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# MEMORIES OF FOUR CONTINENTS

RECOLLECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY  
OF EVENTS IN SOCIAL AND  
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BY  
LADY GLOVER

Author of

“The Life of Sir John Hawley Glover, G.C.M.G., R.N.,”  
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## PREFACE

**I**N writing these recollections of a varied life, during which I have met many celebrities and seen many interesting "outposts of Empire," I have given very few dates except historical ones, because I have been backwards and forwards so many times to Newfoundland, our oldest Colony, to Canada, and elsewhere, when my husband was appointed to official positions or was summoned to aid with his advice and experience in crises and emergencies, political and industrial. These visits are mentioned in these pages, and if I gave the dates of my frequent comings and goings, the book would assume the character of a journal—generally tedious reading. Nevertheless, I hope these impressions, which are written as they occur to my memory, and are not by any means given in chronological order, will interest some of that large majority of people who have been unable to visit the places in our Dominions which I have tried, however inadequately, to describe.

Watching the development and psychology of nations is a very interesting study, and the more we do so the better we are likely to understand other nations and sense the position of our own.

Of course, I have been able to mention only a very limited number of people in these pages, as space would not permit of my doing more, and I have carried down the reminiscences no further than that eventful day, August 4, 1914. Much could be written and

## Preface

much more told of what has taken place since then, but this must wait for a future occasion—we are too near those tragic events now to get things focused truly and in their right perspective, or properly to understand them, as we hope to do in time, when gaps get filled up and new light is thrown on obscure happenings and events which at present seem surrounded in mist.

I could not publish this book of recollections until all the men alluded to in the final pages of the last chapter had passed away, and this did not occur until 1923, the year in which I write. Now I feel at liberty to mention an event that took place in the spring of 1914, when war might easily have been precipitated, if things had happened otherwise than they did at that time, and by doing so I may help to clear an atmosphere that was dim, and shed a ray of daylight on subsequent events in regard to the war.

While I have mentioned many political events that have taken place in the past and their bearing on history, I have refrained from introducing party politics into these pages. My husband's official position made it necessary to view everything from an impersonal standpoint, and this was excellent training for me. I cultivated the habit of seeing things from different points of view, and of judging their merits from both sides of the question, and thus arriving at a just conclusion. I have always had friends in both political camps, and hold the firm conviction that extremists ruin every party, and that an uneven hand of justice and the least unfairness will in time bring their own retribution.

## NOTE

THE crest on the cover of these "Memories" is of interest, because it is that of Charlemagne, Emperor of France, who married Hildegarde of Swabia, from whom the Glover family descended.

The crest and coat of arms of Charlemagne were cut in stone over the door of the entrance hall at Schloss Handschuhsheim (Glover's home) near Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, which belonged to Mr. Harry Graham, late M.P. for St. Pancras, who was in residence there when war was declared in 1914, and whose name is mentioned in this book. The crest, "Etoile à 8 pts. issuing from a ducal crown," is the crest that is used by the Glover family to-day. Their pedigree was drawn up in the year 1861 by Frederick Guy Eaton Glover, from a pedigree in the archives of Kings' School, Canterbury, also from other authentic sources. It is an interesting document, but unfortunately would take up too much space if printed. This pedigree was lodged about A.D. 1546 for the purpose of proving founders' kin, and a scholarship of £30 a year for the education of lineal descendants of Queen Catherine Parr.

We find that in 1680 the terms were "three cres or, a chever, erm, with bordure or," and that at an even earlier period the bordure of the ducal crown was granted in 1577 to Richard Glover, first English Ambassador to the Sultan. The descent of the family is traced back through the Plantagenets to Charlemagne. In the reign of Henry VI Thomas Glover was Warden of Rochester Bridge; his grandson bore the canopy at the coronation of Henry VIII, as a Baron of the Cinque Ports; his grandson in turn was the well-known Somerset Herald who died in 1588. In the ensuing century Thomas Glover was Ambassador at Constantinople, where he spent a hundred thousand dollars in redeeming three hundred Christian slaves. On October 13, 1614, a grant was made to him for life of the office of Collector of Fines in Ecclesiastical Courts. In 1617 Robert Glover was Clerk of the Farriers Company. Thus it may be claimed that the pedigree, coat of arms, and crest of the family are of unusual historic interest.





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# MEMORIES OF FOUR CONTINENTS

## CHAPTER I

### MY FIRST RECOLLECTIONS

**M**Y very earliest recollection dates from my third birthday. I know that this date is correct, because I was taken to be photographed. A copy of the picture is before me as I write, and on the back of it is inscribed, "Taken on her third birthday." It represents a solemn-looking child with a quantity of fair hair "bobbed" much in the present fashion for children, dressed in a pale blue llama frock, with silk fringe to match edging the bell-shaped sleeves, the neck cut round, somewhat in the shape that is worn to-day. I remember being very frightened of the much be-spectacled man who took the picture; he patted me on the head, called me "little dear," and smelt of onions. He told me to look this way and that, and twisted my neck about until I was quite bewildered and ready to cry; so it is no wonder that I looked solemn and scared when the hateful business was over.

While my parents were engaged in ordering tinted copies of the photograph for various members of the family, I looked out of the little shop window at the people passing to and fro in the street below. So

much movement and life were new to me, because we lived quietly in the country ; I had been born in the old family place that had belonged to us for generations, and this was the first time in my short life that I had been away from it. A month's visit to the sea had been prescribed by the faculty for my mother, so we migrated *en bloc* to a furnished house, rented for a few weeks, so that she might enjoy the change. I do not recall the name of the watering-place, but could find my way now about the streets (so deeply is the place impressed on my memory) and down the rugged path to the beach where the blue sea rolled in on the sand, dashing spray and rippling along in surf, the seagulls hovering over it. Beyond were the red and brown sails of fishing-boats, and now and then a paddle-wheeled steamer passed, churning up foam and leaving long trails of smoke behind it. It was then, I think, that the first feeling of "Wanderlust" came to me, the longing for wide spaces filled with wind and flowers and sunshine, and the desire to see the great big world, a world which, I knew instinctively, lay beyond the horizon where the sea and sky met in a blurred outline.

The photographer's shop stood on the quay, facing the harbour, and, while watching the gulls circling above and then suddenly diving into the water, an irresistible impulse seized me. I rushed downstairs and out across the paved road to a flight of stone steps leading to the water's edge, where a boat was moored to the wall. The gulls whirled round, screaming wildly, having spied fish in the boat and thinking that I was about to interfere with their prey. I was in the act of trying to scramble

over the gunwale when my frightened parents came running down the steps after me, headed by Nurse Dann, who caught me by the skirts and shook me as a terrier shakes a rat, and I was dragged away weeping.

After that episode, whenever we walked on the pier Nurse Dann kept tight hold of my hand, especially when, a few days later, I watched a draft of cavalry horses being hoisted on board a lighter, which interested me intensely. Some struggled, some kicked ; others were passive and looked dejected, with drooping heads and limp, dangling legs. These aroused my pity, and I asked many questions about them. I was promptly taken home, and that night I was restless and could not sleep for thinking of the ship and the soldiers. More than once I felt the long, hard knuckles of Nurse Dann boxing my ears, as she told me to "keep quiet and go to sleep." But this did not prevent me from thinking about them, or from wishing to be with the horses on board that smelly craft bound for India.

As I grew older, boys' books and books of adventure in foreign lands gave me more pleasure than toys or games of any kind, which never interested me much, though riding, outdoor life generally, and beautiful scenery were a real joy. My sister, who was a little younger than I, says that I was just a healthy animal, happy and not worrying much about anything ; at all events not about life's problems and perplexities.

After our trip to the sea, we went on a visit to my grandparents, which was a great event. I remember my grandfather taking me to see an old flame of his, Mrs. Flood of Flood Hall. He was got up in his best

tall hat, white cravat, and long, tight-fitting coat, and showed off his eldest granddaughter with much pride. I was dressed in the same blue llama frock, which had become a bit short by then ; but it was helped out with lace-frilled knickers (called drawers in those days), and my grandfather gave me a new hat for the occasion, mushroom in shape, with a white ostrich feather, of which I was very proud.

These two old people sat hand in hand, it seemed to me for hours, quite forgetting my presence, so engrossed were they in talking over the events of their merry youth. " Fie ! fie ! " the old lady said at last, shaking her finger at my grandfather, " the child is listening. You must not tell me any more stories." Mrs. Flood must have been a great beauty once, and was even then quite a picture in her quaint, drawn silk Quaker-shaped grey bonnet, with wide strings tied in a stiff bow under her chin, a grey dress and shoulder-scarf to match, with mittens drawn over her beautifully shaped hands and wrists. What a romance might be written round the lifelong friendship of these elderly sweethearts ! I think my grandmother was a bit jealous, and that Mrs. Flood was envious of her because she herself had never had any children.

Another beauty of her time was the mother of my grandfather, Mrs. Bolton of Brizille Castle and sister of the first Lord Massy, a fascinating lady who danced the cachuca with the Duke of Wellington and was a well-known figure in society of that day and a great friend of the Duke's.

To judge by his miniature, my grandfather must



have been an exceedingly handsome man in his youth. He had not then come into his patrimony, broad acres in the Golden Vale, the great grass and dairy-farming part of Ireland, which might well be called the home of the Massy family, so many of his relatives owning property there. De Massie, their illustrious ancestor, had come from the ancient Norman town of Bayeux in the train of William of Normandy at the time of the Conquest, and had settled in the Palatine of Cheshire, his descendants intermarrying with the Cholmondeleys and the Grosvenors of Eaton Hall, and with others whose forbears arrived at the same period. This Cheshire branch of the family still retains the original Norman French spelling of the name, though the two Irish branches write themselves Massy and Massey respectively. Both were Massy until 1800, when Baron Massy's brother was created Lord Clarina. Through a clerical error his name was spelt Massey in the patent of nobility, and the Clarinas have always retained it, even down to the present lord.

In 1641 a Major-General Massy commanded an army sent to Ireland to repress a rebellion there, and served with much distinction at the Battle of Dangan Hill in August 1647, and afterwards in the first troop of horse with Colonel Coote in the Parliamentary army under the command of Oliver Cromwell in 1649. The whole account of their history, compiled from records of the Massy family, has been published in book form for private circulation by the late Lord Massy. It is interesting reading, for it mentions the names of so many well-known people in both Great Britain and Ireland

who were of Norman descent, and notes how, again and again, and generation after generation, they have inter-married, and still continue to do so.

My father was the only son of James Edmund Scott and was christened James William Butler. William was after his godfather, Lord Maryborough, Chief Secretary for Ireland and brother of the Duke of Wellington, and Butler because his mother was Miss Butler of Park, member of a branch of the Ormond family. On the occasion of the christening Lord Maryborough presented two beautiful old silver beer jugs to his godson. They are very large and heavy, and I still have them and the old engraved glass tumblers that were used on that occasion. His father was a descendant of the Duke of Buccleuch who came over with the King's army and settled in Ireland, Lord Clonmel being descended from another branch of the Scott family.

Our house was part of an old abbey, the foundations of which were still to be seen in the grounds, and there were also the ruins of two castles near by which had been bombarded by Cromwell, and round them many ancient relics of the fighting days were found, deeply buried in the soil.

Another of my very early recollections is the day when my grandmother told me to "be a good girl and go and shake hands" with Field-Marshal Lord Gough of Indian fame. How interested I was to hear about the battles he had fought! In his later days he retired to the seclusion of his home in the Emerald Isle; he was a very old man, I think over ninety years of age then, and he did not spend much time at the family seat in

Galway, preferring to live in a smaller place near Dublin. He was a constant attendant at his parish church, where he might have been seen every Sunday, sitting in the front pew under the high pulpit, his hand to his ear, striving to hear the sermon. I seem, as I write, to see the sun streaming through the stained-glass window on to his thick white hair. His broad shoulders were rounded and bent by the weight of years, but age had not dimmed the fire of his eye nor marred the fine expression of his face. The preacher who drew the veteran soldier to church, together with a large congregation, was the Rev. Alured Alcock, a retired army chaplain who had spent most of his life in India, where he had had great influence over the troops. A story is told of Gough, when he was there in command and was making preparations the night before the Battle of Ferozpur or Goojerat (I am not sure which). The soldiers asked him if he wanted to win the battle to be fought next day. "Then," they said, "we will lock you up in the fort till we've won it for you." And they did. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, but evidently his men would not let him take any risks.

In those days laymen held prayer-meetings and preached a great deal; among these the Earl of Carrick was a shining light. At dinner parties he frequently asked the hostess if she would have the servants in before the guests dispersed, for prayers and an address. It was difficult to refuse his request, though it seemed a little incongruous, especially as sometimes the guests were trying to get away early to go to a reception or a ball, and Lord Carrick's addresses were never too short.

Another notable person in my youth was Archbishop

Trench, at whose palace in Dublin many celebrities were entertained. He was a very shy man, and it was exceedingly difficult to understand what he said, owing to his having a high palate to his mouth. This infirmity was possibly the cause of his diffidence ; but he was a great scholar and writer on theology, holding views that were considered very High Church in a country that held, as a rule, strictly evangelical convictions, and which about that time was greatly impressed by the preaching of two Americans, Moody and Sankey, whose tuneful hymns drew crowds to their meetings. Indeed, it was a time of spiritual revival among the various sects of Dissenters and Plymouth Brethren. I remember seeing the Archbishop officiate at a confirmation, when a number of young people were confirmed, among them some fifty or sixty lads from a training ship. It was almost impossible to hear the address, but from what I could gather from his defective speech, the Archbishop laid great stress on the importance of "avoiding little sins and little weaknesses, such as the bad habit of reading novels in bed"—hardly a temptation that would beset blue-jackets ! Confirmation is really very solemn business for young people, and to judge by the behaviour of those present, they felt it to be so on this occasion ; but one waited in vain to hear the words of counsel or advice that might perchance help unstable footsteps over the rough places on life's pathway, or serve as finger-posts to guide them at the cross-roads.

Another very solemn occasion comes to my mind as I write. It was the first Sunday morning service in August 1914, and one that I shall never forget. I was staying

at the time with Sir George (now Lord) Younger and the late Lady Younger in Scotland, and we had driven to the Episcopal Church in Stirling. The church was filled with soldiers who were under orders for Flanders. The preacher's text was only two words—"Endure hardness." There was not a sound or a movement in the congregation while he exhorted his hearers to realise what was before each man and woman in the struggle to come. He made them feel that it was only by endurance that the goal could be reached, the fight won. It was a wonderful discourse, so earnestly delivered that it brought home the truth of what he said, and impressed it on every heart and soul. It seemed very strange that this grey-haired man, with such personality and so highly gifted with eloquence, should still be only "the Curate." But I am getting ahead of my story.

From my earliest years I was my father's close companion, and had little time to work in the schoolroom, which made me the despair of our governess. We were living in disturbed times. The Fenians had not then begun to murder women and children, as the Sinn Feiners do now; they were content in those days to shoot the landlords, boycott them, and steal or mutilate their cattle. But, in spite of everything, the landlords were always loyal to the British Crown; they were descended for the most part from men who had come over from England or Scotland when soldiers in the British army, and had inherited loyal traditions. There is much in heredity. In those days my father's life was only worth nine pounds purchase, for that was the exact sum promised to a man named Walsh, who came

over from America to shoot him. Walsh was also promised a free passage back when the deed was done, for no one thought it a crime to shoot a landlord, or dreamed that the murderer would ever be brought to justice by the Government.

I often heard about Colonel Carden's escapes. He was known as "Woodcock" Carden, because he had been fired at so frequently. If I remember rightly, his arm had been shot off in the Crimea, and he was considered a very gallant soldier. I think the Fenians got him at last—or at least a pellet did—in one of the eyes, but he said he could see a lot with the other! The unhappy loyalists were not much better off in those days than they are now, the only difference being that it is no longer a religious and agrarian war—it has gone far beyond that. The old battle cry "The wrongs of Ireland clamour in the blood!—The iron has entered her soul!—She will never forget and never forgive!" is done. Like the Russian Bolshevik, she is out now for blood, and she gets it! But in my younger days there was still some chivalry left; at least Tommy Moore thought so when writing his immortal poems.

However, my father was advised to be careful after he had refused police protection, so he carried me about on his back in my baby days when wandering about in the hayfields and through the farms, and kept well away from hedgerows. I learned from him the name of every tree and bird and wild-flower as soon as I could speak, also much about agriculture. Later I was strapped into a basket side-saddle, and he led the tiny pony until I was big enough to walk by his side.

After my mother's death, when I was just five years old, my father gave up hunting. He had a famous horse at that time, named Peacock, a well-bred weight-carrier who never made a mistake. My father was a tall, heavy man, and well known as the owner of clever hunters, so there was a rush to buy Peacock. The Marquis of Waterford was the first in the field. Like all the Beresfords, he was a big man, and had to have a good beast to carry him. On the morning of his fatal accident, he ordered Peacock to be brought round, knowing that the hounds were to meet that day on a stiffish bit of country ; but the groom made a mistake and saddled the wrong horse. He was late and the Marquis was very angry, but there was no time to change the mount. Then the news came that Lord Waterford had been killed, and my father was greatly upset until he heard that his death was not caused through any fault of his favourite.

After my father gave up hunting we led a very retired life ; he spent his time farming and breeding short-horned cattle, and took many prizes at the Horse Show for heavy-weight hunters. He was a typical country gentleman of those days, and worked for his country without thanks or reward, sitting on the magisterial bench, attending grand juries at the assizes, and poor law meetings. One year, I remember, he was High Sheriff, always an expensive honour. He belonged to the class who are suffering so much in the present day in England—the squire of many acres, holding out against increased taxation on the land his forbears had lived on since Domesday Book was compiled, often with

very heavy liabilities to meet. Very soon all the old places will have been sold, unless the owners are fortunate enough to draw large incomes from other sources for their upkeep. The next generation will see a new order of things, and they may be better able to adapt themselves to circumstances ; but much of the historic interest of the old county families has already passed away with many of the "stately homes of England." There will be no room for the impoverished country squire. Of course, unlike the sister isle, England is a vast industrial and manufacturing country, and factories and workshops will push away hedgerows and fences ; but to make agriculture pay it must become a big business proposition—at least that is the opinion I have formed after years of observation. Small fields enclosed by hedgerows leave no scope for the plough and the land is wasted by headlands.

An American once said, on seeing the Curragh, "This is the finest clearing I have struck since crossing the ocean." He was longing, no doubt, for the freedom of ranch life and the wild stretches of prairie where big winds blow. I think I must always have had such a craving deep down in my heart, a longing to look over the edge of the world to the back of beyond and see what was going on at the other side. Perhaps that was the reason that made me persuade my father to get a foreign governess to teach us languages. My uncle suggested a Swiss ; but then he thought a smattering of French and a little music sufficient accomplishments for girls. I had heard that my mother had been a good linguist, and was therefore determined to learn more than this



smattering, and in the end got my way. A German governess arrived, who spoke three languages fluently in addition to her own. She was never so happy as when abusing the French and extolling the virtues of the *Vaterland*; but she loved imparting knowledge, and did not object to giving me lessons in the evening when the others had gone to bed, because I had no time for study during the day, being so much out of doors with my father. Fräulein's methods of teaching were very different from those of our former dear old governess, who had never been trained as a teacher and knew very little of anything herself. But we loved her kindly ways and led her a life—at least I did; but I was a great favourite of hers, despite it all. The German was a native of Hanover, and held many diplomas from schools and colleges there.

The want of knowledge of living languages seems to me the greatest barrier to the peace of the world. Nations do not understand each other and their different points of view, because they cannot discuss things freely, and are therefore shy of meeting each other. The Englishman abroad as a rule suffers more than any other foreigner, because he can seldom express himself fluently in any language but his own, and therefore misses a great deal of real enjoyment. It is difficult to feel sympathy with a mute.

But besides resident governesses, we had at one time a visiting governess who gave us lessons three times a week. Also a dancing master, Mr. Lyons, who played the violin while showing us the various steps—reels, mazurkas, strathspeys, and waltzes—and he did it

astonishingly well, his neat little feet keeping time to the music, of which he had a large repertoire. Mr. Crowley was our singing-master, and we had fortnightly visits too from the clergyman for religious instruction when preparing for confirmation. Our Rector, Dean King, was a gentleman of the old school, with kindly, aristocratic manners. His daughter married the curate, Mr. Finlay, who was one of our instructors. This man was popular with everyone in the parish on account of his charm of manner, and he was greatly regretted when he left on promotion to a living. Later, his elder brother died, and he inherited a place in Cavan, where he and his wife lived until a few months ago ; but in the year of grace 1922 the Sinn Feiners for no ascribed reason entered Dean Finlay's house in the night, took his wife and six servants out of their beds, locked them up in an outhouse, and then brutally murdered the old clergyman in cold blood.

## CHAPTER II

### EARLY DAYS IN IRELAND

WHEN we were children Sheridan, the sweep, was our bogey-man. He arrived periodically in a donkey-cart with a little boy and long brushes. The poor little boy had bare legs and only a flimsy shirt to cover him. He was sent to climb up the wide chimneys with a hand-hoe to hack down the soot. When he was slow at his work the old man used frightful language, and the child seemed terrified and sometimes cried bitterly ; but he often managed to steal pigeons' eggs and any other little thing he fancied when his master was not looking. We had a very pretty kitchenmaid at the time, a slim, graceful girl, young and most attractive. One day she told us she must leave to be married, and, oh, horrors ! it was to old Sheridan, the sweep ! His face was always as black as the soot ; indeed, I feel sure he was equally black all over, but Maggie married him for all that, and had a troop of little Maggies, beautiful children, who used to come barefooted to beg for food, clothes, or anything they could get. They lived in a wretched hovel on the roadside, and seemed quite happy. I asked Maggie one day why she had married old Sheridan, and with the prettiest smile she said, " Sure, miss, because I had no sinse." But I

have seen many pinched, pale-faced children in London slums that have made me think that Maggie's little rosy-faced brood were happier and better off than the town-bred folk. They had at least fresh air, and there were always potatoes and milk to be had for the asking.

Many of the tenants in those days were able and willing to pay their rent, but were afraid to do so. Sometimes, when I was out late with my father, a man would suddenly pop out from behind a tree or hedge and look furtively round to see if there were anyone watching. Then he would thrust a roll of bank-notes into my hand and whisper, "Give it to his honour. The amount is all right and I want no receipt. Sure I'll be kilt entirely if anybody knew I paid the rint."

A good story was told about a less honest tenant. A lady could not get him to pay his rent ; he refused to do so on the plea that the door of his house was in a bad state. The lady had nothing whatever to do with the repairs of his cottage, not being liable for them in any way ; but she said that if he paid, he might order a new door from her estate carpenter, and tell him the size to make it. The tenant ordered one to be made in the best style and of the finest oak that could be procured. As soon as it was finished he sold the door for fifty shillings, the amount of the rent he owed, and paid the lady !!!

One Sunday, when driving to church, we passed a procession of men with flags and banners, shouting and yelling like mad. They were on their way to a big demonstration meeting which the agitators had got up. The church was in a very desolate spot, with no houses

near it ; and in the middle of the service the men surrounded the building and hammered at the doors, shouting, "Down with the land grabbers!" The congregation was mostly composed of women and children. The clergyman stopped reading the prayers and there was dead silence, except for the howling outside. For a moment everyone expected the men to burst open the doors and rush in ; but with curses and the clashing of brass instruments they finally marched off.

Then came the days when men brought their revolvers to tennis parties and laid them out in a row while playing, and a couple of constables walked about the grounds for fear of a surprise. Yet the British Isles were supposed to be civilised ! All this happened when I was young, and late in 1922 I heard that an old maid-servant who lived in our family for years, the daughter of the then sexton of our church, had been brutally treated. On her father's death she was made sextoness and caretaker, and lived in a cottage within the church-yard walls. Having gained access to the church, the raiders encountered Miss Allen, who is now a feeble old woman, unable to walk without the aid of a stick, and practically a cripple. She refused to give up the key of the safe, and the miscreants then brutally assaulted her. One struck her on the face, a second clutched her by the throat, and a third kicked her as she lay helpless on the ground. The men then entered the vestry and tried to break open the safe with a hammer, but without success. They then attempted to burn the Bible which was on the lectern. While in the caretaker's house, at

two in the morning, they made tea for themselves and took away all the food they could find.

Irish houses then boasted wonderful old silver, china, and exquisite furniture and antiques. Many of the castles which escaped destruction in the days of Cromwell were very ancient ; for instance, Ormond Castle in Kilkenny was built by William le Mareschal, and there still remain three of the old towers in the quadrangle and a picturesque gallery which contains portraits by Holbein, Lely, and Vandyck, some famous cattle pictures by Cuyp, and works by Murillo, Correggio, Giordano, Tintoretto, and Salvator Rosa.

I remember going to stay with the Villiers-Stuarts of Dromenna in County Waterford, a beautiful place on the Blackwater, filled with family portraits and interesting books and records of Irish life and the old Parliamentary days of Dublin. Part of the house dates from before the reign of King John, as evidenced by a deeply carved ceiling in one of the halls. The Villiers-Stuarts, being of Scotch descent, also inherited valuable relics of the Stuarts. They were strong Jacobites. The owner of Dromenna in those days married a very charming lady, a daughter of Sir John Power. She made many trips to Egypt with her husband, when he was writing books on its early history. He was a Member of Parliament in Westminster for a number of years, till he met an untimely end by falling overboard from his own little sailing-boat on the river, in sight of his house. It was said at the time of the accident that his pockets were filled with gold, as he had been collecting rents, and that the weight kept him down under the water.

This is just the kind of story that would be circulated; the more likely one was that it was a wet day and his heavy mackintosh prevented him from rising to the surface.

Mr. Villiers-Stuart's son Harry was very badly wounded in the Boer War. He had helped Lord Longford to get up an Irish Yeomanry Corps. When the news came that there had been a Boer victory, his tenants lit bonfires on all the hills round and at the cross-roads, made holiday, drank whisky, sang songs, and shouted like mad till they could drink no more. Then came a telegram to say that Captain Villiers-Stuart was dead, and later a letter from his servant, who had gone out with him, saying that he had been wounded, and was coming home as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to travel. The excitement was great on the day of his return; the countryside turned out to meet him, and would hardly allow the train to draw up in the station for crowding up to it. The tenants took the horses out of the carriage and got between the traces, dragging him five miles to his home. Again they lit bonfires and shouted, singing "See the Conquering Hero comes," nor would they be satisfied till he came out on the doorstep of his house to make a speech and to be photographed with them! He asked if it was true that his tenants had lighted bonfires on his land when they heard of the Boer victory, and the spokesman replied, "Yes, your honour, we did that same; but we were sorry we done it when we heard you were kilt!"

Among other people of importance I met in County Waterford were the Musgraves. That fine sportsman,

Sir Richard, had excellent shooting and cheery house-parties, at which he entertained with true Irish hospitality. I remember hearing that on one of these occasions, when some English guns were invited, the cook got drunk. Sir Richard knew nothing about this till the guests were assembled just before dinner. He whispered to one of them, "The cook's blind; can anything be done?" History does not reveal how dinner was served, but she was bad all night and was sent away by train next morning, just after the guns had started for the coverts. Rory, the butler, appeared about lunch-time, leading an ass with panniers on its back and an excellent lunch in the baskets. Sir Richard asked the butler if he had got the cook off. "I did, Sir Richard," said Rory without a smile. "Did she go quietly?" he enquired. "She did not, Sir Richard." "Had you much trouble with her?" "I had so, Sir Richard." "How did you get her away?" "On the float, Sir Richard." "On the float? But how did you keep her on it?" "I tied her with a bit of a rope to keep her on, Sir Richard." Tableau!

No one who remembers the good old days when hunting was done top hole in Kildare and Meath, and Bay Middleton piloted the beautiful Austrian Empress, would believe what a difference they would have found if they had attended a meet in County Waterford. I remember being taken to one when staying at Dromenna. It was held at the cross-roads, in a wild, uncultivated, rocky valley. A few cows were grazing on scanty blades of grass. One or two waggonettes and dogcarts had already arrived on the scene, and a crowd was waiting



for the very mixed, lean-looking pack, which people said were only able to hunt when there was a catch of sprats in the bay. It was a motley, ill-dressed crew. Some of the men had their corduroy trousers fastened from the knee to the ankle with hay-rope wound round them in place of leggings, to protect them when scrambling through thorn and briar bushes. Others were running in shirts and ragged garments to the knees, with bare legs and bare feet; but the priest and the doctor rode smart cobs, and there were a good many young farmers on fine-looking, ill-groomed young horses with rusty bits in their mouths, which showed a good amount of breeding. But all looked as if they were enjoying good sport and wanted no better fun than a hunt, unless it were a race-meeting. The Ryans' pack of "black and tan" beagles, as they were called, gave fine sport in the Golden Vale.

In the old days Mrs. Ryan lived at Scarteen with a number of sons, two of whom were through the Franco-German War, attached to the French army as priest and doctor; and in the late war John Ryan, her grandson, the present sporting master, was taken prisoner by the Germans after having been buried alive. The news came on a postcard from a German officer, saying that he was in prison, and when the letter-sorter in the night mail-train from Dublin to Cork read it, he copied the message on bits of paper, flinging them out at every station on the line all the way to Cork. The news was soon wired on, and a copy appeared in every morning paper, but the postcard was so thumbed and re-read that it did not reach Lady Ryan, his mother, until after the

Post Office had no more callers to see it. There had already been a Mass for the Dead served by Captain Clem Ryan, his brother, who was afterwards killed in France.

Long ago the parties at the Castle were very amusing, where Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick's beautiful daughter made her *début* in Dublin, and men stood on chairs at receptions to get a glimpse of her fair oval face. She afterwards married Mr. Cornwallis West and became the mother of the Princess of Pless, whose husband owns an immense property and beautiful castles in Silesia; her sister became Duchess of Westminster, a well-known society lady.

Lady Ventry, a sister of General Andrew Wauchope, was another beautiful woman of her time.

Captain (now General) Studholme Brownrigg was then on the staff; he was a smart, good-looking, dapper little soldier, a wonderful mimic, and told Irish stories with an inimitable brogue. His broad Scotch accent was equally effective. He went by the nickname of "the Moke," not because of any asinine qualities but because a relative had married a Von Moltke, who was at one time staying on a visit to Sir Watkin Wynn. The "Moke" tells the story that one morning the German came down very late for breakfast, saying that he felt "very ill, oh, so ill, so ill! I washed my neck dis morning," he explained. "But don't you always wash your neck?" enquired his host. "Yes, in de summer ven de vetter is varm, but not in de vinter ven it is *fürchtbar kalt!*"

Lord Morris, the Chief Justice, was a delightful man

and popular with everyone. He once told me with the richest brogue (for which he was famous) that he was dining at a large party one night at the Castle with the Aberdeens, when Home Rule was the topic of conversation. Lady Aberdeen turned to him and said : " We are all friends and Home Rulers here to-night." He replied : " Then axing your pardon, your ladyship, let me tell ye there's no Home Rulers in this room barring yourselves and them rascally hired waiters." And he was doubtless right, for no one knew his world better than Michael Morris. But that was before an English Prime Minister went over to Dublin to shake hands with the rebels and murderers, an action the loyal subjects will never forgive.

There has always been a great division between the people who live in the North and those who live in the South of Ireland. O'Connell's Bridge over the Liffey in Dublin divides them, and very few of the Northern men belonged to Kildare Street Club, which was the great social club in those days. It always seemed a pity that this difference should exist.

A story was told, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it, that a general meeting of landlords was called together in some political crisis, and twenty-three attended it, when Lord Clonbrock was elected President. At the next meeting only three turned up—they all wanted to be President !

After the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny there had been no great wars in which England had taken a hand until the end of 1873, when complications arose in West Africa which led to the Ashanti War. Captain

Glover, whose march alone through the unknown and untrodden forests of Nigeria, and whose work in Lagos (when he raised the Hausa Regiment) had given him a place among the great army of pioneer men who have made the Empire what she is to-day, was selected, on account of his knowledge of the country, to raise men for a native expedition, to appoint his own staff of white officers, and to proceed to Cape Coast to enlist Hausas and native allies. Subsequently the War Office decided to send out Sir Garnet Wolseley in command of the white troops, which were to co-operate in the war in the Ashanti territory.

I was then a slip of a girl, and did not know much about wars or politics ; but my grandmother, with whom I was staying at the time, was greatly interested in the events of the day. Although she was a very old lady then, she still carried on her charitable work, and got up bazaars for schools and orphanages with as much vigour as in her younger days ; but she was not able to go out of doors very much. One day she asked me to call on Mrs. Wolseley. It would be a kindness, she said, when she was feeling so much anxiety about her son in West Africa. I sent in my grandmother's card, and noted the look of surprise with which I was greeted when I followed it into the room. I found Mrs. Wolseley seated in a comfortable armchair with a large Bible beside her. It was a shiny, American-cloth bound book, such as one sees on the dressing-tables in country hotels, keeping company with the scriptural texts hanging on the walls. Her son Fred Wolseley came in just then ; he had come home from his sheep-farm in

Australia to amuse himself and have a good time on his brother's reputation. Unkind people said also that the sheep were neglected and died, and that the twenty thousand pounds which Sir Garnet got after the war, for his services, went to the reconstruction of his brother's farm. But an Australian drought might have been the cause of the disaster. Mrs. Wolseley sent a message by me to say that her son Garnet had told her to read one of the Psalms (I cannot recall which) three times every day. I think it was something about the "God of battle." He knew that if she did so his army would be victorious.

I little thought then that I should ever meet so many of the men who took such a prominent part in the war. I was more interested in a hunt ball my father insisted on taking me to. My grandmother said I was too young, but I am sure my father wanted an excuse to go himself, and get among his old friends of the "pink coats" once more. Mrs. Manning's, the great dressmaking establishment and the most expensive shop in Dublin, was approached. Her taste was considered indisputable; in fact she was "it." I remember that frock—white silk with an overskirt of beautifully embroidered white tulle, looped up with bunches of jasmine with frosted leaves and falling dewdrops; a wreath confined my rebellious hair. I was too frightened to enjoy the ball. I had never worn evening dress before, and was longing for a scarf. But I had plenty of partners, principally the smallest men in the room, who buzzed round me in flocks, as they always do about a tall girl.

My father, I think, was a very lonely man, for youth

and age can never be on a quite sympathetic plane, however much they love each other. Every now and then he wanted to get away from the quiet of country life and see what was going on in the outside world. On one of these occasions he took me and a month's return ticket with him, at the end of which time I came back a wreck, with every bit of colour washed out of my cheeks. During those four weeks we went at breakneck speed, like American tourists ; " did " London and Brussels, Cologne, Lucerne, and all the beautiful places round the Swiss lakes, and went up the Rigi. Here we met the Prince Imperial, with two Oxford graduates and a French tutor. The Prince was slightly built and looked delicate and thin ; but what struck me as most remarkable was the smallness of the pupils of his light hazel eyes. He had charming manners and was easily amused, and laughed heartily when for fun my father pushed a thick, pointed woollen cap over the eyes of a railway official, when taking refuge in a funicular car during one of the greatest thunderstorms I ever remember. The thunder rolled round the mountains with a noise like artillery, which the Prince seemed to enjoy, or maybe he was out on holiday and was easily amused by anything. We met him again in Paris, where he was thoroughly at home, but the heat was so great there during that July that it barred all enjoyment, and I was thankful to find myself on board the old paddle-boat *Leinster* on the way back to the Emerald Isle.

But I was not destined to live there much longer. No one knows, except those who have been bred on the soil, what a wrench it is to leave that disturbed, beautiful,

unhappy country. It is like pulling out the very strings of heart and soul. But when a girl marries, her old home can never be the same to her again, especially if she has been the head of her father's house since childhood. Yet if the right man comes into her life, a man whose personality is greater than any she has met before, whose object in life is one of higher purpose, and whose outlook is different from that of an ordinary everyday man of leisure, she throws her lot in with his and never looks back in vain regret.

Sir John Glover had been staying with Bishop Alexander and his daughter at Derry. Miss Alexander, who is now living in rooms in Hampton Court Palace, remembers the visit and the events which followed. Sir John came to see a cousin who was staying with us at the time, and this was the occasion of our first meeting. After this, when on his way to a shooting party at Lord John Browne's, Westport, in County Mayo, there was a railway accident in which Sir John sustained somewhat serious injuries, and my father telegraphed, asking him to return to our house and stay until he was recovered. At first it was supposed that there was not much the matter ; but when Surgeon Butcher arrived he considered that it was a case of life or death, and day and night nurses were sent for. It fell to my lot to see that the doctor's orders were carried out, and those who have watched critical cases winning through in the late war will, I think, understand the sympathy that is created, and not be surprised that when he was convalescent we became engaged, and were married in Kent not long after.

My father was greatly against my marriage. There was too great a disparity of years, he thought ; and he would not hear of my living abroad. He did not realise that I should have a fuller life, with more interesting experiences, than I could enjoy living in the country in any part of the British Isles. And when it became known that an appointment in Newfoundland would necessitate my going to the Colonies, my grandmother was in despair. She had never heard of the place. Someone told her there was nothing there but fogs and dogs, and that people had to keep bread under the bedclothes at night to prevent it freezing. The old butler asked if any white people lived there, and thought it was part of Australia. It was wonderful what a little was known about our oldest Colony, and I knew as little as anyone else, except the place where it was marked on the map, and that it was much bigger than Great Britain and had a bit of the Labrador thrown in.

Queen Victoria was always interested in a romance. She asked the Dowager Lady Ely to write to me and express her approval of our marriage. She wished me to go down and stay at Windsor with my husband, so that I might be privately presented to her. It would then be unnecessary to be presented at Court.

A private presentation is a very simple affair. After lunching with the ladies-in-waiting and Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household, Lady Errol took me to the audience chamber. When I had kissed her Majesty's hand she asked a number of questions about people I knew, and about others who had taken part in the Ashanti War. Her memory about them and their



family affairs was astounding ; so was her intimate knowledge of the part my husband had taken in the war, which she had followed in minutest detail. He was evidently a favourite of hers. I was much impressed with her dignity of manner, her strong personality, and her concise way of expressing herself. Lady Ely, her greatest confidante, had the most wonderfully sympathetic speaking voice I ever heard, and owed much of her great personal attraction and charm to it. When we were leaving the Castle in a brougham with a hot-water bottle under the fur rugs, her Majesty drove past in a victoria with Lady Errol, who looked blue with cold. There was no cloak or rug over the Queen ; she never used one and never felt cold.

I remember meeting Sir Bartle Frere just then in London. He was the first of the Empire-makers, of whom I met so many later, to be introduced to me, and his personality impressed me greatly. When I knew more of his work in South Africa I began to understand the man better. He took my hands in his at parting, saying, " My dear young lady, you are on the eve of your colonial experience—take an old man's advice, and never go to South Africa. It is the grave of every man's reputation." More recently I have heard it described as the land of misunderstanding. I was indeed on the threshold of a new world, where life would present a different aspect as soon as I stepped over the edge. The long rolling waves of the Atlantic would wash out some of the memories of the past, while the future lay dim in obscurity behind the horizon.

## CHAPTER III

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

**T**HE Sunday after we arrived at St. John's we drove to the Cathedral for evening service. The sleigh-bells tinkled merrily in the clear frosty air, and as we passed through the gates of Government House the full moon was shining brightly on snow-banks and on icicles that hung from the dark pine-trees. That evening, as I listened to the beautiful voices of the boys singing in the surpliced choir, and heard the familiar prayers read to a crowded congregation, and saw the Bishop giving the final blessing, I understood why oversea people felt that we all belonged to the big family that called Britain "home." We prayed for the whole estate of Christ's Church Militant here on earth and for our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, that God would replenish her with the grace of His Holy Spirit, so that she might always incline to His Will and walk in His Ways. It was then that I began to feel, to understand, the meaning of the word "Empire." Thousands, aye, millions of people were saying the same words that we were, mid snow and ice, in scorching deserts, in tropical jungles, away under the Southern Cross, in the "Never-Never," and in the uttermost corners of the earth. There was

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the same prayer, the same people, the same thought of "home."

If history repeats itself, there must always be wars in such a vast Empire as ours. Great Britain is ours because it has been kept for us by the British people themselves, in spite of its being a Naboth's Vineyard ; but it has been held together, not by politics and statesmen, but by the British people. Politicians are too busy with their "jobs" at home to think very much of what the great big Empire is doing all the world over, and maybe this is best, because the things people do for themselves without any State interference are the things that really count.

"Time and the ocean and some fostering star  
In high cabal have made us what we are."

Here in Newfoundland the people were self-governing, though that did not satisfy the Irish. An old Mr. Keogh, with a rich brogue, though he had been born in St. John's and had never been to Ireland in his life, said to me, "Shure it's Home Rule we're wanting here, and we'll never be satisfied until we get it." "But," I expostulated, "you have Home Rule. You have an Upper and a Lower House of Assembly ; you make your own laws. What else do you want ?" "We have that so," he replied ; "but it's Home Rule we want !" Mr. Keogh was an old bachelor, so I recommended him to find himself a home ruler !

Government House was very comfortable and well furnished. It had central heating and every modern convenience, reception rooms which lent themselves to entertaining, and excellent floors for dancing. The

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biggest ball of the year was always given on the Queen's birthday. The house was built when the late Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane was Governor, which is probably the reason why it resembles Government House, Portsmouth. He was a man of large ideas, though small of stature. He married a daughter of Sir Wheeler Cuff, a first cousin of my father's. She was the mother of Minnie Cochrane, lady-in-waiting to Princess Beatrice. The Cochranes' place, Quoir Abbey, in the Isle of Wight, adjoined Osborne, and the Royal Family saw a great deal of Lady Cochrane and her daughters. Sir Thomas had the reputation of being a martinet, but was always popular with his men. A story was told of him when he was an Admiral on the China station. He insisted on his officers wearing Wellington boots—not quite the ideal of comfort in a hot climate. One day when he was on shore he was followed by an insistent Chinaman, carrying a pair of cleverly made boots with elastic sides. "Buy cheaty Cochranes—buy cheaty Cochranes, sar. Plenty sailor men plenty wanty. Always cheaty top dog!" I expect the enraged Admiral had a few strong words ready that not even a chink could misunderstand.

Another story I always liked was told about Governor Sir Alexander Bannerman, when he found difficulty in dealing with the Roman Catholic Bishop, who employed his spare time in meddling in politics. This Irishman was trying to bluff the Governor, but his Excellency would not be bluffed. Then said the Bishop: "It may be very awkward for Lady Bannerman if there are riots, and Government House is attacked by the mob." "You

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need not be anxious about Lady Bannerman," replied the old Scotchman, "I'll joost send her leddyship up to your convent ; she's a good Presbyterian." That did it !

There was a local A.D.C., Colonel Jarvis by name, whose duty it was to see that there were no mistakes in the invitations sent out from Government House. He was supposed to know everyone and where each was living ; his wife knew all the gossip of "Who's Who." Captain (afterwards General) Barnard, who had been on my husband's staff in Ashanti, and who was later well known in India, was the A.D.C. on his personal staff and lived in the house, as did Major (afterwards Sir Harry) Jackson. He afterwards married one of the pretty daughters of Sir Edward Shea, the Colonial Secretary. Another handsome daughter married one of the Bowrings, well-known people in St. John's. Sir Edgar Bowring is now High Commissioner for Newfoundland in London.

Life at Government House consisted for the most part of routine work with a good deal of entertaining thrown in. This of course included inviting officers of French and other foreign navies, as well as giving a good many balls and parties for our own. The Governor was always in his private sitting-room, called the "office," from ten o'clock till lunch every morning, transacting business with his private secretary and interviewing various officials for the purpose of discussing local affairs, as well as getting through his home correspondence before the closing of the Colonial Office mail bags, which were despatched every fortnight. His orderly made

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appointments for interviews when the Governor was engaged with a "Council."

In the afternoon we rode, drove, or sleighed, according to the season. The sleighing in St. John's was not as good as in Canada, because there were frequently "severe thaws" during the winter, which half melted the snow in places and caused what were termed "gulches," which often made the track unpleasantly rough. But sometimes it was delightful skimming over the newly fallen snow, well wrapped up in furs, little silver bells tinkling in the frosty air as our fast-trotting horses shook their heads in eagerness to get on. The air was so clear that every object in the landscape seemed nearer and more distinct than at home, and the sky was so blue that it looked as if it had "been washed over with a damp sponge and no clouds left to hang in shreds from Aurora's scarf, flung across the horizon." But these were the days when no fogs were rolling in from the dreaded "banks."

