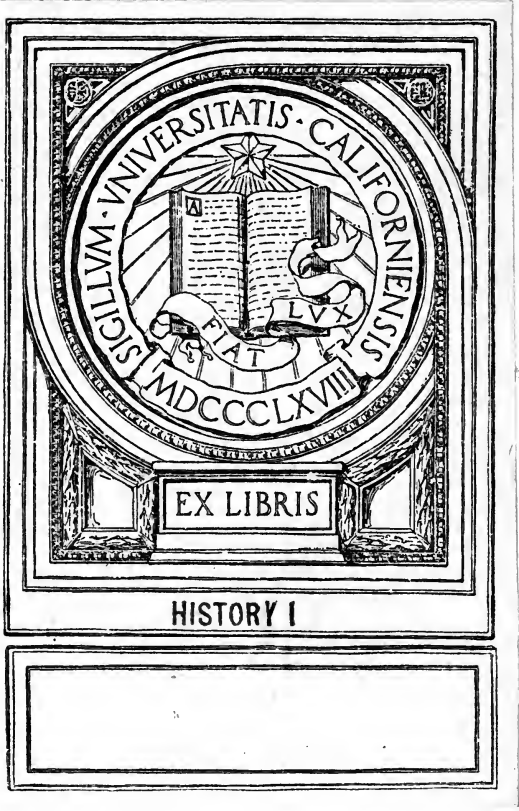


REMINISCENCES OF  
DIPLOMATIC LIFE

LADY MACDONELL



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REMINISCENCES OF  
DIPLOMATIC LIFE

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THE  
LADY  
MACDONELL



LADY MACDONELL.

From a recent portrait.



# REMINISCENCES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

BEING STRAY MEMORIES OF PERSON-  
ALITIES & INCIDENTS CONNECTED  
WITH SEVERAL EUROPEAN COURTS &  
ALSO WITH LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA  
FIFTY YEARS AGO

BY

LADY MACDONELL

UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK  
4 SOHO SQUARE LONDON W. 1913

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TO VIND  
ABROGLIAO

DEDICATED BY KIND PERMISSION TO HER  
GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA  
BY HER MOST DEVOTED AND HUMBLE  
SERVANT ANNE MACDONELL



## PREFACE

DURING a long illness I have amused myself and helped to pass the days by putting down a few of my early recollections and some of the shifting scenes of my life, thinking they might perchance amuse my children and grandchildren hereafter. I had no intention of making these reminiscences public, and it is only at the request of my family that I have done so. My little effort has no pretensions whatever, nor can it lay claim to any literary merit, but if the memories I have written down should help any one else to while away an hour,

# Diplomatic Life

their existence in book form will perhaps be justified.

In conclusion, I wish to express my sincere thanks to Mrs. Morris Hands for the kind encouragement and help she has given me.

A. M.

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# REMINISCENCES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

## MY PARENTS

My father, whose name was Edward Lumb, was born near Leeds in 1804. His father was deputy-lieutenant for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and died leaving my grandmother, Mary Poynton, with three sons and two daughters. Edward, my father, who was the youngest, was educated at Attercliffe, and at sixteen was articled to a well-known firm of solicitors. His second brother, Thomas, was going with his uncle, Charles Poynton, to Buenos Ayres. All his kit was ready and his

## Reminiscences of

passage taken, but Thomas simply refused to go, and became quite ill at the idea. My grandmother then said, "Ned, will you go instead?" As he was always energetic and fond of adventure, he was delighted, and sailed with his uncle in the brigantine *Ebenezer* for the River Plate.

After the usual story of the sea, gales and calms, they arrived at Buenos Ayres, over a hundred days' sail.

Mr. Poynton, who was a partner in a firm of merchants of London and Sheffield, had great interests in Buenos Ayres, and hoping in this "El Dorado" to make a fortune for his protégé, he started by placing my father in a Spanish family, so as to enable him to learn the language. Accordingly he went to live in a most distinguished old Spaniard's family. How quaint the manners and

## Diplomatic Life

customs must have seemed to the lad. His first meal was supper. The whole family, father, mother, sons and daughters, sat on the floor; a servant brought in a large silver tureen, and on a tray some fine mother-of-pearl shells. The lady begged the stranger to be seated, and then proceeded to dip into the tureen with a shell and pass it to the guest. A table-napkin and a piece of bread were passed next. The soup was sipped, and then the chicken or meat was taken with the fingers and eaten.

