wonder if you have heard that I have taken a house in London. Should I ever settle there, I want to make it a hotel for my friends. I hope you will come to me there. I cannot bear to be in Edinburgh. I find the anguish of bereavement and loneliness harder to bear there than anywhere. I do not purpose to occupy my house at present.

Afterwards Mrs. Bishop went to Tobermory, where she found much to do. Lady Victoria Campbell came to The Cottage in late September to set agoing the Western Islands branch of the Y.W.C.A. The visit was a pleasant one to both hostess and guest, who spoke of the "Cot" and its garden as "Paradise." Mrs. Bishop had just renewed the lease, its walls were freshly papered, its borders were gay with autumn flowers. Lady Victoria addressed a meeting in the Temperance Hall, held a consultation



with the local ministers, and paved the way for launching this useful venture.

On October 6 a meeting was called to enrol members and the list of names numbered 118. Mrs. Bishop made some explanatory remarks at this meeting, but was "helplessly nervous." At later gatherings she gained sufficient confidence to speak about many matters on which a young woman's opinion requires guidance and about which it is well to have and to hold an intelligent opinion.

This was the beginning of a new channel of influence for Mrs. Bishop and incidentally of an opportunity for practice in public speaking by which she was rapidly schooled. She could not possibly know, in 1887, for what greater service she was being prepared; but as she had consecrated herself to God, He knew and equipped her for the future in the doing of His will in the present.

On October 8 she left Tobermory for Edinburgh, and went on to London very slowly, paying a number of brief visits on the way, and finally landing at 29 Cambridge Terrace, where she had engaged rooms.

By the end of November she entered on possession of her new home in Maida Vale. But her restless spirit did not allow her to settle down, and she left at once for a visit of ten days to Miss Clayton, who was wintering at Bournemouth. Then the long-talked-of tour in Ireland seized her imagination and she sought the acquaintance of Nationalist Members of Parliament, amongst them Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Dillon. Having decided on the enterprise, she applied her experienced judgment to its details. It was palpable that, to learn anything from the people, she must avoid all intercourse with

the proprietors, so she declined introductions to "landlords" and accepted many given by leaders of the Nationalist party.

She lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Murray on December 15, meeting Du Chaillu, and left London next day for her projected tour, after a long conversation with Mr. Dillon on the previous evening. She was away five weeks, and the notes which she made of all she observed furnished material for three spirited and most interesting articles in *Murray's Magazine* for April, May, and June, 1888.

Two letters to Mr. Murray give a *résumé* of her adventures. In one, dated from Mitchelstown, December 29, she wrote :

I have learned that if one visits at a landlord's house in Ireland, one may give up hope of getting anything out of the people. So far—*i.e.* as far as I can judge—I have found wonderful frankness as to their circumstances and views among the peasant farmers and their district leaders. In fact, an English person roughing it as I am doing is most warmly welcomed. I went to Louth to the Massareene estate, saw Mr. Smith Barry's rent audit, and then went to Arklow and its neighbourhood, where I spent one day among sixty-three evicted tenants and their priests and saw the monthly allowances given under the "Plan of Campaign." Thence back to Dublin and to Waterford and yesterday here, where I have seen and heard a good deal. This is the Kingstown estate. Within a few yards of my window are three crosses let into the road, which mark the three lives taken by the police. Late last night I went with the Protestant clergyman to the police-barrack and heard the story of poor Constable Leahy, who still lies helpless in bed from the effect of his wounds. The hardships of travelling in this weather are great. Eleven miles here on a mail-car over a bleak hill-road in the snow, and the same to-night; thin, damp beds and bedrooms without fireplaces, and no fire anywhere except in the commercial-room. At Arklow

the inn was shut, and my night's lodging was truly damp and miserable. The only fire was in a room tenanted by some of Mr. Parnell's quarrymen! You will be glad to think that you did not ask me to come at this season.

On her way home she diverged to Ford Hall in Derbyshire to stay a few days with Mrs. Greaves Bagshawe, and wrote to Mr. Murray on January 28, 1888 :

My health improved very much in Ireland. I became more vigorous and enterprising daily towards the end of the time, and finished by a three days' car-drive through Connemara and by Cong to Claremorris in Mayo. It is rather a sad fact—but rough knocking about, open-air life, in combination with sufficient interest, is the one in which my health and spirits are the best. So you have no need to reproach yourself, my kind friend, with the share you have had in my Irish journey.

The three articles contain the impressions made upon a singularly impartial mind by the incidents of that tour. They are *impressionist* only, and aim at giving unbiassed evidence of just those incidents and opinions which she encountered, without personal animus or prepossession. They form indeed strong corroboration of what has been already suggested as to her comprehensive and comprehending sympathy.



## CHAPTER IX

### "THROUGH MANY LANDS"

MRS. BISHOP included amongst her plans the use of her house in London as an invalid home. One of her first visitors, therefore, was a Derbyshire farmer, whom she persuaded during her residence at Ford Hall to become an out-patient at St. Mary's Hospital. When she returned to 44 Maida Vale, on February 2, it was to prepare for his arrival; and we find her staining and varnishing floors with her own hands, laying carpets and wax-cloth, hanging pictures, and engaging servants. One of the latter was the widow of her late caretaker, who died of apoplexy during her absence in Ireland. It was with this shadow on the very threshold, and with a persistent mis-giving at her heart, that she set herself to live in London. A patient from the East-end occupied one of the bedrooms. She was still attending St. Mary's, taking lessons there in ambulance work, and at home she was occupied with her Irish notes.

She made Dr. Munro Gibson's acquaintance, and being greatly grieved at the incoming tide of ritualism in her own beloved church, she chose his ministry as the most helpful and congenial in her neighbourhood. She was constantly dining out, and passed few hours in solitude; but the sight of her husband's belongings—books, pictures, furniture—their constant reminder of his vanished presence, and something

oppressive in the house and troublesome in its management, roused her regret that she had ever ventured upon the experiment.

She was in the throes of a collapse, physical and emotional; and the reactionary tendency in the Church of England was to her a real and serious sorrow. In February she wrote to Mrs. Blackie:

The church of my fathers has cast me out by means of inanities, puerilities, music, and squabbings, and I go regularly to a Presbyterian church, where there is earnest praying, vigorous preaching, and an air of reality.

She was at this time in constant touch with men and women devoted to the mission fields—Mr. James Mathieson, Dr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness, and others. She had been urged to go up the Congo to visit the Baptist mission stations in Central Africa, and but for the persistent call from the East, she might have perilled her life in doing so. But Africa had no attraction for her, and she was longing to place her husband's memorial hospital at Nazareth, and to go out herself, qualified and equipped, to organise its nursing staff. Magnetised by the labours, sacrifices, and successes of her Baptist friends, she took an otherwise inexplicable step in February. On her way from Ford she had halted at Cliff College, where Dr. Grattan Guinness superintended the training of students from Harley House, not in theological study alone, but also in the technical arts important to pioneer missionary effort—carpentry, gardening, building—as well as in evangelistic visiting and preaching throughout the neighbourhood of Bakewell. Here the impression made upon her by the whole-heartedness of Baptist work was deepened, and she took counsel with

Dr. Guinness as to the possibility of consecrating herself to the missionary cause in the ceremony of immersion without joining the Baptist body. A great longing for the baptism of the Spirit had come over her, and she hoped to receive it in all its fulness by obedience to the example of Christ, whose ministry was initiated by the rite of immersion. Mr. Spurgeon consented to admit her to this on the evening of February 23. Three days later she wrote to Mrs. Macdonald:

It was a comfort to me on Thursday night, in the solemn loneliness in which I went through the ordinance of baptism, to feel that you and Miss Brown and the Guinnesses were praying for me. I seemed to realise the presence of the Lord up to the moment when I went down into the water, and then a wave of nervousness separated me from Him. Eighteen were baptized at the same time. Mr. Spurgeon preached on "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." It cost me a good deal to take this step, and the night and the chapel and the dress were all so fearfully cold that it truly seemed "burial." To walk in newness of life is my great desire, but how to accomplish it I know not. I pray Him to accomplish it for me.

This letter is filled with cares about and on behalf of her dear Tobermory people, orders for their comfort, providing food and firing for the neediest amongst them. Her mind dwelt on the Young Women's Christian Association meetings, and she was consulting London secretaries of the various metropolitan branches as to ways of dealing with their members—their advice being summed up in the need of "a loving, sisterly, cordial manner, making the *friend* more prominent than the *official*."

Her distress of mind lasted till spring; the house in Maida Vale became unendurable. Her plan of



filling its many rooms with invalids fell through, because strength in nursing failed her. Something of the old invincible melancholy overcame her.

I surrounded myself with my relics, thinking that I might find a sort of ghostly companionship in them, and that I might make my house useful in entertaining guests, who could not "recompense" me. Both these plans have failed—the relics mock me, and the guests are too great a fatigue. So I am now hoping to get rid of my house in May, and to sell my Eastern curious works of art to help me to build a surgical ward in the projected hospital at Nazareth. The cottage at Tobermory will then be home, if any place can be home to one so frightfully bereft.

This occurs in a letter to Lady Middleton, dated March 8, and on the following day she wrote to Mrs. Macdonald:

I see who it is that is hedging my way with thorns, and I pray more and more earnestly that if I am in the wrong way here, He will show me the right way and give me to walk in it at any sacrifice, and I think I see a great one in prospect. . . . I feel indescribably sad, sinking in deep waters. Pray for me, dear friend, that God's discipline may not fail of its purpose—separation from the world and complete surrender to Him.

These letters were written during the week of the anniversaries of her husband's death and funeral and of their marriage. Anniversaries meant very much to her; they were pegs on which to hang her most cherished memories—memories with which she was wont to wrap herself about as with a garment, when their dates recurred.

I think that these two months have been the most anguished of my life [she wrote to Mrs. Macdiarmid]; my health has broken down and my body no longer seconds my spirit, and debars me wholly not only from using my home as I hoped to use it, but from doing

the outside work I hoped to do. The blessing is that I can see that the discipline is all right, and that it was *needed*.

She persisted in her ambulance lessons till Easter, when she went to Miss Clayton at Bournemouth, and found her faithful friend in much-impaired health. Just before leaving town she secured a tenant for her house in Mr. J. L. Toole, the well-known actor, who agreed to take over her lease from the June term. This removed one anxiety, and on her return she set herself gradually to dismantle the home, of which she had made so brief a use. In truth, unrest had seized upon her, and she mistook its fever for the misery of solitude. Household cares weighed heavily upon her, and were prone to irritate her to the point of renouncing them altogether. Only at The Cottage could she support their recurrence, and that because they were there reduced to a minimum, not only in number, but in kind. And there, too, her neighbours bore her burden for her to so great an extent that she was spared all the worst annoyances of housekeeping. Gardening was her recreation there—provisioning the larder was to a great extent the care of others. Her guests used to be amazed at the daily procession of tribute-bearers, with fish, eggs, butter, honey, home-made bread, delicious cakes, fowls, game, and fruit to replenish her stores morning and evening. The warm hearts about her repaid with such affectionate ministration all that she did for their intellectual and bodily health, for the careers of their sons and daughters, for her fellow-feeling in all their joys and sorrows. When her servant was ill the neighbours did her work; they looked after the cottage in her absence, saw to repairs, to changes, to sowing seeds and planting

roses. No wonder that she counted the weeks till she was free to go back to them. In the meantime she sent a long letter to be read at the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. "I am trying," she wrote to Mrs. Macdonald, "not to be too impatient for the time of going to The Cottage."

Miss Clayton and the Miss Kers came to her on May 18, and stayed for some weeks. Miss Clayton was very ill; but the others helped her to prepare for a sale of the Eastern curios, which took place on June 4 and yielded a fair sum towards the projected hospital.

On June 25 at seven o'clock in the evening, three hours before Mr. and Mrs. Toole arrived to take possession, she left 44 Maida Vale—

After a scrimmage in getting out of it which nearly finished me. The Japanese things and the furniture and all the carpets but *his* are sold, and so is the silver. The kitchen things and crockery are given away; two hundred books are given to the University Union Library in Edinburgh; all the pictures except eight, which are sold, are hung in a friend's house; and the linen, the remaining books, and *his* precious bookshelves are stored.

On the evening of the 25th Mr. T. W. Russell, speaking in the House of Commons upon Mr. Morley's motion, referred to Mrs. Bishop's articles on Ireland in the following terms:

The Plan of Campaign has imposed nameless hardships on the people, who have succumbed to it; and persons tenderly reared have had to herd together like swine, in outhouses—persons who told those who went to see them that they wished to see an end of the Plan of Campaign. Let members read what Mrs. Bishop said in *Murray's Magazine* of people forced out of their comfortable homes, and praying that the Plan of Campaign might come to an end.



After a few days at Guildford, she went to Avenue Road for a week, and then paid a number of visits on her way north, halting at Edinburgh before the final stage to The Cottage, which she reached on July 31.

In a letter to Mr. Murray she describes her condition.

I arrived here at the end of July suffering from debility, and in four days was seized with acute rheumatic fever, which kept me upstairs for six weeks. Three weeks in Edinburgh for medical treatment has not helped me. My heart is found to be much affected.

Her *Rocky Mountains* had been translated into French and published in France. She was contemplating a return to the Rockies, but not as the objective of her travels, rather as a stage on her way to the East. Warmer garments might be needed there than those prepared for Palestine, so, on her coming back to The Cottage, she began to make an outfit of Jaeger flannel, which occupied her all October and November.

On the 17th she went with Dr. Maxwell to Erray Farm, where the shepherd's wife was suffering from a malignant growth which involved an operation. Mrs. Bishop administered the chloroform and for some weeks afterwards visited the doctor's patient, daily preparing and taking with her tempting food—chicken, soup, jelly, arrowroot. Another patient frequently cared for in this personal manner was Mary Mackinnon, who had severe pleurisy with effusion that winter. Mrs. Bishop often accompanied Dr. Maxwell in his duty calls. They were usually paid late at night, so as to leave the patient provided with all necessary comfort till the morning. One dark

night, coming down North High Street, which is now called Victoria Street—to commemorate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee—Mrs. Bishop stuck fast in the deep mud due to deluges of rain. One foot she managed to free, but had to ask Dr. Maxwell to draw her other foot out of the top-boot which she was wearing, and which she could not extricate. Weather formed no obstacle to her rounds, and all that dark and stormy December she was busy amongst her poor people again, sometimes from two till nine o'clock.

She stayed at The Cottage till Christmas was past and took her full share in the conduct of the Western Islands branch of the Y.W.C.A., to whose members she gave several admirable addresses on successive Thursday evenings. One of these was on "Thrift," another on "Dress," a third on "Courtesy." The course was wound up with a directly religious appeal, and of this a brief *précis* in her own writing survives, which may be quoted:

From The Cottage, where her life-work was done, my sister ascended to receive from the Master's hands the crown of glory which fadeth not away. There also my husband spent his last summer in his native land—ere he, too, departed to be with Christ, which for him is far better. I returned alone, not to fill her place, which must remain for ever unfilled, but to take up such fragments of her work as I could do. Now I go on a far journey, which brings vividly before me the journey which we must all take. Each journey must be on two roads, the one easy and trod by many—the other rough and narrow and trod by few. But each, near or far, is barred across by a river roaring in the darkness. I seem to hear it now rising and falling, and some of us are not far from its brink. The darkness hangs over it, and from its farther shore no mortal has returned. Friends go down to it with us, but as we plunge in we are lost to their sight. We know little of the other side, but it has been revealed

that a day of great awfulness which none can escape lies beyond. The great and dreadful day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night. Each of us must see it and stand individually before Him who once came to save the world and who will then come to judge it. . . . I must end with a loving farewell. From many of you I have received years of generous kindness, and I carry your goodness with me on my long journey; and you young people, whom I have so gladly met during the last two months—by our own uncertain lives, by the shadows of the closing year, by the yearning love of God the Father, by the strong love even unto death of Christ the Saviour, by the priceless worth of the souls He shed His blood to save, by the river which in hope or fear each one of us must one day cross, by the judgment seat before which we shall all one day appear, I, who most surely will never see all your faces again, beseech you lovingly, you who are yet out of Christ, to yield to the pleadings of His love and give yourselves in heart and life to Him now and for ever, and may He who alone is able to keep us from falling present us all faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy in that great day of His appearing.

On the morning of December 28, while the moon still shone, she left for Glasgow to make arrangements with Mr. Dunlop for her voyage to India. As her health had greatly improved, she gave up the western route and decided to travel by the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. A passage including a deck cabin was presented to her for February 15 in the *Kerbela*.

In Edinburgh and London she completed all her business arrangements for a prolonged absence.

I have been nearly bewildered [she wrote] by the number of things I have had to do and arrange and the number of people I have had to see. Everybody with whom I have any acquaintance seems to want something or other just as I am going away. I am completely overwhelmed, and this coming journey



involves seeing so many people and getting so much official advice and Government help if it is to be successful.

On January 22 she went to Bournemouth, to Miss Clayton, and wrote thence to Mrs. Macdonald on the 24th :

Here I am finishing needlework, arranging my remaining affairs, answering about fourteen letters a day, and studying India and Persia. When I leave the dear ones here, I shall feel as if the "bitterness of death" were past. The voyage will be a strange time, a silent interval between the familiar life which lies behind, with all the treasure of friendship and interests belonging to it, and the strange unknown life which lies before. I wish you could see my outfit, packed in four small boxes, 20 in. long, 12 in. wide, and 12 in. high, and a brown waterproof bag containing a canvas stretcher-bed, a cork mattress, blankets, woollen sheets, a saddle, etc.

That Tibet and Persia were already within the scope of her plans is evident from the books which she was collecting to read on the voyage, the list of which included *La Perse, la Chaldée, et la Susiane*, by Madame Dieulafoy, and a bluebook on Tibet, secured for her use by Sir Edwin Arnold. On February 15 Mrs. Bishop went on board the *Kerbela* and was delighted with the ship, its officers, crew, and passengers.

Such a set of officers and passengers I have never seen [she wrote three weeks later]; the one rivalry is in kindnesses and in making the time pass pleasantly for others, and every one is so bright and cheerful.

She wrote to Mr. Murray from the Suez Canal on March 6, 1889:

This is our third day in this blazing ditch; a simoon and heavy sand storm, making it impossible for the

pilot to see the beacons, have compelled us to anchor for eighteen hours and have similarly brought the whole traffic of the Canal to a standstill. We cannot see the ship's head from the poop.

On the 7th the *Kerbela* reached Suez, but the main theme of a letter to Mrs. Macdonald, written on the 10th, refers to Port Said. Dr. John Macdonald was resident physician there at the hospital, and Mrs. Bishop had promised his mother to give her a full account of their meeting. It was nearly 10 p.m. when the *Kerbela* anchored for twelve hours. A message to the hospital miscarried, and after waiting an hour Mrs. Bishop decided to venture a search in the dark. The captain offered to escort her, so they got an Arab boat and landed. They passed through Port Said and then ploughed and staggered through deep sand and deeper darkness towards what they were assured were the hospital lights.

Then we found two gates, not doors, with two open corridors without roofs, and banged at these. Sister Katherine came, with her sweet saintly face looking like an angel in the darkness as the light of a lamp fell on her. She welcomed me very warmly, and took me into John's room. He was out at a rehearsal of *The Mikado*. I was angry, for I was so tired, and this delay meant sitting up all night. Then I went over the hospital with Sister Katherine, returning to John's room. When she left me I was all alone, with no sound but the beating of the surf on the shore. I waited till 12 and then got tea. John came back at 12.20, and we talked till 4.30, when Sister K. brought in some coffee, after which he walked with me to the wharf, where we got an Arab boat, and I was on board at 5.30, just as the dark sky was beginning to redden over the desert. He speaks Arabic, and even in the early morning was followed with blessings from Arabs whose eyes he has cured. This was the last bit of home I shall have. How I long for the coarsest gale

which ever swept over Tobermory, and the howlings in The Cottage, and hail and rain and wet clothes, and streams, and even mud, and leeks and cucumbers and milk—the delicious milk of your cow! We hope to reach Aden on Wednesday and discharge thirty tons of gunpowder. On arriving in India, I take a railroad journey of 1,100 miles.

The sandstorm passed and the rest of the voyage was uneventful—except for quoit tournaments, which Mrs. Bishop enjoyed. At Karachi on March 21 she was met by Mr. McIvor and sped on her long journey to Lahore, which she reached in blazing heat on the 24th, and where she spent ten days, making pleasant acquaintances and meeting Sir Frederick and Lady Roberts, whom she was later to know well at Srinagar. Her object in halting at Lahore was to visit its hospitals and dispensaries, both native and missionary.

At Sialkot, her next stage, she went to Dr. Whyte's hospital and dispensary, and thence by Rawal Pindi and Dulai, sometimes riding a pony, sometimes driven in a rough hill-cart drawn by starved and worn-out horses, and finally by water, she made her way through the beautiful ravines of Kashmir to Srinagar. Her toilsome journey to Baramulla from Sialkot took ten whole days. Then she changed into a houseboat on the Jhelum river, passed through quiet canals and swamps full of irises, along meadows green as an English lawn, by fresh-leaved poplars, camped on the banks by night, and reached Srinagar by April 22. Here she was met by Mr. Knowles and Dr. Arthur Neve, and taken to the Residency, where she stayed for a time.

She now first became closely associated with the missionary enterprises of the C.M.S., and, says Mr.



Eugene Stock, she never after lost that keen interest in their doings of which a foreshadowing may be discerned in her references to the Society's work amongst the aborigines of Yezo, in *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*.

Her first care was to make herself acquainted with the needs of medical mission work in the capital of Kashmir and its neighbourhood. The Ottoman Government had refused to grant an *irade* for the hospital in Palestine, and she now decided to place it in Kashmir, where it was much needed. Dr. Neve describes one of the earliest expeditions which she made in search of a site.

We visited Islamabad and camped for some days at Bawan. She rode the marches dressed in a semi-Persian costume. To me it looked quaint—the dark divided skirt, long tea-coloured cloak, *pagri*, and blue veil. And she sat perched on the top of the horse just like a Yarkandi woman. But the value of the costume was at once realised as we went through the narrow, crowded bazaar. The natives took no notice whatever of her. Had she dressed in European style and ridden side-saddle, many would have turned to gaze; but her Asiatic costume and thick veil excited no curiosity, and with Oriental good breeding, they scarcely lifted their eyes to the apparently *pardah* lady on horseback. In the mission work she took a keen interest. When in camp with me she came to look on at the clinique. For the earlier part of the day I was kept busy by the throng of clamant patients; first giving to each successive batch a brief address about our Lord Jesus Christ. On such occasions one has audiences some of whom are both intelligent and appreciative, although the majority are ignorant and apathetic. In the course of each day many operations were performed, and I remember her great interest in a man with a large malignant tumour of the neck, which I removed. It was a big operation to undertake in such primitive surroundings. Overhead was the green canopy of the magnificent plane-trees. Crystal-clear water straight from the spring flowed swiftly past in its stone-lined

conduit, while all around gazed a silent crowd kept back by the *chowkidar* and one or two voluntary police. Mrs. Bishop took a keen interest in all things surgical, and offered help as well as looked on. And her heart went out to the people, as "sheep without a shepherd" given over to the tender mercies of mercenary moullahs and professional saints.

Islamabad, a beautiful town on a fertile plain, thirty-two miles by road from Srinagar, was eventually chosen as most in need of a hospital for women and children. The town stands under limestone cliffs, from which the well-watered plain stretches to the Jhelum river, two of whose sources flow past the pyramidal cliffs. The plain is densely populated, and Dr. Neve estimates that 250,000 people inhabit a radius of twenty miles round Islamabad.

Mrs. Bishop wrote to Miss Clayton (June 1):

I lunched at the Residency just as the Maharajah was making his farewell call, with a salute of seventeen guns and a great streaming of banners. The Resident said he was in a very bad humour, and accused him of giving all his best land to the missionaries. This meant that the Council have given a piece of land in a very eligible situation to me for the Memorial Hospital. I could hardly believe that I heard aright, after all the weary work about Nazareth and the final failure. This morning I went to see it in a boat with Dr. Neve and Dr. Fanny Butler. It is beautifully situated within three lovely waterways, yet within five minutes of the centre of the town, and has three large chenar-trees upon it. It is 240 ft. by 273 ft. On it will be built an out-patient department, a waiting-room, consulting-room, operation-room, and dispensary; two pavilions, fifty feet long, to hold thirty-two patients; and a *serai*, or rest-house, for patients' friends, who come to nurse and cook for them. An operating-room will be attached, a two-storied house for the four missionary ladies will be built on the same ground—but with that I have nothing to do. It is to be called the "John Bishop Memorial Hospital," and

thus I hope the righteous will be had in everlasting remembrance. It is nice that both the Drs. Neve were his students, and that one was his assistant for nine months at the Cowgate Dispensary, and that Miss Butler's brother was one of his old friends. The C.M.S. are to be the trustees, and the C.E.Z.M. are to take the buildings at a rent which will keep them in repair. The bricks are to be made at once, and the wood sawn.

At this time Dr. Ernest Neve and three of the lady missionaries were encamped at Nasim Bagh, on the Dal Lake, and Dr. Arthur Neve escorted her by boat to see them and talk over the building plans. An incident, narrated by Dr. Neve, probably took place on their return journey to Srinagar.

We were floating in the calm summer afternoon down the broad Jhelum River in our matting house-boats. It was the time of year when sudden gusts sweep down the mountain gorges. I saw a squall coming up the valley and whitening the surface of the river, and shouted to her boatman to make for the right bank. Before they could reach it the wind caught her boat, blowing its matting about and carrying away all scattered articles, including some of her precious MSS. My boat was nearly wrecked. In using the punting-pole one of my men was knocked down and injured, and we were dashed against the bank. I sprang out and passed a rope round a near tree, but it snapped like a pack-thread, and the boat continued its wild career up-stream, swinging round and striking the bank, and with great difficulty was finally brought to anchorage just short of some overhanging trees, which would have upset and sunk it in deep water. Her boat was lower down, and was safely moored; but Mrs. Bishop herself stepped out into the shallow water, and came along the marshy bank to see if she could be of any assistance. In the presence of danger she became alert and almost gay, making light of her own losses, for many of her things had been blown into the river. A pair of stockings, which she



had washed and hung up to dry, were among the things blown overboard; and as she came along to my boat with wet feet, I discovered that she had no change with her and was not too proud to wear a pair of my stockings.

She soon suffered a loss which fretted her considerably. During the absence of the medical missionaries, they placed their house at her disposal, and she used its large, cool drawing-room to write in. Here she had compiled a long, detailed diary letter, giving a minute account of her journey from Lahore, and of the earlier part of her stay at Srinagar. It was addressed to Miss Clayton, who kept such letters till required for her records of travel. This letter was either blown into the Jhelum, or disappeared in some mysterious fashion.

The hospital was built upon the site granted, as a Memorial to Dr. Bishop, and was the first of her many benefactions to the work of the C.M.S. It was subsequently destroyed by floods and rebuilt.

The actual building fell to my lot [writes Dr. Arthur Neve]. Excellent limestone for all building purposes was quarried locally and the bricks were made on the spot. Brick-kilns and lime-kilns were soon in full swing. The neighbouring streams might have brought timber almost to the door, but it was dry summer, and the logs—cut far away in the mountains—had to be floated down the rivers sawn up into rafters and planks six miles away, and carried by gangs of porters across the plateau. I made a weekly visit, usually bicycling up in the lovely mornings and sometimes back the same evening, a distance of 65 miles. As soon as the buildings were approximately ready, Dr. Minnie Gomery and Miss Newnham went to live there, at first in tents, superintending the finishing and fitting of the institution and starting a little medical work.

There were many excursions with Dr. Neve on

his medical missionary tours, when he took a portable hospital building in the boat and was accompanied by two assistants. She went several times also to the women's hospital and dispensary in Srinagar and was appalled at the disease, misery, and sordid neglect which were the portion of poor women in that beautiful city. Overcrowding, filth, putrid water, and every kind of revolting disease cried aloud for medical missionaries amongst them. For a time Dr. Neve lent Mrs. Bishop his bungalow by the Jhelum, where there was a garden and the singing of birds, and where she had peace—sometimes lunching and dining at the Residency, sometimes having food brought to her. She kept three boats moored close at hand, one swift and light, which was paddled by two men and served her for short excursions on the Jhelum and the Pohru. Friends gathered about her, Miss Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence, and other residents and travellers, and with them she rode, camped, and explored the country. Her horse was a big, gentle Yarkandi, which a dishonest *seis* was gradually starving into stupidity. As the heat grew more intolerable, she longed for the "wilderness," where evening dress and ceremony were unknown, and where the unexpected enriched each day's experience. Mosquitoes now disturbed her peace upon the rivers, and a host of Anglo-Indian visitors arrived for the summer and drove peace away from the shores.

So she planned an ascent to the plateaux of Lesser Tibet, engaged two servants in addition to the worthless *seis*, received from Colonel Durand, in exchange for the Yarkand horse, a silver-grey Arab, untamable and mischievous, but "tireless, hardy, hungry," graceful, and swift. In addition to her own servants, she had to endure the escort of a brutal and ruffianly

Afghan soldier sent by the Maharajah. Three mules were bought to carry the tents, equipments, and supplies, of which the merest necessities were taken, since throughout the route meat, milk, flour, barley, and provender for the animals could be bought.

It took her twenty-six days to reach Leh, her first stage being Ganderbal, about sixteen hours' sail from Srinagar. She left the Residency at four in the afternoon of June 21, by house-boat, and accomplished her water-journey by 8 a.m. on the 22nd. From Ganderbal she wrote to Miss Clayton :

I am now sitting under the dense shade of a huge plane-tree, while the boat is being unloaded. I have the scoundrel Fais Khan, of whom from a former master, Dr. Warburton, I have heard a very bad character, a Kashmiri lad to help generally, and the Afghan swashbuckler, all Mohammedans. I tried to get one Hindu, to prevent if possible a general conspiracy against me, but not one could be found strong enough for the journey. So that I can only hope that motives of interest may keep them all straight—but crossing the reedy Anchar Lake last night in the darkness, sitting alone on the prow of my boat, I thought it the most risky journey I had ever undertaken. I have safely reached the capital of Little Tibet, where there is one Englishman representing the Indian Government and two Moravian missionaries. I stayed at the Residency till Wednesday afternoon. On Tuesday there was a tennis party. The young Rajah of Kapurtala—with his English guardians and an immense retinue—played all the evening with an English lady for his partner, and his manner to women was very gentlemanly. Prince Amar Singh, the Maharajah's brother and Prime Minister, a superbly handsome man, was there with his attendants, but took no part and spoke to no one but the Resident. You would know what white robes are if you saw the dazzling spotlessness of these men. One wore a pale pink and the other an apricot-coloured turban. The heat was so great that, after



dinner, carpets, lamps, and chairs were put on the lawn.

On Wednesday morning, in the Maharajah's state barge, rowed by banks of crimson peons, we went down to shop in the city in a sun-blaze which threatened to smite me in a moment. Then I went to my tent and packed at Dr. Neve's till six. Dr. Warburton, the young Rajah's guardian, and the two Neves came to dinner, and the heat was so awful that instead of sitting in the verandah we went on the river by the light of a lantern. Thursday was a dreadful day of misty, blazing heat, the packing and the buzzing fearful—none of the necessaries arriving, no bottles to be got—notes to write; and then the new horse squealed at intervals all night. At ten I went and sat with Dr. Neve while he breakfasted. We had a great deal of talk about the arrangements of the new hospital. He gave me a bottle of digitalis tabloids and a bottle of spirit for my Etna. Then I went to tiffin with the Knowles, then finished packing in a buzz indescribable, ending by my coming away in another person's sandals because my own had not come. Miss Hull took me in her boat to the Residency.

The Resident gave me a Government pass to Kashgar, in case I wish to go beyond Ladakh; and at half-past three I left in my own boat, having actually to stop for necessaries on the way. I think that, so far as getting an insight into mission work goes, Kashmir has been most valuable, but the climate is a very disappointing one. Through the canal we came till it broadened into the Anchar Lake—a reedy sheet of water, the breeding-ground of mosquitoes. The tawny twilight darkened into a stifling night, and I was on the prow of the boat till nine, eaten by mosquitoes. Then we drifted into a reed-bed for the night, and a man brought me hot water from the other end of the boat by wading along its side up to his chin in water. This morning we reached Ganderbal on the Sind River, at the mouth of the Sind Valley, my first stage on the route from the Punjab to Central Asia and Tibet.

At Ganderbal Mrs. Bishop made up her caravan, hired another servant, and started upon a five days' march up the beautiful Sind Valley to Sonamarg.

"Gyalpo," her Arab horse, outstripped the caravan, and generally reached the camping-ground an hour before tent, baggage, and servants. She was obliged to see him fed herself.

Fais Khan is not only cheating me [she wrote], but levying blackmail on every one from whom I get anything. Starving the horse is the most serious thing of all.

Her military escort was a daily trial ; but fortunately she did not know till later that he had added murder to his other accomplishments. His costume was picturesque.

A patched whitish shirt with hanging sleeves, black leggings bound with scarlet, breeches (once white), tanned socks and sandals, a leather belt with various leathern things depending from it, a dark blue turban round a red-peaked cap with one end dangling over the back, my grey bag slung over his shoulders, a scimitar carried over one shoulder, and my alpenstock in his other hand.

He further decorated himself by sticking flowers into his turban. He maltreated the villagers on the route, stole their fowls and took all he wanted in her name, and beat them with the flat of his sword if they resisted. The other two servants were happily better, and the young Kashmiri Mando was good to Gyalpo, who loved him. Her great self-control enabled her, if not to prevent the malpractices of Fais Khan and Usman Shah, at all events to limit them and to retain her authority over them.

Mr. Laurence overtook her on the third day, and sat half an hour with her under the shade of a big walnut-tree. He was busy valuing the land for taxation, and was worried at the oppression which the people suffered from Hindu Pandits. The heat was excessive, and flowers were few, as they toiled up to Sonamarg,

jasmines, larkspurs, and crimson lychnis being about all that she noted. Her order of the day was :

In bed before nine; tea and toast at six; dress, pack, start with the Afghan and *seis* at seven—having sent on a coolie eight miles with the servants' square tent, the luncheon basket with rice, hard-boiled eggs, cold tea, and cherries, and my cork mattress. Halt at ten; pitch the tent, lie down for two and a half hours (such a luxury but for the proximity of things that creep), feed, and go on again for another hour. The Afghan has stuck a spear in front of the tent with his sword hung upon it, and is asleep somewhere. Gyalpo is tethered under a huge walnut-tree. The valley has become narrow and stupendous, the thunder of the Sind louder than ever. It poured, and I pitched my camp-stool close to the trunk of a tree, as the tents were far behind, when Mr. Sells, who had come on early, asked me to take shelter within the flaps of his tent, and afterwards invited me to tiffin under a tree—such a luxurious meal. Mr. Sells is an exquisite artist; he paints a picture on every march. I rested, read, and at half-past four went out for two hours with Mr. Sells to watch him paint, then had a poor dinner and went to bed.

Her next stage was Sonamarg, where Mrs. Laurence was living in a log hut, and where she was warmly welcomed and set down to a plentiful breakfast. She stayed here for several days, using her own tent as a sleeping-place. The heat was modified by thunderstorms, and, as usual, the mountain air refreshed her. One of the Commissioners for the Panjab, Mr. Maconachie, had a hut close at hand, and offered to give her ruffianly servants a threatening lecture, which proved effectual. He had heard of their peculations and violence from Dr. Ernest Neve, who paid them all a passing visit at Sonamarg.

On June 27 she wrote :

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Laurence and I went out



and had our tea below the glacier, a cow being taken to be milked. It is very grand scenery, mountains of naked grey pinnacles close by covered with snow and glaciers—pine- and birch-clad spurs. On one of the narrow ridges we are camped and hutted. Below there are mountain-meadows, one of them deeply cut by a torrent, which comes foaming down from the glaciers through pines. After tea we went to see the Maconachies, whose acquaintance I had made on the Nasim Bagh. The air was delicious. I could walk better, and at night a great log fire, with the fresh air rushing through all the crannies, was quite comfortable. . . . Dr. Ernest Neve has just been to say that if I will start to-morrow afternoon, he and Mr. Maconachie will march with me to Baltal, camp there, and at five on Saturday morning see me safe up to the top of the Zoji La.

This is the first of the three mighty steps which lead up to the great table-land of Central Asia from Kashmir, and, as it is the only dangerous pass between Sonamarg and Leh, she most thankfully accepted their chivalrous offer, veiled by a protest that they "longed to stand on the top of Zoji La."

The march to Baltal lasted four hours and was marked by an accident to Gyalpo, fortunately while Mrs. Bishop herself was on foot. The *seis* took him, against orders, over a raging torrent by means of a high log bridge which turned round just as he reached the middle, so that, though the man saved himself, the Arab fell down into the rocky, surging river and only by a desperate effort got ashore with scratched and bleeding legs.

Very early next morning they began their perilous ascent of the pass by a narrow track cut along the side of a rocky wall, zig-zagging and dangerous, but relieved by the beauty of fringing creepers, lilies, and columbines. Up the caravan toiled by the shelving path, and after some hours of hard climbing they stood

upon the summit and gazed at Central Asia. They breakfasted together at the top, icing their tea in the snow, and then Mr. Maconachie and Dr. Ernest Neve bade her farewell and turned back to Baltal. What she saw, as she stood there alone, she has described in *Among the Tibetans*, a little book published in 1894 by the Religious Tract Society. Her word-picture gives the spectacle as the fragile traveller's brave eyes looked upon it, at a moment fraught with thrilling interest—the dream of years realised, the long faring accomplished, the near future under her like a mystic scroll, her guerdon for toil and privation.

Below, in shadow lay the Baltal camping-ground, a lonely, deodar-belted flowery meadow, noisy with the dash of icy torrents tumbling down from the snow-fields and glaciers upborne by the gigantic mountain range into which we had penetrated by the Zoji Pass. The valley, lying in shadow at their base, was a dream of beauty, green as an English lawn, starred with white lilies and dotted with clumps of trees which were festooned with red and white roses, clematis, and white jasmine. Above the hardier deciduous trees appeared the *Pinus excelsa*, the silver fir, and the spruce; higher yet the stately grace of the deodar clothed the hill-sides, and above the forests rose the snow mountain of Tilail. Higher than the Zoji—itsself 11,500 ft. in altitude—a mass of grey and red mountains, snow-slashed and snow-capped, rose in the dewy, rose-flushed atmosphere in peaks, walls, pinnacles, and jagged ridges, above which towered yet loftier summits, bearing into the heavenly blue sky fields of unsullied snow alone. The descent on the Tibetan side is slight and gradual. The character of the scenery undergoes an abrupt change. There are no more trees, and the large shrubs which for a time take their place degenerate into thorny bushes and then disappear. There were mountains thinly clothed with grass here and there, mountains of bare gravel and red rock, grey crags, stretches of green turf, sunlit peaks with their snows, a deep snow-filled

ravine eastwards, and beyond a long valley filled with a snow-field fringed with pink primulas ; and that was Central Asia.

Gyalpo brought her by three o'clock in the afternoon to Matayan—fourteen miles away—partly descending, partly across wide valleys, and she sat in the midst of staring women till her tent arrived. Matayan was still Kashmir ; she had to ride and march across the Dras valley, with its villages, to climb up to Kargil, to wilt under the heat of a lofty plateau of sand, to traverse ravines and rocky wildernesses, before she emerged upon Shergol, the first village of true Buddhist Tibetans, where, as she says in her book, "the intensely human interest of the journey began."

A record of her three months in Lesser Tibet is so fully furnished in *Among the Tibetans* that the reader may be referred to its pages for her adventures there, one of which nearly ended her life. But it may be mentioned that the wretched *seis* was at last dismissed for cruelty to Gyalpo, and that the iniquities of Usman Shah came to light at Leh. Her Arab was replaced on the rough ascents by a yak, or Tibetan ox, a steed of exciting possibilities, half savage still after centuries of attempted taming, with an alarming habit of knocking over its leader, bellowing defiance, and leaping down the slopes from boulder to boulder till it finds its herd, leaving its rider to accommodate herself to the circumstances. Mrs. Bishop used her Mexican saddle and dress and on the whole enjoyed her rides, on which she had for guide and most interesting companion the man who best loved the Tibetans and was her most influential sponsor amongst them, the late Rev. W. Redslob, of Leh.



## CHAPTER X

### NATIONS THAT SIT IN DARKNESS

A PRIVATE letter from Leh gives news of Mrs. Bishop's health there. It is addressed to Lady Middleton, and is dated August 11, 1889:

I have now been nearly two months in Western Tibet; it is most interesting, and in some respects wonderful, but living at an altitude varying from 11,000 to 17,000 ft. has not improved my health. I feel very weak. All my journey has to be done on horse or yak back, and I often feel nearly dead. I wish I could send my Badakshan horse (Gyalpo) to Lord Middleton's stud, to be the sire of a race of horses. He goes anywhere and does anything—even came over the Kharzong glacier last week, and swam the rapids of the Shayok; not an old woman's horse, but I contrive to get on with him. I like the Tibetans *very much*.

Mrs. Bishop slowly descended to the Panjab, Mando and Hassan Khan still with her, and some coolies from Leh, who took care of her tents and baggage. Gyalpo was groomed by Mando, and, on occasion, when Mando was powerless from cold, by herself. The marches were now over desolate, gravelly passes, across broad valleys of sand, regions without vegetation and without water, where for two nights the baggage-ponies could get no food. When the snow-peaks reddened in the dawn the camping-grounds were often white with hoar-frost. They reached

flowing water at Lahul, or British Tibet, and there to her sorrow she was met by—

A creature in a nondescript dress, speaking Hindustani volubly. On a band across his breast were the British crown and the words "Commissioner's *chaprassie*, Kulu District." I never felt so extinguished. Liberty seemed lost, and the romance of the desert to have died out in one moment.

But the *chaprassie* had brought an escort, cows, and cowherd, all of which (with the exception of the escort, sent promptly back to the Tibetan dignitary) went on with her, to her great comfort, in the terrible Baralacha Pass, which took three days to cross. When they reached Kylang, in the Lahul valley, she remained three weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Heyde, missionaries then of forty years' standing in British Tibet. Here she added to her notes on the people, *lamas*, religious festivals, education, and conditions of Christian teaching. All through her Tibetan travels she was deeply impressed by the self-sacrifice and heroic persistence of the German Moravian missionaries, "learned, genial, cultured, who, whether teaching, preaching, farming, gardening, printing, or doctoring, are always and everywhere 'living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men.'"

It took four weeks to descend to the Panjab from Kylang, and it was not till Thursday, October 17, that she reached Simla.

The Persian journey contemplated before she left England had now almost sunk into the limbo of unattainable ambitions, so strongly had her Indian friends warned her against its hardships. But in Simla she met—probably at the Residency or when lunching with Sir Mortimer Durand—Major Sawyer, Assistant Quartermaster-General, who was charged

with a military-geographical mission to Persia, and who agreed to escort her, at all events, as far as Tihran and Isfahan. This revival of her original purpose led to a change in her immediate movements.

But her work in India was not completed. In addition to the "John Bishop Memorial Hospital" at Srinagar she desired to provide a small hospital and dispensary in memory of her sister, Henrietta Bird, and made many visits and inquiries to secure the site and building. On the day after her final conversation with Major Sawyer respecting the Persian journey, she left her luggage at Simla and started on a little tour to missionary headquarters at Ambala, Amritsar, and Batala. It is interesting to find that, in addition to her careful inspection of hospitals, she gave an address to the girls of the Alexandra School at Amritsar on November 10. Here she was impressed by the character of Dr. Martyn Clark's work at the Medical Mission Hospital, and finding that a disused hotel on an old high road at Bias, near Amritsar, was to be had, she bought the buildings, and left funds for their adaptation and equipment as a women's hospital and dispensary in Dr. Clark's hands. The place was at once put into order, and by February of 1890 was in working condition. It contained sixteen bedrooms for patients and nurses, a billiard-room which is used for meetings, and out-buildings made into waiting-rooms and dispensary. It added to her satisfaction in leaving the "Henrietta Bird Hospital" in Dr. Clark's charge that he was an old student of Dr. Bishop's.

She had good news, too, of the progress of her hospital at Srinagar; it was rising rapidly, and Dr. Neve hoped it would be completed by May. Ten days at Lahore and a visit to Sialkot followed this



business transaction, and from December 3 to 12 she was again in Lahore, where she made some preparation for her projected journey, and had the privilege of being guided through the museum by its learned curator, Mr. Kipling, whom his distinguished son has immortalised in *Kim*. Then came the long train journey to Karachi, where her hosts were Mr. and Mrs. McIvor, and where she completed her equipment and met Major Sawyer.

From Karachi to Bushire was the first stage; from Bushire to Baghdad the second. Of the former there remain but scanty details, due to the loss of all her notes at Julfa. She spent Christmas Day on the s.s. *Assyria*, and on New Year's Eve passed, at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, Gurman, the spot selected by tradition as the Garden of Eden. But before the year ended she landed at Bushire in the British Resident's steam-launch and was most hospitably entertained by Colonel Ross during the stay of the *Assyria*.

At Fao Dr. Bruce came on board and was her fellow traveller as far as Baghdad. Mr. Curzon, now Lord Curzon, joined at Mohammerah, fresh from his exploration of the Karun River. At Basrah they were transferred to the s.s. *Mejidieh*, which took them slowly to Baghdad, after three days' sailing on the Tigris. There Dr. Sutton met Mrs. Bishop and took her and Dr. Bruce to the C.M.S. Mission House for the four days which Major Sawyer required to complete his caravan.

She had engaged a servant at Bushire and now hired five mules, two for riding and three for baggage, with muleteers to look after them. She reduced her camp furniture to a folding-bed and a chair, and adopted native trunks for her belongings. Provisions,

a revolver, and a brasier were amongst these. For the first time she rode a saddle-mule, and found it less satisfactory than any one of her former steeds.

On January 10 the caravans started on what she ever afterwards described as an "awful journey."

I never would have undertaken it had I known the hardships it would involve, the long marches, the wretched food, the abominable accommodation, the filthy water, the brutal barbarism of the people. We were detained four days by torrents of rain at Khonnikin, the last town in Asiatic Turkey, at the house of the Turkish Governor, and soon after reached the snows of the elevated plateaux of Northern Persia, and have been marching day after day from eighteen to twenty-two miles with mercury at from four to twelve degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, through snow from 18 in. to 3 ft. deep, sometimes getting on only one and a half mile an hour, and putting up at night either in cold, filthy, and horrible caravan-serais with three or four hundred mules and their drivers or in Kurdish houses shared with mules, asses, cows, and sheep. In Turkey we had an escort of Bashi Bazouks, and in Persia of armed horsemen, as we had to go through many passes where robber tribes descend on small caravans.

This letter was written at Kirmanshah, where they made a long halt, and continues :

We have been here for nine days, detained by snow, observations for longitude, and an illness of mine, and are the guests of a wealthy Arab (Prince Abdul Raheem). I have learned two things; one I have been learning for nine months past, the utter error of Canon Taylor's estimate of Islam. I think it the most blighting, withering, degrading influence of any of the false creeds. The second thing takes a very short time to learn, *i.e.* that if there is a more venal, devastating, and diabolical oppression on earth than that of the Turk, it is that of the Shah. This is a ruined, played-out country, perishing for want of people, of water, of fuel, and above all for want of security,

crushed by the most grinding exactions to which there is no limit but the total ruin of those on whom they press, without a middle class and without hope.

At Kirmanshah she had rest from the tossing and tumbling of mule-riding, and her host lent her a splendid Arab for excursions. But the caravan started again on February 3, and there was another fortnight of cold and hardship before she reached Kum. The day before this start was made she wrote a long letter to the Tobermory Y.W.C.A., which Mrs. Allan of Aros House read to the members. Its account of the journey from Baghdad to Kirmanshah endorses the letter to Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, which has just been quoted.

I left Baghdad with sixteen mules, an English officer, three Afghan soldiers, and an escort of mounted Turkish soldiers. We have had an awful journey up to this point, mostly through snow, with the thermometer generally below zero, floundering about on mules from six to ten hours daily. I have come to think parched pease a luxury, so abominable is the food. You would hardly believe in what abominable places I slept at night, sometimes in a huge stable and often in Kurdish houses, quite dark, with a fire of cowdung in the middle of the floor, and men, mules, horses, asses, cows, and poultry all together. In such houses I have a mat to screen me from the crowd. We were attacked in one of them, and the soldiers had to use their swords. I never see any women. They have nothing to do and see no one. If a woman of the poorer class has occasion to go out to get food, she puts on a black mask and a large blue sheet, which covers her from head to foot. Any woman going out otherwise would be put to death. The people are most cruelly oppressed. Everything beyond the mere necessities of life is taken from them by the rulers, and if they hide anything they are taken to prison and burnt with hot irons, their finger-bones squeezed and broken, and the soles of their feet beaten to a jelly till they tell where it is. The towns and villages are



falling into heaps of ruins, and the land lies desolate without wood to burn and hardly water to drink. When I see the awful darkness in which these people live, and remember how the news of salvation by Jesus Christ is all round us and is brought into our very houses and is pressed upon our unwilling hearts, I often think of the words of our Lord, "It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in that day than for that city." If I reach Tihran, the capital, I shall have travelled through Persia for five hundred miles without seeing a missionary or a Christian.

It was not till February 26 that she and Major Sawyer arrived at Tihran, where they were invited to stay at the British Legation with Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. The journey from Kirmanshah had been even worse than the earlier marches so graphically described in her book and letters. Over passes where fierce blasts met them, over waterless regions of black rock and gravel, and finally through the deep mud of the Kavir, or Great Salt Desert, they rode and stumbled, camping in utter misery, her brief hours of rest often occupied with making poultices and compresses for the soldiers and muleteers who, blinded by the snow and sick with fatigue, were many of them in a desperate condition. Six of them indeed succumbed, and rumours preceded their arrival at Tihran that the whole caravan had perished upon one of the most formidable passes, where a demoniacal wind met them with havoc in its blasts, spreading pleurisy amongst the men, sickness and snow-blindness amongst the mules. Mrs. Bishop's saddle-mule broke down, and Major Sawyer lent her one of the Arab horses which he had brought.