In summer, when we started at dawn for a trip across the dewy plains, or when our road skirted some winding river through steep pine-clad gorges, and the whole country was awakening, the cocks crowing, the hills bathed in lemon-coloured light, and the "barrens" spread out sky-wide and covered with pink-blossomed azaleas, there was a feeling of indescribable exhilaration in the crisp, champagne-like air. These days were golden days. Anon the fishermen of our party brought in their baskets of trout for lunch, forgetting the irritation caused by hungry mosquitoes, and only remembering their prowess of rod and reel and the weight of their

catch of fat sea-trout. Later, when September forests put on their garb of gold and crimson, tents were pitched in some well-chosen spot near the camping ground, and Mic-Mac Indian carriers built log fires of white birch-wood and made beds of springy spruce boughs; fat snipe and ptarmigan frizzled over glowing embers; points were counted on the antlers of the caribou that had fallen to the rifles that day, and the tired sportsmen looked with pride on their trophies of the chase—then it was that memory washed out all thoughts of the monotony of the long, icebound winter months in the joy of the present moment.

But these expeditions were not merely holiday-making excursions. The Governor had to visit the outports to look into local affairs and to study possible developments in various directions, with special reference to the mining interest. Sometimes we took tea in fishermen's cottages, and thus got to learn much about their lives and experiences; we heard many sad tales of distress due to the failure of the fishing harvest.

On these occasions the Governor was attended, as a matter of course, by the Prime Minister or some other important official, and in this way I got to know and study the individuality and mentality of some of the leading men of the colony. One cannot really know a country unless one makes a study of its people, and people are the most interesting of the many interesting subjects of observation all the world over.

I think the most notable man in my day was the Premier, Sir Frederick Carter. He began his political career when a barrister, in 1842, and was quite an old

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man when I knew him. A Devonshire lad by birth, he had no political influence to help him; nevertheless he became Speaker, Premier, Attorney-General, and finally Chief Justice of Newfoundland, and was one of the men selected as delegate to Quebec when terms were being prepared for the establishment of the Dominion of Canada. He also went to Ottawa to arrange for the admission of Newfoundland into the Dominion. This scheme, however, did not materialise, the people finally deciding to keep Newfoundland for the Newfoundlanders. Sir Frederick was a *bon vivant*, and enjoyed the good things of life to the full. He found his large family a great inconvenience, interfering in many ways with his creature comforts. Young chickens and ducklings were not to be thought of with so many mouths to feed; so when five o'clock tea became the fashion, he gave out that he never drank tea, for that was the hour when he dined. Indeed he was always busy at that time with a carefully selected menu of his own particular tit-bits. I think his happiest moments were spent fishing at his cottage in the country, which was reported to be haunted, and the family objected to living there. "I laid the ghost," he said, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "and have had peace ever since." "Then you did hear the footsteps?" I enquired. "Yes; I was lying in wait for them, and just put my head round the corner in time to see one of my girls in her 'nighty,' trailing a dog-chain behind her. There were no more ghosts after that." I think it was that merry twinkle and his sense of humour that got his election boat safely navigated through many political cross-currents. He was greatly



respected by all parties for his shrewdness, and was never an extremist.

There were always a good many political wire-pullers there, among them a plausible Irishman, who could wile the birds off the bushes, and who persuaded the authorities at home that the one thing the Colony really wanted was the appointment of a local man as Governor, he, of course, to be the man. But when the mail-boat with the distinguished passenger on board pushed her way through the narrows into the harbour of St. John's, there were no welcoming flags flying ; but an angry crowd had gathered on the wharf, who would not permit him to land. I can imagine Sir Frederick shrugging his shoulders, with that merry twinkle in his eye, when he saw the last of the liner disappearing, homeward bound, leaving a trail of smoke behind her ! This disappointed man had never been in the service of the Government and had no claim upon them ; but a better appointment was soon found for him in another Colony. All this is very confusing to an onlooker, who is often at a loss to understand why the men on the spot, whose services have been tried and proven and whose advice is worth following, are so frequently set aside for a self-seeking outsider.

Another interesting official was the French Consul, M. Jackman, who was quite a personality, and I was very glad when he arrived. He was a diplomat rather than a consul, and an excellent linguist besides. None of the officials could speak a word of French or German, and all letters and despatches had a way of drifting to me for translation until I struck over evidence *in extenso*

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of a murder case, taken down by the Moravian missionaries in Labrador and written in very cramped German characters. M. Jackman had a wide outlook on life ; he did not exaggerate grievances or identify himself with extreme opinions, but was content to serve France without stirring up mud for the sake of making himself a hero. The origin of war is not always to be traced back to the very foundation stone, I am sure, for if it were, many curious surprises would come to light. Officers like M. Jackman, who have never been in the limelight, have often averted disturbances by their tact, while men like Sir John Pope Hennessey, who upset the tranquillity of West Africa, Labuan, the Mauritius, and Hong-Kong with amazing ineptitude, were promoted each time by the Home Government for political reasons. In Newfoundland the French fishery question was a burning subject, and there were endless disputes about rights, which a person less tactful than the Consul might have brought to a crisis. He had gained a good deal of experience in Hong-Kong and St. Petersburg, where he had lived for some years, and felt very keenly the tragedy of that time, the death of the Tsarevitch, who was engaged to Princess Dagmar of Denmark. She afterwards married his brother, the father of the late Tsar, who was murdered by the Bolsheviks. Princess Dagmar was the sister of our beloved Princess Alexandra of Wales, as she then was, and by a curious repetition of events her eldest son was engaged to Princess May at the time of his death, and she afterwards married his brother, Prince George.

Princess Dagmar was devotedly attached to the young

Tsarevitch, who had a most attractive personality. M. Jackman told me that he should never forget seeing her kneeling in the church at midnight ; the building was draped in black and the body was lying there in state. She was sobbing as if her heart would break. This great sorrow may account for a certain austerity in her bearing in later years, for no one can pass through such poignant grief without bearing traces of it. Yet there is more happiness in life than pain, more beauty in the world than ugliness, and more goodness in humanity than evil. But happiness and sorrow sometimes lie very near to each other.

I bought a blue pencil when beginning to write these reminiscences ; it will be worn to a stump before I have finished them, because there is so much one is obliged to cut out for want of space. Endowed with the gift of fancy, one might weave thrilling romances round the men and women one stumbles across in out-of-the-way corners of the globe. Some are derelicts, men who apparently started in life with good chances and turned out failures, while others, who had no chances at all, made good. It is difficult to suppose that they were all endowed with the same mental equipment, yet we are told that all men are equal.

A clergyman in one of the outports, whom we used to call the "sky pilot," made notes of some almost incredible tales he had heard, and one of his stories adds yet another romance to the history of the well-known beauty Pamela, wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whose title was attained in the Irish Rebellion. The whole history of unhappy Ireland has been one of intrigue

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and rebellion, even as far back as the days of the two pretenders Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, both of whom landed there as agitators (just as Roger Casement did in our own day), and carried on an intrigue between the Kildares and Hapsburgs, which caused Queen Elizabeth to attempt the reconquest of Ireland. Later, the venturesome and misguided Lord Edward Fitzgerald came over from France with his lovely and devoted bride, the history of whose birth and parentage lent additional interest to her personality and charm. She had been brought up in Paris by a wealthy French Marquis and his English wife at a time when pleasures, riches, beauty, and fashion held their sway, for France was at the height of her glory in the reign of Louis XV. Pamela was surrounded by every refinement and luxury that money could procure, and became a great favourite of the Duc d'Orléans and Captain (afterwards Lord) Nelson. The latter told her long stories of the North Atlantic and of the fishing schooners he had captured off the coast of Cape Cod. Soon after her *début* she married the handsome Lord Edward Fitzgerald, an officer in the army of the King of England, who had gone over to Paris on a delicate mission. But before the wedding took place it was discovered that Lord Edward was mixed up in a plot to overthrow British rule in Ireland, and he was dismissed from the army. They went secretly to Flanders and were married there. The final tragedy took place years afterwards at the house of a feather-merchant in Dublin, when Lord Edward was wounded and taken prisoner, and lay in gaol until he died. Thus ended the romantic love of the fair Pamela, a love

which she cherished deep down in her heart until the end of her life. She never knew that she was born on the wild coast of Newfoundland.

Tragedy seems to have dogged the footsteps of her family, though theirs was no uncommon tale. The sea takes its toll, and many are left widows and orphans on its shores. Pamela's mother was orphaned at a very early age; she was brought up by the kindly fishermen and their wives, and was the pet of Fogo in the little fishing cove; her beauty was remembered by the old folk who told the story of her life. In due course she married a young sailor, and all went merry as a marriage bell until a bad fishing season brought want to their door. He shipped in a sailing craft bound for London, leaving a sorrowing wife and a baby girl behind, and was never heard of again. That baby afterwards became the beautiful Pamela who graced the Court of Louis XV. as the adopted daughter and heiress of the French Marquis and his wife. What a strange world it is, and how interesting! Full of surprises, laughter, and romance—full of tears and sorrow too! But so well worth living! If life were not good, we should not cling to it as we do.

As I write, I am thinking of a descendant of Pamela, Captain Oswald Fitzgerald of the 18th Bengal Lancers, and of the interest he took in her story when I told it to him at a Gymkhana, seated under the shade of a shamiana, for the Indian sun was hot. We were fellow guests then of His Highness Maharajah Scindia at Gwalior, when Lord Kitchener was Commander-in-Chief. "Our family history," he said, "only dates from the time when

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a French Marquise instructed her lawyer in England to find a beautiful child for her, because she wanted to adopt a little girl, having no children of her own.” “Yes; that is part of the story,” I said. “He found a beautiful woman with a lovely child in her lap, sitting exhausted on a doorstep. She had come to London from Newfoundland in a sailing ship to seek her missing husband, doubtless thinking that London was no bigger than her own little village across the ocean. After wandering about, begging for bread from door to door, they slept all night in the desolate streets. In the morning the unexpected happened. The lawyer passed on his way to his office, saw them, and made his offer; but the mother was very loth to part with her child.” Colonel Oswald Fitzgerald was one of her descendants, and his death on that fateful day in May, when he and his chief went down in the *Hampshire*, is still fresh in our memory, and will always stand out as one of the most tragic incidents in the Great War.

## CHAPTER IV

### NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS DEPENDENCIES

**I**N remote days the French settled on the west coast of Newfoundland. They built the old town of Placentia, which contains many objects of interest, among them a parchment document (a bill of goods he bought in Placentia) signed by Louis XIV. Some of the old tombstones in the churchyard date as far back as 1609, and cover the graves of French nobles, one of them the Captain of a French frigate, born a Newfoundlander and taken to France as a boy by Louis XIV when he visited Placentia. There was also some beautiful old church plate presented by William IV, who was very much interested in the place, which he had visited many times as a midshipman. This old church had been restored by Queen Adelaide, and had the Royal coat-of-arms over the door. Some of the marbles in it were over two hundred and fifty years old.

The French still own the little islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon off the south coast ; they are tiny places, but have cafés with all kinds of delicious preserved fruit and other dainties that cannot be procured elsewhere. It is said that when the French found a colony, they first build a café, the poor man's club and recreation room,

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and then a theatre ; while the British idea is first to construct a gaol and then a church. I should certainly vote for the café !

I remember many notable men visiting St. John's when the British men-of-war paid their annual visit to its waters, among them Admiral McClintock of Arctic fame. I met him again afterwards in the West Indies, where he hauled down his flag, and I have not forgotten his sad expression as he turned away and the new Admiral's flag was run up to the masthead. His command ended then, and a chapter in his life was closed. But maybe there was for him a joyous sense of having completed his work—who knows ? I always feel a lump in my throat when the Last Post is sounded and a great life has passed into a noble memory.

Another Admiral of Arctic fame and a very clever man was Admiral Inglefield. He came on this station about that time. After he retired from the service he lived in London, and had a wonderful collection of old table glass in his house in Queen's Gate, which was so valuable, he told me, that he was afraid to let anyone handle it but himself. He also kept pet snakes there and a small alligator, the terror of all the guests at his parties ; but there was no cause for alarm, as the Admiral fed them himself and kept them carefully in a case.

Jack Fisher (afterwards Lord Fisher), as he was called when Flag Captain on board the *Bellerophon*, thoroughly enjoyed life, and was a great dancing man. The Newfoundland young ladies would not believe he was married ! I remember lunching on board one day and seeing in his cabin a lady's photograph with a



wreath of forget-me-nots encircling the frame and a little silver lamp burning before it, and was told it was the picture of his wife. He kept the flame always glowing, but there was a different photograph placed behind it at every port, and none of them resembled Lady Fisher ! He threw a fly for one of mine, but I did not rise to it !

Of course Newfoundland was the most popular place in the North American command ; it was a paradise for sportsmen, with a lovely climate in summer and no end of fishing and shooting.

Lord John Scott, now the Duke of Buccleuch, came to stay with us in the autumn, when the foliage was turning red and gold and the seals were jumping after salmon in the sunlight in the broad rivers. Earlier in the year, when the sea trout were running up in the surf in Placentia Bay, there were few places in the world to be compared with it.

Lord Strathallan also came to us for six weeks' caribou shooting. He arrived with his rifles all right, but with the wrong sized bullets, so there was some little delay in getting up country to where the best herds were to be found and the most efficient guides and carriers procured.

Lord Lonsdale was one of those who spent a summer in these waters, fishing in the beautiful lakes and fiords which rival those of Norway. I cannot recall the name of his yacht, but Dr. Kingsley was on board, and was writing an account of the cruise. His daughter, Mary Kingsley, afterwards became quite a friend of mine in London on account of her love for West Africa. She went over a good deal of the ground there that was first explored by my husband, and made a study of the fresh-

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water fish, as well as of the flora and fauna. Her very interesting life was cut short by fever, contracted during her war service in South Africa during the Boer War, where she organised hospital work. Dr. Kingsley's writings have not the poetic touch of those of his brother, Charles Kingsley, whose "Water Babies" is still the delight of children even in this prosaic age, and whose "Westward Ho!" has filled many hearts with the desire to see the tropics. His daughter, Mrs. Harrison, who writes under the name of Lucas Malet, inherits her father's talent. Her house in Campden Hill used to be a cheery meeting-place of interesting people from all parts of the world. It was there that I first met John Solano, whom she called the White Rajah, whose father held Arras for us during the Indian Mutiny. But I am anticipating, and must leave an account of his doings for the moment, because they are connected with India and the labour problem of later years, and have nothing to do with Newfoundland.

I think one of the most interesting personalities who came to stay with us at Government House was Sir Francis Clare Ford. He and Mr. Bourke Pennell, who was in the office of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, came out on special service in connection with the Newfoundland Fisheries question. Sir Clare was a man of wide experience, having started life in the Fourth Light Dragoons, was attaché at Naples, Munich, Paris, Brussels, and other places; Chargé d'Affaires in Vienna, Japan, Buenos Aires, Washington, and St. Petersburg, and afterwards our Ambassador in Madrid. In fact he held high positions under the Foreign Office

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in most parts of the world. I saw a good deal of him afterwards in Paris, when he and my husband were both attached to the Embassy on a special Commission at the time when Lord Lyons was Ambassador there. I remember asking him what was the secret of his diplomatic success. He said he "always gave his arm to the ladies," and was very careful to keep on friendly terms with them; and invariably told the truth to the men. "But they never believe me," he remarked, "and cast about in their minds for some deep laid plan which they think I am concealing, and then look astonished when they find out there is nothing more to know. I believe in telling the truth." I often thought of his words in later years, when I heard foreigners abroad accuse the English of being the most deceitful people in the world on account of what they consider their shifty diplomacy, and one is almost forced, however reluctantly, to agree with them. Many people felt during the late War that to have trusted the nation with a little more of the truth would have been better than spreading propaganda that could scarcely be called an accurate portrayal of events. The British are slow to move, but they never flinch in an emergency, and they have a rough-and-ready sense of justice and sound common sense, except when led by extremists.

Like all diplomatists, Sir Clare Ford was a great judge of character, which is shown very clearly in the following little story, told me by his son, Captain Richard Ford. "When my father was at Constantinople," he said, "the American Ambassador went away and left a very young man in charge. There was a certain question that England and America had long been trying to get the

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Turks to settle. One day the Grand Vizier came in a great hurry to see my father. He said that the young secretary had threatened to wire for the American fleet if he did not at once comply with his request. What was to be done? My father replied, 'You had better be careful, for with the Americans *it is a word and a blow.*' This promptly settled the matter! What an object lesson, when one considers the present shilly-shally methods of dealing with affairs!"

In the far-off Newfoundland days of which I write, there was the same spirit of destruction abroad, the same putting down of everyone in authority, that there is now, the only difference being that then the organisation of what we call Bolshevism was done quietly and in secret. I think that among my papers I have kept some curious records of what was going on at that time. The headquarters of this disturbing element was Berlin, but New York and London had their part in it. My husband used to get letters and documents addressed to him from these centres, printed in red and with a coffin drawn on the paper. The purport of these communications was to warn him that all Kings, Governors, Bishops and people in authority generally would be assassinated, and that they should take timely heed that they were marked men; sooner or later their lives would be taken, if they continued to remain in their present positions.

Newfoundland was discovered by John Cabot in 1497, and as early as 1500 it was frequented by Portuguese, Spanish, and French, for the sake of its fisheries. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh and others attempted to colonise the island, and in 1623 Sir

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J. Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, established himself in the south-eastern part and appointed his son Governor, and eleven years afterwards a party of colonists was sent over from Ireland. Twenty years later English colonists arrived, having migrated with the help of a Parliamentary grant. The French established a station at Placentia about 1620, and for many years there was friction between them and the English—in fact until the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. The Treaty of Paris ceded the sovereign rights to Great Britain.

It was in the year 1732 that the Moravians first sent missionaries across the seas, the West Indies being their goal, and in 1763 they landed on the Labrador coast and began to organise a barter trade in surplus furs, dried fish, and oil ; this continued until the institution of a regular sailing ship between Labrador and England, which called at the stations along the coast. This ship was named the *Harmony*, and for the last hundred and fifty years vessels bearing that name have been the link binding these out-ports to civilisation. The present wooden boat of 223 tons is forty years old, and has had few accidents during her adventurous career. She is the smallest boat making regular trips across the Atlantic, as she does every summer, taking a year's stores to each station and collecting the year's accumulation of furs, oil, and fish, which she brings home. Then she starts on a second trip, but can only reach about half the stations before the ice comes down and closes the way, and she is free to return to England until the spring.

I was greatly struck by an article written by Sir John Cockburn in a recent number of *United Empire*, the

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Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute. In it he says :  
“ Our kinsmen on the Western shores of the Atlantic have ever proved themselves to be deeply interested in events which occurred in the heroic age of Great Britain, before the sword of separation cut off temporarily the New World from the Old. Consequently they are, to say the least of it, as conversant as ourselves with the mighty deeds of those who figured on the world’s stage when the germs of oversea settlement first took root. Witness the postage-stamp issued by Newfoundland in 1910 to commemorate the tercentenary celebration of the foundation of the earliest of our British possessions. This stamp bears the image of Francis Bacon with super-scription ‘ 1610-1910. Lord Bacon, the guiding spirit in Colonisation Scheme.’ ” This article goes on to say :  
“ Justice has never been done to the great Lord Verulam by his own countrymen for the leading part he played in the foundation of our Colonial Empire. William Strachey, the first Secretary of the Colony of Virginia, dedicated his book on the ‘ History of Travaile ’ into Virginia Britannia to Francis Bacon, and addressed him as ‘ a most noble fautor of the Virginian plantation.’ It is well known in that State, though hardly remembered here, that Bacon was not only a member of the Virginian Council in 1609, but was also one of the two eminent lawyers who revised its Charter. Many members of that Council were among Bacon’s personal friends. Great as is the debt of gratitude we owe to Lord Verulam as the practical founder of the British Empire, we are still more deeply under obligations to him for the sound advice he gave as to the lines on which the administra-

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tion of the Colonies thus founded should be conducted. Hardly a day passes but we find, in Bacon's essay 'Of Plantations,' in his letter to the King 'Of the true Greatness of Britain,' and in his 'Advice to Sir George Villiers,' words of counsel and warning which we follow to our advantage or disregard at our peril." The writings of Lord Verulam, though penned three hundred years ago, are as fresh and applicable to solving problems as if written to-day. He speaks of the Royal Navy and shipping as the outworks and walls of the Kingdom; he advocates the foundation of a Council in England to advise on matters common to the Colonies, thus foreshadowing the constitution of a much-needed Imperial Council. It is curious to note that the first Life of Bacon was published in France in 1631, many years before any biography appeared in English. The French writer says that vanity, avarice, and ambition were to him quite unknown; when he did a good action it was not from a desire of fame, but simply because he could not do otherwise; yet when a victim was needed, he was sacrificed by the political intriguers of that day.

But while mentioning the ancient history of the country, I must not forget to say a word about the social life as I knew it in St. John's. There were a great number of very pretty girls in my day, and very charming they were too, and keen dancers, as every sailor knew who had the good fortune to be stationed in Newfoundland waters. A number of them had good voices and sang nicely. One of the most delightful singers I ever heard was Mr. English, an out-port Member of Parlia-

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ment ; he always took a leading tenor part in Sullivan's operas, one of which I got up every winter during the session of the House of Assembly, the performance being given when it closed. These weekly musical gatherings at Government House for rehearsing the different parts in these operas became quite a function and a pleasant way of meeting during the long spring months of bad weather. Here society was chiefly composed of Government officials and shrewd business men, people with mercantile instincts quite unlike the easy-going landed gentry who were the prevailing class in Ireland.

The conditions of the two islands were totally different. Ireland, much the smaller, was essentially a grass country, famed for its butter and for raising cattle, for the dampness of the climate made the reaping of corn crops problematical. There were industrial works in Belfast, Dublin, and Cork, but work on the land was the main occupation. Hence the youth of the country went largely to America to find employment. During the late War there was no conscription in Ireland, and young men could not emigrate ; so the vast numbers of idle loafers and corner-boys increased enormously. Foreign money and Bolshevik teaching did the rest, and turned idlers into active rebels and merciless assassins, with whom the Government of the time were utterly powerless to cope.

Newfoundland can never be an agricultural country in the broadest sense of the word. The forests are cut down to supply pulp for paper for the *Daily Mail* ; and men must work, and work hard too, if they want to live.



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Some of the fisher-folk had very large families. I remember one woman saying to me that "the churchyard was a very bad friend to her, for out of her twenty-two children she had fifteen left." This reminded me of an old story about a certain Mr. Hamilton in Ireland, who had had three wives and thirty children. He met one of them in the grounds, and asked the little boy who he was. "Please, sir, your son Tommy Hamilton," was the reply. It was said that Mr. Hamilton was obliged to build a dining-room to accommodate all his offspring, and that he forgot to put in any windows! I do not know if a fish diet is conducive to the production of long families, and history does not state whether the Irish family were reduced to living on potatoes.

Many large fortunes have been made in St. John's; the names of Harvey, Outerbridge, Bowring, Stuart, Monro, Grieve, and many others, which space forbids me to mention, are of world-wide celebrity, and these firms have business houses in Liverpool, Glasgow, and New York. Of course the main industry is the export of fish and seal oil. It is a wonderful sight to see the Newfoundland men, in their woollen jerseys and long sea boots, silently marching down to the sea on the eighth of March. The great Cathedral bell tolls as they embark at the wharfs and join the fleet of sealing steamers, ready to start for the great harvest of the sea, the failure of which brings so much suffering to the people. I once saw this fleet stuck fast in the ice about five miles outside the harbour; we sleighed over the smooth, frozen sea to them, the sun shining brightly and lighting up the icebergs and the distant hummocks which had been cast

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up by the wind. It was a wonderful sight, and one never to be forgotten.

While my husband was in Newfoundland he had the satisfaction of getting a graving dock built in St. John's harbour. It was opened by the *Tenedos*, commanded by Captain Drummond. A railway was surveyed and built, and his last public act in the Colony was the laying of the foundation stone of a Sailors' Home. I am glad to say that the annual exhibition of the works of amateur water-colour artists and of technical drawings which I inaugurated still continues, and it is always pleasant to remember that I had the privilege of extending a helping hand to progress in this distant corner of the Empire.

It is a thousand pities that men and women at home do not realise the importance of our oversea and foreign dealings in relation to our own, and the necessity of keeping abreast of what takes place beyond the British Isles. If they did so, it would help them to understand our domestic problems a great deal better; but I doubt whether we can make much progress in this direction until Geography and History take a more prominent part in the education of the young than they do at present.

Newfoundland has passed through many vicissitudes since the days of which I write. A fire swept the city of St. John's and burned down the English Cathedral; but it has since been rebuilt. Our dear friend Bishop Llewellyn Jones and his wife, so long beloved and respected by the people, have passed away; also Mr. Curling, who with his church-ship, the *Laverock*, is still remembered on the West Coast, has gone the way of all

earthly things. But one well-remembered face is left, that of Mr. Murray, the precentor of the Cathedral. I often hear from him now from Belize, his tropical home in British Honduras, of which he is Archdeacon. I sometimes see old friends of long ago when they find their way to London, as almost everyone does sooner or later. We talk over the old difficulties that seemed problems at the time, and recall old, half-forgotten stories of " mice and men," and memories of happy days spent in our oldest British Colony.

## CHAPTER V

### HOLIDAYS IN CANADA

**D**URING my husband's term of office in Newfoundland we visited Canada on more than one occasion. The first time we went there was for six weeks' "leave," when we stayed with General Sir Patrick Macdougall, and spent Christmas and the New Year with the Marquis of Lorne, who was then Governor-General. We also stayed with Sir Adam and Lady Archibald at Government House, Halifax, and with other well-known people. Later, we spent three months in different parts of Canada on our way to the United States.

We were only two days' steam in the old Allan Line boats from St. John's to Halifax, where General Sir Patrick Macdougall was in command of the troops. He had been on the staff in the Crimea and had a great military record. He and Lady Macdougall lived in a comfortable house on the North-West Arm, in a grove of maple trees that turned crimson in autumn. She was a charming woman and a well-known amateur water-colour artist, and entertained a great deal. Halifax in those days was a very gay place; dancing in winter, and picnics and lobster-spearings parties in summer (conducive to flirtation), and private theatricals. Jim

Barker, the A.D.C., now Colonel J. C. Barker, painted a fine drop-scene and on it was depicted the figure of a man playing a guitar in the light of a beautiful moon, under a fair lady's balcony. The lady was discreet and her face was concealed, but unkind people said the beautiful young man was the reflection of the artist in his mirror. If true, he did not do justice to the model, for he was a very good-looking person. Sir Patrick was noted for being an ardent admirer of the fair sex. On one occasion, it was said, he had a "bully" time when on leave in London. When he returned home, it was like playing a game of consequences. Little birds began to whisper. "He said he was sorry." "She said it was all right," and the world said there was "nothing in it." The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Adam Archibald, was a very far-seeing man. I remember him saying to me how keen he had always been for the Canadian Provinces to confederate. "Unity is strength, and Unity will make us a great country," he prophesied, and his prophecy bids fair to come true.

Canada is joined to "home" by a silken thread; if any Government or politician does aught to weaken that thread, he is a foe to his country. America was a loyal colony once, estranged from us 165 years ago by political blundering; but we are of the same race still and speak the same language, and should at least have one object in common, the combating of war and strife. I always want to tell England of her power, of my pride in her greatness. Since the far-off days of which I am writing, I have wandered half over the world, and in each colony I see England from a new angle, a new point of view.

Some people at home have a way of saying "England is good enough for them." Of course she is, good enough for all of us, because we all call her home; but the Little Englanders should remember that she is nothing without the Empire; herein lies her greatness, the magnificence of her strength and power. What struck me much in Canada was the energy of her people, their love of life and keenness of enjoyment, their virile way of treating things, their quick perceptions, their hospitality. All were out to enjoy themselves; dancing and sleighing were a joy to them. The young and virile leave the motherland and go abroad, the weaklings and old folk remain at home.

Mrs. Dobell, a leading lady in Quebec, was a beautiful woman then; her son, Sir Charles Dobell, took a prominent part in the West African campaign during the late War. She was one of the handsome daughters of Sir Donald Macpherson, a striking figure at Homburg in King Edward's days, his height gaining for him the sobriquet of the "land-mark." Another beautiful daughter married the "Speaker" at Ottawa, and afterwards became Lady Kirkpatrick. She was a wonderful dancer, and a favourite partner of Prince Louis of Battenberg when his ship was stationed at Halifax. I remember meeting him at lunch in her flat in London. What a handsome pair they must have been in their youthful days! Their friendship was kept up to the end of his life, and now, in the year that I am writing these reminiscences, after Prince Louis (latterly known as Lord Mountbatten) had passed away, Lady Kirkpatrick came back from Canada in order to be present

at the marriage of his son with Miss Ashley, and was given a prominent place at the ceremony by the Royal Family. Another sister married Mr. Percival Ridout, while yet another became Mrs. Banks, whose daughter married a Macdonald of the Isles who was killed in the late War.

Canada was famed for beautiful girls, and many still remember the time when the troops were stationed in Montreal, but that was before my time. Lord Wolseley made his name first on the Red River Expedition, and married a Canadian lady. Sir Hugh Allan's daughter, Mrs. Milburne, whose husband was attached to the Guards, was one of the prettiest girls at the dances. Her sister married Sir Houston Boswell Preston of Blackadder, whose eldest son was killed in the War. We stayed at Ravenscrag, on Mount Royal (from which the name of the city takes its origin), with them. There was a panoramic view from the Allans' house; the town lay stretched out below, and when the moon was shining on the snow it lit up the scene like a fairy pantomime. It is hard to describe or give the right impression of places and things so unlike what one sees at home—the wide St. Lawrence River of a thousand isles, for instance, which takes five minutes to cross by train in the tubular bridge at Montreal, a long way from its mouth (rails are placed on the frozen surface in winter for local trains to pass over); or the great stretches of rolling plains and golden grain in the corn districts; or the extensive fruit orchards, where we are accustomed only to a few acres of land enclosed by hedgerows. There is a joy in writing about these scenes, though one may not be able to paint

with a full brush or fill in their colouring as one could desire, or as they appear to the mind's eye. But at all events a little, however dimly, I hope to convey to those who are unable to see for themselves the beauty nature has bestowed on those parts of the world that they have not had the opportunity or privilege of visiting. But to take up life in Canada and settle there, one must begin young ; the conditions are so different from ours.

Much water has flowed under that tubular bridge since the days of which I write, and conditions in Canada as well as elsewhere have changed with the progress of time ; but the difference between life there and England is as great now as it was then, and so, I may add, is the difference in the outlook of the people. Since the late War, the problem of absorbing the unemployed has reached an acute stage in England, and facilities for migration to Canada has been one of the suggestions for easing the situation. From experience gained in our oversea dominions, I am strongly of opinion that the only way really to help the emigrants is to organise a band of people, who may be termed "godmothers," to receive these emigrants and have places ready and work arranged for them to take up at once on their arrival in whatever district they are sent to. A friend of mine who returned recently from a large Canadian city told me that he saw a notice pinned up on the door of a factory there : "Workmen urgently required. No Englishmen need apply." My friend was so struck by the wording of this notice that he asked to see the manager in order to ascertain its meaning. "Yes," he was told,



“ we want workmen badly, and are giving good wages ; but we will not take an Englishman, because before he has been in the factory a week he upsets all our men with his trade union notions, and his short hours, and his grumblings at things differently done over here from what he has been used to.” “ But why are your men so content ? ” my friend enquired. “ The secret,” said the manager, “ is that we don’t build houses for our men. They build them for themselves, and have to save their wages to buy a bit of land some hundred feet or so square; then they make a plan of a good house, which they hope some day to finish. In the meantime they buy or beg bits of wood or old packing-cases and build up a shack, which will eventually be the kitchen. They live in it till they can buy bricks enough to enclose the wooden frame. By next year they will have saved sufficient money to be able to add another room, and so on, until eventually they have built a comfortable dwelling, which is their own property for ever. While they have this stake in the country there is no talk of Bolshevism. But after the Englishman has been six months in Canada he begins to see daylight and to realise that he must either work or starve. Then we are glad to take him, because we find him even a better workman than our own men. He is working for a definite object, and finds that he has either to fall in with the ways of the country or go under.”

The first time I met Sir John MacDonald, the Premier, was at a dinner-party at Rideau Hall when staying with the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General. Sir John was a very clever man and a wonderful *raconteur*. He was a Canadian by birth, and was called to the Bar

in Ontario. Very soon he rose to distinction, and was one of the men appointed a High Commissioner and plenipotentiary, with the Marquis of Ripon, Sir Stafford Northcote, and others of the United States, for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims and of other matters in dispute between Great Britain and America, which resulted in the Treaty of Washington; and he did much for the extension and consolidation of the Dominion. It was a pity he had no son to carry on his illustrious name. How often this is the case with celebrities! And how often, too, the sons of great men fail to inherit their fathers' mentality. Sir John was very like Disraeli in appearance, and cultivated that lock of hair on his forehead which gave him a distinguished cachet.

Another statesman of renown and charming personality and manners was Sir Charles Tupper, who afterwards became well known as High Commissioner in London; Sir Wilfred Laurier, his great opponent, was a French Canadian and a close friend of Sir Gilbert Parker, whose books on life in Canada are so popular, and so beautifully written that they may well be described as classics. Lord Lorne and Princess Louise were doing much to advance art in Canada. I remember some charming panels of fruit and flowers the Princess was painting; she also superintended the decorations of the Houses of Parliament, fine buildings overlooking the river, which were burnt down during the late War, when all her designs and stencils were destroyed.

Speaking about decorating public buildings in Canada reminds me that some Italian artists were brought over from Italy at great expense to paint the ceilings and walls

of the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Montreal. When the work was finished, these men drifted down to St. John's; there they failed to find employment, and before long found themselves in gaol for forgery, being condemned to a long period of detention coupled with hard labour. We were in Newfoundland at the time, and when I heard that they were picking oakum, which would so roughen their hands and stiffen their fingers that they would be unable to make delicate drawings and tracings after the expiration of their sentence, and be thus prevented from taking up an honest livelihood, I begged the Judge to remit the sentence of hard labour in so far as oakum-picking was concerned, and to employ the men instead in painting the ceilings of the House of Assembly and other public buildings, also the ceilings of the reception rooms in Government House. Some people may think that unremunerative work and prison fare and lodging were not sufficient punishment for the offence, but the "mere woman" only thought of the future that was in store for the men if they could not follow their calling, which might so easily cause them to drift into permanent crime.

I used to look in every morning when they were at work at Government House to select the designs and discuss the colouring. At first there were two policemen with loaded revolvers standing at attention, but a little later I noticed that the guard had folded their tunics, put on overalls, and were helping the Italians to paint, while the revolvers lay on the mantelpiece! I believe they all went into partnership later.

I do not remember seeing Lord Lorne in Highland

kit in Canada. I expect he suffered from cold knees, because in after years, when he was Duke of Argyll, he attended the Oban meeting with knickers or trousers thrust into long boots, which he wore under his kilt. The taste for long boots was probably acquired in Canada, but I confess they looked a little odd under a kilt !

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was Colonel of the 91st-94th Argyll and Sutherland Regiment, and took a very great interest in it. On one occasion Lord Lorne called on the Colonel, and sent in to say "his wife took a great interest in the regiment and therefore he had called to see the Colonel." The Colonel, having no idea who "Mr. Lorne" was, sent a message to say he was too busy to see him, whereupon Lord Lorne strolled into the officers' mess and called on them and had quite a good time. When the Colonel came in to lunch, he was greeted by "It's a pity, you have just missed the Marquis of Lorne !" Doubtless the Colonel's face was a study.

When we were staying at Rideau Hall, Charles Harbord, Lord Suffield's son, and Lord Bagot were the A.D.C.'s. They were full of fun and practical jokes. Lord Grosvenor was one of the guests staying in the house at the time, and he never turned up at breakfast. The Aides felt it their duty to see that he put in an appearance at lunch. One day I heard a scuffle, and saw a race down the corridor, and His Excellency's unexpected appearance at the other end, where a hot shovel caught him up short and cast him somewhere "in the middle of the knight," but was intended for a different part of his lordship's anatomy. There was a



THREE HIGHLAND LAIRDS.

The late Maclaine of Lochbuie, the late Duke of Argyll, and Campbell of Kilberrie,  
deciding upon the winner of the Pipes Competition at the Oban Gathering.

(Snapshot taken by the Author).



good deal of laughter and chaff when he appeared at table, and tender enquiries about how he was feeling. How good it is to be young and enjoy every minute ! for, given no physical disability, life is golden in youth ; but it is also very much what we make of it for ourselves. All through our lives, indeed, life might be described as the finest fairy-tale in the world, but it is not given to everyone to see the world in the same light.

The Marquis was very practical about household matters. He took me the rounds of his establishment when giving orders for the day. A Canadian larder is well worth seeing. Everything is frozen down in October for winter use. There were shelves all round the poultry room, with rows of frozen chickens, turkeys, geese, partridges, and wild-fowl of every description. A fish larder was arranged in the same way, besides one for butcher's meat. Probably now, with greater facilities for transport, the Canadian larder is not such an object of pride to the housewife as it used to be. But in those days, if you asked for a pineapple or a pink elephant, you would expect to find it in the house.

The toboggan slide at Rideau Hall, as the residence of the Governor-General was called, was a built-up affair and very steep, with a curve at the bottom which took some experience to negotiate without an upset. There were snow-shoe clubs, also ice-rinks, which are a great amusement in all cold countries during the long winters. Many Canadians prefer this season to the summer, when the scorching sun quickly ripens the great stretches of corn-land and the fruit in the magnificent orchards. Apple culture is quite a science,

carried out in many places by members of large co-operative clubs, where sorting is duly inspected and the fruit distributed to foreign markets. In the winter, wood is cut and hauled out of the forests; and on the seaboard the Canadian, like the Newfoundlander, builds his boats and sailing craft during the idle months with little more than the axe and saw for implements. They are born carpenters and shipbuilders. I should know the rake of the red pine masts of a Newfoundland schooner anywhere. I do not think I should envy the life of the wife of a settler in a back block Canadian fruit or wheat farm. Servants are impossible to get, and work is often very hard for those who have not been brought up to it. In Montreal or Toronto and in the fashionable watering-places, the hotels are excellent, and there is no end of amusement and dancing, which every Canadian excels in and can find time to enjoy.

I have been lately reading Mrs. Asquith's description of her visit to Niagara, and am glad that I saw the famous Falls before their surroundings were like what she describes them to be—"gasometers, steel factories and chimney-pots can be seen anywhere nearer home; also crowded roads and tramcars. But there is only one gigantic waterfall in the western world, the force and power of which strikes one with something like awe." I saw it under very different circumstances. We were staying in a little hotel quite near the Falls, the only one open in the winter, and it rocked and trembled with the vibration of the rushing water. It was difficult to hear oneself speak with the noise. Colonel Isaac was the proprietor; he had been an army officer during the



Civil War. Most men you met in America in those days were colonels or generals. This hotel was built on the Canadian side, but when you crossed the suspension bridge just below the Falls you were on the American side and on the road to Buffalo. The rapids above the Falls were, I think, even more wonderful than the Falls themselves. They gave the impression of the terrible force and ruthless power of Nature. Nothing could withstand it. Yet if man can control this tremendous power and bend it to his will, he can harness the sea. When I saw it, there was a bridge of ice and gigantic stalactites formed by the spray from the water, lying like a bridge of glass across part of the cataract. In the moonlight everything was tipped with light, and the silver frost clung to each twig and blade of grass and hung from the branches of every tree. They looked like crystal trees with frosted spun glass branches. It was the last night of the old year, always an impressive time. As we watched the torrent of water, we could not hear the bells ringing above its roar; but suddenly, at midnight, a light flashed forth brilliant rays into the darkness, to proclaim that another day and another year were born.

The psychology of nations always interests me; so do stories about the beginning of things, when the English first enter a new country. But these early histories are soon forgotten. It is said that one Indian chief bartered the country of his tribe for a general's uniform. The gold and glitter of the uniform took his fancy when the officer was palavering with him, and he said, "General, I dreamed a dream last night; I dreamed that you gave me that coat." The General promptly took it off and

asked the chief to accept it, and they smoked on in silence till the palaver broke up ; then the General said, " Chief, I also had a dream last night. I dreamed that you gave me all the country round as far as the eye could reach." And the chief looked sad and said, " It is yours, O General, but never dream again." A little incident in the late War was full of pathos. It was told me by " Swabie," sub-Chief of the Irroquois, formerly a warlike tribe, famous for scalping. This sub-chief was a protégé of King Edward, who took a fancy to the boy when, as Prince of Wales, he was travelling in Canada. He brought him over to England at his own expense, and educated him. " Swabie " was the last of the line of Jawanladok, of the Red Indian tribe, and his uncle, " Golden Eagle," the chief, had one great desire at his heart—to buy back acre by acre the land of his fathers in the Canghaiwaga country. With that object he stinted himself of almost the bare necessities of life to save money. When he heard England was engaged in war, he sent for his nephew and told him to be ready. He must collect the braves of the tribe and take them across the " black water " to fight for the King, and he would pay all expenses. He had considered it well, and now all the land he had toiled so hard for years to buy, with the red-gold sugar-maple trees he had planted, must be sold, the country that he loved must be sacrificed. " Sub-Chief of the Irroquois and last of the line," he said, " you must lead them into battle ; they will fight to the death, every man of them, before they give an inch to the enemy ; and none shall say that the Red Indian is behind the white man in pluck

and valour. Golden Eagle has spoken." And Golden Eagle was right when he selected Swabie, who could speak English, to take command of the Irroquois, for he obtained a commission as an officer in the Canadian army, and he told me this story the night before he left London with his platoon for the front, where I heard later he distinguished himself.

Speaking of the late War reminds me that my Newfoundland friends, and doubtless the Canadians also, are even more loyal to the British Crown since the War than before it, and the percentage of men who fought and died then testifies to the loyalty that inspired them to make the sacrifice. People who have not visited our oversea dominions cannot understand how strong this feeling is, the love of the Mother Country, the longing for a letter from "home." In some Australian schools, I am told, the children are marched past the Union Jack and salute it once a week to keep "King and Country" fresh in their memory.

Space is so limited that I must omit many delightful memories of Canada : of drives in the B Battery dray across the Plains of Abraham to picnics, or sleighing parties at the Montmorency Falls ; of fishing expeditions up the Restigouche River ; of days when the crimson maples flamed in the sun, and Lord Dunraven and other sportsmen from home returned from moose-hunting in forests where the trees were turning from yellow to burnished gold, and the crisp dry air sent the blood tingling with vigour through the veins. My husband had been appointed as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Isles, and our holiday was at an

end. The Canadian Government gave us a special train to New York, with a drawing-room car and two bedroom coaches with every accommodation and a kitchen, also attendance. The snow lay thick on the track as we entered the great tubular bridge at Montreal and crossed the wide St. Lawrence River, bidding farewell to the great Dominion of Canada as we entered the sister territory of the United States.

## CHAPTER VI

### REMINISCENCES OF NEW YORK

**I** ONCE heard a very pretty American woman, the wife of a Washington Senator, say that morals were a matter of geography. Some English people who heard her looked scandalised ; but I think that when the question is considered in its broadest sense, it will be conceded that she was only stating the obvious. Manners and customs differ widely in various parts of the world, and must always do so for climatic reasons. These so largely affect the human race that standards of morals and conventions must differ as well, and each country, up to a certain point, as well as every generation, must be the best judge of its own requirements. Mahommedans are allowed four wives, though they rarely indulge in so many, being too expensive a luxury, while Christian nations are legally permitted only one at a time ; but ladies in the background are reluctantly admitted sometimes to exist. May not the Mahommedan turn up his eyes and whisper to himself that he considers this more immoral than a plurality of wives ? And he may wonder why we make a fuss of Mahomet's ruling. I make this as a delicate suggestion, nothing more. We want the gift of fairies to see ourselves as others see us and to understand subtle questions

from other people's point of view. When England lost her American colony through the bungling of her statesmen, America became a nation with new characteristics of her own, and new questions arose which did not make for peace. The North and South came to blows before long over the slave question. When the North became top dog and the slaves gained their freedom, one sometimes overheard funny little tales when travelling in the same cars with coloured people, which is done in the Northern States but not in the South. A coloured woman, who was brought up in the South, and had lived with a lady there as maid, took a position of the same kind in New York. After settling themselves comfortably in seats in the car, the mistress said, "You see, the New Yorkers treat you differently from the way you are treated in the Southern States. You never travelled like this before." "No, marm," replied the maid, "for my mistress there was a lady!"