This course finished, sweets appeared, and with them a kind of stale sponge-cake was served in lieu of bread. When this was consumed, the ladies tidied themselves up, added a rose or carnation to their elaborate hair-dressing, and started working on a small shoemaker's last; a sole and satin were produced, and

## Reminiscences of

they all set to work making their shoes to be worn on Sunday. Others of the family party were knitting their skirts with many pins and large balls of black silk. These skirts were only a yard and a half wide, and my father used to say that the girls could only take small steps, as if they were hobbled, on account of the width of their skirts. He could have said the same to-day! A large tortoise-shell comb, twelve inches across, placed either at the side of the head or at the back, and a beautiful real Spanish lace mantilla finished their toilet.

It was the custom for the very rich to have an Oriental carpet, which was carried by a black boy, who walked behind the ladies to the church, where he spread the carpet, and the members of his master's family knelt on it while at their devotions.

## Diplomatic Life

Mr. Charles Poynton joined a French gentleman, Monsieur Henard, who saw in those vast herds of cattle a future, and set up a plant, buying the cattle, boiling them down for their fat, and shipping the tallow to Europe; but it was too near the town, and law-suits ensued. The inhabitants complained of the disagreeable odour, the burning of the bones, and other unpleasant processes, and getting homesick Mr. Poynton bade farewell to Argentina, leaving my father as his representative. Things seemed at a standstill, when a Mr. Viola wanted an intelligent young Englishman to go on an expedition to Valparaiso. As the commodities of life were at famine prices, the Russian brig *Olga*, Captain Wolff commanding, was chartered and filled up with every imaginable article. Mr. Viola gave a free passage to six Franciscan friars, and with

## Reminiscences of

my father as his representative, they started on the voyage. Meeting very foul weather they were unable to round Cape Horn, and for six weeks the ship was swept from stem to stern, while the crew became mutinous. To add to the general misery, the water ran out and all the ship's provisions were full of weevils. The boatswain had hung a pair of woollen stockings on the mizen to dry; the captain, walking up, was flapped in the face by them and cut the stockings down. This small incident precipitated matters. At twelve o'clock all the crew mutinied, and went down to the cabin calling upon the captain to turn back, or they would take charge of the vessel. The captain had no alternative but to do as his men insisted, and run into the Falkland Islands, where fresh water and provisions were obtained, repairs were effected, and



## Diplomatic Life

the vessel set sail for Buenos Ayres. A tremendous downpour of rain enabled them to strip and have a bath "al fresco." The poor friars were very thankful, inasmuch as many parasites had invaded them. The cargo was sold at Buenos Ayres and realised a splendid profit—far greater than if they had reached their destination, Valparaiso. My father was given a handsome share, and from that day his fortune grew by leaps and bounds.

He was the Concessionnaire of the Great Southern Railway, and I well remember when a syndicate was formed, including Mr. George Drabble, and he released his capital, how he came and said to my mother, "Well, Bessie, I am so thankful. I always felt it was not my line of business—I am not a speculator or financier."

## Reminiscences of

To-day a station far from the central point bears his name : Estacion Eduardo Lumb.

My mother, Elizabeth Yates, was born in 1809. Her father owned a great deal of land, which he farmed, on the borders of Hereford and Shropshire. He died in 1811 from what, I am sure, would be recognised as hydrophobia to-day ; for it appears that my grandfather was bitten by a tiny pet dog that was supposed to have had a fit. Not much notice was taken of the bite. About six weeks after, he complained of pains in his head, and as an epidemic of typhus was raging in the neighbourhood, he was thought to be sickening for the fever, but he had convulsions and what they called lock-jaw, and after thirty-six hours of acute suffering he died.

## Diplomatic Life

I nursed a great dislike for my grandmother, who died in 1842, eight years before I was born. I hope I am not misjudging her, but I have often gone to bed and sobbed myself to sleep thinking of what a horrid old cat she must have been, and how unkind she was to my mother, and how glad I was I never knew her.