It is a triumph of race [she wrote the day after their arrival at Tihran] that we are here at all, and the same

applies to the splendid Arab horses, which, though half dead from their efforts yesterday, plunged through the twenty miles of mire without a fall. I was done last night, and in such anguish in my side and spine that, having been laid down before a fire, I stayed there all night. I have lost 32 lb. weight in the forty-six days of our march from Baghdad! The Sona Pass was the worst experience, and four muleteers a little way ahead did actually perish from the merciless blast.

For a time it seemed to her that there was not enough in Persia to repay the tremendous risks of travel there, but she revised this impression when rest and the great kindness of her host and her missionary friends restored the normal tranquillity of her judgment. Her safe arrival was at once telegraphed to England and India by Major Wells, the Director of Telegraphs, and a few hours later she was receiving despatches of congratulation from both friends and strangers.

After three weeks' stay—the incidents of which occupy thirty pages of her book on Persia, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's untiring kindness being chief amongst them—she felt well enough not only for her ride to Isfahan, but to contemplate one far more adventurous into the mountains of Luristan, within the protection of Major Sawyer's escort, but on such strict conditions as to leave her practically dependent on her own resource and courage. These conditions were dictated by the nature of Major Sawyer's expedition, one of extreme importance. The ride to Isfahan was easy and occupied only twelve days, two of which were spent at Kum.

Mrs. Bishop was invited to take up her quarters in the Church Mission House at Julfa, and was there for some weeks. Dr. Bruce arrived some days after her. He had stayed several weeks longer at Baghdad

and had taken the shorter caravan route by Bushire and Shiraz to Julfa, which can be traversed in from thirty to thirty-five days. Dr. Bruce writes :

My wife, daughter, and myself greatly enjoyed her sojourn with us for the month of April, 1890. She took the keenest interest in the work of the mission and was a most delightful guest, whom it was a privilege to entertain.

Julfa is the Armenian suburb of Isfahan, and she was glad to reach it after a painful and dangerous experience in the meaner streets of the city, where she was hooted, spat upon, and howled at by a rabble of fanatical men and boys. The sheep-skin coat which she had worn during her ride became oppressive and she had reverted to European dress, so that the absence of the usual shroud drew attention to her as a "Nazarene." Julfa "was a haven from the howling bigots of Isfahan."

Mrs. Bishop wrote a most interesting letter to Miss Clayton from Julfa, much of which may be quoted :

I was yesterday away from England fourteen months, the longest absence I have ever had—and when, if ever, shall I see its dear, green, misty shores again? My steps will begin to turn northward (D.V.) on the 28th, for a march of a thousand miles. My camp is now pitched in the hospital compound, my Cabul tent and the *shuldari*, and a small tent that I have designed, an enlarged *shuldari* for the servants. This afternoon I have been refitting my dear old tent with new ropes. I wonder what experiences I shall have in it. I have just read *The Greatest Thing in the World*, and wish to act out the courtesy and kindness which it enjoins among the savages and muleteers. That is indeed a splendid book. Possibly there are one or two phrases and omissions to which a few rigid people might take exception, but I am always seeing more



strongly that *doing* is Christianity, and possibly many of us have paid a disproportionate attention to what we believe. It is a striking remark that at the judgment the verdict is given only on what has been *done* or *not done*.

On Tuesday there was the yearly picnic of the Armenian congregation at a palace down the river. I rode to it in the afternoon. There were 260 people, and all the women but three came in red. On Monday the horse with his "neck clothed with thunder" and the cavalry escort came again, and I met the Commander-in-chief, Mya Panch, and Dr. Bruce at the great Mosque, the Medrasseh, whose splendid tiles are a lost art. From thence we went to the armoury, where we were joined by General Faisarullah Khan and another general. They all did their best to make the afternoon agreeable, and gave us tea in the standard room.

The Mya Panch seems a splendid character and respected by all. He offered me a military escort for my journey, but I declined. Yesterday Major Sawyer gave a picnic at the top of a mountain to the Europeans of Julfa—eight, five of whom were the mission party. In coming down a very bad place my saddle slipped over the horse's head and turned, and it and I came off together. Then later, after dark, this horse was terribly frightened by some ghostly object and nearly threw me, and somehow struck my forehead violently with his head, almost stunning me. The dazed feeling has only just gone off, and there is a lump on my forehead. By means of riding I have not become so poorly as I usually am when I lead a sedentary life. It is very pleasant here, though I see and hear many fearful things. I miss Mr. Carless very much. He left two days ago for Yezd—a bright, sanctified spirit, a Christian under all circumstances, and consequently respected by every one. The Ilkhani (the great feudal chief of the Bakhtiari) is disposed to be most kind, and, in addition to the letters which I have from the Persian Government, my Persian friends here have secured his good-will, so that, whether my camp separates from the surveying camp or not, I think I shall do well. The Ilkhani's son, who lives eight marches from here, sent in a horseman to see me and attend me, and also wrote to the Mya

Panch most courteously. So I think that I shall not have to come back, but that literally I shall—

Nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

Major Sawyer is making an immense sensation in this minute community, which vegetates in superlative stagnation. His splendid appearance, force of character, wit, brutal frankness, ability, and kind-heartedness make a great breeze, and I hear that his sayings and doings are the one topic. He has shown a great deal of good feeling in some very difficult circumstances. I have only seen him once here for a few minutes to talk with ; but we are very good comrades, and I hope and believe that in the wonderful journey before us nothing will happen worse than a little friction, which will not affect the good-comradeship. I want to get all the good out of Drummond's booklet before leaving. I have, then, no books but the Bible, *Brother Bartholomew*, another R.C. book, and *L'Outre Manche*, with a French grammar.

Things at Baghdad are far worse than I wrote ; the fury of Islam is quenchless. Numbers have been beaten, and the work among Mohammedans is practically at an end. Mrs. Sutton, Christlieb's daughter, had gone to Basrah for a change, and came back as soon as she heard of the danger. That's the sort of wife for a missionary. The contrast between the devotion to Mahomet generally and the limited devotion to Christ is always very saddening.

On April 30 the expedition to the Bakhtiari country began. The terms of agreement were strict. Her caravan was to be as much as possible independent of Major Sawyer's, only she had leave to camp within the ring of his sentries. She was well and full of anticipation. But the ride from Kirmanshah to Tihiran had left its mark upon her. Her abundant dark hair had grey streaks, and she was battered and bruised by various mishaps. Her preparations were none the less made without misgiving. Sacks of food for forty-five days were provided and sealed, and these

contained many tins of preserved meat, milk, and jam, given to her by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. She purchased tablets of soup, tea, candles, and saccharin herself. Rice and flour were to be had after seven days' march, and an empty packing-case was added to her baggage in which to store them. She bought presents for the mountaineers, and took with her a medicine chest equipped with essential remedies before she left England, and further furnished by Dr. Odling at Tihiran with surgical instruments and quinine. Four baggage mules and a horse were engaged, their owner and his son going with them, and two servants, Hassan the cook and Mirza Yusuf the interpreter.

It was on the whole a most satisfactory caravan, but "Screw," her new horse, never pleased her so much as the Arab "whose neck was clothed with thunder." Mr. Douglas and Miss Bruce rode three marches with her, to Pul-i-Wargun, to Rio, and to Chamini, where they left her on the frontier of the Bakhtiari country. The time assigned to this difficult expedition was more than doubled. Mrs. Bishop's vivid diary of the hundred days' adventures occupies about 400 pages of her book on Persia. Hardships marked the whole period. Her camp was daily invaded by diseased, wounded, infirm people—men, women, and children. She ministered tirelessly to them all and acted as well in the capacity of vet. to the horses and mules. Again and again the men whom she benefited stole her provisions, her utensils, her personal comforts; often her life was in great danger.

Only one beautiful incident relieved the crass selfishness of the mountain people. Major Sawyer halted for some days at a place called Chighakor, close to the Ilkhani's residence. Here, one of the





MRS. BISHOP'S TENT ON HER RIDE AMONGST THE BAKHTIARI LURS.



minor chiefs, perhaps Kulla Khan, perhaps Ilbege Khan, came to her for medicine, which she gladly gave him. Lingerin in her tent, he asked her why she ministered to people unknown to her, without demandin a recompense. This was her opportunity, and she told him, through Mirza Yusuf, the story of Christ, whose anxiety for the physical well-being of the people whom He had come spiritually to save, was so great that He spent His days in going from village to village to heal their disease and rescue them even from death. When he had heard all she tried to say, he looked at her with piteous entreaty in his eyes. "He is the Hakim for us," he said; "send us such a one as He was."

Major Sawyer's expedition ended at Burujird, and here on August 10 she was left to her own resources. These never failed her; but just when she might have hoped for rest and comfort, all her tea, her provisions, and table equipments were stolen, and a few days later a charming Persian horse, which she bought to replace "Screw," was taken also, although after some days the thief was discovered and "Boy" restored. Her mules and "Screw" returned to Isfahan with Hadji, their proprietor, and she was compelled to make up a new caravan for the long march westwards which she now proposed.

All thought of returning to Julfa was dismissed, so severe and perilous had been the transit over the Bakhtiari mountains, and she decided to make her way by Hamadan, through Western Persia to Urmi and thence through Kurdistan and Armenia to Trebizond on the Black Sea. It was a march of a thousand miles, and she had just completed the rough ride from Julfa to Burujird, 700 miles of hardship. Before that she had ridden 800 miles from Baghdad



to Isfahan, making 1,500 miles on saddle-mule, Arab horse, and Persian horse, and the remaining journey seemed light in comparison with what she had already overcome.

But she knew little of the people amongst whom she was to travel and sojourn. She was in complete ignorance of the Armenian Question and its complications at that time, and she was on the whole attracted by the Kurds and prejudiced against the Armenians.

When Major Sawyer left Burujird to return to Isfahan, they bade each other good-bye as comrades who had gone through difficulty, danger, and privation together. Mrs. Bishop engaged mules and their *charvadar*, or proprietor, rode "Boy" herself and reached Hamadan, after ten marches, on August 26. Here she stayed nearly three weeks in the American Mission House, the first week occupied with a spinal collapse, through which she was ably nursed by Mrs. Alexander and Miss Montgomery.

She was up and about again on September 2, and explored Hamadan and all the missionary work going on there. The city she found "ruinous, filthy, decayed, and unprosperous-looking," out of which—

No legerdemain can recreate the once magnificent Ecbatana, said by the early Greek writers to have been scarcely inferior to Babylon in size and splendour, with walls covered with plates of gold, and fortifications of enormous strength—the capital of Arbaces after the fall of Nineveh, and the summer resort of the "Great King."

She visited Esther's Tomb, and made inquiries as to the condition of the Jews in Hamadan, a pitiable condition only modified by the American missionaries who make these unfortunate people their especial care.

It was not till September 15 that Mrs. Bishop began the first stage of her march to Trebizond. She was unfortunate in her *charvadar*, from whom she agreed to take five mules for the march to Urmi, a distance of 309 miles. He was a Turk and a bully, and refused to keep to the terms of his contract. Mirza Yusuf remained in her service and she engaged a young Armenian, who spoke both Persian and Turkish, to look after the commissariat. At the second halt, Kooltapa, she was ill and feverish, annoyed by Sharban, the *charvadar*, who forced her to travel along with a large caravan which he was sending to Urmi, and the noise of which was maddening. As she lay shivering with fever, she heard steps inside her tent. She sprang up, seized her revolver and fired blank cartridge several times in the direction which they took. Next morning she discovered that almost everything on which she depended for comfort, including much clothing and all her toilet apparatus, was gone. Sketches, notes of travel, pencils, and gold pen were amongst the spoil. She had to get native shoes and make herself a kind of turban to replace the cork helmet indispensable in the East.

It was not till Sharban discovered that Mrs. Bishop bore letters to the Governors *en route* that he realised that this delicate, soft-voiced Feringhi could not be cheated, bullied, and maltreated with impunity. Then he was in a cowardly fright, implored mercy, and despatched the big caravan northwards by itself. At Bijar the Governor sent eight soldiers to mount guard round her tent, and this completed the taming of Sharban.

The march was full of difficulties, and Mrs. Bishop was thankful to reach Urmi on October 7 and to rest there for a week, entertained by the missionaries

—medical, educational, and evangelistic—of both Anglican and American churches. Urmi was an extended oasis of beauty and fertility compared with the barren mountain regions through which she had ridden for months.

I know now pretty well what to expect in Persia [she wrote on the day of her arrival]; not to look for surprises of beauty and luxuriance, and to be satisfied with occasional oases of cultivation among brown, rocky, treeless hills, varied by brown villages with crops and spindly poplars and willows, contrasting with the harsh barrenness of the surrounding gravelly waste—but beautiful Urmi, far as the eye can reach, is one oasis.

Mr. Laboree met her four miles from the American Presbyterian Mission House, to which he escorted her, and Dr. Shedd, Principal of the Urmi College, invited her to be his guest. She was placed in most favourable circumstances for making herself acquainted with missionary work in Urmi. There were four agencies—the American Presbyterian, the Anglican, the French Lazarist, and the Medical Mission. Her observations and acquired information are admirably summed up in a chapter of “Notes,” occupying pp. 221–34 of the second volume of her *Journeys in Persia*.

Her health in Urmi was excellent, and she visited these communities repeatedly. But the season was late, so she replenished her stores and organised her next march through what remained of Persian Kurdistan, to be followed by a lengthy progress through Turkish Kurdistan to Van. She chartered a caravan and a set of Kurdish *katirgis* with horses for the baggage and her servants. The Kurds proved to be intolerable—insolent, violent, disobedient, and mutinous; but although she was warned at Urmi,



and knew the hazard of committing herself to their escort, she had no alternative, and could only protect herself by engaging a Syrian priest as interpreter till she reached Van. At Urmi she came into contact with Christian Syrians or Nestorians. Some twenty thousand of these lived on the Urmi Plain, within the Persian frontier, and although they were quiet and industrious, she describes them as ignorant, superstitious, untruthful, avaricious, and untrustworthy.

She started from Urmi on October 14 with an encouraging "send-off," nearly the whole missionary and medical staff riding out to Anhar with her. She made this her first halt, staying all night at the Nestorian pastor's house, and here her interpreter joined the caravan.

When all my kind friends left me [she wrote], and I walked alone in the frosty twilight on the roof of my comfortable room in the priest's house, and looked towards the wall of the frontier mountains through which my journey lay, I felt an unwonted elation at the prospect before me, which no possible perils from Kurds or from the sudden setting-in of winter could damp, and thus far the interest is much greater even than I expected.

In the afflatus of this mood she had hardly crossed the frontier than she went to visit a famous political brigand, Hesso Khan, of whom she gives a picturesque description. On the second day's march her *katirgis* threw down the loads and decamped; but she got two others at a village on the frontier stream, and they went with her as far as Marbishu—"rude, primitive, colourless, its dwellings like the poorest cow-sheds, clinging to mountain sides and spires of rock." It was, besides, desolated by marauding brigands. The country was infested by the Kurds, who attacked its villages, insulted, robbed, and

murdered the Nestorians, desecrated their churches, and harried their farms. She passed through several of these impoverished and terrorised villages on her way. No wonder that in the gloomy little church, walled as thickly as a fortress, and used as their refuge when attacked, the unhappy villagers of Mar-bishu chant daily the pathetic prayer: "Give us by Thy mercy a peaceful day. Scatter, O Lord, in the world love, peace, and unity. Raise up righteous kings, priests, and judges."

On the very morning of her arrival Kurdish horsemen had stolen twenty sheep; on its afternoon they returned for cattle. Armed guards were added to her caravan because she was a British subject, and some of the country people who were travelling besought her protection.

Contact with these oppressed Syrian Christians worked a complete change in Mrs. Bishop's estimate of their national character. She had been as utterly ignorant as we all are concerning them, and she freely confessed her ignorance. Now to her open mind came the astonishing truth like a revelation. If the Nestorians of Urmi's fertile plain had degenerated in faith and character, these peasants in their mountain fastnesses, absolutely helpless and at the mercy of brutal marauders and of fiendish misgovernment, were daily faithful unto death, despising all things that belong to this life rather than betray Christ. It is wonderful that, martyred as they were, and that in a myriad ways more hideous than Pagan Rome ever invented, they never flinched and never denied their Saviour. She realised that—

Through ages of accumulating wrongs and almost unrivalled misery, they, like us, have worshipped the crucified Nazarene as the crowned and risen Christ;

that to Him, with us, they bend the adoring knee ; and that, like us, they lay their dead in consecrated ground to await through Him a joyful resurrection.

Had they given way and accepted the creed of their Moslem oppressors, their threatened lives would probably have been spent in comparative peace, and the marvel is that they preferred Christ and martyrdom to Mahomet and security. It was in the villages of the plain of Gawar that the climax of this revolution in her opinion was reached. Some twenty Christian villages are on this plain, and from them fifteen thousand sheep had been driven off between June and October of that year. Mrs. Bishop halted for a week in Gawar, and lodged with these people in their houses, most of them built below the ground. Even during her stay houses were surrounded, men shot, women maltreated, and property burned or carried off.

"The men of Government," they said, "are in partnership with the Kurds, and receive of their gains. This is our curse."

In semi-darkness she was visited by some of the Christian priests and deacons, while she lived in a subterranean stable. They pleaded with her to send them teachers from England, lamenting the ignorance to which constant peril condemned them, and which hindered them from helping their poor peasant congregations fully to understand the great doctrines of Christianity. One of them, who represented others not present, said to her : "Beseech for a teacher to come and sit among us and lighten our darkness before we pass away as the morning shadows. We are blind guides, we know nothing, and our people are as sheep lost upon the mountains. When they go down into the darkness of their graves we know



not how to give them any light, and so we all perish." She answered that England would find it difficult to raise funds for such an object. "England is very rich," said the priest, who was himself destitute and in hourly danger.

From that day in October, 1890, Mrs. Bishop's attitude towards Christian mission work was one of uncompromising and unflinching support. There had been a time when she would make a detour of twenty miles to avoid a mission station, being not only apathetic about its work, but in some degree averse to its interference with native creeds and its too frequent political indiscretion. Then had come the strong missionary influence of her husband and along with it a considerable weakening of her faith in churches—as churches—a weakening due to their own grotesque attitude as hostile institutions. But as ecclesiastical Christianity declined, the spirit of Christ increased in her, mellowing, sweetening, broadening, and inspiring her to a larger human tenderness for all, a wise tolerance of even bickering churches, a keen discernment of Christ in men, however marred His image might be, and to a deep, instant, urgent yearning to bring the whole world to a knowledge of Him. This development dated from the meeting in a dark stable-dwelling on Gawar Plain.

There was now no remnant of respect left in her mind for the religions of the East, and she writes :

Several of the Asiatic faiths, and notably Buddhism, started with noble conceptions and a morality far in advance of their age. But the good has been mainly lost out of them in their passage down the centuries, and Buddhism in China is now much on a level with the idolatries of barbarous nations. There is nothing to arrest the further downward descent of the systems so effete yet so powerful and interwoven

with the whole social life of the nation. There is no resurrection power in any of them."

While she was at Gahgoran, sleeping in a granary in the priest's house, she was wakened by muffled sounds. She rose, took her revolver, went into the passage and looked through the chinks of the outer door. A number of armed Kurds were in front, so she went back to the granary and fired several times to rouse the dogs and some strangers, who had come to meet Mar Shimun, the Nestorian Patriarch, and two bishops who were in the village on business. They rushed out and drove the Kurds away from the stable, where they were stealthily abstracting horses which belonged to the visitors. The Patriarch invited Mrs. Bishop to visit him at Kochanes, and on her way thither she met Mr. Browne, a member of the Anglican Mission at Urmi, who devoted himself to the Syrians of the mountains. The Bishop of Urmi was with her, and Mr. Browne turned back with his baggage mules to accompany them and to stay at Kochanes during the six days of her residence. He told her the sum of his four years' acquaintance with these tortured Nestorians, information which proved to be of great value to her on her return to England.

The Patriarch's sister installed her in a comfortable room of his fortified house, its window looking across a ravine to wild, snow-crested mountains, whose flanks were covered with scrub oak, golden and russet. The place was almost a stronghold, so necessary was protection from the Kurds.

Mar Shimun did not return from Gahgoran till the 24th, and Mrs. Bishop occupied the intervening days in sketching the church, with its engraved stones, visiting the patriarchs' tombs, and in making notes

of her new and strange surroundings, whose graphic detail may be read in her book on Persia. As he is temporal ruler over the Ashirets, the Patriarch's castle was the scene of constant hospitality, bustle, coming and going, and there was much to record of the double life of Catholicus and chieftain. Mr. Browne interpreted for her, and she saw and heard enough to complete her evidence of the conditions under pressure of which the unhappy Nestorian Rayahs maintain their precarious existence and their inviolable fidelity to a church which once numbered twenty-five metro-political provinces and whose communion was larger than that of all Christendom outside its pale.

Apostasy would be immediate emancipation from terror and ruin, but it is nearly unknown. Their churches are like catacombs. Few things can be more pathetic than a congregation standing in the dark and dismal nave, kissing the common wooden cross, and passing from hand to hand the kiss of peace, while the priest, in dress like their own, with girdle and stole of the poorest material, moves among the ancient liturgies in front of the dusty sanctuary, leading the worshippers in prayers and chants which have come down from the earliest ages of Christianity—from the triumphant church of the East to the persecuted remnant of to-day.

An escort of two *zaptiehs* was secured after some delay, a young Kurd undertook the care of her mules and baggage, and at last Mrs. Bishop closed what she considered the most wonderful visit she ever paid, and began her three days' march to Van, arriving in the darkness on October 31, and riding straight to the American Mission House, where Dr. Reynolds made her warmly welcome.

Her Kurdish *katirgi* proved capable and cheerful,



although he occasionally tried to rob the Christian threshing-floors of corn for the horses and mules. She was now in Armenia. The roads were beset by Kurds, who twice attacked her caravan; but the *zaptiehs* behaved pluckily, and when the robbers recognised their uniform they retreated.

At Khanjarak she lodged in a subterranean stable with most of the village cattle—goats, asses, and sheep, as well as her own horses, mules, servants, and escort. In one of the wretched Armenian hamlets through which she passed, a young Armenian, with whom she spoke about the faith, said to her, "We don't know much, but we love the Lord Jesus well enough to die for Him."

Here, amongst the Armenians, she realised again what the horrors of this infamous persecution meant for a timid, defenceless people, less manly than the Nestorian Rayahs, in many ways less lovable, but like them, "faithful unto death." During the night, at Khanjarak, twenty-three sheep were driven off by armed Kurds.

Mrs. Bishop thought favourably of the Turkish peasants. They lived peaceably with their Armenian neighbours; it was the Kurd who maltreated these, although their murders, robberies, and outrages were winked at, if not absolutely encouraged, by the Sublime Porte, which could easily have protected its unhappy subjects.

In Van she found a different order of Armenians—industrious, shrewd, commercially capable. They form an important factor in the prosperity of the city, and show considerable public spirit and interest in education. Mrs. Bishop was relieved to reach at last a city well furnished with shops, where she could replace her many losses and buy warm winter clothing.

She got into trouble because her servants had not complied with all the Turkish travelling formalities, and Johannes was arrested. But Mr. Devey, the British Vice-consul, arranged the affair, and she sent Johannes back to Hamadan, and engaged an excellent servant in his place, a Turk by birth, an Irishman by parentage, called Murphy O'Rourke, who spoke English, Turkish, and Armenian equally well. During her four days' halt at Van she gave two addresses, one at the American Church, the other at the Girls' School.

On November 5 she set out for Erzeroum, sixteen days' journey, four of them, however, occupied with a halt at Bitlis. The ride to Bitlis was beautiful, and Dr. Reynolds went with her the whole way. She took the more difficult route, sending the caravan round by the northern shore of Lake Van. The way was replete with interest—glorious mountains, the lovely lake, monasteries, castles, vestiges of the old Armenian splendour, the beautiful village of Ghazit, shelter-khans, the infant Tigris, the wild and stony valley which led down to Bitlis, a spot associated with the days of Alexander the Great, and now one of the most active commercial centres of Asiatic Turkey. Here Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, of the American Mission, were her hosts. She stayed with them five days, and gave three addresses during that time—one at Miss Ely's girls' school, with which she was delighted. To the women she spoke on their own sad refrain, "We are only women," pointing out what women can be and do.

Dr. Reynolds engaged *katirgis* and a *zaptieh* escort for her, and she left Bitlis on Thursday, November 13, two of the missionaries accompanying her for an hour. The weather was now very cold,

and she made long marches. At night she was exhausted and generally slept in her tent, for the atmosphere of the khans was fetid, and a guard had to be set against marauders. Her route was almost due north, within the water-shed of the Euphrates, and she forded the Murad-chai, one of its tributaries.

By this time she was very ill; heavy rain began to fall, and the marches grew more painful and hazardous. Once a band of mounted brigands shadowed the caravan, but retreated on seeing the *saptieh* uniform. Fortunately Mirza, Murphy, and the soldiers were very attentive and serviceable. She had the gift of attaching her servants to her, of whatever race or creed they might be, and these men helped her through difficulties and dangers with cheerfulness and devotion. There were strained relations between the *charvadar* and Mirza, as the former, who loved fun and was a mimic, grew impatient with Mirza's gentle and sentimental ways. On the fifth day's march they encountered a terrible blizzard on Ghazloo Pass, which forced her to shorten the day's ride and take shelter in a horrible khan, outside of which her tent was pitched and was attacked by Kurdish robbers. Her own servants were worn out and she had engaged Kurdish watchmen to guard her. They sprang on the robbers, beat down two of them and drove the rest away.

All along the route her eyes witnessed Kurdish depredations, and she wrote :

I have myself seen enough to convince me that in the main the statements of the people represent accurately enough the present reign of terror in Armenia, and that a state of matters nearly approaching anarchy is now existing in the Vilayet of Erzeroum.



It took her eight days to reach Erzeroum from Bitlis. She reached the city on Friday, November 21, after a five hours' march through deep snow, and was hospitably housed at the American Mission House. Here she rested for ten days, during which time she made herself fully acquainted with what were called the "Erzeroum troubles." Mr. Hampson, acting in the Consul's absence, the French Consul, and others gave her particulars. Murphy disappeared with "Boy," but after a few days both were discovered in a low quarter of the town, the Turco-Irishman quite drunk. She was photographed at Erzeroum, sitting on her beloved horse with Mirza and Murphy in attendance.

December 2 was the date of her start on the final stage of this adventurous caravan journey, which had begun at Burujird on August 9 and ended at Trebizond on December 12—four months of most dangerous travelling. But with her quiet persistence, her unflinching courage, her power of command, her independence of luxury, her superb digestion which conquered strange food and endured its lack, and her splendid riding, she surmounted every obstacle, passed almost scatheless through every jeopardy, observed, recorded, and stored all that interested her and gained every object attainable by the enterprise.

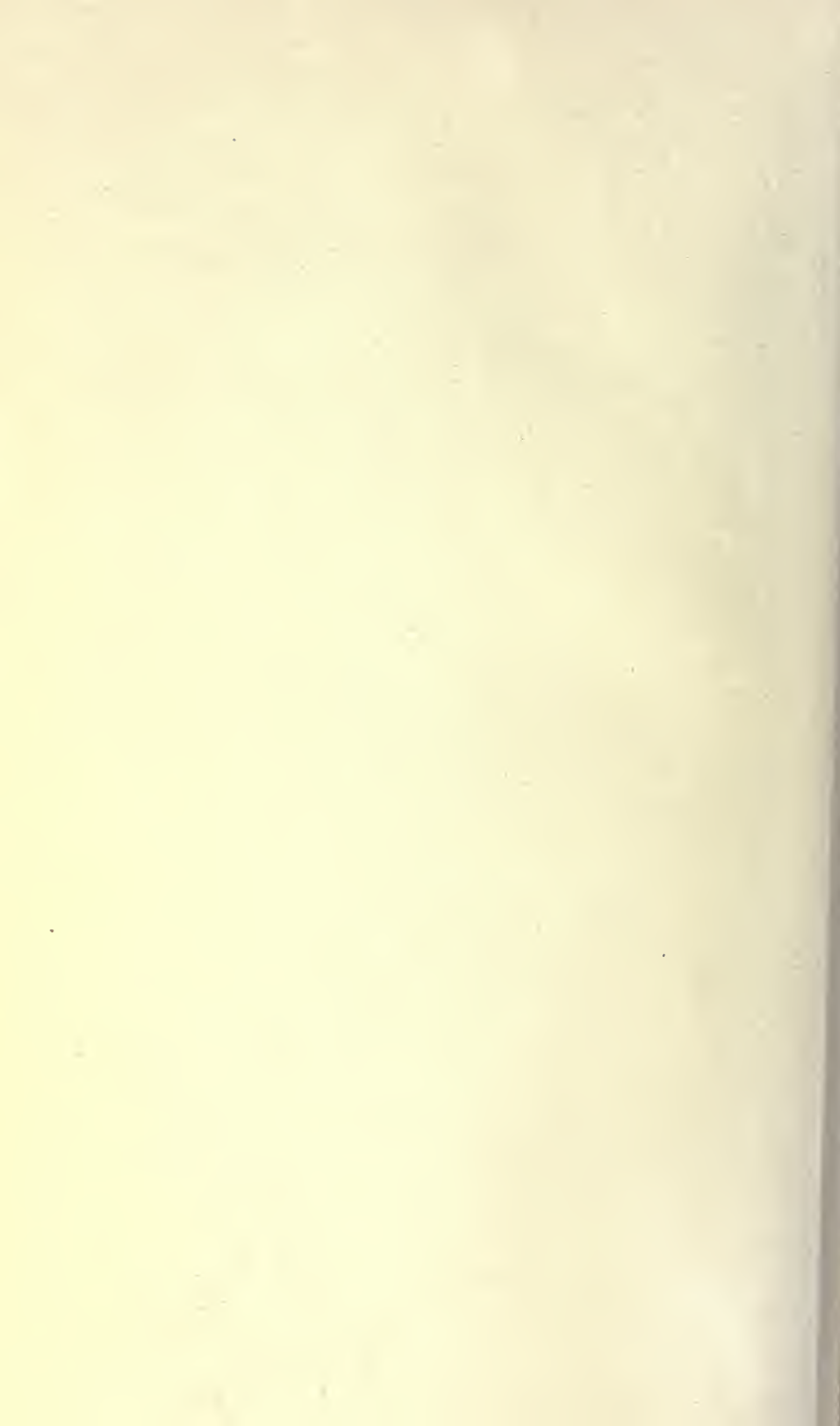
But for snow, ice, and wind the march from Erzeroum to Trebizond would have been delightful, and at all events it was neither lonely nor dangerous, for the high road was crowded with travellers and their caravans. But the icy descents were perilous and she often dismounted and walked to spare "Boy." The last and worst of these descents brought her to the lovely valley of the Surmel, with its homesteads,



MURPHY O'ROURKE.

MRS. BISHOP IN HER TRAVELLING DRESS AT ERZEROUH.

MIRZA YUSUF.





orchards, natural forests and rushing water, and she left for ever "the bleak mountains and poverty-stricken plateaux ravaged by the Kurd," after a ride of 2,500 miles from Baghdad, through Persia, Kurdistan, and Armenia.

One day was spent at Trebizond, and then she bade Mirza and Murphy good-bye, and embarked on the s.s. *Douro* for Constantinople, where she spent four busy days, taking the Orient Express on December 22, reaching Paris on Christmas Day, and on December 26 finding herself in London at 6 a.m. She went to breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, lunched with Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall, stayed all night at the Euston Hotel, and travelled next day to Edinburgh, where Professor and Mrs. Grainger Stewart welcomed her to their house in Charlotte Square.

## CHAPTER XI

### PUBLIC WORK

ON New Year's Day, 1891, Mrs. Bishop went to Mull for a glimpse at the only spot on earth which she could now call home ; but she did little more than alight and leave, returning to Edinburgh on January 3 to spend two days with Professor and Mrs. Blackie. She left for London on the 7th, stopping at Huntingdon on the way. On the 8th she wrote to Mrs. Macdonald :

The Ouse was hard frozen at Houghton ; I went to see Mrs. Brown, and the two girls skated and Percy pushed me four miles on a chair sled—at the rate of 16 miles an hour ! Thirty-five years ago I used to skate with numbers of the village folk on that river, and now all but myself and one other are in eternity.

One object of her journey to London was to arrange with Mr. Murray about her book on Persia, one of the most difficult and certainly one of the most valuable books she ever wrote. Its difficulty was due to her repeated losses of notes, diary-letters, and sketches from robberies at Baghdad, Julfa, and in Turkish Kurdistan. A certain number of the diary-letters reached Miss Clayton safely and were locked away. But besides straining her memory, Mrs. Bishop had to consult books of reference and to secure correction of her statements from many residents in the countries traversed. Fortunately she rarely omitted to set down some lines of travel in her pocket-diary, so

that the names and dates of her stages and the main incidents of her long rides were preserved. The library of the Royal Geographical Society was of especial use to her. But except for visits to Mr. Murray, and for some very necessary shopping, she spent most of her time in London in rest and quiet preparation for the hard task before her.

Miss Clayton and her friends were in Bournemouth, and nowhere could she begin it so well as with them. On January 24 she joined them at Garthlands. But a great shock awaited her there. Miss Clayton had fallen down a steep flight of stairs backwards, and was suffering from concussion of the brain and spine, and for three months she was scarcely able to sit up. At the end of April Mrs. Bishop wrote :

She is now able to drive and to *totter* about a little, but is so frail and aged, and so deaf. Alas! the shadow cannot return upon the dial, and she will never be the same again, will never help and advise and be leant on. You [Mrs. Macdiarmid], who know what she was to me during a long course of years, can realise how very sad it is.

This blow seems to have flung her back into the desolation of former bereavements, but she had the solace of hard work, and was busy reading over her diary-letters on January 26, and began her *Journeys in Persia* on the following day. She worked at the book steadily for three months, varying her toil with occasional missionary addresses. In a letter to Miss Macdonald, dated February 28, she says :

I am frightfully busy. I have literally no time. I make no visits, don't read or work, and only go out for exercise. I find plenty of opportunity for addressing small meetings and working parties on the subject of missions, and this I am very thankful for.



Then on March 26 she wrote to the same correspondent :

I am fearfully busy. I have to speak at twenty missionary meetings in May and June, and to do a great deal of literary work besides my book.

This extra literary work was in connection with what she had seen of the persecutions of Christians in Asiatic Turkey, and part of it consisted of two forceful and impressive articles in *The Contemporary Review* for May and June, called "The Shadow of the Kurd," which were widely read. They made indeed some stir, for they were the actual experience of an onlooker. During April she went several times to London to deliver addresses at the Moravian Missionary Meeting, to speak at Harley House, and on the 21st to dine with Mr. Murray for the purpose of meeting Mr. Gladstone. The great statesman took her down to dinner and questioned her keenly about the Kurdish atrocities amongst Nestorians and Armenians. After answering him with all possible detail, she turned the tables by saying, "Now, Mr. Gladstone, you have asked me a great many questions, and I have done my best to answer them; may I venture to ask you one?" "Certainly," he said. "Then, what *was* the Nestorian heresy?" "Ah," said he, laying down his knife and fork and wheeling round in his chair, "that is a matter in which I am profoundly interested." And he entered on a long, learned, and precise exposition of the heresy, quoting historians, fathers of the Church, modern critics, without pause or failure of memory, and at the end of half an hour left her not only amazed at his vast and accurate knowledge, but conversant with the whole schism.

On the 8th began the May meetings to so many of which she was pledged—medical mission, Quaker meetings, some in the Lower Exeter Hall, others at Harley House and at various Church Halls.

Her articles in *The Contemporary Review* had roused in the minds of Mr. Bryce, Mr. Caine, and other members of Parliament a strong desire to hear from her further particulars of the atrocities in Turkish Kurdistan, and some of these gentlemen urged her to give an address in one of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons upon points raised by the accounts coming daily from the East. Men's minds were agitated by the inrush of Armenians, who had fled from their towns and villages and were seeking refuge in this country. Real knowledge of the situation was essential, and her articles indicated acquaintance with its every aspect, and with details to which she could not yet give the publicity of print.

At first she was averse to taking so unusual and formidable a step; but when she realised that she could give practical help in dealing with this terrible problem, her scruples disappeared. The meeting was held on June 18 in Committee-room No. 15, an historical spot. She declined to give a continuous address, on the ground that by so doing she might omit what her audience particularly desired to know; but expressed her readiness to answer questions at length. The room was filled by members of both Houses, some of their wives being present as well, and when she faced them a great wave of nervousness threatened to incapacitate her altogether. But she subdued it, and was occupied from 5 to 6.30 in explaining as clearly as possible the relations and condition of the various peoples subject to the Sublime Porte, and the defenceless position of Syrians and Armenians.

The impression made upon her hearers by her gentle voice, dignity of bearing, modesty, and clearness of statement is not yet forgotten. This afternoon was perhaps the most remarkable she ever spent in public work, and it had been prefaced by exceptional nervousness. She was relieved to escape from its tension to the Terrace, where she had tea with her friends in the House of Commons, after which the group was photographed.

The only allusion to this incident in her correspondence is contained in a letter to Mrs. Grainger Stewart, written prior to its occurrence :

I am writing six hours a day, and besides that have had a great deal to do lately in preparing some statements for a subject connected with foreign politics ! which has introduced me to a number of interesting acquaintances. I am most thankful for all new interests out of myself, for I feel that without them my sorrowful solitude would be greater than I can bear.

It is mentioned in her diary without comment, except as to her great nervousness.

All this time her evenings up to midnight and her mornings were devoted to her book, to which she had returned when her articles for *The Contemporary* were finished. But she was well enough to lunch out a good deal, and just before her appearance in Committee-room No. 15 she paid a week's visit to Sir Alfred and Lady Lyall at Queen's Gate. Major Sawyer was in town, and she saw him several times, and attended some meetings of the Royal Geographical Society.

Her numerous engagements interrupted the steady progress of her book, and brought on an attack of sleeplessness, the worst she had had for years, and this was accompanied by intermittent fever. In



spite of her lectures and addresses she usually wrote six hours a day, and when there was no outside evening work she sometimes wrote for nine hours out of the twenty-four. By the middle of June she had spoken at seventeen meetings, and nine are set down in her diary for the four weeks following that date.

It was late in July before proofs of the first volume of her Persian book began to arrive for correction. She was then in lodgings at 117 Adelaide Road, and paid many visits to the Royal Geographical Society's library and to the War Office. One to Mr. Curzon is recorded on July 27. She took all possible pains to ensure the accuracy of her book.

There was that feverish restlessness in her movements which characterised them when she was doing too much and which often preceded collapse. It was partly due to the cessation from movement, surprise, adventure, all the interests of travel, and partly to her apprehension of bodily and mental torpor. But she found the vortex into which she was drawn as a celebrated traveller, authoress, and missionary advocate far less attractive than the perilous wilds of Luristan and Kurdistan, and said to me one day that summer, "Oh to be beyond the pale once more, out of civilisation into savagery! Anna, I abhor civilisation!"

It was a relief to get away from town on August 11, and, after a peaceful week at Houghton, to go to Cardiff for the meeting of the British Association, under Sir William Huggins's presidency. She lectured on Tuesday, the 25th, in section E—that devoted to geographical matters—on "The Upper Karun Region and the Bakhtiari Lurs." It was the first time that she had addressed members of the British Association, and the first time that she gave this remarkable

lecture—asked for again and again by learned societies in England and Scotland. It was listened to with breathless interest, for few Englishmen had taken the route through Luristan, and of these none had traversed it from Julfa to Burujird as she and Major Sawyer did, nor had any of the former travellers in Persia, except Sir Henry Layard and Sir Henry Rawlinson, brought to the journey such skilled observation and such power of literary description as Mrs. Bishop had done. Schooled by this time in public speaking, she lectured with great charm of manner and voice; and, added to her real and amazing knowledge of every subject which she handled, she had the art of presenting what she knew in such language as to secure absorbed listening. Even she, too often a prey to self-distrust, felt that her address was a success, and modestly recorded the fact in her diary on the day of its delivery.

In the Report of the British Association's meeting at Cardiff (August, 1891) it is mentioned that on Tuesday, the 25th,

There were several papers dealing with original exploration, and of these Mrs. Bishop's account of the Bakhtiari country was by far the most important. Mrs. Bishop spoke for the greater part of an hour merely from notes, but without the slightest hesitation. Her subject-matter and its manner of treatment were, in her hands, a model of excellence.

She returned for a few days to town, where she received the distressing news that the first "John Bishop Memorial Hospital" at Srinagar had been entirely wrecked by a desolating flood in July.

When she left London she had completed two-thirds of her work on Persia, and was occupied with choosing and arranging its illustrations. She was

still spending every spare hour upon the manuscript, which she studiously revised, and on one of the few days left to her in town she took it to Mr. Murray.

How hard she was working all September is evidenced by her letters to Mr. Murray, who was greatly interested in the book. One written on September 13, from Ford Hall, is occupied with details concerning the map of the Bakhtiari country and her route, which was prepared for the end of the second volume with considerable difficulty, partly from the survey-map made by Major Sawyer, who advised her to adopt the spelling of the geographical report—"every surveying officer," she wrote, "seems to spell the names differently,"—and partly from a sketch-map made by herself.

A little later she tells Mr. Murray that she went down to Clark's and rescued the revises, which she altered according to his suggestions.

They are truly valuable, and make me much ashamed of my want of perspicacity. The original letters were invariably written when I was greatly fatigued, and my re-writing has been done under great pressure.

The map gave her great trouble, and she had to consult the head of the Indian Government Survey as to how she could use it, add names to it, and improve it for general use. As a result of this correspondence she was only allowed to use it as it stood, since the insertion of names and passes was politically indiscreet.

On October 22 she wrote to Mr. Murray (the present John Murray) from Tobermory :

The proof which you return is the end of the second volume. Your corrections have been an education in grammar and style, which will not be thrown away.



Just a week earlier she had finished the manuscript and recorded it in her diary with a "Thank God!" of relief.

On the 19th, having revised and corrected most of her proofs, she went to Tobermory, taking Miss Cullen (whose father had recently died) with her, having undertaken to lecture to the members of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society in Edinburgh on November 12, and at Glasgow on the 13th. The expansion of her address prepared for the British Association on the "Bakhtiari Lurs" into a less exclusively scientific form occupied her till November 10. Miss Cullen went home on the 2nd, and Mrs. Bishop followed her on the 11th. Her lecture was given the next evening in the Free Assembly Hall, where the anniversary meeting of the society was held. General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, who had himself been twenty-four years resident in Persia, presided, and he testified to the accuracy of her descriptions as one thoroughly conversant with the country. The audience was "enormous and sympathetic." Next day she repeated the lecture at the inaugural meeting of the Glasgow branch.

The R.S.G.S. conferred on her the rare distinction of fellowship, and in a letter to Mr. Murray she wrote, "I am grateful for the innovation they have made in recognising a woman's work."

By this time her forthcoming *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan* was announced, and she was finishing its preface, glossary, and itineraries. Mr. Curzon, whose book was also in the press, had been most kind and helpful, giving her distances and names; but her proofs were delayed for items of exact mileage between the stages of her journey through Kurdistan. On the last day of November the task was definitely

completed, but by this time nervous collapse and rheumatism had seized her, and she made up her mind that the book would be a failure. She stayed on in Tobermory, although the weather was at its wintriest—"wan wastes of snow, and a gale which, with few and brief lulls, is continuous."

*Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan* was published at Christmas, 1891. Just at the time a tremendous storm stopped the mails, and her letter of thanks for the two beautiful volumes sent to her before the day of publication was delayed five days.

We have not had a gleam of sunshine for seventeen days, and the unsunned and sodden snow has a most depressing and ghastly effect. I feel the damp chilliness of this Mull climate very much after two years in dry regions, and shall not be able to stay here so long as I proposed.

She was able, however, to give a lecture in Tobermory on the evening of December 23, which lasted almost two hours. It was on "Persian Manners and Customs," and was illustrated by two of the Y.W.C.A. members, who wore costumes which she had brought from Isfahan.

For three weeks of January she was busy with all the interests of The Cottage and her neighbours. She was known by her friends as the "Stormy Petrel," from her preference of weather in its worst moods when she went her rounds. Perhaps the howl and wail of the storm round The Cottage drove her out.

About the middle of January half of the inhabitants of Tobermory were seized with influenza. It reached The Cottage, and first her housekeeper and then Mrs. Bishop herself succumbed. She was in bed for three weeks—as pneumonia followed the fever—

admirably nursed by Miss Macdonald, and the long weakness incident to convalescence delayed her departure. Fortunately, lovely weather followed in February, but she was saddened by many deaths. A very interesting letter belongs to the week before she fell ill. It was written to Lady Middleton on January 13, 1892 :

Life cannot spare you : its claims, duties, and interests multiply as the years go by, and you are and can be a power for good. Heartlessness and malice have done their worst if they benumb your vitality and make you a cypher. But this cannot be, and you will revive. My mind, dwelling so much in solitude and away from the bustle at once sordid and trivial which passes for life, is very full of thoughts, some of which, if I were speaking and not writing, I should like to communicate to you. One very present and stimulating thought is that we have lived into a new era, and that whether we like it or not (and I don't like it, and think the old was better), if we are to be of any use, we must cease sighing over the past and throw ourselves as heartily as may be into those currents of the new life and age which are surging around us. I see so many people who were useful under the old circumstances, to whom the uprising of the democracy in politics, of an aristocracy of mere wealth in society, and of criticisms which threaten to remove the old landmarks in religion are so intensely painful and repulsive that they retire from the whirl and strife altogether, and sit moaning with folded hands over an order of things which can never be resuscitated.

For myself, my sorrows have taken away all personal interest in life—I have nothing any more to hope for, nothing to dread except infirmities of mind and body, nothing to wish for, no ambitions, no personal projects. The last three years of ceaseless activities and latterly of more or less of public life have been very strange to me. Beloved memories, noble examples, stimulating words of those whom I have lost are always goading me onwards and upwards. I feel that I *must* make the best of myself, I *must* bear an active part in life; I *must* follow their examples to be worthy of ever



meeting them again, which is my one personal hope. And thus with a ceaseless ache at my heart, and without a shadow of enjoyment in anything, I respond to every call to action, and my life though very sad is very full, and though I cannot enjoy I am intensely interested. For this I thank God.

I wonder if it is any comfort to you to know that from my heart, and for reasons which at the time and now appear to be conclusive, I believe your brother absolutely guiltless of what was imputed to him. For you to know him to be the victim of an injustice which has robbed him of all he valued most, and which afflicts him through his remaining life, must be a bitterness to which the mourning for vanished lives is not comparable.

My book, which I may truly call my *work*, is out, and, though I thought it marked a manifest falling off in descriptive style, the reviews so far have been kind to it. I hope it will sell, as I want money. The Women's Hospital of sixty beds with a Dispensary attached, which I built in Kashmir as a memorial to my husband, was totally destroyed by a flood on July 21, a heavy blow to me, and I now want to make money to rebuild it in a safer place.

On March 5 she left Tobermory for Edinburgh and stayed first with Professor and Mrs. Blackie.

Sir Robert Murdoch Smith had reviewed her *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan* for the March number of *The Scottish Geographical Magazine*, and his judgment of the value and accuracy of her statements gave her great encouragement.

Much has been expected [he said] from her facile and graphic pen, and we may at once say that those expectations are not disappointed. . . . The picture drawn of the toilsome struggles of the laden mules through the deep snow drifts, and of the sufferings of man and beast from the intense cold of the icy blasts that sweep over these uplands, however exaggerated they may seem to those "who stay at home at ease," are *true and exact as photographs*.

He gives in this paper a most interesting *aperçu* of the change effected in Persia between 1863 and 1885, but for the purpose of this biography his endorsement of her fidelity to truth is its important feature.

Her stay in Edinburgh had another object besides the pleasure of being with old friends. Miss Cullen thought of taking a house in Morningside, and proposed that Mrs. Bishop should furnish a couple of rooms in it, so as to have a *pied-à-terre*, when she came to Edinburgh.

In 1892 [writes Miss Cullen] she greatly longed for a home; I asked her if I took a large enough house would she join me. She was delighted with the arrangement, and we began a partnership at 41 Morningside Park at the end of that year, which continued till May, 1897. It was rather a farce, for she did not live in the house more than eighteen weeks. She was away three years, but her two rooms were kept for her.

This arrangement was fixed in the spring of 1892, and then Mrs. Bishop left for Birdsall House on March 15. She had prepared Lady Middleton for a considerable change in her appearance:

I have become a very elderly—indeed I may say an old—woman and stout! My hair will not turn grey, and thus I am deprived of the softening and almost renovating influence which silver hair exercises on a plain face. I still wear deep mourning, but not a cap of any kind. Mentally I think and hope that I am more sympathetic, and that my interests outside of myself are larger and wider, but probably this does not appear, as my manner is quieter than ever. I have written this much to prepare you for a “little soul” in a big body.

The visit was a very happy one, in spite of her sorrowful memory of the last long stay at Birdsall,

when her husband was with her. It was soothed by the love and consideration which she received from Lord and Lady Middleton, and by their frequent appreciative reference to Dr. Bishop.

She had to "prate at a drawing-room meeting at York on March 19, when the Dean, assisted by Lord Forester, an old friend of my father, will preside." It was most successful—a crowded hall, the whole audience "cheery-looking and enthusiastic." Her subject was medical missions, and the immediate collection was £40, followed by £56, as an aftermath. Other results were the formation of a local association for supporting medical missions, and a request that she should return in June to give an address of the same character at the Church Congress for the dioceses of York, Ripon, and Wakefield. Two more petitions for missionary addresses were due to this York meeting, and indeed there stretched before her a long vista of such engagements. She wrote to Miss Macdonald a fortnight later :

I hoped to have rested entirely in April, but have not been able to refuse to give two addresses—one at Southampton on the 13th and one at Portsmouth on the 19th. I used often to think when I was abroad that if I lived to return I might possibly interest some people in missions outside the usual circles ; but never dreamed that so great and public a work would grow out of it.