What must strike every visitor to New York is the energy and restlessness of the people. I suppose the dry, exhilarating climate has something to do with it. The men work hard and dance hard. I was never in bed before two o'clock in the morning in that hospitable city. Baskets of flowers arrived two or three times a day, and it made one uncomfortable to think of the prices the kind donors must have paid for them in the month of January. One dinner-party of twenty people was a dream of extravagance. There was a bank of rose-leaves, shading from damask to pale pink petals, all down the centre of the table, and arranged round the base of silver tankards and candelabra. Each petal

was pulled from the stalk, and placed petal to petal, so as to make it appear like one continuous flower. The scent was scrumptious, but every "La France" or "American Beauty" must have represented many dollars, and there were hundreds of them on the table. Every fruit and vegetable out of season that money could buy was served at that dinner. All entertaining was done on an extravagant scale, so great was the hospitality shown to strangers. A wedding at the house of one of the Vanderbilts was like a Royal reception. The bride and her mother stood on a dais, receiving their guests in evening dress. It was a most beautiful house; indeed, all the Vanderbilt houses were unique of their kind. I remember that the bathroom in this one was decorated entirely with mirrors—walls, ceiling and doors; so you saw yourself reflected at every angle until you felt shy as you stepped down into the marble bath. The picture gallery was very extensive and the pictures well selected by a Frenchman. Indeed, Parisian taste was predominant; but Americans had also struck out a line of their own in the direction of cookery and other things. This huge country, with its endless resources and varieties of climate, can produce innumerable things which we can never procure at home. I am glad I saw at least one specimen of the typical Western American, such as one reads of in books. He wore a wideawake hat, a long black broadcloth coat, and a leather strap round his waist with a place for a bowie knife, like the belt in which mowers at home put their whetstones. He was the typical "Yank" that is extinct now, and was even then quite out of date. Madison Square lighted

by electricity, and social dancing clubs, where gay young sparks in immaculate clothes drank cocktails with the prettiest "buds" of the season, were the order of the day. It is wonderful how soon a new country evolves its own distinct individuality, even to grammar and accent and the absorption of foreign words.

I remember the doorkeeper at the Casino at Scheveningen, in Holland, remarking this to me. He spoke to each person entering the Casino in his or her own particular language. I asked him if he ever made a mistake, and he shrugged his shoulders as he replied, "Never ; it is written all over them." But he had had many years' experience, and spoke seven languages.

The New Yorkers dearly love a lord, and have been taken in on more than one occasion by men posing as such. One of these people was floating about when we were there, and was invited to meet us at dinner ; but he got a sudden headache, or heartache, or something that warned him to avoid meeting fellow-countrymen, and did not turn up at the last moment—a sad blow to a "bud" who had visions of a coronet in exchange for her father's dollars.

Mr. Colgate had a beautiful house on the Hudson, and was very hospitable to English people. There were no end of carriages to select from, but only two horses in the stable. He told us he had a fine cellar of choice wine, but we never saw anything but water at table. Mr. Sam Colgate's widow married, and is now Cora, Countess of Strafford, and lives in London. I must not forget Mr. Chauncey Depew, the great railway magnate and friend of the Vanderbilts. Indeed, it was Commo-



dore Vanderbilt who sent for him when he was quite a young man, and offered him the attorneyship of the New York and Haarlem Railway just after he had been nominated United States Minister to Japan. The attorneyship of the railroad was far less than the salary as Minister, but the Commodore told him, "Railroads are the career for a young man; there is nothing in politics. Don't be a d—— fool." This decided Chauncey Depew to stick to railroads, which he did for fifty-five years. The Vanderbilt system in the United States now covers 261,000 miles.

Theodore Roosevelt was another young man of those days, and a friend of Depew's. There was a sense of power about both of them which usually left a deep impression, a grim directness which was very striking. You felt that success would inevitably result from anything they took in hand. They had faith in themselves. In spite of mushroom cities and the rawness of everything and the crudeness, as if manufactured in haste; in spite of quick lunches in Wall Street, men who had "made their pile" wanted everything old, and there was no customs embargo, no duty to pay on imported articles that were manufactured a hundred years ago. Little bits of old silver that came out in the *Mayflower* were the most treasured family relics, and they took the greatest pride in being able to tell in what part of Great Britain their forefathers had lived. Certainly one could sometimes trace a likeness to family portraits at home. Mr. Pennington, who lived in Baltimore, reminded me of one of these. "We were Cumberland people," he said, "and my son is really Lord Muncaster's heir, but

we shall never seek to take up the title." He did, however, go to England to see the old place and family portraits, and was much gratified by Lady Muncaster showing him the plate, as he had some of his own bearing the same crest and coat of arms.

It is amazing what fortunes have been made in America ; so is the rapidity with which some of them have been made and lost and made again. The history of some of these successful business men sounds like a fairy-tale, but there is a very interesting note running through them all, a note that strikes clear on the gift of personality. "God helps those who help themselves" has been a truism all through the ages and is a truism to-day. One of the most successful and richest men in New York at the present time arrived in that great city a friendless emigrant. Wandering about the streets almost penniless, he accosted a well-dressed and prosperous-looking American and asked his help. "How much money have you left?" he enquired. The emigrant turned out his pockets and showed seventy-five cents. "That's enough to start you in life. Go to the nearest store, buy some boot-brushes and blacking, and stand at the corner of some crowded street. It will be your own fault if you do not get customers. If I give you money, you will lose your self-respect." Some years later this gentleman met a well-to-do man coming out of a fashionable restaurant, who stopped him, saying, "I have to thank you for what you did for me. I am the man you told to buy blacking-brushes, and work. I took your advice and am a rich man." Indeed he is not only a monied man but a highly respected and

influential citizen, whose word carries weight in New York to-day.

There are a great many different "sets" in New York society, and each keeps very much to itself. A number of people who are not received in what is considered the best set, are received in London society, English people, quite as much as, if not more than, Americans, making money the social standard. Boston has its intellectual set, as Washington has its political circle.

I think one of the most charming men I have ever met, as well as one of the ablest diplomats, was the late Mr. Choate, who was American Ambassador in London for so long. He had a commanding appearance and presence, and a kind word for everyone. It is a privilege to have known him. The Taft family went to America about 1670, and were among the earliest settlers in Meudan, Mass., and married into the Torrey family, who migrated from Somerset in 1608. The late President lives in a charming low, old-fashioned country house in Cincinnati, where Mr. and Mrs. Taft have collected treasures of art, masterpieces such as one rarely sees in a private collection.

The old colonial families can boast of many rare and interesting possessions, to which they add from time to time, especially when they can find, in Great Britain or elsewhere, anything that could be connected, however remotely, with their former history.

America is a country of contrasts : the most beautiful climate in some parts, and the most gorgeous scenery. The towering Rockies, the rolling prairies, broad rivers such as we can hardly conceive when compared with

our beautiful little English streams. Sometimes poverty, enormous wealth—a homogeneous, active people, bent on forging ahead, the stream ever flowing to the West. Little wonder that the Americans boast of their country ! They march along the path of progress in quick-step time, keeping an eye on Honolulu, which is winning the race in many respects. There, I believe, they have had the automatic telephone system in general use for more than twelve years, but it has hardly been introduced into London yet ! What we look upon as luxuries they consider necessaries. The quickness with which an American seizes a new idea always appeals to me ; but there are many frayed edges and a general want of finish that is not attractive. I was sorry that time did not permit of seeing more of this vast country, and of the new race rapidly evolving into a powerful nation. One thing is certain, however : that the Americans are a people who understand the money trick ; they are so quick at seizing opportunities and turning them to account. I think I am right in saying that the great Canadian railway magnate, Sir Thomas O'Shaunessey, was born in the United States. I met him later in London, and was struck by his rapid way of visualising things, so noticeable in New York. The climate may have a stimulating effect on the brain, it is so dry and clear. When talking to Americans, you always feel that they make a short cut to the point ; having in a second discovered it, they act at once. Truth and true values reveal themselves differently to different minds, and they come more slowly to British brains ; we have had a longer time, as a nation, in which to think. An

American once said, "You have had a great past ; you won't grudge us a great future." It will be a great future for the world if all English-speaking people combine to prevent wars. Conferences have done much to produce good relations between us and the United States in the past, and we must look for good results in the future from the efforts of the English-Speaking Union. Mr. Taft, when President, was a great supporter of conference. He recently made an excellent speech at a lunch given to him in London when he came over to confer on the laws of the two countries, being now Chief Justice of the United States. I was glad to meet him again on that occasion. His dominating personality gave the sense of power and strength, and his slow, impressive way of speaking carried conviction ; his arguments were moderate and well thought out. I may add that Lord Balfour and Mr. Davis, the late American Ambassador in London, are deeply interested in promoting friendship and good fellowship between the two countries.

It is not easy for anyone who has lived in Great Britain to see America and judge Americans from an English point of view, or realise their high-power dynamo of existence. The vastness of the country, with every possible range of climate, a mixture of every race under the sun, with a strong negro element, to be handled, shaped into good citizens, and made to obey laws, all offer a problem for solution and form a never-failing source of interest. But I must not linger over these thoughts, however fascinating they may be, because our steps were now turned to a backwater in the tropics, which gives new food for reflection.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA

ONE cold January day, when the rigging was covered with a coating of ice and the thermometer stood at many degrees below freezing-point, our steamer bound for the West Indies pulled out from her berth in New York Harbour and passed the Statue of Liberty. Southern waters were reached after a very tempestuous voyage, and when calm weather was again experienced the thermometer registered something about  $80^{\circ}$  in the shade. Saba, a volcanic Danish island, was the first land sighted. We were to land at Basseterre, the chief town of St. Kitts, one of the group of Leeward Islands, to which my husband was then appointed Governor-in-Chief. His former posts had been Lagos (a Crown Colony), then Newfoundland, which was constitutional and self-governing, and now this new confederate colony, which had a mixed form of government, and a very weird one at that. There were thirteen islands, all more or less governing themselves under a President or a Lieutenant-Governor, the whole under the Governor-in-Chief, whose headquarters, together with the House of Assembly, was at Antigua. But, extraordinary as it always appears to a mere woman, ships had to pay customs dues when entering or leaving

a port, just as if going to a foreign country ; yet St. Kitts and Nevis, islands of the same colony, were only five miles apart. The islands varied in size, 470 square miles being about the size of Dominica, the most beautiful of the group, which was nearly twenty-four hours' steam from Antigua, the seat of government ; so you may fancy how scattered the islands were. Indeed, it is difficult for people who have not had an opportunity to visit the West Indies to understand their geography. There is the native republic of Hayti, the Spanish, French, Dutch, and Danish West Indies, besides the British possessions, as well as British Honduras on the mainland. A vast, scattered archipelago in the Caribbean Sea, a little world of its own, tucked away out of the beaten track, boasting some of the most lovely scenery in the world. Charles Kingsley's book " At Last " only faintly describes it.

In the eighteenth century Nevis was known as the mother of the English Leeward and Caribbees. She had a Council and House of Assembly, modelled in miniature upon the Houses of Peers and Commons. Her planters were men of immense wealth and lived the life of grandees. Their canefields covered the mountains on all sides, rising to the fringe of forest on the cone of a volcano long extinct. The great houses had commanding views of the neighbouring island of St. Christopher, or St. Kitts, as it is generally called, and were not far from Antigua and Montserrat. The houses were built of solid stone masonry to withstand floods and earthquakes, hurricanes and tidal waves; and the old gay life went on in them for many

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years. The few chronicles of the day agree in asserting that during their hundred proud years of supremacy the islands were governed brilliantly and well. But the West Indies succumbed to the price of sugar, and her great families drifted away. The magnificent stone mansions, left without even a caretaker, yielded helplessly to the disease of age, and the first hurricane entering into unbarred windows, carried their roofs into the sea. In Nevis there still remain the ruins of fine stone arches and walls of the houses that belonged to the Hamiltons, Herberts, Russells, and many another refugee from England's historic houses after the upheaval of the Royalists by Cromwell.

It was in this island that the great Alexander Hamilton, the American patriot, soldier, and statesman, was born. His death occurred at the early age of forty-seven, in a duel he fought in New York in 1804. His parents owned estates in St. Kitts, and their romantic love for each other is a family tradition, established by public records there. His mother, Rachel Fawcett, was a daughter of John and Mary Fawcett, who, while children, had taken refuge in the tropics, after the Edict of Nantes had sent the Huguenots swarming to America and the West Indies in 1685. The old banyan tree, under whose shade Rachel and Hamilton, her lover, used to sit of an evening, still flourishes in the public garden at Basseterre, as it did when they watched the white, ever-changing spirit of twilight, and the clouds gathering round the mountain peaks and softening the vivid green of the canefields, and the more sombre colour of the coconut trees and the mango and orange groves in the distance.



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The spirit of decay was spread over the West Indies, and I found it very depressing to see this lovely country, the proud islands of the Caribbean Sea, losing all vitality. Sugar estates were allowed to go out of cultivation because of the import duties into England and because of the ready market for German and other foreign sugar. When Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was appointed Colonial Secretary hopes beat high in the hearts of West Indian planters. They thought that the turn of the wheel had come at last and that the sugar industry would revive and that his policy would save the country. His name will ever be gratefully remembered in connection with his work at that time. It is difficult for people at home to realise what constantly shifting and changing politics and the weakness of a vacillating Government can produce in the way of want of confidence in the Dominions.

Life in the West Indies is on the whole monotonous, but is interesting on account of its novelty. To those unaccustomed to the tropics the brilliant sunshine on the green canefields and the blue, blue sea are a joy to behold; but hot weather and hungry mosquitoes must be reckoned among the minor trials of life.

I remember a certain dinner-party given by Judge Semper and his wife. It was a ten-mile drive along the coast to their house, which was a bower of roses, maiden-hair, and gold and silver fern. Their dinners were noted for their excellent cooking and for the best wine and rum punch on the Island. The turtle soup was a dream, but thick and spiced and quite unlike what one gets in London. The magnificent turkey had been fed on boiled rice and milk for a fortnight and of course was

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perfection, as were the land crabs served as a savoury. Avocado pears, as salad or fruit, were new to me; so was the fruit of the beautiful vanilla passion-flower called Granadilla, served with sherry. The pineapples rivalled the best hot-house variety.

The sea was rolling in along the beach, washing our ponies' feet, as we drove home in the moonlight, past Mount Misery and Brimstone Hill, which towered in the distance, wrapped in a sable mantle. We could see the outline of tree-ferns and palms on Cedar Hill, the Berkeley estate, and could hear the shivering noise of the cane rustling in the wind. Suddenly the night-birds ceased their cry and the insect world their busy hum. The ponies bolted forward, taking their bits in their teeth, and galloped home at top speed. They knew an earthquake was coming. This deathlike stillness before the first rumble is heard is a curious sensation. The shock was not great and did not last long. The walls of Government House were cracked, but no further damage was done. It was a different matter, however, when a cloud burst on the mountain, and a torrent of water poured down through the town, carrying several hundred people into the sea by its force, and causing great loss of life and property, and frightening the remainder of the inhabitants into fits. Then it was suggested that an embankment should be built to divert the watercourse. My husband being an experienced surveyor, himself superintended the work of the colonial engineer; but the Home Government thought it a fit occasion to spend money to send out a Commission with a Royal Engineer at the head of it, an expensive

undertaking which went on for a year, when the plans were sent out, all the material collected, and the work begun; but after three months, and when the wall was about a yard high, a telegram came to stop the work, and all the time, money, and material were wasted. Certainly nothing more was done while we were in the West Indies.

I was rather anxious to see what Government House in Antigua was like, for the former Governor, Sir George Berkeley, was a bachelor. He had a tomcat he was very fond of, an active animal, who clawed all the backs of the leather dining-room chairs into strips. My husband had them collected—old chairs without backs and sofas without legs propped up by bricks, with their coverings torn to shreds—and had them photographed to show the Colonial Office when asking for new furniture. This had just been sent out, and with the aid of pictures and draperies and a quantity of old blue Nankin china (which had been given by Warren Hastings as a wedding present to a forbear of mine who was on his staff in India) I made the rooms attractive, and a bower of roses and tropical plants did the rest. We had four Government Houses and moved about a good deal among the Islands in a yacht called the *Nooya*, which had belonged to M. Léon Say. My husband bought it in Baltimore, as he found it inconvenient to travel by local mail steamers on account of the uncertain times of sailing, and the Government purchased it from him for the use of the colony when we left the West Indies.

Our first dinner party in Antigua, when all the big-wigs and officials were invited, was given in the large

entrance hall, where a punkah made the air cool and refreshing. We had a negro housekeeper, a very tall, stately woman, who always wore white cambric frocks with a train on the ground, and a red and yellow turban on her head. She used to come and stand like a sentinel behind my chair when my Scotch maid was dressing me for dinner, in case there were any further orders. On this occasion the guests arrived before their time, and I hurried to receive them, saying, "Put out the candles, please, Mrs. Barnes." These candles were on the dressing-table, fixed in very high massive silver candlesticks, with large bell-shaped glasses fitted, so as to protect the flame from draught as well as from buzzing insects. Imagine my horror at seeing the stately lady, carrying a candlestick in each hand, marching slowly and solemnly through the group of assembled guests in the hall, down the steps and along the drive until she vanished into darkness, to plant a candlestick with flaming candle at each side of the entrance gate!! I asked her next morning why she had done this, and she replied, "You told me to put them out, so I put them as far as I could."

I soon learned that the natives take everything literally, and was not surprised when the old negro butler asked to go to a party at the Judge's house, respectfully requesting that I should lend him my Shakespeare for this occasion, "for seeing that we consider a party to be frivolous, and lead to idle talking and gossiping, which is not good, we have decided that our entertainment shall be for the improvement of our minds. I therefore am taking the part of Brutus and the Judge's butler

that of Cassius, and thus spend our time in a way that is profitable to us. I therefore take the liberty of respectfully begging of you to grant me this favour."

Gossip is a joy to the negro. I heard a group of servants talking one day near the verandah, which enlightened me as to their estimation of the qualities in the mixture of races. I made the mistake common to all new-comers in a country with a native population, and selected servants with as little coloured blood in their veins as possible; but I soon found that the full-blooded negro is a far better servant, and more worthy of trust in every way than the other. My cook, called "Mrs. Shawey," was quite a fair woman, while the housekeeper, whom I have mentioned before, was a very sable negress. These two were having an animated discussion. The cook called the housekeeper a "black," and the housekeeper called the cook "a red woman," adding, "God made the black and God made the white, but the devil made the mixture. That's you, Mrs. Shawey!" Another time I heard the butler tell the footman he "wished the old slave days were back, when you were born and bred and died on the same estate and never changed masters." Strangely enough, this slave feeling is in their blood, for they always have some "piccanin" in the background who does all the work for them, but whom the employer rarely, if ever, sees. I knew that Mrs. Barnes had a troop of them, but only once caught sight of a vanishing little form when I went unexpectedly into my bedroom one day before the cleaning was finished.

Archdeacon Branch conducted the service in the

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English Cathedral, and was a personality, as was Dr. Edwards, who told me that he had come out when a young man of twenty-three, supposed to be dying of consumption. It spoke well for the climate, as he was then over seventy, big and strong and full of vigour. He knew all the gossip of the place, true and untrue; but in every small community people talk about each other's affairs because they have little else to do. Very few people have resources within themselves to keep them amused and occupied. It has often been said how happy a man must be if he has a hobby. I think if it is a hobby which leads to some useful purpose without boring his neighbours, he is indeed to be congratulated.

Mornings and evenings in the tropics are the only times for outdoor exercise, the heat of the day compelling a rest in the house until it is time for the afternoon drive, the shady side of a cool verandah being the only comfortable place.

Government House, both in St. Kitts and Antigua, was a wooden structure built on brick foundations, with large, lofty, cool rooms; but the residence in Dominica was constructed by Royal Engineers of solid stone, with small windows more suited to the Arctic regions than to an island within a few degrees of the line. I could well believe the story that the plans made for the barracks at Hong Kong were sent to Tipperary, and our poor soldiers shivered there in the winter, while those in Hong Kong were stifled by tropical heat in rooms constructed to defy inclement weather in Ireland.

When I was in the Leeward Islands, Sir John Goldney was Chief Justice in Antigua. His wife had been Miss

Laird of Birkenhead. The Lairds were great ship-building people, and in former days had built the s.s. *Dayspring* for the purpose of exploring the rivers in West Africa. And it was that vessel which my husband, when quite a young man, joined for the "Bakie" expedition, as it was called. The ship was wrecked on a sandbar at the mouth of the Brass River, when he volunteered to go alone through the unknown forests which had never been penetrated by a white man before, to get assistance from Lagos for the shipwrecked crew. His report on what he saw in the country through which he passed led to what I might term the birth of Nigeria as a British possession, and to his appointment later in West Africa, where he worked for many years. I could not help seeing what an influence he possessed over natives; here in the West Indies they would do anything for him; the Africans called this compelling force the "power of the eye." Kitchener had this same power written in his face, and I have seen it in a few of the younger men of to-day—the power of magnetic control.

The colour question is always a difficult one, and is becoming more so all the world over—it seems an unsolvable problem. A negro gentleman was appointed Attorney-General in one of the West Indian islands; this led to social difficulties which only those who have lived among natives can understand. A man with skin of ebony hue, dressed in a long, buttoned-up black broadcloth coat, and tall silk hat, playing lawn tennis with English girls in filmy white did seem incongruous in our beautiful tropical garden with hedges of roses in full bloom, where humming-birds played, and the fronds

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of gold and silver fern were splashed with drops of cool water from the fountain, and where mango and orange trees shed their golden fruit on the verdant lawn. It interested me much to hear of the kindly way some of the planters spoke of their old negro retainers, the old "mammies" they had known from childhood.

There was always a native village surrounding the sugar-mills on the estates, the remnant of slave days, when the natives lived on from generation to generation in the same place and, if I may judge from observation and what I heard during my stay in these islands and in America, circumstances seldom occurred to justify the sweeping statements in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book I used to read in my childhood. I was much struck one day by a conversation I overheard when the Judge's butler came in to help ours on the occasion of an official entertainment, which was the usual thing to do, because waiters were difficult to procure. The Judge's butler was a very old man and had been a slave in his youth. To my surprise he said that he "and others were sorry the old slave days were over, because then they had no thought or care for the future; they had not even to save for their funerals, and never had to look for work. But now the new Judge might prefer to take a younger butler, and what would become of him then?" I heard later that things fell out as the old man had anticipated. Of course slavery is unthinkable, but the other side of the picture is interesting.

Many old English families held property in the West Indies, and the natives of their estates took the names of the owners; these names have been handed down for



generations. Mr. Lake Walker told me that on his maternal side he was a grandson of Philip Moneux Lucas, nephew of Sir Philip Moneux, a Bedfordshire baronet whose title is now extinct. The former held large estates in various West Indian islands, and the descendants of the slaves employed by him and by the Hon. William Lucas, a former Governor, still bear their name.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LIFE IN THE WEST INDIES

**S**UGAR-MAKING was the great industry in Antigua. It is an interesting process, for not a bit of the cane is wasted. After the juice is squeezed from it by mill rollers, the refuse feeds the cattle. Just about this time the importation of Chinese labourers into Antigua did not promise well, for soon after their arrival they murdered a white overseer in a barbarous manner. A black woman was witness of the crime, which led to the conviction of two of the murderers. On the day of their execution, hundreds of negroes swarmed all round the gaol, but no hangman could be found among them. A Chinaman at last volunteered to execute his brothers, which did not, apparently, increase the popularity of the race among the Creoles.

When going for a morning drive, we sometimes came upon a novel obstruction on the road. The natives have a curious way of, so to speak, transplanting their wooden houses. If the distance is not great they move it in one day ; otherwise you may see it on the roadside, waiting for dawn, when the men begin their sing-song chant as, in unison, they pull the wooden structure along on rollers.

There was a certain amount of good shooting in Barbuda, where Mr. White resided, quail and wild guinea-fowl in plenty, as well as small deer. Excellent well-bred ponies ran wild, and there was a rush at the sales to procure them when a cargo was brought over, and some of them were trained as "pacers." I had a delightful one lent me when I visited Montserrat. It was easy riding him up and down the fruit-clothed hills to visit the lime-juice factories. The road lay through groves of limes, oranges, and lemons, garlanded with orchids and passion flowers. The West Indian native ponies were excellent for riding, but they were bad jibbers in harness.

In Antigua, the yeomanry made a fine display in their white and red uniforms, and Colonel Oliver Nugent (son of the well-known planter Sir Oliver) turned them out very smartly. He was the local A.D.C. as well as Captain Morgan; Captain (afterwards Sir Lewis) Jackson was private secretary, and lived with us in Government House.

A good many well-known Englishmen came out to visit their estates from time to time, among them Lord Combermere and his son, Colonel Cotton.

There was no central sugar factory in Antigua, such as was making such a success in Barbados, which, however, is a flat island, and suitable for running light railroads or tram lines from the estates with cane for crushing. What a backwater it all seemed after the rush and hurry of America, the noise and excitement of New York! The mushroom cities spring up in a few weeks on some prairie or cattle ranch, where the sanc-

tuaries of "Our Lady of Nature" are invaded and pushed aside, and real American cowboys (not those of the story-books) give place to factory-hands.

Talking of ranches reminds me that owners did not always like the cowboys to ride their own horses, and there is a typical Western tale of a certain Bert Jackson, who left a New Mexican ranch at daybreak and returned after sundown. He went and came on the same old horse, his own personal property; yet in the interval he had done eleven different deals in horses and made a couple of dollars on each deal. On his way home, when it was too dark to see well, he had got back his own mount from a guileless youth in exchange for a good-looking but useless beast, and had made thirty-eight dollars on the day's transactions. Dollar-making is a science in the States, a new country full of energy, with a heterogeneous race of people.

The Leeward Islands had a common legislature as far back as the reign of William and Mary, and some of the Acts passed by it are still in force in several of the islands, notably one to provide for "the want of fines and common recoveries under which entails and settlements of real property are effected," which is considered creditable to the sagacity of the colonists of the day, as having anticipated by nearly a century and a half a very beneficial reform only effected in this country in 1833.

The most beautiful of all the islands in the Caribbean Sea is Dominica. Its mountains are more thickly clothed with virgin forest, tree-ferns, and bamboo than Ceylon; the road leading to the "Souffre," or sulphur

springs, lies on the edge of a river and is of surpassing beauty. As the ascent becomes steeper, it passes under large forest trees, covered with festoons of parasites and orchids. High on the mountain ridge, where the branches meet overhead, the air is cool on the hottest day. Here little vistas show glimpses of the sea and the winding river below, fringed with bamboos and spice-trees. In this dark primeval forest you hear the clear, flute-like notes of the little brown mountain bird which is only found in the highest places. The great purple-breasted Imperial parrot was once a lover of these lonely woods, but is fast disappearing, as are also the Caribs, who once populated all the islands of the Caribbean Sea. There were a few negroes, born in Africa, still living on this island. They were the last survivors of the slaves taken from a slave ship and liberated in Dominica, and they lived quite apart from the native negroes. There was great excitement among these African negroes when they heard my husband had come as Governor, for by some incomprehensible means which natives employ they knew he was the "Golobar" of West African fame. He had been fourteen years on the West Coast, where he left a name that will never be forgotten. Indeed, I might mention here that just before the late War I had a letter from a man who signed himself "Shepherd," written from Lagos, saying he was coming to London to see me, and another on his arrival at Liverpool, asking for an appointment. I had never heard of the man. When he was shown into my drawing-room by a frightened parlour-maid, I beheld the blackest-faced negro I have ever seen. "I came

all the way from Africa to see you by command of the Queen of Ibaddan," he said. "She is a very old woman now, and she sent me to say she cannot die easy till she tells you that she has kept her trust. She has kept the promise she made so long ago to our 'Golobar,' the 'Father of the Hausas,' that she would keep her people and her kingdom true and loyal subjects of the Great White Queen and her successors. 'Tell the lady,' she said, 'what I promised I have done!'" During all those long years she was ruling that little kingdom in the black man's garden in tranquillity and peace, governing it well, keeping the roads open for trade and her people from war, because of her promise to him who had taught her fealty to the Crown. Ibaddan is now the third or fourth largest capital city in the world, with over three millions of resident native inhabitants.

I spoke in the early chapters of these reminiscences of the derelicts one sometimes meets in unexpected places ; and speaking of Dominica reminds me of an incident which struck me much at the time. There is a little cemetery on the hillside with a low wall all round it, where gold and silver fern grow and lizards bask in the sun. It is the resting-place of the remains of a Scotch regiment who died after a day's route march over the hills. The commanding officer, recently from home, had not taken into account the differences of climate, and the men dropped out of the ranks from the exhaustion of marching in the noon-day heat, never to rise again. One day I noticed a young man who looked like a Scot. He was in charge of a gang of natives on a coffee plantation, and I was told that his name was Cochrane. He was

a descendant of an officer and his wife, belonging to that regiment and to a well-known Scotch family, and was an orphan boy, practically brought up by the natives or anyone who would give him help till he was old enough to work. Then Dr. Nichol, an English gentleman who had heard his history, took him as one of his assistants. The doctor had been for some time practising on the island, and had begun to cultivate the soil upon scientific principles. He was manufacturing citric acid from limes, essences for perfumes, and growing Liberian coffee and cocoa with great success on his beautiful estate, situated on a plateau of high land over which cool breezes were wafted from the deep gorge in the Roseau Valley below.

But I must not forget another interesting personality, the President of the island, Captain Churchill, a member of the house of Marlborough, and one of the most cultured men and the most charming mannered I have met. Here he was, living on a meagre salary in this tropical backwater, a man who had taken classical honours, which had helped him in no way for the life of a manual labourer, which he had led in his early days in Australia. When young men were unable to get what were considered suitable appointments at home, the colonies were their destination in numberless cases. Captain Churchill told me his classical education had unfitted him, like many other men, for a life where practical knowledge was essential, and that he had drifted until sheep-shearing on an up-country station in Queensland was the only employment he could find. The semi-tropical climate, added to the hard work to which

he was unaccustomed, broke down his health, and at length obliged him to return to England, where he eventually got a very small appointment to a West Indian island, where I met him. His eyesight had begun to fail, so that reading, which was his only recreation, was denied him. Yet this lonely English gentleman always put on evening dress for dinner, and looked as trim as if he were living at ease at home, when he sat in the dim light of his bungalow on the "Morn," a lovely spot on a high cliff overhanging the sea, where the sun sets in all its golden glory, fading into yellow and purple before sinking below the horizon in the violet waters of the Caribbean Sea.

The Home Government was very keen just then on commissions of enquiry, and Sir William Crossman, Mr. (afterwards Sir George) Baden-Powell, and Mr. (afterwards Sir Alexander) Harris were sent out to make certain enquiries about certain things in Jamaica. But that colony was not ready at the moment to receive them, so they came on to the Leeward Islands to stay with us for six weeks to fill up time. Admiral Sir John Commerell arrived in the *Bellerophon* for a fancy-dress ball at Government House, and we met again a number of old naval friends in the "*Billy Ruffian*" (as the sailors persisted in calling the ship) we had met in Newfoundland, Captain (afterwards Admiral) King Hall among them, and Captain (afterwards Admiral) Sir Edmund Poë, whom I had known since childhood, and who was one of the best. What a number of life-long friends have passed away! The old *Dido* was on the station then, and a remarkably smart ship she was, as was her



Captain (afterwards Admiral) Domvile, of whom tales are told. Such people are never ordinary. The story goes that when he was a Lieutenant on the China Station, the Consul informed him that a fleet of junks were pirates, and he carried out orders for their destruction with so much success that they were all sunk. The "Chinks" expostulated, and wanted to know what they had done to receive such treatment. The Consul was dismissed to satisfy the Government, but Lieutenant Domvile was promoted Commander for his gallant services in China! There had been some little disturbance among the natives in Dominica, and the *Dido* remained in harbour while my husband and Mr. Blanc, the Government surveyor, and an exploring party were away, their object being to open up the resources of the Layou Valley and ascertain the value of Crown lands. I was warned to keep a revolver under my pillow at night, which frightened me more than the natives. But the little captain of the *Dido* took the matter in hand and landed his blue-jackets and some guns, and had a march past on the "Midan" before a crowd of delighted native onlookers, who had never seen guns before. After that there was no more disturbance.

To me Dominica is a dream of loveliness; the air is soft and damp, and the sky a clear blue. A rainbow generally hangs over the island, and a mist where the mountains are clothed with a beautiful green. Great fireflies dart about at night through trees and flowers, like shining meteors, as do the humming-birds during the day. Colour, form, and atmosphere were by Nature used to make this island the fairest jewel in the Caribbean

Sea; but the poverty of the white residents and the general dilapidation of the place were very depressing to see. Everything planted here grew so easily that the natives had no incentive to work for a living. Many of them, however, went to Panama, where the Canal was in course of construction, but none returned. The climate there at that time was deadly, even to a negro.

Indeed fever in the West Indies was very prevalent, and my husband was taken ill in Antigua with such a bad attack that his life was despaired of, and it was thought advisable that he should take leave of absence and return to England. Just as we were pushing off in the boat from its shores, the band struck up "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." I fairly broke down, knowing that I should never see the place again, or many of our kind friends whom we had left behind us. We felt that strong bond of sympathy with those from whom we had parted that can only be experienced by people who have worked and toiled and suffered together in foreign climes.

On arriving at St. Thomas's, one of the Danish islands, we transhipped into the Royal Mail Line, and while lying in the harbour during the process of coaling the heat was intense. The hills were clothed with a vivid green, and red and white houses were dotted about among the trees and the edge of the shore, which was a hive of activity, with people of every class and shade of colour, interested in the arrival of the mail-boats. The Royal Mail never hurried on her homeward journey. Fourteen days to Plymouth was the contract time, so, however easy it was to do it in less, she worked to schedule. It

was a perfectly calm voyage, and there was ample opportunity to observe the manners and customs of a very heterogeneous assortment of passengers. Among them was a black Prince and his daughter from Haiti. He was blind, and his cabin was somewhere down below decks. It was said that he was on his way to Paris with the money-bags, for every now and then there was a revolution, and before it came to a head someone always secured the gold out of the coffers of the Republic's Treasury and disappeared with it. On this occasion the Prince fell ill, and the ship's doctor was unable to diagnose his case because he could not speak French. So every morning the coal-black Princess came on deck dressed in a beautiful pale pink or white chiffon and lace Paris-made frock trailing behind her, escorted by the doctor, to tell me her father's symptoms, which I had to translate. I always wondered how the sick man survived that voyage! We had a sandy-bearded Nicaraguan on board who in these days would have been called a "beaver." He was very fond of afternoon tea, and attended my little efforts when dispensing it to a few of the English passengers whom we knew; but soon this private store was finished, and then I had to fall back on ship's tea, which the Nicaraguan felt was an insult, and he loudly protested he would never accept another invitation from me. However, the tea-parties continued without him, and were very popular with people who were glad of the excuse to evade the never-ending games of quoits and other pastimes that are always run by some restless passenger.

At Plymouth, Colonel Vachell, then in command of

the troops, met us on landing, with the Admiral and other officials, who had been notified of our arrival in England. It is little use describing the delights of other lands, the sound of the sea as it slaps the bow of the homeward-bound liner, the whirl of the screw, the noisy boatmen when the anchor rattles in the transparent water, the strange sounds and unfamiliar smells from spice groves sheltering under the palms, or the unshackled life in camp. These far-away alluring scenes that come only in dreams appeal so much to me ! But I always feel it has been a great privilege to have seen a considerable part of the world, especially that portion over which the Union Jack flies, and to have visited various places in our Dominions, and to have learnt what they mean and what their relations are to us.

## CHAPTER IX

### SUMMER VISITS TO GERMANY

**A** DRIVE through Windsor Park, under the grey English sky, was a relief after the perpetual bright sunshine of the tropics. The Queen had heard that my husband had been suffering from the climate of the West Indies, which had tried his constitution after the cold of Newfoundland, which, in its turn, had followed the tropical heat of West Africa, and we were invited to the Castle again. The Queen expressed herself as being pleased to hear that we were leaving for a six weeks' "cure" in Homburg, where the Prince of Wales and other Royalties were going that season, and said that she hoped the waters there would be beneficial in restoring my husband's health. When we arrived at Homburg a few days later, it seemed that half London society had collected at the German springs on pleasure bent. The English Church was crowded at morning service, and as we passed up the aisle in search of a seat, the Duke of Cambridge, who was sitting in a front pew, turned round, and in an audible voice said, "There's Glover! Where has he dropped from? Bring him up after service." Next morning when, glass in hand, we were standing at the Elizabethen Brunnen, the Prince of Wales came up to my husband and, taking

a telegram from his pocket, said to him, "I think this cable will interest you ; I have just received it from my sons, who have been so well and loyally received in Newfoundland, your old colony. I know you will be glad to hear it." Then he asked a good many questions about the West Indies.

I remember that just then there was a Mr. Potter in Homburg, who boasted that he "never took off his hat to Royalty," and said that he had "no use for crowned heads." I heard the Prince tell one of his staff that he wished to have Mr. Potter presented to him. This was done when promenading along the walk one morning, *unter den Linden*. After the presentation Mr. Potter told his friends that he did not include the Prince of Wales among the Princes and Kings he objected to ! There were always a number of detectives of every nationality about wherever King Edward went abroad, and I remember at Homburg on one occasion seeing them look on the ground when coming up the path from the spring ; so I looked too. King Edward had just passed that way, and I noticed that a nail was missing in a footprint, and guessed that it was his shoe. The nails were arranged in a pyramid formed of six, and the middle one was a blank. So I always knew which way he had gone by finding the footprint on the gravel. He usually dined at a table in the corner of the verandah of the Park Hotel on hot evenings and when not giving a semi-official dinner. Sir George Wombwell was a good deal in evidence when fair ladies were present, and there were lively dinner-parties at all the big hotels and the *Kürhaus* every night. A most excellent band played for those

who liked dancing, and Herr Tömlich, the well-known conductor, gave morning and afternoon concerts. Altogether, Homburg was an entertaining place, and it is pleasant to look back upon the good old days that have passed away.

Sir Harry and Lady Ord were visitors there then, and were very old friends of ours. When Sir Harry was Governor of Singapore, a magnificent Government House was built at his instigation. People said it was extravagantly large, but those who thought so did not foresee that Singapore would grow in importance, that very shortly it might be considered too small for entertaining the increasing population in. The late Sultan of Johore was a great ally of Governor Ord's, and I saw a good deal of him later in London. I might mention here that, after Sir Harry's death, he put up to his memory a library and reading-room for working men at Fornham, the village near Sir Harry's house, which was not far from Bury St. Edmunds. After the death of the Sultan, who was a very enlightened man, his son was a good deal in London. Indeed he was oftener there than the Colonial Office approved. He was a big, well-set-up man, but he never had the manner or presence of his father. The young man was very gay and greatly given to amusements and sport, and was fond of racing in later years. Once, when we were at Baden Baden, the Sultan was staying at the Stephanie Hotel, where he entertained a great deal, and we were invited to a sumptuous dinner-party in the luxurious restaurant there. His father always took his Malay cook about with him to make the curries, even when being entertained by friends, and the young

Sultan continued this custom. When at Baden Baden, he drove us to the races on his coach. I remember he had a team of very fine black horses, and he was an excellent whip; his coach was painted blue and yellow, his racing colours. I have before me now the picture of the party, which appeared in that week's "Die Woche," which brings back the whole scene vividly to my memory. Also the way the diamonds, set in the Sultan's front teeth, sparkled in the sunshine when he laughed. But this was some time after my first visit to Homburg. On that occasion there was a great review of the German troops. My husband and I were placed near the saluting point, where the Emperor William, the Crown Prince Frederick, and the ex-Kaiser William were all standing together, and everyone was struck by the fine appearance of the Emperor and Crown Prince in contrast to that of the late Kaiser; and one noticed too the difference in their manner when being presented to them. The Emperor had none of the haughtiness of his grandson, which developed so much more as years went on. He had an overwhelming sense of his own importance, which probably impressed others and influenced them to take him at his own valuation, not an unknown quality in some of our own officials at home! I visited Homburg often in later years, when my daughter was a schoolgirl. I took her there during the holidays in the hope that she would learn to speak German. But I am only referring to events as they occur to me, not having space to mention more than a few of the people we met there. On one of these occasions I came across a novel incident when walking in the Sallsberg Woods.



A clearing of trees had been made and a stucco archway built after the fashion of the Forum in Rome, leading into an amphitheatre. I arrived in time to see the ex-Kaiser, who was then Emperor, riding a black charger with a Roman toga flung round his shoulders, and all his attendants prostrate before him on the ground as he entered under the archway. His head was crowned with a wreath of laurel, the emblem of victory. Was he discoursing of the Great War of the future and rehearsing the scene that his mind conjured up of what he should do in the day of victory? An English friend of mine, who escaped from Germany during the first week of the late War, told me that he was hidden away in a fourth-class carriage among a number of civilians and German soldiers. When the war train drew into Cologne station on the way to the front, the Kaiser, in full uniform with orders and medals, stepped out on the footboard of his compartment, for the people on the platform to see him. The train was covered with wreaths of myrtle, and he, like Nero of old, stood claiming to be the God of Victory. I do not think that many among all the crowd of Britishers who visited Homburg knew much of the country or people. I often heard them talk of the Germans there as "the foreigners."

The English, when not taking the cure, spent most of their time at the golf links, which were managed so well by General Duff, or at croquet or tennis, where M. Doulier, a Belgian, who was latterly the Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Club, arranged some excellent tournaments. Among the players whom I came across again later was Baron Falkenstein, the present Austrian

Ambassador in London ; but they were mostly English and American players. Before Homburg was incorporated into Prussia (1867) it was called Hesse Homburg, governed by a Duke of the family of Nassau. His shooting lodge contains a curious collection of furniture, made out of the horns and skins of animals killed from time to time in the state at his shoots, with the date inscribed on the antlers that cover the walls of the hall and staircase, somewhat in the way the ceiling of the large banqueting-hall in Glentanar was done in the time of its late owner, Sir Cunliffe Brooke.

I remember there was a famous masseuse in those days who attended the ladies' baths at Homburg. Lady Ellison was very anxious to reduce her figure, and asked me to explain this to the masseuse, who could not speak a word of English. The masseuse was a woman of huge proportions herself, and as fat as an ox. However, she told me that Lady Ellison would soon be as thin as a pencil, and proceeded to relate all the gossip of the baths and all the wonders she had worked in them. Mud baths were a great feature of Homburg. One lady thought she saw a snake in hers, and screamed with fear. This turned out to be a very harmless switch of hair belonging to her predecessor. This German woman was really quite interesting on the psychology of her own country. She said the men were the worst and most unfaithful husbands in the world, and the English were the best, and then the French. According to her, the attitude of German men to their women folk savoured of the Dark Ages. When a peasant girl married, she was dressed in black and was obliged to go to the altar

alone ; no women friends entered the church to support her, only the bridegroom and the groomsmen being present. After the ceremony, the newly-wed wife and her bridesmaids had to wait on the men at the wedding breakfast and could not sit down to eat till they were satisfied. Yet the love-stories and poetry of German literature suggest adoration of the sex ! I do not think that the efforts of the masseuse had the desired effect on Lady Ellison, for I remember that afterwards, at a Court at Buckingham Palace, she wore a heavy velvet train, which got in her way, and she slipped off one of the gilt cane chairs. Sir Richard Ellison was on duty at the time, guarding the barrier, and was sent for, because the gentlemen-in-waiting were unable to get her up. However, when her husband's very tight uniform was opened to allow expansion to his massive proportions, he managed to set matters right before the rush of ladies through the barrier commenced.

The Ellisons were a most popular couple, and did a good deal of entertaining in their house in Queen's Gate and also at Hurlingham. After Sir Richard's death, Lady Ellison became a member and continued her hospitality by giving frequent dinner parties in the season. She did not survive her husband many years, and was greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

The old castle in the town of Homburg was a favourite summer residence of the ex-Kaiser and his family during the month of August, and a great many Royalties besides the Prince of Wales came every year. Later, when he forsook the place for Marienbad, it became comparatively deserted, and the Portuguese Minister,

generally called the blue monkey, a number of the old habitués, and his American friends followed him to the new watering-place, where later, it is said, King Edward had opportunities of conferring with the Emperor of Austria, and used his utmost endeavours to point out to him the folly of joining hands with Germany in the war which both monarchs knew to be inevitable. Indeed, during a late visit to Middle Europe I was reminded of this very often by hearing it significantly said in political circles that if the King of the Belgians and King Edward had lived—two men whom politicians considered the greatest diplomats in Europe—the late War would have been averted.

A story is told about King Leopold which is very characteristic. When he was staying at his palace in Ostend, a priest who had heard the various stories that were from time to time afloat—such stories as are always spread about by those who live in glass houses—thought he would offer advice to his Majesty and counsel him to mend his ways. The King listened very patiently to all he had to say, and then observed: “I have heard many stories about you, reverend father, that were not to your credit, but I never believed them.”