When my grandfather died, my grandmother gave up the land; and her two sons, William and John, having heard of a great opening in the Argentine as rearers of fine sheep, got into communication with a Mr. Peter Kendall, who was taking out the first fine merino sheep to those vast plains. They were both married men, and my grandmother decided to send her youngest child, then eight years and nine months old, with them, saying that if anything happened

## Reminiscences of

to her the child would have to go to distant relatives, and she preferred her going with her brothers.

Thus one day in 1817 poor little "Bessie," as she was called, was dressed in many petticoats, a long coat with many capes, a poke-bonnet and a wallet, and went from Hereford to Greenwich by coach. Her brothers were also taking out to the Argentine two brindle bulldogs, named "Keeper" and "Careless." After several days' travelling they reached Greenwich. The barque *Elizabeth*, commanded by Captain Essen, probably a Scandinavian, was to sail the next day. In the excitement of arriving at the port of departure and all the fuss of trunks and luggage, my mother was set down and given the coupled dogs to take charge of. When everything had been more or less put in order, the cry came,

## Diplomatic Life

“Where was Bessie?” The dear mite, feeling out of it and very tired, had taken the dogs and sallied forth, hoping to get back to Hereford. In the meantime the town-crier had set out in pursuit, and at last discovered the child not far from the inn, asleep, with the two dogs. And she used to say that she remembered the old man with a long coat and a cocked hat ringing a bell when he found her.

She remembered very little about the sea journey, which took a hundred days to accomplish (6000 miles). In looking back, how strange it seems that Providence should have in store such good-fortune for this little soul, whose start in life was so pathetic.

Bessie was put to school as soon as she landed, with an aged dame, by name Mrs. Hines, who kept a little day-school and took in a boarder; and except that

## Reminiscences of

she was terrified at the appearance of the old servant, who was dark-coloured and did not understand a word she said, the child was not unhappy. Nevertheless, during one of the fearful thunderstorms that visit those regions, she woke up and ran to the old body's room, jumped into her bed and clasped her round the neck. This little incident provided old Neves with a pension for life.

When my mother was fifteen it was arranged that she should go out to live with my uncle, John Yates, at Quilmes, where he was a flourishing breeder of merino sheep in partnership with the Mr. Kendall already mentioned. Mrs. John Yates was driving with her when the carriage, drawn by mules, in passing along an unpaved street became badly stuck in a mud-hole, locally known as a "pantano." They were in dire distress,

## Diplomatic Life

for neither of the ladies fancied jumping out into the mud, when presently a handsome young Englishman came up, riding a fine steed, and equipped with a lasso. Seeing their predicament, he offered to give them a tow, and soon after succeeded in landing the carriage on *terra firma*. The ladies jumped out and thanked the gallant cavalier, who noticed that the young girl was remarkably pretty, had small feet, and was wearing untanned laced boots. My mother was overjoyed on hearing him speak English, and more so when her sister-in-law invited the stranger to come and see them.

About a week after this incident my mother and Mrs. Yates returned to Buenos Ayres, and one day my mother was trying to cut out a gown in a sort of green brocade with large flowers, when

## Diplomatic Life

the door opened and the rescuer appeared. My mother rolled the silk up and stuffed it into a drawer, saying, "Hang it!" The visitor smiled and thought, "I pity the man who marries that girl!" Within the year he proposed to her and was accepted! As there were no Protestant churches, they were married at San Ignacio, the Jesuit church, by a Roman Catholic priest, and the certificate signed by four witnesses was eventually lodged at the British Consulate.

My father's present was a brooch and earrings of pink topaz, and a fine camel's hair shawl beautifully embroidered with coloured flowers, which had been brought from China by one of his captain friends, and which I am proud to say I possess to-day.



## MY HOME AND SURROUNDINGS

I WAS born at Buenos Ayres in 1850, the youngest but one of sixteen children, and there is something tragic in the fact that my brother, Charles Poynton, and I are the only survivors—fourteen have “gone before.”

Charles was born in 1828, also at Buenos Ayres, and is hale and well to this day; has a marvellous memory, can quote the classics, and knows his Shakespeare as though he had learnt it yesterday.