Visits to Houghton and Southampton followed.

I spent three days at Southampton at Canon Wilberforce's [she wrote], a singularly curious and interesting time ; but far too exacting and tiring for me, as I am still very weak.

Then she went to Bournemouth and stayed with



Miss Clayton all April, except for brief absences connected with her addresses.

On April 2 she had news which greatly distressed her.

You will be sorry to hear [she wrote] that I have lost one of my oldest and most valued friends, Mr. Murray, my publisher, to whose unwearied kindness and constant consideration for nearly forty years I owe very much. I feel his death very deeply.

Tuesday, April 19, was Professor and Mrs. Blackie's golden wedding day, and Mrs. Bishop's letter to them is characteristic of her deep affection and loyalty to the friends of so many years.

As my little gifts [she wrote on Easter Day] will be overlooked in the array of your beautiful presents, so my loving words may hardly be heard among the warm and hearty congratulations which will be yours on Tuesday; but I know that my loved and faithful friend will neither be blind to the one nor deaf to the other. May God bless you and give you better health, that your dear self may shine out as all who love you desire. May you have great peace, and may the calm, mellow light of a sunlit evening stream on your path. May you have yet some years together, and in the end, though death must divide, may death unite. All blessings are gathered up in the few words: "The peace of God which passeth understanding keep your heart and mind in the love of God"—and this is my wish for your golden wedding day. It is not a time of prospect, but of retrospect, and I hope that your self-depreciatory nature will not prevent you from thankfully looking back upon the long years of wifely love and loyalty and unwearied helpfulness, of domestic comfort, calm, ripe, and tasteful criticism, of intellectual help and rare womanly influence which you have given to the Professor, and on the loyalty, love, and trust which he has given you. I wish I could see you both on Tuesday surrounded by friends and offerings.

On May 4 she left Bournemouth for London, where she stayed at rooms in Adelaide Road, partly furnished by herself. Missionary and geographical addresses absorbed her time and attention.

Many pleasant social engagements also belonged to May, and the same kind of various activity signalised June. On the 9th she was in York, fulfilling her engagement at the conference there.

But two matters belong to June worth recording. One was a course of lessons in photography which she took from Mr. Howard Farmer at the Regent Street Polytechnic, and which she renewed every time she was in London. There had been great difficulty in getting illustrations for her *Journeys in Persia* due to frequent loss of her sketches, and she did not in any case account these of artistic value. Photography was not only a new and very real interest for her, but promised to be helpful in future journeys amongst new races and regions.

The second matter was connected with her health, which had given her cause for uneasiness since she had influenza in February. She consulted Dr. Davies in London and wrote on the subject to Mrs. Macdonald :

My health failed in the summer and it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept my engagements. At last some symptoms that I knew were serious came on and I had good medical advice. I was then told that I have fatty and calcareous degeneration of the heart.

The malady was not surprising after the tremendous and continuous strain of 1889 and 1890. But its discovery suggests a question often put as to her physical feebleness at home and her extraordinary strength and endurance while travelling. This question can best be answered by quoting from

an article which appeared in *The Edinburgh Medical Journal* after her death in 1904, and which was written by one of the most skilful physicians in Edinburgh :

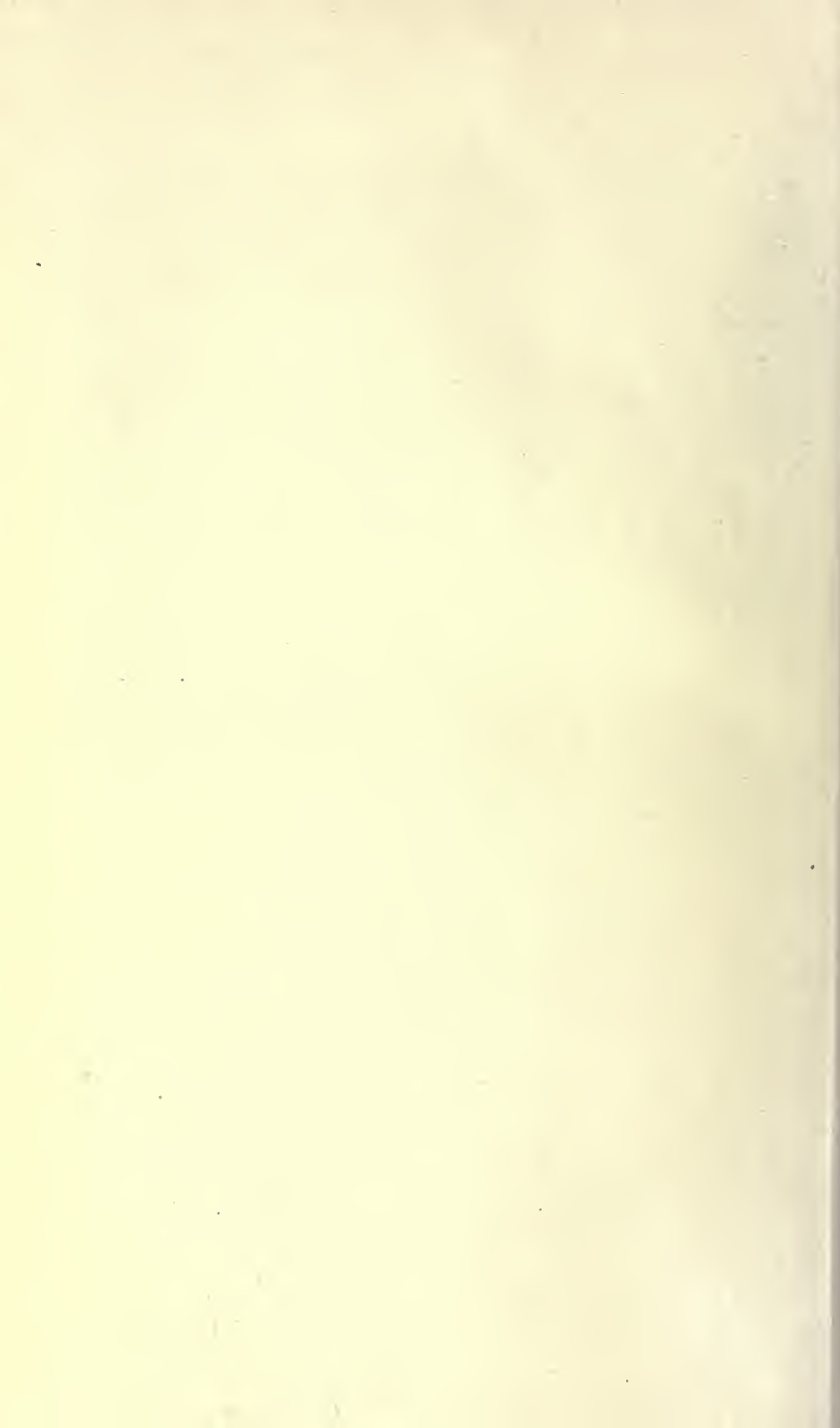
To the lay mind (*i.e.* the mind untrained in physiological science) Mrs. Bishop was indeed, if not a mass of physical contradictions, yet very much of a paradox. It was difficult for it to comprehend how a woman who in the quiet of her home life seemed so fragile, sensitive, and dependent could possibly submit to, or even survive, the experiences of her multitudinous travels. The invalid at home and the Samson abroad do not form a very usual combination, yet in her case these two ran in tandem for many years. Mrs. Bishop was indeed one of those subjects who are dependent to the last degree upon their environment to bring out their possibilities. It is not a question of dual personality, it is the varied response of a single personality under varied conditions. Of course the response can only be maintained in an active environment, when there is a large storehouse of energy behind it all, for no woman can travel some 2,400 miles through a wild and untamed country without having a basis of strength of an unusual kind. . . . When she took the stage as pioneer and traveller, she laughed at fatigue, she was indifferent to the terrors of danger, she was careless of what a day might bring forth in the matter of food : but stepping from the boards into the wings of life, she immediately became the invalid, the timorous, delicate, gentle-voiced woman that we associate with the Mrs. Bishop of Edinburgh.

In this there is true insight, but one or two facts may render the complex nature less puzzling to the ordinary mind. Physicians have learned to use a magnanimity which might teach us "a more excellent way" if we could follow their example. There *was* a great reserve of endurance in Mrs. Bishop, and this was due to her splendid digestion. In spite of the serious ailments which exhausted her constitution,





MRS. BISHOP IN TANGIER.



her appetite and her power to assimilate large quantities of food healthily never failed. Her husband would rally her on this, and once said laughingly to me, "Isabella has the appetite of a tiger and the digestion of an ostrich." She could go for days with little more than a bowlful of rice and a handful of dates or raisins; but when substantial food was to be had, she availed herself amply of the opportunity. Indeed, she called herself "a savage in the matter of food." Nor does it ever seem that she suffered from either scanty or generous fare. She would complain in jest that her hosts pressed her to eat cake because it was simple and could not hurt her, when what she wanted was the richest and heaviest on the table. This healthy appetite must have strengthened her muscular frame, which made up for her feeble spine.

Besides, she really suffered overwhelming fatigue and frequently broke down during her journeys—but she had learned exactly what to do and was seldom hindered in doing it. Her muscular strength and her immense spirit combined against all obstacles, when the undertaking interested and inspired her. In her childhood all the doctors consulted by her parents had advised open-air life, riding, change of scene, so these must have been obviously remedial, long before they developed in her the passion for travelling which made her famous.

At home there was neither the vivifying mountain air which invigorated her, nor was there daily novelty to seize and hold her mind. Although she liked many people, too many others sought and bored her; she was generally occupied with hard intellectual work, which needed seclusion and a sedentary life; the minor worries of housekeeping assailed and depressed



her, while danger and difficulty appealed to her marvellous self-control and resource; and physical inaction was apt to become a habit when life grew unexciting and duty ceased to exact effort and self-sacrifice.

She saw Dr. Davies several times, and he enjoined immediate rest and the withdrawal from as many as possible of her public engagements for July. Nowhere could the former be so well assured as at Houghton, so she left town on June 22 and spent three peaceful weeks with Mrs. Brown at The Elms, where one quiet day succeeded another, many hours were spent on the river, old friends were visited, old associations renewed. After a fortnight she felt so much better that she began to write up her notes of Western Tibet and to bring them into literary form. After another week of rest, she went to Willing Park near Bridgnorth, where she addressed a meeting for sixty-five minutes, and on the following day spoke for an hour and a quarter at a meeting held at Coalbrookdale.

The British Association meetings were held at Edinburgh in 1892, early in August, and she went north on the 1st to attend them. They were inaugurated by Sir Archibald Geikie, President for the year, and Mrs. Bishop, who dined that evening with Sir William Muir, was present. Next evening she read her paper on "Western Tibet," and it was incorporated in the Scottish Geographical Society's Magazine for October. She was now one of the most distinguished members of the British Association. More than a hundred admiring reviews of her volumes on Persia had appeared, one of them by Mr. Curzon, at whose private suggestion she made some small corrections before sending them to

the press for a second edition. Mr. Murray (the fourth John Murray) sent her the munificent share of its profits on which were based her financial relations with both his father and himself, after the reissue of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*.

I share your feeling of sadness [she wrote] regarding the literary account for so many years addressed to me in your dear father's hand. But even he could not express himself more kindly and gracefully than you have done in the note received this morning. Persia is not an attractive country to write about and I fully expected failure, therefore this success is especially gratifying, and is a continuation of the good fortune which has attended me since I began my literary career under your father's auspices.

She had a particular reason for welcoming a large cheque, already alluded to. A considerable portion of her profits from the sale of *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan* was consecrated to rebuilding the "John Bishop Memorial Hospital." The expense of rebuilding was great, and the work could not be on the same scale as that wrecked by the floods of July, 1890; but the existing hospital at *Islamabad*, erected in due course, contains 12 beds for women, with the possibility of expansion in dry seasons.

Mrs. Bishop saw Dr. Ritchie in Edinburgh, and he confirmed Dr. Davies' opinion about her health. He consulted with Dr. Grainger Stewart; both noted heart-failure and rheumatic gout, and were most anxious that she should go to Carlsbad to drink the waters there and be treated by a celebrated German specialist, and she planned to leave about August 20 for that purpose. An outbreak of cholera and exceptional heat abroad, however, decided Dr. Grainger Stewart to forbid this step,

and she spent the rest of August with Miss Clayton at Kingussie, where drives in a pony chair and much walking helped her a little. But as baths and massage were prescribed, she went to Buxton in September for both.

The Cottage had been lent all summer to Mrs. Brown's brother, Mr. Dixon. On October 3 Mrs. Bishop went to Tobermory and stayed there for nearly four months. These were filled with her usual activities, to which was added the organising of cookery classes, accomplished in the face of almost absolute local indifference. They were in connection with the Technical Education movement, and she wrote to Mrs. Blackie about her difficulties:

I am much overdone by nothing less than undertaking the sole organising of cookery classes, and providing all the essentials. It has been awful work, because the people are so dilatory and shilly-shally, but they were opened last night successfully.

She got leave to utilise the old schoolhouse next to her cottage for these classes, and invited the School Board, the ministers, and chief townspeople, on the evening of December 6, to witness the first illustrated lesson.

Another interest was reading her notes on Tibet aloud to her valued neighbour, Mrs. MacLachlan, of Badarroch, whose feeble eyesight made reading impossible. Mrs. MacLachlan always expected her when the wind blew and the rain fell, and looked forward to her coming.

Her health improved at Tobermory; the winter was fine on the whole, and she took rides and walks over the moor. Her doctors had urged these, but the rides were bereft of their charm, for she had to use a side-saddle, to which she had so long been



unaccustomed, and after her Oriental experiences she considered it dangerous. The long walks facing the wind on the uplands were quite to her mind, as was the absence of distraction. For the time, too, she surrendered her habit of late study and writing.

That winter she gave a series of practical "Talks" to the members of the Y.W.C.A. The subjects were: "Honour all Men," "Tit for Tat," "Clothing" (in humility), "I'll do it To-morrow," "Gossip," "How to make Home Happy." They were reminders of duty, enlivened by story and illustration from Mrs. Bishop's extended travels; and notes of them survive, from which the writer is tempted to quote, but which she feels bound to lay aside. They were touched with tenderness and instinct, with a sense of the hopelessness of venturing upon the duties of life unless aided by the Spirit of life, who wars against the tedium, the carelessness, the waste, the indifference of everyday life, and transmutes it into helpful ministry, joy, beauty, and order.

Early in December Mr. Murray proposed her as a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and at first<sup>1</sup> a cordial welcome was extended by the fellows present—a distinction which she valued chiefly because of its recognition of a woman's work.

Then late in January, 1893, she left Mull, went south to Stranraer, and lectured there on the 27th. Her first ten days in 41 Morningside Park were spent in bed. She wrote to Mrs. Macdonald in February:

<sup>1</sup> In accordance, as was supposed, with the terms of the Charter, a few distinguished lady travellers were elected as fellows of the R.G.S., but a somewhat bitter opposition was aroused, and at a special meeting called to discuss the election and the whole question it was decided to elect no more lady fellows. This, however, did not cancel the elections already made.

I am improving now, but am very weak, and have not felt able to write any but business letters. The lecture, in spite of my severe pain, went off very well, and the audience was very large. My rooms here are lovely, and most comfortable. My pictures are all hung as I directed. The precious portraits and four sketches of Tobermory face me as I write, and all my surroundings are as they were in Walker Street. His study table, just as he had it, is at my side. At present these things seem a fearful mockery of my loneliness, but perhaps they will prove soothing after a while. There are some sweet old lines very dear to me :

I thank Thee for the quiet rest  
Thy servant taketh now,  
And for the good fight foughten well,  
And for his crownèd brow !

You, too, give thanks for these and you can feel that He who gave has taken away. I have my small cares and losses and worry about them, and you were a lesson to me with your sad, calm, sweet face, and the steadfastness with which you were starting on a path of pain and sacrifice, because you believed it was the right path. . . . I know of no friend to whom I can speak of my inmost feelings as I can to you, or about my beloved dead ; no one whose sympathy is so always reliable.

Mrs. Bishop stayed in Edinburgh for nearly three months. Her papers entitled "Among the Tibetans" appeared in *The Leisure Hour* for February and March, and she was engaged with addresses and lectures till she left for the south, the most important of them being an address on the need of Christian missions given in the Synod Hall on Easter Sunday, April 2. She was taking lessons in photography as well and was learning to print her own films.

She went south on April 19, halting at Knaresboro' and Houghton, and reached London by May 1, going straight to Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson. She

was at once plunged into the vortex of May meetings, and took her full share on their platforms. On May 9 she was presented to Queen Victoria at Her Majesty's Drawing Room, and it may have been on this occasion that, as the famous lady traveller kissed her hand, the Queen said, "I am very much pleased to see you here, Mrs. Bishop."

Mrs. Bishop wrote on April 30 in reference to the vote of the Royal Geographical Society:

I am much astonished at the retrograde movement of the R.G.S. Still I think it is better to exclude women altogether than, while admitting us, to create invidious distinctions in the membership. I suppose that the matter will not be allowed to rest here. I don't think that a fellowship which is chiefly a matter of £ s. d., and is not a recognition of work done, is worth much at any rate.

And on May 27 she continued, in reference to a circular received on the subject:

I don't care to take any steps in the matter, as I never took any regarding admission. Fellowship, as it stands at present, is not a distinction and not a recognition of work, and really is not worth taking any trouble about. At the same time the proposed action is a dastardly injustice to women.

When she returned to town on June 1 it was to Lambeth Palace, where she spent three days, speaking at a church meeting on the 2nd and enjoying her brief converse with the Archbishop and his guests. From Eastbourne, on June 6, she wrote her last word on the R.G.S.'s action:

I am going to meet Mr. Curzon at the R.G.S. on Tuesday or Wednesday regarding a subject on which he can give me some helpful information. I am amazed to see that in a letter to Saturday's *Times*



my declining to read a paper for the R.G.S. has been referred to in an inaccurate way, which makes me ridiculous. My health was breaking down at the time, and I could not prepare a paper, and I added in declining in a friendly note these words as nearly as possible: "It seems scarcely consistent in a society which does not recognise the work of women to ask a woman to read a paper." I never made any claim to be a "geographer," and I hope that none of my friends have ever made it for me. As a traveller and observer I have done a good deal of hard and honest work, and may yet do more! but I never put forward my claim to have even that recognised by the R.G.S. If I had thought that any use would be made of my note I should not even have written the above. I think it might be well if ladies were ejected, as it would tend to a reconsideration of the qualifications for fellowship, and possibly to a move in the direction of having *membership* as a matter of election and subscription, and *fellowship* as a distinction.

Her whole time in England during this summer was very restlessly spent. She wrote to Mrs. Allan on June 30:

Three among my visits have been specially delightful—one to Mrs. Brown, another to Lambeth Palace, and another to my cousin, Bishop Sumner. The Drawing Room was brilliant, but it was very long, and I was much bored. I have been at Leeds at the request of the Archbishop to give an address on the Syrian Christians, and am now taking a few days' rest with some dear friends in a lovely Yorkshire home. I return to London to receive my fellowship from the R.G.S. and for the Prince of Wales's garden party on the 5th.

On the evening on which her fellowship was finally conferred Lord Dunmore read a paper on "Journeys in the Pamirs and Central Asia," and Mrs. Bishop opened the discussion afterwards. The Keswick meetings drew her northwards about the middle of July, and by August she was in Tobermory, where

she prepared a series of important addresses to which she had pledged herself. She was reading busily as well, and the books mentioned in her diary indicate the trend of her plans. She wrote to Mr. Murray on August 23 :

I think of remaining here till the second week of October. I should have liked of all things to go to the Church Congress at Birmingham, where my father had one of the huge parishes for nearly five years, but think that two months of quiet are necessary. I am thinking of going to pay a few visits in Japan next winter, and may possibly go on to Korea ; but I am too old for hardships and great exertions now.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE FAR EAST

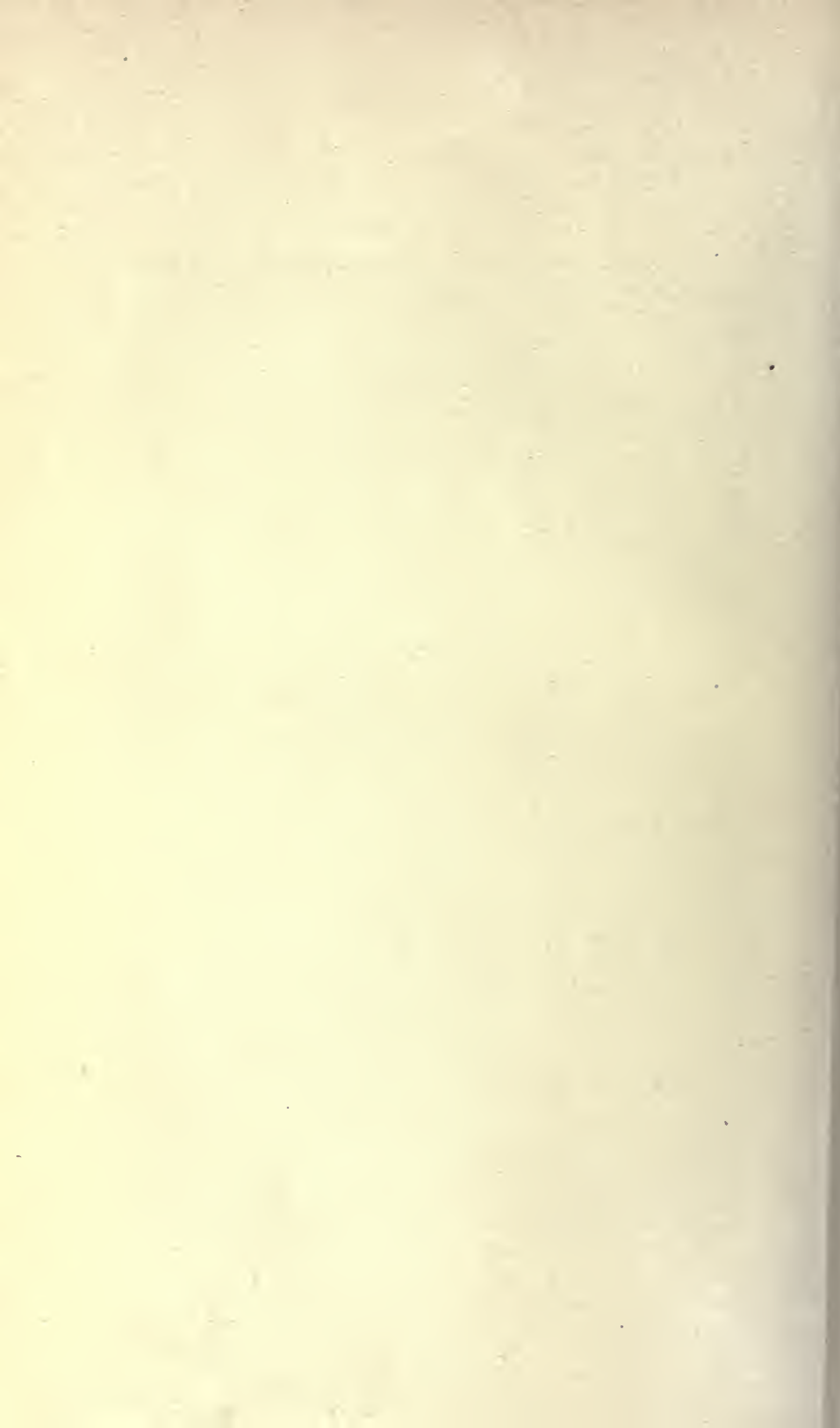
THE last months of 1893 were so full of work and movement that it is difficult to realise that Dr. Grainger Stewart not only confirmed the inefficient action of the heart, but pronounced Mrs. Bishop to be suffering from an affection of the base of one lung, which retarded her pulse and enfeebled her breathing. In spite of this addition to her physical disabilities, she spent October and November in an incessant sequence of lectures and addresses, nearly all on missions, and two of them to Edinburgh students.

The impression produced by one of these appearances was so profound that it made her famous as a platform speaker. So far she had not been widely known as a speaker on behalf of missions, but now, says Mr. Eugene Stock, she stepped at once to the front rank as a missionary advocate, and this speech may rank as perhaps her greatest contribution to the cause of Christ for the heathen. It was an address given (Nov. 1) in Exeter Hall at the "Gleaners' Union" anniversary meeting, which was presided over by Bishop Hill, just before he returned to his diocese in Western Equatorial Africa, where a few months later he gave up his consecrated life. In the history of the Church Missionary Society this address is mentioned as "proclaiming Mrs. Bishop to be one of the greatest of missionary advocates." It was printed and circulated





MRS. BISHOP AT NEWCASTLE.  
*From a photograph by Lyd Sawyer.*



by thousands all over the world, and "exercised an influence upon the public mind beyond that of any other missionary address of the generation." Mrs. Bishop called her address "Heathen Claims and Christian Duty," and prefaced it most effectively by describing her attitude as that of—

A traveller who has been made a convert to missions, not by missionary successes, but by seeing in four and a half years of Asiatic travelling the desperate needs of the un-Christianised world. There was a time when I was altogether indifferent to missions, and would have avoided a mission-station rather than have visited it. But the awful, pressing claim of the un-Christianised nations which I have seen has taught me that the work of their conversion to Christ is one to which one would gladly give influence and whatever else God has given to one.

She called upon her hearers not to rest upon the little already effected by a few heroes, but—

To set their faces towards the wilderness, that great, waste, howling wilderness, in which one thousand millions of our race are wandering in darkness and the shadow of death, without hope, being without God in the world. The work is only beginning: we have barely touched the fringe of it.

And then she gave a glimpse of the awful sins which canker the whole Eastern world:

When travelling in Asia it struck me very much how very little we had heard, how little we know, as to how sin is enthroned, and deified, and worshipped. There is sin and shame everywhere. Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. The morals of Mohammedan countries are corrupt, and the imagination very wicked. How corrupt is Buddhism, how corrupt Buddhists are! . . . These false faiths degrade women with an infinite degradation. The intellect is dwarfed, while all the worst passions of human nature are stimulated and developed in a fearful degree; jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue running to such an



extent that, in some countries, I have hardly ever been in a woman's house, or near a woman's tent, without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favourite wife, to take away her life, or to take away the life of the favourite wife's infant son. This request has been made to me nearly two hundred times. . . . It follows necessarily that there is also an infinite degradation of men. The whole continent of Asia is corrupt. It is the scene of barbarities, tortures, brutal punishments, oppression, official corruption, which is worst under Mohammedan rule ; of all things which are the natural products of systems without God in Christ. There are no sanctities of home ; nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, of judgment to come ; only a fearful looking for in the future of fiery indignation from some quarter they know not what.

She spoke then of what sickness is to them :

If one speaks of the sins, one is bound to speak of the sorrows too. The sorrows of heathenism impressed me, sorrows which humanitarianism as well as Christianity should lead us to roll away. . . . What does sickness mean to millions of our fellow creatures in heathen lands ? Throughout the East sickness is believed to be the work of demons. The sick person at once becomes an object of loathing and terror, is put out of the house, is taken to an outhouse, is poorly fed, and rarely visited, or the astrologers, or priests, or medicine men, or wizards assemble, beating big drums and gongs, blowing horns, and making the most fearful noises. They light gigantic fires, and dance round them with their unholy incantations. They beat the sick person with clubs to drive out the demon. They lay him before a roasting fire till his skin is blistered, and then throw him into cold water. They stuff the nostrils of the dying with aromatic mixtures, or mud, and in some regions they carry the chronic sufferer to a mountain-top, placing barley-balls and water beside him, and leave him to die alone. If there were time I could tell you things that would make it scarcely possible for any one beginning life without a fixed purpose to avoid going into training as a medical missionary.

And then she wound up with an appeal to "Go, Let go, Help go," that cannot easily be forgotten—to give up what she called "the unnecessaries of life," to readjust, by our increased knowledge, our personal needs and Christ's needs at the foot of the Cross.

For we hear His voice ringing down through ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of His own.

She had noticed, on her return from the East at the end of 1890, a great increase in the private luxury of English families—even those sincerely religious—in the multiplication of costly personal accessories, in food, clothing, amusements; a new luxury beginning in the nursery, invading the school, enervating the young, so that it was more and more difficult to win, from the ranks of those who lived at ease, followers of a Master who consecrated the missionaries He sent out to poverty, danger, and toil. In alluding to this subject she said:

May it not be that we are called to more self-sacrifice and self-denial than we have used or are trying to use? Can we hear of souls perishing, as they are perishing, and yet continue to use the silver and gold which we constantly say are the Lord's for other purposes—and not His? I know that reasons are given for not giving up luxuries, and I should not venture to condemn them in any way. . . . I would only say, regarding the oft-repeated argument, that if people gave up these superfluities "it would be so bad for trade," that there is one word of the Master which very often occurs to me, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." It may be that the way of the Cross is harder than of old, and that the steep of Calvary—which we all must climb if we are to suffer with Christ and to be glorified with Him—is more rugged than of old. I know not. But always in front passes the Master, and every step of the road of self-

denial is wet with His blood. And with that example before us, and His promise to help us, surely we may deny ourselves the little luxuries and many of the little pleasures of this earthly life—for the sake of those for whom, as for us, He died, and who are still living in ignorance of Him. I would say no more on this subject, because the measure of our giving and the measure of our self-denial are questions which each one must decide for himself or herself. But I would venture to say that each one of us must seek to decide them in the light of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as if His eye were upon us in the decision.

After her Exeter Hall address Mrs. Bishop returned to Edinburgh, halting to give two addresses to railwaymen at York, where her cousin, Miss Lucy Bird, had a Bible-class amongst the employés at the railway-carriage works. By November 9 she had returned to Morningside Park to take up a long series of similar engagements. All this time she was quietly making preparations for a prolonged tour. Dr. Grainger Stewart did not forbid her travelling; he rather advised it, although he deprecated quite so violent and sustained an effort as her famous ride in Persia. She was herself yielding to the attraction of the "Far East," and shaped her plans for China and Japan, with Korea expressly in view should circumstances prove favourable.

Two days before leaving Edinburgh she was vaccinated, and then left for final preparations in London, where on December 18 she spent the evening with me in my chambers in York Street. Dr. Horton arrived about nine o'clock to see her. They had frequently met, and had advanced in mutual understanding and appreciation. For two hours their converse sped in that little upper room, winged with divine love for wandering souls. At last Dr. Horton, who was chairman of the L.M.S. that year, offered



to give her a circular introduction to all its missionaries working in China, and wrote out, then and there, a brief document which proved to be of constant use to her in her travels, making her doubly welcome at many a mission-house and medical mission-station. Then, as she folded up the sheet of note-paper and put it into the bag that hung from her belt, he asked us to kneel, and prayed for her, whether on sea or land, in peace or danger, that she might go as God's ambassador to the East and return having glorified His name. This was practically her last spare evening in London before the start.

On January 11, 1894, she went to Liverpool, where Miss Cullen met her and accompanied her to the office of the Allan Line steamers. She had money to pay for her passage in her hand when she entered, but found that the deck cabin was secured in the s.s. *Mongolia*, and that its owners desired to treat her as their guest,—a generous courtesy which was often offered to her. Just before she left England she wrote to Mrs. Allan :

I should like to have prayers made [at the Y.W.C.A. meetings in Tobermory] for my safe return. I love my friends and country dearly, and wish to come back to live and die among my friends. I hope I may yet fight my way to Aros House on stormy winter evenings.

The presentiment which dimmed her former leave-taking overhung this departure even more forebodingly, and when bidding me farewell she seemed to be wrapped up in the sombre expectation of death in the East. This was in strong contrast to her heroic welcome of God's last messenger when, at length, he stooped to bear her home.

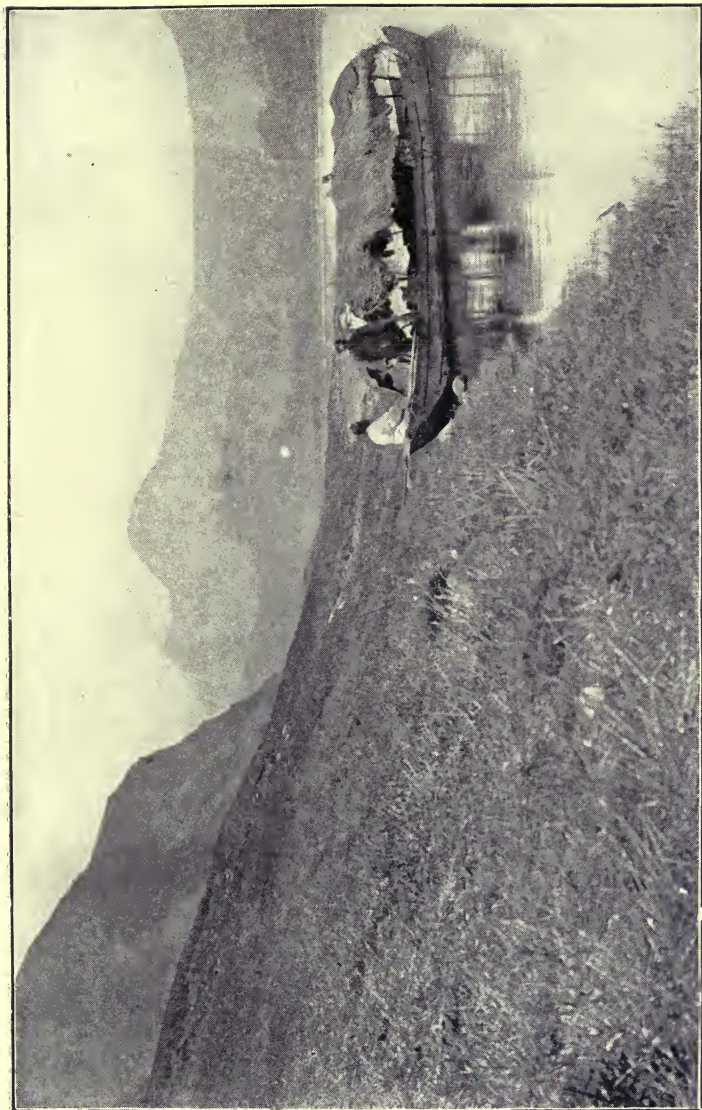
Her route was by Halifax, through Canada, to Vancouver's Island, and thence to Yokohama.

On the long train journey to Vancouver she read Mr. Marion Crawford's *Sant' Ilario*, *Don Orsino*, and *A Roman Singer*. At Vancouver's Island she halted for six days, paying visits, evading interviewers, who, however, ran her to earth at times. The voyage to Yokohama occupied a fortnight, and she rested only two days after her arrival (February 19), going on to Kobe, and giving in all ten days to Japan.

She sailed for Korea at the end of February, reaching Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, on March 1, for the first of the four visits to Korea which she paid between 1894 and 1897. This visit lasted four and a half months, and she tells us it produced the impression that Korea was the most uninteresting country she ever travelled in. Contrasted with her last glimpse of Japan—its brilliant colouring, varied vegetation and picturesque buildings,—the brown, bare hills of Korea looked grim and forbidding in the sunless spring days. The general aspect of the rolling cultivated country seemed monotonous, being without wood except orchards and spindly pines, and the hillsides much taken up with graves; and Mrs. Bishop missed the beauty of form and fine gates, temples, and walls which give dignity to a landscape. She wrote to Mr. Murray :

Korea took less hold on me than any country I ever travelled in. It is monotonous in every way, and the Koreans seem the dregs of a race—indolent, cunning, limp, and unmanly.

This, however, was only her first impression, and, later on, she had to admit that the people were well endowed mentally and not bad-looking, and she came to find beauty, fascination, and weird picturesqueness in the country, specially when idealised by the unrivalled atmosphere of the Korean winter. Soon,



MRS. BISHOP'S SAMPAN, ILAN RIVER, KOREA.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





too, the interesting political situation which began to develop this winter gripped her. Korea had been for centuries under the suzerainty of China, which repelled investigation, and it was only by the treaties of 1883 that the land of the "hermit nation" was opened to the world. For some years now Japan had been penetrating it with its influence: the ancient monarchy was struggling to maintain its identity, in face of a host of disintegrating influences, and a crisis was fast approaching.

Mrs. Bishop spent a week at Chemulpo, in the island-studded estuary of the River Han, and upwards of a month at the capital, Seoul, with "its palaces and slums, its unspeakable meanness and faded splendours, its purposeless white-clad crowds, and its mediæval processions, which for barbaric splendour cannot be matched on earth." She was generously entertained and assisted by Mr. McLeavy Brown, the able head of the Korean Customs, by the Russian and other European Ministers, and the missionaries; and she not only saw a great deal of the life and work of Anglican and Presbyterian missions, medical and otherwise, but she took many photographs and collected notes which laid the foundations of her knowledge of the country. She writes to Mr. Murray:

Photographing has been an intense pleasure. I began too late ever to be a photographer, and have too little time to learn the technicalities of the art; but I am able to produce negatives which are faithful, though not artistic, records of what I see. When I landed in Korea, I intended to write upon it; but I do not think that, looked at from my point of view, it would make an interesting book. I did not write any journal-letters, and have only careful notes and memories. Everywhere people urged me to write, but I doubt my powers.

She did, however, send some letters on Korea to the *St. James's Gazette*, and these were copied into the Anglo-Chinese and Anglo-Japanese papers, and were translated into Japanese, appearing in many native newspapers. As they treated of the extraordinary influence of Japan in Korea and its introduction of "western heaven" to the bewildered "hermit people," they were naturally most interesting to the new power in the East.

Mrs. Bishop had written no diary-letters because Miss Clayton, whom she left very ill, died in April. For thirty-five years Miss Clayton had been almost a mother to her. "She shared with my sister my former letters, and to her my Persian letters were written. Nothing remains to return to in England now." This loss snapped Mrs. Bishop's strongest tie to England, and she now felt free to linger in the East. Accordingly she started on a voyage eastwards, up the River Han, in a *sampan* or native boat. Her account of this voyage forms her special contribution to the exploration of Korea, as no European travellers up the river had recorded their observations; and it was certainly the most attractive part of her Korean travel. She found it impossible to get a reliable interpreter or make up a caravan, and, after five weeks of abortive attempts, feeling very ill, she was just going to Japan, when Mr. Miller, a young Presbyterian missionary, with the cordial consent of his brethren, offered to go too, taking a Korean servant to help him out with the language. The little boat was her home for five weeks; the crew consisted of its owner, "Kim," and his hired man, and she had a capital Chinese servant of Bishop Corfe's, named Wong.

She explored both the southern and the northern



branches of the Han River, which intersects Korea. Its beauty delighted her; the people inhabiting the large villages on its banks, though extremely ill-mannered, were more interesting than the sodden and stupid dwellers in Seoul. Trees and flowers were at their loveliest, and insects and birds most brilliant. Though, as she says, "the bad accommodation and aggressive and intolerable curiosity of the people gave Korean travel such a very seamy side that it would not suit the globe-trotter," yet her spirits revived under the influences of novelty, discomfort, hourly perplexities. She was once more "beyond the pale," with nature and human nature unknown, and therefore teeming with possibilities that comfortable legations could not provide, however anxious to entertain her. Her descriptions betray this revival of her whole being, this *joie de vivre* in the wilderness.

The scenery varied hourly, and after the first days became not only beautiful, but in places magnificent and full of surprises; the trees were in their early vividness of green and gold; the flowers and flowering shrubs were in blossom; the crops at their most attractive stage of tender colouring; birds sang in the thickets; rich fragrances were wafted from the banks; here and there red cattle fed knee-deep in abounding grass; the waters of the Han, nearly at their lowest, were clear as crystal, and their broken sparkle flashed back the sunbeams which passed through a sky as blue as that of Tibet.

Her observant eyes noted the flowers great and small, whether climbing about trees and rocks, or carpeting the sward beneath groves of chestnuts, maples, and limes. Thus, where forests mantled the mountains, she espied:

Marigolds, buttercups, scentless white and purple violets, yellow violas, white aconite, lady's slipper,

hawkweed, camomile, red and white dandelions, guelder roses, wygelias, mountain peonies, martagon and tiger lilies, gentians, pink spirea, yellow day-lilies, white honeysuckle, irises, and many others.

She often walked on the banks, while the *sampan* was poled up the rapids, and found the people a little too inquisitive and sometimes hostile. Indeed, Mr. Miller had to knock down one cowardly youth who kicked her. She contrived a tiny "dark room" on her boat and developed her photographs. She describes her doings as follows :

Visiting villages and small towns, climbing to ridges bordering the Han to get a view of fertile and populous valleys, conversing with and interrogating the people through Mr. Miller and his servant, taking geographical notes, temperatures, altitudes, barometric readings, and measurements of the river, collecting and drying plants, photographing and developing negatives under difficulties, were occupations which made up busy and interesting days.

Only one letter written on the river is available. It was addressed to Miss Cullen and dated May 4 :

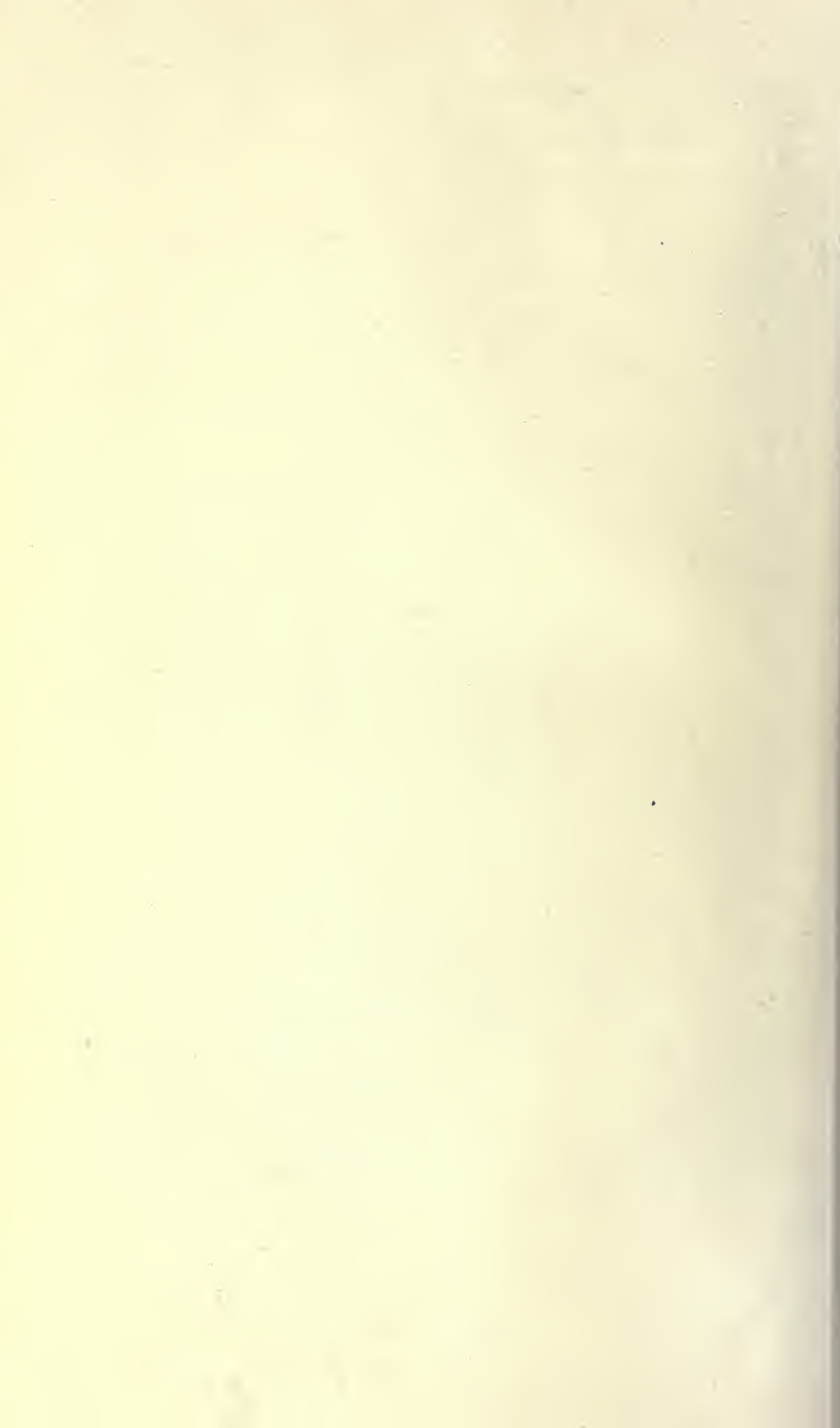
This morning, before I was up, I was soused to the skin in bed in a very bad rapid, through your Jersey and double Shetland shawl, my other garments, and my blankets. . . . We have been travelling three weeks, six people in a flat-bottomed punt, with a mat roof 4 ft. 6 in. high at the ridge pole. Though very rough and precarious as to food, the boat-life is easy and good for my health. Can you imagine my poling in an emergency, or even taking a hand in hauling up the rapids ?

The *sampan* voyage ended at Pack-kiu-mi, where Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Miller got ponies and grooms for themselves and their servants, and rode north, over the lovely Diamond Mountains with their grand views, to the Eastern treaty port of Wonson, on the Sea of Japan. The journey took a fortnight, and was broken



A CANYON IN THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





by wretched nights in filthy and comfortless Korean inns. The bridle tracks were infamous, the bridges rotten, the occasional roads deep in dust or mud. Now and then, the grooms were panic-stricken and yelled with terror, beating the peasants who, at night, showed them the way with torches. Then Mrs. Bishop knew that they had "tiger on the brain." The ride and the glorious views were memorable ; so, too, were the adventures. Mountain torrents, she says, boomed and crashed, the vivid green woods were filled with white and yellow blossoms and heavy sweet odours. At a little distance, the squalid villages, with their deep-eaved brown houses, massed amongst orchards, or on gentle slopes, added life to the scene, and "the men in their queer white clothes and dress hats with their firm tread, and the bundled-up women with a straggling walk and long staffs, brought round with a semi-circular swing at every step, were adjuncts one could not dispense with." Distant panoramas unfolded themselves—billows of hilly woodland, backed by a jagged mountain wall with lofty pinnacles 6,000 ft. high. Then, in a calm retreat, a small green semi-circular plateau walled round with rocky precipices, they came on the Chang-an Sa, the Temple of Eternal Rest, the most ancient of the Korean Buddhist monasteries, dating from the sixth century. This great pile of temple buildings, with deep curved roofs, is secluded from the outer world by snow, for four months of the year.

The monks were very friendly, courteous, and hospitable. They invited her to their midnight service, and instructed Mr. Miller in the use of the mystic syllables which they recited as they told their beads. They gave up to her one of their own oven-like cells, where the heat of the floor, warmed by some system of *chauffage centrale*, was so great that it melted the

candles in her boxes and turned some sugar candy to molasses. In spite of the heat, she was entreated not to leave her window open at night, for fear of the tigers, which appeared to be by no means so entirely creations of her groom's brain as she was at first inclined to believe. She ended by crediting the tales of their existence and depredations and in accepting the rough local division of Koreans into "those who hunt the tiger and those whom the tiger hunts." The monks shared with her their fare, which, as they were strict vegetarians, consisted entirely of honey and nuts. But though their manners were mild, and their graceful, gentle hospitality was a pleasant contrast to the arrogance and self-conceited impertinence of the Confucians, and though Mrs. Bishop felt that some of them were truly sincere in their devotions, yet, she says, there was no blinking the fact that their morals were abominable and their ignorance so unbounded that they knew nothing of the history and tenets of their creed. Indeed, faith in Buddhism, once so powerful, seemed hardly to exist in Korea. Three centuries back it had been disestablished; and though Confucianism was the official cult, yet, Mrs. Bishop says, the entire absence of priests and temples and religious observance would lead a hasty observer to put the Koreans down as a people without religion; the religious faculty seemed entirely absent. The whole population was, however, in complete bondage to the worship of demons whom they believed to inhabit earth, air, and sky, every tree, ravine, spring, or mountain crest, and to find a lodgment on every roof, chimney, beam, jar, or shelf. This belief, the only one he had, kept the Korean in a state of perpetual nervous terror, and added much to the misery produced by a hopelessly corrupt government.



Indifference to Korea and its people was yielding, in Mrs. Bishop's mind, to interest, and by the time she reached Wonson she was planning a tour in the northern section of the peninsula. Wonson, Mrs. Bishop found one of the most attractive of the Treaty Ports; it is in a corner of Broughton Bay, and sixteen miles from Port Lazaref, the northern arm of this fine harbour which Russia was said to covet for the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. In this neat, trim little town, with its background of fine mountains, dignified with snow during seven months of the year, Mrs. Bishop was for twelve days the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gale, cultivated American Presbyterian missionaries. It is in sharp contrast to the wilderness out of which she had come and to the turmoil into which she was about to be plunged—to picture her reading Dante with Mr. Gale and enjoying the intellectual effort which the *Divina Commedic* demands. Part of the time here, she gave to junk excursions along the north-east coast, and these led her to the conclusion that Wonson would form a better starting-point for her autumnal exploration than Seoul.

Here, she first heard of the Tong-hak rising, the "Oriental" rebellion against Western reforms, in southern Korea. This did not, however, seem to be important enough to interfere with her plans, and, storing all her travelling gear with the Gales, she left by sea, intending to go for a week to Seoul and then for the summer to Japan. But when she reached Chemulpo, on June 21, a very exciting state of things revealed itself which altered the situation completely. A Japanese fleet was in the harbour and a Japanese army on shore. Though only two hours had elapsed since 6,000 troops landed, the arrangements were perfectly orderly and quiet. There was no swagger,

but the mannikins—as she calls them—were obviously in Korea for a purpose which they meant to accomplish. Under the pretext of protecting Japanese subjects from the Tong-hak rising, the dwarf battalions, a miracle of rigid discipline and good behaviour, were soon steadily tramping to Seoul.