We must not forget that King Leopold only took upon his shoulders the task of civilising and developing the Congo—the very centre and hotbed of savagery—after Stanley had appealed in vain to England, America, and France to take the work in hand.

Chevalier Edouard Carton de Wiart said in one of his speeches in recent years, when speaking of the work done by the Belgians in the Congo, “There is not the

slightest doubt that the constant policy of Germany was this : knowing that the surest protector of Belgium's neutrality in Europe was England, she tried by all means during the last twenty years to stimulate feelings of distrust and antipathy between England and Belgium, hoping thus to secure for herself a free hand in our country."

Another authority says : "The report of Roger Casement, who was the British Commissioner sent to report on the atrocities, seemed to me so exaggerated and absurd, that I told the late Sir Martin Gosselin, British Ambassador in Lisbon, that I believed Casement was in the pay of Germany." "The late Mr. Codrington, an able and highly honourable administrator of Northern Rhodesia, also told me at the time that he did not believe Casement's report, while he was quite certain that some of the photographs of mutilation were taken in a district of that country under his own control, where every second or third native had been mutilated previous to the Chartered rule." Livingstone, and everyone who followed him, knew that government by mutilation was the rule of all native kings throughout Central Africa for hundreds of years. "I therefore came to the conclusion that if Germany had not actually promoted the Congo atrocity agitation, she was actively prompting it," he added.

What struck me so much in Germany, coming as I did from countries where there was no military ardour, was that everything seemed subservient to the Army. I knew a number of officers in the Berlin Guards ; one of them, a very good-looking man, always wished to be

taken for an Englishman. Captain (afterwards Admiral) Cœuper, the German Naval Attaché in London, spent most of his leave here. Lady Oppenheimer, who mixed a good deal with the English, had a fine box in the Opera House at Frankfort, and invited us to use it at some of the performances, which were always excellently done here. Her son was the British Consul, another case of a German being appointed to our Consular service.

Referring to my daughter's school-days reminds me of some very interesting visits we paid on different occasions to Mr. Harry Graham in his beautiful old Schloss near Heidelberg, the foundations of which were built in the year 800 by Charlemagne, and there was a nunnery in the garden of a still older date. I have my husband's family tree by me ; it is traced right down from Charlemagne to the present day ; we always use his crest, which was a flaming star set in a ducal coronet. There was a counterpart of this coat-of-arms and crest cut in stone over the entrance door of the Schloss. One of Charlemagne's daughters was the first Abbess of the nunnery, and she founded an Order which retained its independence until it was made over to the Kloster Lorsch in the year 1100. It remained under that jurisdiction until the Reformation in 1550. After that date it was no longer a nunnery, being given over to the cup-bearers of the reigning Duke Almour, and in 1860 it was sold to an Englishman, the father of Mr. Harry Graham, who was for many years a Member of Parliament at Westminster.

Speaking of Charlemagne reminds me that my husband's lineal descent came through Queen Catherine



**SCHLOSS HANDSCHUSHEIM.**

The castle belonged to Mr. Harry Graham from which he escaped after the outbreak of the late War. The coat-of-arms of Charlemagne was cut in stone over the entrance door. A corner of the nursery, which is believed to have been built before A.D. 800, is shown to the left.





Parr, who founded the King's School, Canterbury, where two of her sons were educated. As founder's kin, her descendants have enjoyed the right of this privilege for more than two hundred years, which has been handed down through my husband's mother, who was a daughter of Admiral Broughton, a well-known figure in the naval history of this time.

While staying at Schloss Handschuhsheim (Glover's home) our host took us for long drives in the country, and I remember that at a café in some village, while waiting for tea, I picked up some German leaflets spread about on the tables. They were violent propaganda against England, but Mr. Graham did not seem to see anything unusual in this. It struck me that while millions of Britishers were spending their spare time in looking on at football matches and other games at home, the Germans had no spare time, because they were always drilling or singing patriotic songs of the "Vaterland" and "Deutschland über Alles" while they worked.

Wars may be won on the playing fields of Eton, but a mere woman may be pardoned for thinking they might be shorter wars, or wars might be averted altogether, if young men were trained before and not after war was declared.

I might mention here that in 1914 Mr. Graham was taken prisoner in his Schloss; and the story of his escape and of how I was fortunate enough to be able to assist him by getting his effects out of the country after the Armistice is quite exciting. Again space forbids me to do more than mention it, or to refer to a conversation I had with Sir Terence O'Brien, the

Governor of Heligoland, who said, after his recall from that island, when it was handed to Germany, "The day is not far distant when the British Government will regret this decision." I mentioned this to a Member of Parliament at the time, who replied, "What do we want with that rabbit-warren? We can fight for it if we ever do." "Yes; but at what cost?" I doubt if the M.P. who told Lord Salisbury that it would be better to hand it to the Germans, on which advice the Prime Minister presumably acted, realised for a moment the importance to us in later years of this place, when the fortifications were built there by Germany.

I have referred above to officers we knew in the Berlin Guards. One of these came to London with letters of introduction to me some time after this. He was on the personal staff of the Kaiser's entourage, and invited my daughter and me to go to Berlin for the winter season, and promised, if we did so, to get us invitations for all the Court balls; but, not caring sufficiently for German society, I did not accept this otherwise tempting offer to see the Berlin Court in all its pomp and circumstance. A year or two before the late War I met Count Holstein, who had taken a house in London. He was in close touch with Berlin, and it is said it was on his information and that of Prince Lichnowsky, the late German Ambassador, that the Kaiser believed England would never come into the War, but stand aside, as she had done in the seventies. Charles V of Germany said, in his saner moments, "What an egregious fool I must have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I

cannot even make a few watches keep time together!" He came from the class which has kept its traditions but has lost the reins of power, and must stand aside while new powers work blindly in a rocking world. Mentioning the late German Ambassador reminds me of Count Benckendorff, who was then at the Russian Embassy in London. He was an astonishingly far-sighted man; I believe that as far back as 1903 he foretold there would be a revolution in Russia directly there was war; at the time of the Agadir crisis he clearly saw that the future of Europe entirely depended on the policy of the German Government: "On whether the German Emperor and his Government decided or not to embark on a Louis XIV policy of ambition and aggression and try to make Germany the only European power." Count Benckendorff was noted, like Sir Clare Ford, for always speaking the truth; he was one of the most remarkable men of our time.

Bismarck once said that the English were bad Europeans; but then I never met a German who said it would be a good thing for Germany and England to be friends, though a German has said to me since the late War that "his spiritual home was England" and "Lord Haldane's spiritual home was Germany." Maurice Baring mentions in his book that he was at Hildersheim when the cession of Heligoland was announced. "England," said the Germans, "*ist sehr schein*" (the English are very sly); they thought they had made a bad bargain, so even when they had gained an advantage it escaped their notice, and they always thought they had been cheated and bamboozled. What

opened my eyes more clearly still was the instruction given to schoolboys, the history lessons, during which no opportunity was ever lost of belittling England; and above all the history books, the *Weltgeschichten* (world-histories) which the boys used to read for pleasure. This was the book that I always read with my German governess when a girl, and I remember that the part that England played in affairs was made to appear either insignificant or mean. She was hardly mentioned during the earlier periods of history; there was very little about the Tudors or Stuarts, "but England's rôle in the Napoleonic Wars, in which England was the ally of Germany, was made to appear that of a dishonest broker, a clever monkey making the foolish cat pull the chestnuts out of the fire. The whole of England's success was attributed to money-making." I think it is true that "the Germans, as an organised nation, are as incapable as ever of understanding the free play of thought and impulse in other peoples. They know their own purpose, but they are dangerously ignorant of the world around, ignorant of its motives, and its wealth and variety of spontaneous effort and feeling. That was the dangerous contradiction that brought about the Great War. The most disquieting feature of the new Germany is not so much the persistence of the old energy as its continued association with the old hopeless obtuseness in regard to everything outside Germany. Have the German people, as a whole, learned nothing from all the tragedy of the War?"

A story is told that when King George was a young man he and his brother were sent to Germany to

learn German. Prince George was lazy about doing so, and said to a friend, "I shall never come to the Throne, so why should I learn a language I dislike? But I want to learn some of the students' choicest slang." They taught him some, the meaning of which he did not know. "All right," said the Prince, "when I go to Berlin next week and I am taking in some big magnate to dinner, I will say . . ." If he carried out his intention, who can describe the consternation of the prim Court ladies at being called . . . by the future King of England!

What a digression I have made since writing about the old Homburg days of so many memories, delightful to look back upon, but filled with sadness too, because so many dear friends and charming acquaintances have passed away. The Duke de Stackpool, Lord Mersey, and a few other habitués are still left, and some of the younger generation, who remember the merry time they spent there before the War, "when all the world was young" and Rhineland was a delightful summer resort.

## CHAPTER X

### LIFE IN PARIS

**A**FTER the season my husband and I spent at Homburg, he was appointed on a Commission and attached to the Embassy in Paris. Sir Clare Ford came over with us then, for they were working in conjunction upon international affairs, and Lord Lyons was the Ambassador. He always appeared to me to be a very shy man but a very able diplomat, and the dinner parties at the Embassy were famous for their most recherché menus and the best of wine. We spent a delightful year in an *appartement* in the Champs Elysées, about halfway up on the left-hand side. There was always something interesting to see if you looked out of the window : beautifully dressed ladies in well-appointed carriages, driving to the Bois de Boulogne, or maybe M. de Lesseps riding with his numerous family tailing away in a long string behind him ; the tiny girl on a wee pony came last. I counted seven of them one day. M. de Lesseps was a smart-looking man with almost white hair ; he had a great reputation in Paris after his successful construction of the Suez Canal.

There is always so much to see and do in Paris : delightful race meetings at Auteuil and Longchamps ;

picture galleries, churches, opera, theatres. I remember hearing that beautiful Spanish tenor Gayarre singing in opera then ; he made a *grand fureur*, but afterwards in London he found the Covent Garden audience so cold that he could not give out his voice there. It must be difficult for anyone with temperament to sing to an unsympathetic house. I do not believe that even Chaliapin could ; but I have only heard him in opera at Monte Carlo, where his voice was superb.

But besides the attractions of Paris itself, and the shops full of beautiful things, there are the gardens of Versailles, Fontainebleau, the forest of Compiègne, which in spring is carpeted with wild lilies-of-the-valley. We spent Easter in that beautiful old town, where the statue of Joan of Arc stands in the market-place. The 20th Cavalry Regiment was quartered there. Then we drove to Pierrefont, which had stood in its half-finished splendour since the days when Napoleon III designed it for his beautiful consort ; I thought of the Prince Imperial and his tragic fate in Zululand ; but tragedy is ever lurking in unexpected corners—it hits alike nations and individuals.

Chinese Gordon was a friend of my husband, and he saw him off on that fatal occasion, when he passed through Paris on his way to the Sudan. I think the General knew he would never return ; he was a fatalist and absolutely fearless.

But I must not dwell too long on these happy days in Paris, when my sister came to stay and my father also paid us a visit, because I must mention other places when visiting France in later years ; otherwise these

reminiscences would become like a diary of daily events with a dash of Cook's tourist or Baedeker thrown in ; and looking at my blue pencil I am warned to do no more than mention Daudet the author, who was a delightful companion, in spite of his deformity. I remember hearing an English lady say in a loud voice in the hall, "A man like that should not be allowed into the hotel." I wonder what she thought of me when I got up and shook him warmly by the hand ! Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the American millionaire, was in Paris then. The story went that she had a cloak lined with humming-birds' plumage, having just returned from the West Indies, and knowing the size of these beautiful little creatures, I wondered ! There was also another story that she wanted to hire the Arc de Triomphe for some show, and when she was told this was impossible, she said she would buy it. I knew her afterwards in London, when she entertained so much in Carlton House Terrace, but I never saw the humming-bird cloak !

I remember the first time I went to the South of France in after years, the joy of again seeing oranges growing out of doors with the ripe fruit and blossom on the trees, as I had seen them in the tropics ; to get away from the cold winter damp of England to sunshine is like slipping into a new world, and neither the dust in the Corniche road nor the sirocco wind drives away the illusion.

Life in France always seems to be less difficult for the general public than in England, where the *bonne à tout faire* is an unknown luxury. Her skill in making omelettes and in varying the *plat du jour* is unailing,



and is only a part of her accomplishments. If you study the French peasant woman or her sister in the *haut monde*, you understand how the women of France paid the indemnity in the seventies, and why they are the backbone of the country. The café, where families can meet and spend an evening in pleasant companionship, with a glass of light beer or *sirap*, takes the place of a club, and is more conducive to domestic harmony than a British public-house ; but the climate, as well as the temperament of the people, makes this life impossible here. Racing abroad is always better arranged than at home. I am now speaking from a woman's point of view, with due regard to frocks and frills, also from experience at meetings held near most of the principal capital cities in Europe as well as in Calcutta. In Australia, I am told, things are even better done, with no lack of excellent sport ; but of course climate goes a long way towards enjoyment of outdoor pastimes. It drives many of us to Biarritz or Cannes for golf, or to Mentone to escape the rigour of an English winter.

Those who remember Biarritz in pre-War days, and the huge rolling Atlantic breakers dashing on her shore, and the white Farge, like a ghostly sentinel standing on the rugged cliff near the links, braving the lashing fury of a gale, will remember the Villa del Bosco, where the late Sir Alexander Bruce Tulloch and his wife welcomed many friends to their board. Colonel and Mrs. Rooke formed a centre of English society at their house. Princess Frederic of Hanover was the leader of English society, and entertained a good deal. At a lunch party she gave for us during one Easter week the menu was a study

in Easter eggs. The dishes were cleverly contrived, each *plat* to represent eggs of varied hue, till we arrived at the sweets. Then moss baskets were served round, filled with what appeared the real thing *au naturel*; but each egg-shell was filled with a different coloured jelly, to be eaten with a spoon like an ordinary boiled egg. The Princess was a great reader, also a lover of her garden, in which she spent a great deal of time. King Edward's visits brought a number of English and Americans every spring, and he might be seen very frequently watching pelota, the great Basque game, played everywhere on the beautiful snow-capped line of the Pyrenees. It had become almost a national game in these parts and as popular as football in England. Cow-fights, both at Biarritz and Bayonne, were also exciting, and largely attended by English visitors. The matador had a lively time defending himself from long-horned wild cows, which chased their victims with the agility of a greyhound, which is more dangerous than the blind fury with which a bull charges in a straight line, giving opportunity for the man to jump aside before the impact. No horses are allowed in the arena, and the cow is not killed, therefore there is none of the cruelty of a Spanish bull-fight. It is only a step over the frontier if you want to see the real thing in San Sebastian, but bull-fighting is not an English sport, and when the Queen of Spain attended it was said she always held glasses before her eyes that were constructed to prevent her from seeing through them.

France is such a large country and so full of resources that she is like a book of endless volumes. Each number

is a fresh surprise. Her towns have a history of their own quite apart and unlike the history of other towns; the palm avenues at Costebelle are as different from the Loire valley as the vineyard districts are from the coast of Normandy; but all have a charm of their own. Most of us remember happy days spent on the golf links at Hyères or Cannes, and merry parties in the Casino during the yachting season, when the English take part freely in the Battle of Flowers, and enjoy themselves with the abandonment of other nations in the cosmopolitan crowd. All these things bring back memories of old friends and sunny hours not to be effaced by fleeting time. A great portion of our life there is spent in hurrying somewhere to wait for someone; we rush away from lunch to keep an appointment, and struggle to be in time for the next engagement by the blue Mediterranean just as much as during a crowded London season; but it is less fatiguing. Smuts and fogs are forgotten in the clear sunshine, and there is always Monaco within easy reach, which attracts devotees to music or gambling, beautiful scenery or pleasures of a lesser sort. Monte Carlo is irresistible, and a lure for all. The Prince of Monaco always derives a large income from the gaming tables, and M. Blanc ran them cleverly as a business proposition. *Ciro's* for lunch, the Grand or Hotel de Paris for dinner was a liberal education in cosmopolitan ways and modes of life when louis became but the value of counters and bank notes were to burn.

Monte Carlo was always a wonderful place in which to study human nature both at its best and worst. Fifteen

or twenty years ago all the greatest in Europe, Asia, and America congregated there, and crowned heads mingled freely with the scum of the earth. Grand Dukes of Russia, King Leopold of Belgium, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Indian Maharajas, all gambled together with the brilliant stars of the half-world. The fierce and stately Otero, who had ruined more than one young man of fashion, came into the gambling rooms at the Casino, I remember, covered with jewels which were worth, it was said, between fifty and a hundred thousand pounds. Her great rival, Pougy, on the following night made a sensation by entering the building beautifully dressed, but wearing no ornament whatever, her maid walking before her, carrying an immense black velvet cushion on which her lovely jewels were displayed. Among the constant habitués were the Duchess of Devonshire, a Hanoverian by birth, who was always seen playing with great quantities of gold and a pile of thousand-franc notes; and the racing Duchess of Montrose, known as "Bobs" at Newmarket. Sometimes one heard of suicides, which were always hushed up, or one saw a crowd collect quickly round the table, where someone was breaking the bank, or someone was staking heavily. Old Sam Lewis, the moneylender, was one of these. Now and then money was snatched off the table by a wrongful owner, and a fight ensued, which was finally settled by the croupier. Indeed one has heard it whispered that there was a bloody hatpin encounter on one occasion between two jealously infuriated ladies over a crowned head, and the gambling room emptied to watch the combat that took place between them in the

Casino square, the excited mob of backers of both parties successfully defying the police while holding the ring. There was much tearing of raiment and dishevelled hair as both ladies were eventually led off the scene to their own apartments by the police, who were well smacked for their interference. But Monte Carlo had other attractions besides the gambling rooms and the passing excitement of seeing the thin veneer of civilisation stripped off humanity by lust and greed—Chaliapin singing and acting in the Opera at the Casino Theatre, and the wonderful music that is always obtainable there for a very small outlay of money, showed another side of the picture. The beauty of Monte Carlo, with the wide expanse of blue sea and the flaming sunsets, and the white-gold radiance of dawn, when the misty hills are veiled with pearl and opal, has a subtle attraction that grips the soul. The Williamsons and other authors found inspiration there, and time to work, in spite of the compelling attractions of *Ciro's*, or the lure of exciting lawn tennis tournaments.

These thoughts carry me far back over the bridge of time, and I must omit mentioning expeditions to La Tourbie and the gardens of La Mortola; also some peaceful days at Mentone and Cap Martin, where the Empress Eugénie spent much of her time in the lovely villa in the pine-woods, and received so many English friends. Nor can I do more than allude to the foresight of that clever and astute monarch, Leopold, King of the Belgians, who bought land and laid out large building plots in the evergreen groves between Monaco and Beaulieu, which must now be a source of wealth to his

successor. I must do no more than mention the flower-scented air of Grasse and the gardens that hold the secrets of perfumes that find their way to the most expensive shops in Paris ; for my story takes me back there in the year that was then closing in, when my husband had to return hastily to London, because the Colonial Office needed his services. We were expecting to leave in a short time for Natal, when an urgent cable came from Sir Frederick Carter, who was Chief Justice in Newfoundland, saying that the Irishmen and Orangemen had been shooting one another, and requesting that he might be sent immediately, as feeling was running very high at St. John's.

On our arrival in London we went to tea at Marlborough House with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were anxious to know something about the affair. It was curious that twice in his colonial career the people of the colony my husband governed begged that he should be sent back to them in a crisis, and each time he acceded to their wishes, which tended to retard his own promotion. On this occasion there was an understanding that he should remain there only a short time, till affairs had settled down. But a chill he contracted in that variable climate necessitated his return to England, and again try what the curative waters of Homburg would do to restore him to health. But they were without avail. The best medical skill in London could do nothing in the dreadful days that followed. He passed away, and I was left with my baby girl to begin a new life. She would be my only object of interest in the years to come. I would try to make her life happy

and content, to show her as much as possible of this wonderful world and the great Dominions which belong to us, and teach her to realise that we are citizens of them, and that each one of us can do something, however little, to keep the great edifice together—the Empire that has been built up by so many illustrious men.

## CHAPTER XI

### TRAVELS IN ITALY

**R**OME is very different from any other city; it is coming to a place new and yet familiar from pictures seen since childhood of the well-known St. Peter's, the wide-spreading Piazza, and the columns of the ruined Forum. But the feeling of Rome gains on one every day. Chateaubriand said, "Whoever has nothing else left in life should come to live in Rome, where he will find for society a land which will nourish his reflections, walks which will always tell him something new, the stone which crumbles under his feet will speak to him, and even the dust which the wind raises under his footsteps will seem to bear with it something of human grandeur." I was feeling just at that moment as if nothing was left to me in life; henceforth it would be for me a lonely road.

I spent two winters there, so great was its fascination. It is said that anyone who drinks of the waters of Trevi will return. When one has left Rome after making it an intimate friend, it is not astonishing to discover that one's heartstrings have mysteriously attached themselves to the Eternal City and that its fascination is drawing one there again. One longs to see once more its Seven Hills from the Palace of Caligula, to hear the blue nuns



sing behind the grille in the Convent on the Pincio, to visit the pictures in the Palazzo Barberini, the Borghese, the Quirinal, and all the other famous palaces, and see the procession of red-robed Cardinals in St. Peter's, and hear the grand music of the organ, and a choir of Italian voices singing in a building 613 feet in length (more than a hundred feet longer than St. Paul's in London), which alone is a thing to look back upon in after years. It makes one understand the sympathetic power which Byron described when he said :

O Rome, my country ! city of the soul !  
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee.

But the interest of Rome comes to its climax in the Forum ; in spite of all that is destroyed and all that is buried so much still remains to be seen. Augustus Hare, who has written a great deal about the discoveries made in recent years, took me over the ruins and pointed out the temples, the arch where the statue of Marcus Aurelius once stood, the famous Temple of Vesta, the altar dedicated to Vulcan, where Brutus was seated when, without any change of countenance, he saw his two sons beaten and beheaded. Mr. Hare told me that the excavations which were made in the Forum before 1871 were for the most part due to the generosity of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Later, large excavations were made by the British Archæological Society. Mr. Hare was a small, dark man, very energetic and very full of his subject, which was difficult to follow sometimes for one not sufficiently well read in the very complex history of ancient Rome, with its continual wars and strife.

On Sunday afternoons the Pincio was what Miss Thackeray describes as "a fashionable halo of sunset and pink parasols." The band played every afternoon, when immense crowds, drawn from every phase of Roman life, collected and dispersed again as the Ave Maria bell rang from the churches, either to descend to the city or to hear Benediction sung by the nuns in the Trinita dei Monti. The Pincian Hill was the favourite promenade of the Roman aristocracy, the fashionable society meeting-place, like Hyde Park. Here in the sunset the scenes from the terrace were too beautiful to describe adequately. The golden dome of St. Peter's stood out prominently in the misty distance; the dark ilex trees, the churches and tall palaces of the Eternal City lay spread out at our feet; the river like a silver line, and beyond it the wide-spreading Campagna, till you come to Ostia, where the sea melts into the horizon. But two great buildings alone arrest attention, St. Peter's and, westward beyond the Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, the immense tomb of a pagan Emperor, with the archangel on its summit.

The King of Italy had the most perfectly arranged stables I have ever seen. A good many of the grooms were English and a number of the horses Irish, with their original names placed over their stalls. And every horse had a chest of drawers for two suits of horse clothing at his disposal, a heavy suit for winter and a silk one for warm weather. The review on the King's birthday was a magnificent display of brilliant uniforms. The Bersaglieri were the last of the regiments to pass, because they march so fast that there has to be an interval

between them and the other troops. It is said that these little soldiers with waving cock-plumed headgear die young ; their hearts must surely give out from the overstrain of this double-time marching. Sir Evelyn Wood, talking of English soldiers, said to me, " I always prefer small men ; their hearts are stronger than the big ones."

There was a very pleasant society among the different Embassies. I remember Madame de Westenburg at the Dutch Legation was very popular. She always dressed in black velvet at her afternoon receptions, and her thick white hair was coiffed à la Pompadour. The presentation at the Italian Court is quite different from an English one. The ladies wait in groups, according to their nationality, till the Royalties come in and go from one group to another, shaking hands and speaking a few words in whatever language is native to those addressed. This gift of language is one of the greatest bonds of friendship between nations and individuals.

One of the most interesting personalities I met in Rome was Waldo Storey, the sculptor. He had a beautiful studio in the Via St. Nicolo in Tolentino, and his bas-reliefs were very artistic, as were his life-sized statues. He told me it was very difficult to get suitable models, for form is rarer than good colouring, which is what a painter looks for. If a sculptor finds a beautiful face or figure, he must marry his model, this being the only way to keep her. Perhaps that was why one saw the features of Mrs. Storey so often repeated in his various works, and certainly she was a very beautiful woman. The English society was very friendly, but

the Roman was much divided between the Papal party and the Royalists, much more so than it is at present. A good many Americans and English had married into old Italian families, and when one took a day away from exploring the artistic and never-ending historical interests in Rome, one found them at the "meets" on the Campagna. One passes crumbling fragments of what may have been tombs or temples centuries ago. Brown-eyed peasant boys keep goats among the ruins, like Giotto of old, or a buffalo may rush away, showing his black mane above a hillock ; while in the clear air a streak of snow glistens in the sunlight on the distant mountains of the purple Sabine Range. Count Primoli, "Lu-Lu," as we called him, was a very prominent person at these meets of the foxhounds. He always sent his horses on, and drove out in a dog-cart fitted up with every conceivable thing for carrying lunch—places for boxes of bonbons for the ladies, drinks for the men ; in fact, he was the centre of attraction while waiting for the master to arrive.

But visions of the blue pencil bid me only allude to a presentation to Pope Pius IX and to a very interesting acquaintance with Father Smith of the Vatican, who brought Archbishop Walsh of Newfoundland to call on me one afternoon. There had been a difference between him and his colleague, the Italian Bishop of Harbour Grace, when I was in St. John's, and the Pope wisely sent for the Irish Bishop to look into the matter. Father Smith wanted to know some particulars from a disinterested person, and I could not help making a delicate suggestion that a hint to his Lordship not to mix himself

up in politics might have a very beneficial effect on the peace of the people in Newfoundland, and I think Father Smith had a shrewd suspicion that I was right.

I remember hearing that an English Prime Minister, who was presented to the Pope, asked him what was the secret of the great pontifical power over the people. "Three things," replied His Holiness, counting them over on his slender fingers. "First, conference, secondly conference, thirdly conference." On thinking this over one realises the wisdom of knowing things first hand from every point of view.

Cardinal Howard was one of the Cardinals at the Vatican when I was in Rome. Formerly a Guardsman in London, his great height and massive proportions made him a conspicuous figure in the procession of red-robed dignitaries of the Church during the Easter celebrations in St. Peter's. The high mitre and long lines of his flowing ecclesiastical garments and his upright carriage added dignity to this remarkable-looking prince of the Church. There could be no greater contrast in appearance than there was between him and the frail, ascetic, and refined figure of His Holiness the Pope.

Speaking of Cardinals reminds me of a story I once heard about a dinner party in London at which Cardinal Manning and Sir Richard Burton, the great explorer, were guests; they sat next to each other at table. Burton was always a man of few words, and gave his attention to the good things set before him, while the Cardinal passed most of the dishes. The host, wishing to draw the two men into closer conversation, asked

Burton about a wonderful fish he had discovered in Africa. "What is it like?" enquired the Cardinal with interest. "It is like you," replied Burton. "Why like me?" "Because it eats nothing."

I shall have much more to say about the great explorer later on, but he does not come into this chapter on Italy, and I have but little space to describe much that interested me there, and have perforce to omit a great deal that I should like to include.

During my winter's visit to Rome I spent a good deal of time in various studios, arranging about the making of a marble bust of my husband, to be placed to his memory in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, while a replica was to be sent to the cathedral in St. John's, Newfoundland. It was very difficult to make a good likeness from a few old photographs, but the work was eventually carried out by a rising Italian artist, Signor Panatti, and placed in the crypt in St. Paul's near the monument erected to Wellington and Nelson. Later, a full-length, life-sized statue was modelled by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, who was working on it at the time of his death. This statue was ordered by my husband's West African friends, and was to have been cast in bronze and placed in front of the "Glover Memorial" Library in Lagos, and a memo to that effect was found in Sir Edgar Boehm's private notebook after his death. I was told that Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was very much interested in this, and came to see the artist at work on the statue.

Among the men in the diplomatic service whom I met that winter was Sir Francis Denys, who married

Miss Burton and took her name. Her people were old friends and connections of my family, and one of her daughters was lately married in Yorkshire to a son of Sir Joseph Radcliffe of Rudding Park, a place where I always looked forward to spending a day when doing a cure at Harrogate.

I remember, when dining at one of the Embassies in Rome, I was taken in to dinner by a good-looking dark man. We started speaking in French, then drifted into German, when someone addressed him across the table by an English name. "Why did you not speak in your own language?" I enquired, mortified at my mistake, because our topics of conversation would have been different had I known he was English. He then told me many things I wanted to know about southern Italy and Sicily.

I was just leaving for Naples, that beautiful city by the sea. The Bay of Naples reminded me much of the view of Nevis from St. Kitts. The same horseshoe-shaped bay, with a peaked hill like Vesuvius in the background. The volcano was in eruption when I saw it at Naples, which made the horrors of Pompeii easier to realise, when wandering through the remains of the buried city. The late Mr. Charlesworth had a fine collection of works of art and Capo di Monti china at Naples, which was afterwards sold and scattered over Europe. I always think, when watching a sale at the Hotel Drouot in Paris, or at Christie's in London, how sad it is to see the work and interest of a lifetime finished, and cherished possessions drifting into other hands.

The hotel at Amalfi, which we went to, had formerly

been a monastery ; it gave food for reflection on the ever-changing things of life. A solitary brown-robed Franciscan monk still lived there, collecting alms from noisy tourists, who occupied the whitewashed cells, hewn out of bare rock in the mountain side, looking over terraces to the blue Mediterranean beyond. The spot seemed detached from the world, where peace might be found for jaded nerves ; it was too high up and too far away to hear the twanging of the guitar and the songs of lovers in the starlight, under the orange-scented groves.

At Sorrento it was a different scene. The Marion Crawfords had a villa there amid cyclamen hidden in crannies of rock, crimson poppies, yellow, white and scarlet anemones, and white and purple cystus, which all gave colour in their full spring luxuriance among the grey olives and dark foliage of the background.

Canaletto's pictures always fascinated me before I went to Venice, but the Grand Canal, the Lido, the graceful gondolas gliding about in the sunshine, and the blue, blue sky, are even more beautiful than a vivid imagination could conceive. The romance of the Silent City grew each day on knowing more of the people and the history of the lives of those who dwelt in the old palaces, some of which were crumbling in decay. Love of gambling has caused many to change hands here and also at San Remo. In Tuscany Count Caneola still retained his wonderful collection of works of art. There was a romantic story going about him in London, when he was Secretary at the Italian Legation, to the effect that he lost the two fingers on his left



hand for love of a lady. Baron Cantoni entertained a good deal in Milan, that city of music and song. He had a large ballroom in his flat *au premier*, and a box at the Scala, where he took us to see "Gioconda," a favourite opera there on Sunday nights. We were a party of eight at dinner, and six different languages were spoken; his mother spoke Tuscan. The Baron was then training horses to run on the pretty little race-course on the banks of Lake Como, and further down, at Bellaggio, Lady Margaret Hamilton and her husband had their lovely villa and were taking great interest in the golf links near by. How it all comes back to me as I write!—the wisteria arbours in Cadenabbia, where the Trenches and other English owned villas under the shade of the ridge of hills clothed with grey-green olive and chestnut trees that sheltered that side of the lake from the sun.

One of the villas was owned by an American, who had a fancy for filling his garden with flowers all of the same colour. That spring his choice was blue cinerarias and other blooms that harmonised with their colouring. Later he selected mauve and rose or violet and orange for the autumn. This required a good eye for colour and arrangement as well as a large selection of flowers.

Venerable ilex trees shaded beds of fragrant Roman violets; their scent was wafted on the breeze of moonlit nights, when dark-eyed maidens lingered with youthful swains under the stars, listening to the twang of mandolines and guitars, and to rich-toned voices singing the old, old songs of love. The stirring words were borne across the placid water of the lake, which had

been so full of colour, so animated during the day with butterfly sails and fussy little steamers plying to and fro till sundown, when there were wonderful evening effects of gold and crimson and jade reflected from the ever-changing sky.

I recollect the great beauty and heat of the month of March that I spent one year in Florence, and the mysterious blue haze seen from the plain at the foot of San Gervasio, which looked more like a collection of flowers than buildings in the spring evenings across vistas of early green foliage and the delicate pageant of blossom. There were delightful expeditions to a farmhouse that had belonged to Michel Angelo at Carregi, and to other villas of note, such as the Villa Gamberoia, a place that belongs to a fairy-tale, with its tall cypresses and long grass terraces.

Then there were wine-presses in the villages with wine-stained vats and large barrels, and litter of farm utensils that conjured up visions of southern harvests. There were a good many English residents in Florence, mostly people with artistic tastes. Some had studios, and sketched, or copied pictures in the galleries. The late General Reginald Sartorius was one of these, and the late Captain Pepys, who was greatly given to art. He had been in the 60th Rifles with Lord Grenfell. There were also the de Robecks and Lady Wicklow, whom I had known before. Later I met Mrs. Donner, who had the faculty of turning almost derelict Italian villas into comfortable modern ones. She had a wonderful eye for colour and effect, and laid out gardens in long straight paths, with great masses of colour derived

from judiciously planted herbaceous borders along terraces that looked across valleys and hills of indescribable loveliness, seen in the light of a full moon in the warm nights, with the smell of verbena and sweet geranium wafted on the soft night air.

I would fain linger over these reminiscences, but visions of the blue pencil hurry my pen to write about England.

## CHAPTER XII

### LONDON AND ITS CELEBRITIES

**T**O settle down in England after an active life of variety and change is a little difficult at first, because so few of the people one meets take a deep interest in things that do not affect themselves personally or concern their own immediate surroundings. They take even less interest in what is going on in the big world beyond the strip of sea that encircles our shores, and are bored if other than local affairs are discussed. Men who have made history, and whose lives have been bound up with practical politics and big undertakings, must suffer from intense loneliness when placed among people who hold narrow views and contracted ideas. Aloofness grows rapidly in unsympathetic environment, and a man or woman is indeed fortunate if some fresh interest comes to fill the blank in their life. Nowhere can loneliness be more keenly felt than in crowded London.

Living here was a new experience for me, but very soon I fell into the way of things, and few people had a better time. I remember Mrs. John Adair saying at a ladies' lunch party at her house (which, by the way, is an American fashion) that she thought to be born a rich widow would be the height of happiness. Women

had not come into such prominence in those days as they have now, and with many then their whole charm lay in their personal virtue ; the keynote of their lives was self-sacrifice to domestic duty, and for them there was little interest outside it. But men who lived in the country and had not come into touch with the outer world were even more self-centred. At dinner-parties one often met most interesting people ; there was time for conversation then, before bridge ruined that art. I remember that one season my maid remarked to me that I had not dined at home once during the last six weeks ! Of course your enjoyment depends on your dinner partner, or how well you get on with the man on your other side. This was Mr. George Curzon on one occasion, and we all went on to the Empire afterwards. He was sitting next to me in the box, and I was amazed when he said, " What sort of place is this ? I have never been to a music-hall before." Miss Leiter was staying with Mrs. Adair ; I thought her a lovely girl the day we went down to a lunch at Greenwich, starting from the Admiralty Pier. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was in the House of Commons then, and so energetic in entertaining ladies. His brother was Member for the Abbey Division of Westminster, a seat he held for years. I remember Baroness Burdett-Coutts in those days and her receptions in Stratton Street, and the beautiful pictures and engravings that were recently sold. She pointed out to me a portrait of Mr. Pitt by Hoppner, which she considered one of the best portraits in her collection. The last time I saw her was at her garden party at Holly Lodge, when she

was drawn about in a bath-chair. Mr. Burdett-Coutts walked all the time by her side ; he always showed a great deal of consideration for her.

Those were the days when Grosvenor Place was decked out with flags and red carpets on Derby day and every balcony was filled with well-dressed people enjoying afternoon tea and drinks while waiting for the coaches to go by on their return from Epsom. Everyone knew everyone else. A sunny morning in the Row was like a garden-party ; and there were nods and smiles and speculation about the fair ladies who bowed from the Four-in-hand or Coaching Club box-seats on meet days at the Powder Magazine. Very few of the old members are left who handled their spanking teams so cleverly then. Outside the Park, the old blue 'bus crawled up Bond Street, and four-wheelers sometimes held a wisp of musty straw in place of a foot-mat ; but in spite of these drawbacks they were considered more " the thing " for ladies to be seen in than dashing hansom cabs. Entertaining at clubs was rather in its infancy, but the Orleans, Lyric, and Isthmian admitted ladies. The afternoon Courts of Victorian memory gave an excuse for tea-parties and a display of frocks and feathers. Society was decidedly friendly then, because people met more frequently in each others' houses, and did not entertain at hotels. The Washington Post was an innovation in dancing circles, and it was not long before the two-step and Boston followed ; but the tango and other modern dances were unheard of.

Country-house parties, cricket matches, and large shooting parties were always cheery affairs, and were

done "top hole," though the landed proprietors complained of being crippled by a dwindling rent-roll and heavy charges on property. But people could still afford to take houses for the season if they had no residence in London. Among those who did so were the Evelyns of Wooton, who entertained a good deal and gave large week-end parties at their beautiful old place near Dorking. I remember travelling down there one Friday in the same compartment as a married couple and a young man. They were very freely discussing people I knew. At last I heard my own name mentioned. "I don't know her myself," the lady said to the young man; "do you?" "Know her—rather!" with a shrug of the shoulders that might mean anything. I looked round at this, and the movement caused them to lower their voices. When getting out of the carriage at Dorking I handed my card to the lady, saying, "I am the person your friend knows so well." I mention this because claiming acquaintance with people unknown even by sight is no uncommon practice with a certain class.

While staying at Wooton, we drove over to tea with George Meredith at his house on Boxhill, and found him in his beautiful garden, where he wrote the "Dirge in Woods":

A wind sways the pines, and below  
 Not a breath of wild air,  
 Still as the mosses that glow  
     On the flooring and over the lines  
 Of the roots here and there.  
 The pine-tree drops its dead,  
 They are quiet as under the sea.

Overhead, overhead  
 Rushes life in a race  
 As clouds the clouds chase ;  
 And we go  
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree ;  
 Even so, even so.

In later years he drove in his little donkey-chair among these woods in the flower-carpeted hills behind his house, enjoying their beauty. What can surpass the colouring or the fascination of a Surrey garden in June, mid the dark pine-trees and massed splendour of rhododendrons and azaleas? We talked of Evelyn's "Diary" and his friend Samuel Pepys, who mentions in his Diary the "trees in Mr. Evelyn's garden," probably alluding to the great avenue of chestnuts planted by him, which is such a feature in the landscape to-day. The original Diary of John Evelyn is among the many treasures of Wooton. It and the correspondence were first published in the year 1817, followed, in 1825, by the Diary of Pepys, that most entertaining gossip of his day. He commenced jotting down his experiences in the year 1659, and wrote his Diary during his ten years of official life, which closed in 1669, when he was only thirty-seven years of age and had seen so much of social life, men and women of wit and pleasure, of authors and artists, and of statesmen and politicians of those days.

I knew a number of interesting Members of "the House," and often went to the Ladies' Gallery to hear exciting debates, and shall never forget its forlorn aspect when I arrived at seven o'clock in the morning, after an all-night sitting, to hear the end of the Irish debate. A few Members lay nodding on the benches, torn papers



littered the floor, and the Member who was speaking against time in a husky voice looked ready to collapse when Mr. Balfour appeared, sat down, crossed his legs, and looked bored and more aloof than usual. This aloofness always irritated the Irish Members ; but when he rose to his feet everything crumpled up in a minute, owing to the sarcasms he drove home. Certainly he was a success as Chief Secretary for Ireland. This reminds me of a story that Sir John Barton tells of the wonderful personality of Parnell and the secret of his power over the Irish, which came from being a judge of their character. An Irish Member, who had just been returned to Parliament, and whom he was using for his own ends, was put up to make a speech, which was to last until the "Closure" prevented a division. The new Member just talked on for two hours against time, and was very proud of his maiden effort. Next day he met Parnell, and expected to be congratulated on his achievement. He crossed the road to ask his leader if he did not think he had done very well the night before, and put out his hand. Parnell shoved his into his pocket and stuck out his red beard fiercely. "No, sir," he replied, "you did very badly." Parnell knew that if he had been friendly he would have lost his power over him. He kept it by being unapproachable, the hard, stern, exacting leader, who took every ounce out of his supporters.

David Plunket, afterwards Lord Rathmore, was a wonderful speaker and a man of charming personality. He told me he always felt nervous at first, but this passed off when he got well into his subject ; yet he never lost

a little hesitation or stutter at the beginning of his speech. He had not the self-assurance of Sir Richard Temple, a man of wide interests and varied attainments, who had been Governor of Bengal, Vice-Chairman of the London School Board, and Member of Parliament



SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

(By kind permission of the "Westminster Gazette.")

for the Eastern Division of Worcestershire. His conversation was always full of information. In appearance he was remarkable. A witty M.P., upon seeing him walk up the gangway of the House of Commons, exclaimed, "Behold the beautiful gate (gait) of the Temple!" He married two lovely women, and it is said that on one occasion he overheard a remark at a

party which he failed to understand—"There goes beauty and the beast." "Strange!" he said, "I think my wife a very good-looking woman. How tastes differ!" Lady Southwick mentions in her Memoirs that once, when he visited one of the largest Board Schools in South London, he was shown by Mrs. Burgwin into the class-room where the girls were waiting to receive him. She called out, "Attention, girls! the Right Honourable Sir Richard Temple, Member of Parliament and Vice-Chairman of the School Board, has come to pay you a visit." She distinctly heard a girl in the front row say to one of her companions, "I say, 'ere's Ally Sloper come to see teacher!" But he was very proud of his appearance, and enjoyed seeing the numerous caricatures of himself in *Punch*.

In India he will ever be remembered for the great work he did for the natives during the famine, and the statue erected to his memory in Bombay is greatly prized by her people. I have often stayed with him and Miss Temple at "The Nash," their beautiful home in Worcestershire, where he had a great collection of interesting things, not the least among them being numerous water-colour sketches by his father and also by his son, the late Colonel Temple, who was one of the best amateur water-colour artists in England. There were also a very large number painted by himself, portraying the vivid colouring of the East. He was a man of unflagging energy and of considerable literary attainments. "Why has no Memoir of your husband's life been written?" he said to me, on the occasion of one of my visits to "The Nash." "The Colonial Office asked him to write an account of his Hausa Force, and

what took place in Ashanti during the war," I told him, and that he had partly arranged his papers with that intention, but had never had time to write, owing to pressure of work. This had weighed heavily on his mind during his last illness, because my husband felt that it was "work he had left undone," a sad admission to hear from the lips of one of such untiring energy in the service of his country.

I felt it was his wish that the book should be written; therefore, after his death I had approached several men of literary attainments with that object in view, Colonel Mallison and Archibald Forbes among others. They were anxious to undertake the writing of the book, but their publishers informed them that they could not publish it because Lord Wolseley was averse to their doing so. "Write it yourself," said Sir Richard, and I took his advice when he had promised to contribute the chapter on the Ashanti War, because I knew that a good deal of comment had been made with regard to what took place during the war, when Captain Glover's force was obliged to remain outside Coomassie, the order being that "no portion of his force was to advance beyond Juabin, or, should he be unable to reach that place, no nearer than six miles from Coomassie," which were the exact words from Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatch, giving him instructions as to what he was to do after crossing the Prah River. It is a matter of history that Captain Glover kept his tryst to a moment, and was encamped six miles from the capital on the date on which he was instructed to arrive there. It would appear from the account written by Mr. H. M. Stanley (afterwards Sir H. M. Stanley) that "the King of Ashanti was feeling the

weight of his presence so much as to write a despatch to Sir Garnet Wolseley, at the British camp, begging that the Major-General would halt Captain Glover's forces which were advancing from the East." However, no despatch of any kind was received by him after Captain Glover encamped, mindful of his original order not to approach nearer than six miles, and he was obliged at last to send Captain Sartorius with an escort of twenty Hausas with a letter to the Major-General at Coomassie with orders to return the next day. But Captain Sartorius received no instructions, and therefore did not return, so Captain Glover was left to his own resources and was obliged to act at his own discretion. After waiting in vain, he entered the town, which he found to be partly burnt, and still receiving no orders, he was obliged to press onwards to where supplies of food for his troops were available.