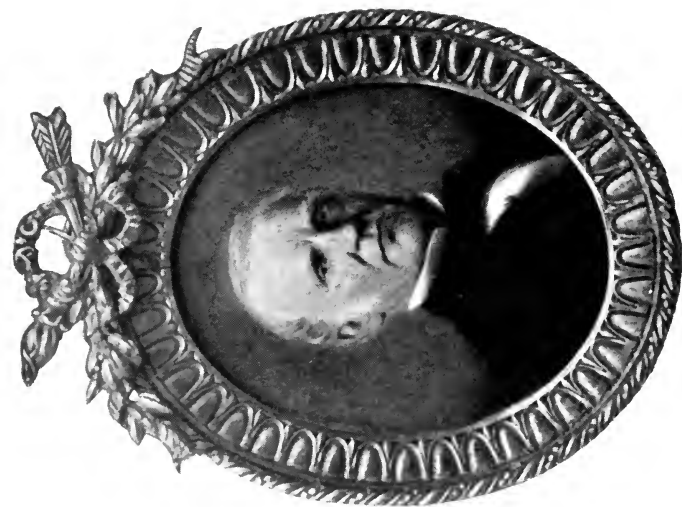
He was sent home to be educated when he was nine years old, accompanied by a black servant, who, when he arrived

## Reminiscences of

at Liverpool, was christened Jacob Lumb. Charles was sent to school at Tadcaster, where Lord Howden resided, and as Lord Howden had been a great deal in Spain, having been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War, he was delighted to hear that there was a little boy-boarder at the school who could speak Spanish, and obtained permission for Charles to spend his half-holidays with him. Many years afterwards, Lord Howden went out to Buenos Ayres on a special mission and was pleased to meet Charles again. My brother became practically his private secretary, and can recall many interesting anecdotes of the Dictator-General Rosas and of those momentous times.

It is always a marvel to me how we ever learnt anything. Governesses were engaged and sent out to us, but before

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MRS. EDWARD LUMB.

From a miniature painted in 1862.



MRS. EDWARD LUMB

(*née* Elizabeth Yates).

From a miniature by Hargreaves, painted about 1841.

## Diplomatic Life

they arrived they had met their fate on board, and were married as soon as they landed.

I do not think I possessed much individuality. There used to be frequent friction with governesses, nurses, and maids, for during the summer all the daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and their children spent the hot season with my parents, and, including about twenty-five servants, there were often forty-five and fifty to cater for; so with all the difficulties there were in providing for so large a number, it is not to be wondered at that there were occasional jars!

One day, which I remember vividly, when we were at the "quinta" and I considered myself unfairly scolded, I determined to run away. I put my sun-bonnet on, and wearing a white frock

## Reminiscences of

with short sleeves and a pinafore, I started off and walked until I came to the lucerne fields—"alfalfares." They were in full bloom, and swaying as the breezes passed over them they looked like a vast sea covered with thousands of bumble-bees. I walked on telling myself stories, and at last sat down. I had begun to feel tired, hungry, and sleepy, so lay down and was awakened by hearing my youngest sister, Harriet, calling me and crying piteously. I jumped up and came out of my retreat, much to the joy of the party who were seeking for me. The only results of my adventure were sun-scorched arms and a good deal of chaff.

The "quinta" was a house of threads and patches, and of no style at all. I remember the very spacious verandah in the centre, the old earthen tiled roof,

## Diplomatic Life

lovely gardens, splendid vines, a peach orchard, fine nectarines, apricots, figs, and all European fruits in profusion.

It was a happy home for young people. We generally went to the "quinta" in October and returned to Buenos Ayres in May. When the rains began in April the roads, which were not paved, became impassable, and the huge carts bringing the wool and produce from the far-off "estancias" or farms caused us children much amusement. These carts, with a capacity for carrying many tons, were on two wheels, made solid without spokes; the sides of the cart were wood, thatched over the top; a long pole stuck out in front with all sorts of "fetishes" hanging from it, such as beads or a cow's tail, while under the body of the cart the kettles, pots, and pans were hung. The team generally consisted of four, six or

## Reminiscences of

eight span of bullocks. The yoke was put on the bullocks' heads and strapped over the horns with a hide thong many yards long. Various lean dogs accompanied these caravans of the Pampa; wives and children also were of the party, and when this huge cart stuck in a "pantano" or mud-hole, all the available bullocks from the other carts were requisitioned to help to pull it out. The drivers were most dexterous, for they guided the bullocks with only a goad and many exclamations. They had often been four or five months on a journey.