It was the beginning of that movement against China which revealed not only the diplomatic address of Japan, but its skill in the science and craft of war. Here in Korea the island nation had with one blow “outwitted China.” Every one was completely bewildered. Mr. Wilkinson, the Vice-Consul for Great Britain, called on Mrs. Bishop almost immediately, and warned her she must leave that night. It was a serious blow to her plans and to her personal comfort. Her luggage and money were at Seoul, whither the Japanese were marching. She had nothing but the clothing she wore—a suit of blue tweed, stained and worn with use in the *sampan* and on horseback—and in her purse there was only money enough to pay for her passage to Chefoo, the first port of call of a Japanese steamer which was on the point of leaving. But there was no appeal; and she reluctantly yielded, and left that night in the *Higo Maru*, without so much as enough to pay for a *jinrikisha* when she landed at Chefoo. She walked up in the heat to the British Consulate, feeling for the first time in her life a quivering sense of sympathy with the unfortunate whose lack of all things thrusts them back upon mendicancy. She had neither passport nor letters of introduction—they were in the bank at Seoul; her dress was very shabby; she fancied that the porter eyed her with suspicion. “I have felt a far tenderer sympathy with the penniless, especially the educated penniless, ever since,” she wrote. Mr. Clement Allen,

the Consul, took in the situation at once, met her with the heartiest welcome, and set about remedying her immediate needs without delay. He took her to the bank, vouched for her, introduced her to several ladies, who supplied her with summer clothing, and accompanied her back to the *Higo Maru*, which brought her (June 27) to Newchang, in Chinese Manchuria.

This dreary, solitary-looking place of mud and muddy water, was the great trade-port of one of the most prosperous provinces of the empire. The British Consul and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes Bullock, gave her a warm and reassuring reception, and she stayed with them till July 4, providing herself with a new outfit. The heat was terrible, rain fell in torrents, and mud was the unforgettable external feature of Newchang; but the kindness she received soothed and restored her, and its memory was ever afterwards treasured in her heart.

In spite of rumours of an extensive inundation, she started with Wong, on July 4, up the River Liao for Mukden, in one of the long and narrow pea-boats, with matting roof and one huge sail, which bring down, from the interior, the beans, the *raison d'être* of Newchang. The country was so deeply flooded that the boat steered across the inundated swamps, thus avoiding many twistings and turnings of the river. But even so the voyage lasted a week, and unhappily the boat was becalmed in a malarial swamp, where Mrs. Bishop was seized by a severe attack of fever, aggravated by mosquitoes. Later on violent tempests tore the slight covering of the roof into strips, so that she was soaked through and through by torrents of rain. Crops and villages were swept away, and where they had been the pea-boat sailed, and she saw on



either hand the ruined villagers clinging to trees and to the walls of their wrecked farmhouses. This desolation was increased by a tremendous rush of water, where the river-bank had given way. "There was a muddy rolling sea, a black sky dark with tremendous rain, and the foliage of trees with submerged trunks was alone suggestive of even vegetable life and of the villages which had been destroyed by the devouring waters."

Fate always seemed to time her arrival at the very crises of calamity, excitement, danger, wherever she went. Such floods had not been known for generations; and the plain so wrecked had been a week earlier the very garden of Manchuria, growing millet, wheat, barley, mulberry-trees, tobacco, beans, and the opium poppy.

Even worse was her fortune when Wong hired a cart to convey her into Mukden. There were but three miles to traverse after landing; but she was so ill she felt she would rather die than make another effort, and to travel in an unameliorated Chinese cart, on an infamous road, was agony. The road was in an appalling state—deeply rutted, dangerous with tree-roots, quagmires, and ditches. The climax was an upset over a bank, the mules following the cart, so that she found herself "in the roof with the cameras on the top of me and my right arm twisted under me, a Chinese crowd to see the 'foreign devil,' a vague impression of disaster in my somewhat dazed brain, and Wong raging at large!"

Soon, however, she was transported to a large shady bedroom in the house of Dr. Ross, the senior Scotch missionary of Mukden, restored to peace and comfort by Mrs. Ross's skilful ministrations, and a time of dreamy restfulness. But her arm-bone was

splintered and its tendons were torn, so that Dr. Christie, the medical missionary, came for a week twice and thrice a day, and finally removed her to his own house. She recovered quickly, and was able to give an address at the church on July 22; but for long her journal-entries bear witness to the difficulty which she experienced in writing, and she could not use her needle at all. When she was able she accumulated statistics, and photographed all that interested her in the town. Mukden, the great centre of the Chinese trade in fur and wheat, impressed her as the most civilised and agreeable of Chinese cities. Encircled by a wall of beaten clay eleven miles in extent, it stands in the midst of an immense alluvial plain, bearing superb crops and sprinkled with farms embowered in trees, and with low blue hills limiting the horizon. Here, she had exceptional guides in Dr. Ross and Dr. Christie, whose mission had been established twenty-two years, and who had spared no pains to study Chinese proprieties and courtesies, and were therefore on good terms with the authorities, and, so far as the splendid hospital and medical school were concerned, were supported by General Tso and many of the philanthropic mandarins.

Mrs. Bishop was much interested in what she saw of the work done here, and, speaking at a meeting in 1901, referred to it :

I broke my arm at the entrance to Mukden, and was taken, with that kindness which never fails in mission-houses, to Dr. Christie's house to have my arm cured. And there, every day, and not once in a day only, there were deputations of men coming to Dr. Christie's and Dr. Ross's houses asking for Christian teachers.

They knew something of the Bible, purchased from the colporteurs—all men of approved Christian character, well-instructed men—who travelled throughout

Manchuria selling Bibles in whole or in part, and, halting, stayed in the villages giving instruction in the Scriptures. . . . One sees a Chinese colporteur start sometimes with a large pack on his own back, or if the district is likely to be one in which Bibles will be readily sold, with a coolie with another pack. He comes to a Chinese town, or large village: the people see his books, and crowd round him. The Chinese, as you know, have a great reverence for the printed page. Everywhere they value it and reverence it; and in the towns rich Chinese keep men with bamboo baskets going through the streets collecting the scraps of written paper in the bamboo baskets, and gathering them into stone shrines, which have a fire in them, and in which these are reverently burned, to prevent them being trampled under foot and from falling into careless hands or the mouths of dogs. This great reverence for the written page is fortunately universal.

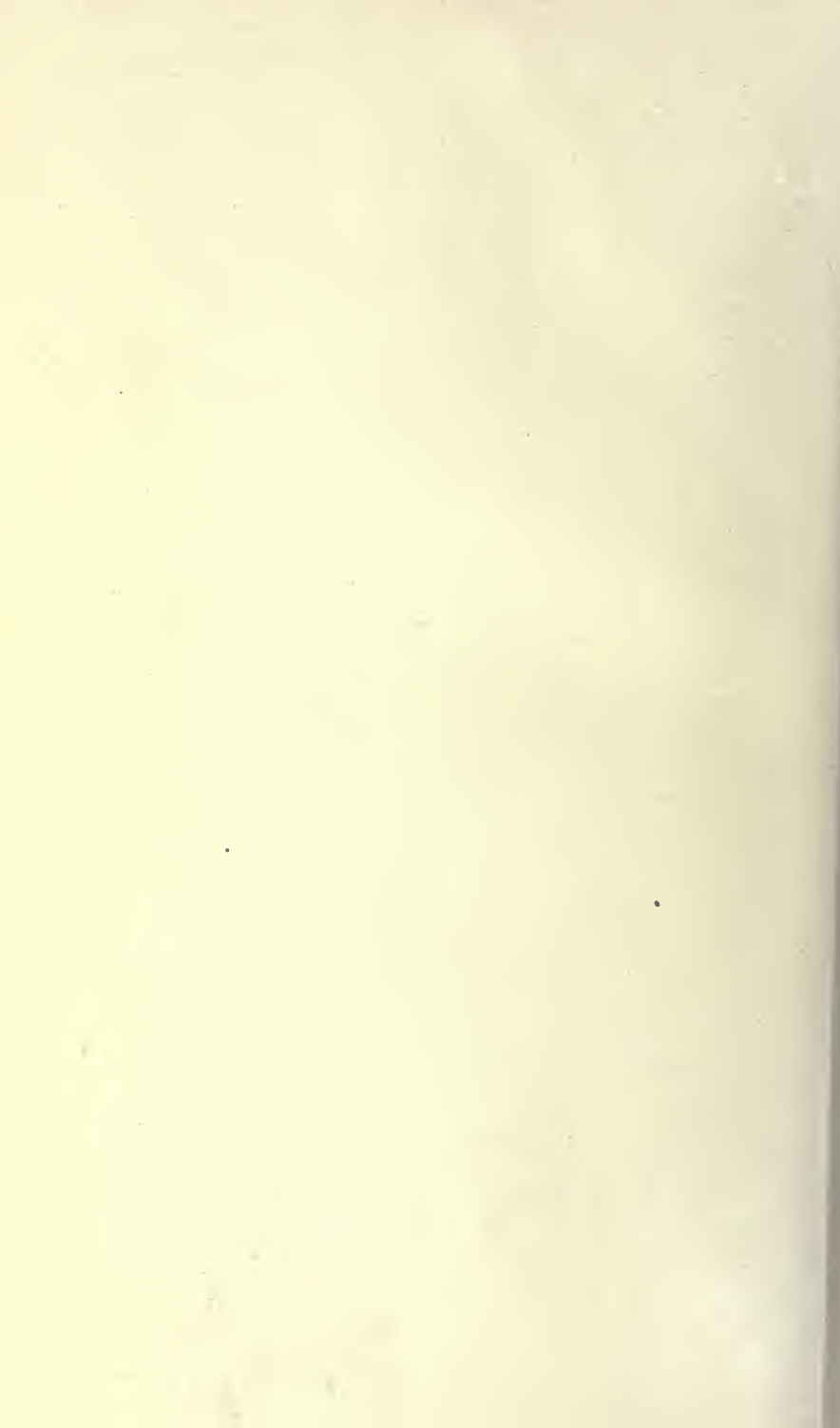
The colporteur stands in the largest space in the city that he can find, and he opens his pack and sells . . . and as the books are sold cheap, they come within the means of almost the humblest coolie. . . . He is not content, however, with mere selling. These colporteurs are men who have been instructed by the Christian missionaries of the various missionary bodies, and have been taught how to teach. They can refer to passages in the Scriptures, and also to passages in the Chinese classics, which are always successful in securing an audience. . . . And so the colporteur is practically a missionary.

But, though the favourable reception given to Christianity is one of the features of Mukden, Mrs. Bishop's time here was not devoid of other interests, for the weeks she spent in Mukden were full of war rumours and excitement. The Koreans had appealed to China for help against the Tong-haks and against the Japanese, who, a month after Mrs. Bishop left Korea, had captured the palace at Seoul and made the king practically a prisoner. By the beginning of August, hordes of undisciplined Manchu troops from North China, on their way overland to Korea, were





GATE OF VICTORY, MUKDEN.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*



pouring through Mukden at the rate of a thousand a day. They were animated by a bitter anti-foreign feeling, and this culminated at Lian-yang, forty miles away, in the murder of Mr. Wylie, a Scotch missionary. In Mukden itself the war ferment was increased, and after General Tso left—with the army of five thousand splendidly drilled Chinese troopers who were all to perish with him on the battlefield of Pyong-yang—a kind of anarchy ensued, aggravated by the hatred between Manchus and Chinese; the lives of foreigners were jeopardised, and it was imperative that Mrs. Bishop should leave Mukden. On August 20, hurried at the end by excessive apprehension, she was carried in a chair to the river, and embarked in a junk, rain-proof and more comfortable than the pea-boat. Her missionary friends left Mukden rather later.

The weather was fine when she started, but the end of her five days' voyage was in torrents of rain. She reached the consulate at Newchang in better trim than on her former arrival there, and stayed a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes Bullock, taking the steamer to Chefoo on the last day of August. She spent a fortnight at Chefoo, where a happy and unexpected event cheered her greatly. Her luggage left at Seoul, and the money banked there, reached her on September 9, so that she had the comfort of her own personal belongings once more, and could venture by the Peiho River to Tientsin, *en route* for Peking.

At Tientsin [she wrote to Miss Cullen] . . . I gave an address to the women in the native chapel, Mr. King interpreting, and an address on "Other Missions" to the fifty missionaries at Tientsin, at Mr. Murray's. I went over Dr. Smith's hospital with him. . . . I see more and more how piteous and fatal to missions is the laying hands suddenly on men or women to



please others, or for their fathers' sake. Some of the missions are in an appalling state.

On the 21st she started, with Mr. Norman<sup>1</sup> and two other missionaries, on the last two stages of her voyage to Peking, where her headquarters were at the British Legation. Naturally she arrived on the verge of a crisis. Sir Robert Hart was uneasy, and requested all English residents to leave. A Japanese invasion was expected. Her stay in Peking therefore was cut short, and she returned to Chefoo by stages.

The weather was lovely. She longed to go to Korea; but the suspense and foreboding of war made it wiser to accept an offer of a berth in a small German steamer called the *Swatow*, bound for Vladivostock. This promised at least a glimpse of Siberia and Russian Manchuria, and she hoped to investigate the condition of the Korean immigrants who had taken shelter there under the Russian flag. Wong returned for three weeks to her service, helped her to pack and to arrange her luggage, and everybody was kind and helpful. But the *Swatow* lingered, and she did not go on board till November 2. Fortunately the weather was glorious, and she could take long walks, photograph, and recover from her Mukden disaster. She wrote to Miss Cullen (October 26):

I had given up all hope of seeing my travelling gear again and of going to Siberia. The *Swatow* is a little steamer with one cabin, and I shall be her only passenger! I feel so rich and superabounding! I have got 150 silver dollars, a bed, blankets, curtains, saddle, and every carefully considered necessary—furs and gear for a cold climate, portable soup and ambrosial tea, and heaps of things I don't need after

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. H. V. Norman, of the S.P.G. North China Mission, who was murdered by the Boxers at Yung Ch'ing (June 3, 1900).

the penury and lack of necessities for four months! Now I hope to sail for Vladivostock in five days, with a well-selected outfit, and to remain in Siberia for six weeks, till ice closes the harbour. I hope to get into the interior. Somehow, I rather like the thought of this journey. It will give me the complete change of climate which the doctors say is the only thing to cure the malarial fever from which I have suffered without ceasing since the first week in July. I shall be in absolutely new surroundings and in circumstances in which I have never been before, and shall see something of a growing and remarkable part of the great Russian Empire.

The Siberian winter will set in while I am there, and there will be snow and storm, and perhaps I shall see the Gilgaks and Fish-skin Tartars, and possibly even the Amur! I have a special recommendation from the Home Department in St. Petersburg. All these months I have been wearying to travel again; but even apart from the war, I could not travel without my bed and gear. I have to leave good, faithful Wong behind here.

When she reached Vladivostock (November 10) after a stormy journey, the hills that surround its superb harbour were powdered with snow, and a snow-storm, two days later, covered the wooded islands, the wooded bays and wooded hills—which with their deep and sheltered channels bewilder the stranger—with snow eighteen inches deep. The whole aspect recalled rather Nova Scotia, with its deep blue water, than Asia. Her headquarters were with Mr. George Smith and his wife, trusted friends of the Russian Governor, and therefore influential on her behalf. After a few days, all obstacles to her intended expeditions disappeared. In these circumstances, the impression made upon her was one of good government and prosperity, though she noted the utter stagnation of thought on all the most interesting subjects.

Of the Russian officials, both military and civil, she writes with grateful appreciation :

They are beyond all description charming, courteous, hospitable, helpful, doing everything that kindness can do to further my projects.

Obstacles of nature, however, still remained to impede her journeys by steamer, tarantass, and sledge to visit the Korean immigrants, for, as she wrote to Miss Cullen, the River Tumen on the north-east Korean frontier fairly baffled her ; the horses refused to ford it, and she was "beaten back, although aided by the whole military strength of Russia in that region !"

However, she satisfied herself of the prosperity of the Korean settlements. Cleanliness was enforced, a certain conformity to Christianity made profitable, an honest administration and safety for their earnings were secured to them ; and the Koreans, whom she had considered the dregs of a race, became prosperous farmers, with an excellent reputation for industry and good character.

Another excursion was to the frontier of Chinese Manchuria. Here a reign of terror prevailed owing to the thousands of undisciplined Manchu troops at large. She did not succeed in reaching the Amur.

Perhaps the most interesting of all her expeditions was to Ussuri, by the Trans-Siberian Railway. The extremely finished nature of this magnificent enterprise, built for futurity, much impressed her, and she foretold an immense increase in the drift of population to Eastern Siberia and the commercial success of the colossal undertaking.

She left for Nagasaki (Dec. 10) just a month after her landing at Vladivostock. Thence she journeyed to Osaka, and she remained there, or at Kioto,



till the end of the year. She gave up all thought of returning to England, and planned an extended missionary tour in China to follow on a brief residence at Seoul. Early therefore in January, 1895, she landed, after a very stormy passage, in Chemulpo. Here she found the Chinese quarter deserted and Japan very much in the ascendant, the roads safe, and the Japanese pegging out a railway. She tells Miss Cullen :

I rode up to Seoul [Jan. 7], twenty-five miles, alone, in slight snow, being cared for at a military post halfway by some Japanese soldiers. If I receive a tenth part as warm a welcome in England as I have done in Korea on returning I should be glad! I am staying with Mr. Hillier, the British representative [now Sir Walter Hillier, K.C.M.G.], and find the new *régime* wonderfully, absorbingly interesting, and I have all facilities for studying it. The weather is superb; the severe cold suits me. I have freedom, and you know how I love that! I have a Korean soldier of the Legation Guard to go out with me and carry my camera, and a horse, and a charming host. I study diplomatic reports, hear all I can, and am very sorry that I shall have to go as soon as a steamer or gunboat for Nagasaki turns up. I am utterly steeped in the East. I think, take it altogether, that this journey is wider and more absorbing in its interests than any I have ever had. I am so thankful for my capacity for being interested. What would my lonely life be without it?

Then to Mr. Murray, a week later, she endorsed this growing interest in Korea: "Korea has taken more hold on me in a week now than in five months before."

She continued :

I hope to return later. Instead of going home this spring, I have decided to remain for this year in the Far East. I find it quite impossible to tear myself away. Possibly when the heat sets in I may repent;

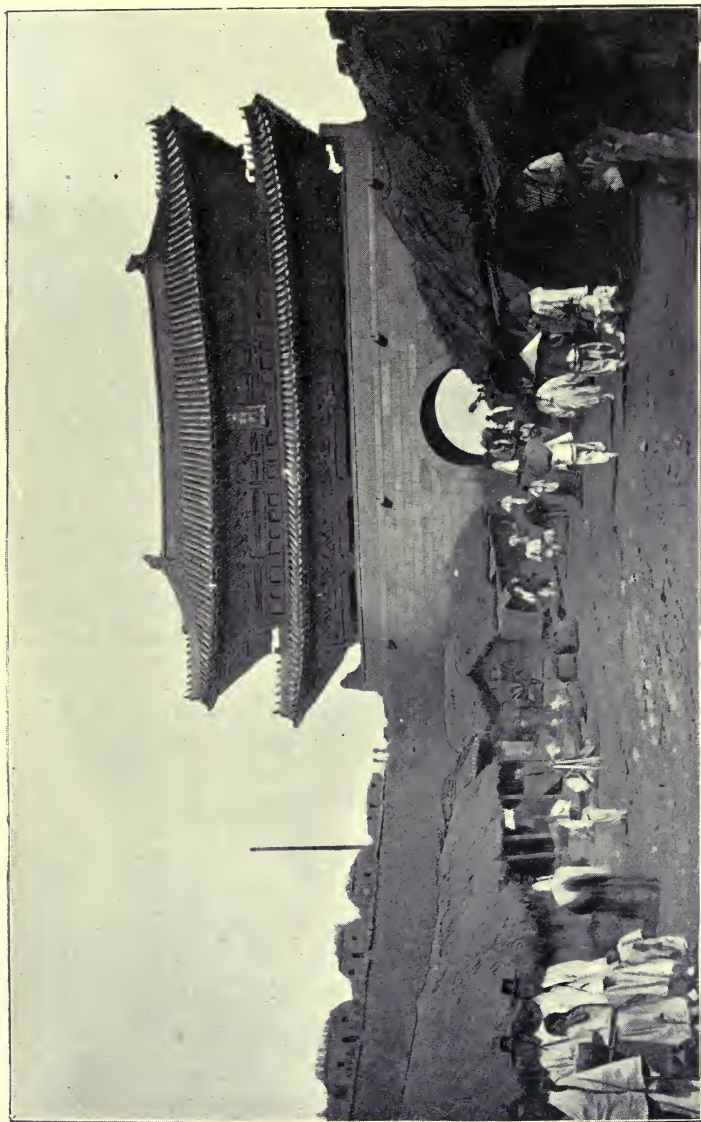
but my health has been so much better for the five months of winter cold, and I have been able to ride and walk as much as a person half my age could! I purpose to go to Swatow and the Hakka country, and then to work my way northwards in China. Beyond that I have no plans. The transition state in Korea is most interesting. I daresay you have seen my letters in the *St. James's Gazette*.

The letters to the *St. James's Gazette* here alluded to attracted, as the editor told her, great and influential attention. He added:

Your energy has placed the *St. James's Gazette* ahead of all its rivals, so far as full and accurate information from the seat of war in the East is concerned.

Mrs. Bishop's five weeks in Seoul were full of activity, and the security which her host's care lent to her movements made them a succession of charming hospitalities, from all quarters, rather than a time of solitary self-dependence and strenuous exertion. Having a pony and soldier at her disposal, she saw the city in all its windings and turnings, the beautiful country outside the gates, and several royal tombs, with their fine trees and avenues of stately stone figures. At the King's suggestion she went to photograph parts of the old and new palaces, long closed to foreigners, with half a regiment of soldiers as a guard of honour.

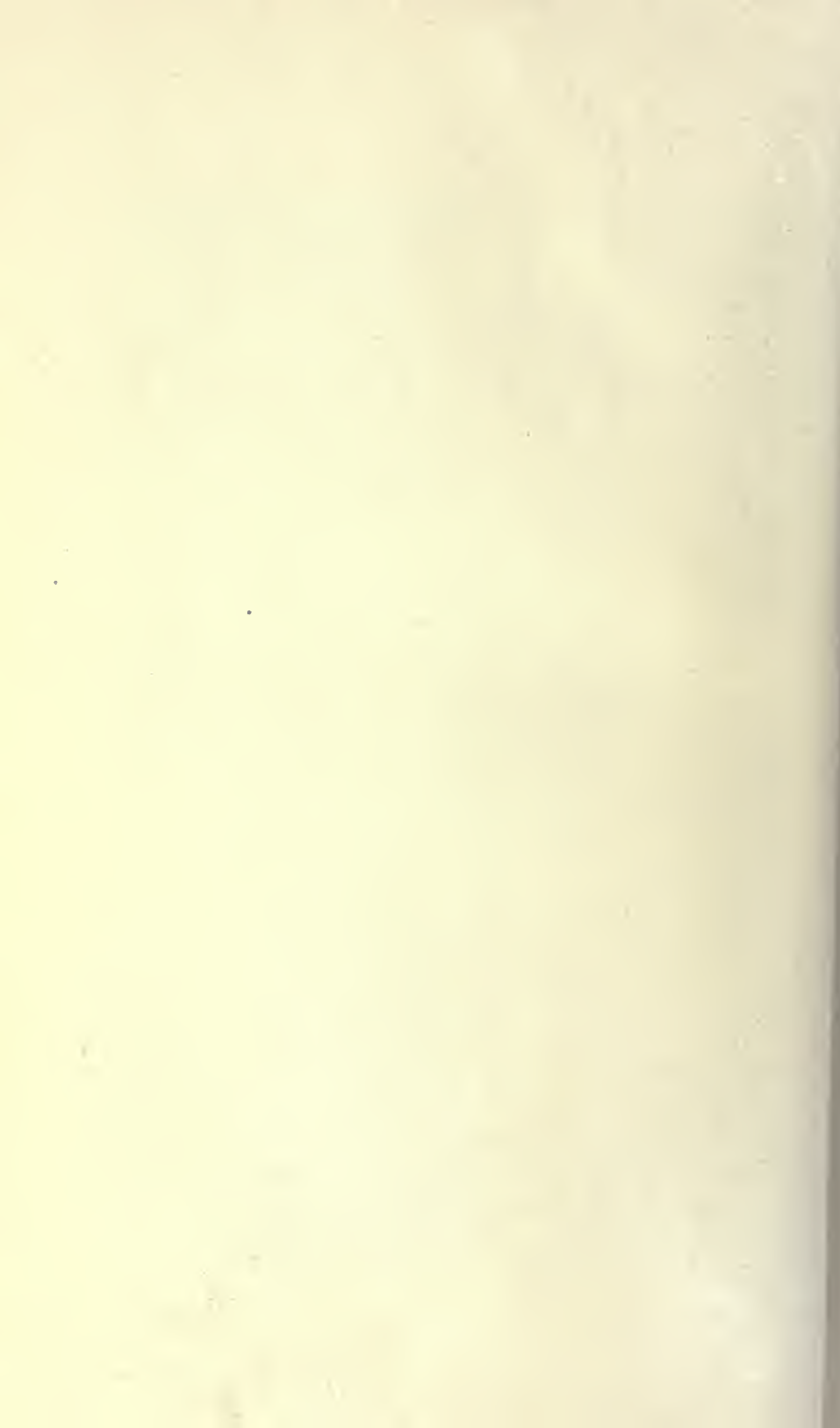
She also assisted at a singular ceremony when the King, after much pressure from Japan, formally renounced, under circumstances of great solemnity, the suzerainty of China, and declared the independence of Korea. The royal procession followed the long road from the Palace between lines of Korean cavalry, who turned their faces to the wall and their backs and their ponies' tails to the King, and proceeded to a dark pine



SOUTH GATE, SEOUL.

*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





wood ; and here, under the shadow of the most sacred altar in Korea, and in the presence of vast and silent crowds of white-robed, black-hatted men, who had fasted and mourned for two previous days, he swore, by the spirits of his ancestors, to establish the reforms proposed by Japan. Subsequently, Mrs. Bishop had four very interesting audiences with the King and Queen, in the quaint and beautiful Kymg-Pok Palace. The Queen, who was credited with intriguing against Japan, possessed singular political influence, and exerted a strong sway over the weak-kneed King and others. In these interviews she was usually the spokeswoman, and impressed Mrs. Bishop vividly by her brilliant intelligence and force, and her grace and charming manner. With her glossy raven hair and keen bright eyes, she looked very well in a handsome full gown of mazarine blue, a full-sleeved bodice of crimson and blue, girdled and clasped with crimson and coral tassels. In a strictly private audience, which lasted over an hour, the King and Queen discussed the political situation with dignity and propriety, asked Mrs. Bishop many questions respecting the friendship of England's Queen for "poor Korea," and added, with touching simplicity, "England is our best friend."

Before she left Seoul, the King and Queen sent her some beautiful and valuable gifts, amongst them two inlaid cabinets bound and decorated with wrought brass. On February 4 she left for Chemulpo, walking part of the way. At Mapu, she got into the *jinrikisha* which had been following with her box, but the clumsy runner overturned it backwards, and the fall injured her spine so severely that she felt its effects all the spring and summer. A week's rest at Chemulpo was necessary, but on the 12th she went on board the *Higo Maru* for Nagasaki, where she stayed ten days

with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, and on the 19th gave an address on "Korea and Manchuria."

Three days later she embarked on the *Empress of Japan* for Hong Kong, to visit Bishop and Mrs. Burdon. On the way, while the steamer was anchored at the mouth of the Yangtze, an accumulation of letters reached her from Shanghai. She had almost given up hope of hearing from home, and her letters thither were full of appeals for the long-delayed news which she so eagerly desired, and this great packet overwhelmed her with delight. Two whole days she spent on board the steamer reading and answering letters. She reached the "Bishop's Palace" at Hong Kong, in tropical heat, on the 27th, and found there a gathering of missionaries—"Muirheads, Moules, Pruens, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Wedderburn"—but she was too ill to sit up after dinner, and needed two people to help her out of her chair. In a letter to Miss Cullen, dated March 1, she wrote :

I have no plans after Hangchow and Shanghai. I have seen a paper on myself in Dr. Peirson's *Review*, for which I am very sorry, as it has completely shaken my faith in the accuracy of the statements made there. I send you a note of those which are altogether untrue. The religious papers are very much to blame for their careless statements.

In spite of her bad health she lectured twice in Hong Kong, the first time on "Korea," at the City Hall, to a crowded audience; the second time to the Hong Kong Literary Society upon "Lesser Tibet." Her plans were taking shape in the direction of what was practically a tour of inspection of missionary agencies, and her hosts set her on the way by accompanying her to Swatow, and by commending



her to all the C.M.S. missionaries. She bore credentials, therefore, to the four great Protestant missions in China—the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the Chinese Inland Mission, and the Presbyterian Mission. Much of this tour was made by steamer or house-boat, the land parts chiefly in a chair. She travelled alone, but was welcomed at consulate or mission-house wherever she halted.

She went by Swatow—where Mr. Mackenzie secured a snapshot of her, as she arranged a group of natives to be photographed—to Wukingfu, Amoy, and Foochow to Shanghai. Thence she travelled in a two-storeyed open-sterned boat to Hangchow, through country most attractive in the first flush of spring, where great lilac clusters of wistaria overhung the water, and through ancient waterways of large cities—with deep eaves, overhanging balconies, steep stone bridges and flights of stairs. She was much impressed with Dr. Main's Hospital, Hangchow, and, speaking in 1897, she said: "It is a credit to a distinctly Christian agency, such as the Church Missionary Society, to be the possessor of the finest hospital in the East," and adding, "By the influence of Dr. Main a great many of the mandarins of Hangchow, and even the Viceroy of the province himself, have been won over to some sympathy with Western civilisation and to a belief in the superiority of Western medicine." Mrs. Main writes of this visit:

My first introduction to Mrs. Bishop was in 1895, when she visited us here in Hangchow. Having known my husband in Edinburgh, where he studied medicine, and being deeply interested in medical missions, she came to see the work in which we are engaged. We found her most interesting and greatly enjoyed her visit, which lasted about ten days. Yet it was no easy matter to give her all the information she

sought. We felt bound to give up our time almost entirely to her; she needed and absorbed all our attention, and the only drawback was this difficulty of giving her sufficient time. One thing that much impressed me was the minimum of baggage that accompanied her on her travels. Her powers of endurance and capacity to "rough it" were to us marvellous, but it was the secret of her getting about so easily as she did. She had a wonderful facility in making herself understood by the Chinese, though she did not know their language. She was a most enthusiastic photographer, yielding to the fascination and excitement of developing her plates and toning her prints at night, midnight, and even early morning. She gave me my first lesson in photography, and was as pleased as could be to teach me how to develop, which she told me in the "dark room" was the most interesting part of it all. Her interest in medical mission work was very keen and wide-awake, and not least in China, a country which—she told us—had quite "captivated and enthralled her." She was a great stimulus to us in our work here; her letters have been most sympathetic, and we feel her loss as that of a true and good friend.

From Hangchow she went on, by canal and river, to the ancient historic town of Shao Hsing, with its beautiful environs, and the Rev. W. Gilbert Walshe says of her visit here:

I had the honour of entertaining Mrs. Bishop for a short period at Shao-hing. She proposed to stay for a night only; but finding the city and neighbourhood full of interest, she consented to prolong her visit for nearly a week. It was characteristic of her spirit of independence that she declined all offer of escort, although the journey involved a long and disagreeable chair-ride from Hangchow to Si-hing, occupying several hours, and a night journey by boat, and her only companions on the latter were the Chinese boatmen, who, of course, did not understand a word of English. An amusing incident took place *en route*. Mrs. Bishop, who had been provided with provision for the journey by her Hangchow friends, had her evening meal in the boat, and handed the remains



SNAPSHOT TAKEN OF MRS. BISHOP AT SWATOW BY MR. MACKENZIE.





of the chicken to the boatmen, who, supposing she required it to be carved in Chinese fashion for convenience of transport from dish to mouth by "chopsticks," soon brought it back to her, duly minced into fragments with a cleaver, and Mrs. Bishop had the utmost difficulty in persuading them that she had eaten enough barbarian fashion, and that she wished them to have the remainder.

Her visit to me was very interesting, in every way. I introduced to her notice some new features of interest daily, and her stock of photographic plates soon came to an end in her endeavour to secure lasting pictures of the ancient buildings and monuments with which our city abounds. She usually rode in a sedan chair on her expeditions, and, though generally very much exhausted when the close of the day came, she appeared to be tireless so long as anything of interest remained to claim her attention. She was very easy to entertain, and my bachelor establishment had no difficulty in supplying her wants, so long as she was provided with indigestible things in the way of pastry. She generally breakfasted in her room, and rose late, retiring at night about 11 p.m. apparently quite worn out; but she always had sufficient reserve of strength to occupy an extra hour or two in the development of her photographs. She carried a folding-chair specially constructed to support her back when she sat; this chair was broken when she arrived at Shao-hing, and she was surprised and delighted to find that the ingenuity of our local Chinese carpenter was quite equal to the task of repairing it. A special fancy of hers was the study of our local flora and fauna, and new varieties of trees and shrubs were her particular delight. Her absolute unconsciousness of fear was a remarkable characteristic; and even in remote places, where large crowds assembled to witness her photographic performances, she never seemed in the least to realise the possibility of danger. Had she done so, she would have missed a great deal of what she saw and learned. On more than one occasion I was conscious of a feeling of nervousness, though I flattered myself that I knew something of the character of the people among whom I lived; but even in the face of the largest and noisiest crowds, Mrs. Bishop proceeded with her photography and her observations as calmly

as if she were inspecting some of the Chinese exhibits in the British Museum.

On her return to the coast, *viâ* Ningpo, I insisted on escorting her by canal to the river, where a houseboat was to await her; but she entirely declined to accept any further attention, and I reluctantly took leave of her there, with a journey of two days before her, to be accomplished without any companionship. I shall never forget the picture of the white-haired lady sitting alone in the front of the boat, as she waved her farewells—it was so characteristic of her to stand alone and independent of help, even when most cheerfully volunteered. She would not even accept a reasonable provision for the journey, and contented herself with a few necessities, including filtered water and some fresh eggs; and as it happened she was not destined to enjoy even these, for, owing to her ignorance of the language, she was not able to express her wishes to the boatmen, and, as a result, they boiled the eggs in the filtered water for the first meal, leaving her without any drinking water for the rest of the journey. Mrs. Bishop was very anxious to conciliate the natives of whatever country she passed through, and when travelling in the interior of China she generally adopted a costume which was designed to fulfil the Chinese canons of good taste. The principal feature of it was a large, loose jacket, or mantle, of “pongee,” which effectually disguised the figure of the wearer, but which, unlike Chinese garments generally, was furnished with most capacious pockets, in which she carried all sorts of travelling paraphernalia, including some articles of her own design. Amongst other things, she used to produce from one of the pockets a portable oil lamp, ready for use at a moment’s notice, and it seemed rather remarkable that the oil did not leak. If I remember rightly, she carried a loaded revolver in another pocket as a protection against robbers, the result of some painful lessons not learned, I am happy to say, in China.

Mrs. Bishop impressed me as being a woman of unusual gifts, not only as a speaker and writer, but also as an observer and collector of information, possessing so much courage and force of character as to make her practically fearless, undismayed by obstacles, and undeterred by physical weakness; and



yet there was nothing of that masculinity which is so common a feature in women who have made their mark in distinctively masculine fields of activity. Her nature was most sympathetic, and wherever she went her first consideration was to study the social condition of the country, the position of women, the treatment of the sick, etc., and to devise means for the alleviation of pain and disease. My association with her, though covering but a short period, will ever be one of my happiest memories.

From Shao Hsing, having refused Mr. Walshe's escort, she went back to Shanghai by inland waterways, through a region of great fertility, prosperity, and beauty, to Ningpo and its lovely lakes. Here, believing, as she did, that if the nations of the East are to be evangelised it must be by native agents, she was immensely interested in Mr. Hoare's splendid work of training young men as catechists, and perhaps eventually clergymen.

When Mrs. Bishop arrived at Shanghai it was a great joy to her to find Mr. and Mrs. Bullock at the Consulate, where she made her headquarters for some time. She wrote to Mr. Murray while at Shanghai on May 27 :

I have now been travelling in China for three months with great satisfaction and interest, and have got about a hundred photographs as a record of my journey. I have travelled quite alone, and have not met with anything disagreeable. I am just going to Japan for the summer, to go through a course of blisters for my spine, which I hurt considerably, more than three months ago. I have a project of some very serious travelling in the late autumn and winter, if these remedies are successful.

To Miss Cullen she wrote :

My interests have been solely among missions since I left Hong Kong. I liked and admired the English Presbyterians at Swatow and Wuking far more than

any body of men and women that I have seen. In the Fukien Province a great deal of work is being done, but the most spiritual part by the fifty missionaries of the C.M.S. The China Inland missionaries as a rule are delightful, but they tell me that they are not meeting with marked success. "Success" is not a word to apply to any missions that I have seen.

Mrs. Bishop's penetration convinced her that it is not those missionaries who live comfortably, and give a percentage of their time, strength, and zeal to the work, who truly interpret Christ to the Chinese. The Oriental conception of saintliness is outraged by this blend of "worldliness and other-worldliness." Those rather really set forth the message, which was sent to men of good will, who, like the Rev. David Hill, "one of the noblest and most sympathetic missionaries who ever sought the welfare of the Chinese," live in a Chinese house, and dress and eat as natives. She wrote home after the conclusion of the operations in Manchuria and of the war between China and Japan:

The Manchurian missionaries are in my black books. With whom did they leave those few sheep in the wilderness? The Roman Catholic men and women all remained at their posts at Mukden and elsewhere.

Mrs. Bishop was too large-minded and sincere to deny or blink the fact, that many of the Catholic priests were an example to their Protestant brethren, and that in China, at all events, most of them despised comfort and espoused poverty for Christ's sake.



PREPARING TO MEET MRS. BISHOP AT A CHINESE INN.

*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





## CHAPTER XIII

### THE CHANGING EAST

MRS. BISHOP left Shanghai in ss. *Kaisow* (June 4, 1895) for Nagasaki, intending to spend the summer in Japan. She went first to Osaka, and then to Tokyo, and from Osaka wrote to Miss Cullen commenting on the news, which had reached her, of Professor Blackie's death and funeral in March: "I was very fond of him. Doubtless the pure in heart has seen God." About herself she continues:

I am ill with rheumatism and sciatica, and am going next week to Tokyo for the best advice and afterwards to some baths. My plan is to get quietness and seclusion if possible, and to wear Chinese dress, in which it is possible to be easy and comfortable. I am in rags and most of my stockings have no feet. My boots were so absolutely done that I had to wear straw shoes over them, but I have now got Japanese shoes. You would be surprised with my photos. I have made great advances lately and print with a highly enamelled surface like a professional.

At Tokyo she was the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Bickersteth, the first of many visits to them. Of these Mrs. Bickersteth writes:

It was in June 1895 that Mrs. Bishop first became our honoured guest in Tokyo, though both my husband and I had met her before in England. As the weeks and months went on, our acquaintance ripened into close friendship, and it was a great joy to us to know

that she always looked on our house as her *home* in the Far East, returning to it once and again when wearied with her long journeyings. It is impossible to say what her friendship was to us, or how we rejoiced in intercourse with that cultured mind and loving heart, always full of sympathy for our concerns, whether of the Mission or of private life, and yet also delightfully ready to pour out her stores of knowledge and experience, with a complete absence of self-consciousness and a perfect command of language which made listening to her a treat indeed. Mrs. Bishop has left a charming record of her affectionate appreciation of my husband in the letter printed in his biography, while he on his side was singularly attracted by that gracious womanliness, which perhaps stands out as the most characteristic feature of our distinguished guest. I shall never forget a June day in 1895. Mrs. Bishop had discovered that it was my husband's birthday, and she brought to his study an envelope containing a cheque for the exact amount required to build an orphanage urgently needed by St. Hilda's Mission and very near our hearts. Her joy in giving was at least as great as ours in receiving, and it was crowned on the Eve of St. Michael's Day that same year when my husband—assisted by some of the English and Japanese clergy—solemnly dedicated to God's service the pretty and convenient Japanese house henceforth known as the "John Bishop Orphanage." It is not for me to speak of the personal devoutness and strong faith which were the background and ruling spring of her life, but it was these characteristics which made her wise counsel and sympathy so inestimable a blessing both in those Tokyo days and in after years when we met constantly as fellow-members of the Women's Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The sadness and loneliness of Mrs. Bishop's life always struck me painfully and forcibly, not only in its brave battle against constant suffering and ill-health, but in its absence of any close ties of kindred since the two great sorrows of her life had come to her in quick succession. But this personal loneliness only seemed to quicken her power of loving sympathy with the joys as well as the sorrows of others, and those who were honoured with her friendship feel indeed that it is a gift of God in their lives.



On July 1, accompanied by a Japanese servant, she made her way—a journey of eight hours—to Ikao, the mountain village where she purposed to spend two months for the sake of the neighbouring thermal springs. At first she lived in the inn, but soon after her arrival she rented a small Japanese house, where her time was chiefly occupied in working at her book on Korea and in developing, toning, and enamelling photographs. The weather was not propitious, for she writes to Mr. Murray (August 5) that there had been ceaseless rain or mist for twenty-nine days with the exception of eight hours, but she adds :

The quiet is delightful. Japan is wonderful. Her solid advance in seventeen years is most striking, and she is quiet and dignified and keeps her head. She is impressively civilised.

Fortunately, after the middle of August, the skies cleared gloriously and, for a month, she could take long walks and photograph temples, villages, and lakes. Then she went back to stay with Bishop and Mrs. Bickersteth at Tokyo, where she saw a great deal of her old friend Sir Ernest Satow ; and early in October, hearing rumours of the assassination of the Korean Queen, she left for Korea, after some difficulty about her passport. She went up at once to Seoul, to stay with Mr. Hillier at the British Legation, and there she found events and rumours of the most exciting kind prevalent in the city.

The Eastern drama had moved rapidly since early in February, when Mrs. Bishop left Seoul. The fall of Wei-hai-wei, and the capture of the Chinese navy, had established the supremacy of Japanese arms in the Far East, and led to the peace of May, 1895, by which nominal independence was secured to Korea. But, the immediate result was the transference to Japan of the

*rôle* of mentor and guide of the Hermit Kingdom. Japan instituted much-needed reforms in Korea and sincerely endeavoured to realise them; but she lacked both the necessary experience and the tact to carry them through. One of her agents damaged Japan's prestige and position incalculably by embarking on Oriental intrigues, which led to the extinction of the only element of strength and of political power at the Korean Court. Mrs. Bishop found that the Queen,—that charming, unscrupulous, ill-fated Queen, whom she had seen and admired for her ability—had indeed been murdered; and that the amiable, but weak and timid King was now a prisoner in his palace, in daily dread of sharing her fate. A *coup d'état* of a momentous character was believed to be impending, and it was hoped that Japan might receive a mandate from the Powers to put an end to the confusion which reigned. Mrs. Bishop, however, had very little time at her disposal before starting on the long-planned journey to Western China, and she wanted first to explore North-west Korea, and to visit the scene of the Japanese victory at Pyōng-yang, where her friend General Tso fell (September, 1894), with the flower of the Chinese army. So, having devoted a fortnight to watching the political drama and to collecting accurate information about it, she, with much regret, made up her party for a month's journey. An excellent interpreter, Mr. Yi-Hak-In—to whose bright intelligence and sense of humour she attributed much of the pleasure as well as the interest of the journey—a soldier servant provided by Mr. Hillier from the Legation guard, three saddle ponies with their *mapu* or grooms, and two baggage animals, constituted her caravan. She dressed as nearly as possible in Korean dress, and describes her journey, which she considered singularly bright and prosperous,



MRS. BISHOP'S TRAVELLING PARTY.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





most graphically in *Korea and Her Neighbours* (vol. ii. pp. 78-171). The weather was glorious—indeed she says “it may be taken for granted that every Korean winter’s day is splendid,” and the worst that could be said of the scenery was that it looked “monotonously pretty” in the brilliant sunshine. Her general impression of the Korean landscape was that on the whole it lacked life and emphasis; but the fertile country, with low but shapely hills (where deep-eaved, brown-thatched roofs clustered near clear-running streams and dark clumps of pine and glowing crimson maple), was now and then broken by romantic ravines terminating in steep bluffs, over deep green streams, or by fine views of lofty dog-tooth peaks and of serrated ranges, some of which she crossed. The still, faintly blue atmosphere idealised everything, and she notes the artistic effect of “sails of boats passing dreamily into the mountains over the silver water,” and of stretches where the vegetation had “turned to a purple as rich as English heather blossom, while the blue gloom of the pines emphasised the flaming reds of the dying leafage.” But irredeemably monotonous were the dull, dazed apathy and ill manners of the native population, and the dismal squalor of the towns and incredible dirt and discomfort of the native houses, where she cheerfully bore annoyances, with which she thinks it doubtful if any European man would have put up. The one redeeming feature of the miserable dens she lived in appears to have been their warmth, for even if “the mercury fell to freezing point outside, the hot floor kept the inside temperature up to 80 deg.” The contrast between nature and humanity perhaps accounts for Mrs. Bishop’s remark that “Korea takes a strong grip on all who reside in it sufficiently long to overcome

the feeling of distaste which at first it undoubtedly inspires."

She twice visited Pyōng-yang, the second capital of Korea, which is of vast antiquity and stands in a magnificent situation, of which advantage is skilfully taken. The first view delighted her: the plain was blue and violet melting into a blue haze, "the crystal waters of the river were bluer still, brown-sailed boats drifted lazily with the stream, and above, the grey mass of the city rose into a dome of unclouded blue." Her account of the assault and massacre of the previous September, and of the American Mission here, forms the most interesting episode in her record of this journey.

The missionaries had found their work very discouraging until after the war, when a great interest awoke in the minds of the Koreans, and numbers turned to the Gospel as to a refuge. Mrs. Bishop said "it seemed more to realise the Pentecostal days than anything I have ever seen," and speaking in 1901 she gave an interesting detailed account of this movement:

I spent a year in Korea at different times. When I first went there I thought it one of the most hopeless countries I had ever seen. Then came the war between China and Japan. It was supposed that the infant beginnings of Christianity would be swamped by that war and the events which followed it. But the contrary was the case; and I cannot do better than say what I saw in the west of Korea, in the town of Pyōng-yang—a town of sixty thousand people, reputed to be the richest and wickedest city in Korea, a great commercial centre in a very green and fruitful country and grain-producing neighbourhood. Before the Japanese entered it, and defeated the Chinese just outside its walls in a bloody battle, about fifty thousand of the population fled. Nothing showed more what the ravages of war are than that a merely friendly occupation by the Japanese should have ruined a thriving city. There was scarcely



one stone left upon another that had not been thrown down. The troops used the roofs, the beams, the joists, and windows—all the woodwork, in fact—for their bivouac fires, and had destroyed the city without war. When I first went there, people were trying vainly to find out where they had once lived. At Pyöng-yang there had been made twenty-eight converts, but converts by no means enlightened, or satisfactory. They fled, and the peril they underwent deepened their Christianity, and they went to the villages of the north and preached there. They had Gospels with them. In some villages they left a Gospel behind them; perhaps they had more than one. In the place where the greatest work went on, it was simply the Gospel of St. Mark that had been left. This was read aloud in the evenings, and the men assembled to hear; and after a time they decided that St. Mark told of the true God, and the demons were evil spirits who were to be no more worshipped. The women were desirous of preserving the fetishes, but they gave way at last; and the fetishes, which had received the adoration of generations, were destroyed. No calamity followed this; and the people after a time built a hovel in order that they might pray to God in the evenings. One can imagine what kind of prayers they were. Then one old man decided that he would send his grandson to Mr. Moffatt, the missionary in Pyöng-yang, to hear more of what was known as "the way."

When I returned to Pyöng-yang Mr. Moffatt had quite a number of young men from different villages where Gospels had been left, living in a barn, being instructed for six hours a day. And these young men told the story of how the Gospel had come—how the Gospel had come to every one of them—through the written Word of God, without a teacher. And it had been the power of God unto salvation, as it is the power of God unto salvation to every one. Pyöng-yang itself was changed. The church, which held three hundred, had been enlarged in the meantime by the exertions of the people themselves. It has been enlarged three times since and a new one built. The anxiety to hear the Word of God and get the Word in Pyöng-yang was something wonderful. Old things have passed away, for some of the worst characters have been transformed. I think at the time I was

there there were nearly 1,800 seeking baptism; but now I suppose there are nearly 4,000 in that part of Korea. I do not think there is any part of the world where the Gospel is making such rapid progress as in this poor, dark, oppressed, demon-worshipping Korea.

On December 6 Mrs. Bishop reached the familiar harbour of Chemulpo, in a glorious frosty sunset, having come down part of the way from Pyöng-yang in a small Japanese steamer which she had insisted on boarding, unaware that it had been impressed for transport purposes. She went on the following day to Seoul, where she halted for a fortnight.