I might mention here that when a marble monument was raised by public subscription, to be placed near those of Nelson and Wellington in the crypt of St. Paul's, to Sir John Glover's memory, Lord Wolseley asked to unveil the bust. Was it an opportunity, I wonder, to make the *amende honorable*?

The compiling of a book of memories from old letters, journals, and despatches entails a vast amount of work, and I had to look through, sort, and docket boxes full of papers, and arrange them according to date, selecting the requisite materials from those that were valueless, and taking with me to "The Nash" all information that bore on the origin and carrying on of the Ashanti War, so that Sir Richard Temple might see the original despatches and be in a position to write the chapter on the war.

When this book was published it created a good deal of interest, because the reasons I gave for the origin and cause of the Ashanti War differed from the hitherto accepted version ; but my account of what took place has never been challenged. There was a full page in the *Sunday Times*, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, written in favourable criticism of the book, and a long account of it in the *Athenæum*, which I could see at a glance was from the pen of a man who knew African affairs and thoroughly understood the subject he was reviewing. In it he said he was astonished that I had made a mistake in a certain date when I was so accurate in every other particular. This interested me, and I at once looked over the despatches and found that I had the original one he referred to, and that the date I had published was correct. I wrote to Messrs. Smith and Elder, who had published my book, and asked them to forward a letter to the man whose review in the *Athenæum* had interested me, for it was very sympathetically and carefully written, and I wished to make the acquaintance of the writer. He, strangely enough, wrote to my publishers on the same day, and asked them for an introduction to me. We had a very interesting talk about the West Africa of that day and, as I had surmised, he had been there at the time about which I was writing. "Strange," he said, "that you should have made a mistake of a year in your book." "Do you think dates on despatches are correct?" I asked him. "Yes, indisputably," he said. So I showed him the despatch, which proved that even a reviewer may sometimes make a mistake.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THREE GREAT PIONEERS

EVERYTHING to do with Africa interested me, and I have always regretted that when my husband was nominated as the next Governor of Natal, at the close of our year in Paris, when he was attached to the Commission at the Embassy there, a disturbance broke out in another colony, which necessitated his sudden departure to a different sphere, and we were therefore unable to go to Natal. But later, when living in London, I heard a great deal about that country from Sir Charles Mills. He was then Agent-General for South Africa, and through him I met a number of very interesting men of that day. Among them, Cecil Rhodes was introduced to me, because I knew Sir Hercules Robinson, who, for political reasons, was returning as Governor to South Africa when Lord Lock came home. I was asked to go out with Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson for a year to help in any way I could to smooth over difficulties that were very apparent. I have sometimes regretted that I declined the offer made by the Colonial Office through Sir Charles Mills ; but I knew enough of what was going on there to be in no way surprised when the famous Raid took place on December 29, 1895, just a few months later.

Previous colonial experience had taught me that, though history must always be an interesting record of events that have taken place in the past, it can never give the reasons or motives that caused the men who made history to act as they did under the circumstances it describes. Men are often compelled to do things against their better judgment and to carry out measures of which they heartily disapprove, bearing the burden of failure on their own shoulders, its real cause being known only to those who were on the spot at the time, and finding no part in the pages of history. These remarks seem very applicable to the state of affairs in South Africa at the time of which I write, and during the period that led up to the Boer War, but are equally applicable to many other occasions.

I was staying with Sir Richard Temple when the news of the Raid caused such consternation, and remember his comments on the part that Captain Coventry and Dr. Jim took in it ; also how he struck the beautiful old polished dining-room table with the handle of his knife, in violent anger, when I said, "Don't worry, Sir Richard ; Dr. Jameson will be the Prime Minister yet." Years after, at a dinner, I remember talking to Dr. Jim about the strange events in the past, when so much truth was mingled with fiction. But the turn of the wheel had come, and had made him Prime Minister then. Cecil Rhodes had what Chatham called the "prophetic" eye, added to which he had taste when he made roads and paths through the finest views and mountain scenery in his country. He knew that the quickest way to civilisation was through facilities in





AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF CECIL RHODES.

This snap-shot photograph of Cecil Rhodes, taken with his foot on the spot where he wished to be buried. His chosen resting place was called "The View of the World," in the Matoppos.



transport ; he had the gift of a dominating personality, which is so difficult to describe, the gift that makes all eyes turn to the man who has it, though there may have been others that have achieved more themselves, but are not gifted with the priceless faculty of inspiring others with the same ideals. He also possessed another gift in a remarkable degree—insight into character—which enabled him to select the right man for the right place, and then to leave it to him to organise his part without interference or alteration in the details of his plans. Rhodes was a dreamer of big dreams ; he would sit for hours on the stoep of his house watching the mists roll over the mountains, the changing lights playing on their peaks and cloofs, and the riot of blue and lilac and purple hydrangeas which he planted in the hollows in the iron soil at Grootsochor, where he thought out his plans. He sent Herbert Baker on a tour to see all the celebrated buildings in Europe in order to get ideas and sketches of the greatest monuments in Greece, Egypt, and Italy, for Rhodesia.

In Kimberley he planted “arcades of vines and rows upon rows of trees, and planned huge baths and fountains, which he said he would pay for if the Government would not.” As early as 1893 he and Kitchener talked over their plans for connecting North and South Africa with telegraphs and railways. No wonder he had become the lion of society in London when I knew him, that he was a favourite with Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and that it gave her pleasure to hear what work he had been planning during his absence from England. “What have you been doing since I last saw you, Mr.

Rhodes?" she once enquired. "I have added two provinces to your Majesty's Dominions." "Ah," said his sovereign, "I wish some of my Ministers, who are taking away provinces, would do as much." This was said when almost every newspaper was praising his work except *Truth* and the *Daily Chronicle*. I remember meeting Labouchere at a dinner-party about this time, and it was easy to see that he was his bitter opponent; but Sir Robert Herbert, who was then at the Colonial Office, and Mr. Fairfield, whom I also knew, were on the most cordial terms with him. I met his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, afterwards in India, but he had none of the clear, direct gaze characteristic of the great Empire-maker, a gaze that seemed to be straining out to "a far distant horizon, that is sometimes seen in men who have dwelt long in sun-washed spaces, and are nearer finding the goal of their visions."

With all his wealth, Mr. Rhodes was not extravagant in his personal needs. He was staying in the suite of rooms in the Burlington Hotel that had always been kept for him, when Lord Grey recognised in him "the qualities of heart, head and experience requisite for the task of fusing Boer and Briton." I may mention a native chief's tribute to his memory, showing his great influence over them. He said: "I was content to die, knowing that my people and my children would be safe in his hands, who was at once my father and my mother. That hope has been taken from me, and I feel now that the sun has indeed set for me." The Dutch have not forgotten that, had it not been for him, Rhodesia, like South-West Africa, might have passed

to Germany, a Power even more distasteful to them than England.

I cannot refrain from quoting some remarks on this subject made by a friend of Rhodes who has had over forty years' experience of Africa, and who has had ample opportunities for watching interests nominally British but virtually under German control. "I have," he said, "had exceptional opportunities of watching Germany's methods of 'peaceful penetration,' and her persistent subterranean attempts to secure a sphere of influence right across Africa by which she could for ever block this country from building a railway between our Northern and Southern African possessions." Cecil Rhodes' last words were characteristic of the man: "So little done, so much to do." Yet how great were his achievements in a comparatively short life! He was buried in his chosen resting-place, the "View of the World," in the Matoppos. The snapshot photograph of him with his foot on the spot where he was afterwards buried is an interesting relic of the great man, and was given to me by Brigadier-General Stronach, who knew him well in South Africa.

Mrs. Cameron says in her book that the most impressive burial place she had ever seen was that of Cecil Rhodes on the Matoppo. I quote from "A Woman's Winter in Africa." "Cecil Rhodes chose his own grave. There is a photograph of Dr. Jameson and Rhodes choosing it, and about a year ago Dr. Jameson's body was sent out from England to the Matoppo Hills to be buried on the same kopje as his friend Rhodes. It is a kopje 300 feet high. Eight great natural boulders

some thirty feet in height stand as tireless sentinels to guard the dead. Kopjes after kopjes form a circle, further on a range of steep hills ; these are surrounded by an amphitheatre of innumerable purple mountains which circle the horizon and are rich in the glories of splendid colourings. It could be compared to a gigantic Roman coliseum, built by Nature. The lonely desolation of the scene is indescribable, and deepest silence reigns for miles around."

"Cecil Rhodes named the spot 'World's View' ; it is twenty-eight miles from Bulawayo, Rhodesia. Thus sleeps the great dead."

But one thing I feel sure has never been realised by people in England—that Cecil Rhodes was up against a very able man when he had to face President Kruger. It was a case of "diamond cut diamond." Kruger had brains and shrewdness beyond belief ; he was a man of dominant personality and determination, and, right or wrong, never wavered from his objective. A story is told of this ill-educated Dutch farmer, as many people thought him : on one occasion, when he was asked as President to open a new Synagogue, he refused, because he hated Jews. A good deal of pressure was used therefore to induce him to do so, and at last he consented. A large congregation attended to hear his speech at the opening ceremony. He stepped on to the platform, and, looking round the crowded building, said, "I declare this Synagogue open, and I hope you all" (with a sweep of his hand) "will become Christians!" With that he left the platform.

Another story, which was typical of the way Kruger

ruled his country with rough-and-ready justice, reminds one of King Solomon. A Boer died and left his farm to his two sons in equal shares ; they never could agree about the division of it, and this led to endless quarrels. The wives of the two young farmers were not on speaking terms, but at last they got their husbands to go to the President and ask him to settle the question once and for all, for the sake of restoring peace in the family. The two men laid the case before Kruger. "Will you both be perfectly satisfied with my decision?" he asked; "and will you take it as a final settlement?" They both swore that they would abide by his decision. Then the President said: "Place your map of the farm and its boundaries on the table before me. Which of you is the elder? Then come forward," he continued, pointing to the map, "and trace out fairly and squarely with a pencil what you consider to be the exact half of the farm." When this was finished the President examined the plan, and, turning to the younger brother, said, "You take your choice of the farms." The elder was furious when he saw that by his own unfair division he had got the sandy, waste portion which he expected would have been allotted to his brother. Kruger's native shrewdness and insight into character would probably have been spoilt if he had been more highly educated.

Before leaving the subject of Rhodesia I should say that I believe it was a missionary named Moffat, the father-in-law of the great explorer Livingstone, who was the first white man to approach Lobengula's kraal. Lobengula was the great Matabele chief who ruled the vast territory now known as Southern Rhodesia, which

has recently been granted a self-governing constitution. It is only about thirty-five years since Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Rochfort Maguire began their work there and the Chartered Company came into existence. Lobengula was a despot with unlimited power over the Matabele and the subject Mashonas. He was feared by both peoples as an omnipotent power whose will was law. When he granted mining and other concessions in those early days, he was wise enough to realise that his rule was on the wane, and that he could not control the Matabele *impis* much longer by fostering in their minds superstitious ideas of his power and greatness. Both Matabele and Mashonas are increasing in numbers under British rule, and are learning to take their share in the development of the colony. As a self-governing colony offering homes for settlers from the Mother Country, Rhodesia affords a signal instance of the shortsightedness of people at home who cry out against the expansion of the Empire.

I remember the late Major Godson of the 3rd Hussars telling me that he and his men surrounded the kraal of Cetewayo, the ferocious king of the Zulus, and that he, being a little man, slipped into it through a small opening and captured the chief, who must have been an enormous man, to judge by his huge cowhide shield, which I have often seen at Westwood Park in Worcestershire, when staying with the late Sir Augustus and Lady Godson. His spear too was of immense size and heavy in weight.

My pen runs away with me when I write reminiscences of the great pioneer men of the Victorian Age, but they



are much more worth writing about than the ordinary society loafer, or the man who spends all his life in amusements of one kind or another, though perhaps little gossips and scandals are more amusing to read about by people who have no larger interests in life than the everyday doings of the contracted circle in which they move, and who know little or nothing of what goes on outside it.

One of the great charms of London is that in this wonderful centre of society it is possible to meet people of every shade of opinion and thought, as well as prominent citizens from every corner of the globe ; but there are so many different "sets," each one keeping more or less to its own circle, that it is often by chance that one meets an interesting acquaintance, even if he should be living next door. Sometimes these chance introductions open up a new view of life, and new ideas unfold a glimpse of the other side of the picture which often dispels erroneous theories and conceptions, and brings an observant person into touch with the realities of life thus seen in their true perspective.

I first met Sir Richard Burton in a London drawing-room, and was very glad to know this distinguished man, of whom I had heard so much. Of course my husband had known him in Africa. His face was strong and forceful ; " the heavy jaw and untamed air were combined with a sort of regal pride and masterful courage. Yet, like all great men of his type, he was endowed with all sorts of qualities and powers." There was the underlying gentleness of a woman, a trait often seen in a daring and successful explorer. He was an excellent scholar

and linguist. He knew more about the East than almost any other Westerner. He was master of Arabic and its dialects as spoken in Egypt and the Soudan. To use his own words, "the accidents of my life, my long dealings with Arabs and other Mahommedans, and my familiarity, not only with their idioms but with their turn of thought and with that racial individuality which baffles description," made him an ideal ruler for a Mahommedan people. He was already employed under the Foreign Office, and yet when we took Egypt and Lord Dufferin was sent to govern it, we tossed a small consular post to Richard Burton "as a bone to a dog." England is committing this sin every day, the sin of neglecting the able and true man and preferring to him the unfit and second-rate. It is the worst of crimes in a ruling caste. No wonder Burton wrote that "the crass ignorance (of England) concerning the Oriental people, which should most interest her, exposes her to the contempt of Europe as well as of the Eastern world."

He held strong views on the subject of English civil servants, every word of which is true to-day. "In our day, when we live under the despotism of the lower middle classes, who can pardon anything but superiority, the prizes of competitive service are monopolised by certain pets of the *médiocratie* and prime favourites of that jealous and potent majority, the mediocrities, who know no nonsense about merits." It is hard for an outsider to realise how perfect is the monopoly of commonplace, and to comprehend how fatal a stumbling-stone that man sets in the way of his own advancement who dares to think for himself.

“ He knows too much ” is the direct obstacle to official advancement in England. It would be no objection in France or in Germany ; it would be a valid claim to promotion. “ England,” he says, “ has forgotten apparently that she has at present the greatest Mahommedan Empire in the world, and in her Civil Service examinations she insists on a smattering of Greek and Latin rather than a knowledge of Arabic.” It was at Sir Charles Napier’s request that he sent in the famous “ Report ” which, falling into Secretarial hands, put an end to any chance of Burton’s advancement in India—the tragedy, again and again repeated, of a great life maimed and marred by envious, eyeless mediocrities. I think his reply to Mr. Frank Harris, from whose book I quote, when pressed for details about the ending of his appointment as Consul in Damascus, is pathetic, and it so well explains what numbers of good men must have felt when placed in similar circumstances that, at the risk of making this episode too long, I give it.

“ Do you remember,” he said, “ the cage at Loches, in which no ordinary man could stand upright or lie at ease, and so was done to death slowly by constraint ? Places under our Government to-day are cages like that to all men above the average size.” We could not use Burton ; we could only maim him. Burton’s opinion was “ that if Gordon had known Arabic well, spoken it like a master, we would have won the Madhists’ friendship. To govern well, you must know a people, know their feelings, love their dreams and aspirations.” “ With all his limitations and all his

shortcomings, Burton's place was an Eastern throne and not the ignoble routine of a petty consular office."

The mention of a consular office brings back to my mind the fact I have so often noticed abroad—that our Consular Service is generally under-paid, and that men are employed who have business of their own and who are not of British origin. A German was for many years before the War our Consul at Cologne. He had sons in the British army, who marched in with our army of occupation after the Armistice. In a very obscure place I know a Consul, English by birth, who speaks seven languages and who is an educated, capable man, earning a very meagre salary, and who is vainly waiting for promotion to a larger sphere of activity in places that are filled by men of lesser attainments. How truly it could be said of us, "Ye suffer fools gladly"!

The first great procession I remember seeing in London was that of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and I witnessed this gay pageant from the stand erected in front of the United Service Club in Pall Mall. Men came from every part of the realm to celebrate the occasion, and from the most distant places in the Overseas Empire. The sun flashed on the helmets and cuirasses of the Life Guards and on the red pennants of the "Scarlet Lancers." Then came the "thin red line" of infantry, who had not yet seen khaki, followed by brawny Highlanders, swinging their kilts and stepping out to the strains of the bagpipes. Not far behind came the Princes and Maharajahs, with flashing jewels in their turbans, the satin coats of their horses shining in the sunlight as they passed.

Then my attention was suddenly arrested by a company of dark-faced, well-set-up, grave-looking soldiers dressed in dark blue serge. They swung along with measured tread and easy gait. Leading his men and marching a little in advance of his company was a tall man, a Hausa, wearing the uniform of an officer, with a row of medals on his breast. He was a man of great strength of build, above the average height, but no longer young; his beard was touched with grey. In his hand he carried a sword of unusual shape. "Who is that native officer?" I enquired, for he showed a marked personality, standing out from many others in that great procession. "Lieutenant Dumbala, the Hausa Chief," I was told. "He is carrying 'Golobar's' sword, was with him all through the Ashanti War, and was one of his most trusted men." This was the first time I had seen the weapon of which I had heard so much. This sword was the one my husband had used all through the Ashanti War, and when he was leaving Africa he gave it to the Chief on the occasion of his big farewell palaver, and on presenting it to him said: "This sword is to be handed down to the Chief for the time being to be kept for ever in the tribe, and every man must swear on it allegiance to the Great White Queen to serve whom I came to Africa and planted the seed. It will grow into a great tree and its branches will spread all over the country. You must water it well, for it will protect you and your children, if you are loyal and true." The next day I saw it again, for Lieutenant Dumbala brought it to show me. His tall aide-de-camp, wearing braided aiguillettes on his

shoulders, carried the sword before him into the room. It was encased in several wrappings, and was as bright and polished as newly rolled steel. On handing it back to him, I sent again to his tribe the message that "Golobar" had given so many years ago. Then, turning to my little girl, "Will not Missie touch the sword?" he asked. "I will tell my people that 'Golobar's' daughter sent the message also." I heard later that after Lieutenant Dumbala's return to Africa he was entrusted with a delicate mission to Sokoto, entailing great personal danger, and that he had died from fatigue and exposure after successfully carrying out his orders. The sword then passed into the hands of another Chief of the tribe. Then the chiefs held a big palaver and devised a plan, the best they could do to show me that the two swords were held by men worthy of the trust confided to them—for I had sent the other tribe my husband's naval sword after his death, with the same message. So the two chiefs marched half across Nigeria to meet in a place where they might be photographed together in order to send me the picture. This is one of my most treasured remembrances of West Africa and of African loyalty and devotion. Years had not dimmed their memory of one who had shown them kindness and consideration when they were a down-trodden race.

In an interesting newspaper article which was sent me from Lagos, taken from a local journal, comparing the work done by Governors of that colony in later years with the difficulties Sir John Glover had to encounter when he became its first Governor, it said: "The late Governor Glover had met nothing in Lagos,

or next to nothing. There were no roads, no revenue, no military, no police, no organisation, nothing. Everything had to be created, and he had no precedent to work upon. He had not indeed the gift of making elaborate speeches, carefully prepared with a view to effect, but he set himself determinedly to the uphill task of bringing order out of chaos, and the result exceeded his most sanguine expectation . . . he was a far-seeing man and legislated with an eye to the future, for posterity." He was a man of action. "Sir John Glover was called by all the ill names his enemies could imagine, but the present policy is all his own. After all, Lagos has found out that he was their saviour and his name is immortalised." The article goes on to speak of his successors. "Governor Sir William MacGregor found everything cut and dried to his hand, a bountiful revenue, complete organisation, and an advanced system. He has had the experience of all the Governors before him to help and guide him, and he has only reaped the fruit of other people's labours. In his internal policy he has done no more than other Governors who patterned after Sir John Glover, and not so much as Sir Gilbert Carter, who opened up the interior, or Sir Henry McCallum, who consolidated the work and gained the confidence of the people by inviting the kings and chiefs of the hinterland down to Lagos, and who placed the Government of Abaokuta upon its present firm basis." Speaking of the railway, the article continues, "that great factor in the consolidation and pacification of the interior." Cecil Rhodes' dream was the Cape to Cairo route ; it is left to others to carry the dream into a

reality. Sir Andrew Clarke, R.E., was sent as Commissioner to the West Coast of Africa in those early days. His only daughter married Admiral Souter, who is now a Member of Parliament. Sir Andrew was taken very ill with fever at Lagos on Christmas Eve. He told me he was "lying on the bed in Glover's room, which he had placed at my disposal in Government House, while he was opening a parcel of pink spun silk vests which I had brought him from Cape Coast Castle. This he did principally to arouse me from the languor and inert state I was in, and after trying them on to see and admire their fit, he went into an adjoining room to finish mixing a Christmas pudding. On this task being finished, he opened a case of champagne for his guests. The popping of the corks awoke me from my dozing condition, and I heard him ask Dr. Rowe if 'he might give a glass of champagne to Clarke?' Said Dr. Rowe, 'You may give him anything you like; he can't last till morning.' At that moment the gun fired. I knew it meant that H.M.S. *Investigator* had crossed the bar, and I said, in response to Rowe's remark, 'I'll be d—d if I don't!' Glover brought me a tumblerful of champagne, which I roused myself to take, for that gun had brought me hope when all hope of life had gone. I called my boy and told him that when Lieut. Gambier, the Commodore of the gunboat, came on shore he was to report to me. Then I dozed off again. The next thing I was conscious of was the 'cleck, cleck' of Lieut. Gambier's sword on the stairs. By a bit of luck he came into the room, followed by Glover, for the black boy had fallen asleep and forgotten to give my message. I



roused up on seeing him and said, 'I want you to take me to sea to-night.' Gambier replied, 'Impossible! I must coal first.' Glover remarked that there would be no impossibility or difficulty about that, for he would see to it himself, and he stayed up all night to see that the work was done and assistance given. I heard afterwards that Glover had carried me on board himself. By twelve o'clock we were out of sight of land and the fever had left me." I mention this little incident, because promptitude of action seems to me to be the quickest road to success in most things. The slackness of the present day and the "wait and see" policy usually make for complications and disaster in both the little and big things of life.

It is well known that Sir John Glover raised the Hausa force. A London paper, dated February 5, 1896, speaking of the Ashanti Expedition, said, "The services rendered by the Hausa force are specially commented upon, their obedience and soldierly conduct in general being most praiseworthy. Captain Glover understood the natives; he found under discipline he could tame their Arab restlessness which made them utterly useless as traders and agriculturists, because they were never happy for long in one place. Yet he had the greatest difficulty in obtaining the consent of the authorities at home to allow him to enlist even a hundred men, which was the beginning of the Hausa police force."

My pen runs away with me when I write about the outposts of Empire, and it must be guided back to speak of lighter moments connected with social life in London.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LONDON BEFORE THE WAR

THE first time I met Mr. Gladstone was at tea at Madame Novikoff's. It was the fashion to think she was a Russian spy, trying to pump the "Grand Old Man" and use her knowledge for political purposes in her own country. Speaking to me on the subject soon after she had published her reminiscences, she said, "I am glad you liked my book. You see the cat is out of the bag at last, and my friendship with Gladstone was endeavouring to promote friendship between Russia and England." She often told me about the good work her son was doing by building schools and educating the peasants in Russia.

Mr. Gladstone was an eloquent speaker ; indeed, he might be called a wonderful orator, but after listening to a debate I always felt that it was his arresting voice and rounded periods that held his audience, for there was very little matter, when all was said and done, that one could carry away and remember. Chamberlain was clearer, more practical and convincing in his arguments, if a less finished speaker. Mrs. Gladstone spent a great deal of time in the House of Commons ; she could watch her spouse from the Ladies' Gallery. I remember on one occasion, after a long debate, going into the ladies'

dressing-room to fetch my wraps, as I was leaving early to change for a dinner-party, and seeing Mrs. Gladstone in the middle of the room in a single garment and all her clothes in a ring round her feet on the floor. I withdrew quickly and shut the door, for the ladies' dressing-room in the House of Commons is a very public place, and persons of both sexes had to pass through it into the tea-room. After waiting a few minutes I re-entered, and found she was dressing for dinner, stuffing into a Gladstone bag all her day garments. She then put on a cap, and on top of it her bonnet ! The last I saw of her was a vision of the train of a long black teagown trailing behind her and the bag, on her way to the dining-room to meet her William.

Another story was told of Mrs. Gladstone at that time, but I cannot vouch for its truth. She was very forgetful, and her maid, knowing this, pinned together the bodice and skirt of the dress she was to wear on one occasion when she was invited to Windsor Castle. Mrs. Gladstone went down to dinner with Her Majesty with the bodice still attached to the back of the skirt, and wearing a shawl in place of the bodice, which she could not find, and apparently was not in the least disconcerted.

I remember a lunch party given by Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker to Mr. Joe Chamberlain. He arrived looking very spruce, well-dressed and well-groomed, with the inevitable orchid in his buttonhole. The late Lord and Lady Strathcona were present ; I had not met them since the Canadian days, when he was Donald Smith and Sir John McDonald was Prime Minister.

In his younger days Lord Strathcona had a great struggle for life in the Arctic rigours, where he eventually made a large fortune in the Hudson Bay fur trade. Indeed, everything he touched succeeded, owing to his courage and hard work. His name will always be remembered in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is now one of the greatest railway systems in the world. He was a small, slight man with wonderfully intelligent eyes under bushy eyebrows, with thick white hair and beard.

I met another great Canadian with Lady Kirkpatrick, Lord Shaughnessy, who was of quite a different type. American born, his parents came from the South of Ireland. He is still full of vitality and a very amusing companion.

Lady Parker, who was Miss Van Tine of New York, was an excellent hostess and a good musician. She favoured bridge parties, from which the sterner sex were excluded. Possibly Sir Gilbert was employed on these occasions in writing his Canadian novels, so full of delicate touches and character sketches of life in Quebec, the French Province where he was born. But he found time to attend to his Parliamentary duties when he sat for Gravesend, and was a noticeable figure in the Row every morning among the "liver brigade." He had a cheery word for everyone, and the latest *bon mot*, and sometimes a spicy bit of gossip, which he told in a humorous way.

Among many pleasant entertainments was a very cheery lunch party given by the Chinese Ambassador in Portland Place. Lady William Lennox was there,

and Lord Charles Beresford. The Ambassador told us we were to have a real Chinese lunch, and I had visions of eggs a thousand years old and bird's-nest soup. A very delicious soup arrived, and I remarked upon it to His Excellency. "Yes," he said, "it is the best I can give you in England—chicken soup made our way. We never have beef; our cows give us milk and the oxen work for us, so we would never slaughter them. But you must try the curry." It was excellent. I said to Lord Charles, "You and I are experts on the merits of curry, after having eaten so many varieties in the native states of India. Cooch Behar told me there were three hundred different kinds served on the occasion of his sister-in-law's wedding; but I don't remember tasting curry made from the young shoots of bamboo." Chrysanthemum salad was, of course, as common as tree oysters. We were talking of Li-Hung-Chang's dragon flag at Cowes—how it shone in the sun like a shimmering, living gold reptile flaunting in the breeze against a background of blue sky that reminded me of the day I was sailing in the *Sicely*, Mr. Whitaker's yacht. We were becalmed off the Needles, and were out all night. Then the German Emperor's yacht fouled us in the race, and his Captain yelled out to us, "You have got your revenge!" It was a near shave. I was then wearing a moonstone bangle, given me by a lady who had brought it from Ceylon. She asked me always to wear it when at sea, and I invariably remembered her wish. At lunch that day someone asked me about it, for the moonstone was a particularly good one, and I said it was my mascot at sea. I was sitting in the companion after lunch when

the foul occurred, and when the excitement of the two captains' swearing match was over I looked at my bangle—and the stone was gone. The search for it proved fruitless. Years afterwards Mr. Whitaker told me that it was found when the yacht was dismantled, and he had it set over the companion in his new boat, because I had told him to keep it as a mascot, should it be recovered.

Cecil Whitaker had won the German Emperor's Gold Cup at Cowes. It was supposed to be worth five hundred pounds, but I was told that when it was valued later it was discovered to be only gilt and not worth more than fifty pounds.

Froude was another man I met a good deal in London at one time ; his books were charmingly written, but I found them a little biased to whatever point of view he favoured for the moment. In appearance he was tall, and had a wonderful forehead, and eyes that shone with intelligence ; but the lower part of his face gave the impression of weakness, and suggested that he might be easily influenced in his opinions without weighing the subject carefully from every point of view. Mr. Frederick Myers, who married a daughter of Mrs. Tennant (whose other daughter, Lady Stanley, was a brilliant artist), was very much interested in the occult and was a leading spirit in the Psychological Society. So was Mr. Arthur Balfour's brother-in-law, Mr. Sedgwick, a professor at Cambridge. Madame Blavatsky had a good many followers as an exponent of Theosophy, and Christian Science was getting talked about, but I don't think there were so many "fancy religions," as the British Tommy calls them, in those days as there are now.

Many people are seemingly very self-centred, probably from not having enough to occupy their minds, and they hardly know or distinguish what is important from what is not ; it is so easy to fiddle about with the little things and miss the big important ones in life, and take up ideas which on investigation prove very erroneous and based on theories that have been born of solitary men. All religions have come from the East. It is a melancholy fact in human nature that strict austerity of life, combined with intense concentration upon religious ideas, unhinges the mind as effectually as indulgence in strong drink.

Another interesting man whom I knew in London was Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador. He was very well known in society, because he had been so long in England. An Italian by birth and a Roman Catholic, he went into the Turkish service very young. I remember asking him about the difficulty he must have found on account of the different religion. "That would not make me change my faith," he said. '*Le bon Dieu* wished me to be a Catholic and I was born one. If He had wished me to be a Mahommedan, I should have been born Mahommedan. I would not be so presumptuous as to try and change the Almighty's decree." He had two little toy terriers of which he was very fond and which went everywhere with him. When they died he gave me the little gold whistle he always wore on his watch-chain, with which he summoned his pets, and asked me to keep it as a remembrance.

Rustem Pasha was really one of the great men of his time. His command of languages fully qualified him

for the varied parts he was called upon to play in the drama of life. When quite young, he accompanied Jahir Pasha in his expedition to establish the suzerainty of the Caliph in Tripoli on a peaceful basis ; later, he was highly esteemed by the great Fuad Pasha, who made him his private secretary. Then he assisted in the reorganisation of the Danubian principality, and the settlement of Epirus and Thessaly. He was entrusted with a special mission to Rome on the occasion of the discussion of the question of the Christian community in Turkey by the Vatican Council. He had earned a name among the statesmen of Europe even before his appointment as Turkish Ambassador to London in 1886, where he died in 1895 at a very advanced age.

I made the acquaintance of Lady Arnold at the Japanese Embassy, in Grosvenor Gardens. She was a Japanese lady and married Sir Edwin, the author of the "Light of Asia," and was a pretty little creature then, dressed, I remember, in pale grey chiffon with a cherry-coloured sash, which suited her admirably. The Ambassador and Madame Kato (afterwards Baroness Kato) had many friends in London and entertained a great deal. I was much interested by the table decorations at one of their dinners, a very beautifully arranged miniature model of a Japanese village. Little houses, trees, hills, a tiny lake and river, with bridges connecting the roads, and toy cattle in the fields. The trees were dwarf-growing specimens of different varieties and of great age. The Japanese have the secret of this method of cultivation and have long been famous for it. Miss Kato sometimes appeared in native dress, but after she



married the First Secretary she wore some beautiful French confections. One was made of blue and jade shot silk with lovely jade ornaments, and was a dream. When Madame Kato returned to Japan, she sent my daughter a rare book of coloured engravings illustrating Japanese fairy stories. Each little story was a poem, with a well-reproduced Japanese picture, and was quite a work of art. Later, the Embassy moved to Grosvenor Square, with larger rooms for entertaining. Here one always met many friends and interesting people, even though it was difficult to exchange ideas with them in a crush. Sir Francis Jeune (afterwards Lord St. Helier) said to me once when we met, both struggling in a block of people at some reception, that he thought that "a party could never be too full," and I believe he was right, if one may judge by the great success of some parties, where it is impossible to get up the staircase in tropical weather. It would have been considered a "frost" if numbers had been limited.

In former days the Bancrofts were very prominent people in helping with charitable entertainments in London. A very big affair was got up at Mrs. Beer's house in Chesterfield Gardens. It was said that she managed the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*. She was a very clever, dark woman, Jewish in appearance. Her large drawing-room made a fine setting for the *tableaux vivants* that were the principal attraction in a very interesting programme. I took the part of Marie Antoinette in a historic picture, and my small child appeared in white draperies and wings as an angel, and kept very still and motionless with upturned eyes until the last time

the curtain went down after several encores. "I could not resist looking," she said afterwards. "The Princess of Wales was just opposite and she is so beautiful." When we were waiting for her and the Prince of Wales to leave, he asked who was the child that made such a pretty angel, and, stooping down, kissed her, saying, "I remember your father, dear; you are very like him."

Those were the days when flower decorations were at the zenith of extravagance; no evening party or dance of any pretension was given without a profusion of roses wreathed up the balusters of the staircase and suspended on walls and ceilings. I remember a concert given by T. B. Robinson, in Dudley House—a wonderful display of orchids and fairy lights, every delicacy in and out of season and the choicest wine in profusion, and the divine Sarah among the most prominent artistes of the day. For all the wealth and display in his entertainments, Mr. Robinson seemed a simple man in his tastes. A fashionable lady is said to have apologised to him because she could not give in her house accommodation worthy of his magnificence. "And to think," he chuckled, "that I remember the time when I was glad to sleep on the ground under a tent." Doubtless he laughed, like a good many others, at the exaggerated respect which social climbers pay to wealth.

I remember seeing a curious sight at a large party in the house of a newly made Peer. The sister of the Peer, whose husband had also been recently ennobled, was a lady of ample proportions. She was wearing a black taffeta gown, made rather full in the skirt, and was resplendent in diamonds. In the dancing-room was

a groaning buffet, laden with everything of the best, in and out of season, that could be procured, and the grapes and hot-house peaches were particularly fine. Presently the peaches seemed suddenly to dwindle, and I saw the lady of rotund form put one after another into an ample side-pocket. After she had fully refreshed herself with food and wine she forgot about the peaches, and subsided on to a sofa in the corner of the room. Presently there was a dark trickle on the carpet and little sticky rivulets running all down her frock which no amount of wiping could obliterate. Someone suggested that she should go home, but she wished to stay for a second supper later—or to collect more provender ! Funny thing for a rich woman !

London, just before the Boer War and just before the late War, was in her most extravagant mood. The great thing was to have a big crowd, even if the hostess did not know her guests by sight. A funny story was told me by the host himself of what took place on one occasion at a dance. When most of the guests had left, his butler came to him and said, "Please come downstairs, sir ; we don't know what to do with the policeman ; he is carrying off all the forks and spoons." On enquiring into the matter, it was found that he had got drunk and become unmanageable. The butler had called him in from his beat outside, because the footman had got drunk and was smashing the plates, and the policeman at once started drinking all the wine he could get hold of, and then put the forks and spoons under his tunic. My host could not believe this to be true, and the policeman, who was very drunk and did not know what he was doing,

opened his waistcoat to show his innocence, and out fell all the forks and spoons, which, by the way, had been hired for the occasion. Two constables were telephoned for from the police station, who, on arrival, had great difficulty in securing their drunken confrère, who was a very powerful man! My host said that after this experience when his wife gave a dance he always took refuge in his club!

On one occasion I took my little girl to see prizes being distributed at a Training School athletic exhibition; I think it was a naval affair. The Duke of Clarence had to make a speech, and his cheeks quivered with nervousness all the time. Prince George was standing just behind, and, turning to me, said, "I am glad I have not got to speak, though I am not as nervous as my brother." When this function was over and we were having tea I missed the child, and asked someone if he had seen her. "Leave her alone," he said; "she is quite comfortable, sitting on Princess Louise's lap." When I took her away she was most indignant. "I was quite happy, and was telling the Princess a lovely story, and you did not give me time to finish it," she said.

On another occasion we were asked to go to Richmond Park, when the Middlesex Yeomanry were camped not far from the White Lodge, where the late Duke and Duchess of Teck were then living. The Duke was having tea with me at a small round table, when two children who were playing about insisted on scrambling on to my lap. The little boy was dressed in a kilt and plaid. As chairs were scarce, they found it convenient to share tea with me. They were charming children

and very amusing, but I began to think they must have got lost. "I wonder who they are," I said to the Duke. "Their people must be looking for them." "Oh no," he said, "they are the two little Albanys."

I remember being at a garden party at Marlborough House just before the marriage of King George and Queen Mary. They were both present, and the Duchess of Teck looked radiantly happy; she was always very popular and exceedingly proud of her daughter, Princess May. It was a lovely afternoon and I met many friends in the garden—Lady Rossmead and her charming husband, the late Lord Barrington, as spruce and upright in carriage as a young man and looking very handsome still with his snow-white hair. Sir John Commerall was there, who commanded the *Bellerophon* when I was in the West Indies. I always found that at Court functions one met old friends from every part of the world; indeed, the atmosphere of the oneness of Empire seemed to centre round our Sovereign; the Crown binds it all together as one big family. This is a feeling that is absent in Republics; to me they seem like a house without a head, run by a housekeeper. There is always something wanting. But then I think there is always something wanting in every household where the hostess does not superintend things herself. If one is staying in a country house, no matter how well things are done, one always knows instantly whose is the hand that guides it. There is just the little indescribable difference between being a guest and a friend who is feeling quite at home in her own surroundings. Some houses seem like hotels where kind Providence in the form of the

manager has forgotten to send in the bills ! Then again there are other houses where every hour of the day, and most of the night too, is mapped out for you, and you have to fall in with amusements and plans you abhor. Your very soul is not your own, but you dare not refuse to take part, and you usually find some of your fellow guests suffering likewise from this new form of over-government, such as we are suffering from in the present day, when a multiplicity of laws irritates and hampers our long-suffering people.

On looking back as I write, I find that three of the many clever men of the Victorian era whom I have met stand out in my remembrance more clearly than the rest. These are Lord Roberts, Cecil Rhodes, and Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest soldier, the greatest pioneer, and the greatest politician of their time. They all possessed one thing in common, that greatest of gifts, the prophetic eye. It is this insight into the future that mediocre minds can never understand ; their vision is too contracted ; they have not the imagination to foretell results. Perhaps at no time in our history has this lack of vision proved so disastrous as in our own day, when ill-planned schemes and unnecessary laws and restrictions hamper in place of expanding and helping our Empire. There are always people who are slaves to detail, and who lose sight of the larger and more important issues while concentrating on local affairs.

I suppose London is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, though this is not so apparent on the surface, because there are not many public places where the different nationalities mix to a very great extent. West

End restaurants cater for their own *clientèle* as Soho does for the foreign element. Yet one finds every now and then foreigners, mostly bearing titles that may or may not be genuine, also unknown but apparently rich English and Americans, being received into society without any questions being asked so long as they entertain. Some very curious and interesting discoveries have been made from time to time when enquiring into the history and antecedents of such people, who are sometimes to be met in select drawing-rooms, and many hostesses would get a shock if they knew whom they were receiving. Smart clothes, agreeable manners, and push—plenty of push!—do wonders in London. As long as everything looks right on the surface no one bothers much about what is going on under the thin veneer of civilised society.

After an unusually lively London season, just when house-parties were in full swing and shooting men were booked up weeks ahead for Scottish moors, and keepers were counting the head of pheasants in anticipation of the first shoot, and cub-hunting was giving place to the opening "meet," omnibus horses were being commandeered and London was astir with preparations for war. Things in South Africa had not improved since the Raid. After General Butler had expressed his opinion with regard to the conditions there and had been superseded, a small force was sent out which was totally inadequate.

Sir William Butler, who was in command in South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War, realised the situation, which was apparent in his despatches, when he

practically advised that no troops should be sent to South Africa unless the British Government were prepared to despatch a large army, sufficient to conquer the country. In this he was right, as events proved. I knew Sir William well ; he was a loyal Irishman, and had a keen insight into political affairs in South Africa. Lord Wolseley was at the War Office at the time, and considered that "the man on the spot" had greatly exaggerated.

But the troops that were sent were inadequate to cope with the situation, and it was soon discovered that the South African War was not going to be a picnic after all. Then the Duke of Cambridge's Own volunteer corps was raised, and his son, Colonel Augustus Fitz-George, was greatly in evidence at Headquarters in London, where friends of men who had enlisted were sending socks, scarves, and underwear in preparation for their departure on active service. Bus horses by now were swept off the road, except the aged or raw youngsters, and were attached to gun-carriages or became troop horses in Yeomanry regiments.

Lord Longford and his friends raised a Yeomanry regiment in the South of Ireland, and another was equipped in the North. The Dominions realised the situation and offered to help, but on this occasion the offer was not accepted. There was a general and firm conviction that we should "muddle through," as we always did and always will, because a Briton never knows when he is beaten, and is always at his best with his back to the wall. But it was a long-drawn-out struggle, and entailed an anxious strain and a weary time of waiting.



News filtered through slowly from the distant base, and posters and press telegrams were often alarming ; everyone felt that many valuable lives and much money were being sacrificed. Of course it was the usual muddle, but the transport of troops to the distant base was as successfully done as it was during the colossal strain of the late War. London was depressed because there was little amusement and much anxiety about friends and relations who were fighting, so it took to bridge. I remember a party where the hostess said she would fine anyone who mentioned the war. So life went on dully enough until the troops returned.

I remember the excitement, the flood of emotion, that was let loose in London when the news of the relief of Mafeking and Ladysmith was known ; electric, pent-up feeling showed itself in different ways. The streets were thronged with people shouting themselves hoarse. Mr. Charlesworth told me that he was taking refuge from the passing crowd in a hansom, and two girls scrambled in. One sat on each of his knees, and both flung their arms round his neck, saying, " You are a jolly old cock, you are ! " " I'm sure you have a good-looking son out there. A kiss for him, and good luck ! " and he was hugged until he was speechless. The life was making us all hysterical.

Sir George White was suffering a great deal from an old wound at the time he was shut up in Ladysmith, and his emaciated appearance on his return to England told what privations he and the garrison had undergone.

After the troops returned I helped to get up a large concert in the Hotel Cecil to obtain funds for the relief

of the widows and orphans of men who had fallen in the war. Following the concert there was a supper, and part of the money derived from the sale of tickets went to swell the fund. I had just published a book, called "Lest We Forget," with the same object. At this supper I was talking to Sir George White about the war, and asked him how long they could have held out if relief had not come to Ladysmith when it did. I shall never forget the expression of strong determination on his face as he said, "They would never have hauled down the flag except across my dead body." He was a man with a wonderful personality.

I am glad to say that Lady White is still often seen in London; she comes up from Hampton Court, where she lives in "The Wilderness," a charming house in the Palace grounds, and is as kind and hospitable as of old. There are many people there who have helped to build stones into the edifice of the Empire and who, like Lady MacGregor, whose husband held a high command, can tell tales of Indian life, and relate what they saw with their own eyes in the days gone by. We see with our minds when we hear and read about the work of those who lived before their time. In the beautiful gardens of Hampton Court, when the dark shadows fall under the spreading cedar-trees and little aimless winds blow across the rose-garden, carrying the scent of the flowers through the open windows of the Palace, how many thoughts, I wonder, turn from the present over the bridge of time to golden days in the past! Golden hours that have been spent side by side with men who have worked in a world so full of human pain and sorrow and

strife, and who understood that " You have but one life to live, my King, live every day, live it up to the hilt, if you can ; but live it so that, while enjoying all the good things the gods have given you, you have helped others to a brighter level also. So shall your name be written in gold."

## CHAPTER XV

### A TRIP TO THE GOLDEN EAST

THE strain and stress of the war affected the whole nation, from the highest to the lowest. Our aged Queen was weighed down by the weight of years, and her death cast sorrow and gloom over the country. It felt bewildered ; it had known no other ruler and could not at first realise the change. Then the illness of King Edward gave the nation another shock and postponed his Coronation. Preparations on a gigantic scale had been made in the principal thoroughfares leading to the route along which the procession was to pass, and the route itself bristled with Venetian masts covered with bunting. But Fate decreed that Edward VII should see none of these things. On the day fixed for crowning him King of England and Emperor of India his life hung in the balance, and none knew which way the scale would turn. Happily a brighter day dawned at last, the tension was relaxed, and with thankful hearts his people saw the crown firmly placed on his head.