With the tremendous energy expended in railway building in recent years this style of transport no longer exists, and goods trains bring in all the produce to the central markets at Buenos Ayres.

The "gauchos" were most picturesque, being born horsemen and full of super-



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stition. They would suddenly stop, throw themselves from their horses and cross themselves, for various causes, but especially when a peculiarly cold wind began to blow, which was, they used to say, a soul or a ghost passing.

One of the terrors of my life has been the passing of a great herd of cattle, for in the autumn a thousand head at a time were driven to the markets, past our "quinta." Two men on horseback a short distance ahead, carrying a red flag, warned the travellers that a troop was approaching. The Argentine cattle seldom attack a vehicle or a horse, but a pedestrian is sure to be made for. Imagine our fright when out for a walk in the lonely lanes one suddenly saw these riders approaching. It was necessary for safety to jump down into the ditch, which always runs parallel with the

## Reminiscences of

road on each side and is again bordered by a "tuna" or aloe hedge, and lie there perfectly still for perhaps ten minutes, which would seem to us like hours, whilst some four thousand hoofs rushed past! Occasionally one of these wild animals would break from the herd and knock down wire fences, and having evaded the drover and his lasso would have to be shot—after trampling down plantations and gardens.

My mother's sister, Mary, married George Keen, one of the pioneer agriculturists and sheep farmers, who bought a vast estate called Pedernales, several miles from Buenos Ayres. The Indians frequently raided the cattle all round and would carry off the women. Some of the old people on the estate remembered one raid when, finding the women delicate and unable to stand the dreadful life, the

## Diplomatic Life

captors sliced off the soles of their feet and left them to die on the roadside. One of the victims crawled back on her hands and knees and eventually recovered. I remember seeing a woman who had been treated in this barbarous fashion by the Indians. She was only able to hobble a short distance at a time. At last my uncle built a small tower and placed an old cannon on it, and whenever there were rumours of an invasion he used to fire a few shots, which acted like magic in keeping the Indians off.

The house in Buenos Ayres, where we lived for many years, was in the Calle Florida—I loved it before it was rebuilt in 1862. It was quite on the Spanish lines, with three courtyards. Round the first were the reception rooms and my father's private office. Lovely trees of lilac, laburnum, acacia, roses, and the

## Reminiscences of

sweet lemon verbena in huge tubs bound with iron, and standing on iron stands, were in the courtyard or "pateo." The "aljibe" or water-cistern was quite Moorish. The water was collected from the flat roofs of the houses, called "azoteas"; and these cisterns often had fine well-heads in wrought-iron with lids to cover the well. The water was brought up by a bucket and chain, and my father used to allow all the shopkeepers to come and fill their pitchers from the "aljibe." The water was considered very good and pure, as the cistern was cleaned out and re-cemented once a year; but I remember an occasion when this was being done when two dead cats were brought up.

Round the second courtyard all the bedrooms were situated, and in the third the men-servants' quarters, kitchens, pantries, and storerooms. There were

## Diplomatic Life

green "persianas" or blinds to each inside window, and on the outside windows huge iron cages were fixed, like prison bars, generally decorated by a large pot of carnations. An awning was spread over the courtyards to keep them cool.

My mother used to fuss a great deal about the house. When Mr. Sothern, H.B.M. Minister, left, my parents took over that gentleman's chef, a veritable "cordon bleu." Monsieur Theodore was, however, not very clean, and my mother would therefore occasionally press a holiday on him. As soon as she was sure he had accepted, she had a band of charwomen ready to scrub and clean kitchen, larders, cupboards, and passages, and when M. Theodore returned, he would request an interview with my mother, and bowing very politely would say, "Je vous remercie, Madame, la

## Reminiscences of

cuisine est admirablement propre," and the incident ended there.

Every Saturday from nine to ten in the morning we children used to stand inside the open front door, with a plate containing about one pound's worth of pennies; one of these we had to give to every beggar that came up, and receive the thanks and blessing of the poor recipients.

I almost always accompanied my father on his walk before breakfast. We used to go to the news-rooms, where the names of all the ships that were sighted in the roads were written on a slate; and I often tried to look through the telescope.