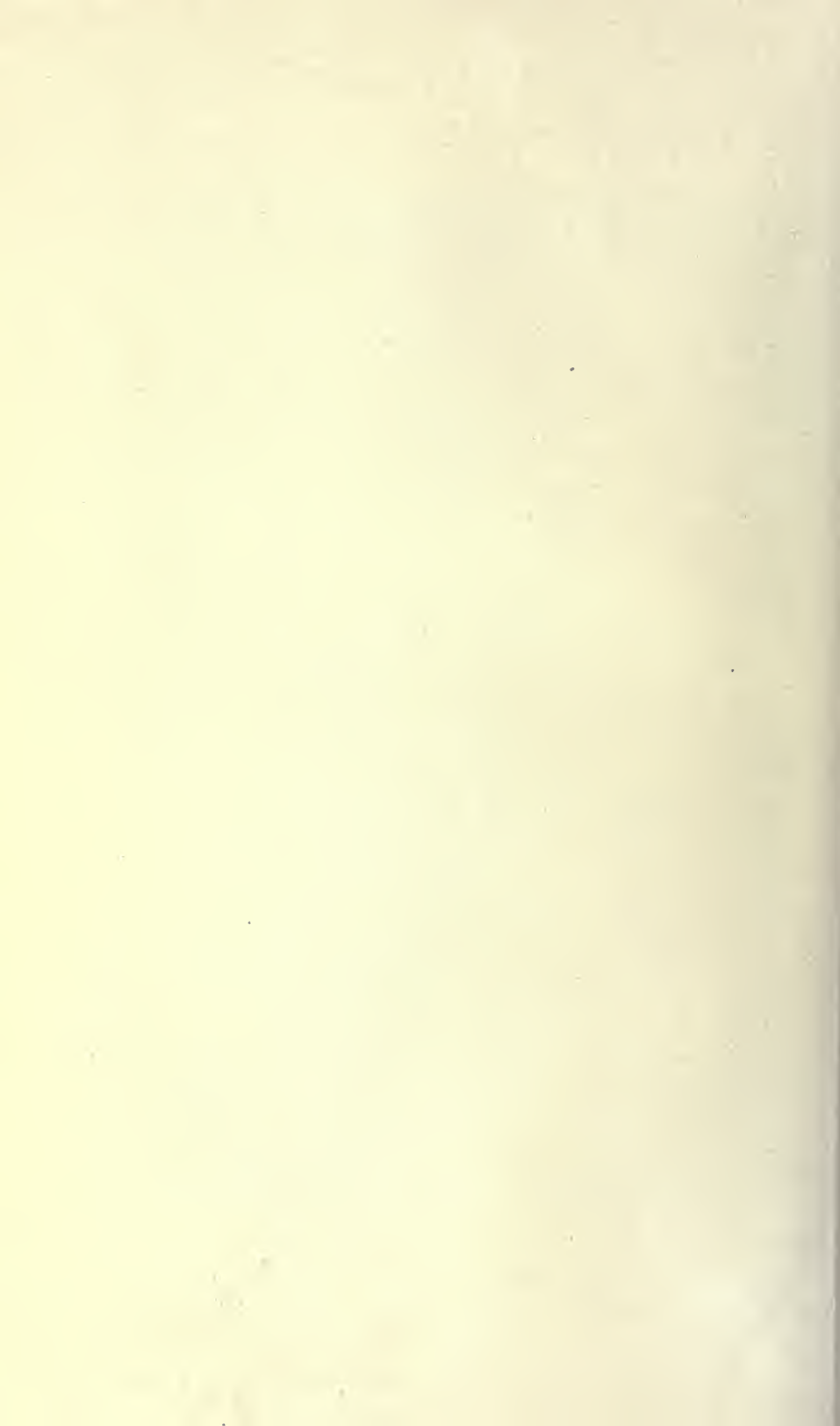
When she left Korea at Christmas time, it was on board the *Genkai Maru* bound for Shanghai. Here once more she was welcomed at the Consulate by Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes Bullock, who assisted her to make arrangements for the celebrated journey up the Yangtze and in Western China, which, occupying in all five months, supplied material for her book on *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*. The further venture, into the mountains which buttress the lofty levels of Tibet, beyond the Chinese frontier-post into the country of the Man-tze—where she lingered several weeks—added much to her knowledge of the empire and its debatable border territory.

True to her constant desire to get as quickly as possible out of a foreign settlement in the East, and into the freedom beyond the pale, Mrs. Bishop soon left the kindly hospitality of the Shanghai Consulate (Jan. 10, 1896) for her deeply interesting voyage by steamer and houseboat, 300 miles up the Yangtze. She went, first, five days' steamer journey to Ichang, stopping on the way at Hankow, an abominably dirty treaty port, protected by a dyke, 46 feet high,



MRS. BISHOP'S BOAT.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





from the perennial summer rise of the stream. The great river was now at its lowest, and the midwinter sunless days were rather tedious as she steamed up between the high grey mud-banks, which hid the surrounding country, and through shallow meres and fen-like flats of muddy land, where the steamer frequently grounded on a mud-bank. But both monotony and civilisation were left behind, with the steamer, when she reached Ichang, standing high on the river bank, with a fine background of fantastic peaks. Here, she had her first glimpse of the life of a Roman Catholic mission station and realised the anguish of loneliness which some of their workers endure, living and dying among the natives in isolation and self-sacrifice. But in spite of their self-denial, and the celibacy, poverty, and asceticism that always appeal powerfully to the Oriental mind, she was struck with their growing unpopularity. This she attributed in part to their political ambitions.

She was detained at Ichang some days, and then began an exciting and perilous journey in a flat-bottomed houseboat, with tall mast and sail and projecting rudder. For seventeen days Mrs. Bishop was rowed, or towed, by sixteen boatmen, or trackers, through a succession of grand, gigantic gorges, whose precipitous sides rose sometimes sheer 2,000 feet before they culminated in splendid splintered peaks. Sometimes the precipices retreated, leaving the river room to expand into lake-like stretches, with pleasant brown farmhouses on the banks, half seen amongst orange-groves and orchards. A Chinese Switzerland she calls it, "one long glory and sublimity," and the villages, along the water's edge, reminded her of Como and Varenna. But she had been warned, at Ichang, that the perilous waters of the Upper Yangtze

contained few reaches where rapids, races, and rock-broken water would leave her time to do much besides look after her own safety. And she found that the risks and perils fully warranted the worst description. At the great cataract of Hsin-lan, where the dangers of the river are centred, she marvelled that any one should ever have contemplated surmounting such a thing of awe and majesty, a waterfall with a boiling cataract below. The Yangtze, however, is the sole highway for the vast commerce of the richest district of China, Sze-Chuan, a prosperous province the size of France, and the patient persistence of the Chinese character surmounts even this obstacle. But of the thousands of junks which attempt the passage, towed up by as many as 120 trackers, or shooting down the rapids like a flash, one in twenty is annually lost. She herself saw more than one big junk—

strike a rock while flying down a rapid and disappear as if she had been blown up, her large crew, at the height of violent effort the moment before, with all its frantic noisy accompaniments, perishing with her.

In the last of the great gorges she passed through, before her three weeks' journey ended at Wan-Hsien, there was no foothold for the towing trackers, and the boat was dragged up, inch by inch, against a tremendous current, clawed along by hooks attached to the boatmen's poles, "and terrible, she says, "was the straining of these poor fellows on the rough and jagged rocks." On Ash Wednesday, a fine white nine-storeyed pagoda on the bank announced their approach to the city of Wan-Hsien; and its burst of beauty as her boat rounded a sudden bend was, she says, one of the unforgettable views of China. The





THE MITAN GORGE.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*



superbly impressive and stately city, with temple and pagoda-crowned cliffs and heights, rises out of woods backed by the precipices which encircle a lake-like basin of the broad river, as it disappears among the blue and misty mountains. The "Myriad City" is the foremost of the many prosperous cities of Western China, and she felt that, for position and appearance, it ranked high among the cities of the world.

The officials here had always been notoriously antagonistic to foreigners, and the mission work was purely pioneer, in a city so hostile that one of the missionaries had lately been badly beaten; the ladies of the China Inland Mission, where Mrs. Bishop stayed, never went outside the compound. A new chief magistrate had, however, arrived, with orders to treat foreigners civilly, so all was changed. Mrs. Bishop was able to take many photographs of the steep, picturesque city, its temples and beautiful bridges, and of the lovely villages which delighted her eye, built irregularly on torrent sides, draped with clematis and maidenhair, or perched within fortifications on the flat tops of the truncated sandstone hills.

Here, Mrs. Bishop turned her back on the river and left, in a carrying chair, on a further journey of 300 miles to Paoning-fu. Having failed to find a European free to accompany her, she decided to venture alone and to buy her own experience.

She writes to Miss Cullen (February 23, 1896):

To-morrow I start on a long land journey with my servant and seven coolies. It will be nearly twenty days before I reach the next mission station. Travelling by land and sleeping at Chinese inns is a novelty which I regard with some trepidation. I think my journey round to Chunking will take two and



a half months. The mandarin here gives me an escort, as the road in its earlier stages is disturbed. China is very interesting and terrifying.

On the way she was exposed to constant curiosity and much hostility. She was carried the whole time in an open sedan chair, wearing the big Japanese hat which she regarded as the ideal travelling hat: this was perhaps rather indiscreet, as her appearance roused a certain suspicion, amongst the crowds who pressed round her. In almost every place the officials did their best to protect her; but once, at any rate, she felt she had only escaped with her life, from the animosity of the populace, by barricading herself in her room. After this, she found it wiser not to put up at the usual halting-places, and instead she stopped for the night, in country villages, where the people were quiet and harmless, and where she learnt much of their ways and their views on missions and other topics that interested her. She reduced her food to two meals a day—one of tea and boiled flour before starting, and one of rice at the end of her day's stage; several times she slept wet to the skin and rolled in her blanket; and twice at least her servant, reporting on the accommodation he had secured for the night, announced, "You will not like your room to-night, Mrs. Bishop—it is in the pigs' house." She was quite conscious that her equipments and manner of living were rougher than they had ever been before, and that she had reached "bed rock"—to quote a telling bit of American slang; but the scenery alone, she felt, repaid her for the many hardships,

She was glad indeed, nevertheless, when the soft afternoon sunshine revealed to her the temple roofs and gate towers of Paoning-fu rising out of dense greenery and a pink mist of peach blossom.

In the distance appeared two Chinese gentlemen, whose walk, as they approached, gave me a suspicion that they were foreigners; and they proved to be Bishop Cassels, the youngest and one of our latest consecrated Bishops, and his coadjutor, Mr. Williams, formerly Vicar of St. Stephens, Leeds, who had come to welcome me.

Paoning-fu was a great centre of the China Inland Mission, which in this part of Sze-Chuan is entirely Anglican, and Dr. Cassels, a well-known Cambridge athlete, and one of the pioneer missionaries in the interior, presided over some sixty Anglican clergy. He had recently returned from his consecration in Westminster Abbey, and his devoted native congregation had presented him with the hat of a Chinese Master of Arts and a pair of high boots which he was careful to wear, and which gave him in Mrs. Bishop's eyes "the picturesque aspect of a marauding middle age prelate."

He says :

I was very much struck with Mrs. Bishop's bravery in travelling in an open chair. She came right across from Wan-Hsien on the Yangtze to my station, a ten days' journey, without other escort than that of a Chinese servant, who knew just a little English. Hearing of her coming, my colleague, the Rev. E. O. Williams, and I went out to meet her. Besides the open chair, which in itself rather attracted the curiosity of the Chinese, she was wearing a big Japanese sun-hat, and the two together made her journey less pleasant than it might otherwise have been. Mrs. Bishop stayed in the ladies' house at Paoning, but came over several times to our humble abode. Whilst with us she expressed her feeling that we ought to have a hospital at Paoning. I took her to see one or two houses, and she most kindly and generously sent me later on a cheque for £100 towards founding a hospital as the Henrietta Bird Hospital. It was shortly afterwards opened, and is now in the charge of Dr. William Shackleton.

Mrs. Bishop felt that this new and interesting journey in Sze-Chuan had opened a fresh page in her knowledge of missions ; and though she could not approve all she saw—and on her return never failed to make helpful friendly criticisms to those ultimately responsible and able to rectify blunders—yet, throughout the journey, she noted with pleasure the pains taken by the missionaries of the China Inland Mission to avoid any violation of Chinese customs. Their houses were built in the native fashion, there was no aggressive wounding of Chinese prejudices, and they were careful to observe all the Chinese courtesies.

From Paoning-fu she went on by chair to Kuan-Hsien, a long stage on which she had the great advantage of being accompanied by Dr. Horsburgh, whose self-sacrifice and unbounded devotion to the work she considered beyond praise, though she could not endorse all his methods. It was a great satisfaction to Mrs. Bishop to hear later that Dr. Horsburgh had been so successful in modifying the native hostility that his workers had not to fly during the riots of 1901.

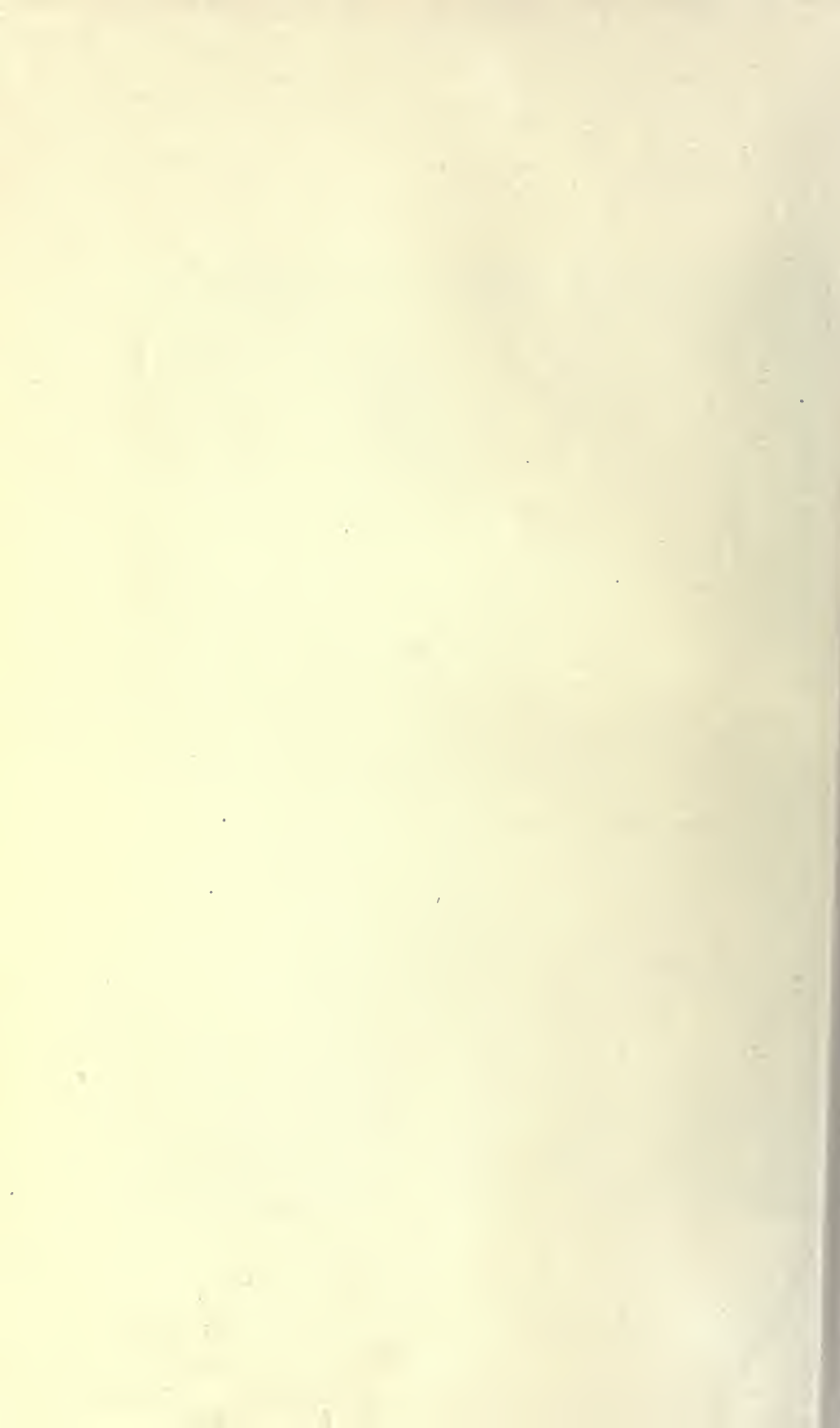
Unfortunately during this stage of her journey she met with an accident which left its traces for some time, and which was perhaps due to a less careful regard for native prejudices on Mrs. Bishop's part than that exercised by the missionaries. Mrs. Bishop was hit, on the back of her head, by a stone flung with considerable force. Dr. Horsburgh writes :

My wife was the only foreigner with her when she was hit. The people did not wish, I think, to cause injury, but they were annoyed because the chair-bearers would not stop. They wanted to see Mrs. Bishop, who was an object of much interest. Mrs. Bishop used to have her meals out in the narrow street, sitting in her sedan chair with the foreign





THE TALU.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*



feeding appliances about her. The people stood and gazed, but always, I believe, respectfully.

Mrs. Bishop's own impression was that she was regarded with hostility, and certainly the stone which struck the back of her head was hurled with sufficient impetus to leave its mark, and unfortunately its effects, for nearly a year.

For some days Mrs. Bishop's way had lain along the Ta-lu, the great flagged imperial road from Peking to Chengtu, which a thousand years ago must have been a noble work. The road is nominally sixteen feet wide, and more than a millennium back an emperor planted beautiful red-stemmed cedars, at measured distances, on either side. Many of the trees, all marked with the imperial seal, and counted annually by the magistrates, have attained an enormous size; and the days spent under their solemn shade were, she says, halcyon days of delightful travelling without any drawbacks, in beautiful weather and a bracing atmosphere. At Kuan Hsien again there was a special charm for her from its being the starting-point of the wonderful engineering works, the oldest and perhaps the most important in China. Here many centuries ago lived Li Ping, one of the great philanthropic benefactors of the Chinese people. By dividing the waters of the cold crystal stream of the Min, and by an elaborate system of irrigation works, he redeemed the noble plain of Chengtu from drought and flood for two thousand years. This vast plain, the richest in China, and perhaps in the world, is a singular and unrivalled picture of rustic peace and prosperity, and the population of four millions depends for its very existence on the maintenance of the irrigation works which Li Ping carried out long before the Christian era. Without these the east and west of the plain would be a marsh,



and the north a waterless desert. A beautiful shrine is dedicated to this great man, to whose motto, "Dig the bed deep, keep the banks low," faithfully carried out for twenty-one centuries, boundless fertility and wealth is due. His shrine, roofed with green glazed tiles, delighted Mrs. Bishop with its picturesque appearance. It stands behind the town in a romantic gorge, through which, on a very fine bamboo suspension bridge, the road carrying all the trade from Tibet enters the country; and the beautiful pavilions and minarets, amongst stately lines of cryptomeria, formed, she says, the most fascinating group of buildings in the Far East, combining the grace and decorative witchery of the shrines at Nikko with a grandeur and stateliness of their own.

This was not the only time that Mrs. Bishop had noted instances where individuals in China have carried out benevolent instincts, or sought to "accumulate merit," by helping their fellow men. And the gigantic scale on which organised charities are carried out, and the patience and persevering self-denial with which they are administered, by small and great, in most of the cities in China, moved her admiration. Foundlings, orphans, the blind, the aged, strangers, drowning persons, the destitute, and the dead are all objects of an infinite variety of organised benevolence; and though the methods were not our methods, yet they were, she thought, none the less praiseworthy. True, she found that the Chinese failed obviously in acts of personal kindness and goodwill, the charities being usually on a large scale and for the benefit of human beings in masses, and the individual lost sight of. But, in this respect, she felt they were only on a par with much easy charity by proxy at home.

The view of the clear sparkling Min, breaking forth

from its long imprisonment in the mountains, and of the magnificent mountains behind—with snow peaks tinged pink in the early sun—from which issued the caravans of yaks, bearing the trade from Tibet, inspired Mrs. Bishop with a desire “to break away from the narrow highways, the crowds, and the oppressive curiosity” of China proper, and she determined to extend her journey, up the western branch of the Min, into the mountainous borderland between China and Tibet, and to see Tibetans, yaks, rope-bridges, and aboriginal tribes. She went first, however, to Chengtu, in the plain, escorting a missionary lady whose nerves had suffered much during the anti-foreign riots of the previous summer. At that time, four of the ladies had been hidden, for eleven weeks during the hottest season, in a room without a window, and one of the young wives had escaped with her three infants to a ledge above the river, whilst her husband kept the mob at bay; and Mrs. Bishop felt that no one, who had listened to the howling of a Chinese mob, could be surprised to hear that some of the ladies utterly broke down, and one, at least, lost her reason from the prolonged anxiety.

She wrote during this journey to Miss Cullen :

I daresay you think I say too little about missions. There are many problems connected with them, which grow in difficulty as missions spread and increase. The one which specially afflicts me is the waste of working power, and the scandal among natives caused by the ceaseless marryings and maternities of missionary women making an end of work; and not only this, but that in inland China many of the best of the single ladies have much of their time occupied nursing the mothers five and six months after each baby is brought into the world. In one small mission two ladies came out four years ago, and one three years ago, each giving up useful homework.

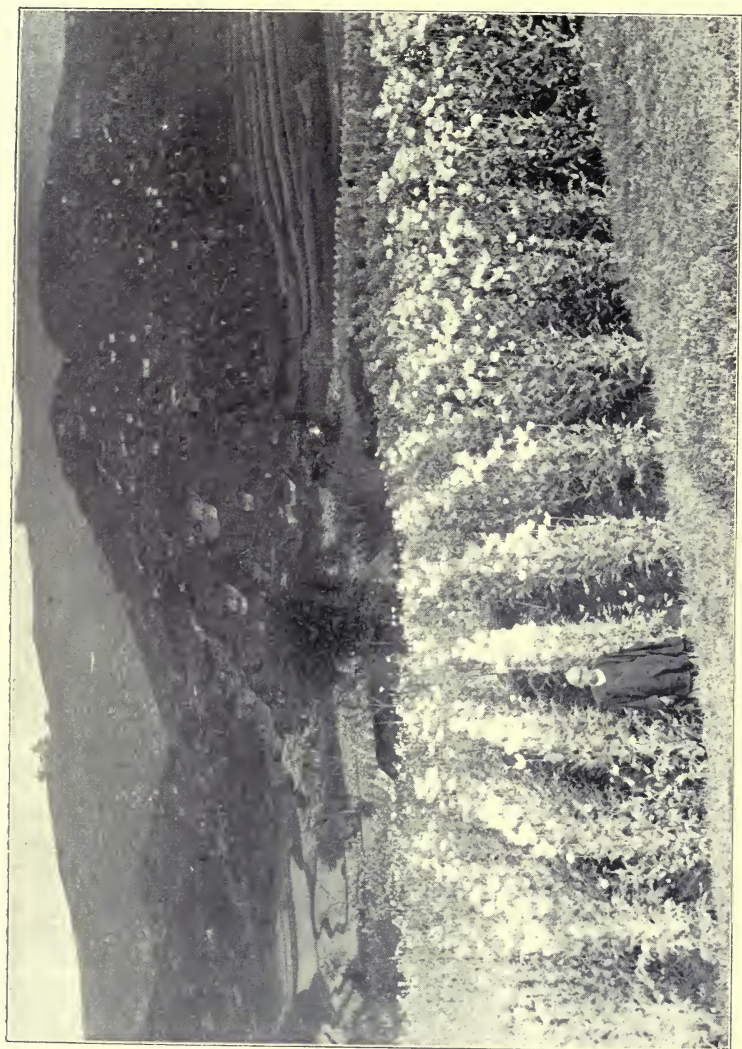
Each tells me that she has never had time to begin Chinese with a teacher, far less mission work, owing to these babies. Do people at home contribute, they ask, to send out monthly nurses, who must remain so for four to six months at a time—or missionaries? There are various reforms absolutely necessary, and none know it better than the missionaries themselves, but any one suggesting them would be thought an enemy. The missionary army as represented on paper has perhaps an effective strength of one-half. My enquiries are most carefully made and solely among missionaries.

Before leaving Chengtu as it stood, on a sunny April day, in the middle of the blossoming poppy crops, "where waves of colour on slope and plain rolled before the breeze," Mrs. Bishop wrote to Mr. Murray a *résumé* of her intended journey:

The voyage up the Yangtze to Wan-Hsien, and nine hundred miles overland since, have taken three months. I intended to return from this point, but, as I cannot go home till the cool weather, I am planning to travel three hundred miles northwards, and then to come down to Ta-chien-lu by a route taken by an Austrian traveller, which brings me among many of the Tibetan and aboriginal tribes. I had no intention of being a Chinese traveller, but have drifted into it.

Accordingly on the 12th she turned northward again, up the Min into the mountains, to the borderlands between the Chinese official frontier and the east of Tibet, peopled by the half independent Man-tze tribes. The forests, rivers, mountain passes, and old castles delighted her, and she made many observations of the people and their customs. She thoroughly enjoyed her adventures in the "altitudes and freedom" of the mountains, and revelled in the "clear escape from the crowds and cramped grooviness of China." The inns were better, the air keen and bracing, and the hardy mountaineers, with pleasant





POPPY FIELD AT CHENG-TU.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*



faces, minds, and manners, took her at times for a Man-tze of a different tribe, and treated her with a polite friendliness that created an atmosphere delightful to breathe. She was equally attracted by the thick carpets of sky-blue dwarf iris, white and blue anemones, yellow violas, primulas and lilies, climbing roses red and white, and orchids and exotic ferns, amongst which she recognised lovingly our own filix mas, osmunda regalis, and lily of the valley. Far above, countless peaks cleft the blue sky in absolute purity of whiteness, then the sun went down in glory and colour, and there was a perfect blaze of stars in the purple sky. The "beyond" beckoned her on; and though she knew her travelling arrangements were so inherently unsuitable that they must break down, yet, so long as it was physically possible, she was prepared to follow.

Of one incident Mrs. Bishop gave a very graphic account :

After going up the Yangtze, and travelling by land several hundred miles, I went beyond China proper into the country of the Man-tze. When I reached the mountains, there was a mountain pass, and a great storm came on. The torrent I had to pass was swollen and it was impossible to cross it. There was no inn in the village and it was very poor. My servant succeeded in getting shelter for me from the rain which was falling in torrents, and I slept there in a shed for one night. He came back presently and said, "There are Christians in this village, Mrs. Bishop." You know how faithless and unbelieving one is; and I said, "Christians! Nonsense; no Europeans have ever been here, far less missionaries." He looked rather sulky as he went out of the shed, but came back after a time and said, "There are Christians here, and it is a Christian village; and the head man and the elders are coming to see you presently." And they came, and were very anxious to find out if I were a Christian. . . . However, I satisfied them



by showing my Bible. My servant was a Christian too. And they stayed for an hour and a half: and the story that one of them told was among the most interesting I ever heard.

The man was a carpenter; he had worked for three months in Sze-Chuan in the house of a missionary, and had a copy of the Gospels given to him when he went away. He had also had a certain amount of instruction from the catechist who was with the missionary. After the instruction given him by the catechist, he went to his own home several hundred miles further west, and took the Gospels with him. He gathered the men together every evening, and read the Gospels aloud. There was a fulfilment of the promise: "The idols He shall utterly abolish," for many of the idols of that village had been destroyed owing to the reading of the simple Word. There were only a few men in the whole village who were not in deed and truth Christians, and my servant, who was a very shrewd man, remarked how different that village was from others—that there was no attempt to cheat and take advantage; and he said that he did not think he had been told one lie. They had learned so much from the New Testament that they were very anxious to get a missionary to come and give them instruction and baptism. I told them this was not possible. But I believe that those men, by working at night and saving their money, and denying themselves the usual amount of food, saved enough to take them to the nearest mission station, which was far, far away, where they would receive the good things for which their souls were yearning.

She summed up the events of the journey to Mrs. Bullock as follows:

My journey has been much chequered, very interesting, but at times far from pleasant. I went beyond the limits of China proper into the Somo country, and was for three weeks in the grandest scenery I ever saw—Switzerland and Kashmir rolled into one. My health stood the hardships of Chinese travelling very well, but unfortunately an over-exertion in crossing a very high mountain pass has



A MAN-TZE ROCK TEMPLE.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





greatly aggravated the heart disease from which I suffered for four years.

Mrs. Bishop's plan of return was frustrated by contrary circumstances. Several bridges, on her intended route, were destroyed in a tribal war, her wretched coolies collapsed, and the Man-tze authorities did their best to baffle her intentions by refusing provisions for the further journey; so she was compelled to return, rather disgusted, to Chengtu. She writes to Miss Cullen: "Much I wish I were out of China, in which I have spent altogether fourteen months." She left Chengtu (May 20) with the mercury at 90°, in a small flat-bottomed *wupan*, with a partial matting cover, drawing four inches of water. This was the beginning of a river journey of 2,000 miles, "back," as she says, "to bondage." The voyage, by Sinfu, Louchon, and Chunking, was entirely propitious and delightful—first through beautiful country, where black-and-white farmhouses reminded her of Cheshire, where fruit-trees, mulberries, bamboos and pines, and smooth, fine lawns edged the sparkling water, and the air was scented by gardenia shrubs and the flowers of the bean. The boat sped along, down-stream, at the rate of 130 miles in 17 hours, and in ten days she reached the western-most of the treaty ports. Here, the force and volume of the river, which had risen 45 feet since she passed up, was tremendous, and, caught in its torrent, the *wupan* descended at great speed. When they reached the rapids, five men pulled frantically to keep steerage way on her, and they went down like a flash, past races and whirlpools, temples and grey cities on heights, villages, hills, and woodlands, for days. There was no time to take in anything. By the end of June she reached Shanghai, to find, to her great

disappointment, that Mr. and Mrs. Bullock were away at Chefoo; but she spent some days there with Mrs. Joy, and on June 23 gave a brief account of her travels in Sze-Chuan, to an interviewer for the *North China Daily News*, whose description of her is worth recording:

Mrs. Bishop [he says] is a retiring, soft-voiced woman, whose silver hair is a passport to respect amongst all but a Chinese mob, and she has reached a period of life when physical comforts might be fairly expected. But when she begins to talk, selecting her words with the nicest discrimination, she at once exercises a sort of spell over the listener, making him feel the power of her intellect and the acuteness of her observing powers. Then we recognise that Mrs. Bishop is a wonderful woman, possessing an unsuspected force with which to overcome the most forbidding obstacles.

She wrote to Mrs. Bullock:

I am obliged to avoid all exertion, and to give up the idea of going home by America. So I purpose to leave for Japan as soon as possible, and to remain in some mountain hotel in the north till the cool season begins. Missionaries on going home are often called "returned empties," and I feel myself one. I have not read a book or seen a newspaper since January 17.

Thus ended her Chinese journeyings. She had travelled eight thousand miles, and spent fifteen months in China, during three of the most important years of modern Chinese history, and she was deeply grateful for the keen and abiding interest in China, and the Chinese, which she had acquired, along with new views of the country and of the resourcefulness and energy, capacities and backbone of its inhabitants. She was much impressed with the terrible and growing extension of poppy culture and the opium habit, and came to believe that even moderate opium smoking involves enormous risks, and that excessive

smoking brings in its train such ruin and deterioration as to threaten the national well-being and the physical future of the race. Nevertheless, she did not believe that China was then breaking up or in decay. Officialism was, she says, corrupt; but the people were straight and the country growing wealthier every day. On the whole, peace, order, and prosperity prevailed, and the Chinese were "practically one of the freest and most democratic people on earth." The war with Japan had produced a remarkable effect, in opening the eyes of the Chinese to the advantages accruing, to a yellow nation, from the adoption of Western civilisation. The Western leaven, she felt, was beginning to work, and China was on the eve of a great awakening, of which, however, the result was still uncertain. She believed that Christianity might bring about the regeneration of China; but she thought that, if Christian nations failed to take advantage of the promising opportunity and did not enter in force with an army of teachers, China might accept civilisation and reject the Christian religion.

To Mr. Murray she writes:

I have seen nothing to change my opinion that medical missions are the most effective pioneers of Christianity. . . . Mrs. Murray will be interested to hear that owing to the low price of silver, which at once doubles one's income, and the literally boundless hospitality I have met with, I have been able to build three hospitals containing altogether 160 beds—one under Bishop Corfe at Seoul; another under Bishop Cassels at Paoning-fu, Sze-Chuan; another at Chow-fu; and an orphanage for twenty-five earthquake orphans at Tokyo, under Bishop Bickersteth. These are memorials of my husband, my parents, and my sister, and you can imagine the pleasure they give me.

On June 27 Mrs. Bishop left Shanghai for Japan. She was in Tokyo by July 4, and was warmly

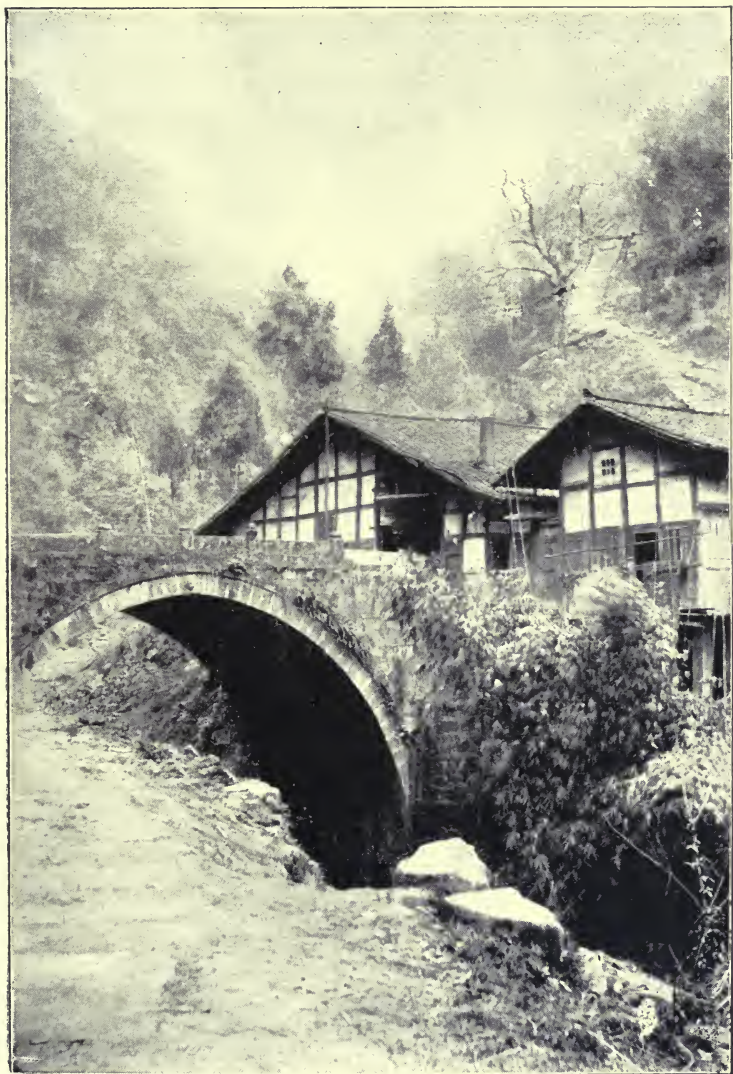


welcomed by Bishop and Mrs. Bickersteth. She wrote: "The Bishop is sadly out of health. The climate of Japan takes the life out of most English people." But she continues: "The Japanese are always delightful, and after the Chinese they seem little short of angels."

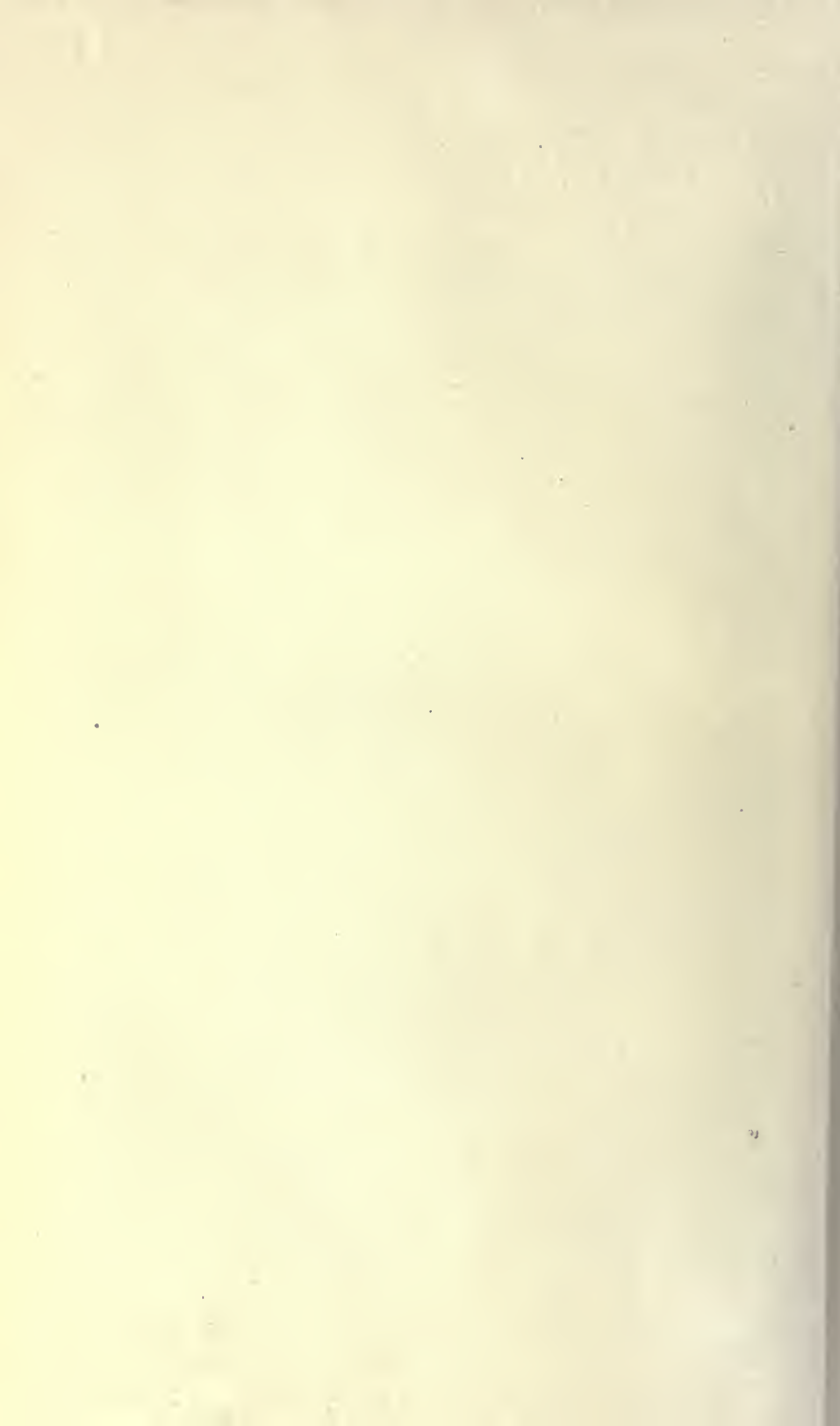
Here she rested ten days and "faded with photographs," as she called it. About sixty, of the two hundred taken in China, had been developed in Shanghai; but the edges of some of her films were affected by the fierce heat of Central China. However, she rescued the greater number, and her advance in the art is evidenced by the beautiful illustrations of *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*.

On the day after her arrival, Sir Ernest Satow came to see her, and asked her to pay him a visit at his delightful summer residence on the lake of Chusenji. She accepted his invitation for part of August and September; but adhered to her plan of first trying the neighbouring sulphur-baths at Yumoto. She went thither on July 15, stopping at Namma Shinjuro's inn till August 1, when she took a *kuruma* to Shobunotaki, to meet Sir Ernest Satow and Mr. Lowther, who rowed her to Chusenji. On August 16 she writes to Miss Cullen:

The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places this summer; and after toil, risk, and hardship, I am leading a quiet, serene life, in scenery absolutely lovely, in a little Japanese house, where everything goes like clockwork—but without the tick—with hours of quiet every day and most charming companionship, intellectually and spiritually elevating. The great forest without paths stretches all round and up to the cottage, clothing the mountains, which rise to a height of 8,000 feet. It does not sound more ideal than it is, and I am unspeakably thankful for this serene time of rest. Sir Ernest and I are great friends now and have



BRIDGE AND MOUNTAIN INN.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





been for some time; but we did not always get on together—far from it! Here I don't appear till 1; I go back to my balcony about 2.30. We have open-air tea at 5. Then we row on the lake till about 6.30. Then I go to my room till dinner at 8, after which we talk on the verandah till about 10. I work about four hours daily at my Korean book. I have worked very hard at printing sixty of my negatives to send to Tokyo to be collotyped, and I hope to be able to sell them for the Paoning-fu medical mission at ten or twelve shillings per volume, fifty or more in it.

The Rev. Lionel Cholmondeley writes the following reminiscences of her stay at Chusenji:

From the middle of August to the middle of September, in the year 1896, I was the guest of Sir Ernest Satow, then British Minister in Japan, in a little semi-Japanese house which he had built for himself on the Lake Chusenji, seven miles above Nikko. Some three miles beyond Chusenji, where the mountains close in and make further progress for the traveller impossible, is another smaller lake called Yumoto, with a village of a few houses built on its side and a fairly good Japanese hotel, in which a foreign visitor can find most of his wants supplied. Mrs. Bishop had established herself in this hotel, and came from it one afternoon to stay at Chusenji. The only other member of our party was Mr. Harold Parlett, one of the consular secretaries in Tokyo. The house stood some little way back from the lake, a site having been cleared for it on the wooded slope. The space between the house-front and the lake had been levelled up, forming something of a terrace flanked by a substantial stone facing. The footpath that previously wound round the lake had been diverted to run at the back of this little newly enclosed estate. We were a considerable distance from the village, which was most easily reached by boat. A band of workmen under a gardener from Tokyo were engaged in making a rockery, and putting the grounds in order.

Mrs. Bishop was fond of rowing, which was our chief outdoor recreation, and would often take an oar. Dinner—as everywhere—was the most sociable meal; and during dinner and after it, when we sat round the

fire, the conversation was exceedingly entertaining. Japan and the Japanese formed a fruitful topic, and the other nations of the East. At another time we would get on to the subject of literature, and I remember when Lord Beaconsfield's novels came up for discussion, that Mrs. Bishop strongly recommended me to read *Tancred*. Mrs. Bishop appreciated books in which the soul of the writer evidently revealed itself, and she had been greatly struck by a little book called *Why I became a Christian*, written in fascinating Japanese-English by a certain Uchimura Kanzo.

But now I must pass on to relate the eventful experience which befell us. Sir Ernest was called away on business to Tokyo, and was to be absent for two nights. Bad weather had probably set in before he left us; but however that may be, a typhoon of unusual violence swept over the central provinces of Japan soon after his departure. The down-rush of the rain at Chusenji was tremendous, and the storm of the night seemed only to increase in fury during the day. In our sequestered house on the lake, we were cut off from all intercourse with the outside world; and for a whole day, at least, Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Parlett, and I resigned ourselves to our comfortable imprisonment.

But it proved to be no case of one day. As a consequence of the heavy rainfall, the lake had risen abnormally. Houses nearer to the lake, and not so well protected as our own, had been flooded, and much damage and loss of property had been incurred. While protected by our stone-faced embankment from the inrush of the waters, the lake had risen on either side of us to so great an extent that any passage round it, either to the right or to the left, was impossible, and equally impossible was it to force our way for any distance through the tangled, never-trodden woods, with all the bars to progress of torrent, course, and rocks. One enterprising boy from the village, with a bamboo basket strapped over his shoulder, contrived by some means to get to us most days. We christened him "Ubiquity," and Mrs. Bishop took a photograph of him. Mr. Parlett and I used to roll up our flannels and wade through the water with our fishing-rods. We caught some fair-sized fish, mostly under the shelter of the boat-house; but it was some time ere

we could release the boat. A break on the railway and various landslips on the ascent from Nikko long delayed our host's return. Thus our little party of three were thrown on the society of one another for the greater part of a week, and through these mishaps it was my good fortune to come to know Mrs. Bishop far more intimately than I should otherwise have done. Our friendship was strengthened by the fact that my home at Adlestrop is only a few miles from Barton, which was formerly the property of the Birds, and of which, in my early days, my great-uncle General Colville was tenant.

Naturally our conversation often turned on missions, and Mrs. Bishop entered with great sympathy into my account of my own work, especially among young men. At that time I was much exercised in my mind about finding myself a house nearer to my church in Tokyo, and, with her characteristic generosity, she offered me 500 yen, if that would help me. My real acquaintance with her began and ended in those pleasant and eventful days spent in Sir Ernest Satow's house on Chusenji Lake.

Some letters to Mr. Murray refer to the progress of her book on Korea, and intimate her intention of returning to Seoul for final impressions and information. She left, therefore, for this purpose in October, and writes again, *en route*, to Mr. Murray (October 19):

Even quiet and mountain-air have failed to set me up, and hurry, over-fatigue of a social kind, and that pest of ordinary life—the attempt, often fruitless, to make things fit in—have produced attacks of nervous exhaustion and partial failure of the heart, from which I never suffer even when enduring the oft-times severe hardships and fatigues of the quiet open-air life of a traveller. Hence my Korean book has not advanced as it ought to have done. I am now on my way to Korea for some weeks, to be divided between Mr. Hillier, the Consul-General, and Mr. McLeavy Brown, of our Diplomatic Service at Peking, Commissioner of Customs, and now Financial Adviser and Treasurer of Korea. From both I shall receive very valuable



help in the revision of what I have already written and in the correction of the notes of what is yet unwritten. I greatly regret that I could not (and for good reasons) write letters as on former journeys. Even had I not used them as such, there is a vividness about letters not attainable by another descriptive method.

It is this year forty years since Mr. Murray published my first book! There could not have been happier relations between author and publisher than those between your dear father and myself, and these have continued unbroken to this day. I have not yet recovered from the tremendous blow I received from a stone near Mien-Chou.

Mrs. Bishop reached Seoul October 23, and, at first, her health rallied in the dry, bracing air; but the improvement was only partial, and her inability to proceed to Chemulpo, either on horseback or in a *jinrikisha*, kept her there so long that it was from Seoul that she sent out the New Year's card on which she quotes the ancient Persian proverb of "Three things that never return":

The Spent Arrow,  
The Spoken Word,  
The Lost Opportunity.

But Mrs. Bishop found plenty to interest her in local politics. During the nine months that she had been absent the situation had not improved in Korea. The confusion had increased and the King, reduced to the position of a "salaried automaton," in his desperation appealed to the Russian representative to protect him from a terrorism which might well have cowed a braver man. He fled to the Russian Embassy for protection, which was accorded him; and then, finding himself personally safe and free from all control and the ascendancy of Japan, he reverted to some of the worst traditions of his dynasty. The Russian Minister—

acting, probably, on orders from home to give Korea "rope enough to hang herself," and thus justify active interference on Russia's part—abstained from offering the guidance which the King would undoubtedly have accepted; all the old abuses soon cropped up, and the internal administration was in a state of chaos. That Mrs. Bishop did not regret her detention in Seoul, a letter to Mr. Murray (January 23, 1897) shows:

I have very greatly enjoyed this three months on a visit to my friend Mr. McLeavy Brown, now, by a strange set of circumstances, practically dictator of the kingdom. The fascination of being behind the scenes in an Oriental kingdom is great, and it has been a matter of very deep interest to watch the slow unfolding of Russian policy, of which it is impossible to doubt that the Foreign Office is entirely unaware, and will only become aware when it is too late to check it. . . . All my baggage, including a great Korean chest, has gone to Chemulpo on the back of a huge bull, and, as I gave a farewell reception yesterday, and have a farewell audience of the King to-day, I seem to have a little leisure before starting on my homeward journey to-morrow, the first for three months. This is the end of six months in Seoul and eleven in Korea. I have so many friends and interests here, and have met with such extraordinary kindness, that I feel very loath to leave it. Indeed I am returning to England with a very bad grace. I am far more at home in Tokyo and Seoul than in any place in Britain except Tobermory, and I very much prefer life in the East to life at home.

I have been working at my book under excellent auspices, and have received most liberal help from the English and Russian Ministers and the Chief Commissioner of Customs, who, with many others, are anxious that I should make it a book which shall take its place as *the* book on Korea for some years to come. I am trying to do this; as all the existing books have become obsolete owing to the changes the last year has made. It is a compound of journeys, chapters on a few salient Korean subjects, and two chapters sketching the changes which have been made, and

things as they now are in the capital. Among the travel-chapters are two on Chinese and Russian Manchuria, the last of which has been three times delivered as a lecture at the club in Seoul, the Russian Minister, Mr. Waeber, presiding. He has drawn for me three maps, one being a route-map in Central Korea.

And so Mrs. Bishop left Korea, with, she says, "Russia and Japan facing each other across her destinies." She saw the last of Seoul in snow—in the blue and violet atmosphere of one of the loveliest of winter mornings—with real regret, for the dislike she felt for the country, at first, had passed into an interest which was almost affection, and on no previous journey had she made dearer or kinder friends.

She crossed in a bitter wind from Chemulpo to Shanghai, and there she halted, for a week, before starting on her homeward voyage. On the last day of January, 1897, she sailed, reached Colombo on February 20 and Malta on March 10. This long voyage rested her; she set aside all hard work, and sewed, played chess, printed photographs, and read *Pastor Pastorum*, *The Sowers*, and *Held in Bondage*.

On reaching London (March 19) Mrs. Bishop entered in her diary a fervent "*Dei Gratiae*, three years and two months." She settled herself in rooms in Hill Street, found for her by Mrs. Bowman, and here, except for some brief visits, she remained until the middle of July. Her days were fully occupied, and she spent much time in the library of the Royal Geographical Society; for, besides working at her book, *Korea and her Neighbours*, which she discussed in many interviews with Mr. Murray, she was lecturing, and also bringing out papers on Korea—some illustrated—in the *St. James's Gazette* and *St. James's Budget*.

The Japanese victories in China had roused a new interest in the Far East; Korea was dawning on the





HARBOUR OF CHEMULPO.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*



Western mind, and the time was ripening for fuller information. Mrs. Bishop's book, though eagerly awaited, was delayed, for the situation in the East changed every week and rendered obsolete many of her carefully collected statistics. Besides, the burden of this undertaking weighed upon her more heavily than that of any previous book; revision became positively distasteful, and perhaps the blow on her head, received in China, had made her susceptible to brain-fag. She refused to believe that *Korea* could interest her readers, and it is possible that intense weariness of the subject gave rise to dilatoriness. Nevertheless, by April 20 a considerable part of her manuscript was in Mr. Murray's hands, and she writes to him:

All your suggestions are helpful. I am very much relieved, for I had passed a far severer criticism on the book myself, feeling that no amount of effort can make a volume on Korea attractive.