In the gladness and calm that followed the strain his subjects' thoughts were turned to the anticipation of another function which was being organised in the East, and the splendour and pomp of the "Great

Durbar" was the one theme of conversation, and everyone desired to see it.

My daughter's schooldays were drawing to a close, and I felt that to see something of the world before she made her *début* into society would give her experience, for general knowledge is the most useful branch of education for everyone. Besides, one learns more from travelling than from theories or books. The Durbar was to take place in Delhi in January of the following year, and I made arrangements for a six months' trip to India. People thought this unwise, fearing that my daughter was too young to face the climate of the East ; but with due precautions against sun, and avoiding drinking water, there seemed to be no real risk of enteric, and we never had an hour's illness during the whole time we were away. The lure of the East got into our blood, as those who have visited the land of the lotus will well understand.

What the "Durbar" really meant was sometimes not fully understood. One frequently heard remarks such as "You will be very tired of going to the Durbar every day," conveying the idea of excursions in the twopenny tube to the treadmill. But for those who had seen great places of the earth, the land of the sun and golden East had a special attraction in itself. It possessed a romantic history of its own apart from the Coronation festivities at Dehli. There seemed a mountain of difficulties to contend with in travelling on such an occasion as this, and to a country where ladies cannot find the luxuries to which they are used at home. But my girl, who was fresh from school, thought

“roughing it” would be fun, as everyone does who has never had experience of what “roughing it” really is. So she and I packed up our “kit” and got ready for the journey, refusing letters of introduction, knowing by repute the kind and overtaxed hospitality of Anglo-Indians. Two rough days in the Gulf of Lyons after we left Marseilles gave place to gorgeous weather, which we experienced the whole time we were in the East. When we reached Port Said it was perfect. From our chairs on deck we enjoyed cool breezes in the evening after a hot day in the harbour, when natives came on board with embroideries, coral, feathers, shells, and other merchandise for sale. At Ismailia Lord Kitchener came on board in the dusk of the evening, so did Bennett Burleigh, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, on his way to Somaliland, and rumours of the fighting there reached us at Aden. After a few days the exhausting heat in the Red Sea was over, and we passed into the tranquil Indian Ocean *en route* for Bombay. First the land breezes wafted to us that peculiar odour of humanity—a vast native humanity; then the spires of churches became visible, emerging from the blood-red glow of the Eastern dawn, and the white houses, made yellow by sunshine, on the low-lying shore, where unfamiliar figures crowded together in brilliant garments or in a state of decent nudity. A letter was awaiting me in Bombay from the Military Secretary of His Highness the Maharaja Scindia to welcome us to Gwalior, and asking us to name our own day to stay at his “guest house.” We accepted his invitation for the following week.

It is the fashion just now I know to sneer at the Victorian era ; but is it quite fair to do so ? Is it just to belittle the advances made during that period, to ignore the rapid progress of science, invention, and expansion ? No one who has visited the native states of India could doubt for a moment that British prestige had been greatly enhanced and consolidated by adding the title of Empress of India to that of Queen of England. It included India as part of the Empire, not merely a country governed by an alien race, and during the recent disturbances this was clearly proved by the loyalty of the ruling Princes to the British Crown. They showed no inclination to break away from the British *raj*. Yet I have heard British politicians and Members of Parliament say, "What is the good of India to us ? We are better without it." Are we ? England is a very small and over-populated little island. She is just the counting-house of the world. Her great power lies in her possessions overseas ; there are her wealth and security as a nation. But I am writing about Empire-makers and not about Empire-breakers, who unfortunately think otherwise. Disraeli understood the native mind, and how much pomp and circumstance appeal to it, and he was no mean judge.

I was very much struck by what the Maharaja of Cooch Behar said to me when we were fellow-passengers on board the ill-fated P. and O. liner *Egypt* on our way to Bombay. "It is not so much," he said, "that we like the British rule, but we must have someone to rule over us, for otherwise we Princes should all be fighting each other in a fortnight, and we prefer the British *raj*

to that of any other Power." That is why many of even the most radical Indian reformers do not wish England to relinquish India entirely. The chief thing in an Indian's life is his religion. He is, as a general rule, either Hindu or Mahomedan, and "these two sects entertain for each other much the same feeling that existed between the Protestants and the Catholics in the time of Bloody Mary. Religious fanatics would burn each other at the stake, and a dozen little kings would start warlets." It is the iron hand in the velvet glove that holds all these unrestful elements steady and makes them keep the peace. If England's power over India were removed to-day, the whole place would go to ruin to-morrow ; all modern progress would be swept away, and the whole country would revert to the old régime when human sacrifices were offered to Kali in the temples, and widows were burnt on their husbands' funeral pyres. "To avert all this turmoil just a handful of sane, cool Englishmen sit on the throttle-valve, bravely and calmly holding on to keep it from blowing up," never turning a hair or losing courage ; while in the hour of imminent danger the authorities at home seldom, if ever, back them in a crisis or support them as they should, when they sense the coming storm in the air and might avert bloody horrors such as took place in the Mutiny of 1857. It is a thankless office sometimes loyally to serve the Imperial Crown.

Everything in Bombay was unfamiliar ; the bustle and hustle on shore was at first bewildering, but very soon screaming natives and white bullocks, dragging heavy carts filled with produce for the market, standing



panting in the sun, their drivers failing to get them to start after repeated blows and twisting of their tails, did not disconcert us. Our ayah explained, "No good, lady sahib, big white bullocks very lazy, him have bad father, bad mother, him have very bad peoples to make him no pull cart." Leaving the drivers dissolved in tears, reproaching the animals for their behaviour, reviling their mothers and cursing their relations in voluble language, we followed the ayah into our first experience of an Indian bath-room. This was certainly a primitive arrangement !

Before going for a drive to the Bycullah Club for breakfast we saw green parrots flitting about in the sun, and the richness of colouring in the fruit and flower-market and the brilliancy of the *sarees* worn by the Parsee women, were picturesque in the extreme. "Squalor, riches, ancient art, modern vulgarity, all jumbled together in close proximity, made a study for a painter, a theme for a historian, a subject for a novelist, and a problem for a philosopher." But there was another side of life which impressed a new arrival in India—the strange atmosphere of the country, the atmosphere of firmly implanted, all-abiding religion. Can anyone fail to realise this when taking the fashionable drive to Malabar Hill and seeing the natives there at eventide ?

The drive lay by the seashore along the water's edge. On the right was a high wall, behind which the Hindus burn their dead. Their ancient religion, which flourished long before the Christian era, and was at its zenith from 1400 B.C. to A.D. 1200, is now divided into many sects and forms of worship. Passing by the place

where the last rites are performed at sundown, we saw little flames burst up here and there from the funeral pyres, growing larger and brighter as the darkness closed in. Further along, near the top of the hill, is the Tower of Silence, the burial place of the Parsees. The dead bodies are brought to the tower and tied to iron rods placed across it. When the vultures hover round to do their dread work, the Great Giver of Life is worshipped by the Parsees. The all-powerful sun is their God.

The Yacht Club at tea-time is the meeting-place in Bombay, and many bachelors reside there.

I cannot stop to describe the places of interest, the Arab stables, the Caves of Elephanta, or the many sights of Bombay ; for to me our visits to the native states were even more interesting than those to British India. A good native ruler knows how to manage his people, and he is very keen to keep up with and advance with the times, and to copy all the new institutions and improvements that are made in British India. Young men are sent to colleges to study medicine and to bring back the latest inventions and hospital appliances, and in most states they employ Englishmen as advisers, engineers, and heads of departments.

The first thing that strikes a stranger arriving in India is the great crowd of people. The ruling passion of the Indian is travel ; the railway rates are low, with the result that the trains are packed with natives, who spend their time squatting on the platforms in blissful gossip with the passengers. Whole families sleep together on the station floor, quite as much at home as in their

own houses, for they have no beds anywhere, and are accustomed to make their toilets in public. The water-bearers' ceaseless cry of "Pani ! pani !" brings "Kim" to mind at once, and stirs into being living portraits of Rudyard Kipling's pen-etched characters.

Passing through the Ghats on leaving Bombay, we started for Gwalior as guests of Maharaja Scindia, who is the second most important and richest ruler in India.

It made us feel as if we were living in the dream-world of romance when our slumbers were broken by the ceaseless cry which came nearer and nearer as the *bheesties*, or water-carriers, passed the windows of the railway carriage with goat-skins slung on their backs, and carrying trays full of flowers and fruit ; also weird-looking sweets and *thal*, and other kinds of native food with betel-nut done up in bright green leaves, were eagerly bought by the third-class passengers, with the result that their lips and tongues were dyed a bright vermillion. We fairly shivered with the cold on that journey, but hot tea was soon made in the tiffin-basket. When I was diving into its depths in search of sugar, I found something soft at the bottom. Oh, horror ! it was my best gossamer veil, bought at Woolland's, which had been packed in a box and treasured with care, to be worn at the Durbar. It was now tightly wound round a candle, under all the eatables at the bottom of the basket. "Why did you put my veil in the tiffin-basket, Nursoo?" I asked the ayah. "To keep the candle straight, lady sahib. Berry good and soft ; for dat I use him," she replied. "It might be good for the candle, but what of my veil ? Have you put anything

else in the basket?" I enquired. "Yes, lady sahib; those shaky white feathers. He is no good in boxes; no too much room in trunks. Now nice and tidy in tiffin-basket down at the bottom in paper." Yes; my best ostrich plumes were there under the spirit lamp. Then I knew why luggage had swollen out and knotted bundles were added to our already large number of packages. An ayah has absolutely no idea of packing. You must do it yourself, if you want your things to be fit to be seen. "Me berry good packer, lady sahib; me no stupid woman, never lose nothing. Eeverything packing nicely, nicely, me berry clever ayah." And so she was in many ways, and a most amusing little creature, but not when packing!

On our arrival at Gwalior she had an opportunity of showing her smartness. She jumped out of the carriage with agility, and collected the coolies and arranged for the transport of the luggage with firmness and decision in the middle of a babel of voices and a jostling crowd. I had been obliged to leave the bearer in Bombay, because he got drunk, and was waiting to get a Mahomedan in his place. The ayah came back, looking immensely pleased with herself and filled with importance, escorted by Sir Clement Felose, an Italian-looking man in full uniform. She had spied him in the crowd, and had told him her lady sahib had arrived. His Highness had sent him to meet us, and we were conducted to one of the state carriages, while his servants, in gorgeous red, blue, and gold liveries, took charge of the ayah and our possessions.

Maharaja Scindia, the ruler of Gwalior, is one of the

most important and richest Maharajas in India ; he is famous for the splendour of his jewels and his great hospitality. His entertainments were carried out in the most lavish style and in excellent taste, and the exquisitely made little Maharanee Chinca, his only wife at that time, was a very refined, elegant person, who was waited on and taught by an English governess. Colonel Herbert was then the British Resident, and called next morning in a well-appointed carriage with an escort of Lancers ; also Mr. Johnson, who had been the Maharaja's tutor, and was then the Minister of Education. The gardens were lovely, with wide straight terraces round the Palace, which was built of white stone, in the Italian style. There were carefully cut grass borders along the drive leading up to it, and the stables were magnificent.

The morning after we arrived, when the Maharaja called on us, he was dressed in the usual costume of an ordinary English country gentleman, with the exception of a small gold-embroidered cap. In manner he was much at ease, quick, observant, and full of humour. He asked us to call on the Maharanee the following day, and to drive down with him in his phaeton to the Morar Tennis Club, where we met the nobles and native gentlemen, as well as all the white residents who lived in the cantonments. The Maharanee received us in the large state drawing-room, which opened on to a marble verandah. Glass chandeliers fitted with electric lights ornamented the courtyard, and a crystal fountain played in the centre. Maharanee Chinca was very pretty, small, and fair for an Oriental, with a gentle, shy manner. She wore native dress, a beautiful gold *saree* that had

been made in Gwalior. The Maharaja said he greatly enjoyed country life in England and Scotland, and found some of the young ladies he met there were shy, but he never saw a shy one in London.

Our ayah was a Mahratta, and always spoke of Scindia as her "king." "What is my king like?" she asked when we returned from the Palace. "A big, fine, tall man?" "No, Nursoo," I replied, "no bigger than the baboo." "Oh, oh!" she groaned, "no bigger than the baboo! I thought him a great, great king with a golden crown on his head. And the Maharanee, lady sahib? She big, fine lady?" "No, quite a little lady." "Oh! oh!" she groaned sadly, "as small as me, lady sahib?" "No, Nursoo—much smaller." "Nice and fat, sitting on a throne, lady sahib?" I had to disappoint her again, and explain that the Maharanee was a beautiful little thing, but not fat. "Oh! oh! not a tall, fine, big lady like lady sahib! Why do not my peoples grow nice like dat?" Many people who live in India for years know very little of the real lives and thoughts of its people. The vastness of the country, the difference of the creeds, manners, and customs we met make it quite impossible to do more than describe the passing events of the hour. I should feel like the typical globe-trotter described by Kipling in the person of Paget, M.P., if I were to do more than give my impressions of what I saw and heard in India.

During a fortnight's visit for the great tiger shoot given for the Duke of Connaught, when he and the Duchess were fellow guests at the Palace, we had a

beautiful tent allotted to us, and a carriage was placed at our disposal every day. The programme of events was sent in every morning, and it was varied by surprises. A gymkhana in the afternoon and a dance in the evening, a review of native troops followed by a dinner-party of over sixty people, and a whist-drive afterwards—every moment was filled up, and the organisation of these Royal entertainments was perfect. Nothing can equal the setting of Oriental pomp and circumstance, or describe an occasion like this or convey the idea of colour, of movement, of atmosphere that attends it ; it cannot be reproduced in any form or language.

## CHAPTER XVI

### GWALIOR AND DELHI

**A**MONG the entertainments there was a great Durbar in the gold Durbar hall in Gwalior, and this was an extremely interesting sight. All the officers and officials appeared in full uniform. At the end of the building was the throne on which the Maharaja sat, with the Duke of Connaught on his right ; a little beyond were the Duchess and her ladies, while all the English officers were in the front row on the right of the throne. Servants came in, carrying gold dishes of fruit, which they laid at the foot of the throne ; others with offerings of betel-nuts, grain, rice, and various other products of the earth ; more with gold and silver embroideries and specimens of handicraft, otto of roses, scent and flowers. One of these garlands was handed to the Maharaja, who placed it round the Duke's neck, while the others were given to the General and officers to wear. The senior noble was a little boy about ten years of age ; he sat on the Maharaja's left, and came first to kneel and offer his sword. He was followed by all the other nobles in turn. A flood of light streamed into the crimson and gold Durbar hall, and rested on the turbans, the strings of pearls and costly emeralds that hung round their necks as each bent low before the



Maharaja, while he presented them to the brother of the King-Emperor. After this there was a state banquet. Covers were laid for a hundred and twenty guests in the banqueting hall at the Palace, which opens out of the Durbar hall, where we assembled before dinner and passed round in procession as at a Buckingham Palace Court. The table was very elaborately decorated with white flowers, and the menu on this occasion was as follows :

## MENU.

Hors-d'Oeuvre variés.

## POTAGE.

Crème à la Duchesse.

Riche à la Française.

Punch Impérial.

## POISSON.

Soles à la Diépoise.

## ENTRÉES.

Petits Pâtés de Foie Gras.

Mousse de Volaille aux Flagélets.

## RÔTI.

Selle de Mouton à l'Anglaise.

Légumes.

Dinde truffée et Jambon au Madère.

Salade.

## DEUXIÈME SERVICE.

Chaufroid de Cailles à la Russe.

Asperges glacées, Sauce Ravigotte.

Timbales Napolitaines.

Suédois à la moderne.

## GLACE.

Corbeilles de Fruits.

## DESSERT.

Café.

When the dinner was over and the wine was being handed round and the health of the King-Emperor was drunk, Scindia rose again and made the following amusing speech : " Ladies and Gentlemen, I beg to propose the health of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have done me the great honour of being my guests on this occasion. I could give many reasons why their visit should be specially welcome to me, such as their close relationship to our King-Emperor, and their previous acquaintance with London and its people ; but most of all I hail this opportunity of showing my sense of unvarying kindness, hospitality, and friendship which their Royal Highnesses extended to me during my visit to England last year. I am afraid I have worked my Royal guests rather hard during the few days they have spent with me. What with business and sport, their leisure hours have been few and far between, but they will, I trust, regard with indulgence my ardent wish to show them as much as possible of my State in all its aspects. That His Royal Highness should have shot one of his tigers is a great satisfaction to me, as no doubt it was to the tiger. ' Stripes ' is a beast of uncertain habits at this season, given to wandering and hard to locate ; but the victim of the Duke's unerring aim was evidently a gentleman. Instinct told him of the great hand to whom Fate had assigned his skin, and to fulfil his destiny he came forth and died. To-morrow I will see the departure of their Royal Highnesses. My regret at bidding them farewell will be mingled with the hope that our next meeting will not be long delayed. Ladies and gentlemen, I call upon

you to join me in drinking the health of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught."

The Duke was exceedingly popular in India. Several Maharajas said to me, "If we had his Highness to rule over us, we should indeed be happy." He was an excellent sportsman too, unlike one of the Governors-General who went out shooting bears at Simla. He was a very bad shot and got none, though there were plenty about. On his return from the expedition his *shikari* was asked what sport they had had; he replied, "The Lat Sahib shot beautifully, but God was merciful to the bears."

It was on the afternoon of the races which followed the departure of the Royal guests that I first met Captain Oswald Fitzgerald of the Bengal Lancers. He asked me to nominate him as my camel-driver in the British officers' race. His camel was a vicious-looking brute, blubbering out great bladder-like objects from his mouth in rage; but he won the race, and "Fitzie" came back triumphant and very hot from the amount of persuasive power he had employed during the contest. It was then I told him the story I had heard of the early days of the beautiful Pamela, the romantic heroine of his family.

There are many romantic stories to be gathered in India, and some very sad ones too. One that struck me very forcibly was the history of an Englishwoman who was at that time living in the house of a rich Parsee as a kind of companion to his wife and children. She was highly respected by them, and once a year arrangements were made for her to see the British Resident,

and it was from him that I heard the story. This lady was a child when the Mutiny broke out. All her family were killed, but she herself was saved by the ayah, who handed her over to a sowar. He galloped away with her to a place of safety. She was never recovered by the English at the end of the Mutiny, but was brought up in a harem. She was not too old now to remember her name or that she was a member of a well-known family ; and she never forgot her own language. I cannot remember how she got into the Parsee household, but when there, being emancipated from Purdah, she was able to get into touch with her own people. The Resident wanted to take her away and to communicate with any members of her family who might be alive and remember her existence. She refused to accept this offer, preferring to continue living in India after her experience for so long in the zenana. But she said she was writing the history of her life, giving all the details of Eastern manners and customs with which she was so familiar. She wanted to give the book, when finished, to my friend, with instructions that it should not be published until after her death. This lady was described to me as a grey-haired woman then, and I have been waiting to hear if the book has seen daylight yet. It would doubtless be an interesting human document, and would throw valuable light on the inner life, character, and outlook of the Oriental, such as could not be obtained in any other way with so much accuracy.

India might well be termed " the land of youth " as well as " the land of regret." Young men, in the days of which I write, had excellent shooting, polo, racing,

dancing, and pleasant society at much less cost than at home ; comfortable houses and good service—in fact, all that they could desire. But marriage and separation from children, necessitated by their education, and later, when youth had departed, the settling down in comparative obscurity at home, is the other side of the picture. It must strike anyone returning to England that there is an absence of youth in this country, the middle-aged and grey-haired predominating, many of whom still dream of the land of the lotus.

The romantic love of Akbar, the Great Mogul, for his wife, found expression in the creation of one of the wonders of the world, the famous mausoleum he built to her memory. No words can ever describe the beauty of the Taj Mahal at Agra or give any idea of its splendour. The wondrous beauty of the white marble dome, the great doorway inlaid with texts from the Koran in black marble, the high windows of white pierced marble carved in a lace-like design and banded with garlands of flowers made of jewels so delicate and fine that they look like ghost flowers, surmounted by other bands made in jade and jasper, cornelian, lapis lazuli (as many as forty different stones going to make up a single flower), just under the dome over the tombs of Muntaz-i-Mahal and Shah Jehan, the builder, all contribute to make this wonderful erection a thing of flawless beauty. It took twenty thousand men seventeen years to build on this bluff overlooking the Jumna, and is the most splendid monument ever reared to human love. Shah Jehan had made a state marriage before he married Muntaz-i-Mahal, but his match with her was the love of his life,

and from the day of his marriage to the day of her death she held his heart in her little henna-dyed hands. She went everywhere with him, and was his inseparable companion, even in camp when he went to war. When Lord Curzon was Viceroy of India, he did a great work in restoring and protecting India's famous ruins. I am told that "when his wife, who was Mary Leiter of Chicago, to whom he was greatly attached, died, he asked to be permitted to place a lamp to her memory above the tomb of Muntaz-i-Mahal. This permission was granted, and every night this lantern of love burns in memory of both the little Indian queen and the American girl." In the Jasmine tower, where Shah Jehan and little Muntaz lived their life of love together in the great Palace of the Moguls, there is a great grape-garden built hundreds of feet up in the air ; bathrooms with walls of glittering mirrors, and subterranean chambers, cool on the hottest summer day. The walls are covered with an inlay of jasmine flowers made of jewels, and inset in the marble are pockets only big enough to take a woman's slender hand, in which she kept her jewels.

When we were in Delhi for the Durbar, one of the most interesting events connected with our visit was being taken by the Maharanee Scindia into the Purdah enclosure, where all the Indian Maharanees were seated, and it was very surprising to find how many of them were cultivated women, speaking English or French, and asking for the names of recent French novels. These ladies had the most beautiful jewels; many of them were very fair and pretty and had very charming, dignified manners. They were keenly interested at

seeing English people, and did not seem shy. The Maharanee of Bhopal, one of the best native state rulers in India, is an exceedingly clever and enlightened woman, and has great influence with her people.

The palace of the great Mogul, the most beautiful of Eastern palaces, where doubtless Shah Jehan sat on the peacock throne, was selected as the most fitting place for the great Durbar ball at Delhi. No decorations were required, for the walls were marble inlaid with jewels. The ballroom itself was red sandstone, with a large square in the centre boarded and polished for dancing, while round behind the pillars chairs and divans were placed on rich carpets and rugs. Electric light shone on the jewels of the princes, and lit up the spangled dresses and coronets of diamonds worn by English ladies. No native ladies were invited. Gay uniforms, bright faces, and military music were there. The Viceregal party came down the steps of the throne and danced the opening set of lancers before nearly four thousand assembled guests, who stood round and watched them. A long passage led to the white marble supper-room, the roof and pillars of which were inlaid with gold. Supper was served on small tables. The menu of this historic occasion may be of interest:

MENU.

CHAUD.

Consommé de volaille.

ENTRÉES.

Ballotines de Poulets en Belle Vue.

Epigrammes de Volaille à l'Algérienne.

Côtelettes d'Agneau Yengari.

## Gwalior and Delhi

Chaufroid de Perdreaux moderne.  
 Petits Jambonneaux à la Princesse.  
 Cailles à la Bohémienne.

## GROSSES PIÈCES.

Hures de Sanglier, Sauce Cumberland.  
 Galantines de Dindes à l'Aspic.  
 Pâtés de Gibier.  
 Jambon à la Gelée.  
 Dindes rôties à l'Anglaise.  
 Faisans et Poulets aux Cressons.

## ENTREMETS.

Gelées à la Macédoine.  
 Gelées aux Liqueurs.  
 Bavaroise Vanille et Chocolat.  
 Pâtisseries assorties.

I have heard that the following amount of nourishment was taken at this supper: 8,000 eggs, 700 chickens, 400 quails, 360 quarts of soup, 300 partridges, 94 hams, 1,600 entrées, 130 pheasants, 9,000 rolls, 300 jellies and creams, 8 boars' heads, 200 dishes of pastry, 1,000 plates of sandwiches, 300 turkeys, 150 quarts of ice cream, 100 legs of lamb, 850 dishes of sweets. Six turtles were shipped from Rangoon for the soup. Dancing was kept up till three o'clock in the morning. The stars were still shining over the palace of the Great Mogul when the electric lights went out after the brilliant success of the greatest entertainment ever given in the Indian Empire, where State officials, English peers and peeresses, Indian princes and nobles of high degree, soldiers and civilians, all met under such exceptional circumstances in the Dewan-i-Am and Dewan-i-Khas. The pageants and the strange things we saw at Delhi are passing before my mind's eye as I write,



like pictures from the stories of the "Arabian Nights" rather than the memories of realities.

I must mention one incident of the Great Durbar. When we were in our places just behind the chairs of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Viceroy, a great cheer rose from the thousands of people and rang through the hall; it echoed again and again as the old and feeble heroes of the Mutiny marched past. Never have I witnessed a more touching sight, except on the day of the Diamond Jubilee, when Queen Victoria stopped her carriage for a moment in Pall Mall in front of the Crimean veterans. Her gallant soldiers were seated round the monument erected to their fallen comrades by the survivors. There were few dry eyes looking on either then or now at the Great Durbar. Many grey-haired men felt a lump rise in their throats as they saw the brave men pass by who had fought so loyally and well against such desperate odds, and thought of the days, forty-seven years before, when they had stood shoulder to shoulder.

Soon twelve trumpeters came in sight, clad in scarlet and gold, with Captain Maxwell, the Herald, on a magnificent charger. The arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught (the latter dressed in grey), with an escort of the 9th Lancers, followed by the Viceroy and Lady Curzon (in pale blue and silver, with wisteria flowers in her hat), caused a fresh outburst of ringing cheers, which changed the current of our thoughts.

I am not describing the Durbar. So many have seen it, and so much has been written of that great display and of the ball in the Palace at Delhi, which was then

a city of tents, each Province having its own camp and each native Prince magnificent quarters. In some cases the tent poles were made of solid silver and the elephant trappings of gold and jewels. It was a gigantic undertaking, which impressed the Eastern and Western mind alike with the pomp of Oriental splendour set amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and greatness. What effect it had on the mind of those who witnessed this extreme exhibition of wealth and power it is hard to say. But under it all was the feeling of sadness; the eye turned to the brown, sandy ridge, and one remembered the tragedies that had been enacted there in the past. There was a curious prophecy or superstition current, I believe, that if ever Delhi were built up and became the capital and ruling centre of India again, the English *raj* would decline. At the time of which I write this prophecy was widely known in India. There was no talk then of building up a new Delhi at immense cost to the Government. Government House of that day was comfortable, and official buildings gave adequate accommodation, and could at least have been amplified, if not found sufficiently large. Calcutta, on the Hooghly, was practically a seaport town, and it was within easy reach of the bracing air of Simla, which gave the needed change of climate and surroundings to officials in the hot weather season. The new Delhi, which has been designed by Sir Edward Lutyens and his assistants, may be a city of beauty—I have not seen it—but at what a cost have these wonderful buildings been constructed and the capital of India transferred to the sandy soil of one of the worst climates in the

country for seven months of the year. It is said that about £20,000,000 has already been spent, and that there is no indication of when this enormous drain on the country is to stop. A mere woman must feel that building this new city among the ruins of seven dynasties is one of the greatest blunders in British history in India. Delhi is now removed from contact with public opinion and buried perpetually either in the eternal hills or in the scorching plains, and India is worse governed than it has ever been. A vacillating Government is always a weak one, and when weakness, which is a product of fear, is shown by a Government or by individuals to a backward race it is disastrous in its consequences.

During the Durbar festivities some Manipuri ponies and hillsmen polo players gave an exhibition of the game as it was originally played by the natives, and in speaking of this in London to Sir Henry Fletcher of the Bodyguard at Buckingham Palace some time later, he told me that during his soldiering days in the East, when he was in the 6th Bengal Cavalry, he and Sir Dighton Probyn of the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse) were the first to play the game. The goal was a couple of lances stuck in the ground. I believe polo is the oldest game in the world, and dates back to Persia and ancient Egypt, but is not now played in quite the same way.

I mentioned in an earlier chapter having met in London Mr. John Solano, who was introduced to me as the "White Rajah." He was spending the winter in India when we were there. His grandfather, who was a Zemindar in a district near Calcutta, owned a good

deal of property, and was loyal to the British *raj* during the Mutiny. This seems, as one passes through it in the train, to be a wonderfully cultivated country. Great stretches are verdant with peppers and chillies planted in rows, looking like gigantic strawberry beds with red fruit glowing in the sun. Mr. Solano knew how to rule his district, and during all the unrest in recent years there was no trouble there. He told the priests that he would subscribe to their charities and build wells; but as soon as there was any disloyalty to the *raj* or fighting among the people all money would cease. Ghandi got no hearing, nor any agitators who attempted to disturb the tranquillity of his district. The natives are easily led and are childlike in their credulity.

Our delightful ayah, whom I mentioned before, was devoted to my daughter and a source of endless amusement to us both. The natives never laugh, and think that white people who do so are a bit mad. My girl was brimful of mirth, ready to bubble over, and the poor little woman could not understand it, and in an agonised tone of voice, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, would say, drawing her *saree* over her face, "Missy darling, don't laugh; you get tummy pain." No one knows a "sahib" better than a native. Nursoo saw what she called "white trash" speaking to me one day, when I was trying to explain something to a driver in my halting Hindustani, and she rushed out from the verandah to intercept the lady's advances. Afterwards she said, "I come always, lady sahib, and speak for you. That lady no mem sahib. All right here in Agra, but she takes a back sheet (seat) in Simla." Indeed, the *caste*

feeling is so deeply rooted in the heart of the native that it will never die out. East is East, with the early dawn of ancient civilisation ever moving onwards and onwards to the West. Even now, only one hundred and sixty years since her independence, there are signs in the United States of movements westward across her continent towards larger developments on her Pacific shores. Progress follows the sun.

## CHAPTER XVII

### VISITS TO OTHER NATIVE STATES

WE are told that one of the most beautiful traits of the typical Rajput is his reverence for women. It is said that a Rajput never names his wife: "that name dwells in his secret sacred recesses." The influence of women is evident to the student of ancient Indian history. For love and passion many Empires have been won and lost. According to the Scriptures, Abraham's three sons are said to be the founders of the Aryan race, and the son of Keturah was sent to the East. Thus Delhi, called the Rome of Asia, has been ruled by his three heirs, the Hindu, the Mahomedan, and now the British.

When young King Akbar, the Great Mogul, came to the throne after years of warfare and conquest by the Moslems, he cemented the bulwarks of his kingdom by marrying the daughters of the Rajput Rajahs of Jaipur and Jodpur, and the court of Delhi became the centre of life and barbaric splendour. No city had finer streets: Silver Street was shaded by an avenue of trees. Peace prevailed for a time, and permitted him, and afterwards his grandson Shah Jehan, leisure to follow their artistic tendencies. Thus the new Delhi Palace grew, the beautiful fort was built, and the mausoleums

and mosques were designed. Lord Hastings says that the "memory of Akbar does not belong to any particular race or country; it is the property of mankind," "his name is embalmed in justice and mercy," and "still trails with clouds of glory." He had burst the bonds of Islam's most fanatic race, and stepped forth a free man at a time when Western minds were still steeped in bigotry and superstition. The barracks of the British soldiers were in that famous fort, and Hindu and Mahommedans were at peace. Strife among the native states and different religions is now at an end, and will remain so as long as the balance is firmly held in British hands.

I remember at a large garden party given by the Nizam of Hyderabad, who is the premier Maharaja in India and also the richest, my escort took me into the tent for refreshments and asked for a strawberry ice from a six-foot attendant dressed in the Maharaja's livery, which is yellow cloth with silver braid and buttons and white silk stockings. He turned to a turbaned native waiter, and in a strong Cockney accent ordered "A h'ice for a laidy!" I believe he and several other attendants were old Guardsmen.

One of the most interesting places we visited was the pink city of Jaipur, in Rajputana, newly built in a plain, with many modern improvements. The capital of this native State was the beautiful old city of Amber, built on a hill, where there was a bad and scanty supply of water, so the enterprising ruler of that day laid out a new capital, with little streams of water running down each side of the very wide streets that were built in

avenues and squares, shaded by flowering gholmores and acacia trees, and transferred the whole of the inhabitants to the new town in the plains. His own palace was a gigantic place, and the hospitals and libraries and museums were quite wonderfully arranged. To do us honour, he sent his private secretary to wait on us and to drive in the carriage with us every day during the week we were his guests. This Rajput secretary spoke English very well, and we were much struck by what he said about Queen Victoria. "We could not believe that the Great White Queen was dead when we were told it. We knew no other mother. The Prince of Wales? Our King-Emperor? Yes; we have seen him; we knew him. But we felt she was immortal."

I must not omit to mention Lucknow, one of the most interesting places in India, where we stayed on our way to Calcutta after the Delhi Durbar. Of course it was a scramble to get away from that crowded city. Servants lost their heads in the rush and passengers their tempers. It was "*Sauve qui peut.*" We, however, were fortunate, and could sympathise with one of the Commissioners, who lost his two daughters, and a lady whom we found in tears, because her tiara had been sent to a bank of which she could not remember the name. We had lost nothing in the confusion, and arrived safely at Wutzler's Hotel, which we found comfortable in spite of Mrs. Wutzler's apologies because her husband had taken away all the best servants with him to Lord Kitchener's camp, where he was doing the catering. All the while she was making these apologies we were sitting in the verandah watching a



fight between a sleepy cobra and a mongoose, and waiting for the cool before driving out to see the polo match. This was played on ground as hard as flint and not a blade of grass to be seen anywhere.

After tea at the Club we went to a dance at the Chatter Mungil Club, well wrapped up in furs, for the cold at night was intense. The first idea one gets on entering this Club is that one has suddenly arrived inside a silver palace. The pillars, roof, and walls shine brightly like embossed silver, and the effect, with the electric light thrown on it, is startling. This old Hindu decoration is not so splendid on nearer inspection. The interior is washed with some preparation the natives use to imitate silver, and they outline it in pattern, which gives the idea of embossed tracery, but the effect remains the same.

“Did you hear of my engagement?” I heard a girl say to a friend at the dance. “No—ripping!” was the reply. “How did you bring it off?” The answer was inaudible. “Best get married in a month. Get it over and go home before the hot weather. He can’t get leave,” was the advice. To go home or to a hill station is the vital struggle every year, causing frequent interruptions to domestic felicity, and giving many subjects for tittle-tattle to the gossip-mongers, who have little else to cackle about or to relate at clubs over whisky and soda and cigars.

Next day we did a very imprudent thing, I remember. We drove into the native quarter of Lucknow without an escort. The streets were so narrow one could touch the houses on either side. What a cut-throat place it

was in all its artistic coloured beauty and depravity ! The natives had to step into the shops to allow the carriage room to pass, and their savage, evil faces made us realise how thoughtless we had been to go into those murky streets. We could well imagine the fate that befell Lawrence and Havelock in the Residency when they fell into such hands.

The ruins of the Residency stand in a splendid garden, kept and watered with the utmost care ; masses of creepers in brilliant blossom wreathed the crumbling walls ; grey squirrels with brown-striped bodies and enquiring eyes peeped from beneath the foliage, and lizards sunned themselves near the brass plates which marked the spot where Lawrence was killed and the body of Havelock was found. While we stood reading the names on the tombstones, a hoopoe flitted past and lighted on the headstone, raising its crest angrily on seeing strangers invading his peaceful retreat. The sun was casting its level rays on " God's Acre," and turning to brilliant orange the trumpet-shaped flowers which hung in festoons over the grave. Our companions spoke in low tones ; they had recently returned from serving in the South African War ; the beauty of the surroundings impressed them. We felt as if we were standing in the presence of the unseen spirits of those who had fought the good fight and had kept the faith. An old Mutiny veteran, with figure bent and dragging gait, came forward, holding rusty keys in his hand. He showed us the vault where the women and children were confined, and the bullet-marked walls that sheltered them. The evening shadows were drawing around as we ascended

the worn stairs, bidding us retrace our steps, as a journey was before us to Benares, the Sacred City of India, where pilgrims flock from all parts to wash in the waters of the Ganges. Hindu temples are seen at every turn in the city, which is filled with swarming masses of humanity, and dirt reigns supreme. But all press forward to wash in the foul water of the "holy Ganges" and prostrate themselves to the earth on its banks.

India is a land of contrasts, of display, of wealth, of abject squalor. The famous Chandni Chowk in Delhi is supposed to be one of the richest streets in the world, yet where does one see greater evidences of misery?

## CHAPTER XVIII

### CALCUTTA AND DARJEELING

**I** REMEMBER, at a fancy dress ball at Calcutta, seeing Lord Kitchener look very red and nervous when he danced a set of Lancers with Lady Curzon. He stepped on a lady's velvet train, and looked as if he would never get over it. I believe he was really a very shy man. When we made a passage in the same ship, it was so hot in the Red Sea that most of the passengers had their beds taken on deck at night ; but I and one other lady, who had two small children with her, preferred to sleep in the saloon. She was on a mattress on the floor of the saloon with a child on either side of her, when Lord Kitchener entered in his pyjamas, looking for a cool place. I shall never forget his face as he stood gazing at the lady and the sleeping children. Then he turned and rushed out of the saloon. He never saw me on the settee behind one of the tables.

The first time I ever met him was at a boating party, given by Mrs. Adair at Hampton Court. A number of guests came down from London, but one lady did not turn up. So when the boats were arranged with two ladies and two men in each, I found myself in one with two men, Kitchener being one of them. He sat in the thwarts, and the man beside me did not offer to steer,

and Kitchener did not take up the sculls. At last it became monotonous, so I remarked, "Am I to row you two gentlemen?" Kitchener turned purple and took the oars at once. The other man said he could not steer, so I guided the boat under some overhanging trees, where we spent a peaceful afternoon, devoured by midges! But that was before I met him in India.

At that fancy dress ball in Calcutta when Lady Curzon expected her guests to appear in eighteenth-century dress, which is a beautiful period for men but not so becoming to ladies, Mrs. Leiter, Lady Curzon's mother, was very conspicuously dressed in a green gauzy material covered all over with stars and with a flowing veil to match, which looked remarkable among the dated costumes. Mr. Leiter, it was said, was not invited to India on this festive occasion, but Miss Leiter looked very handsome, though not as beautiful as Lady Curzon. Lord Curzon must have been tired that night, for he spent most of the time in his chair on a raised dais in one of the rooms, looking half asleep. The Maharaja appeared in full native dress, and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar wore a beautiful *saree* of crimson and gold and looked very handsome with her display of splendid jewels, the pomp and power of the East. Ragie, her eldest son, was one of the best dancers there. He found himself in a very difficult position in India. Having received an English education at Eton, he had acquired all the tastes of a Westerner, which unfitted him for a ruler in the East, where the outlook on life was so different. Most of the daughters of the Maharaja being still in *purdah*, his marriage became a great

problem and one that gave his father serious cause for anxiety.

Of course the Cooch Behar family are quite Europeanised. Ragie was an expert at cricket and polo. Sometimes he dressed in native costume, and looked very handsome in his pale blue satin and silver tunic and turban ; but in public, except on state occasions, they all went in English tailor-made suits. We were staying with them at Woodlands for the race meetings at Calcutta, which were delightful, and the *pari mutuel* saved much of the noise one endures on an English course. The Maharanee told me that these meetings had never been so good since the days when Lord Marcus Beresford did so much for sport. The Beresfords were a wonderful family, for everywhere one heard amusing stories about them and their ready wit. On one occasion Lady Charles Beresford was giving a party and her guests arrived before she was ready to receive them. Lord Charles made an apology for her, saying, "She is just doing what I ought to be doing at this moment, painting the ship."

A man who had just been made a C.M.G. once asked him if he ought to put the letters after his name on the horse-box which he had ordered to take his hunters. Lord Marcus replied, "You might put the C.M. after your name, but I should put the G's inside."

One of the many stories told about Lord Charles Beresford is an election story, and not well known. His brother was standing for Parliament, and Lord Charles, coming home one evening, saw a man with a bucket of paste and an armful of posters in favour of the opposi-

tion candidate, which he was setting up. A scuffle ensued; Lord Charles collared the bucket and the posters and took them along to his brother's room. During the night he pasted up the bills all over the walls and the pictures, and when his brother woke up in the morning he thought he must have been "having a night of it and had got it bad." There was his opponent's name in huge letters, staring him in the face; wherever he turned he saw "Vote for . . ." his opponent. But I must get on with my story.

The journey from Calcutta to Darjeeling is done at night in the comfortable Indian sleeping-cars. Each sleeper has two compartments to a car and a couch along each wall, besides comfortable wicker chairs, a table, and an electric fan. In India everyone carries his own bedding, which consists of two wadded cotton quilts called *razzias*; also blankets, sheets, and a pillow, all of which fit into a canvas bag like a mail bag. By the morning we were within nineteen miles of the border of Thibet. Here the people showed their kinship to the Mongolians and Chinese, and were quite different from the brown Bengali. The women were decked with jewellery and loaded with necklaces of torquoise and amber beads, and wore so many bracelets and anklets that they literally carried their wealth jingling on their persons, and not on deposit in the family savings bank.

After changing at Siliguri into the *chota* or narrow-gauge railway, we climbed up a thousand feet every hour in the little toy train. It made one dizzy to look down over precipices and into ravines. Monkeys chattered at one from the dusty trees, and occasionally some big

forest beast lay down to rest on the line. One never knew what would happen next. And all the time the engine was puffing for breath, and snorting, and turning sharp curves, where sand was poured on the rails to give a bite on the metals. "A chota railway," I remarked to a fellow-passenger. "Yes," she replied, with a strong American accent. "In my country we have railways climbing mountains all the time, but they are 'burrah' trains, not tin toys like these. I guess we will feel pretty bad when we get sky-scraping on the top." And so we did, after seven hours' wriggling up the mountain side and round sharp curves like a snake, while we held on to the open carriage doors, expecting to be jolted out over every precipice, as the cushions were already. But who can describe the beauty of the country through which we were passing?

On arrival at Darjeeling, one finds oneself in a wonder world. The great Himalayas, 28,000 feet high, encircle the town, and across the valley is Kanchinjunga, the highest mountain in the world, taking shape, white and ghostlike, clothed in eternal snow. We stayed at the Woodlands Hotel, and from the window watched the great panorama of the Himalayan mountains. The sun set in a dazzle of colour and glory. A sunrise on Mount Everest is a memory for ever of one of the greatest sights on earth. A fellow-passenger in the toy train was a Parsee, the richest jewel merchant in India. He bought stones for all the big Maharajas, and told me that after every function the Indian princes attended, their jewels, their diamonds and pearls, are counted stone by stone by their custodians and entered in a book, with the date



and occasion on which the ornament is worn, so great is their value. The Cooch Behars have a beautiful house here, where they stay during the hot weather among the rhododendrons and deodars, with a view in the distance of Mount Everest. Their big shoot in the State of Behar is over by the end of March, and then they migrate from the damp heat of Calcutta to their home in the mountains. They invited us to stay with them for their shoot in Behar and for a long visit at Woodlands in Calcutta, which is a large bungalow, standing in well laid out grounds. When God created the world, I think He formed the gigantic plan of making great plains and mighty rivers and awe-inspiring towering mountains, and with the little bits of everything that were left over He made the islands for His own amusement, just beautiful gems set in the silver of the shining ocean, each perfect of its kind—the gardens of England, the lakes of Killarney, the purple moors of Scotland, the misty valleys of Wales. And again, the palm and spice-clothed hills of Ceylon and the West Indies, and the cherry-groves of Japan. In India you feel that the world is very old, and are overcome with wonder at the ancient civilisation. You feel too that religion is the life of the people, not a mere ritual.

Speaking of the Cooch Behars reminds me of the great Preacher Sen, the father of the Maharanee, with whom we stayed. He was one of the very few preachers of Asiatic faith who have preached in London. Another, in more recent years, was the late Sir Abdul Bahu Abbas el Bahai, of the Bahai cult at Haifa, who might have been seen in 1911, a picturesque and venerable figure

in Oriental robes, coming out of the Westminster Palace Hotel in London. It is said that when Lord Allenby took command in Palestine during the late War, the first thing he did was to send for Abdul Baha, because of his great influence with the people. The Bahai claimed that his faith expressed the essential of all the religions of the world, and his recent death was a great loss to his followers. Life for so many at home is so small and contracted, I am sure it must often make people feel a longing to be where one can go forth and do things when the soul cries out for breath and space in this great world of which we know so little.