When the China cargoes arrived consigned to my father, it was joy indeed: there were the hundreds of boxes of tea, the Canton crêpe shawls with their lovely embroideries and massive fringes; the

## Diplomatic Life

tortoise-shell, ivory, and sandal-wood fans, and the ivory toys and chessmen. The books on rice-paper, principally representing tortures, were thrilling, and so were the quantities of pearl beads and the dozens of preserved ginger and kumquats in the loveliest of pale blue jars, with boats and figures, and some with flowers on them. Besides all these, there were paper flowers, stacks of palm fans, lacquer boxes, and rolls of matting. The days when we went to the warehouse were indeed red-letter days, as we always received a present, which we were allowed to choose ourselves.

My father entertained the great naturalist Darwin, when he came to Buenos Ayres in 1837 in H.M.S. *Beagle*. He stayed with my parents, as there were few hotels and those were poor and uncomfortable. A story is told of how, on his return

## Reminiscences of

from one of his expeditions, he brought a little species of mole that belonged to that part of South America and was almost extinct. It is called the touca-touca from the noise it makes. Darwin rolled it up in one of his fine cambric handkerchiefs, wanting very much to boil it down to preserve its skeleton, and for this purpose put it carefully in his chest of drawers. He went away again for a three weeks' excursion, as he had heard of the mammoth shell at Quilmes, near to Uncle John Yates' place. During his absence the housemaid complained that in the Señor Professor's room there was such a bad smell that she could not go into it. My mother went, and soon finding the cause of the trouble, promptly threw the handkerchief and touca-touca into the fire.

On Mr. Darwin's return he inquired



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for the specimen, and was much upset at not finding it. My mother did not dare acknowledge her fault, and so begged my father to tell Darwin what she had done, whereupon he said, "I will forgive Mrs. Lumb, for she is nearly as beautiful as the touca-touca." I wonder whether my beautiful mother appreciated the compliment?

How vivid is my recollection of the Indian medicine-men of the Coya tribe who passed through from the wilds of Bolivia and Peru with their various nostrums for sale! They were such uncanny objects, like nothing on earth so much as those mannequins one sees in the tea warehouses, being copper-coloured with sparse mustachios, and having long hair, as coarse as horse-hair, in a plait. They carried a "poncho," or square of cloth made of Vicuña wool, with a slit

## Reminiscences of

through which they passed their heads, and wore a huge hat like a sugar-loaf, where they put their stock-in-trade, consisting of poisons and antidotes, charms and love-philtres. But besides all these quackeries they carried cinchona bark, ipecacuanha, vanilla pods and, above all, coca leaves. They used to travel for months, but never seemed to trouble about food. When asked how they managed, they smiled and showed you a small sack full of the precious leaves, which, when they felt hungry, they chewed. Often, as children, we stood in front of them with almost superstitious fear, and they would take out a few of the leaves and offer them to us; but though they filled their mouths and said, "Bueno, bueno" (Good, good), nothing would persuade us to follow their example.

## Diplomatic Life

It was due to a French explorer and botanist that in 1860 cocaine, which has proved of such immense value in modern medicine, was produced from these leaves.

There are few trees indigenous to the Argentine. Among them are the "tala," a sort of thorn, and the "ombu," which grows to an enormous size. The latter has a waxy leaf, and a tiny cluster of blossom and seeds like immature green tomatoes. It has no commercial value; the wood is like pith, and it does not even burn; but they are found on all "quintas" and "estancias," and they are a godsend for their shade; for in the hot hours you will see horses and cattle coming to take shelter from the burning rays of the sun under their ample shade.

On arrival at a "gaucho" homestead it was customary to be welcomed by a pack of lean mongrels, unrecognised off-

## Reminiscences of

spring of greyhounds, bloodhounds, terriers, bull-dogs, and all sorts of canine derelicts. Their lot had been cast in ideal surroundings, with quantities of meat to eat, quantities of game to be poached, and boundless plains to roam over. When the gate, which consisted of a pole set in two forked branches set upright, was taken down, custom demanded that you should dismount from your horse or alight from your conveyance, as it was not etiquette to ride or drive up to the door. The dogs heralded your approach, and you followed a much-trodden track which brought you to a vine-covered pergola, shading a well round which were disposed some horses' skulls, bleached and polished by constant use—for they generally served as seats. Halting, you clapped your hands and cried, "Dios gracia! Ave



AN ARGENTINE CARAVAN CROSSING THE PAMPA.