Several chapters remained to be written, but were held over, as she was somewhat unwillingly engaged to lecture, for the Royal Geographical Society, upon Western China and the mountains which form its frontier towards Tibet. The day of the lecture (May 10) proved a very busy one: at 3.30 she addressed the "Bible Lands Mission" in Exeter Hall; at 7 she dined by invitation at the Geographical Club; at 8.30 she gave her lecture, illustrated by forty-five lantern slides and by two hundred of her photographs, which were exhibited on the screens in the room. Next day she attended the Queen's Drawing-room and spoke for the Church Missionary Society in St. James's Hall in the evening.

A short visit to Edinburgh, for Assembly addresses, occurred after this, and then she returned to 28 Hill



Street, and was able, for two months, to devote herself to more or less constant work at her book. But the increase of her public engagements in London made it desirable that she should have a home in the south, and, after much house-hunting, she took a short lease of 20 Earl's Terrace, opposite Holland Park and standing back a short distance from the noisy Hammersmith Road. For about three weeks, while painters and paperers were in possession, she rested quietly at the Elms, Houghton, with Mrs. Brown, and, returning to London on August 5, she, with the assistance of an old servant whom she called "the Dragon," devoted herself to furnishing her house. When their toils were at an end, and her house was habitable, she was free to leave for a series of visits and missionary addresses, reaching as far north as Berwick and as far south as Exeter.

From this time forward, Mrs. Bishop devoted her time and energies, more unsparingly than ever, to the exhausting task of advocating the missionary cause, in any corner of England where her help was desired. It is a matter of common knowledge that she soon acquired a well-deserved reputation as a most capable and impressive platform speaker, and this was, Miss Gertrude Kinnaird considers, because three characteristics, essential to sincere public utterance on this difficult topic, were hers in a marked degree: "(a) a deep feeling of her own responsibility and of the responsibility of those whom she addressed; (b) a great yearning pity for the people in non-Christian lands, whom she brought so graphically before the eyes of her audience that they seemed to go down with them into the darkness, and to feel the helplessness of their position; and (c) a strong belief in the power of the Gospel to lift them up

out of darkness and to give them a new life here and now."

The attitude which she so well maintained, of a traveller and of a single-minded, impartial observer—not blind to the blunders or mistakes of zealous but inexperienced pioneers, groping their way courageously and gallantly along fresh and untried paths—and her obviously simple and earnest sincerity, her wide experience, deep insight, and mellow wisdom, were all rendered effective by her natural gifts as a fluent and sympathetic speaker. This combination made her singularly fitted to appeal, as she hoped to do, to that large public whose slow response to the missionary claim is due to intellectual fastidiousness, and to a well-balanced distaste for anything that is either dull and stupid, or that is, on the other hand, tinged with a blind enthusiasm, splendidly zealous, but rather of the heart than the head. At the same time her command of well-chosen language, her sympathetic insight, and grasp of detail enabled her to place vividly, before the old supporters of the cause, new aspects of the work with which they had been so long familiar.

Mrs. Bishop, however, did not confine herself to deepening the zeal of those who already glowed with the fire which burned in her own soul, nor to winning over people whose critical faculties had so far held them aloof. But, being admitted into the inner councils of those in whose hands lay the ultimate responsibility for operations in the mission field, she placed at their disposal both her unrivalled trained power of grasping local peculiarities, and her critical wisdom. In this way she helped them—by making all her just criticisms their own—to turn to account any past blunders that gave

rise to legitimately adverse comment, or that marred the effectiveness of the work, and thus she enabled them to attain a wider, truer outlook, and to tread, with more efficiency than before, the difficult but Christ-like path which lay before them.

Mr. Eugene Stock says that after her return from China, she had long interviews with the Church Missionary Society Secretaries, in which she showed the warmest sympathy and appreciation for the work as a whole, but pointed out quite frankly what, here and there, appeared to her to be flaws in their methods. She also, he states, gave important advice bearing upon the work of English women in the China Missions, where women's work was beset with special difficulties and required regulating with the most scrupulous carefulness, in order to prevent those unnecessary hindrances to the work due to ignorance and inexperience, or to self-conceit and self-will. Chinese etiquette, as to what is seemly for a woman, though tiresome, certainly tended, she felt, to propriety, and no young foreign woman could violate its rules without injury to her work. She knew that, in one province, the violations of etiquette, by some of the lady missionaries, had been regarded as so likely to lead to an outbreak that the attention of the Foreign Office had been called to the matter. But, while she laid great stress upon the importance of wisdom and discretion on the part of all missionaries, and more especially on the part of women, and while she valued highly the services of the educated ladies on the Society's staff, she nevertheless bore strong testimony to the good work done in the far interior, by women missionaries springing from the humbler social grades. One whom she specially commended for wisdom and earnestness—who afterwards died of small-pox, caught



in nursing a Chinese woman—was originally a factory hand at Blackburn.

Mrs. Bishop, however, did not agree with the critics of the treaty ports who think it unwise for English women to live at remote stations where there are no English men. On the contrary, she thought that two women, not under thirty years of age, who had experience of Chinese customs and language, might wisely and safely occupy a station where there were no other Europeans, provided they always had with them a senior Chinese woman. She urged the inexpediency of sending out *fiancées* to be married at once to missionaries in China, as the young wife's ignorance of the people subjected her to many inconveniences, and interfered with her husband's efficiency. She thought that such *fiancées* should be a year or two in China, living with senior missionaries, to study the language and customs of the land, before marriage. She praised the arrangement of the China Inland Mission which secures this, while recognising the greater difficulty experienced by the Church Missionary Society in adopting the plan, owing to its missionaries being in provinces where different languages and dialects are spoken, so that a *fiancée* cannot easily be placed very far distant from the missionary she is engaged to, although such distance is highly desirable in view of the Chinese feeling of propriety with regard to betrothed people.

When speaking on the subject of women's dress in China she strongly objected to the European dress customary at treaty ports, which the Chinese regard as scandalous. She much desired that all lady missionaries would follow the example of those of the China Inland Mission, and adopt Chinese costume,

"the only Oriental dress which Europeans can wear with seemliness and dignity." Speaking at meetings at Bristol in 1900, Mrs. Bishop mentions this "distaste of Orientals for the Western garb, and the foreign flavour with which Christianity is presented" as an unfortunately little recognised difficulty in the way of the spread of Christianity. She says:

It is not alone that it comes, as they think, to subvert their social order, corrupt the morals of their women, destroy their reverence for parents, old age, and ancestors, and to introduce new and hateful customs; but its ideas have a Western dress, its phraseology is foreign, and the pictures with which it illustrates its teaching are foreign, indecorous in costume and pose, and odious, so much so, that in the Hang Chow Medical Mission Hospital it was found desirable to take them down, to avoid the blasphemous and unseemly criticisms which were made upon them, and to present our Lord and His Apostles in Chinese dress and surroundings.

Many stumbling-blocks, she felt, must be cleared away, and many difficult questions solved, if Christianity is not to be a precarious exotic in the East. She was convinced it was of great importance that Christianity should ally itself with all that was not evil in the national life, that it should uphold native nationality, that it should incorporate native methods of instruction with our own, and conserve all customs which are not contrary to its spirit. "Already," she said, "many Oriental Christians are claiming with earnest voices an Oriental Christ instead of a Christ disguised in Western garb."

Only by native agency, under foreign instruction and guiding, would, she believed, Christianity really leaven the Eastern races. The native teacher, she said, knows his countrymen and what will appeal to them,

how to make points, how to clinch an argument by a popular quotation from their own classics. He presents Christianity without the Western flavour.

Among the many difficult questions to be faced and solved are such as that of the English Prayer Book. Could, she asked, our Prayer Book, so intensely Western in its style and conceptions, metaphysics and language of adoration, and its ideas, many of them so unthinkable to the Eastern mind, remain the only manual of public devotion?

That Mrs. Bishop's ready help, in the solution of the problems inherent in the work, was thoroughly appreciated by those to whose councils she brought the stores of her wisdom and earnestness, their own testimony bears witness.

Mrs. Edward Bickersteth writes :

When we had the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Bishop to our S.P.G. Women's Committee as a Vice-President, it interested me much to see the way in which she turned to uses of practical help and counsel the knowledge she had gained in her many years of travel. When in London she was a constant attendant at our meetings, and she took special delight in those of our Candidates' Committee, where her insight into character and ready sympathy gave her special power. More than one candidate has been surprised to learn that the gentle, quiet voice which gave her homely hints as to care of health, or sympathetic encouragement in her shyness, was that of the great traveller and distinguished authoress. And here again her deep spirituality was manifest. When as Hon. Secretary for Women Candidates I went to her for advice I knew that every question would be approached from the highest standpoint.

Two fellow members of Committee, Miss Lucy Phillimore (Vice-President), and Miss C. G. Bunyon, have kindly sent recollections of Mrs. Bishop.



Miss L. Phillimore says :

I knew her only on the General Committee, where she came early and stayed to the end of the business, following the discussions with great attention, not often speaking unless appealed to, and then quietly giving advice founded on her personal and local knowledge of the place. I was much struck by this over the question of Miss Weston's House at Tokyo, when Mrs. Bishop described the situation of Count Arina's house (the building desired) with the fulness of detail and minute knowledge with which one would describe the most familiar corner of London. Again, in the question of the marriage or marriage engagements of missionaries, she gave the Committee advice based on her knowledge of the aspect in which marriage appeared to the native mind, and the etiquette with which it was fenced round, a knowledge which was peculiarly her own.

Miss Bunyon adds :

From her first appearance at the monthly meeting of the Women's Work Committee of the S.P.G. Mrs. Bishop made her presence felt. On questions of principle and policy her low, quiet voice would give a short sentence with an authority which made new members of Committee ask, "Who is that?" On one occasion two plans being before the Committee, the one having the advantage of economy and saving of time, and the other carrying with it the difficulties involved in building, she pressed with the greatest earnestness for the ideal plan and the proper safeguarding and housing of English women missionaries. "You do not know what native dwellings are," she urged, her whole being lighting with a fire of conviction. She brought to her fellow workers the knowledge of the real Far East, and gave them a glimpse of what they might learn from her.

Of course all the missionary speeches, and the other work to which Mrs. Bishop felt impelled to give her time, were not conducive to the progress of her book on Korea, though all August and September

were intermittently occupied with revision of maps and illustrations; and Sir Walter Hillier, who was in England, revised her proofs, supplied a preface, and transliterated the Korean proper names on the basis of a common system. She also welcomed suggestions from Mr. Murray and adopted them *en bloc*. On October 2, when visiting the Bishop of Exeter, she could write:

So far as I am concerned, my Korean book will be finished on the 4th. Sir Walter Hillier's preface and mine have been in the printers' hands for some days. Sir Walter Hillier's introduction, considering that he occupied a high station in Korea for eleven years, should add some weight; but as you said long ago, "it is not a book for the man in the street." I am convinced that actual letters merely corrected are the most vivid and popular form of presenting one's impressions of a country. For those who do not read for amusement, but for information, I hope that the volumes contain much that is valuable.

When her book was completed a second missionary journey began (October 6) which included Bournemouth, Winchester, Birkenhead, Birmingham, and ended (October 25) at Manchester, whence she went on to friends in Edinburgh. Here one of her first cares was to call at Messrs. Clarke's printing establishment. She found her book was being delayed by a machinists' strike, and that the men imported from London were not up to their work; and writes to Mr. Murray (October 29):

I was at Clarke's yesterday. Things are pretty bad. Their premises are mobbed, and while they have cabs at the front entrance as a blind, they send the machinists away at the back in vans which have brought paper. Young Mr. Clarke is anxious to fight to the bitter end, but I think that they will have to give in. My personal interest in it

is that I fear it will delay the completion of my book, although the letter-press is done.

Mrs. Bishop opened the session of the Scottish Geographical Society (November 7) with her lecture on "Western China." Lord Lothian presided, two thousand people were present, and her reception was enthusiastic. She repeated this lecture in Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen to crowded audiences.

I am delighted [she writes] with the kindness and hospitality of Aberdeen, and spent one day like a summer day on Deeside. I have become so used to hearing myself called "the distinguished traveller and explorer" that I am beginning to think myself as much entitled to a medal as Mr. Curzon, and to wonder that my friends don't think so too.

A missionary itinerary in Scotland succeeded these lectures, and, as she wrote to Sir Walter Hillier, she gave "fifty lectures and addresses before November 29." She wound up her interrupted residence in Edinburgh with a lecture at the Literary Institute on the 24th, an afternoon address at the Free Church Hall on the 27th, and another to students on November 28.

Then she was released, and went to Tobermory to rest two months at The Cottage. Her book was still delayed, and she felt anxious lest this should be to her disadvantage, for events in Korea were moving rapidly. But at last the two volumes appeared, on January 10, 1898, and by the 11th 2,000 copies were sold. On the same day an edition was published in America.

Thank you [Mrs. Bishop writes to Sir Walter Hillier] for the kind words about the volumes, which are very greatly indebted to you for much more than the preface, from which I am glad to see that the reviews make copious extracts. It is a piece of singular luck that the book should appear just now.



It is by no means my best book, yet, owing to the general interest, it has sold well. The tone of the reviewers has gratified me, but I am amused to find myself transplanted into the ranks of political writers and quoted as an "authority on the political situation in the Far East."

That Mrs. Bishop should be regarded as an authority on her subject was not surprising, for she had made good use of a great opportunity. Her four visits to Korea had most fortunately coincided with the duration of a critical episode, in the drama of Far Eastern development, which nearly concerned politicians in the West, but about which reliable information was not to be easily obtained. Mrs. Bishop possessed, as we have seen, the friendship and confidence of Europeans resident in Seoul who were thoroughly acquainted with the country; they had initiated her into the inner life of the isolated "hermit nation" that, for centuries, had repelled investigation, and she had profited, to the utmost, by these exceptional facilities for the intimate study of a peculiarly interesting situation.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LAST JOURNEYS

MRS. BISHOP's last record in her diary for 1897 is—

Farewell, year ! Thy griefs and pains  
Now are gathered to the past.

She sent out her New Year's card, with two mottoes : Russell Lowell's "Not failure but low aim is crime," and the old Korean proverb—"You can recover an arrow that you have shot, but not a word that you have spoken."

After the publication of *Korea and her Neighbours*, she received daily letters of congratulation and innumerable reviews, all "monotonously favourable" and recognising the closeness of observation, accuracy of fact, and correctness of inference displayed in it. She admitted that the consensus of favourable opinion on the book, and the recognition of the labour bestowed on it, were very gratifying, "as it cost me more toil and careful investigation than all my other books put together." She writes (January 19), before the book had been out ten days : "The second edition is to be ready on Friday and is more than half ordered. It is the political interest which is selling it." In a letter to Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart she strikes the same note :

It is less as a book of travels, than as a book on the political situation that it is commended, and it was just the political part which I thought would bring

down a good deal of hostile criticism. Lord Salisbury writes to Mr. Murray that he is in the midst of it. Its success is equally great in America, making five editions in all. This success was quite unlooked for, and I am very glad to have the hard and conscientious work of a year so fully recognised.

But she paid the penalty of her strenuous exertions, for she writes (January 19) from Tobermory :

I quite collapsed after coming here, and was not downstairs for more than three weeks. My spine has been nearly as bad as in its worst days, and continues, in spite of blisters, to be very painful, and weakness makes going about in this hilly place impossible. Otherwise The Cottage and its memories are delightful and I wish I could stay here four months longer. There are no worries and so much freedom and peace. But there are few with whom one can exchange any educated ideas. The people perish of brain-rust, a malady which appears to me to affect eight out of ten people elsewhere than in Tobermory. How few people study, or work mentally except as a means of living! To most people there is little true, nothing new, and nothing matters.

She writes later to Mrs. Bagshawe :

You cannot think what the rest is to me. To stay in bed or to get up as I feel inclined ; to take up a book for pleasure merely ; to sit with my feet on the fender and sew ; to develop and print photographs ; to watch nature in her fiercest phases and be alone with her ; and to have time to recall the sacred memories of which this cottage is the shrine.

She left on the last day of January and got into her new house in London a fortnight later. "Toiled all day," is a frequent entry during February. Room by room the house was set in order, she hung pictures and curtains, arranged her books and superintended the disposal of the furniture herself ; and she writes to Lady Middleton :



I have not room to unpack, yet the little house has a sort of homey, old-fashioned look, and for the first time for fourteen years I am able to offer hospitality to my friends. I should never be a Londoner, fond as I am of London, but just now I am getting on fairly well, though much fatigued. Since my book came out, I have spoken at several Liberal-Unionist political meetings on the Chinese question.

During the next four months, she was very busy with missionary addresses, and with the social engagements which naturally increased as the season went on; and though her house was always full of visitors, she left them free to come or go, at their pleasure, and felt equally free herself, to lunch or dine out, to attend a Chinese debate in the House of Commons, to lecture on New Japan and Korea, or to wander off on the missionary work which led her once as far afield as Dublin. One engagement, to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Murray, developed in a manner which must have caused some surprise to her household. On rising to leave, she found herself without her latch-key, and, not daring to go home and ring up "the Dragon," she cast herself on her hosts' ready hospitality and spent the night under their roof; having attended morning prayers and breakfast, in evening dress with fan and handkerchief in hand, she only appeared on her own doorstep in the course of the morning.

Amongst many names recorded in her engagement book this summer, occur those of Lady Jane Taylor—who, as Lady Jane Hay, was her girlhood's friend at Wyton—of Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, who paid her several visits at Earl's Terrace, of Colonel Sawyer, Sir Walter Hillier, Miss Kingsley, Count Ugo Balzani, Mrs. J. R. Green, Sir William and Lady Hunter, and Mrs. Glassford Bell.

By July 25 she was in Edinburgh, opening a

Missionary Loan Exhibition, at which she gave an address every afternoon for four days; and this was followed by an active missionary campaign—including Melrose, St. Boswells, Ripon, York, and Scarborough—which proved too much for her. Her health broke down again in August, as she writes to Miss Cullen:

The consequences of my missionary addresses have been so bad that I am actually and really resting, being only able to go from one room to another. I fiddle away the days and have seen no one to speak to for a week. I am thankful for the time being to have such a charming house and good servants, but I fear I shall hardly be able to remain here till the end of my time. It is very well while London is empty.

The five weeks of enforced quiet at home, to which she submitted, were broken into by two restful visits to Mrs. Brown, and the "faddling away the days" included developing and printing many of her Chinese, Japanese, and Korean photographs; these she was selling to swell the salary of Dr. Pruen, a medical missionary at Paoning-fu. She was also occupied in learning to make lantern slides for her lectures, and in preparing papers on the "Mantze of the Tsu-ku-Shan mountains," which she was to read at the Clifton meeting of the British Association in September. This she did, and she also fulfilled some missionary engagements, deriving special pleasure from a lecture at Tattenhall, which involved a visit to her friend Mrs. Barbour of Bolesworth. But she writes to Miss Cullen (October 13):

I managed to read my papers at the British Association and came back to be ill again, and am now only just beginning to get out. I have a return of the malady in my spine, the head attacks, and a lame, painful knee. I had not given a missionary address for weeks till I made two on Monday at

Guildford, for Bishop Ingham. I like London and find my house quite charming, enabling me to carry out to the full my project of making it a "Hostel." I have two or three guests nearly always sleeping here, and they enjoy their freedom and pass-keys! My last, who have just left me, were Bishop and Mrs. Royston and Mr. Masujima for a fortnight—a heathen Japanese and a singularly able man, leader of the Tokyo Bar, Adviser to the Department of Foreign Affairs, etc. He was most interesting both on England and Japan, and discussed affairs within the English Church with an amount of knowledge and insight I seldom see.

The current of her thoughts was diverted, from all her minor occupations, by Mr. Murray's request that she should put into literary form her notes on the Yangtze River and on Western China, and this arduous task she began on the last day of October, 1898, only to have her work interrupted by an outbreak of house-hunting. This time Mrs. Bishop was bent on securing a house in the country near Houghton and Wyton. Residence in London involved her in too much social life, and she designed to escape from that tax upon her increasingly delicate health. She enjoyed the life, and, meeting as she did the most interesting and active workers of the time, whether in politics, philanthropy, science, or literature, she would gladly have retained her place in their midst. But the state of her health made it impossible for her to combine both literary and public work with the whirl of entertaining and being entertained, and she allowed herself to be swayed, in the choice of a home, by the memories of her youth and the neighbourhood of her almost lifelong friend Mrs. Brown, at Houghton. The house eventually chosen was Hartford Hurst, on the Ouse, in the next parish to Wyton. It was taken for a long lease from March, 1899, a year before



her lease of 20 Earl's Terrace expired. But there was much to do in the way of improvement and addition, and she did not propose to take possession till August.

A letter to Lady Middleton (February 5, 1899) gives some of her reasons for the step.

In the autumn I was urged to write a book on the Yangtze Valley, which means working for six hours a day for the next eight months, through the London season, and through a complete move of all my goods and chattels to Huntingdonshire. I took my house at Earl's Terrace for two years, chiefly to have a nice place in which to receive my friends, but I never expected that I should be able to remain longer than two years, and my health has so broken down under the strain of London life that I have decided to leave it in August. I should not care to live in London unless I were strong enough to be in the thick of things, and old age is coming on with leaps and bounds. So I am taking a lease of Hartford Hurst, an hour and a quarter from London and a mile from Huntingdon, in a village street with three acres of ground and a boat-house on the Ouse. It is a very unideal house in an unideal neighbourhood, but the next parish was my father's last parish, and I spent there a happy youth from sixteen to twenty-seven, and it is less trouble to go into a neighbourhood which I know intimately, than to make acquaintance with a new one. At all events it is a *pied-à-terre* so long as I can move about, and when I can't it may prove a haven. It is very odd to look at all things in the light of old age, and I am trying resolutely to face it, thankful all the time that my best-beloved never knew it and that they had neither to live nor die alone.

Mrs. Bishop remained in town all the winter and kept steadily to her work on China, of which, by February, she had completed one-third. On the 14th of that month I went to pay her a week's visit; she was far from well, but was constantly engaged and saw many friends, especially, at that time, Miss Kingsley, Miss Kinnaird, and Mrs. Palmer. I can

remember only one evening on which she dined at home, but an incident connected with the hour after dinner has impressed it indelibly on my memory. When we came up to the drawing-room, she sat down upon the sofa and asked me to sit beside her. She wore a Chinese dress of delicate lavender brocade, made Chinese fashion and very comfortable. She took my hand and said: "I wish to speak to you about a matter that is on my mind; I feel very ill and have little doubt that my years are nearly numbered. When I die, it may be that my memory will perish with me, but it also may be that others will care to know something about me. I hardly expect it—but should there come a call for my biography, will you write it? I should wish it to be written by you."

The suggestion was so sudden, and so complicated with pain and thoughts of many kinds, that it was impossible to say more than "yes." The matter was not further alluded to, and the summer passed in the same pressure of engagements as the spring. She continued hard at work on the Chinese book; and though it was not till August 24 that she completed it, yet most of it was in type, and fully revised, long before. She took infinite pains with the illustrations, which were produced from photographs taken during her tour, with the addition of reproductions of three interesting old Chinese pictures given her by the Chinese Inland Mission. Lord Salisbury accepted the dedication in a letter which gratified her. "Such a recognition, from such a man, in such a position, is worth a great deal to an author."

Early in September she took leave of 20 Earl's Terrace, and stayed a few days with Mrs. Palmer at 10 Grosvenor Crescent, before following her



MRS. BISHOP IN MANCHU DRESS.





furniture to Hartford Hurst. She had been fortunate enough to secure Blair's return to her service, and installed her at the Hurst as housekeeper. She herself stayed with Mrs. Brown, while her house was being made habitable, and indeed that autumn she did not spend more than a week in it; its loneliness overpowered her, and the Elms attracted her to remain within the shelter of its comfort and loving care.

About the middle of October she went north to Tobermory, staying on her way with old friends in Edinburgh till November 11. Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart was in bad health, and when she bade him good-bye it was with a mournful presentiment, for she entered the incident in her diary as "so sad." Mrs. Bishop seems to have collapsed immediately after her arrival at Tobermory and to have turned with aversion from all work, visiting, and exertion, for about three weeks. She sat by the fire, read nothing but the newspapers, urged by the tragic interest of the Boer War, sewed a great deal, and chatted with Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, who spent every possible evening with her.

Her book, *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*, was published in November, but England was preoccupied with the Boer War, and at first it received less attention than her Korean volumes had done. Lord Salisbury read it with care, and wrote twice to her expressing his appreciation. The reviews were favourable, and many of them even intelligent. But the moment was unpropitious, for South Africa held all hearts and minds, and the Far East was obliterated for a time.

I am sorry [she wrote to Sir Walter Hillier on December 8], for I put ten months of hard work into it, and I should like to have imposed some of my

opinions on a larger circle of readers than it is likely I shall have.

A little later on, when South African affairs were less engrossing, Mrs. Bishop was cheered by hearing that the sale of her book had improved greatly. In this letter she goes on to tell her correspondent that Dr. Scott Keltie had asked her to contribute the article on Korea to *The Times* supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and that she felt that she should not let the "honour go past."

Then in allusion to the Church Congress of the foregoing October, at which she had read a paper, she continues :

I was much disappointed with the Church Congress. It hung flat. From my own experience in reading a paper there, I think it is hardly possible to put life and fire into twenty minutes' papers, prepared as they must be weeks before. Only those either of pure fact or argument can stand this process. The most interesting was by Lord Halifax (though I have no sympathy with his desire to return to religious mediævalism), because it had the energy of conviction and the glow of devotion.

That winter was cold and damp. Snow, rain, and storms of wind depressed all December and much of January. Influenza was rife, and many deaths amongst the older people diminished the number of her friends. A not unexpected death in Edinburgh filled up her cup of sorrow, for on February 3, 1900, her faithful and ever-helpful friend Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart passed from suffering into peace.

I have thought of you all and of nothing else for these two days [she writes on the 4th to Lady Grainger Stewart]; they have been such glorious days, and I felt how the brilliant sunshine must almost have jarred upon those who have been sitting with darkened



hearts in the bereft and darkened home. I have pictured you all as worn out, and yet I have felt that each would try and strengthen the other to bear what must be borne, in such a united family, all sorrowing. And I pray constantly, that such comfort as you are able to receive may come from thoughts of "the good fight foughten well, and of his crownèd brow." And thoughts too of the singularly happy home life, which your beloved husband had, and how in all these years wife and children have been a ceaseless source of *conscious* joy. . . . To me for thirty years he had been such a true and trusted friend, the one to whom my thoughts specially turned in any new interest or change of circumstances—and then to my husband, who, on hearing two days before his death that there was a letter from Sir Thomas, which he was too weak to hear, whispered with a smile—"most true and trusted friend." Nothing endeared your husband more to me than his abiding sense of loss in that death. I look back upon his years of kindness to me, his delightful conversation giving me of his best, and his appreciative insight into Hennie and my husband, and feel life very blank and poor to-day, an emptiness in it never to be filled. I never dreamed that he would go before me, and yet when I wished him good-bye I had a terrible presentiment that it was farewell.

To Mrs. Blackie, Mrs. Bishop writes (February 18):

No pain, no pang of parting—then silence for ever. And *where* do they all go? And where are we going? A greater loss could not have befallen me, not only of a doctor who never made a mistake in his advice, but of a most true and faithful friend to me and my husband. I have rarely seen a man so unselfish in his own house, so careful and considerate for others. A few weeks ago he insisted on giving up morphia, feeling that it made him irritable. How pathetic life becomes when its landmarks are graves alone. I have felt profoundly depressed during this my last winter here, and the indifference of my friends to my last book, my youngest child, the child of my old age, has hurt and grieved me much. So much of life and self went into it and ten months of severe toil. I have read very little except newspapers; I have sewed a great deal

and have been working for the last month at a long and stiff paper for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I go among the people, hear a good deal, but everything is done with a heartache and an awful feeling of loneliness.

That winter Mrs. Bishop had come to the conclusion that the cottage at Tobermory must be given up. Already during the winter of 1896-7 she had been shocked and grieved by the stagnation of religious life, the increase of intemperance, the growing callousness to all good counsel, and, even then, she had referred in a letter, to the deterioration which, on her return, she found had taken place during her long absence.

Tobermory is certainly four years worse. Drink is ravaging it. Several young men are at this time dying of it, and many of the older men have come to wreck with it since I was last here. The Temperance Society and the Band of Hope are both defunct. And this after it has been worked for and wept for and prayed for with strong crying and tears time out of mind.

Later on she spoke of this to me, adding that the old piety, which made the West Highland Sunday a day of peace and worship, was almost extinct, and that unbelief was degrading the people whom her sister had loved and served. That the matter was much in her mind is shown by a paragraph in her book on China. She describes the way that, on the Yangtze and in Canton, she had seen the Chinese celebrate their great festival New Year's day, saying that the solemnity and stillness, of the first hours of the great day, reminded her of an old-fashioned Scotch Sunday. Later on, she said, followed feasting and fireworks; but universal politeness and good behaviour prevailed, and, owing to the moderate use of intoxicants, the three days of this universal holiday passed by without turmoil or disgrace, and the population went back to trade and work

not demoralised by its spell of social festivity. And she concluded :

So the most ancient of the world's existing civilisations comports itself on its great holiday, while our civilisation of yesterday, especially in Scotland, what with "first-footing" and "treating," is apt to turn the holiday into a pandemonium.

This year all noticed a great change in the attitude of the villagers towards her efforts on their behalf. She made a despairing attempt to reclaim the women drunkards, whose roll had lamentably lengthened, and she was recompensed with their anger. It seemed as if all that she had done were futile, though the Y.W.C.A. continued to flourish in Mrs. Allan's capable hands, and thanks to her unremitting exertions. In February Mrs. Bishop wrote :

The place does not improve. The people are so intellectually lazy and so spiritually dead, and so contented merely to vegetate. It is pitiable and blamable, and I see no hope that things will ever be any better. I think that "the day of visitation" was when *she* was here. She influenced Tobermory at least for the time being and some persons permanently. It is hard to me to love the Tobermory people, and without love one is useless.

She had indeed many educated friends at Tobermory who were devoted to her and thoroughly appreciated the elevating influence of her life. "We lived better lives for her presence amongst us," said Mrs. McLachlan of Badarroch ; "unconsciously we tried to live as she did—for others." "Here we can think no evil thought, far less speak one evil word," said Dr. Alexander Macdonald at The Cottage one day. But the hills tried her heart, and the three days' journey to England was a drawback. So, feeling that, since she could no longer redeem the lives of her poorer



neighbours, her ties to Tobermory were loosened, she very reluctantly gave the Free Church deacons' court notice that she would give up The Cottage at the term, and in the month of March began the slow process of packing her possessions, for despatch to Hartford Hurst.

On Sunday, March 11, she took a walk with Miss Macdonald towards the lighthouse. She slipped on one rock and fell down another, with her whole weight on her left knee, the joint of which was badly injured. She saved herself, from falling down the cliff to the sea, by seizing hold of a tree, and this sprained her right arm and lacerated one of its tendons. Miss Macdonald managed to get her home, and Mrs. Macdonald fomented the swollen and injured knee and bandaged her arm, but for a long time she was lame and her arm was maimed. So these helpful friends undertook to pack, while Mrs. Bishop worked slowly at her article on Korea. It was finished by March 20. On Thursday, the 29th, she said farewell to the members of the Y.W.C.A., and the days following were given up to taking leave of her friends. Sunday, April 1, was the last day that she spent at The Cottage. She had written to Mrs. Macdiarmid:

I give up this blessed cottage and the life inherited from her, at the term, and leave it finally on April 4. . . . It is hard—God alone knows how hard—and it closes a chapter in my life, with all the lovely and pathetic memories, first of her and then of my husband. I have had The Cottage nearly twenty years. I have not been comfortable here this winter.

On the day she left she wrote again to Mrs. Macdiarmid:

Hector Mackinnon has packed all the things, the dear things associated with *her*, which I cannot part from and

which will furnish my bedroom and boudoir in my English house, but they will never be the same as here. I am taking some of her loved plants too, the bulbs and cuttings from the ivy. . . . Would that I could take the bay, the moorland, the sunsets, all that she loved and that I loved so well. I think I would rather die here than live anywhere else.

She spent her last days at Heanish and stayed with the Macdonalds till Wednesday, the 4th, when she left Tobermory for ever. On her way south Mrs. Bishop spent two days in Edinburgh, with Miss Nelson at Abney House, and accounted for her very noticeable lameness by saying, "I fell over the cliff shortly before leaving Tobermory." She betrayed such unwonted nervousness, about her journey to Huntingdon, that Miss Nelson, to reassure her, went to the stationmaster and secured her seat beforehand.

A time of restless activity succeeded Mrs. Bishop's journey south. Visits, lectures, occasional rushes to Hartford Hurst, lodgings in London all May and June, the season's social swirl, three weeks of July devoted to visiting her relatives, and a final week with Mrs. Palmer, at 10 Grosvenor Crescent, occupied four months, from the records of which it is difficult to gather any matter of definite interest. On June 25 she was present at the Women Writers' annual dinner and was "bored"—and who shall wonder?

In her rooms at Kensington Crescent, not far from Earl's Terrace, visitors were ceaseless. She lunched and dined out almost daily, and there are few allusions to her injured knee and arm. Perhaps the relief of having no book on hand made all this movement pleasurable, but she was not solely absorbed in it. In a letter to Sir Walter Hillier (May 14) she says:

I have begun French conversation lessons, lessons in photography (developing, platinotyping, and lantern-

slide making by reduction), and am preparing to take a few cooking lessons. I am also ordering a tricycle in the hope of getting more exercise."

She was, in fact, planning new travels and had told her correspondent so in February :

I propose to go away for the winter, to Algiers and Morocco possibly. I am not able now for long rides and climbs on foot, but I feel quite able for modified travelling, and should like to go up the West River in China, and by ways I know not from the head of its navigation to reach To-chien-lu and get up to Somo and Sieng-pon-ling and thence to Peking. But I suppose this would be hardly safe alone. It could be done by boat and chair.

The two schemes were in her mind at once. Her friend Sir Ernest Satow had been sent to Peking as British Minister, and had invited her to come and spend a winter at the Legation there. Her former visit to Peking had been cut short, and the thought of some months in security "behind the scenes" was most stimulating. But the state of her knee and arm forbade the farther journey, and her attention was limited to Morocco.

It was not till August that she went to Hartford Hurst, and set herself seriously to convert the house into a home. She had avoided it, for a whole year, but now the associations, connected with the river and the neighbourhood, began to act upon her and she made it her headquarters till December. More cannot be said, for, besides constant visits to the Elms, she had numberless autumn engagements. In a letter to Miss Cullen she says (August 29):

After a great deal of going hither and thither, I came here some weeks ago, having two servants. The Miss Kers came the next day for ten days. It was a very bright time. They were at once followed by



Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian, and Mr. Taylor, a Dublin barrister, Mr. Ball, the art-director at Cassell's, and K. Maclean, formerly of Tobermory. I am alone for a little now, and very glad to be so, as the unpacking and arranging are not nearly finished. On September 21 I go for a week to Newcastle to the Church Congress, where I have been asked to read a paper, and to speak twice, as well as to speak at a Church Army gathering. Then I purpose to return and receive visitors till October 16, when I go to Leeds to give six lectures, after which I have very many engagements till November 22. I find house-keeping a great tax. It is easy enough when shops are near, and fish and poultry can be obtained to give variety for guests. I see much of Mrs. Brown, whose thoughtfulness is unailing.

Mrs. Bishop's arm was now less crippled, and she could row her visitors on the Ouse for an hour at a time, as well as go constantly alone by river to Houghton, where she could fasten her boat and walk up to the Elms by a short lane.

Mr. Ball had come to arrange about the publication of a hundred and twenty-six of her Chinese photographs, with explanatory notes, dictated to him during his stay, and the square green book was published that autumn by Messrs. Cassell under the title *Chinese Pictures*.

It is doubtful whether she ever became really attached to the Hurst. She wrote towards the end of her stay that autumn to Mrs. Macdonald :

I do not know that I shall ever like it. If I could get rest I might, but I am very hard worked and have before me weeks of lectures and addresses on missions and on China, after which I purposed to go for the winter either to Morocco or China—and now a letter has come from the Bishop of Calcutta asking me if I will go to India for the winter and help to fill the place of some workers who have broken down and have had to come home. The work is in connection

with those famine relief funds which have been placed in the hands of missionaries.

This invitation Mrs. Bishop finally declined. Her arduous missionary campaign ended, she returned to Hartford Hurst, on the last day of November, for a few days, to pack up for the journey to Morocco, and then took lodgings in London for a fortnight.

In sixteen hours [she writes to Miss Cullen, December 22] I am to sail. The steamer goes first to the West African coast, then to Gibraltar, and lastly to Tangier, where she should arrive on January 4. The steamer company has sent me a free ticket, the fifth I have had. I propose to go first to the Villa de France. It is absolute rest that I must have, if I am to do any work in the world, so I am not taking any introductions for Tangier. I am taking for rest, photography, embroidery, and water-colours.

The steamer reached Tangier on New Year's Day, 1901, and Mrs. Bishop spent altogether six months in Morocco; part of the time, however, she was incapacitated by illness. She apparently did not attain the rest which she set out to seek, for she rode, she says :

in all 1,000 miles, visiting the northern and southern capitals, the holy city of Wazan, the coast cities, many of the agricultural and pastoral districts of the interior, and journeying, among the Berbers of the Atlas mountains, as far as the Castle of Glowa, on the southern slope of the pass of the same name, between the capital and Tafilet.

After her return to England, she refused to write a book on Morocco, on account of her scanty notes; but she put together an article for *The Monthly Review* (October 1901) which, although it gives no account of her doings, yet is full of vivid impressions of the country and its people.



WEST GATE AT CHIA-LING FU.

*Specimen of one of Mrs. Bishop's Chinese photographs.*





Soon after her arrival, she contracted blood-poisoning and was three weeks in bed, at the Villa de France, with such high fever that she was not allowed even to see her letters; it was not till February 8 that she could read the *Times* account of Queen Victoria's funeral. Later, Dr. Roberts, who attended her, removed her to his own home at the Medical Mission Hospital, and on March 4 she was able to leave by sea for Mogador and two months' camping. She wrote (March 16) to Mrs. Brown from Marakesh (Morocco City):

I left Tangier and had a severe two days' voyage to Mazagan, where the landing was so terrible, and the sea so wild, that the captain insisted on my being lowered into the boat, by the ship's crane, in a coal basket. The officers and passengers cheered my pluck as the boat mounted a huge breaking surge on her landward adventure. No cargo could be landed. I have never been in a boat in so rough a sea. Before leaving the steamer I had a return of fever; and when the only camping-ground turned out to be a soaked ploughed field with water standing in the furrows, and the tent was pitched in a storm of wind and rain, and many of the tent-pegs would not hold, and when the head of my bed went down into the slush when I lay down, I thought I should die there—but I had no more illness or fever! A first night in camp is always trying, but this was chaos, for we had not expected to camp, and had not the necessities; my servant, Mohammed, the worst I have ever had, is not only ignorant and incompetent, but most disagreeable. After an awful night—during which the heavy wet end of my tent, having broken loose, flapped constantly against my head—things mended. The rain ceased, and when a ground-sheet had native matting over it, the tent looked tolerable. We left with camel, mule, donkey, and horse, after three days, and travelled here, 126 miles, in six days, in very fine weather.

Marakesh is awful; an African city of 80,000 people, the most crowded, noisiest, vilest, filthiest, busiest city I have seen in the world. It terrifies me. It is

the great Mohammedan feast, lasting a week, and several thousand tribesmen—sheiks, with their retainers—are here, all armed, mounted on their superb barbs, splendidly caparisoned—men wild as the mountains and deserts from which they come here to do homage to the Sultan and exhibit the national game of powder-play.

I have seen several grand sights—the Sultan in the midst of his brilliant army, receiving the homage of the sheiks, and on another day, similarly surrounded, killing a sheep in memory of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, and as an atonement for the sins of the year. I was at the last in Moorish disguise, pure white and veiled, through the good offices of Kaid Maclean [Sir Harry de Vere Maclean, for twenty-five years the generalissimo of the Sultan's army]—a Maclean of Loch Buie in Mull. I have a Moorish house to myself with a courtyard choked with orange-trees in blossom and fruit. I also have what is a terror to me, a magnificent barb, the property of the Sultan; a most powerful black charger, a huge fellow far too much for me, equipped with crimson trappings and a peaked crimson saddle, eighteen inches above his back. I have to carry a light ladder for getting on and off! I have been waiting for three days to get away and make an expedition into the Atlas range, whose glittering snows form a semi-circle round half the plain.

The day before Mrs. Bishop left Marakesh, she was received by the Sultan, who gave her an audience lasting twenty minutes and showed much interest in her photography, a craft in which he was himself an expert. He had just had two photographic cameras made for him by Adams of Charing Cross Road. One of 18-carat gold cost 2,000 guineas, the other of silver £900. Mrs. Bishop now left for the expedition in the Atlas, and travelled nominally as the Sultan's guest. She was hospitably received in the castles of the Berber sheiks and khalifas, and witnessed a life which, though on a larger scale, resembles greatly that lived by the mediæval barons of our border castles.



The fortress of the hereditary Kaid of Glowa, the richest and most powerful of the chiefs, is, she says, a huge double-towered pile of stone, on a height, with high walls and provisioned for a considerable term, and contains, besides five hundred human beings, great wealth in slaves, flocks, herds, arms and ammunition.

She wrote to Mrs. Brown from one of these Berber strongholds, Zarktan Castle :

With mules, horses, and soldiers, and with Mr. Summers as fellow traveller, I left the din and devilry of Marakesh—as the Sultan's guest—and have been travelling six hours daily since, camping four nights and sleeping two in the castles of these wild tribes till to-night, when we are camped in the fastnesses of the great Atlas range at a height of 1,000 feet, in as wild a region as can be imagined. This journey differs considerably from any other and it is as rough as the roughest. I never expected to do such travelling again. You would fail to recognise your infirm friend astride on a superb horse in full blue trousers and a short full skirt, with great brass spurs belonging to the generalissimo of the Moorish army, and riding down places awful even to think of, where a rolling stone or a slip would mean destruction. In these wild mountains we are among tribes which Rome failed to conquer. It is evidently air and riding which do me good. I never realised this so vividly as now. I am fortunate in having such a fellow traveller, in capability, kindness and knowledge of the language and people, a strong, manly, resourceful man, never worried (and what worries there are!) and with absolute control of temper. He arranges and pays everything, and I settle once a week. My servant is of the worst kind, lazy, dirty, incompetent, dishonest, and he does not know a word of English. This is an awful country, the worst I have been in. The oppression and cruelty are hellish—no one is safe. The country is rotten to the core, eaten up by abominable vices, no one is to be trusted. Every day deepens my horror of its deplorable and unspeakable vileness. Truly Satan's seat is here.

She thought Morocco the darkest spot of the world she had seen : corrupt and immoral to an extent she had not seen in heathen lands. For the common Mohammedan religion was, she thought—

at once the curse of Morocco, and the most formidable obstacle in the way of progress, chaining all thought in the fetters of the seventh century, steeping its votaries in the most intolerant bigotry and the narrowest conceit, and encouraging fanaticism which regards with approval the delirious excesses of the Aissawa and the Hamdusha.

As to government, she says, practically there is none.

The Sultan has no power over much of the Empire ; he cannot collect taxes, punish crime, secure the safety of goods and travellers, or even pass himself from Morocco city to Fez by a direct route. . . . Life is of no account. Much as I had heard of the misgovernment of Morocco, I was not prepared to find the reality far worse than reported, or for the consensus of opinion among Arabs, Jews, and Europeans as to the infamies of the administration with which the country is cursed. . . . "The government," they say, "is like a fire burning us." . . . Alike in the trading cities of the coast and interior and in the clusters of reed huts, or brown tents, which are the migratory dwellings of the agricultural populations, the same tales are told and told *truthfully* . . . of the crimes done in the Sultan's name . . . of the intolerable exactions at the pleasure of the Kaids, of the absolute insecurity of the earnings of labour, of the confiscation of crops by the Kaids, of the right exercised by them liberally of throwing their enemies, and all men rich enough to be worth robbing, into dungeons, the horrors of which are well known in England, and of innumerable other wrongs.

Nor was she hopeful as to the prospects of the promised reforms.

Reform in Morocco [she says] cannot come from within, and any measure of amelioration, of her disgraceful and deplorable condition, must be carried out

by men brought up in other schools than hers, where misgovernment has the sanctity of antiquity and honest men are lacking.

Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Summers returned to Marakesh on the 24th, and left again on April 29, on which day she continued her interesting letter to Mrs. Brown.

The journey of twenty-one days is over. The last day I rode thirty miles and walked two. Is it not wonderful that even at my advanced age this life should affect me thus? My horse is the great difficulty; I have to mount from a step-ladder as high as the horse. It was a splendid journey; we were entertained everywhere at the great castles of the Berber sheiks as guests of the Sultan. The bridle tracts on the Atlas are awful—mere rock-ladders, or smooth faces of shelving rock. We lamed two horses, and one mule went over a precipice, rolling over four times before he touched the bottom. We had guides, soldiers, and *slaves* with us. The weather was dry and bracing. To-day I had an interview with the Sultan through the good offices of Kaid Maclean. It was very interesting, but had to be very secretly managed, for fear of the fanatical hatred to Christians. I wish it could have been photographed—the young Sultan on his throne on a high daïs, in pure white; the minister of war also in white standing at the right below the steps of the throne; Kaid Maclean in his beautiful Zouave uniform standing on the left and interpreting for me; I standing in front below the steps of the throne, bare-headed and in black silk, the only European woman who has ever seen an Emperor of Morocco! as I am the first who has ever entered the Atlas Mountains and who has ever visited the fierce Berber tribes. When I wished the Sultan long life and happiness at parting, he said that he hoped when his hair was as white as mine, he might have as much energy as I have! So I am not quite shelved yet! I feel much energy physically while the weather keeps cool as now, but none mentally—even the writing a note is a burden—so I have very reluctantly cancelled my engagements for June, and begin a northward journey of five hundred miles to live in tents and ride! I now possess a mule and a camel!



Mrs. Bishop was inclined to agree, with the French Consul-General, that much of the intellectual deterioration and decay of the Arab race in Morocco, and much of the sensuality and brutal passion which disfigure it, are due to the enormous and continual infusion of African blood which was obvious everywhere.

The Arab [she says] has lost, and is losing, the race characteristics which he brought with him from Asia, including the energy of conquest and the creative genius, which endowed Morocco with once beautiful buildings, now falling into unchecked decay.

The Berber of the mountains, however, with his narrow head, somewhat classic features, tall and active form—barely conquered by Roman or Arab—retains definite racial characteristics, and she considered them by far the finest of the races which people Morocco. She says:

The Berber mountaineers are a purer and finer race than the Arabs. . . . They are energetic, warlike, and hospitable; fanatical Moslems, though most lax in religious observances; given to blood-feuds, tribal fighting, and manly games, and loving warfare above all other pastimes. The women, except those of the highest class, are not secluded or veiled, and have some influence in their villages.

She kept a few notes of her ride in the Atlas, but of no other portion of her stay in Morocco, the "brain-fag," of which she complained in her letters, deterring her from all customary mental effort. For an account of the return ride, from Marakesh to Tangier, we are thrown back upon curt allusions in her letters and the entries in her diary. It lasted eight weeks and three days (April 30—June 27); Mogador and Saffi were her first resting-places, and at each she halted for three days. The locusts were ravaging the land,

and sometimes her tent was full of them. On May 21 she reached Dar al Baida, where she gladly camped in the hospital garden of the Casa Blanca for three days. The heat was great; the plains were full of horsemen, for the tribes were at war, and mountaineers were descending to plunder caravans.

Mrs. Bishop reached Fez, the northern capital, on June 8. Here she took many photographs, and spent a most interesting week, at the Consulate. At Fez, she says, which for wealth, trade, aristocratic families, learning, and energy may be regarded as the empire-city, discontent is strong. The Sultan's greatest safeguard, she thought, lay in his sacred character, as lineal descendant of the prophet and head of the church, for there was general dissatisfaction with the régime and inactivity of the Sultan, with his foolish expenditure on costly trifles, and with the time spent by him on frivolous innovations, to the neglect of his royal duties.

Here Mr. Harris, with whom she stayed at the Consulate, joined her caravan, and they rode together through a region disturbed with rumours of tribal war. At Dar, they were obliged to leave the main route, on which a caravan had been attacked and robbed, but they reached Wazam in safety and halted for four days. While she was in Wazam, she says—

some mountaineers abducted a young girl and her brother, and carried them off to the mountains, where neither Sultan nor Grand Shereef has any authority. The girl was sold to be trained as a dancing girl, and her captors refused to give her up except under conditions which no self-respecting power could accept. It is vain to demand of Morocco a daily indemnity till she is restored, and stronger measures are not likely to alter what is really the gist of the situation, that the Sultan has no power over the mountain tribes.

An instance of the practice of brutal cruelties was told to her on good authority, as occurring during her visit in Southern Morocco, and, she says, it admits of no question.

A high Court official was reported, truly or falsely, as having spoken disparagingly of the Sultan, and an order was signed for him to be thrown into the Mogador prison. Before leaving Morocco the palm of the culprit's hand was deeply gashed with two cross cuts, and a stone was inserted in the intersection, the hand being afterwards stitched up in a piece of raw hide, the shrinking of which produces great agony. Mercifully, gangrene supervened, and the victim died on the road to Mogador. The infliction of this punishment, either by placing a stone or salt and quicklime in the gashed palm, renders the hand useless for life.

On June 24, with the thermometer at 104°, they rode on, provided with an armed escort, to the farm of Mulai-el-Arbi, and were glad to rest till the following evening. They were now only two days' march from Tangier, but on the 26th were pursued by a party of armed and mounted Arabs, and had to ride for their lives through the hills till within three hours of Tangier. When the Arabs gave up the chase, Mrs. Bishop had to be lifted from "Saracen" and laid upon the ground with a cushion under her head. When she reached Tangier Dr. Roberts attended her, till she was well enough to leave for Gibraltar, on July 8.