Our stay in India, that birthplace of so many great men who had dreamed dreams, was drawing to a close. The sun was setting when the gangway was lowered to the quay, and though the ship was not yet moving, we had broken connection with the land of regrets, the land of extremes of poverty and wealth, of arid sun-dried plains and parched earth, of mighty rivers and snow-clad mountains, to find a different atmosphere, a different race of people, who had a different outlook on life, in the flowery land of Burma, where everything was full of novelty and interest—and of mystery too that is unintelligible to a Western mind.

Before I close the last page of this chapter, I should like to refer to a few remarks that interested me when reading a Memoir recently written by the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, whom we knew so well in India. She has left many warm friends there and also in England where she lived for some years, and was well known at Court and in society. "I am of opinion," she says,

“that my people do not require a Western education. People seem to forget that thousands of years ago India produced astronomers, poets, and sages, when most of the European races of to-day were cave-dwellers.” Referring to Lord Curzon’s rule, while finding him unapproachable and unsympathetic in many ways, which caused him to miss golden opportunities, she says he did a lot of good by trying to revive monasteries and preserving ancient monuments and landmarks. The Maharaja of Cooch Behar and both his sons died in England, and their ashes were sent back to rest in the beautiful old rose-garden in Behar. Many legends are connected with the spot, “where the snow-white hills can be seen in the distance. The scented stillness is now unbroken, save for the music of the birds and the mournful whispering of the trees when the wind speaks to them of the sleepers.”

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE FLOWER LAND OF BURMA

**T**HE weather was warm sailing through the “dark purple sphere of sapphire sea” of the poet, and you “eat and sleep like a baby, and wonder why you worry over little troubles that you could drown in the depths of the sea.” You see few sails on the horizon ; nothing but the blue water, with little white waves chasing each other. The ship was different too, for there was nothing of the fuss and glitter and crowd of the P. and O. liners. The B. I. boats were built for the tropics, and we were not overcrowded. Sitting on the upper deck in the cool of the evening was like being on board a private yacht. The Captain had quaint ideas about some things, but he always insisted on keeping an excellent cook. He would not have electric bells in the cabins, because, he said, the passengers lay in bed and put their feet to the button if they wanted anything, and kept on ringing until they got it. So now people had to clap their hands, Indian fashion, for the cabin-boy. The travellers one meets are for the most part the modern soldiers of fortune starting on great adventures in the name of commerce or science, going to study, or to dig among, the ruins of Ceylon, or to hunt microbes in their lairs in forest

jungles ; or men intent on exploring the ruby mines and new developments in the Shan States ; or Commissioners and officers of native regiments returning from leave—the interesting men who are building stones into the great edifice of Empire, whom we look upon as play-boys when we meet them in a London drawing-room, for they never speak of the place in God's garden of the earth in which they till. Indeed, the average society acquaintance could not find the spot on the map, and Englishmen are strangely diffident about laying bare many things that are nearest their hearts in an unsympathetic atmosphere. I was asked not long ago by an English Member of Parliament if Nigeria was not somewhere in America. "I thought so," he said ; "somewhere off Rhode Island." When mentioning this to a friend, he remarked, "That is not more extraordinary than what a Prime Minister said to me when we had some difficulty with Zanzibar : "It's somewhere on the coast of Chile, isn't it?" A mere woman might be pardoned for thinking that a trip round the world might be beneficial to our legislators before they went into office, to enable them to gain some first-hand knowledge of the peoples and countries they were assisting to govern. Then they would see things from different angles.

To reach Rangoon, you have to go up the Irrawaddy River. Its low-lying banks are covered with tropical verdure, and every little rise of ground has its tiny pagoda with fragile little bells swaying in, and set ringing by, every breath of wind. The voice and call of the East entice everyone to return who has ever been there.

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The great Shwe Dagon pagoda stands on a high hill near the town, partly natural, partly artificial. The golden shrine on top is surrounded by a number of slender small ones, from which hang innumerable gold and silver jewelled bells, which ring in the wind. The whole effect is one of indescribable lightness, colour, and calm beauty, set to a kind of eerie, fairy music. I believe the biggest Buddhist temple is in Japan. Before the entrance to the shrine of the Diabutsu is this beautiful inscription, "Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatever be thy creed, when thou treadest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Buddha and the Gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence." Before the temple in Rangoon, which was built six hundred years before Christ, multitudes of men and women in gay-coloured dresses knelt on the marble pavement, with bunches of flowers held between their upright hands as they prayed ; and when they rose from their knees they cast these white flowers before the altar. It was an indescribable scene, filled with colour as the sun set on the golden pagoda and on the glittering gold of the jewelled images draped in splendid vestments, the priests in yellow robes chanting under floating banners, white doves flying on unwearying wings, a background of crimson lacquer and peacocks' feathers, bands of flowers, and the worshippers dressed in kaleidoscopic colours.

When we cast anchor off Rangoon the Governor's A.D.C. came on board to meet us. He had the boat waiting, and we went on shore at once and proceeded

to Government House. This is a magnificent white stone building, with marble floors and passages and high, lofty rooms, built on an open space, with beautiful flowering trees along the drive leading up to it. Major Fryer was on the staff, as well as Captain Pickering and another A.D.C.

It was March, and the weather was getting hot, and I was just dozing off to sleep after a wakeful night, caused by the carelessness of the ayah in not brushing out the mosquito net, when a loud "cr-r-r-r ! cr-r-r-r !" sounded, followed by a still louder "tuctoo ! tuctoo ! tuctoo !" It nearly made me jump out of bed ; I thought there must be some wild birds or flying foxes passing over the house. But the ayah laughed next day at my description. "Very lucky, lady sahib ; him big lizard, only come to bring good luck ; him no go away now." Nor did he, for I found him in the corner of the room, catching flies. He got quite tame, and his "tuctoo ! tuctoo !" used to echo down the long passage. What a change from tent-life in India ! the quiet moments when the camp was at slumber, the cry of the jackal and the ringing of elephant bells at night—these sounds are less wearing than the noise of street traffic. And oh ! the joy of breathing the fresh morning air when the dewdrops are still hanging like frosted beads on every twig, flower, and leaf, and the birds wake up and light on your tent, though the pattering of the squirrels' feet on the canvas soon drives them away to seek their morning meal. We found the crows in Burma as noisy as in India and quite as impertinent. These evilly-disposed birds come to your window-sill

for no good purpose ; their kleptomaniac propensities are proverbial. Servants hate them, and regard them with awe as the abiding-place of evil spirits who have been dishonest in their former state. They purloin any small article they can carry away, and then fly back to hear you scolding your ayah. But the kind-hearted Burmese will not drive them away. They love all animal life, but will ask a white man to come and shoot a tiger, if he invades their village, and will go with him to track it in the forest.

Fancy what a Burmese jungle is like ! Magnificent timber ; teak trees overgrown with flowering creepers ; lovely scentless orchids with blossoms of white, red, and yellow flashing in the sun, which would drive a collector wild with envy. Butterflies and blue-winged jays flit among the foliage, and pigeons and doves flutter through the branches, cooing lovingly to each other. Romance has died out of our woods and hills in England, and the fairies of olden lore have been brought to their death by too much knowledge and too close proximity to manufacturing towns ; but here in Burma the people are living face to face with Nature and are under the influence of their religion. When you are alone in the jungle all life is one, and Nature is the great teacher. They do not mix in wars or politics, and, unlike other nations, their priests abstain from meddling with secular things, content to live in monasteries and teach in schools. But you sometimes see gangs of convicts in chains, mending roads. They are the dreaded Dacoits from up-country, whose daring and cruelty have made them a terror to the inhabitants. India and Kashmir used to



be the happy hunting-grounds of the *shikari* ; but if the hunter wants to find abundant sport he should go to the remoter parts of Burma and find *shikaris* among the hill tribes, Gurkhas, Nepalese, or men from Tibet, who live at peace among the placid Burmese. They enjoy quiet lives weaving silk, carving wood, and hammering brass and silver, and take little interest in the more active pursuits of life.

A story is told of the devotion of a *shikari* who went up country with an Englishman to shoot tiger. They were in camp when the report came in that a big male was in the vicinity. The *mee-toung*, a native fire-basket, was got ready. This contains a *chatty*, in which earth and oil and cotton wick are placed, to be carried by the *shikari* when tracking the tiger. The moon was young and gave a flicker of light when they started. Great spiders' webs stretched across the path, strong as silk, and birds, dazed by the light, fluttered for a moment and then disappeared into the dense foliage. The chirping of crickets was the only sound in the jungle. All at once a head and a pair of bright eyes appeared through the bushes. Then a sound of crashing through the bamboos as of a heavy animal in flight. The *shikari* held up his hand warningly and touched his master's gun. Not twenty paces behind there was a glare of green eyes. The tiger was following them. "Shoot, your honour," whispered Abdul Ali. There was the sound of a loud report and the roar of a wounded beast, then a spring through the smoke. In a moment the hunter was under the beast, and thought his last hour had come as he lay pinned to the ground, with the hot

breath of the animal in his face. Suddenly a dark body came between them with a shout. Abdul Ali flung the fire-basket between himself and the tiger, who turned from his prey to his assailant. The brave *shikari* had saved his master's life at the expense of his own.

Burma has a future, and is big enough to give elbow-room to every class of people, big enough to keep a large force of men under arms, called the Burma Police Force, who are constantly fighting wild tribes on the frontier or in the Shan States, of which nothing is known in the outer world. Burma has time to develop herself quietly in her own way, without advertising every move to the public.

The Burmese women carry on most of the business, and are very alert and keen. It is the one country in the East where woman has her innings, and she is said to have man under her thumb. They are not veiled, and have more freedom in picking out their husbands than any other women in the Orient. Indeed, when we remember for how short a time the country has been ruled by the British, we can only marvel how this jolly, happy-go-lucky people, fond of fun and opposed to labour, get on so well under the new conditions.

Burma was a country that held peculiar interest for me besides the actual enjoyment of its beauties at the moment, for, when a very young man, my husband had been employed in surveying on the China Station. Then he was promoted Lieutenant and appointed to the *Sphinx* on the East India Station on the outbreak of the second war with Burma, when it was incorporated as a kingdom into the British Empire up to the frontier

of China. He was sent up the Irrawaddy at the outbreak of war to survey, and ascertain the proceedings of the enemy ; in short, to feel the way and see what fortifications the Burmese were erecting, to get the depth of water, and to find out the disposition of the people towards us. He was in command of the boats of the *Sphinx* under Captain Loch (who was in command of the *Winchester*). I have already written an account of the fighting that took place near Pegu and Donabew in my "Life of Sir John Hawley Glover," and of the part he took in it. He was badly wounded, and Captain Loch and all the other officers of the landing party were killed. Then my husband, with head bound up and weak from loss of blood, had to take command and bring the survivors of the force back to their ships after the desperate fighting that had taken place on that eventful day. He had so often and so vividly described the happenings that I had always wished to visit the place and to see the high-banked river covered with brushwood and long grass that concealed the enemy, and the overhanging trees and jungle of bamboos growing down to the water's edge, and the spot where the fighting took place.

When we arrived in Rangoon, I told the Governor, the late Sir Frederic Fryer, and Lady Fryer, with whom we were staying, my wish to go up in one of the fine river steamers and visit Mandalay and the other places of interest in that part of Burma ; but I did not mention to anyone my reason for wishing to stop at Pegu and Donabew. Sir Frederic made all arrangements at the various "rest-houses" for our accommodation ; but when

the day of departure arrived, it was found that the water was low, and that there was every probability that we should be stuck on a sandbank—not a pleasant experience where mosquitoes are very plentiful. The Irrawaddy swarms with them ; they thrive and flourish in the rank, luxuriant vegetation of the jungle. It was a great disappointment, I own, for I knew I should never see the teak trees, covered with flowering creepers, nor the lovely scentless orchids of mauve and yellow and white, nor visit the plains or Donabew, where I had hoped to find traces of the fight that took place so many years ago, when, at the cost of some brave lives, another kingdom was added to the British Crown.

It was the last day of our visit to Government House, where we had spent a delightful fortnight with the Fryers. They gave a luncheon party on that occasion, to which two or three officers of the Liverpool Regiment, then quartered at Rangoon, were invited. After lunch we drove to the Golden Pagoda to have a last look at the wonderful gilt shrines and figures of the Lord Buddha, looking calmly down with folded arms, and bejewelled with flashing gems. I was standing a little apart from my friends, examining a wonderfully interesting carving, when I noticed a small Burmese boy, about ten or twelve years of age, dressed in white, watching me very attentively. He had some white wax-like flowers in his hand, called the Temple Flowers, that look like freesia. The boy seemed shy, but came forward at last and offered me a flower. "Take it, lady," he said, and, seeing me hesitate, drew nearer and whispered, "Come with me, lady, and I will show you what you came

out for to see." I glanced at my companions, who were laughing and talking a little way off. "No, no," he said, "not them ; they do not understand. Come with me and I will show you," and he pulled me gently by the sleeve. We passed under an archway, where there was a narrow path leading through high grass. This space was behind the Temple, enclosed by a wall all round. The Burmese child led the way, looking behind every moment to see if I was following. Then he turned aside into the grass, pushing it apart to let me get through. Passing on to a place near the wall, he stopped and beckoned me. "Look, lady," he said, pointing to the ground, "that is what you came out for to see." The Eastern sun was shining brightly in that Burmese enclosure ; it rested on a plain grey stone on which was inscribed the name of Captain Loch and the date which I knew so well, when he fell mortally wounded at Donabew. Then I wondered how this thing could be. There were others, too, sleeping there in those long-forgotten graves under the shadow of the Golden Pagoda, who had taken part in the second Burmese War, the traces of which I so much wanted to find. I looked for my little guide, but the boy had disappeared. Here was one of the examples of the spirit of the East. How did the child know what had been uppermost in my thoughts ? Men carefully trained in research have given much time and attention to this study, but they have been baffled by many mysteries of the Unseen World ! Down in the depths of every man's soul is a hunger, a craving for other food than mere earthly materialism, an intense loneliness, a desire for light. Yet little advance

has been made towards definite conclusions upon many strange things that do occur. Space forbids me to tell many stories that border on the supernatural, heard in Burma and told by people who have lived there and studied the Burmese, which seem incredible to the Western mind ; for the veil is not yet lifted that separates the seen from the unseen, the definite from the indefinite, and the natural from the supernatural, in this wonderful world of ours.

The lives of the Burmese are influenced by their beautiful religion, and I think it must be that which makes them all look so happy. The women place crimson hibiscus flowers in their glossy hair, and dress in richly coloured silks, gracefully draped across their hips. With this they wear fine white short muslin or cambric jackets. Some of the material is so fine that it shows the lace-trimmed "undies" beneath them. A woman who brought me some silk from the Mandalay market was dressed in this way, and displayed her goods on the doorstep at Government House. She had charming, refined manners, and a pretty shyness that was quite captivating

Among other interesting things in Burma is a temple at Mingun, inside which is the biggest bell in the world. It rings with a deep-throated note to summon the people to worship. Formerly there were two other great bells, besides this gigantic one in Burma. One of these was in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul in the Crimea, and during the bombardment in the war men and women took refuge there. The church was packed with people, and the morning service was going on when a shot

struck the belfry, and the heavy bell was dislodged and crashed through the roof, crushing to death hundreds of people beneath its weight. The history of the third bell is of more recent date. Cologne Cathedral boasted a beautiful peal of bells, which was world-renowned. When the Germans were drunk with victory after the war with France in the seventies, they wished to commemorate the occasion by making the biggest bell on record to be placed with the peal already in the Cathedral. This victory bell was made out of the cannon taken from the French during that war, and the date and place of each capture was inscribed on it when finished. It was towed on a barge to every stopping place on the banks of the Rhine for people to see before it was installed in Cologne. It took eighteen men to ring the bell. During the late War, when the Germans ran short of materials, they wanted to take it down to be melted again into cannon, but its weight was so great that it had to be cut into pieces in the tower before this could be done. It cost 22,000 marks, a large sum of money when the value of the mark was a shilling.

So the Burmese bell remains the largest bell in the world. Our ten big bells of St. Clement Danes are tiny in comparison, but these have a wonderful history; for the round room beneath the bell-tower was made by Saxon hands, "when London was small and white and clean, the clear Thames bordered by its gardens green." Very unlike the gigantic, smutty London of our day.

It is difficult to believe that mild Burmans were the heroes of the story told me by Major Thurburn to the effect that when he was Mess President in the Scottish

Fusiliers, which was stationed at one time in Burma, on a certain guest night, when the best wine was being served at table, the mess butler came to him and said there was something very wrong with the port ; he had found all the bottles securely corked and sealed, but on opening them there was only water inside. This was indeed a blow, for the batch of twelve dozen port had only just arrived, and it had taken four months to get it out. So there were visions of a delay of some eight months before more could be procured. On investigation it was proved that the watermen on board the boat had cleverly extracted the corks and drunk the wine, filling the bottles with Irrawaddy water, and then corking them up again so carefully, with Eastern skill, that they looked absolutely untouched and perfectly intact.

Rangoon has stretched out in many directions, and the land around has become very valuable in recent years. There are many beautiful bungalows and gardens, shaded by flowering trees which spread their gorgeously decked branches in the sun. Everything is a feast of beauty to the eye.

When the midday heat is over is the time to drive along the red road round the lake, which is bordered by grassy banks filled with crimson and yellow cannas and other richly coloured tropical flowers. It is the fashionable thing to do, followed by tea at the Pegu Club, when the sun is slipping behind groves of palm trees, and a white mist is rising from the rice fields beyond. The work of the day is then over, and men lounge in cane chairs in the Club garden, dressed in white drill suits and pith helmets, while ladies join them, clad in



thin silks and beflowered hats, selecting cocktails from a list of such length that one wonders who could have invented so many different names. "Sudden Death" and "Corpse Reviver" are startling, but "Rose Pink," "White Lilac," and "Forget-me-not" sound nice and simple, not to say alluring; but sometimes the name is no indication of the mildness of the pick-me-up! Meanwhile soft music is playing in the distance, and the air is darkened by flights of flying foxes going home to roost. Then fireflies twinkle in the growing shadows, and the buzzing of myriads of insects is heard to the accompaniment of the little silver pagoda bells tinkling in the spice-laden air, while dreamy thoughts, born of lassitude, bring a strange content. This is the time when little bits of scandal are murmured, and stories told in a way not peculiar to Rangoon or even to an Indian cantonment; for wherever the social circle is limited in numbers and the human race congregates, having nothing to do, there is plenty of local gossip! Indeed, it may be said with equal truth of an Indian cantonment, a cathedral town, or a London drawing-room, that impossible people who have nothing to do and no work to interest themselves in, would gladly gossip about two flies fighting, if they had nothing else to talk about.

But many interesting stories are told when the stars come out and the night air blows cool some of wild adventure, others of strange experiences or coincidences, or of occult happenings bordering on the supernatural, like one that I heard from Major Sneyde about the murder of an Englishman that took place some years

ago. The perpetrator of the deed had never been brought to justice, because no clue could be found, and the circumstance had been well-nigh forgotten in the lapse of time till a Commissioner, living alone in an up-country bungalow, was disturbed in his reverie while smoking in his verandah one evening after dinner, by a Burmese woman, leading a sobbing child by the hand to where he was sitting in the twilight. The mother came to tell a strange story of how she had only lately arrived in the village, where the child had never been before. When passing by a group of trees, the little one began suddenly to scream and say that an Englishman was being murdered there, and evidently described what had happened. The story is too long to write ; my blue pencil will be called in to cut out details ; but on investigation, I was assured, the police remembered the place which she pointed out as being the spot where the body was found *twelve years before the child was born*, and, later, she identified the murderer, who confessed his crime.

Burma appealed to me in all her loveliness, and from the hidden caves of memory I could draw out pictures of life and colour, had I space. But Singapore beckoned to me. Here Sir Frank Swettenham was Governor, and invited us to stay ; also Colonel (now Sir Richard) Temple, who was then the Governor of the Andaman Islands. His father was formerly the Governor of Bombay. I remember there was a catch about him going at the time. " Why is Sir Richard like the Taj ? " " Because he is the most wonderful construction in the world." But you must see the statue put up to his

memory in Bombay to appreciate the allusion. Also you must have seen Sir Richard !

I have already referred to this great man as I knew him in England, but have said nothing about his thirty-two years of very varied and valuable service in the East. There were many men who did the same kind of work for our Indian Empire, but few with his thoroughness and success, and none over a longer period. The call of duty took Sir Richard Temple into every part of the Indian Empire, from Ceylon to Tibet, from Burma to Kandahar, and there was only one Province in which he had not held an official post. "The Nash" held a collection of trophies drawn from every quarter of the Dependency, which, alas ! I fear are about to be sold. His most treasured possession was the banner presented to him by Queen Victoria on the occasion of Her Majesty being proclaimed Empress of India. When Sir John Lawrence was Viceroy he called him to Calcutta to take the position of Foreign Minister, and when Lord Mayo was Viceroy Sir Richard produced his first Budget. Later, when famine threatened Bengal in 1873, he was sent in urgent haste to the stricken districts. With the Governorship of Bombay his life in India ended.

Sir Richard had many thrilling adventures in India. Once he was riding an Australian mare over a Himalayan bridle road. Meeting an officer, he returned his salute. At that moment his mare got her feet over the precipitous side of the path ; the rider managed to free himself and dismount in time, but the animal went over and was staked on the stump of a tree. Another time he was laying the foundation stone of the railway station

at Nagpur ; just when the stone was being hoisted into its place, the rope snapped and the stone grazed his face in its fall, and his uniform was splashed with mud.

He came into Parliamentary life as an expert on India, but he did not speak very frequently in the House. He divided his time there into two parts : the afternoon and evening he gave up to escorting ladies over the Houses of Parliament and explaining their history and mode of procedure, and later he was often seen indulging in slumber in his place. One night, I was told, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who is now the Father of the House and a popular Member, was declaiming upon the wrongs of Ireland, when a Tory laughed and Sir Richard woke up with a jump. "Why this irreverence towards a serious subject?" asked T. P. sternly. He looked about the House and his eye fell on the sleeping Sir Richard. "Why," shouted T. P., "why, Mr. Speaker, the very Burmese Idol smiles in derision of ye!" "What is that?" asked Sir Richard, thoroughly awakened by the noise of laughter. "Who said Burmese idol? Who is a Burmese idol?" A well-known caricaturist once said, "I have paid two years' rent out of Dicky Temple's moustache." It was a sign of the brave old veteran's popularity that men always spoke of him as "Dicky" or "Dicky Temple." He frequently told the following story against himself. One day he was calling on a lady, who presented her little daughter to him. The child looked shy, then cautiously approached, and, holding up her finger, cried, "Fie, fie! I saw you without your clothes in the Zoo last Sunday."

Sir Richard Temple told me he was in at the capture

of some of Nana Sahib's luggage. Rummaging among the fugitive's trunks, he came upon one containing a large package of passionate letters, bearing the signature of an English peeress ; it was an interesting capture. What became of the missives Sir Richard would never explain, but nothing in "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," he said, ever approached those of Nana's peeress for eloquence and passionate abandon. It was by sheer industry, energy, determination, and hard work that Sir Richard contrived to win for himself a position in the public eye. With his death Great Britain lost another of the long line of soldiers, politicians, and administrators who have been the makers of modern India, and he takes a foremost place in the list. His part was "not to wield the sword and lead troops to victory ; but to him fell the less brilliant but more arduous task of administering conquered country, conciliating the native population, establishing peace and prosperity on a stable base, and fighting the terrible foe Famine. He was a man of wide reading, and wrote several excellent books on his experiences. He possessed sympathy and great knowledge and tact when dealing with natives." So long as we have men of this character in the British service we can govern India.

If injustice in our Empire has been done in the past, let us find it in the right quarter—"Government injustice due to the fact that Ministers at home so often do not understand the situation, and do not take the advice of men who do." We cannot rule through interpreters. The men on the spot learned to speak to the natives in their own tongue when they entered the

Civil Service, and at least they feel that they are their friends. I am persuaded that the British people have themselves thrown out an anchor of consolidation that will hold firm wherever it is cast. Fair dealing does more for a country than laws.

## CHAPTER XX

### CEYLON

**A** FOUR days' voyage brought us in sight of Ceylon, and sweet odours were wafted from the cinnamon gardens to the low-lying shores of Colombo as we entered the harbour. It is fringed by palms and open glades, and cultivated plains steal away into the desolate mountains. Rounding the break-water, myriads of canoes from the shore make for the incoming vessels ; the harbour is filled with "catamarans," hewn from trunks of hollowed trees, balanced with an outrigger attachment and paddled by dusky Tamils, with scanty loin-cloths round their chocolate bodies, singing and shouting and splashing their oars in the water. Other boats were manned by Cingalese, of lighter colour, with twisted long black hair secured by tortoise-shell combs, which gives them a feminine appearance. There was the usual inspection by the Health Officers, and a long delay in getting off the luggage before we could go on shore and reach a very crowded hotel, for Colombo is the great Clapham Junction of the East, and the Southern Cross points to Australia as well as to the far-away West. It is about fourteen days to the first port of call westwards and the same time to reach Hong-Kong. A soft mist hung over Ceylon, which

reminded me of Dominica. We had left behind the clear, dry Indian air, the vivid Oriental colouring, the brilliant sun and black shadows of the East for the more subdued tones and heavier atmosphere of a forest-clad tropical country.

There is much to tell of in Ceylon. The buried city of Anuradhapura is there, which was once renowned for its wealth, learning, and encouragement of the fine arts.

I am reminded that the great Indian epic, the Ramazan, has a chapter describing Ceylon at least ten centuries before the Christian era, but the authentic history of the island begins only with the fifth century B.C., "when an Aryan invasion from the valley of the Ganges established the Cingalese dynasty. Buddhism was introduced 306 B.C., and from that date the faith has been preserved in comparative purity, except for the Hindu persecution which drove it from India." The island abounds with interesting relics of antiquity and inscriptions, which, with the written annals left by the Cingalese kings, are of peculiar value in revising Indian chronology. The ancient Government, owing to its freedom from Mussulman inroads, offers at this day the most perfect example to be met with of the ancient system of Hindu government.

Ceylon was visited in early days by the Greeks, Romans, and Venetians; in 1505 the Portuguese formed a settlement on the west and south of the island; in the next century they were dispossessed by the Dutch; in 1795-6 the British took possession of the Dutch settlement in the island, and in 1815 the whole island



fell under the rule of the British. Since then there has been peace ; the Tamils seem to be a quiet, contented people.

It is difficult now to realise the Cingalese three thousand years B.C., and two centuries after the introduction of Buddhism, when the ruined cities of to-day were at the zenith of their glory, and when the valley of the Nile had reached the pinnacle of its power, the time too when a great Celtic Empire was the paramount power in Europe and sacked Rome. Ireland was then part of that Celtic Empire, cut off from it by the sea. There was no king of India at that time whose wealth could compare with that of the ruler of Ceylon. The history of the buried cities of Ceylon is fully dealt with in the native chronicles, and they were described in the fifth century A.D. from records preserved in the monasteries. Space does not permit me to give an account of the wonders of these cities, the gorgeous palaces, the wealth of jewels, the gilt hall constructed in the middle of the king's palace, the roof supported on golden pillars ornamented with festoons of pearls on each side of the ivory throne. It all reads like a fairy tale. Now only the ruins of this stupendous work remain—buried ; the passages wide enough to admit a procession of elephants are hidden under an impenetrable jungle which covers these ancient cities, except where clearings have left bare their wonderful remains.

Sir West Ridgeway was Governor of Ceylon when we were there. We dined with him and Lady Ridgeway and their pretty daughter at "The Cottage," their summer residence at Newaraliza. The garden was full of

English as well as tropical flowers, a strange combination of arums, Lent lilies, and gold and silver ferns shading modest violets and pansies. Hackgalla, the world-famed botanical garden, is near by, and rivals the Peradeniya gardens at Candy, where wild elephants come to bathe at sundown in the river that flows through their midst. I must not do more than refer to the time when Ceylon planters suffered so severely from the coffee blight that they were driven to try tea-planting as a last resource, or speak of the cocoa plantations, the trees laden with orange-coloured pods, or describe the pearl fishery, where everyone was just then trying his luck, and buying hundreds of oysters as a speculation. Nor can I do more than mention the little patches of land that were rented by enthusiasts who spent their holidays digging for rare stones. There was always the charm of surprise when a star sapphire or cat's-eye was the reward for a day's work. Life on the whole is monotonous here, a backwater except in Colombo, for the estates are some distance apart, but the society in this beautiful mountainous island is both friendly and hospitable.

I remember hearing a story of the late Sir Henry Blake, who succeeded a Governor of Ceylon noted for enforcing etiquette and strict social procedure. Sir Henry was giving a dinner-party at Government House, and Mrs. im Thurn, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, was the lady of the highest social position present, therefore everyone waited for her to make the first move to leave. When she rose, the Governor said, 'Don't go; the night is still young and there's plenty of

whisky." He was a cheery, sociable Irishman, and in his younger days had had a beautiful tenor voice, which captivated the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Bernal Osborne, the well-known Irish M.P. of those days. His other daughter married the Duke of St. Albans. But for all his cheery ways the Governor knew what was due to his position. I have a ruthless contempt for any man or woman who is a British representative or holds a position in any Government capacity, who does not remember it is their first duty to uphold the dignity of the flag. In later days one heard whispers which led one to believe our prestige, both abroad and at home, sometimes suffered greatly on account of a want of dignity and self-respect shown by some of those holding high appointments. The same remarks apply equally to the wives of officials.

Our visit to the East was drawing to a close while yet there was so much to learn about it and so much to see. A vast Empire, untold wealth, beauty and treasure, countries teeming with millions of people, with only a handful of white men to hold together this heterogeneous mass of humanity, men who struggled along, fighting, often against overwhelming odds, for progress and justice. If one succumbs to the burden and strain of the day, his hand only passes on the torch to another, who grips another fold of the flag. The marvel of it all is how this multitude of people with different religions and want of stability, led by insidious propaganda and rooted prejudices, is held, as it were, in the hollow of his hand. The secret is that it is their interest to trust him.

We were leaving the blood-red sunsets of the East

for the golden glow of an Egyptian sunrise and the blue sky and dry desert of the land of Pharaoh, to anchor for a few hours only on the rugged shores of Aden, the harbour filled with shipping and British men-of-war. The red fez now replaced the Eastern turban. Caravans of camels had collected before starting for the hinterland to take supplies to the Somali country, and lay down waiting by the side of the road, hardly distinguishable from the sand. A new batch of passengers arrived from Bombay, and we left the shores of Arabia, stretching away into unknown tracts on the right, to reach the narrow strip of water that is the master-key to the land where the Khedive ruled under the protection of the British flag.

## CHAPTER XXI

### EGYPT

**T**HE quarantine regulations were in strong force when we arrived at Suez, and the Health Officer came off soon after dawn to inspect the ship. He gave us anxious moments before we were assured that we should not be obliged to go to Moses' Well, there to endure twenty-four hours' detention in the quarantine station, with the prospect of contracting some dire disease while undergoing purification from the myth (so far as white people are concerned) called Plague. All the ship's crew, cooks, stewards, and stewardesses were paraded on deck first for inspection. Then there was a long delay counting them over and receiving the report of the condition of health of some of the passengers who remained in their cabins, which gave time for the others to assemble in the dining saloon in a variety of costumes which they had hastily assumed, if we may judge by their appearance. One lady emerged from her cabin in a gorgeous brocade of bold and florid design, which enveloped her ample form with draperies, and looked like a garment improvised from a window curtain. Another appeared in a creation of flowing material with transparent insertions and embroidery, which displayed her rotund form and faded charms to their uttermost

advantage. A third looked much pleased with her appearance, and attracted attention by the cheerful manner in which she displayed a head of wild-looking touzled hair that stuck out in every direction like Gollywog's. Some of the men's gets-up were decidedly sketchy: straw slippers and short nether garments leaving ample room for ventilation. They got into corners behind their friends, some of whose supplies of collars and ties must have been so limited that they could only be produced on full-dress occasions during a lengthy sea voyage.

Meanwhile the doctor and Health Officer stood by the door of the saloon on either side of the purser, who nervously read out the names of the passengers from a sheet of paper which he held in his hand. When each victim was called, he or she walked out of the saloon, which ended the farce of the so-called plague inspection. The doctors then went on shore to procure bills of health for the ship before we were allowed to land. This caused another long delay, and we feared we should miss the 10·30 mail train to Cairo, and have to wait till late in the afternoon for another. At last the launch came back to the ship's side, and the weary passengers were allowed to go on shore, amid parting snapshots from friendly kodaks, and pocket-handkerchiefs waving last adieux.

When we arrived at Cairo, the manager of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel conducted us into cheerful bedrooms with a wide balcony overlooking the garden. We looked almost with surprise at the Arab waiters moving about in slippared feet, after the noiseless tread of the bare-footed servants of the East, and found it difficult to

abstain from shouting " Boy ! " instead of waiting for the red tarboosch of the Arab to appear in answer to the bell.

People come out here for the winter, and one often gets quite interested in them and their affairs without ever knowing them to speak to. Hotel society is the most mixed in the world. There are tourists of every social grade and nationality, and besides the medley of residents and tourists there are many passers-through, who stop for a week in Egypt *en route* for Europe, China, India, East Africa, Australia, and other parts of the world. It is also not an uncommon resort for those who have good reason for not stopping in their own country, and who are being anxiously looked for by officers of the law. Diamonds disappear as if by magic, and very gentlemanly foreign self-styled Barons get to know quite a number of the best people, who are easily taken in by them. There were also smart-looking young men who might be termed fortune-hunters, always on the look-out for American and English heiresses, a class not unknown elsewhere. One of those whose history sounded more like a fairy-tale than a fact of modern duplicity, started in life in a good regiment and was quartered in Cairo. To be a good dancer is in itself a sufficient introduction, but a black sheep may find its way into a carefully selected fold, and a fatherless girl may regret too late placing her trust in a man she marries before finding out a little more about him. The great ruling forces are sex, money, and belief in the great unseen. They are a study for those who can find time to seek out the inner life of the past and present

progression of this country and to read the history of Egypt, which reveals new facts day by day—pages of life, full and varied with stories of wars, conquests, defeats, romance and love intrigues, with that touch of Eastern warmth and colour that fascinates and enthral. It is the Egypt of the great valley of the Nile, the historic Assouan and Khartoum on one side and Arabia Petra, which joins hands with Palestine, on the other, that has a mighty future.

One of the many people I knew who were staying in Cairo then was the late Colonel Goldsmid of the Royal Engineers, whose daughter, Lady Swaythling, is so well known in London. Colonel Goldsmid was a very clever man and an interesting talker on a great many subjects. He was exploring both Arabia and Palestine. I chaffed him a good deal about it, and said I felt sure he had been sent by Rothschild with the title-deeds in his pocket, and was looking for the Ark of the Covenant. He told me a good deal I did not know about the Jews, and said that he had had a banner beautifully worked in silks with the emblems of the twelve tribes of Israel. He promised to show it to me one day in London, which he did soon afterwards. The Colonel took about with him a strange pet, a chameleon, which knew him quite well, and which he had found in the dry Arabian desert. He called this curious lizard *Moya ma feeth*—no water. I may not have spelt the word correctly, being ignorant of Arabic. The morning was spent looking for flies to feed it with, not a difficult task when flies are the irritating accompaniment to every meal; but when *Moya* was



brought to London it was a different matter, and starvation faced the little alien till Colonel Goldsmid had a brain-wave and sought a butcher's shop, with the result that the poor chameleon ate so many flies that it burst. Another chameleon was brought to the dinner table by a lady in the hotel, who placed it on the flower decorations, and the little creature at once assumed the colour of whatever flower she placed it upon.

When we were in Cairo there was no social Egyptian life ; it had ceased to exist. The British were holding the country for the people and opening up the interior for trade, building irrigation works, and fertilising the desert for them entirely. Yet an Irish M.P. thought it necessary to go out there and disturb the tranquillity of mind of the Egyptian press. Mr. Burk Cochran, an American from the State of Maine, known there as the "Silver-Tongued Orator" on account of his extraordinary eloquence, spent that winter in Cairo, and we saw a good deal of him, for we were staying in the same hotel, and Mr. John Dillon, the Irish M.P., was also staying in Cairo and made his acquaintance. Finding that Mr. Burk Cochran was a rich man and also a good public speaker, he seized the opportunity of enlisting his services, of getting his promise to start a campaign in the disaffected parts of Ireland, and to encourage rebellion by speaking on Home Rule and the wrongs of Ireland. He was also in communication with the young disaffected tarboosch Egyptians of the press. Mr. Cochran, knowing nothing about Irish politics, but greatly impressed by what Dillon poured into his ears about the wrongs of Ireland, asked us to meet him at

lunch, saying that I should hear a great deal of interest on the subject from him. After lunch Mr. Cochran confided to me that he was greatly disappointed that Dillon could not be got to approach the subject. "Naturally," I said; "because I was present. He knew that I should have contradicted his statements, if they were anything like those he has been making to you. When you come to London I will introduce you to other M.P.s before you go on your mission to Ireland, and you will hear the other side of the story." Needless to say, Mr. Cochran gave up the idea of spreading what is now known as Sinn Fein propaganda when he heard the truth about the state of the country from reliable sources. But the seeds sown in the minds of the Egyptian hot-heads flourished. The people are quick to foresee political events. In speaking of the pro-Consul, a worthy merchant who came to trade with the interior remarked, "What a country this is! I come for information about mines and go to the 'great official' to ask a thousand questions. He can answer most of them, or else he quickly finds someone who will. The great man touches a gong on his table, and enquires of the attendant where some Arab or Egyptian is to be found, who, he knows, possesses the required knowledge. 'Go and find him,' he commands, with a wave of his hand, and the man is found, whether he is a hundred miles away in the desert or in the bazaars in Cairo; no matter the distance, in three days he is there."

This leads me to the interesting subject of the manner in which news is carried on invisible wings of the wind. The Arabs can tell by knowledge, or system of wireless

telegraphy, which is a secret of their own, what is happening far away. Native Indians claim that certain people among them have this power, which is a gift or inheritance, and can be increased by will and cultivated by fasting, but, like the Arabs, they are reticent and keep their secrets carefully guarded. A curious part of all the old religions, pagan or Christian, is asceticism. We find festivals of fierce endurance and torment willingly borne ; this instinct seemed to serve no practical purpose for good, but one must respect the Mussulman when he unfolds his praying-rug at sundown and kneels in meditation facing the East, with his forehead bent to the ground in prayer.

Sir Reginald Wingate, whom I have met in London, was even better known in Egypt, where he was for so long the Sirdar in Khartoum. I remember Sir Evelyn Wood speaking of him when telling me about the Nile Expedition, and saying that he had acted as his A.D.C. and Military Secretary during that campaign. Sir Reginald was a man of charming manners and very popular as Governor-General of the Sudan. In spite of his numerous duties he found time to translate and edit Slatin Pasha's book, "Fire and Sword in the Sudan," and to write "Mahdism and the Egyptian Sudan" and other works. How often one sees men of great ability finding time for private work in addition to their daily strenuous employment !

Slatin Pasha's career was a curious one. Baron Rudolf Carl of the Austrian Empire, he was born in Austria and lived in the Reichsrathsstrasse, Vienna, but as far back as 1900 he became British Inspector-General

of the Sudan, and was with General Gordon at Darfur. He was captured by the Mahdists in 1884. I was told by someone who was in Cairo at the time that he made his escape dressed as an Arab, and arrived one evening in filthy rags at the verandah of the mess-room, where the officers of the "Gippy" army were having coffee after dinner. They waved him away, saying, "Get out, you dirty Arab!" But he persisted in repeating, "I am Slatin Pasha." Then someone who knew him came forward and identified him. I believe he went back to Vienna on leave just before war broke out in the summer of 1914.

Count Gleichen was in Cairo in those days. He was attached at one time to Sir West Ridgeway's mission to Morocco, and later to Sir Rennell Rodd's mission to Abyssinia. After polo he used to come to tea on the verandah of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, and was very popular with the ladies.

I have always heard it said that the first Lady Cromer was a very clever judge of character, and that she always gave the final opinion on a man's capabilities before an appointment was made. She never erred in her judgment. How many successful men have a woman or a better man than themselves to point out the road! Lord Cromer owed much to his wife's tact and judgment, and her death was a loss to him in more ways than one. Her receptions, both from a social and political point of view, did much to increase his popularity.

I have always felt great sympathy for men who held high commands and posts of great responsibility, who were straining every nerve to carry out big undertakings

involving great sacrifices, while all the time they were being worried and harried by letters and despatches from officials referring to minor details. Mosquitoes and midges are insignificant insects in themselves, but they irritate until their victims are driven into a state almost past endurance. When talking to Sir Archibald Hunter about the part he took in the Egyptian campaign, he said that the fighting was nothing compared with the worries he had after the war was over. He was constantly receiving letters from headquarters, asking him to account for so many camels' headstalls. "I did not eat them," he said, "and I could not stop fighting to go and cut a headstall off a dead camel." Then I told him that after the Ashanti War the same kind of thing went on for years. My husband had an account sent in to him every year for thousands of pounds he owed the Government for various "war expenditure," rifles lost in the bush and stores lost in transit. Each year something was written off, till one day the Governor's Colonial Office mail-bag contained a small parcel, in which were a new shiny five-shilling piece straight from the Mint, half a crown, a two-shilling piece, a shilling, a sixpence, and a threepenny bit, "Balance due to Sir John Glover after paying all expenses for the Ashanti War!"

Egypt had many interesting associations for me, because I had heard so much about the wonderful work that had been done by my husband's father in connection with the ancient history of the country. He wrote several elaborate books on the "Great Pyramid," and made valuable discoveries in regard to it. He was

accompanied to Egypt by the late Mr. Piazzi Smyth, who helped him with his researches. When upwards of seventy years of age, Mr. Glover went to India to communicate the result of these researches not only to the English but to the Brahman students.

I often look back to happy days spent in the Cairo bazaars or in the Museums, or in watching polo or cricket till it was time for tea in the verandah of the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, where the garden, filled with carnations and roses, gave out sweet scent in the cool of the evening. The Nile flowed past, bearing on its placid surface burdens of picturesque river boats and gaily decked dahabieh. Bougainvilleas and vines in full flower hung in festoons in the public gardens, and beyond was the great desert of burning sand, with a few patches of dull green mimosa bushes against a blue sky, and strings of ungainly camels in bright-coloured trappings following each other in single file, standing out clear and distinct against the horizon, till daylight faded and the Eastern stars came out to shine over the Sphinx and the Pyramids, bringing sight-seers from the Mena house when the moon rises to light up their outline with silver. It was getting late in the season and the weather too warm for enjoyment ; the balls were over, and most visitors had already left Cairo before we turned our steps homeward.

Passing the burning mountain of Stromboli, we steamed between Corsica and Sardinia, to find snow lying everywhere on the ground and also on high land in Italy. But how lovely it was passing the famous Rock, immortalised by the tale of romance and adventure

of Monte Cristo, with the mid-day sun shining down on the towers and prison windows of the Chateau d'If. We soon glided into the harbour of Marseilles, having travelled over 20,000 miles, and made six sea-voyages from five to fourteen days in length, and having experienced only two rough nights and no untoward adventures. The anticipation of evil is, as a rule, greater than the reality, and never more so than when facing the unknown. So it is too in the great journey of our lives ; we mount daily over difficulties, and a helping hand is stretched out when we least expect its sympathetic touch. Then I think that when the time of sunset comes and the world sinks slowly from us into oblivion, tired Nature longs for stillness, rest and peace, just as the weary traveller longs for home.

## CHAPTER XXII

### RETURN HOME

**A**FTER a long residence abroad, the first sight of green fields and hedgerows full of primroses and sweet with spring flowers suggests a garden of peace, a miniature country where everything is trained and cultivated with excessive care, because there is plenty of time to do it in and no one need hurry. Life in the country goes on much the same year in year out ; an occasional birth, death, marriage, or election makes a momentary excitement, to be talked of till the next one occurs. The people working in the fields have mostly passed their prime of life, the sons and daughters having moved on to more lively surroundings ; but they have to thank Mother Earth, who raised them, for a finer physique than the town-bred folk. The nearer we keep to the laws of Nature—which are in the main clean, simple laws—the better for mind and body.