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## Diplomatic Life

Maria purissima!" and, like an echo, came the answer, "Concebida y sin pecado!" From behind the well the woman of the house appeared. In all probability she had been doing the family washing in a deep wooden trough called a "batea."

Women age so quickly in Southern countries that it was difficult to tell her age: she might be twenty-five and looked forty. Fine eyes and teeth, thick hair (in two long plaits), small hands and feet were the typical characteristics of the "gaucha." Her dress consisted of a print skirt and a white garment, half-shirt, half-blouse, but she would invariably apologise for thus receiving you "en déshabillé." Half-a-dozen children, ranging from ten years to ten weeks old, would appear as though by magic, while the woman opened the door of her "rancho" or hut and

## Reminiscences of

invited you to enter. The "rancho," generally built of sun-dried bricks, called "adobe," with a clean-swept floor of beaten earth, contained a large wooden bedstead with snow-white bedclothes and a patchwork or cotton crochet quilt, a chest of drawers, and a few rush-bottomed chairs. Upon the walls would be some pious lithographs, an image of Our Lady, and one of the patron saint or St. Raymond, the protector of women about to become mothers. A number of wax candles were kept as votive offerings, to be lit before their shrine on special occasions, particularly when a thunder-storm darkened the sky and the lightning illuminated in fantastic panorama those treeless plains. Should this have happened when the husband was away,—perhaps driving a troop of cattle—the mother would collect the children



## Diplomatic Life

round her and proceed to recite litanies and prayers; the children, including the tiniest mite, making the responses with all the dignity and fervour of an archbishop.

The room was, as a rule, divided by a curtain, behind which were the children's beds, but there was nothing in the shape of a washing-stand—the morning toilette being, as a rule, performed at the well-head; a lean-to contained a few kettles, pots, and a frying-pan, constituting the "batterie de cuisine," while four stones or bricks represented the range. Before your departure the woman offered you a "maté," that is to say, an infusion of a Paraguayan leaf called "yerba"—serving it in a small gourd, from which you sucked it through a small silver or white-metal tube.

## Reminiscences of

The “yerba” (*Ilex paraguayensis*) was prepared and sent down from the interior in undressed hide bales; and “maté” is to the “gaucho” what tea is to the Australian bushman.

The chief impression left with one after a visit to a “rancho” was the perfect self-possession and the refined manners of these people of the plain. It is curious to note that all these nomad people like the “gauchos” have an identical national dish. The Argentine “gaucho” has his “puchero,” which consists of boiled mutton or ribs of beef cut short, or even chicken, thickened with rice; but it is owing to the scarcity of vegetables in the pampas that only an onion is put in for flavouring. For grand occasions the “carne con cuero” is served; it is meat cooked in the hide—the “asado.” The staple food is lamb or

## Diplomatic Life

sheep put on an iron stake and cooked in the embers of a fire built up of "cardos," or thistle stalks and animal refuse. The ceremony of cooking is quite picturesque, as the men sit round sprinkling the meat with salt and water out of a bottle; they eat it with a clasp-knife, and accompany it with a sort of sea-biscuit—to which fare it is said the "gauchos" owe their perfect teeth—plain pure meat, and hard biscuits. Water is their chief drink, but they add often the spirit called "caña," distilled from the sugar-cane, and highly intoxicating.

FIRST VISITS TO ENGLAND AND  
MEETING WITH HUGH MAC-  
DONELL

1862-1869

IN August 1862 my sister Lucy married Edwin Goad, and my father promised he would take some of us over to England the following year. Accordingly my mother, father, my sister Harriet, and I embarked on board the R.M.S. *Mersey*, a small steamer, *en route* for Rio Janeiro, where we transhipped to the big Royal Mail. The *Mersey* was a small iron ship about 1600 tons. The farewells, the packing, and other excitements nearly killed us. We arrived at Monte Video after twelve hours, and were delighted

## Diplomatic Life

with the "Cerro," which is a small mountain in the harbour. We had never seen anything like it before, having lived on a plain.

We thought the town small, and there was not the smartness or luxury of Buenos Ayres. Five days after we arrived in Rio. The Bay itself is nine miles across, and baffles description, with its lovely verdure-clad hills; with the water as clear as crystal, and of a turquoise blue colour in the shallows; the sand like glistening silver.