On the whole, Mrs. Bishop benefited by her long rides in Morocco. Tent life always suited her, and in spite of alarms she enjoyed the absolute novelty of her experiences. Without alarms and difficulties she would probably have accounted her venture a failure.



## CHAPTER XV

### "I AM GOING HOME"

MRS. BISHOP went to Houghton, on her return from Morocco, and seems to have regarded the Elms as her home rather than Hartford Hurst, where that summer she slept only one night—on August 13. The house had, as yet, no associations to draw her to it as to a home, and at the Elms she found unwearied care and tenderness, the beauty of grassy glades filled with flowers, the song of birds, a "chamber of the sunrise" which was kept for her, and the unvexed tranquillity of tested friendship.

Mrs. Bishop paid many visits during July and August, then travelled north to Peterculter, to spend six weeks with the Miss Kers, on the River Dee, and with other friends in the north. On the whole she rested, and enjoyed her rest. Her article on Morocco, for *The Monthly Review*, was written just before she began another arduous round of missionary addresses. She writes :

I had to go on to Sheffield to give twelve lectures on China, New Japan, and Morocco, and thence to the Bishop of Wakefield's, to lecture in seven of the Yorkshire towns, and afterwards here, there, and everywhere, having actually given forty-five lectures and addresses since October 17. I have only slept once in my own house for thirteen months!

On December 10 she continues :

I shall never cease to grieve over having given up The Cottage. No house without memories and asso-

ciations can ever be home to me, and I liked the free, quaint winter life, and going over to Aros on stormy afternoons, and being able to help the really poor.

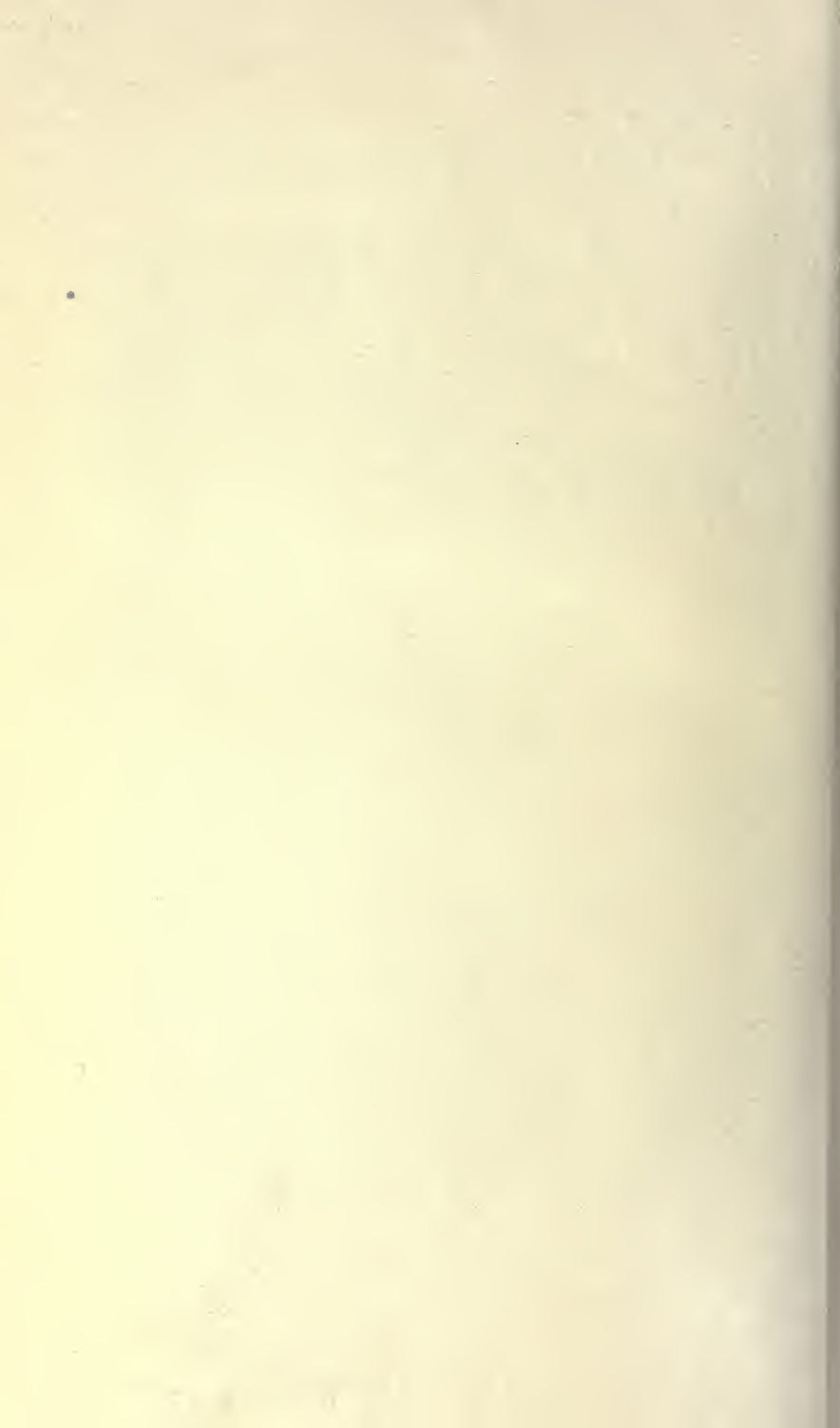
But a great loss befell her while she was lecturing at Sheffield. Between the spells of her public work, she was wont to return to Houghton. She was there from October 12 to the 16th, and spent her seventieth birthday with Mr. and Mrs. Brown. On the 16th Mr. Brown sat out-of-doors for some hours watching the gardener fill the grass with bulbs for next spring—daffodils, narcissus, hyacinths, and tulips. It was damp, and he caught a chill, and died on the 24th. She hastened south and went to his funeral on the 29th, spending four hours afterwards with her bereaved friend, and returning to town to Mrs. Palmer in the evening.

On November 1, she drove over to Fulham Palace to fulfil an engagement made some months earlier. She had made the Bishop of London's acquaintance through their mutual friend Mrs. Palmer, and the acquaintance ripened rapidly to friendship. She stayed five days at Fulham—quiet, happy days, during which she did her morning's writing sometimes in the Bishop's, sometimes in Mr. Cronshaw's, study. When the Bishop was at home they had long talks by the fire—on death and life's purposes, and other deep matters of the spirit. Dr. Winnington Ingram remembers how industriously she developed and perfected her photographs, still taking lessons to increase her skill, and making, in 1901, £60 towards the support of the doctor in the Mission Hospital at Paoning-fu. He was impressed too by the pains she took to interest him in a friend, who had recently lost his wife, and whose grief was to some extent rendering him indifferent to life's claims. He found her, in all



COVERED BRIDGE.  
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bishop.*





her varied and delightful talk, "sympathetic, tolerant, and taking complex views which saved her from narrowness." The first week of that November was very foggy; and on the 3rd, when she returned to the palace from seeing a friend off, the fog was so dense that, in the obscurity, she ran up against the wall of the palace and was badly stunned. The Bishop teased her about having "just escaped coming to an end of all her long travels, at Fulham."

This visit was followed by a brief return to Houghton, and then she began another continuous missionary campaign, which included Wakefield, Halifax, Barnsley, Dewsbury, Sowerby Edge, Huddersfield, Wimbledon, Reading, Peterborough, Tattenhall, Manchester, Lancaster, Swinton, Macclesfield, and Rugby.

It was probably on this journey that she crushed her right thumb, in the hinge of a railway-carriage door. She had an adventurous winter journey between Ford Hall and Macclesfield.

Mine was the last train [she wrote to Mrs. Palmer] which got through the snowdrifts in the Peak, and to-day no passengers are booked. With men cutting the drifts in the park, and a number of horses—perhaps eight—dragging the brougham up the hill, and the hurricane which threatened to overturn it—it was most exciting. Then we were three hours going seventeen miles, and were twice put out in knee-deep snow; and when we got here, where I had to give a lecture, there were no cabs at the station. There is a wild state of excitement here. Macclesfield is quite cut off from all telegraph communication, and hardly any trains are running.

On her return from this tour she stayed four days with Mrs. Palmer, and on one of these I spent a couple of afternoon hours with her. She looked white and still, but was full of interest in all my work and anxious about my health. Of herself she spoke as

holding on to life precariously, as working while it was day, conscious of the gathering twilight. Houghton and Reigate filled up the last ten days of 1901.

Mrs. Bishop began her diary for 1902 with the lines :

Upon a life I did not live,  
Upon a death I did not die—  
Another's life—another's death—  
I stake my whole eternity.

She was at Reigate till January 18, and this prolonged rest partially fitted her for a period of activity in lecturing, paying visits, and entertaining visitors. She was occasionally at Hartford Hurst for the last purpose, but more frequently at lodgings in London, where her time was divided between mornings spent in taking advanced photographic lessons at the Polytechnic—chiefly in enlarging photographs—and in afternoon and evening engagements of every kind.

It is impossible to do more than single out, of their multitude, a few of the more interesting of these occasions. Her right thumb was still swollen, and gave her considerable trouble for about six months, when it was cured by a slight operation. This made writing difficult, so we find that her literary faculty was but scantily exercised, and was only occupied that winter with an illustrated paper for the January *Leisure Hour*, and with four letters to *The Daily Chronicle*, all on the subject of Morocco. Mrs. Bishop wrote to Mrs. Bullock on January 6 :

I have not slept in my own house, but purpose to return to it on January 17. I intended to go to China last October, but gave it up, partly because of the unsettled state of the country, and partly because, had I gone, I feared that I should lose touch with English interests and friends altogether. But if I have strength enough for travelling, I hope to go to China in the early autumn, but it will be very different without you and Mr. Bullock.



In a letter of later date, written to Sir Walter Hillier, she gave some particulars of the journey contemplated :

I had fully purposed to travel by the Jung-ting Lake to Kwei-chou, thence to Tali-fu, and thence to Kia-ting-fu on the Yangtze ; but it is very uncertain now, for I have been going down ever since October.

Mr. and Mrs. Bullock were now settled at Oxford, where Mrs. Bishop paid them a visit from March 6 to 10, on the first of which days she spoke, at Trinity Hall, on missions. She had already been at Oxford on February 10, and had then addressed two meetings, one at Hannington Hall, and one at the Town Hall. But while with Mr. and Mrs. Bullock she rested, and enjoyed meeting their interesting visitors, the Vice-Chancellor, Principal Fairbairn, the Margoliouths, and others.

But the most interesting of all her lecture engagements, in March, was one to Winchester School on Friday, the 21st. She described the occasion in a letter to Mrs. Bullock, whose son was at Winchester :

Dr. Burge gave an excellent account of him. I was so sorry not to see him ; he must have been in deep shadow. It was a *delightful* audience, full of the blessed enthusiasm of youth. They say that my lecture lasted two hours, but the lantern slides accounted for three-quarters of an hour. I very much enjoyed lecturing, and thought Dr. Burge charming.

From Winchester she went home to Hartford Hurst, and was almost immediately seized with influenza, which kept her indoors for a fortnight and left her very weak, but this did not prevent her going to London on April 7, to take more lessons in photography. While convalescent at the Hurst, she took up her old occupation of gardening, sowed

seeds, and rolled the lawn. She was busy, too, with one of her most important missionary addresses, "Where are the Women?" which she delivered at Holloway College, Egham, on April 10, at a meeting presided over by Dr. Marshall Lang. The girl students presented her with an address of thanks that evening, signed with their names. The occasion for which her address was prepared was a conference, the meetings of which she enjoyed so much that at their close she entered in her diary: "Very sorry for the break-up; conference quite delightful; I think I shall never be at another." She was indeed seriously ill.

I learn [she wrote on May 18] that I am threatened with a serious and fatal malady. I want to be sure of the truth, and, though I am so weak that I cannot sit up at a table, I purpose to start to-morrow and travel by easy stages to Edinburgh, in order to see my old doctors, who know my constitution. I am not distressed, though there are some things that I should like to see out.

On Saturday, the 24th, she reached Edinburgh, saw Dr. Ritchie on the 26th, and Sir Halliday Croom and Dr. Ritchie on the 27th. Both took a very grave view of her condition. A fibrous tumour was enlarging in the neighbourhood of lungs and heart, the old symptoms of heart disease were reappearing. She stayed with Miss Cullen at 15 Greenhill Gardens, and was much comforted by the affectionate devotion of this most valued friend.<sup>1</sup> It was a quiet time for meditation and realisation. She saw few people, sometimes walked or drove with Miss Cullen, and returned to England and Hartford Hurst on June 21.

It is startling to find her with Mrs. Palmer at

<sup>1</sup> Miss Cullen passed away early in 1906.

10 Grosvenor Crescent on the 23rd. The country was plunged into gloom and anxiety by the King's illness, and Mrs. Bishop deeply shared the general distress. She returned to the Hurst for a few days, and then went first to Mount Street to the Miss Kinnairds, and, on July 7, to Cambridge for a photographic convention, which lasted five days. She went home on the 12th, and her beloved old friends the Miss Kers came to her on the 16th. Their visit was an inducement to stay at home till August 6, when they left, and she entered in her diary—"so sad to lose them."

On the 9th she watched the coronation procession from Mr. Murray's windows, and then paid some visits, before returning to the Hurst for five weeks. During this time she went early to bed, resting a great deal—did little indeed but print, tone, and enlarge photographs, water the newly planted creepers which had come from the cottage in Tobermory, and sew. But she was packing for China by fits and starts. After a time of rest she felt better; and she had so often developed resources of endurance, in spite of the warnings and verdict of her doctors, that she still cherished a hope in favour of the expedition. They were to give her a final opinion in September, and she travelled north to see them on the 25th, joined the Miss Kers for a fortnight, and then went for a month to be with Miss Cullen. She saw Dr. Ritchie constantly, and decided to give up the Hurst, as he and his colleagues agreed that the situation close to the Ouse, the over-flowings and mists from which saturated soil and atmosphere, rendered the house unwholesome and devitalising.

On her way home she lectured at Sunderland, Gateshead, and Durham, and paid a very pleasant four days' visit to her cousins at Knaresborough. The



Miss Kers joined her at the Hurst, early in December, and helped her, all that month and January, to prepare for leaving Hartford finally on February 1. An opportunity for letting the house had occurred, and she surrendered her lease to Dr. Baker, who agreed to take possession then. During these two months, therefore, she and her friends were busy cataloguing books and linen, packing curios and china, dismantling the house she had used so little.

A letter to Mrs. Allan dated December 23, 1902, gives some account of her feelings at the time :

I returned from Edinburgh three weeks ago, and am now confined to bed, so I can only make a very brief reply to your delightful and most interesting letter. All your news I appreciate heartily. I saw several Tobermory people in Edinburgh, and always feel the deepest interest in Tobermory. I often wish I were looking down from my sunny cottage on the little bay, or fighting my way to Aros on some stormy winter afternoon. I was so sorry that I could not visit you at Aros, as you kindly wished last summer. I have been seriously ill ever since last April, and mostly in Edinburgh for medical advice; but as the doctors decide that nothing can be done, I came home three weeks ago and have been considerably worse. The doctors urged me strongly, on the ground of the soft climate and the size of the house, to give up my lovely home, and I must be out of it by February 1. It has such a lovely garden, and grounds sloping to the broad deep river—an old-world place, to which I have become attached, but it is fitter for a large family than for me. Leaving it has, however, nothing of the pain it gave me to leave Tobermory. Most of my things will be dispersed, as I am not likely to have a house again, and they will be useful to many people. I am so glad to get such a good account of the Y.W.C.A. Branch. It is the one flourishing thing in Tobermory! I enclose my subscription to it and the nurse.

Blair (Mrs. Williamson) said in speaking of those last months :

The longest stay Mrs. Bishop ever made at the Hurst was when she packed up to leave it, and she grew more attached to it then than at any time during the four years she held it.

On January 23 she moved to the Elms, where for a week she slept, going over to the Hurst daily to superintend Whiteley's men, until this troublesome removal was over. It was not till February 2 that she was released from its toil, and went to stay a few days with the Miss Kinnairds, before settling in the wretched lodgings in London, which she had unfortunately engaged, and from which, after six weeks' endurance, she changed to Lexham Gardens.

A letter to Mrs. Mooyaart (March 25) gives a glimpse of her discomfort in town and of her relief during a short visit to her correspondent at Eastbourne.

Bessie came up on Friday and again on Saturday. She brought sunshine with her and left my rooms dark. She brought food too! I managed with difficulty to get away on Monday evening and came for a few days' rest to the Miss Kinnairds. I have taken on trial the rooms at Lexham Gardens, which you marked as superior, and propose to go there on Friday. It was a grievous change from the loving shelter of your roof, to the solitude and squalid neglect of my lodgings, to say nothing of vile food which I could not even taste after Mary's nice cooking and the dainty serving. I am forgetting the pain and remember only the peaceful rest of those days, and your dear, bright presence, and the serene and blessed communion, all forming an oasis in a life which has not so much of brightness. Thank you, dear friend, for all your loving-kindness. You never suffered me to feel that my misfortune [one of her sudden attacks of pain] was putting you to inconvenience, though I know full well that it did. It was a sweet time to me, and the reading of dear Alexina's life is a very precious part of it. I fear I am not strong enough for even the quietest

life in London, at least in lodgings; yet I like the interests here so much and the little work that I can do.

The "life" alluded to consisted of some reminiscences written before her death by Miss Alexina Ker, one of those friends with whom Miss Clayton had lived, and whose house had been a second home to Mrs. Bishop. These reminiscences embraced especially nineteen years' work, with Miss de Broen, in the Belleville Mission. A great friendship had existed between Alexina Ker and Mrs. Mooyart.

Mrs. Bishop lingered in London till August, as her new lodgings were quite comfortable. But her public work had to be cut down. Towards the end of April, she was occupied with the making of her will, which was duly signed on May 1. She had ever considered herself the steward of her capital, bound to invest it to the best advantage, that she might draw from it an income which enabled her to assist the societies in which she was interested, and to support her own hospitals. But besides, she kept a well-filled purse, for the purpose of giving away money, privately, when she came in contact with the needs of others, and this purse was supplied by cutting down her own personal expenses to the uttermost. No one, not even those most with her, knew in what directions this money was distributed, for she tried to live "on evangelical lines," and as little as possible to let her left hand know what her right hand gave. Her will, when it came to be generally known, illustrated this deep-lying principle.

Amongst the friends whom she saw most often were Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Bickersteth, Mrs. J. R. Green, Miss Kinnaird, the Bishop of London, Sir Walter Hillier, Mr. Cronshaw. She was twice at the House of



Commons, and took tea on the Terrace with her friends. On July 8 she lectured at Holloway College, to eighty returned lady missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Baring Gould being chairman, and then went home with Lady Meath to Ottershaw, Chertsey, writing thence to a cousin :

I am attempting a very quiet country visit for the first time this year, my hosts being the Earl of Meath and his wife. Quiet as it is, in the heart of forest and heather, the amount of effort required in this tremendous heat is too much for me, and I purpose to return to town to-morrow till August, when I shall give up my lodging, store my superfluities at Whiteley's, and pay two or three visits to friends with whom I am very intimate, on my way to Edinburgh, where my doctors wish to see me that they may advise me as to future plans. I have not had one of those incapacitating attacks of pain for nearly six weeks—much pain of a less severe kind and very much discomfort. I must be stronger than I was three months ago, because I manage to do more, though I am the victim of a constant feeling of lassitude and fatigue, which, if I did not make an effort, would keep me always in bed. The malady has, however, increased. I have been once to the communion, and could go to church were it not for cramp. I attend some committees and have been to the Archbishop's and Bishop of London's garden parties. I don't want to be an invalid before the time, and am trying to be as plucky as possible. I know that I shall not be forsaken in any case, and this knowledge makes me feel cheerful and calm, great as is the change in my life.

Another interest, of that last residence in London, was the Church Army, on behalf of which she spoke more than once.

Dr. Ritchie was in town in July, and saw her on the 14th; his verdict was grave, and he entreated her to consult a London physician, of whose immediate help she was in great need. It was impossible to be in town and to extricate herself from a vortex of

engagements, so she left for Houghton on August 5, after a "fearful hunt" of packing, storing, bidding farewells—last farewells. She was very ill all the time she stayed with Mrs. Brown, more than three weeks, and was in bed or on the sofa, almost unable to use her feet, and with one leg in agony, from thrombosis.

I have a fibroid tumour [she wrote] which is increasing, and the pressure of which, on the veins of the right side, has produced a blood clot, which has been a great risk to life, and may produce others.

Mrs. Brown was distressed at the necessity for her journey to Edinburgh; but Mrs. Bishop wished to be under Dr. Ritchie's care, so she left Houghton on August 29, accompanied by a nurse as far as Peterborough, from which station she travelled to Knaresborough, where her cousins met her. She enjoyed the two days spent with them. On Monday, the 31st, the Miss Kers met her and took charge of her to Edinburgh. She had consented to go for a short time to a Nursing Home at 11 Manor Place, and there, almost immediately after her arrival, she became very seriously ill. On September 1 a consultation was held, at which Dr. Gibson, Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Affleck, and Dr. Ritchie were all present. She was almost unconscious, and this condition lasted for some days and was succeeded by dangerous symptoms, from which she was hardly expected to recover.

A touching letter to Mrs. J. R. Green, dated October 25, 1903, gives some account of this illness:

This is my first line since August 15. I have been walking through the valley of death's shadow, and the doctors consider me still dangerously ill and without hope of recovery or prolonged life. My illness seized me on arriving. Some singular affection of the veins

and heart not previously known. One feature is blue rings and broken veins all over my heart and chest. Breath often nearly ceases, and there is no strength. My brain is quite clear. I cannot think that the end can be far off. I have all my old interests and daily new ones, and am not depressed, for I believe that mercy and goodness will follow me, as they have done, all the days of my life, and that we poor stumbling children of humanity will have some better thing hereafter.

After two months at the Nursing Home, she said one day: "I am not going to be a cipher any longer," and it was decided to remove her to rooms at Bruntsfield Terrace, chosen for her by Miss Cullen, and close to her house. On October 30, Miss Mackenzie lending her carriage, she was gently driven there, accompanied by Miss Bessie Ker and the nurse. Just before her removal, she dictated a letter to Sir Walter Hillier, from which we learn that, though she had improved, she was still seriously ill, and that she suffered much from weakness of the eyes. She could read very little and disliked being read to, but she kept up her interest in the main events of home and Eastern politics, and, as Dr. Ritchie was, fortunately, a politician, could talk them over with him.

In another letter to Sir Walter Hillier, written by Miss Ker, on November 4, we read:

Mrs. Bishop enjoys the higher situation and more open view of these rooms. The doctor would be glad for her to go out for an occasional drive, but she must be carried downstairs, as well as up, and dislikes it so much that we have not yet made it out.

Her rooms were at the back of the house, and she could see from her bedroom window—always kept open—the Pentland Hills beyond a foreground of trees and gardens. While in bed, she looked on the backs of



big houses, let in flats. But she was interested in the lives of their tenants, and knew the ways of each family, and at what o'clock their members had to get up, and go their several ways to work. The drawing-room was on the same floor as her bedroom, but she would rarely allow herself to be wheeled in, to see the meadows.

A great and a new difficulty lay in her dislike of food. This was a serious one, for her appetite was capricious. But Miss Cullen brought dainty dinners nearly every day, and friends, far and near, sent game and other delicacies to tempt her.

After three weeks she could write to some of her friends. A letter dated November 18 is to Mrs. Macdiarmid :

MY BELOVED CHILD,—Your chicken was quite delicious, almost the only thing I have enjoyed during this long illness. And your sweet letter, which I was not allowed to read for weeks after it came, was very precious to me. I am not allowed to write, but I want to tell you with my own pen how dear *her* child ever is to me and how much I long to see you before I take the last solemn journey.

And to Dr. and Mrs. Main, in China, she writes (November 30) :

I have been ill for two years, ever since I came back from Morocco, and all this year seriously ill, and for the last sixteen weeks laid up dangerously ill, and I am still in so critical a state that I am not allowed to stand, or stoop, or reach anything that I need. On September 1 I became so exhausted that four doctors and three nurses had much trouble in keeping my heart going, and now thrombosis has assailed another vein. I tell you all these particulars to account for my painful silence. . . . I know, dear friends, you will forgive me, especially as my explanation is accompanied by £25, for the most clamant of your new enterprises. I read every word you write with deep interest, and recall

those golden days of my visit to you, when your work took so strong a hold on me, and the charms of Hangchow and its beautiful neighbourhood. . . . Though I have been growing worse and weaker all this year, I had planned a journey to China by the Trans-Siberian railway, halting at Mukden and then going to Peking on a two months' visit to Sir Ernest Satow. You may be sure that my after-plan included a short visit to you at Hangchow. My heart was greatly set on this, and when I left London, I left there my luggage packed for Peking, intending to pick it up on the 6th. I got here and think it more than likely that my next journey will be to the grave of my kindred in the Dean Cemetery. My public work went on till I could no longer stand. My brain is clear and capable, and I could do literary work were it not for the physical labour of writing. These few lines have taken parts of twenty-one days. You cannot imagine my disappointment about China. It captivated and enthralled me and I did hope to see it once again. It is harder to give up than all else. Medical mission affairs are going on well under Dr. Ritchie's most capable presidentship. On Friday there was a great function—the opening by Lord Aberdeen of the complete and beautiful new buildings with recreation rooms, a gymnasium and restaurant, the latter built by Mr. Barbour of Bonskeid. Missions, home and foreign, have lost much by the sudden removal of Mr. J. H. Wilson of the Barclay Church. His funeral procession, which passed along here, was the longest I ever saw here. You see that my writing is failing and I must stop. I think much of you and pray for your work.

Mrs. Bishop watched Mr. Wilson's funeral, from the drawing-room windows, for the longest time she ever spent there.

The next letter of the short series written before the close of 1903 was to Miss Macdonald, and is dated December 7:

It is so seldom that I can sit up sufficiently to write that I will take advantage of having been in bed all day to get up for an hour. You have been so good

in writing me so many interesting letters without one reply, and I hope to write to your dear mother very soon. In the meantime, give my best love to her and thanks for her letters. Also say to her that if she *must* do something for me (she who has done so much!) I should be delighted with a small bun. It is really the only thing that I fancy. . . . How many congenial hours I have spent at Heanish! I think of The Cottage, and of your visits to me and the daily intercourse between it and Heanish with mingled pleasure and sorrow, and yet I now fully recognise the hand of God leading me to leave it when I did. I have been going down of late, and suffer a good deal more; but I am still able to be out of bed about two hours a day, but never to be dressed. If you see Mr. Campbell tell him that I shall be very glad to see him. When I write this, I remember very solemnly how at any moment my sorely diseased heart may give way, and I may be in eternity. My work is done: oh that it had been done better!

She was able to see a few visitors daily, and amongst them Dr. Whyte, Dr. Macgregor, Canon Cowley Brown, Mrs. Lorimer, and Miss Stodart. Mr. Dawson, of St. Peter's, offered to bring her the communion, and she gratefully accepted, for the morning of December 10. She had given up making entries in her diary, but she recorded this most solemn event. Dr. Whyte's visits were a joy and a solace to her. She said to me one day:

You and I remember a very different Edinburgh, one where not the purse, but the heart and the brain ranked highest. I miss those brilliant people of long ago so much. One man comes to see me who recalls them all, and is like a voice from a nobler past, and that is Dr. Whyte, of Free St. George's.

Dr. Whyte, not knowing how much she valued his visits, writes:

I was the invalid during those remarkable weeks and Mrs. Bishop was the comforter and the consoler.



Her intellectual freshness and her spiritual ripeness and tenderness were a constant delectation to me. Our talks were always about books, old and new, and about the best articles which were appearing in the quarterlies and in the monthlies and in the weeklies. And when I read a Scripture to her, which was usually of her own selection, she would look and listen as if she had never heard such important and such wonderful things before and might not live to hear them again. She was a woman of the truest genius, and of the greatest mental power of resource to the end. I always left her room refreshed and exhilarated. An eminent means of grace and a source of real enjoyment closed to me when Mrs. Bishop died.

Mrs. Bishop was sending out her New Year's cards during December, 1903. Whittier's lines on the "Eternal Gate" formed her last pathetic and solemn message to her friends:

The hour is sure, howe'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone  
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that gate no toll:  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.  
God grant, my friend, the service of our days,  
In differing moods and ways,  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless or vain.

Mrs. Bishop enclosed this card to Lady Middleton on December 31, and wrote:

This is my only letter, for I am very ill, but I must tell you what a joy it is to be remembered by you, and in my own hand. I must wish you and your lord all good things for the coming year and a continuation of what you have in such large measure—plenty of congenial work and power to do it. I thank you for your faithful affection.

About the same time she wrote to Mrs. Macdonald :

I am enjoying your bun. I like rich things, and it is the first I have had for months. It is deliciously made. I cannot write, and must content myself this day with sending a little parcel, containing a Shetland vest for you, and an electric flashlight for Maggie to see her watch with at night. It should be good for a thousand flashes. The packet tied up with a string is a refill.

She lay in bed, her limbs almost powerless, her hand hardly able to hold pen or pencil, but her mind clear and vigorous, her mood tranquil, awaiting the long-delayed summons. Friends surrounded her with flowers and palms, in pots and in vases. Her bedroom was filled with them. Sometimes she would hold the fragrant blossoms in her hand as if she loved them, talking about them and their like of other years—the roses, tulips, anemones, Christmas roses of The Cottage, and, further back, of Tattenhall and Taplow Hill. Her laughter was as responsive as ever; she was indeed more evenly cheerful than in bygone years, and her friends delighted to be with her. Miss Cullen, beloved and faithful, came daily; Miss Chalmers and Miss Constance Shore were constant in their visits. All helped in the vexed question of food, the only real difficulty at this time. A letter to Lady Middleton (January 16, 1904) says:

You are indeed good to wish to help with my provender. I have been thinking how I could take advantage of your offer, and I will ask you to send me some chrysanthemums, some pears, and a little game pie! I am literally in danger of sinking from inanition, absolute loathing of food. Even a few lines from you brighten a day. I bless God for your faithful friendship and for your capacity to uplift other people. I have never quite lost the inspiring effect of a visit you paid me in Earl's Terrace four years ago. I think

I shall never recross the Tweed. You will like to know that my spirit is brave and strong, that the doctor says my brain has "singular force, clearness, and grip," and that my interest in all things is vivid to a degree. If I should be a little stronger, I purpose to write a fragment of autobiography.

This purpose was, alas ! never fulfilled. The mere act of writing grew more and more difficult, till at last she could not hold even a pencil for longer than a few seconds at a time. She grieved to be unable to answer letters. "People write to me now," she said, "even though they don't want anything!" Long letters from Mrs. Brown, from Sir Walter Hillier, from acquaintances who lived in the mid-current of political and diplomatic life, delighted her. Amongst her occasional visitors were Mrs. Keswick, Sir Harry Parkes's daughter, who twice took a journey to see her ; Mrs. Howard Taylor (Geraldine Guinness), who, to her very great pleasure, came on March 30 ; and Mr. Summers, her kind and efficient fellow traveller in Morocco.

A longing to be in London came over her in spring, but it was decided that her removal, from the constant care of Dr. Ritchie, Sir Halliday Croom, and Dr. Fordyce, would be hazardous, even if the journey were safely accomplished by ambulance car. So London friends, coming north and going south that summer, came to see her, and Edinburgh friends never intermitted their ministrations. Amongst the latter was one who too quickly followed her to the grave, Miss Flora Stevenson, one of the most brilliant and valuable citizens of the northern capital. She went to see Mrs. Bishop several times, and was astonished at her fortitude, her deep interest in all things intellectual and philanthropic, in all public questions,



and even in social events. Even then it was possible to note Mrs. Bishop's many-sidedness, her picturesqueness of language, her use of words and epithets which seldom appear in common discourse. She talked much about the war in the Far East, and was astonished at its course, and she could not believe that the Japanese successes would continue to the end. Her experiences, in Manchuria and in Korea, had so prepossessed her in favour of the Russians that she did not desire their ultimate defeat. She feared too that the first check of the West by the East might not prove to be the last, if the nations, so long inert, were roused to recognise the might of combination.

I was in Edinburgh in May, 1904, and saw her twice. My visits were limited, by letter, to half an hour, but she detained me for an hour and a half on both occasions. All obvious symptoms of her condition had disappeared; her face was white and clear, her eyes were bright and cheerful. She awaited the coming of death with serene and radiant expectation. Her window was wide open, and the Pentland Hills were blue and beautiful. She held up her white, delicate hands and looked at them. "They will not obey me now," she said, "and oh! I have so much to say to the world as I lie here, for my brain is strong and thoughts crowd upon each other and I cannot write them, for I cannot hold even a pencil for more than a few moments, and I have never been able to dictate." She asked many questions about my cottage and garden at Kelso. Then she said: "I should like you to remember me by flowers, Anna. There were roses and Christmas roses, Madonna lilies, tulips, and anemones in my garden at Tobermory. Will you have all these varieties planted in your garden, and when

they blossom year by year, will you remember me?" Need I say that they are all in my garden?

Soon after my second visit, the Miss Kers were obliged to leave her for a time, and her cousin, Miss Margaret Lawson, came to take her place during their enforced absence. Her visit was a great pleasure to Mrs. Bishop, and she liked Miss Lawson to go about, and to see all that was interesting in Edinburgh, and then to give her a full account of the day's doings when she returned. Miss Lawson has sent me some reminiscences of this time which can be quoted:

I was a month with my dear cousin and very pleasant we both found our time together. She was so wonderfully cheerful and uncomplaining. When I said to her how trying it was for her to be lying there unable to move, she said: "I have never once thought it hard!" One day I remarked how patient she was, and she answered: "I am not patient; I would much rather be going about." I said her patient bearing of what was laid on her was a greater work in God's sight than all the hospitals she had founded and platform speeches she had made. She seemed to understand this, but would not take any praise to herself. She said to me one day: "I never thought very much of myself." Then another day: "I should very much like to do something more for people, but I can do nothing."

She felt unable to look down at this time, and this made reading difficult, but she managed to read Dr. Whyte's *Scripture Characters* and Cicero's *Old Age* with great enjoyment, and could sometimes glance through a story-book from the library.

I am afraid [writes Miss Bessie Ker] that she felt very much her absence from London and the being cut off from news of all the committees in which she had taken part. She would have liked, too, to be near Whiteley's Store and to get out some of her beloved

"things." But it was perhaps mercifully arranged so as to detach her from a world in whose doings she took so lively an interest, and from "things" whose associations her intense nature turned to with longing. She had hankered after them, but when, on one of the last days, I asked her if she regretted them, she replied: "Not a spark." It was a great loss to her that we were not politicians and could not talk over the papers with her, but Dr. Ritchie brought her all news which he thought would interest her.

Blair (Mrs. Williamson) was now with her, and nursed her devotedly. Several nurses had been tried and found wanting, and it was a comfort to all when Blair was installed in the post. The doctors were anxious that she should not see so many visitors, and on June 27 she was removed to a Nursing Home in Ainslie Place, where, for a short time, the greater rest and the novelty had a cheering effect upon her. But she made it a condition with her doctors, that she was not to be "concussed" into remaining there any longer than she liked. The Miss Kers took up their quarters at the Queen, a private hotel, and saw her daily. Sir Walter Hillier spent two days in Edinburgh expressly to see her. Feebly, and in pencil, she had written to him on July 16: "Your suggested plan will suit me admirably. I hope to see you, for a few minutes, on Saturday evening and two or three times on Sunday." She enjoyed his visits exceedingly and often referred to them afterwards.

At times Lady Middleton sent her flowers and food, lilies of the valley, a leveret, a cream cheese. To her she wrote:

It is a marvel to me that you can think of the culinary needs of the decaying casing of your far-off "little soul." The leveret and its stuffing were delicious, nicer than anything I have had for nine months. How I wish I could write, for my outwardly



dull life is full of vivid interest, and I have so much I should like to say to your sympathetic ears.

The improvement was more apparent than real; soon she sank into greater debility than before her change of quarters. It irked her to be under another roof than were the Miss Kers, and she begged them to find rooms where they could all be together. This was late in August, when a niece of Dr. Bishop's was home from America, and was paying them a visit, and she helped Miss Bessie Ker in the hunt for lodgings, which were finally found at 18 Melville Street, whither she was driven in Miss Mackenzie's carriage on September 12. The drive was so comfortable and pleasant to her that she wished it could have been prolonged. She was scarcely installed in her new surroundings, when a summons to London obliged the Miss Kers to leave her, for a week. Miss Lawson came again to take their place, having Blair and another nurse to help her. Daily bulletins were sent to them in London, but they were far from reassuring, and when their business was despatched they hastened back, to find her perceptibly weaker. Mrs. Brown arrived, on September 28, for five days. Her presence was a joy to Mrs. Bishop, who, though now too feeble for conversation, loved to look on the tender and beautiful face of her trusted friend. So Mrs. Brown sat long hours beside her bed, now and then exchanging a word, oftener a smile. When the parting came, on October 3, it was tragic to both, for both knew that the hours were numbered. Mrs. Bishop grew rapidly worse. Dr. Ritchie felt that if there were anything left for her to settle, it must be done at once. She said: "This seems to have come very quickly," and then asked that the hymn "Abide with me" might be read to her.

When the business was over she was relieved, and from that moment, she set herself to the glad welcoming of release.

Mrs. Blackie sent to inquire for her on one of those days. "Tell her," she said, "that I am going home."

She heard cathedral bells ringing at times when no one else could hear them. Once Miss Bessie Ker asked her if she liked cathedrals. "Yes," she said, "I think I do: they are so associated with my childhood." When Miss Ker asked "which?" she said "Chester" in a tone of surprise that her friend did not know without being told.

Once the word "peace" was heard upon her lips. "You have that, have you not?" asked her devoted friend. "Yes," she murmured, "and it is wonderful." Then again: "There are very few who manage their life on evangelical lines, for evangelical destinies. I have tried, but it is very difficult. There can be nothing new for any of us; all has been revealed, all done, all written."

On the morning of her last day she was heard to pray: "Keep me this day without sin, *this* day without sin, *THIS* day." Then she turned to Miss Ker: "Pray that I may have an abundant entrance."

Later in the morning she asked Blair to pray for her, and then said radiantly: "Oh! what shouting there will be!" It was a family phrase for excited, happy talking after separation, and her thoughts were with the nearest and dearest, whom she was soon to join.

They were her last words on earth; at five minutes past midday, on October 7, her spirit fled.

The funeral took place on Monday, October 10. Her cousin, the Rev. James Grant Bird, the rector of Staleybridge, shared with her friend, Canon Cowley

Brown, the services in the house and at the grave in Dean Cemetery, to which she herself, during her last days, had made all arrangements to bring her husband's coffin, from the cemetery at Cannes. There some members of the Medical Mission sang "Now the labourer's task is o'er."

Mayhap, new tasks are set  
The willing labourer there,  
Mayhap she *would* not yet  
Have rest from toil and prayer;  
And her freed soul may get  
Of God's own work a share.



## APPENDIX

### A BALLAD OF MULL

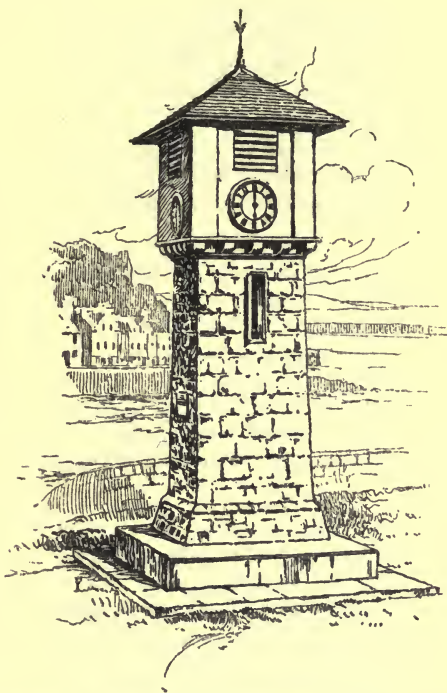
DEDICATED TO HENRIETTA AMELIA BIRD BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE

IN a tiny bay,  
Where ships lie sure and steady,  
In a quiet way  
Lives a tiny lady;  
In a tiny house  
Dwells my little fairy,  
Gentle as a mouse,  
Blithe as a canary.

Travelling I have been  
In distant and in nigh lands,  
And wonders many seen  
In Lowlands and in Highlands;  
But never since the days  
When fairies were quite common,  
Did human vision gaze  
On such a dear, small woman!

On the deep sea's brim,  
In beauty quite excelling,  
White, and tight, and trim,  
Stands my lady's dwelling.  
Stainless is the door,  
With patent polish glowing;  
A little plot before,  
With pinks and sweet peas growing.

And when in you go  
To my fairy's dwelling,  
You will find a show  
Of beauty, past all telling;  
Wealth of pretty wares,  
Curtains, pictures, laces,  
Sofas, tables, chairs,  
All in their proper places.



THE "HENRIETTA AMELIA BIRD" MEMORIAL CLOCK, TOBERMORY,  
Erected, in 1905, by Mrs. Bishop's desire, with funds expressly bequeathed by her  
for the purpose, and from a design by Mr. Whympers.

But above all fare,  
 Of which my song is telling,  
 Sits my lady there,  
 The mistress of the dwelling.  
 Dressed in serge light blue,  
 With trimming white and snowy;  
 All so nice and new,  
 With nothing false and showy.

Dainty is her head,  
 Quite the classic oval,—  
 Just the thing you read  
 In the last new novel,  
 But you never saw,—  
 For Nature still is chary  
 To reach the perfect law  
 She modelled in my fairy.

An eye whose glance doth roam  
 O'er the azure spaces,  
 But still is most at home  
 'Mid happy human faces.  
 Cheeks of healthy red  
 With native freshness glowing,  
 By the strong breeze spread  
 From purple moorland blowing.

And a look of warm  
 Welcome to the stranger,  
 Whom the sudden storm  
 Hath cast on her from danger;  
 And a board well spread,  
 Bountiful and bonnie,  
 With milk and barley bread,  
 Bramble jam and honey.

And for wit and brains,  
 Though not taught at college,  
 Her dainty head contains  
 All sorts of curious knowledge.  
 Every nook she knows,  
 Every burn she crosses,  
 Where the rarest grows  
 Of fungus, ferns, and mosses.



And when flowers are few,  
And suns of heat are chary,  
She has work to do  
Beseems a bright-eyed fairy ;  
A telescope she keeps  
For lofty observation,  
Through which she finely peeps  
At all the starry nation.

But she's more than wise,  
Better far than clever,  
From her heart arise  
Thoughts of kindness ever ;  
As the sun's bright ray  
Every flower is kissing,  
All that comes her way  
Takes from her a blessing.

Where a widow weeps,  
She with her is weeping ;  
Where a sorrow sleeps,  
She doth watch it sleeping ;  
Where the sky is bright,  
With one sole taint of sadness,  
Let her come in sight,  
And all is turned to gladness.

And now, if you should fear  
I'm painting out a story,  
Ask, and you will hear  
The truth at Tobermory.  
In beauty Mull excels  
All ocean-girdled islands,  
And there this lady dwells,  
Sweet angel of the Highlands.