To one living in London, the changes that take place are so gradual that they pass unobserved. But if one returns after an absence of a year or two, they strike one at once. The Cathedral in Westminster raised its tall Byzantine column on what was formerly a prison yard, and great blocks of red brick buildings were put up in its vicinity and quickly inhabited. In a very short



space of time old houses in Smith Street and Cowley Street changed owners, and beautiful ceilings and oak panelling were cleaned up and restored. The craze for old furniture had just begun and the old Victorian pieces ceased to exist. Then came the "antique" manufacturer, who sold one new for old, and if expostulated with, did not hesitate to explain his point of view: "We charge you high prices if we can sell you modern copies in place of the genuine article, if *you* don't know the difference; and you try to get bargains of genuine old things from us, if *we* don't know the difference; and our friends across the water pay long prices for both old and new, and never know the difference." But when staying in old country houses, where the appointments seem to have grown into their places, it is a different matter. Everything goes in keeping with the traditions of the house and has been mellowed by time.

Buckingham Palace presented one of the most notable changes from the old Victorian days, when it resembled a hospital or penitentiary. The building had been refaced and redecorated. A statue of her late Majesty had been placed in front of it with a surrounding garden filled with flowers, and a broad drive between rows of plane trees led through the new Admiralty Arch. London traffic was becoming congested, because motors were beginning to take the place of horse-drawn vehicles, and motor omnibuses went gaily up Grosvenor Place to Hyde Park Corner, in place of the panting horses straining at their collars. Cricket matches at Lords were more crowded than ever, and the new stands hardly afforded sufficient accommodation. "Tuppenny

Tubes " carried some of the overflow of the " Underground," and gave breathing space there. Gardening became the fashion, and flower-shows were held to exhibit the newest specimens and designs for rockeries and wall and water gardens. There was never a time when so many books were written on the famous gardens of the world, containing coloured pictures reproduced from beautiful water-colour drawings. Speaking of gardens reminds me there was a story going at that time when appendicitis was not so common a complaint as it is now. A lady was ill, and insisted on being operated on for appendicitis. After it was over and she was better, she asked the doctor what he had found in her appendix. " Well," he replied, looking puzzled, " it was extraordinary. I never found anything like it in an appendix before ; there were several small hard peas in it." " Oh," said the lady, " that accounts for our having no sweet peas this year. I must have sown the Cockle's pills ! "

Covent Garden launched out into some of the newest operas ; the De Reszkes, Melba, Tetrizzini, Caruso, were all famous artists living in the reign of Edward VII, but this was before Strauss wrote his " Electra," foreshadowing the evil that was to come, and appealing to unruly passions in the hearts of men more than any music I ever heard.

During the years that followed the Boer War there was no great political excitement, except, of course, the never-ceasing Irish Question. Things appeared tranquil enough on the surface, but I always find that it is not the big headlines in the newspapers (which, of course,

take the eye of the public) that matter, but the little paragraph in some obscure corner of the page that seems afraid to show its face in the open, that is the kernel of the nut.

London was beginning to recover from the effects of the South African War, but had not yet got her balance. Young dancing men were scarce, and money also. Lord Roberts' genial face and manner were seen again, his name always prominent in connection with reconstruction work necessitated by the aftermath of war. How quickly a tree is cut down, and how long it takes to grow, or to build up a structure that can be defaced in the twinkle of an eye! Lord Roberts had the prophetic mind, coupled with great observation and a vast amount of general knowledge. His love of humanity prompted him to a genuine kindness of feeling to the world in general and to his soldiers in particular, who all adored him. A man of his experience might have laid claim to a wide knowledge of the progress of events in Europe and to be an expert on the condition of armies and the preparation for war, as well as on the strength of the fighting units. But when the General warned Great Britain not to be taken unawares, he was looked upon as an imbecile; it was even suggested by a member of the House of Commons that he should be deprived of his pension. I remember dining, the evening this suggestion appeared in the newspapers, with a friend who had large City connections, and have never forgotten the expression on his face when he said: "I wish they dared to do it! Double the sum which he receives from the Government would be subscribed for him next

day in the City !” Nothing betrays the value of men’s judgment or quality of character more than the opinions they hold on such a subject of national importance as the safeguarding of the British Empire, and it was pitiable to see how few listened or took any interest in our defence at home or abroad.

Social life in England was beginning to undergo a change. There was more entertaining in restaurants, and dances were frequently given in hotels. After a time it became the fashion for invitations to be sent to girls, who were asked to bring their partners, and only young married couples were invited. Chaperons became a thing of the past. King Edward forsook his old haunts at Homburg for Marienbad, which became the fashionable place for the English to resort to in order to reduce their figures, and “cure” after the London season. It is said that that astute monarch had other reasons than health for going there, and that if his advice had been taken by the Austrian Emperor, events would have shaped differently in the late War. I certainly felt the German atmosphere had become charged with an undefined hostility towards England. The last time I stayed there I warned the friend at whose beautiful Schloss I was stopping that he would be wise to sell the place while yet there was time. But, living as he did for several months of the year in Germany, he had lost perspective, and could not see as clearly as a stranger how events were trending. What a treatise a historian might write on “He little knows of England who only England knows” !

We went over to Ireland one winter for the Dublin

season, which is always very amusing. On landing at Kingstown, the old newspaper man, who knew everyone and greeted each passenger by name, was there as usual. Nothing had altered! Jaunting cars cut round the corners, and you had to hold on for your life, grabbing the rail of the car with one hand and your hat with the other, watching your toes the while, for they were in danger every moment from something passing. The late Sir Antony Weldon was Chamberlain at Dublin Castle then. He had been Special Service Officer with the Natal Field Force under Sir Redvers Buller in the Boer War. During the disturbance in the South of Ireland in the middle of the late War, he was in command of a district in which the people were called upon to surrender their arms. Being an Irishman, he understood the mentality of those he was dealing with and ordered "unconditional surrender." Of course there was the usual "try on," for which the Irish are so famous, to test how far they could go if the authorities showed any weakness. But Tony Weldon would have none of it. "Unconditional surrender" was what he said and what he meant, and intended to enforce if necessary. As soon as the people realised this there was no further trouble. A few days afterwards a deputation waited on him; the spokesman said: "We have come, your honour, to offer you the freedom of the city. Ye are a grand man entirely; ye know what ye want, and ye'll always get it."

Another man of charming personality was the late Primate of Ireland, Dr. Crozier. I think he was beloved of everyone who knew him. Full of fun, he had a fund

of amusing stories that made him a welcome guest and a cheery companion in a house party for young and old. He was a sympathetic friend and a sound adviser, for he possessed the great gift of common sense, and consequently was looked up to and respected in no ordinary way by rich and poor alike. In appearance he was fair, thick-set, and not very tall, yet his blue eyes held you, as did his strength and determined presence. During the late War, he went into the trenches in France, when for a week he was General Hickey's guest at the front. He cheered up the men, had a kindly word for everyone, and calmed down discordant feelings in "Redmond's Own," a Brigade that a less tactful man than their commander might have found it difficult to manage. Even when fighting shoulder to shoulder in face of the enemy, men from that land of political and religious perplexity might still find time to disagree. The Primate was the life and soul of the party when we were staying with Sir Hutchinson and Lady Pöe in their beautiful place at Heywood. Colonel (now Sir Charles) Monro was one of the guests, so was George Bryan of Jenkinstown, a well-known and most amusing man. He was one of those who served in the Yeomanry during the South African War. They were both bachelors then ; indeed it would have been difficult for the latter to take the cares of a household on his shoulders, but Sir Charles afterwards married the late Lord O'Hagan's daughter.

When I first met George Bryan, now Lord Bellew, he was in the 10th Hussars, and one of the cheeriest of that cheery regiment. He had the smallest feet I ever saw in a man. We were once staying in the same country

house, and he was the merriest one of the party. One of the girls of the house had very small and pretty feet, and was very proud of them. They were chaffing her about her French shoes, when Lord Bellew said, "I bet you my feet are smaller than yours." He was wearing thick shooting boots with very wide projecting soles. "I bet you half a crown they are not," said the girl. "Done!" replied his lordship, slipping on the shoe she threw to him. It was too large for him! His nieces were the most wonderful mimics. One of them used to imitate the cuckoo's note so perfectly that the distracted male bird would come to the window and answer her call with drooping wings and head on one side, vainly endeavouring to discover where the sound came from. The other sister clucked like a hen, without moving her lips, till you thought the bird was under your chair. The Bellew girls had great games changing eggs into different birds' nests and watching what happened when the young ones were hatched out.

A story is told of old General Brabazon (whose son was in the 10th Hussars, I think) which is rather amusing. He was a very pompous man, and one morning, during a visit to an Irish country house, he was strolling in the garden and did not hear the lunch bell. The footman came out to tell him, and announced in a loud voice, "The chops are inside!"

One of the quaintest stories told by an Englishman is said to be true. One day, when motoring in Ireland, he saw a man leaning against a telegraph post by the side of the road, his face streaming with blood. The motorist pulled up his car and went to the man's assistance, asking

what had happened to put him in such a state. The countryman replied that he had had a difference of opinion with another. "He hit me," he explained, "with a stave out of an ould barrel, and split the side of my cheek." The motorist was horrified, and asked if he could identify his assailant. "I don't know his name or who he is," he replied, "but I could identify him anywhere." "Are you sure you could?" "Yes, faith, I could anywhere," said the Irishman; "I've got his nose in my pocket!"

Amusements and sport of every kind appeal to Irishmen, and they excel at most things. The late Lord Lanesborough was very fond of boat-racing, and handled his sailing yacht on Lough Earn with great dexterity. On one occasion at Crumb, during an exciting race, the Earl's boat was leading; Mr. (now Sir John) Barton was on board with him, when the boom swung round and knocked Lord Lanesborough overboard into the water. Mr. Barton just had time to seize the tiller and steer her, at the same moment throwing a line to his lordship, who caught it. The boat passed the winning post and won the race, towing the owner behind, at the end of the rope. His lordship was so proud of winning that he did not mind the wetting. He was a fine sportsman! The present peer is a great pigeon shot. I met him at Monte Carlo; and his brother Harry Butler's laugh is the cheeriest in London.

Mr. Wesley Watson was another great pigeon shot. I once spent a very pleasant month with him and his wife at the Hermitage Hotel. The cooking and appointments were of the best and the price



in keeping with their excellence ; but at the end of the month plain food and a slice off a well-roasted joint had a compelling attraction. One night at dinner, where several Englishmen belonging to the *Tire Pigeons* Club were regaling themselves at the expense of the winner of the prize, a member of the party refused all the wine offered and said he wanted whisky—Black and White, or Jameson, I forget which. His host ordered some, but the obsequious wine butler regretted that the Hermitage, though it could supply the “choicest champagne fit for ‘me lord,’ or any wine commanded, visky, no, it was impossible ; there was none in the hotel.” Then the excitement began, and the guest refused to drink anything else, and could not be mollified. “I want whisky, and I bet you I get it,” said the Scotchman. His bet was taken all round and doubled. When they were booked to his satisfaction, he drew a bottle of the best Highland liqueur from his tail-coat pocket and plumped it on the table. “Draw the cork,” he ordered the astonished *mâitre d’hotel*.

I don’t know why it is that most funny stories are attributed to Irishmen and Scotchmen. I suppose it is that their mentality is so different. This point was being discussed by some men who were dining together at a London restaurant. “Let us send out and get three cabbies and ask them the same question.” They agreed. The first man brought in was an Englishman. “What will you take for sitting out all night on the steps of St. Paul’s Cathedral ?” they enquired. “A sovereign, sir,” he replied. The next man was a Scotchman, and he was asked the same question. Scratching his

head, deep in thought, "How much will ye give me?" he said. Then the Irishman had the same question put to him. "I'll take a cold, yer honour," he answered with a merry twinkle in his eye.

An incident that happened just as I was writing these reminiscences so truly describes Irish mentality that I must be forgiven for repeating it here. When the British troops were leaving Dublin, and Ireland was left to her own devices, an Irish woman, bidding farewell to an English soldier, said, "Good-bye; we're sorry to lose you, but we're glad you're going, 'cos then we can fight in peace." One of the greatest story-tellers I know is Lord Carson, who always tells them with the gravest face and the most doleful expression. He told one of the best Irish "wake" stories I have ever heard. A very pretty girl was invited to the funeral of a friend. When it was over, she was telling how much she enjoyed it. "Sure, it was grand," she said. "They put me in the second coach with the brother of the corpse, and I was the belle of the funeral." A good deal depends on how a story is told. Lancashire and Yorkshire stories must have the local accent, or they lose their point; and indeed Scotch stories, which are so full of dry humour, can only be told by a Scotchman. Sir Archie Buchan-Hepburn is the best *raconteur* I know. When we were staying with him one year for a shooting party at Smeaton, he kept his guests so long listening to his delightful tales that it was almost too late to go on to a ball—at least for those who wanted to dance before supper. One of the tales was about a farmer's shoot at which The Mackintosh was present. One of the farmers came up



*Photo]*

*[Maul & Fox*

THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER,  
Mrs. James Grifthy Fairfax.



to him, carrying his gun by the barrel, pointed to the Laird, and said, "Hullo, Mackintosh! glad to see you." Mackintosh shook him by the hand, and, pointing to the gun, asked if it was loaded. The farmer replied, "I don't know whether she is loaded or not; I borrowed her." Soon after, when the beaters were in line, he shouted out, "Stop, men, stop! Tell beaters to stop!" Everyone looked round to see what had happened, and the excited farmer yelled out, "There's a rabbit in the bush!"

We were a merry crowd at that ball, and took to guessing what was the difference between a Scotchman and a banana. You can pull the skin off a banana! Another old chestnut accuses the Scot of keeping the Sabbath and anything else he can lay his hands on!

All the Lothians congregate at the Musselburgh races. Yester is not far off in these motoring days, nor the Duchess of Roxburgh's, near Dunbar, and Edinburgh lends her youth and beauty to enjoy a couple of good days' sport. But the most amusing race meeting I ever attended was at Lady Burton's place near Inverness. She gave wonderful lunches to a large crowd of friends every year, and I recollect that on one occasion Captain Bill Melles was riding one of her horses, and we all rushed out of the luncheon tent with our mouths full to see the win. Her horse romped past the post, and there was a cheer until the judges pushed past us out of the tent to see what had happened. They should have been in their box! So it was no race. Someone said the air was very blue for some minutes after with language that could not find a place in print. The

race had to be run over again later in the day ; but that was not the same thing, even if her ladyship's horse was the winner !

There was always a cheery party at Glenmoriston. Mrs. Grant kept things going, and the deer forest was not too heavy walking, not as stiff as the hillsides at Loch Rosque, where Sir Arthur Bignold had a fat old pony, a very confidential beast, to carry him everywhere. He had a searchlight in the tower of the castle, from which he could see the deer in the forest so distinctly that he could count the points on their horns. He and Lady Bignold entertained a great deal there ; there were all kinds of shooting and fishing to amuse their guests, and a hospitable board. Every evening there was a fresh table decoration of some special device. On one occasion, I remember, there was water in the centre of the table, resembling a small pool with pebbles at the bottom, and little plants growing all round it, and live fish swimming about. Jimmy the piper, and also one who used to come on special occasions and who took the prizes at the Inverness Gathering, walked round the table every night, playing the pipes. Since the War, alas ! how things have changed. Sir Arthur's kindly face has passed away, and the place has been sold to a coal merchant who made his fortune by selling his goods to the Navy during the War, and Jimmy has little work to do except shoot for the table, the report being that the coal merchant's wife feels lonely with nothing to do, so prefers the kitchen to the drawing-room, where the maids strum on the piano.

One of my pleasant memories of Scotland were visits

to my sister, whom I mentioned in an earlier chapter. She married Mr. John Buchan-Sydsersff, the eldest son of the Buchan-Sydsersffs of Rucklaw, a very old Scotch family. The house is between Whittinghame, Earl Balfour's place, and Beal, which belonged to the late Mrs. Hamilton-Ogilvie. The Buchan-Sydsersffs are kinsmen of the Buchan-Hepburns. Rucklaw was built about the year 1200. The old stone-roofed hall, which till recent years was used as a kitchen, was of an even earlier date, but the porch is a much later addition, as is proved by a stone dated 1663, let into the wall over the entrance door. The original owners, according to old records, were Marjorie de Sydsersfe and William de Sydsersfe of that ilk, who signed the Ragman Roll in 1296, swearing fealty to Edward I. The great grandmother of my niece, the present owner, was a Miss Martha Sydsersff, an heiress who married Mr. Buchan of Lethan. They were a branch of the Buchans of Auchmacoy, in Aberdeenshire. Rucklaw is a quaint, old-world place. Antiquarians often come and ask permission to see the sundials in the walled-in gardens; one of them has thirty-five dials let into its stone work. I love the lavender bushes in that East Lothian garden, the scent of moss-roses and herbs, the clipped hedges and flower-filled borders. From my bedroom window I can see the lighthouse on the Bass Rock flashing forth its rays to ships at night, guiding them into the Firth of Forth. But when I go and stay there now, I wonder how soon this and many other old-world places will change hands in this topsy-turvy condition of the world.

Another dear old place full of lovely things, where my daughter and I stayed in later days, was Cringletie, which belonged to the late Sir James Wolfe Murray, whom I first met in India ; he afterwards married Lady Macfarlane, a great friend of mine. In those Indian days Mr. (now Sir George) Sutherland, Colonel Lumsden (of Lumsden's Horse), and Sir Patrick Playfair were gay bachelors in Calcutta, but that was before Sir George married Miss Wolfe Murray. She and her husband are now in her old home in Scotland ; but many friends and neighbours are no longer living in Peebleshire. The hand of time has dealt heavily with Scottish households.

Among other reminiscences of Scotland was a very pleasant visit to Money Musk in Aberdeenshire, when we were staying with Sir Arthur and Lady Grant in former years. Money Musk is a wonderful old house, and there are stones in the walls with Celtic carving and ancient lettering of great interest. There are quaint stories connected with these old places, and the legends of Fyvie in connection with the three weeping-stones are well known. When I was stopping at the Castle, Lady Leith showed me the one they keep in the tower. It looked something like a large lump of rock-salt, such as is often placed in the fields for cattle to lick. The stone at Fyvie dripped, or "wept," as they said, into a large trough made to contain it. Another stone is said to be in the bottom of the stream that runs under the Castle, "where they catch a few troots in the Ythan to our dinner." Lord Leith bought the place from the Gordons, and it was prophesied that there would be no male heir until the missing stone was found. After the



Castle changed hands Lord Leith's only son was killed in the Boer War.

The day I arrived there after a long journey from Edinburgh in a very slow train, which stopped wearily at every little station, I found that my host and hostess had gone off to the games at Ballater and had forgotten all about the guests they had invited to stay at Fyvie. However, their daughter, Mrs. (now Lady) Burns, rose to the occasion, and came back from Aberdeen by the last train, much to my relief. I always felt a bit anxious about arriving at Scotch houses ; the slow trains on the Highland railways have a habit now and then of sitting down to rest in a turnip field, and if the engine refuses to proceed, it means telegraphing for another and awaiting its arrival. This happened to me once when about thirty miles from Inverness, where I had to change for Invergordon. Cadbole (McLeod) had a big house-party for a pheasant shoot, and I was due to arrive in the afternoon ; but when I got to Inverness the last train for Invergordon had already left. After using much persuasion I finally induced the station-master to put a third-class carriage on a cattle train that was just starting. If one has never been in a cattle train, one cannot imagine what it is to feel the bump, bump, bump, all the way down from the engine as each truck strikes the buffers of the next one ! We crawled along and arrived on a very dark October evening about seven o'clock. No porter or station-master was at Invergordon station, because there were no passengers expected ; but at last Mr. Ogilvie, the station-master, was routed out of his house. Then there was no vehicle to be had.

“The Captain was down here himself to meet you, but went home hours ago. Can you walk?” he enquired. “How far?” I asked. “O-o-h, it’s a wee bittie over a mile or two.” I knew what “a wee bittie” meant in Scotland. “Is there no short cut?” I asked. “Yes, through the wood, but ye canna find yer way.” Mr. Ogilvie was elderly and lame, but we started in the dark shadows of the trees, he leading. After scrambling through gorse and briars for what seemed to me an age, my guide suddenly stopped and faced me. “Can ye climb a dyke?” he asked doubtfully. The dyke proved to be a high stone demesne wall. With the aid of a young fir tree which Mr. Ogilvie propped against it, he was able to clamber up and pull me after him. Getting down on the other side, he caught me in his arms, and we trudged through a thick wood, the branches flicking my face as I stumbled along towards an opening. “It’s dangerous here,” said Mr. Ogilvie. “Man-traps?” I suggested. “No, the Captain would no do the like of that.” Then it suddenly struck me that the wires were hoops on the croquet lawn, difficult to avoid in the dark. Creeping carefully along, we got at last safely to the door of the house. An astonished butler came in response to the violent ringing of bells. Mr. Ogilvie solemnly introduced me to him in broad Scotch, saying, “Tell the Captain the leddy’s all richt,” and disappeared into the gloom without another word. Dinner was half over, and I was chaffed unmercifully by the smartly-gowned ladies when I sat down to the odds and ends of a meal. But no one minds in Scotland; it is “come and go as you please.” But the bracing

air of the Highlands makes up for everything, and the mists in the valleys, the sunsets of crimson and gold, and “ the silence that is in the starry nights, and the sleep that is among the lonely hills.” What gay times those were at the Gatherings ! Dancing till six o’clock in the morning at Oban ; then, as the last reel was finished and “ Auld Lang Syne ” sung, the shrill whistle sounded from the boat going off to Mull, and the rush on board, or to the railway station for those bound for the South, Loch Awe looking her best in morning raiment as the train slowly wound round her banks.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE YEARS PRECEDING THE GREAT WAR

I HAVE said sufficient about roads and railways to show that I think good transport service is the greatest factor in civilisation. It seems hardly credible to us now that it is only twenty-five years since the birth of the motor-car industry in England. No invention of our time has done more for the comfort and pleasure of life than the car. Young people cannot imagine how we ever did without it. But the aeroplane was comparatively new at the outbreak of war. I was staying near Easingwold, in Yorkshire, when the first exhibition of flying took place at Doncaster. My hostess had an excellent Charron car then, and she asked me if I felt game enough to drive with her (about fifty-two miles, I think it was) to see the show. We arrived in good time, but there was already a crowd of people assembled. If I remember rightly, it was on the race-course, but the flying machines were not visible from where we were sitting in the car. We waited all day and nothing happened. There was a little wind—not much—but they were hoping it would drop at sundown. Six o'clock came and it was quite dark ; then there was a whirring and spluttering of machinery, and a plane, looking like a huge white moth, just appeared above

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the wall and dropped down. We started for home, satisfied that we had seen something heavier than air lift itself off the ground. What a difference a few years have made in the development of the air service!

It was a long drive back in the dark, and Mrs. Love and I were beginning to feel anxious about dinner, when the car stopped and the chauffeur opened the door in evident agitation. "Madam," he said, "we have got into a by-road, and I have not the least idea where we are." Dinner seemed now a long way off. "I can tell you, Barry; we are very close to Tadcaster and, I think, in the by-road near Wighill Park," I said. He looked astonished; so did Mrs. Love, who was a hard hunting woman and knew every bit of the country well. We saw the lights of Tadcaster after going on for about half a mile. Afterwards I was chaffed about it and asked how I knew in the dark, when I could not see and did not know the country. "When Barry opened the door of the car I had luckily got a whiff of malt and knew we must be near the Tadcaster Brewery!" He was a character and an excellent chauffeur, brought up in the stables of Buckingham Palace, where his father had been coachman. He always spoke of "the Royals" with great devotion. One day a countryman asked him if he knew Mr. Barry of Hawkhills. "Yes," he replied, winding up the car, "I do know that gentleman." The old-fashioned retainer is fast disappearing. James, the stud-groom, his predecessor, had taught all the children of the Love family to ride, and when they took their annual excursion to Scarborough or Filey, James

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was in attendance with the shrimping net. On being asked how he liked the seaside, he said he "liked shrimpin' nearly as well as huntin' ! They were both fine sport in their way." Major Myles Stapylton, of Myton Hall, married one of Mr. Love's daughters. He was the popular Master of the "York and Ainsty" at one time and joint Master with Mr. Lycett Green and Lord Furness, who afterwards took over the hounds.

Many people do not realise that the word "Tally-ho" was introduced into England by the Normans. Indeed it is merely a corruption of *Taillis en haut*, a hunting cry of Duke William's men. It is also used in Belgium. The English, Colonials, and Americans are all heirs of the Normans. In one of his recent books, *The Normans of European History*, Professor Hoskins points out that "the Norman strain indeed exerted an influence out of all proportion to its numerical strength. Without William the Conqueror the English would not be themselves, whatever else they might become." It used to be said, and probably with some truth, that every Englishman thanks God daily that he had not been created a foreigner. How often one hears the remark, "He is a foreigner, but a very nice man," or, "What a pity he is a foreigner !" An offensive compliment from British lips. Yet "pride of birth, tenacity of purpose, and love of sport were all characteristics of the Conqueror's knights, and through them these qualities have been handed down through the many families they founded in England, and their influence has unconsciously swayed the more modern nobility who have succeeded them." But I must not digress, or dip too deeply

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into matters relating to interesting influences in the past. There is little time for reflection in the hurly-burly of modern life, when so much has to be rushed into the twelve short months of the year.

At the end of a strenuous season, hunting ceases to be the topic of conversation, white flannels take the place of the temporarily discarded "pink," and the pursuit of balls places Reynard in the shade. The Scarborough cricket week and various matches throughout the country vie in popularity with race meetings.

I recall a story about two men who were having words over the merits of their respective cricket captains, each backing his own favourite. "I ought to know which is best," exclaimed one of them. "Do you know Lord Hawke? You don't? I thought so. Well, I have shaken hands with him!"

Lord Hawke was, of course, the last word in cricket. He was captain of the Yorkshire Eleven from 1883 to 1910. In those days he lived with his mother and sisters at Wighill Park, near Tadcaster, but he was seldom at home during the cricket season. He often played at Brandsburton matches, where there was a good ground belonging to the late Colonel James Harrison, who had been in the Yorkshire Hussars. He was a keen cricketer, a well-known big game shot, and a great photographer. His love of dancing will be remembered by his numerous friends in New York and London, where he attended all the balls of the season. He made friends with the Pygmies in the Ituri forests in Central Africa, and brought four of them to England with him. During the time they remained in this country he took them round to

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most of the large towns and lectured about them and their native place. They were very docile, interesting little people. I remember seeing them on one occasion in a stage box of a London theatre, looking on at the performance with riveted attention, until the Old Lady of the party spied someone in the audience sketching her as she leaned out of the box. Then there was a commotion and a chattering as of so many monkeys. The infuriated Pygmy threw her bracelets at the offender, and was so enraged that she had to be forcibly taken out of the box. I was staying at Brandsburton Hall at one time during their visit, and it was amusing to see the care they took of their little bows and arrows, which they never let out of their sight for a moment. One morning they went out for a stroll, and returned with some fine fat hens and chickens they had shot in a farmer's field near by. When it was explained to them that this was very wrong and that they must not do it again, the young Pygmy, who had learned a little English, looked very puzzled, and, turning to Colonel Harrison, said, "Why wrong, Jimmy? You shoot everything in our country. We say 'Yes, shoot.' We come to your country, you say 'No, no shoot even a bird.'"

Another great shot and naturalist, whose books are well known, was Abel Chapman. He showed us the beautiful collection of heads he had in his house at Wark, in Northumberland. One could see the salmon leap in the pools in the river at the bottom of his garden and imagine that there was a wild forest beyond the distant pine-wooded hills. He was a friend of Selous, the mighty hunter who made the supreme sacrifice in



East Africa during the late War. I had met him in London and heard him lecture on his experiences while shooting in Africa. It appears that the missionary is usually the first man to penetrate into untrodden paths, or the man in pursuit of big game, and that both are pioneers of civilisation. But another African big game shot and explorer, Dr. Cuthbert Christy, first studied medicine before going out, so that he might investigate the causes of tropical diseases, and is now an expert in this branch of science. He has become one of the great pioneer men of our day in Central Africa, and an authority on the economic resources of Equatorial Africa in general. I am looking forward to hearing more of his work later on, and of his efforts towards the realisation of Cecil Rhodes' dream of Cape to Cairo development.

Mr. Darley, a Yorkshireman, must have inherited the *Wanderlust* from a long line of ancestors, for the horses from which the Stud Book is compiled are the Godolphin Arabian, the Byerly Turk, and the Darley Arabian. Hermit is a very recent descendant of the latter, which was brought over to this country by one of Mr. Darley's forbears, and the Darleys have a picture of the horse and one of his hoofs, which have been in the family since the days of Queen Anne.

I must not omit to speak of Newburgh Priory when talking of Yorkshire. The late Sir George Wombwell's name is so well remembered there, for he was one of the notable "six hundred" in the Balaclava charge, and a great squire of dames in the old hunting days. He could never reconcile himself to motor-cars, and Lady Julia was never able to induce him to buy one. I

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remember lunching with them one day, when we all tried to persuade him to get one for her, but he was obdurate. Lady Julia was a wonderful gardener and loved her flowers. She was very kind, and showed her guests all the pictures, heirlooms and treasures at Newburgh, and pointed out the spot in the tower where the remains of Oliver Cromwell were laid to rest. Her recent death has caused a great blank among her many friends in the county.

My pen runs away with me when I think of the cheery times at covert side, or when the oaks turn brown in the autumn and red berries glisten in the hedgerows, and "Mark over!" rings out in the frosty air as a rocketeer breaks away and the guns are heard all along the line; the tramps over turnips or stubble, till lunch at some farmhouse brings the hungry men back to see the game being counted over, and then off to another beat before the early closing in of a winter day.

London has its attractions, even in the winter, though a visit to the sunny South, to break into the spell of dark, foggy weather, was one of the events in the year which my daughter and I always looked forward to with pleasure. The blue Mediterranean drew young and old to her shores, and friends met under a cloudless sky which bade them forget fogs and cold at home and gather up new vigour and health while they might. In the spring of 1914 we made our usual plans for flitting south, and accepted an invitation to spend Easter in Biarritz with Sir Alexander and Lady Bruce Tulloch at their pretty Villa del Bosco, near the Farge, on the way to the golf links.

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Biarritz was unusually crowded that year. Mr. Cory, the energetic secretary of the Golf Club, had his work cut out to try and find accommodation for guests and to satisfy everyone. The hotels were full and the dancing-rooms at the Casino were crowded. Spanish, French, and English visitors were enjoying a good time that lovely spring, when the almond blossom mingled among the Judas-trees and the snowy-petalled cherry blooms in the sunlit orchards, the pale mist rising over villages, and grey wreaths of smoke hanging like gossamer in the stillness of the balmy air. Great tracts of forest stretched away to the horizon, planted by the first Napoleon before his mind became warped by pride and ambition; and yet another forest beyond, showing dimly through the purple haze, the work of Napoleon III, while peace still reigned in France. My pen would gladly linger over that happy visit, were there space to do so, and would fain write more fully of our stay in Paris on the homeward journey, where I noticed the extraordinary popularity of the English. They could not do enough for us. The papers were full of the recent visit of the King and Queen, and there were columns about what Queen Mary said, and the beautiful tomato-coloured cloak she wore, and the blue hat that she looked so handsome in. This and a certain restlessness and activity in the troops moving about the country made me feel that the French at least were aware that there was a struggle coming. No one said very much about it openly, but there was a feeling in the air that they were thinking a good deal. The day we left Paris was beautiful, and in the morning we drove through the Bois for

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a last look. The blue haze softened the outline of the distant trees, and children were already disporting themselves in the sunshine, playing with coloured balloons and other toys. On our way to the station we saw barrows of flowers for sale—the wild lilies of the valley I used to know so well when I lived in Paris, and they carpeted the woods of Compiègne, brought back a thousand memories, and I stopped and bought a large bunch to bring away. While paying the man who drove the barrow, his mother, an old woman with a face like yellow wrinkled parchment, and with a black handkerchief tied over her head, took a few blossoms, tied them up with their green leaves, and presented them to my daughter. “Un souvenir de la belle France, mademoiselle,” she said. Did she remember the 'seventies, I wonder, and see another tragedy within measurable distance? No one with any perception could doubt that war was imminent.

London had never been so full as it was that season—balls and parties of all kinds. My daughter said she was tired out with dancing. Everything was wildly extravagant, and a whirl of excitement and display, not unmixed with vulgar ostentation. Then there was the extravagance in dress, the extravagance in entertaining that only the very rich could compete in—everything done in a lavish way, lunches, dinners, and balls catered for in expensive restaurants and hotels. The smaller dinners and private entertainments could not keep pace with the new order of things, so they faded away. Society was a big crowd of moneyed people, Jews and foreigners. It was a very cosmopolitan

London on the eve of the War, but no one seemed to notice the change. Things whirled along with too great a rapidity to give time to stop and think. Yet who could have foreseen the tumult and chaos of the next four years, the political despotism of Bolshevism, the downfall of a mighty nation in the whirlpool that was so near at hand? Life was going on just as usual, and feasting and dancing with as much fervour as in the days preceding the fall of Rome.

Not long before the outbreak of war, Lady Mond gave a wonderful ball. The garden at the back of the house in Lowndes Square was covered in for the occasion, and looked like a Greek temple, with a black and white marble floor, and a fountain in the middle. There was an immense crowd of people, and one saw many foreign faces and heard many foreign languages. Indeed the whole affair gave the impression of a great function in some other country than England, where there was money to burn.

It was lovely Ascot weather that June, and very hot. We were staying with Mrs. Vaughan Davies (now Lady Ystwyth) at Sandhurst Lodge for the race-week, and motored over every day to her well-filled box. Alas, how many of that cheery crowd have passed away! "Everybody in London," as the halfpenny newspapers said, "was to be seen in the Royal enclosure." The Royal procession came bowling up the green sward of the straight mile, with scarlet outriders jogging up and down against the dark background of pine woods, a faint cheer swelling into a roar as the procession passed the stand, when all hats went off and the crowd began moving

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towards the paddock. What a conundrum was this world of fashion, of aristocracy, of sport and of tradition ! On one hand landowners and men of principle, who lived by "an inherited code of ethics for law and order"; on the other, those "who were freely endowed with this world's goods, though neither of yesterday nor to-morrow, but who lived for the day, careless of or insensible to the democratic trend of the hour." The refreshment tents were crowded with gaily garbed women, many of whom lacked the *chic* of the French, though more expensively clad, giving a touch of vulgarity which sometimes jostled with good breeding and correctness in that strangely assorted crowd. And so life went on, dancing and merry-making all through that eventful season, flirtation and love-making on the back stairs, a handclasp or a kiss on a terrace or in a garden, the "multitude of trivial incidents, the ghosts of romance that memory carries through time."

I am not writing anything about that four years' nightmare of war which is still so fresh in our memory. I am therefore ending this brief sketch without referring to more than the events which led up to it. On the very last night I was in London in that fateful July we went to the play and to supper afterwards. The restaurant was full, tables almost to the entrance door of the hotel crowded with people drinking champagne and toasting each other. The clink of glasses was audible. Then men got up and claimed girls from other tables to dance, and after a turn flung them down on their chairs to take another partner. There was an unaccountable, wild, electrical excitement in the air. I suddenly remembered

seeing a notice in the paper stating that the King had held a Council early that morning at Buckingham Palace. "Let us go home," I said; "these foreigners are all drinking to 'der Tag.'" My friends thought I was joking, and wondered why I looked so grave. They could not see the writing on the wall, though it was plain enough for all to read.

Lady Macgregor came in to see me one afternoon, and asked me to go to the Naval Review with her the next day. "Review!" I said; "naval demonstration you mean." She looked at me with surprise. "There has been nothing said about a review; this is so sudden that it must be a naval demonstration." I fancy she thought I had suddenly gone crazy. I wrote at once to my sister and begged her not to go abroad; I knew she was just leaving for Belgium, and was going on to Paris to place one of her girls at school there. But she said she had already taken rooms, so they went. They only got back to England by the last passenger boat after war was declared, and it was so crowded that there was scarcely standing room. When they were half-way across the Channel, a man-o'-war flying no colours signalled them to stop. No one knew whether it was the enemy or not. At last the French flag was run up, and there was a shout from stem to stern on the little Belgian boat, for till that moment all on board feared that it was a German vessel.

Meanwhile we were making preparations to leave London, having accepted an invitation to stay at Lanrick Castle, in Perthshire, for a ball to be given on the fifth of August by Mrs. Murray of Polmaise. On the way,

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we stayed a week with Yorkshire friends, to break the long journey north.

On Monday, the third of August, there was a big cricket match at York, which half the county attended. Two ladies had driven over from Harrogate, and were sitting behind us, looking on at the match. Suddenly their chauffeur appeared. "I must leave at once," he said, and he was gone before they could expostulate. The German had been recalled! Everyone was talking about the prospect of war then: it was declared at twelve o'clock that night. The following day we left for Scotland before the papers arrived, and did not know the news. So we spent an anxious time in the train, wondering if the reports we heard were true. It was impossible to buy a newspaper in Edinburgh, where we had to change for Perthshire. Everyone was talking about war; trains with troops going south were waiting at every junction as we passed up the line. The sun was shining on the yellow corn, kindling to copper-red the wheat and the oats as we entered a new phase of life, and the great gates closed behind us, shutting out the past ere the sun set on that fourth of August. The dim future looked black as Erebus before the stars came out that night and the moon sailed into the heavens, disclosing dim figures of soldiers lying about in all shapes and attitudes in the fields of Flanders. There was a new heaven and a new earth; all former things seemed to have slipped away.

A world-wide upheaval like this hits the nation and the individual alike, and hits them in the eye and blinds them before they have time to think of the cause of



the universal confusion. A few days later, when we were staying with Sir George (now Lord) Younger and the late Lady Younger at Leckie, we began to realise that there are more ways of bringing about international disaster than by fighting. Some people seemed to be under the delusion that we could win the War without paying the price. Young men thought they would never be in time to enlist or get a commission. It was the old story over again—a European war was going to be a picnic. They did not remember that Napoleon said that “Prussians are not born like ordinary mortals, but are bred in explosive shells. A shell bursts and out steps a Prussian. They will never become civilised. They are a race apart. They are not Germans,” was his verdict.

How much has happened since that August 1914 ! But from out of the blood and mud and tragedy, when so many brave men’s lives were sacrificed, so many homes left desolate, comes ever back the thought of what those men endured, what they sacrificed, and one feels that the British race is unconquerable, because the motherland has her sons ever ready to come at her call and fight shoulder to shoulder with their British-born brothers, no matter how great the distance that separates them. No matter what the cost may be, they come because they are part of the motherland. One God, one King, one Country.

## CHAPTER XXIV

1914

AS I lay down my pen and the blue pencil, which is never far from my hand, I feel that any attempt to write of the impressions, memories, and experiences of a varied life is like attempting to catch a sunbeam. So ever-changing and elusive are the thoughts that pass rapidly through my mind that it is not possible to set them all down on paper, or even to give a clear and adequate account of circumstances that have occurred in a world full of emotion, full of commotion, swayed by cross-currents, poisoned by jealousy and intrigue. But I have said sufficient to show that long before 1914 I saw the black outline of a gathering storm.

The early part of 1914 was marked by unusual unrest in Ireland; things had come to a crisis; foreign Powers were eagerly watching the course of events there, and were fully aware of the magnitude and importance of what was going on. The British Government in giving Home Rule was apparently unable to see or make any distinction between the loyal and disloyal subjects of the Crown, and was willing to grant the disloyal South a Home Rule that was repugnant to the loyal people of the North. Sir Edward Carson (now Lord

Carson) said : " Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." Then came the days of unrest and emotion, when the Northerners, who wished to maintain the Union with England and to be governed from Westminster and not by an Irish rabble, formed a Covenant, to bind themselves together to fight, if necessary, against a Southern Irish Parliament's jurisdiction over them. Personally, I have always avoided extreme views on either side, holding the doctrine, formed after long years of experience and observation, that extremists ruin every party ; but I also hold the firm opinion that an uneven hand of justice and unfairness in any of life's dealings will eventually bring retribution. The feeling in London just then was no calmer among those who sympathised with Lord Carson's view of the case, and many joined the Covenant, ready to help the North in an emergency, if they were called upon to do so.

In the spring of 1914, officers of line regiments in the Aldershot command were momentarily expecting to be ordered to Ireland, and equipment was issued (which so soon afterwards stood them in stead in Belgium) to go to fight against the North. There were sinister rumours afloat that the Cavalry Brigade quartered at the Curragh, as well as all the British troops then in barracks in Belfast, would also be called out to fight against them. The Northerners, as well as the Irishmen of the South, were fully armed, so that the situation thus created meant civil war. The dark spectre of the Hun was behind the veil, looking on and eagerly watching the outcome of the conflict.

My daughter and I were just leaving England to

spend Easter with Sir Alexander and Lady Bruce Tulloch at their villa in Biarritz, and were to be away several weeks. This gallant old soldier had several sons in the army, and some were serving with their regiments in Belfast. The weather in London is generally disagreeable in March, and on the Thursday morning on which we were to have started it was execrable. Reading that the Channel crossing was very bad, I deferred leaving town until the following day, Friday ; but even then the storm had not abated. How strange it is that incidents such as these, over which no human being has control, cause them to alter their plans and bring about unexpected results ! The weather had improved by the Saturday morning, and we decided to leave for Paris by the midday service. It had always been my practice to go to my bank and have a chat with the manager before leaving England ; so, soon after ten o'clock I was sitting with him in his private office, putting the last golden sovereigns I ever took for a journey into a safe receptacle, when my daughter came hurriedly into the room, waving a telegram. " The Cavalry Brigade has refused to fight Ulster ! " she exclaimed. I took the telegram, which was addressed to me, and read the sentence sent by a friend in the Brigade aloud to the manager. I shall never forget his kindly old face or the way he struck his hands on the desk before him, saying, " Thank God ! The Brigade has saved the Empire." Then it flashed into my mind that this telegram was of the greatest importance, and must be published at once. Calling a taxi, I despatched my daughter with a copy of it to show to one of the

Covenanters living in Eaton Square. She found him pacing up and down the hall in nervous tension, waiting, as Covenanters all were that day, for a summons to Ireland if the troops were called out. "Take my taxi, and show this at all the Service Clubs. It is authentic, and a copy of a telegram sent by an officer in the Brigade. You will not be needed in Belfast now," were my daughter's instructions. Meanwhile, I came home and telephoned to a man who was prominent in politics then. He came to see me at once, and I gave him a copy to take to the political clubs, and another to have published in the lunch-hour edition of the evening papers, with the result that, when we got to Paris that night, there were big headlines in all the French papers. When we arrived in Biarritz the next day, Sir Alexander met us on the doorstep, flourishing a newspaper, and saying how thankful he was that his sons had not been called upon to fight, for now the Government could not force the army to do so in the face of public opinion.

It was clear enough, to judge from the opinions we heard expressed by people in France, that the eyes of all Europe were watching events in Ireland very closely, and that great tension was relaxed when it became known that, through the action of the Brigade, civil war had been averted. I did not know at the time that the Government had put on a strict censorship, to last a week from that Saturday morning, over all telegrams and letters coming from Ireland, or that the telegram to me was the only one that got through. It requires little imagination to appreciate the fact that the publication of that telegram extricated the Government of the

day from a delicate situation and saved the Brigade and the country from the consequences of their contemplated action.

I have recently been told that the Government made continued and unsuccessful efforts to find out how that telegram escaped the Censor and by whom it was published, but failed to find any clue or get any information. My daughter and I never mentioned our part in the affair, and there is no one now living who knew. So the real story of the way the deplorable threat to Ulster was so happily rendered useless has remained a secret until now. On my return to England some weeks later I heard the details of what had happened on that eventful occasion. The officers of the Brigade took counsel together, and they unanimously agreed to forfeit their commissions rather than fight against loyalists. "Stables" went on as usual, and then the sergeants came to their commanding officers and told them they had been talking the situation over with the men, who refused to fight if new officers were sent to take command, and that if the non-commissioned officers were offered promotion in their places, they would refuse to take commissions, because they and the men considered that the officers had done right. "It was a critical moment," my informant said, and added, "what surprised me was that the telegram published in the papers was in the exact words I telegraphed to you." "That brief telegram of twelve words," I said, "was your telegram, and the only one that got through." My friend has passed away from all earthly strife, so I feel free to mention this incident. He was one of those

many brave men who served with distinction in the late War, and whose lives were shortened by its strain.

When I think of those days of anxiety and apprehension, and of the cross-currents of events that were moving under the surface, I see that war might easily have been precipitated if Ireland had been in the throes of civil war, and had things happened otherwise than they did at that time ; and it is interesting to reflect on one outcome of the happenings, and to note that it was the munitions served out to our troops for fighting purposes in Ireland that were used by the " contemptible little army " when the storm burst a few months later. Through this strange turn of events they were therefore ready and prepared on the fourth of August, when the call came to proceed to France to fight against Germany, so the preparedness for war was not in vain.

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