J. S. B.

# INDEX

- ABDUL RAHEEM, PRINCE, 221  
 Aberdeen, 342  
 Affleck, Dr., 380  
 Ainos, life among the, 103-5  
 Aix-les-Bains, 177  
 Alban's, St., Tattenhall, 17  
 Albany, 42  
 Alcock, Sir R., his opinion of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, 139  
 Aldborough, 7  
 Alderson, Mr. and Mrs., 34  
 Alexander, Mrs., 230  
 Allan, Mr., 182  
 — Mrs., of Aros, 118, 182, 222, 268, 355; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 268, 275, 376  
 Allen, Mr. Clement, Consul at Chefoo, 284  
 Altnacraig, 65, 98; visits to, 66, 98  
 Amar Singh, Prince, 210  
 Ambala, 219  
*America* steamer, 35  
*Among the Tibetans*, 215, 216  
 Amoy, 297  
 Amritsar, 219; Alexandra School at, 219  
 Anchar, Lake, 210, 211  
 Anhar, 233  
 Anniviers, Val d', 172, 173  
 Aomari, 102  
 Appin, 56  
 Applecross, 71, 73, 112  
*Arabian* ss., 32  
 Ardgour, 56  
 Ardnamurchan, 56  
 Argyll, Duchess of, 96  
 — Duke of, 55, 96  
 — and the Isles, Bishop of, 55  
 Arklow, 191  
 Armenia, 229, 239  
 Armenians, their character, 239  
 Arnisdale, 73  
 Arnold, Sir Edwin, 186  
 Aros, 127; house, 157, 182  
*Asplinium nidus*, number of fronds, 159  
*Assyria* ss., 220  
*Athenæum*, 139  
 "Atlantics, the Two," paper on, 93  
 Atlas range, expedition to the, 363  
 Australia, voyage to, 78; impressions of, 78  
 "Australia Felix," 94  
 BA, LOCH, 179  
 Badarroch, 183, 264, 355  
 Baghdad, 220, 222  
 Bagshawe, Mrs. Greaves, 149, 192; letters from Miss Bird, 149, 345  
 Baker, Dr., 376  
 Bakhtiari country, expedition to, 227  
 Baleshere, 65  
 Balfour, Professor, his lectures on "Microscopic Cryptogamic Botany," 158  
 Ball, Mr., 359  
 Ballachulish, 56  
 Balmacarra House, 40, 71  
 Baltal, 214  
 Balzani, Count Ugo, 346  
 Banchory, 189  
 Baralacha pass, 218  
 Baramulla, 204  
 Barbour, Mrs., 347  
 Barra, 65

- Barry, Mr. Smith, 191  
 Barton, 1, 3, 146  
 Barton-on-the-Heath, 146  
 Basrah, 220  
 Batala, 219  
 Bawan, 205  
 Beauily, 88  
 Bell, Mrs. Glassford, 346  
 Bella Tola, Hotel, 172, 174  
 Benbecula, 65  
 Bendasca, Val, 155  
 Benri, the Aino chief, 104  
 Berber sheiks, castles of the, 362,  
 365; characteristics, 366  
 Bernera, South, 65  
 Bias, 219  
 Bickersteth, Bishop, 303, 326  
 — Mrs., 326, 378; on Mrs.  
 Bishop's visit to Tokyo, 303;  
 on her advice to missionaries,  
 339  
 Bijar, 231  
 Bird, Catherine, 4  
 — Edward, 4; his birth, 5; at  
 Cambridge, 5; called to the  
 bar, 6; barrister in Calcutta,  
 6; death of his wife and son, 6;  
 takes Holy Orders, 6; curate  
 at Boroughbridge, 7; his  
 second marriage, 8; work at  
 Maidenhead, 8; presented to  
 the living of Tattenhall, 8;  
 birth of his children, 8; his  
 views on the observance of  
 Sunday, 17; appointed to  
 St. Thomas, 17; influence of  
 his preaching, 18; organises  
 the Evangelical Alliance, 19;  
 struggle against Sunday trad-  
 ing, 20; attack of scarlet fever,  
 21; resigns his charge, 21; at  
 Eastbourne, 21; at Epping  
 Forest, 22; presented to the  
 living of Wyton, 23; love of  
 Scotland, 25; member of the  
 Metropolitan Commission, 26;  
 his views on temperance, 44;  
 illness and death, 45; publi-  
 cation of *Some Account of the*  
*Great Religious Awakening now*  
*going on in the United States*, 46  
 Bird, Mrs. Edward, education of  
 children, 12; her illness, 63;  
 death, 64; favourite hymns, 125  
 — Elizabeth, 3  
 — George Merttins, 4  
 — Hannah, 2  
 — Miss Harriet, her death, 178  
 — Henrietta, 4  
 — — or Hennie, her birth, 9;  
 character, 16, 65, 122-5, 130;  
 attack of scarlet fever, 21; at  
 the Bridge of Allan, 63; at  
 Tobermory, 63, 64, 70; death  
 of her mother, 64; devotion to  
 study, 65, 131; artistic power,  
 65; attends Professor Blackie's  
 Greek classes, 74, 92; attach-  
 ment to Tobermory, 77; at  
 Iona, 93; visit from her sister,  
 97; Professor Blackie's lines on  
 her, 97; ill-health, 100; parting  
 from her sister, 100; life at  
 Tobermory, 110, 127; illness,  
 115, 117-9, 134; death, 119,  
 135; funeral, 120, 135; "The  
 Blessed One," 122; affection  
 for her parents, 122; unselfish-  
 ness, 123; love of nature, 124;  
 adoption of a child, 126;  
 sketches, 128; "Tobermory  
 Parties," 128; friends, 129,  
 132; obituary notice, 130;  
 religious views, 130; views on  
 companionship, 133; vein of  
 fun, 133; verses, 134; hymn,  
 134; memorial hospitals, 219,  
 315  
 — Henry, 2, 4  
 — Isabella Lucy, her birth, 8;  
 rides with her father, 9; habit  
 of accurate observation, 9;  
 love of flowers, 10; incidents  
 of her childhood, 10, 11;  
 fearlessness, 11, 36; early  
 education, 12; fondness for  
 reading, 12; holiday at Tap-  
 low Hill, 13; delicacy, 15, 49;



teaches in St. Thomas's Sunday school, 19; trains the choir, 20; her pamphlet on *Free Trade versus Protection*, 21; at Wyton, 23; learns to row, 23; friendship with Lady Jane Hay, 24; operations, 24, 172; visits to Scotland, 25; her courage, 27; adventure in a cab, 27; ill-health, 28, 41; at Portsmouth, 28; voyage to Halifax, 29; at Charlotte Town, 29; impressions of Prince Edward's Island, 30; Boston, 30; Cincinnati, 30; adventure with a pick-pocket, 30; impressions of Chicago, 31; Toronto, 31; nearly drowned, 32, 44; visit to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, 32; at Montreal, 33; Quebec, 34; attack of cholera, 34; returns to Wyton, 35, 44; literary work, 36, 49, 59, 92, 94, 98, 113, 168; spinal attacks, 36, 49, 57, 70, 160, 183; style of writing, 37, 108; introduction to Mr. John Murray, 38; publication of *The Englishwoman in America*, 38; scheme for the benefit of West Highland fishermen, 40, 51, 52; second visit to America, 42; death of her father, 45; her notes on *Aspects of Religion in the United States*, 45; publication of the book, 47; visit to Ireland, 48, 191; residence in Edinburgh, 48; appearance, 49; characteristics, 49, 50, 74; method of writing, 49; home affection, 51; provision of outfits for the Highlanders, 53; at Iona, 55, 93; friendship with Mrs. Blackie, 55; an island tour, 55; care of herself, 57; interest in the Scottish Churches, 58; papers on hymns, 59-63; death of her mother, 64; at Farnham Castle,

64; tour in the "Outer Hebrides," 65; at Oban, 66, 68; visit to Altnacraig, 66, 98; *Notes on Old Edinburgh*, 67; schemes for the relief of the poor in Edinburgh, 68, 72; attack of illness, 68, 74, 90, 199; friendship with Miss Clayton, 69, with Lady Middleton, 71; at Balmacarra House, 71; her poem, "The Darkness is Past," 74; voyage to New York, 77; to Australia, 78; impressions of New Zealand, 79; Sandwich Islands, 79; delight in the sea, 79; travels in the Rocky Mountains, 80; revision of her letters, 81; visit to London, 81, 89 *et seq.*; at Houghton, 82; Knoyle Rectory, 82, 88; death of her guide, Mr. Nugent, 83; at Hospenthal, 84; Interlaken, 84; return to Edinburgh, 84 *et seq.*; publication of *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, 84; charm and vividness of her style, 86; plans for a "Cabinmen's Rest and Refreshment Room," 84; revision of the proofs of Miss Gordon Cumming's book, 87, 89; at Glen Affric Hotel, 88; studies with the microscope, 88, 92, 96, 158; conflicts with the Edinburgh Town Council, 90; at Settrington House, 92; paper on "The Two Atlantics," 93; friendship with Miss Pipe, 94; her article "Australia Felix," 94; interest in the bazaar for the erection of a "National Livingstone Memorial," 95, 99; proposals of marriage from Dr. Bishop, 97, 112; visit to her sister, 97; preparations for her journey to Japan, 100; parting with her sister, 100; at Yokohama, 101; tour in the interior, 102; life among the Ainos, 103-5; at

Tokio, 105, 303, 305, 325; Hong Kong, 106, 296; in the Malay Peninsula, 108; Cairo, 108; attack of fever, 108, 109, 285; publication of *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, 109; curios from Japan, 111, 148; at Applecross, 112; her bouquet, 116; illness of her sister, 117-9; sorrow at the death, 120, 135, 137, 147, 158; in Switzerland, 136, 155; at Tobermory, 137 *et seq.*; publication of *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, 138; engagement to Dr. Bishop, 141; sketch of Dr. Candlish, 145, 149; power of bearing cold, 145; marriage, 146; on the appearance and character of her husband, 146, 149; depression, 147, 154, 196; her home in Edinburgh, 148; Hawaiian Literary Order of Kapiolani conferred, 150; illness of her husband, 151, 157, 161-75; sufferings from carbuncles, 152; her notes of the Malay Peninsula, 154; at the Italian lakes, 155; at Durham, 158; love of botany, 158; power of noting plants, 159; publication of *The Golden Chersonese*, 160; tour in Devonshire, 161; gives up her Edinburgh home, 164; at Hyères, 169; her notes on *A Pilgrimage to Mount Sinai*, 170; tour through the Riviera, 171; at Vissoie, 173; St. Luc, 174, 177; Cannes, 174; death of her husband, 175; verses, 176; at Tiree, 179; Westbury, 180; "A Psychological Fragment," 181; her costume, 182, 300, 303; classes, 183; views on temperance, 184; training at St. Mary's Hospital, 186; proposal to build a hospital at Nazareth, 187; at Banchory,

189; takes a house in town, 190, 346; baptism by immersion, 195; gives up her house, 197, 349; sale of her curios, 198; addresses to the Y.W.C.A., 200; preparations for her journey to Tibet and Persia, 202; at Suez, 202; Port Said, 203; Lahore, 204; Islamabad, 205; "Memorial Hospital," 206, 208; loss of her letter, 208; life at Srinagar, 209; plans an ascent to the plateaux of Lesser Tibet, 209; at Gauderbal, 210; Sonabarg, 213; on the Zoji La, 215; *Among the Tibetans*, 216; at Kylang, 218; Simla, 218; memorial to her sister, 219; preparations for her journey to Persia, 220; hardships, 221-4, 228; at Tihiran, 223; ride to Ispahan, 224; at Julfa, 225; preparations for the expedition to Bakhtari, 227; at Hamadan, 230; march to Trebizond, 231; at Urmi, 231; her attitude towards missions, 236; at Gahgoran, 237; Van, 238; Bitlis, 240; attacked by Kurds, 241; at Erzeroum, 242; Trebizond, 242; work on her book on Persia, 244; addresses at missionary meetings, 246, 257, 270, 289, 333, 341, 342, 347, 369, 371, 374; meeting with Mr. Gladstone, 246; address in committee-room No. 15, 247; attack of sleeplessness, 248; addresses at the British Association meetings, 249, 262, 347; R.S.G.S. fellowship conferred, 252; publication of her *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan*, 253; attack of influenza, 253, 373; on the change in her appearance, 256; lessons in photography, 259; complex constitution, 259-62; appetite,

- 261; paper on "Western Tibet," 262; organises cookery classes at Tobermory, 264; her series of practical "Talks" to the Y.W.C.A., 265; elected a fellow of the R.G.S., 265; presented to Queen Victoria, 267; at Lambeth Palace, 267; address at Exeter Hall on "Heathen Claims and Christian Duty," 270-4; vaccinated, 274; departure for the East, 275; at Vancouver's Island, 276; Chemulpo, 276, 283, 295, 310; impressions of Korea, 276, 307; voyage up the River Han, 278-80; at Chang-an Sa or the Temple of Eternal Rest Monastery, 281; at Wonson, 283; Chefoo, 284, 289; Newchang, 285, 289; breaks her arm, 286; at Mukden, 286; Tientsin, 289; Peking, 290; Vladivostock, 291; return to Seoul, 293, 305, 310, 330; received by the King and Queen of Korea, 295; at Nagasaki, 295; address on "Korea and Manchuria," 296; tour of inspection of missionary agencies, 296; at Hang-chow, 297; Shao Hsing, 298-301; Shanghai, 301, 310, 323; Osaka, 303; Ikao, 305; Pyongyang, 308; voyage up the Yangtze, 310; at Ichang, 310; Wan-Hsien, 312; Paoning-fu, 314; Kuan-Hsin, 316; struck by a stone, 316; on missionary problems, 319; impressions of China, 324; memorial hospitals, 325; life at Chusenji, 326; visit to Mr. McLeavy Brown, 331; regret at leaving Korea, 332; reputation as a lecturer, 334; advice on the working of missionaries in China, 336-40; lecture on "Western China," 342; publication of *Korea and her Neighbours*, 342; her house in the country, 348; publication of *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*, 351; grief at the death of Sir T. G. Stewart, 353; on the condition of Tobermory, 354; gives up the cottage, 356; accidents, 356, 371; life at Hartford Hurst, 359; publication of *Chinese Pictures*, 359; at Tangier, 360, 368; attack of blood-poisoning, 361; at Marakesh, 361; received by the Sultan, 362, 365; at Zarktan Castle, 363; impressions of Morocco, 363; at Fez, 367; Wazam, 367; Fulham Palace, 370; Reigate, 372; Oxford, 373; lecture at Winchester School, 373; addresses at Holloway College, 374, 379; symptoms of a fatal malady, 374, 379; gives up the Hurst, 375; her will, 378; illness, 380-92; dislike of food, 382, 386; death, 392; funeral, 392
- Bird, Rev. James Grant, 392
- Jane Wilberforce, 22
- John, 1
- Lucy, 2, 4, 274
- Mary, 4
- Mrs. Merttins, 161, 180; her brothers-in-law, 23
- Miss Merttins, 5, 13
- Rebecca, 4
- Robert, 2, 4, 13; his death, 16
- Mrs. Robert, 13; her death, 22
- Robert Merttins, 4, 16; his third marriage, 22; removes to Torquay, 23
- Thomas, 1
- Major Wilberforce, 142; at the marriage of Isabella Bird, 146
- William, 1
- Birdsall House, 116, 151, 256
- Birmingham, 16; its condition in 1843, 18
- Bishop, Dr., 92, 95, medical attendant to Miss Bird, 96; pro-



- posals of marriage to her, 97, 112, 120; his accident, 117; on Henrietta Bird's illness and death, 117, 119, 134; his letters to Mr. Murray, 117, 119, 171; to Mrs. Milford, 134; engagement to Isabella Bird, 141; career, 143; study of medicine, and botany, 143; selflessness, 144, 162; marriage, 146; appearance, 146; character, 146; renews the lease of Tobermory Cottage, 148; his visit to Peterborough, 150; attack of blood-poisoning, 151, 157; advocacy of medical missions, 153, 187; illness, 161-75; removal to London, 163, 164; at St. Leonards, 163; Brighton, 164; Ilkley, 166; Tobermory, 166; his sketches, 168; at Hyères, 169; removal to Geneva, 171; at Glion, 172; ascent to Vissoie, 173; at St. Luc, 174; Cannes, 174; operation of transfusion of blood performed, 174; death, 175; funeral, 175; memorial hospital at Islamabad, 206, 208; rebuilt, 263
- Bishop, Mrs. *See* Bird, Isabella
- Bitlis, 240; American mission at, 240
- Blackie, Mrs., 49, 244, 255; her friendship with Isabella Bird, 55, 56; letters from her, 58, 64, 70, 79, 93, 97, 100, 103, 107, 109, 112, 154, 155, 177, 187, 194, 258, 264, 353; her sympathy on the death of Mrs. Bird, 64; her Highland home, 65; attack of fever, 107; opinion of Dr. Bishop, 107; golden wedding day, 258
- Professor, 49, 55, 244, 255; his *Homer*, 58; classes for Greek, 74, 92; lines on Henrietta Bird, 97; poem dedicated to her, 135; resigns his professorship, 153; his *Wisdom of Goethe*, 156; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 156, 179, 258; golden wedding day, 258; his death, 303
- Blackwood's Magazine*, 12
- Blair, Mr., 79
- 164. *See* Williamson
- Blyth, Miss Phoebe, 53
- Boer War, 351
- Boroughbridge, 7
- Boston, 30, 35, 42
- Bournemouth, 190, 257, 259
- Bowman, Mrs., 164, 332
- Braemar, 97
- Brampton Park, 36
- Bregaglia, Val, 155
- Bridge of Allan, 63
- Bridgnorth, 262
- Brighton, 164
- Bristol, 180
- British Association meetings at
- Cardiff, 249; Clifton, 347; Edinburgh, 262
- Broadford, 40, 73
- Broen, Miss de, 378
- Broughton Bay, 283
- Brown, Canon Cowley, 384, 393
- Rev. David, 4
- Mrs. George, 186; her reminiscences of Isabella Bird, 35, 36
- Dr. John, 48, 58
- Mr. McLeavy, 277; Financial Adviser of Korea, 329, 331
- Mr., his illness and death, 370
- Mrs., 82, 132, 244, 262, 334, 347, 359, 370, 380, 391; her recollections of Henrietta Bird, 123; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 361, 363, 365
- Browne, Mr., 237
- Bruce, Dr., 220; at Julfa, 224
- Miss, 228
- Bryce, Mr., 247
- Bullock, Mr. Lowndes, 285, 289, 301, 310, 346
- Mrs. Lowndes, 285, 289, 301, 310, 346; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 322, 324, 372

- Bunyon, Miss, on Mrs. Bishop's advice to missionaries, 340  
 Burdon, Bishop and Mrs., 106, 296; in Edinburgh, 153; at Tobermory, 157  
 Burge, Dr., 373  
 Burlington Bay, 31  
 Burt, Emma, 6  
 Burujird, 229  
 Bushire, 220  
 Butler, Dr., 7  
 — Dr. Fanny, 206  
 Butts, the, 161  
 Buxton, 264  
  
 "CABMEN'S REST AND REFRESHMENT ROOM," plan of a, 87; opened, 90  
 Cadenabbia, 155  
 Caine, Mr., 247  
 Cairo, 108  
 Calgary, 179  
 Cambridge, photographic convention at, 375  
 Campbell, Lady Emma, 70  
 — Lady Victoria, district referee for the Y.W.C.A., 185; at Tobermory, 189; addresses a meeting, 189  
 Canada, settlement in, 54, 62  
*Canada* mail steamer, 29  
 Candlish, Dr., sketch and life of, 145, 149  
 Cannes, 171, 174, 175, 177  
 Canterbury, 161  
 — settlement, 79  
 Canton, 160  
 Cardiff, British Association meeting at, 249  
 Carless, Mr., 226  
 Carolina, South, 42  
 Cassels, Bishop, his mission at Paoning-fu, 315; on Mrs. Bishop's visit, 315  
 Castle Mail, 56  
 Cathcart, Lady Gordon, 52  
*Catholic Presbyterian Magazine*, *The*, 145  
 Chalmers, Miss, 386  
 Chamini, 228  
 Chang-an Sa, the Temple of Eternal Rest Monastery, 281; character of the monks, 282  
 Charles, Mrs. Rundle, 81  
 Charlotte Town, 29  
*Charon*, the, 56  
 Chefoo, 284, 289, 290  
 Chemulpo, 276, 293, 295, 310; Japanese troops land at, 283  
 Chengtu, 323; plain of, 317, 319  
 Chester, 9  
 — Bishop of, 27  
 Chicago, 101; impressions of, 31  
 Chighakor, 228  
 China Missionary Societies, 297; impressions of, 324; Inland Mission, 313; advice on the working of, 336-40  
 "China, Western," lecture on, 342  
 Chine, La, 33  
 Chinese and Manchus, hatred between, 289; colporteurs, character of, 287; navy, capture of, 305  
*Chinese Pictures*, publication, 359  
 Cholera, epidemic of, in Quebec, 34; at Carlsbad, 263  
 Cholmondeley, Rev. Lionel, his reminiscences of Mrs. Bishop's visit at Chusenji, 327-9  
 Chow-fu, memorial hospital at, 325  
*Christian Monthly*, *The*, 129  
 Christie, Dr., 287  
 Chunking, 323  
 Chusenji, lake of, 326  
 Cincinnati, 30  
*City of Tokio* ss., 101  
 Claremorris, 192  
 Clark, Dr. Martyn, his work at the Medical Mission Hospital at Amritsar, 219  
 — Sir Andrew, 163  
 Clarke, Messrs., strike of machinists, 341  
 Clayton, Miss, 66, 68, 76; letters from Miss Bird, 80, 206, 210, 225-7; friendship with her,

- 69; in Switzerland, 136; at Cadenabbia, 155; Hyères, 170; Cannes, 175; Banchory, 189; Bournemouth, 190; her illness, 198, 245; death, 278
- Cliff College, 194
- Clifton, 161; British Association meeting at, 347
- Mrs., 52
- Coalbrookdale, meeting at, 262
- Colombo, 332
- Colporteurs, Chinese, character of, 287
- Columba Inn, St., 93
- Cong, 192
- Connemara, 192
- Constable, Mr., 58
- Constantinople, 243
- Contemporary Review*, review in, 139; articles in, 246
- Cook, Canon, 186
- Corpach, 56
- Cronshaw, Mr., 370, 378
- Croom, Sir Halliday, 374, 387
- Cullen, Rev. George D., 48; his correspondence with Miss Bird, 76; at Henrietta Bird's funeral, 120
- Miss, 48, 76, 95, 120, 252, 256, 275, 386; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 280, 289, 290, 293, 296, 301, 303, 313, 319, 323, 326, 347, 358, 360; her death, 374 *note*
- Cumming, Miss Gordon, 155; her friendship with Miss Bird, 71; visit at Applecross, 73; recollections of her, 73; revision of her book, 87, 89; in the Fijian Isles, 89; at Birdsall House, 116; at Tokio, 105
- Curzon, Lord, 220; his book on Persia, 252; review of *Journeys in Persia*, 262
- Daily Chronicle*, letters in the, 372
- Dal Lake, 207
- Dar al Baida, 367
- "Darkness is Past, The," 74
- Darwin, Mr., 98
- Davies, Dr., 259, 262
- Dawson, Mr., 384
- Dee, River, 369
- Deeside, 342
- Denig, Mr. and Mrs., 103
- Detroit, 31, 42
- Devey, Mr., British Vice-Consul at Van, 240
- Devonshire, tour in, 161
- Diamond mountains, 280
- Dillon, Mr., 190
- Dixon, Dr., 163
- Mr., 264
- Donnuil Dhu, 30
- Douglas, Mr., 228
- Douro* ss., 243
- Dras valley, 216
- Dreghorn Castle, 92, 150
- Drummond, Mr., 130
- Du Chaillu, 191
- Dublin, 191
- Dulai, 204
- Dun-Ee, 93, 124
- Duncan, Dr. Matthew, 143
- Dunedin, 79
- Dunlop, Mr. Nathaniel, 77, 144, 201; his impressions of Miss Bird, 52; on the emigration of crofters, 52, 53
- Dunmore, Lord, his paper on "Journeyings in the Pamirs and Central Asia," 268
- Durand, Colonel, 209
- Durham, 157
- EASTBOURNE, 21, 267
- Eden, Garden of, site of the, 220
- Edinburgh, visit to, 48; condition of the Old Town, 66; *Notes on*, 67; schemes for the relief of the poor, 72; plan of a Cabmen's Rest and Refreshment Room, 87; opened, 90; erection of a "Livingstone Memorial," 95; committee formed, 96; British Association meeting at, 262; Mission-



- ary Loan Exhibition opened, 347  
*Edinburgh Medical Journal*, article on the complex constitution of Mrs. Bishop, 260  
 Edmonstone and Douglas, Messrs., 58, 69  
 Edward VII., King, his illness, 375; coronation, 375  
 Egerton, Sir Malpas de Grey Tatton, 12  
 Egypt, 109  
 Elgin, Lord, 34  
 Ely, Miss, 240  
 "Emblematists, the," 63  
 Emerson, 43  
*Empress of Japan*, 296  
*Englishwoman in America*, publication, 38; reviews on, 39  
 Epping Forest, 22  
 Erray Farm, 199  
 Erzeroum, 242  
 Euphrates, 220, 241  
 Evans, Elizabeth, 4  
 — Mrs. Harrington, 82  
 — Rev. J. Harrington, 4, 5  
 Exeter Hall, meeting of the "Gleaners' Union" at, 270; address on "Heathen Claims and Christian Duty," 271-4; lecture at, 333
- FAIRBAIRN, Principal, 373  
 Fais Khan, his character, 210, 212; costume, 212  
 Faisarullah Khan, General, 226  
 Falkirk, 153  
*Family Treasury*, 49  
 Fao, 220  
 Farmer, Mr. Howard, 259  
 Farnham Castle, 64  
 Fez, 367  
 Foochow, 297  
 Ford Hall, 192, 251, 371  
 Fordyce, Dr., 380, 387  
 Forester, Lord, 257  
 Forrest, Mr., 32  
 — Mrs., 32
- Fox, Charles James, 23  
 Frank, Dr., 175  
 — Lady Agnes, 175  
 Franzensbad, 89  
 Fraser, Mr., 102  
 Free Trade *versus* Protection, pamphlet on, 21  
 Froude, J. Anthony, 23  
 Fulham Palace, 370  
 Fuller, Mr. and Mrs., 296
- GAHGORAN, 237  
 Galashiels, 155  
 Gale, Mr. and Mrs., 283  
 Galway, Lord and Lady, 112  
 Ganderbal, 210  
 Gawar, plain of, 235  
 Geikie, Sir Archibald, President of the British Association meeting, 262  
 Geneva, 171, 178  
*Genkai Maru*, 310  
 Geographical Club, lecture at, 333  
 Georgia, 42  
 Ghazit, 240  
 Ghazloo Pass, blizzard on, 241  
 Gibson, Dr. Monroe, 193  
 Gladstone, W. E., his meeting with Mrs. Bishop, 246; exposition of the Nestorian heresy, 246  
 Glasgow, 201  
 "Gleaners' Union," meeting at Exeter Hall, 270  
 Glen Affric Hotel, 88  
 Glenelg, 73  
 Glion, 172, 178  
 Glowa, Castle of, 360  
*Golden Chersonese*, 106, 107, 155; publication, 160  
 Gomery, Dr. Minnie, 208  
*Good Words*, 49  
 Gould, Mr. Baring, 379  
 Gourock, 63  
 Grant, Sir Alexander, 116  
 Green, Mrs. J. R., 346, 359, 378; letter from Mrs. Bishop, 380  
 Greenfield, Professor, 161  
 Greenock, 63

- Grenfell, Henrietta, 22  
 — Mr. Pascoe, 22  
 Grimasay, 65  
 Guildford, 199  
 Guinness, Geraldine, 387  
 Gurman, or the Garden of Eden, 220  
 Guthrie, Dr., 48  
 "Gyalpo," the Arab horse, 212 ;  
 accident to, 214
- HAKODATE, 102  
 Halifax, voyage to, 29  
 Hamadan, 229, 230  
 Hamilton, 31  
 Hampson, Mr., 242  
 Hampstead, 81  
 Han River, 277 ; voyage up the, 278-80  
 Hang-chow, 297 ; hospital at, 297  
 Hankow, 310  
 Hanna, Dr., 48, 58, 120 ; his funeral sermon on Henrietta Bird, 135  
 Hari, Jean, 175  
 Harris, 25  
 — Mr., 367  
 Hart, Sir Robert, 290  
 Hartford Church, 150  
 — Hurst, 348  
 Hassan, 228  
 — Khan, 217  
 Hay, Lady Jane, 24, 346  
 Heanish, 357  
 "Heathen Claims and Christian Duty," address on, 271-4  
 "Hebrides, the Outer," papers on the tour in, 65  
 Hesso Khan, 233  
 Hexham, 157  
 Heyde, Mr. and Mrs., 218  
 Highlanders, their character, 141  
 Highlands, West, scheme for the benefit of the fishermen, 40 ; manufacture of Harris cloth, 51 ; emigration scheme, 52 ; supply of outfits, 53  
*Higo Maru*, 284, 295
- Hill, Bishop, at the meeting in Exeter Hall, 270  
 — Mrs. D. O., her statue of Livingstone, 95  
 — Rev. David, 302  
 Hillier, Sir Walter, 293, 305, 346, 378 ; revises proofs of Mrs. Bishop's book on Korea, 341 ; letters from her, 342, 357, 373  
*Himalaya* troopship, 29  
 Hoare, Mr., 301  
 Holloway College, Egham, missionary addresses at, 374, 379  
 Hong Kong, 106, 160 ; gathering of missionaries at, 296 ; lectures at, 296  
 Honolulu, 79  
 Horsburgh, Dr., 316  
 Horton, Dr., 274  
 Hospenthal, 84  
 Houghton, 23, 35, 82, 244, 249, 257, 262, 266, 369, 380  
 Hourn, Loch, 71, 73  
 House of Commons, Committee room No. 15, address on the Syrians and Armenians, 247  
 Hsin-lan, cataract of, 312  
 Hudson's Bay Territory, 42  
 Huggins, Sir William, 249  
 Hull, Miss, 211  
 Hunter, Sir William and Lady, 346  
 Huntingdon, 23, 244  
 Huron, Lake, 42, 44  
 Hutcheson, Mr., 40, 51  
 Hyères, 169  
 Hymns, papers on, 59-63
- IAO VALLEY, 86  
 Ichang, 310  
 Ikao, 305  
 Ilberge Khan, 229  
 Ilkley, 166  
 Illinois, prairies of, 42  
 Ingram, Bishop Winnington, 348, 370  
 Interlaken, 84  
 Invercargill, 79

- Inverness-shire, 25  
 Iona, 40, 54  
 Ireland, visits to, 48, 191; plan of campaign, 188, 198  
 Islam, creed of, 221  
 Islamabad, 205; proposed hospital at, 206; built, 263  
 Isbahan, 224  
 Ives, St., 23
- JAMES, MR. ANGELL, 19  
*James's Gazette*, St., 139; letters in, 278, 294  
 Japan, preparations for the journey to, 100; curios from, 111, 148; progress, 140, 276; influence on Korea, 277; supremacy in the Far East, 305  
*Japan, Unbeaten Tracks in*, publication, 138  
 Japanese capture the palace at Seoul, 288  
 Jhelum river, 204, 206; accident on the, 207  
 Johannes, 240  
 Johnstone, Dr., 166  
 Joy, Mrs., 324  
 Julfa, 220; Church Mission House at, 224
- Kaisow* ss., 303  
 Kalakaua, King of Hawaii-nei, in Edinburgh, 149; confers the Literary Order of Kapiolani on Mrs. Bishop, 150  
 Kanzo, Uchimura, *Why I became a Christian*, 328  
 Kapurtala, Rajah of, 210  
 Karachi, 204, 220  
 Kargil, 216  
 Karun River, 220  
 "Karun region, the Upper and the Bakhtiari Lurs," lectures on, 249, 252  
 Kashmir, 204; climate, 211  
 Kavir, or Great Salt Desert, 223  
 Keith, Dr., 143  
 Keltie, Dr. Scott, 352  
 Kenilworth, 1  
 Ker, Miss Alexina, her reminiscences, 378  
 — Miss Bessie, on the ascent to Vissoie, 173  
 — the Misses, 136, 175, 358, 369, 375, 380, 389, 391  
*Kerbela*, 201  
 Kerrera, sound of, 65  
 Keswick, Mrs., 387  
 Kew Gardens, 82  
 Khanjarak, 239  
 Kharzong glacier, 217  
 Khounikin, 221  
 "Kim," 278  
 King, Mr., 289  
 Kingsley, Charles, 23  
 — Miss, 346, 349  
 Kingussie, 264  
 Kinnaird, Miss, 349  
 — — Gertrude, 334  
 — the Misses, 375, 377  
 Kioto, 292  
 Kipling, Mr., Curator of the Museum at Lahore, 220  
 Kirmanshah, 221  
 Knapp, Mr. and Mrs., 240  
 Knaresborough, 7, 266, 375, 380  
 Knowles, Mr., 204  
 Knoyle Rectory, 82, 88  
 Kobe, 276  
 Kochanes, 237  
 Kooltapa, 231  
 Korea, impressions of, 276; influence of Japan, 277; worship of demons, 282; character of the settlements in Russia, 292; independence declared, 294, 305; impressions of the landscape, 307; internal administration, 331  
 — King of, declares the independence of Korea, 294; receives Mrs. Bishop, 295; made a prisoner, 306; takes refuge in the Russian Embassy, 330  
 — Queen of, her characteristics, and appearance, 295; murdered, 306



- "Korea and Manchuria," address on, 296  
*Korea and her Neighbours*, publication, 342  
 Kuan-Hsien, 317  
 Kulla Khan, 229  
 Kum, 222, 224  
 "Kurd, The Shadow of the," 246  
 Kurdistan, 229  
 Kurds, their character, 232; attacks on Nestorians, 233; depredations, 241  
 Kusamoto, Mr., 106  
 Kwala Kangsa, 159  
 Kylang, 218  
 Kyleakin, 56, 113  
 Kymg-Pok Palace, 295  
  
 LABOREE, MR., 232  
*Lady Eisa*, the steam-yacht, 112, 113  
 Lahore, 204, 219  
 Lahul, 218  
 Lambeth Palace, visit to, 267  
 Lang, Dr. Marshall, 374  
 Larut, journey from, 159  
 Laurence, Mr., 209, 212  
   — Mrs., 209, 213  
 Lausanne, 174, 178  
 Lawrence, St., church of, 146; river, 33  
 Lawson, Andrew, 7  
   — Dora, 7  
   — Rev. John, 24, 120  
   — Miss Margaret, 389, 391  
   — Marmaduke, 7  
   — Rev. Marmaduke, 7  
   — Mrs., 7  
   — Professor, 70  
 Layard, Sir Henry, 250  
 Lazariet, Port, 283  
 Leahy, Constable, 191  
 Leh, 210, 216, 217  
*Leisure Hour*, *The*, papers in, 28, 49, 65, 67, 93, 94, 109, 131, 160, 266, 372  
 Leonard's, St., 161, 163  
 "Lesser Tibet," lecture on, 296  
 Levack, Mr., 184  
  
 Li Ping, 317; his system of irrigation works, 317; shrine, 318  
 Liau, river, 285  
 Liau-yang, 289  
 Lillingston, Miss, 175  
 Lismore, 56, 66  
 Lister, Professor, 143, 163, 172, 174  
 Liverpool, 275  
 "Livingstone Memorial," bazaar for the erection of a college, 95, 99; cost, 95  
 Loftus, Mr., 109  
 London, Bishop of, 370, 378  
 Longfellow, H. W., visit to, 42  
 Lorimer, Mr., 93  
   — Mrs., 384  
 Lothian, Lord, 342  
 Louchon, 323  
 Lough, 191  
 Louise, Princess, 96  
 Low, Mr., his monkeys, 185  
 Lowe, Dr., 96  
 Lowell, Russell, 167; his motto, 344  
 Lowther, Mr., 326  
 Luc, St., 174, 177  
 Luristan, mountains of, 224  
 Lyall, Sir Alfred and Lady, 243, 248  
  
 MACAULAY, DR., 170  
 Macclesfield, 371  
 MacCallum, Miss, first secretary of the Y.W.C.A., at Tobermory, 185  
 Macdiarmid, Mrs., 179; letters from Miss Bird, 120, 147, 189, 196, 245, 356, 382; letters from Miss Henrietta Bird, 110, 115, 116, 132  
 Macdonald, Mr. Duncan, 174  
   — Dr. John, at Port Said, 203  
   — Dr., 48  
   — Mrs., 116, 153, 351, 356; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 169, 170, 178, 195, 196, 202, 244, 259, 265, 359, 386

- Macdonald, Miss, 254, 351, 356;  
letters from Mrs. Bishop, 245,  
257, 383
- Macfarlane, Mr., 77
- Mrs., 77; her sudden death,  
126
- Macfie, Mr. and Mrs., receive the  
King of Hawaii-nei, 150
- Macgregor, Dr., 384
- Mackenzie, Mr., 297
- the Misses, 92, 127, 381
- Mackinnon, Hector, 356
- Mary, 199
- Nurse, 179
- MacLachlan, Mr., 183
- Mrs., 183, 264
- Maclean, Sir Harry de Vere, 362
- K., 359
- Maconachie, Mr., 213; on the  
Zoji La, 215
- Maidenhead, 8
- Main, Dr., his hospital at Hang-  
chow, 297; letter from Mrs.  
Bishop, 382
- Mrs., on Mrs. Bishop's visit to  
Hangchow, 297
- Malacca, 107
- Malay Peninsula, notes on the, 154
- "Malay Peninsula, Sketches in,"  
160
- Malay States, 107
- Malta, 332
- Manchus and Chinese, hatred  
between, 289
- Mando, 212, 217
- Man-tze tribes, 320
- "Man-tze of the Tsu-ku-Shan  
mountains," papers on the, 347
- Mapu, 295
- Mar Shimun, the Nestorian Patri-  
arch, 237
- Marakesh, 361, 365
- Marbishu, 233
- Martyn, Henry, 4
- Mary's Hospital, St., 181; train-  
ing at, 186
- Massachusetts, Western, 42
- Masujima, Mr., 348
- Matayan, 216
- Mathieson, Mr. and Mrs., 266
- Mathieson, Mr. James, 194
- Maxwell, Dr., 179, 199
- Mayo, 192
- Mazagan, 361
- McCarthy, Mr. Justin, 190
- McDougall, Mrs., her illness, 179
- McFie, Mr., 29
- McGee, Dr., Bishop of Peter-  
borough, 81
- McIlvaine, Bishop, 30
- McIvor, Mr., 204, 220
- Mrs., 220
- McKendrick, Dr., 92
- McLachlan, Dr., 119
- McNeill, Lady Emma, 95
- Sir John, 70, 95
- Meath, Lady, 379
- Medical missions, addresses on,  
257, 262. See Missions
- Mejidieh* ss., 220
- Mentone, 177
- Mersey, the, 29
- Merttins, Sir George, 2
- Middleton, Lady, her friendship  
with Miss Bird, 71; on her  
manner of speech and appear-  
ance, 74; visit from Miss Bird,  
92, 256; letters from her, 105,  
138, 142, 146, 147, 151, 157, 161,  
162, 167, 182, 196, 217, 254,  
256, 345, 349, 385, 386; ac-  
cession to the title, 112; con-  
sideration for others, 113;  
illness of her husband, 137
- Milford, Mr. John, 37
- Mrs., 82
- Miller, Mr., 278
- Min, the, 317, 320
- Minnehaha, Falls of, 42
- Minnesota Territory, 42
- Mirza Yusuf, 228, 231
- Missions, medical, addresses on,  
257, 262; China, advice on the  
working, 336-40; at Amritsar,  
219; Julfa, 224; Urmi, 232;  
Van, 238; Bitlis, 240; Mukden,  
287; Hangchow, 297; Pijong-  
yang, 309; Paoning-fu, 315

- Mississippi river, 42 ; cruise on the, 30
- Mitchell, Dr. Murray, 143 ; at Mentone, 177
- Mitchelstown, 191
- Moffat, 157
- Dr. Robert, 96
- Mr., 309
- Mogador, 361, 365
- Mohammerah, 220
- Moir, Dr., 50, 63, 77 ; retires from practice, 96
- Mongolia* ss., 275
- Monkey, drunkenness of a, 185
- Montgomery, Miss, 230
- Monthly Review, The*, articles on Morocco, 360, 369
- Montreal, 33, 35
- Mooyaart, Mrs., letter from Mrs. Bishop, 377
- Morocco, impressions of, 363 ; character of the Mohammedan religion, 364 ; government, 364 ; reforms, 364
- Sultan of, receives Mrs. Bishop, 362, 365
- Morvern, Sound of, 127
- Moule, Mr. and Mrs., 296
- Mountain, Dr., Bishop of Quebec, 35
- Muir, Sir William, 95, 262
- Muirhead, Mr. and Mrs., 296
- Mukden, 286 ; medical mission at, 287
- Mulai-el-Arbi, 368
- Mull, 25, 40, 244, 265 ; isolation of, 141
- A ballad of, 394-6
- Müller, Professor Max, 23
- Murad-chai tributary, 241
- Murray, Mr. John, 186, 243 ; introduction to Miss Bird, 37 ; publishes *The Englishwoman in America*, 38 ; letters from Miss Bird, 41, 80, 84, 90, 135, 139, 141, 165, 170, 172, 180, 191, 192, 199, 202, 251 ; his decision to postpone publishing *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, 115 ; publishes *The Golden Chersonese*, 160 ; his wish for a series of articles on Ireland, 188 ; interest in Mrs. Bishop's work on Persia, 251 ; his death, 258
- Murray, Mr. John, 263 ; letters from Mrs. Bishop, 251, 263, 269, 276, 277, 293, 301, 305, 320, 325, 329, 331, 333, 341
- Mrs., 38, 186, 191, 243
- Miss, her views on the slavery question, 39
- Murray's Magazine*, 181, 191
- Mya Panch, Commander-in-Chief, 226
- NAGASAKI, 292, 295
- Nasim Bagh, 207, 214
- Nature*, reviews in, 85, 139
- Nazareth, proposal to build a hospital at, 187
- Nelson, Mr. Thomas, 77
- Miss, 357
- Nestorian heresy, exposition of, 246 ; their character, 233
- Nettleship, Rev. Arthur, 146
- Neve, Dr. Arthur, 204 ; on the visit to Islamabad, 205
- Dr. Ernest, 207, 214 ; on the Zoji La, 215
- New Era* steamer, 33
- New York, 35, 42, 77, 101
- New Zealand, impressions of, 79
- Newchang, 285, 289
- Newnham, Miss, 208
- Niagara, 33, 42
- Nichol, Mrs., 92
- Nicholson, Dr., 163
- Nikkô, 102
- Ningpo, 300, 301
- Norman, Rev. H. V., 290 ; murdered, 290 *note*
- North, Miss, 155
- North China Daily News*, 324
- Nova Scotia, 29
- Nugent, Mr., acts as guide to Miss Bird, 83 ; her influence over him, 83 ; death, 84



- OBAN, 51, 55, 81, 114, 168  
 Oliphant, Lawrence, 34  
 Olney, 23  
 Ontario, Lake, 32  
 O'Rourke, Murphy, 240  
 Osaka, 292, 303  
 Otago settlement, 79  
 "Other Missions," address on, 289  
 Otter, Admiral, 68  
 — Captain, 51  
 — Mrs., 52, 68  
 Ottershaw, 379  
 Ouse, the, 23, 82, 244, 348  
 Oxford, visit to, 373
- PACK-KIU-MI, 280  
 Palmer, Mrs., 349, 350, 357, 370,  
 374, 378; letter from Mrs.  
 Bishop, 371  
 Paoning-fu, journey to, 313-5;  
 mission at, 315; Henrietta Bird  
 Hospital, opened at, 315, 325  
 Paris, 155, 178, 243  
 Parkes, Lady, 100, 102, 105; her  
 opinion of Dr. Bishop, 112;  
 death, 114  
 — Sir Harry, 100, 102, 105;  
 death of his wife, 114; at the  
 funeral of Henrietta Bird, 120  
 — Miss, 112  
 Parlett, Mr. Harold, 327  
 Paton, Lady, 95  
 — Sir Noel, 58, 95  
*Patriot, The*, 46  
 Peiho River, 289  
 Peking, 290  
 Pentlands, the, 92  
 Perry, Bishop, 95, 186  
*Persia and Kurdistan, Journeys*  
*in*, 245; publication, 253;  
 reviews on, 262  
 "Persian Manners and Customs,"  
 lecture on, 253  
 Peterborough, 150  
 Peterculter, 369  
 Philadelphia, 42  
 Phillimore, Miss Lucy, on Mrs.  
 Bishop's advice to missionaries,  
 340
- Photographic convention, at Cam-  
 bridge, 375  
 Photography, lessons in, 259  
 Pick-pocket, adventure with a,  
 30  
 Picton, 29  
*Pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, A*, 131,  
 170  
*Pioneer*, the, 56, 166  
 Pipe, Miss, her characteristics,  
 94; friendship with Miss Bird,  
 94  
 Pohru river, 209  
 Pontarlier, 178  
 Poole, Miss, 163, 178  
 Port Chalmers, 79  
 Port Said, 203  
 Portsmouth, 28  
 Prince Edward's Island, 28; im-  
 pressions of, 30  
 Pruen, Mr. and Mrs., 296  
*Psychological Fragment*, 181  
 Pul-i-Wargun, 228  
 Purves, Mrs., 132  
 Pyong-Yang, 289  
 Pyöng-yang, mission at, 309;  
 victory at, 306, 308
- Quarterly Review, The*, 139  
 Quebec, epidemic of cholera, 34
- RAASAY, 25  
*Rainbow ss.*, 107  
 Rawal Pindi, 204  
 Rawhead hill, 11  
 Rawlinson, Sir Henry, 250  
 Redslob, Rev. W., 216  
 Reigate, 372  
 Reynolds, Dr., 238, 240  
 Richmond, African Baptist  
 Church service in, 43  
 Rio, 228  
 Ritchie, Dr., 168, 263, 374, 379,  
 387  
 Riviera, tour through the, 171  
 Roberts, Dr., 361, 368  
 — Sir Frederick and Lady, at  
 Lahore, 204  
 — Miss, 209

- Robertson, Mr. James, 77, 80, 101  
 — Mrs., 80  
 Robinson, Sir William, 107  
 Roch, St., 34  
 Rock island, 30  
 Rocky mountains, travels in, 80  
*Rocky Mountains, A Lady's Life in the*, publication, 109 ; second and third editions, 110, 114 ; translated into French, 199  
 Rose, H.M.S., 65  
 Ross, Colonel, 220  
 — Dr. and Mrs., 286  
 — Hon. John, 34  
 — Mr. George, 131  
 Ross-shire, 25, 40  
 Royal Geographical Society, election of Mrs. Bishop as a Fellow, 265 ; opposition to electing lady fellows, 265 *note*, 267  
 — Scottish Geographical Society, Edinburgh, confers a fellowship on Mrs. Bishop, 252  
 Royston, Bishop and Mrs., 348  
 Russell, Mr. T. W., 198
- SAFFI, 366  
 Saigon, 160  
 Salisbury, Lord, accepts the dedication of *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*, 350 ; his appreciation of the book, 351  
 Salt Desert, the Great, 223  
 — Lake City, 101  
 Sampson, Low & Co., Messrs., 47  
 San Francisco, 101  
 Sanders, Miss, her recollections of St. Thomas's, 19 ; her visit to Epping Forest, 22  
 Sandwich Islands, 79 ; impressions of, 80  
*Sandwich Islands, Six Months in the*, publication, 84 ; character of the book, 85 ; style, 86  
 Satow, Sir Ernest, 102, 305, 326 ; British Minister at Peking, 358  
 Sawyer, Colonel, 346  
 — Major, his mission to Persia, 218 ; at Tihiran, 223 ; characteristics, 227 ; escorts Mrs. Bishop, 224, 227 ; at Burujird, 229 ; in London, 248  
 Scarinish Bay, 179  
 Scotland, visits to, 25, 40, 45, 48  
*Scotsman*, 139  
*Scottish Geographical Magazine*, 255  
 Seaton Carew, 24 ; vicarage, 151  
 Seeley, Messrs., 46  
 Sells, Mr., 213  
 Seoul, 276, 277, 293, 305, 330 ; palace at, captured by Japanese, 288 ; memorial hospital at, 325  
 Settrington House, 92  
 Shackleton, Dr. William, in charge of the Henrietta Bird Hospital at Paoning-fu, 315  
*Shamrock*, H.M.S., 65  
 Shanghai, 101, 297, 301, 310, 323  
 Shao Hsing, 298  
 Sharban, the *charvadar*, 231  
 Shaw, Dr., 161, 163  
 Shayok rapids, 217  
 Shedd, Dr., Principal of Urmi College, 232  
 Sheffield, 143 ; lectures at, 369  
 Shergol, 216  
 Shinondi, the Aino, 104  
 Shobunotaki, 326  
 Shore, Miss Constance, 386  
 Sialkot, 204, 219  
 Sierre, 177  
 Sieveking, Sir E., 186  
 Si-hing, 298  
 Simla, 218  
 Sinai, Mount, 108  
 Sind river, 211 ; valley, 211  
 Sinfu, 323  
 Singapore, 107, 160  
 Skene, Mr., 55  
 Skye, 25, 40, 56  
 Smith, Alexander, 58  
 — Mr. Cecil, 107  
 — Mr. George, 291  
 — General Sir Robert Murdoch, 252 ; his review of *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan*, 255

- Smith, Mrs., 80  
 Soglio, 155  
 Sona Pass, 224  
 Sonamarg, 211, 213  
 Southampton, 257  
 Sparrow, Lady Olivia, 23, 36  
 Spencer Wood, 34  
 Spurgeon, Mr., baptizes Mrs. Bishop, 195  
 Srinagar, 204  
 Stanley, Dean, 114  
 Stephen, Sir George, 6  
 — Major Grant, 89  
 Stevenson, Miss Flora, 387  
 Stewart, Lady Grainger, letters from Mrs. Bishop, 248, 352  
 — Sir Thomas Grainger, 50, 77, 143, 161, 168, 243, 263; his obituary notice of Henrietta Bird, 129; letter from Mrs. Bishop, 344; illness, 351; death, 352  
 — Mrs., 296  
 — Miss Grainger, her anecdote of Miss Bird, 12  
 — Nancy, 29  
 Stock, Mr. Eugene, 205, 270, 336  
 Stodart, Miss, 384  
 Stoddart, Miss Frances, 49  
 Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 30  
 Stranraer, 265  
 Strathglass, 88  
 Strongarbh Cottage, 77  
 Suez Canal, 202  
 Summers, Mr., 363, 387  
 Sumner, Charles Richard, 2  
 — John Bird, 2  
 — Rev. Robert, 2  
 — Bishop, 268  
*Sunday at Home*, 49  
 — *Magazine, The*, 59, 60, 63  
 Superior, Lake, 42  
 Surmel valley, 220  
 Sutton, Dr., 220  
 — Mrs., 227  
 Swabey, Captain, 28, 29  
*Swatow*, 290  
*Swatow*, 296  
 Switzerland, 136, 155  
 Syrian Christians, their character, 233; oppressions of the Kurds, 234; fidelity to their faith, 234, 238; address on the, 268  
 Sze-Chuan, 315  
 TAFILET, 360  
 Ta-lu, 317  
 Tangier, 360, 368  
 Taplow Hill, 2, 3; visit to, 13; life at, 14; family prayers, 15  
 Tattenhall, 347; living of, 8  
 Taylor, Mrs. Howard, 387  
 — Lady Jane, 24, 346  
 — Mrs. Peter, 165  
 — Canon, his estimate of Islam, 221  
 — Mr., 359  
 Teignmouth, Lord and Lady, 95, 116  
 Temperance, views on, 184  
 Territet, 172  
 Thomas, Mrs., 52  
 Thomas's, St., Birmingham, 17  
 Thompson, Lucy, 4  
 — Rev. Marmaduke, 4  
 Thomson, Mrs., 77, 127  
 Thoreau, 43  
 Thousand Islands, 33  
 Thusis, 136  
 Tibet, British, 218; Western, 209, 217; paper on, 262  
 "Tibetans, Among the," papers on, 266  
 Tientsin, 289  
 Tigris, 220  
 Tihnan, 223  
 Tilail mountain, 215  
 Tiree, 77, 179  
 Tobermory, 56, 63, 64, 81, 137, 147, 150, 153, 157, 160, 166, 178; drunkenness in, 184; Y.W.C.A., branch formed at, 185; cookery classes organised at, 264; condition of the people, 354  
 Tokio, 102, 105, 303, 305; orphanage at, 325



- Tong-hak rising, 283  
 Tooke, Horne, 23  
 Toole, Mr. J. L., 197  
 Toronto, 31, 42  
 Torquay, 23  
 Torrance, Dr., 187  
 Torridon, Loch, 113  
 Tosh, Mr., 73  
 Trebizond, 229, 242  
 Truro, 29  
 Tso, General, 287; his defeat at  
     Pyöng-yang, 306  
 Tulloch, Principal, 93  
 Tumen River, 292  
 Tunbridge Wells, 47  
 Turin, 155  
 Tyrol, 155  
 Tytler, Mr. Fraser, 58  
  
 UIST, NORTH, 65; South, 65  
 Ulva Cottage, 77, 127  
*Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, publi-  
     cation, 138; reviews, 139; new  
     edition, 168  
 United States, tour in, 42; re-  
     ligious meetings, 43  
*United States, Aspects of Religion*  
     in the, notes on, 45; publica-  
     tion, 47  
 Urmi, 229, 231; missionary work  
     in, 232  
 Usman Shah, 212  
 Ussuri, 292  
  
 VALLAY, 65  
 Van, 233, 238; American Mission  
     House at, 238  
 Vancouver's Island, 276  
 Verney, Rev. the Hon. Walter R.,  
     146  
 Victoria, Queen, her power of  
     bearing cold, 145; visit to  
     Edinburgh Infirmary, 150;  
     receives Mrs. Bishop, 267;  
     funeral, 361  
 Virginia, 42  
 Vissoie, 173  
 Vladivostock, 291  
 Volga ss., 106  
  
 WÆBER, MR., 332  
 Waller, Mr. Horace, 95  
 Walshe, Rev. W. Gilbert, on Mrs.  
     Bishop's visit to Shao-Hsing,  
     298-301  
 Wan-Hsien, 312  
 Warburton, Dr., 210  
 Washington, 42  
 — George, 42  
 Waterford, 191  
 Wazam, 360, 367  
 Wedderburn, Miss, 296  
 Wei-hai-wei, fall of, 305  
 Wells, Major, 224  
 Westbury, 161, 180  
 "Where are the Women?" ad-  
     dress on, 374  
 Whittier, his lines on the "Eternal  
     Gate," 385  
 Whyte, Dr., 204, 384; *Scripture*  
     *Characters*, 389  
 Wilberforce, Judith, 1  
 — Robert, 3  
 — William, 3, 14  
 — Canon, 257  
 Wilkinson, Mr., 102, 284  
 Williams, Rev. E. O., 315  
 Williamson, Mrs., 376, 390  
 Willing Park, 262  
 Willoughby, Hon. Mrs., 95;  
     letters from Miss Bird, 71-3, 87,  
     88, 90, 99; at Franzensbad,  
     89  
 Wilson, Dr. J. H., his death and  
     funeral, 383; his *Life of Robert*  
     *S. Candlish*, 145  
 Winchester, Bishop of, 27, 65  
 — School, lecture at, 373  
 Winton, 92  
 Wisconsin, 42  
 Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 223,  
     224  
 Wolverton, Lord, 23  
 Women Writers, annual dinner,  
     357  
 Wong, 278, 285, 290  
 Wonson, Eastern treaty port of,  
     280, 283  
 Wright, Dr., 163

- Wukingfu, 297  
Wylie, Mr., murdered, 289  
Wyton, 348 ; living of, 23
- YANGTZE, 296 ; voyage up the, 310  
*Yangtze Valley and Beyond*, 310 ; illustrations, 326 ; dedicated to Lord Salisbury, 350 ; publication, 351  
Yezd, 226  
Yezo, 102
- Yi-Hak-In, Mr., 306  
Yokohama, 101, 276  
York, missionary meeting at, 257  
Young Women's Christian Association, branch at Tobermory, 185 ; course of addresses given to, 200 ; series of practical "Talks," 265  
Yumoto, sulphur-baths at, 326
- ZARKTAN CASTLE, 363  
Zoji La, 214





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