The Organ Mountains, exactly representing the front of an organ, are of the strangest shape, and so are the Corcovado, and the peak of Tijuca, which in my day you ascended in a tram drawn by twelve mules.

The town of Rio is full of fine

## Reminiscences of

buildings, and the Botanic Garden has an avenue bordered by 100 lofty palms, having crowns of leaves that look exactly like feather brushes. The principal street, the Rua Ouvidor, had a wealth of shops, and especially remarkable were the jewellers', where really magnificent stones could be bought, chiefly diamonds and emeralds, cut and uncut. I picture also the coloured sun-blinds, the narrowness of the street, that seething crowd of men and women, lightly clad, passing and repassing, every one carrying a coloured umbrella.

We were glad to get on board what then seemed the large ship—of, I suppose, about 4000 tons. Bahia was our next port. In the market-place we were delighted with the remarkably fine bare-footed negresses, like huge ebony figures, dressed in low-cut white muslin dresses,

## Diplomatic Life

with coloured turbans on their heads, and beautiful China silk shawls round their waists, amber and coral beads in profusion, and bracelets. The lift to Victoria, the quarter where all the merchants resided, was greased with castor oil, and emitted a disagreeable odour.

We did not land at Pernambuco, for, owing to a coral reef, there is a great deal of surf, and landing was tiresome. The fishermen's small rafts, called "catamarans," one meets 20 or 30 miles out at sea, are quite marvellous, the water constantly washing over them, and the man steering with a paddle.

Then we left Brazil, and our next stopping-place was Cape St. Vincent, off the coast of Africa, a desolate, treeless sand-heap, where the Cable Station stands high up on the hill. The only amusement we had there was to watch

## Reminiscences of

the divers. Quite young boys dive down for shillings and sixpences, but when the ship is about to start they dive for pennies. Poor creatures, I believe they are farmed out, and they keep very little of their earnings, looking miserable little objects shivering in the sun.

A week's steaming brought us to Lisbon. How little did I anticipate that thirty years after it was to play so great a part in my life. Four days later we were at Southampton, where we were met by my dear sister and her husband, and taken to her English home. Her husband's grandfather was living; a dear old gentleman, who resided with them. He wore a white stock, and in the evening a dress coat with big side-pockets, silk stockings, and pumps. He was a great Tory and sportsman, and hunted, though he was then eighty-four years old.



## Diplomatic Life

Many happy days we spent at Hackbridge House.

On our excursions to Box Hill the gipsies especially interested us; and we thoroughly enjoyed the afternoons at the Crystal Palace, which was then quite a novelty. The fountains were still in working order, and the lovely water-lilies a wondrous sight. We went with our parents to Yorkshire, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham to stay with friends of my father.

In the autumn of 1863 we returned to Buenos Ayres, and in 1866 my father decided to leave the Argentine and settle in England for good. So we came home again, but he could find no country place just to suit my mother, and at last the difficulty was solved by his taking on a short lease The Culvers, close to my sister Lucy at Hackbridge. All sorts

## Reminiscences of

of mishaps occurred; the two South American servants did not quite agree with their English fellows; and, finally, the house caught fire. This terrified my mother, so she persuaded my father to forfeit the lease and return to Buenos Ayres.

I am afraid I was not pleased, for I had fallen in love. The young man was not twenty-one, an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and I sixteen. My first love-letter, a "valentine" from him, I treasured for some time, and a halo of romance still hangs round a little volume of Tennyson's poems, his first gift to me. We parted on the 9th of October 1867, and I have never set eyes on him since. I often wonder whether his memory carries him back to those sunny days when our hearts were young.

In 1869 I met Hugh Guion Macdonell.

## Diplomatic Life

He came out to the British Legation as First Secretary. Shortly after his chief, the Hon. William Stuart, was obliged to leave on account of his wife's health, so Hugh remained in charge for nearly three years. He danced beautifully, was a splendid shot and a first-rate horseman. He was the grandson of Hugh Macdonell of Aberchalder, who played such an important part as one of the four Highlander brothers who formed regiments and fought for the independence of Canada. Hugh's father afterwards became British Resident and Consul at Algiers.

When the Dey insulted all the foreign representatives and took them prisoners, Macdonell was placed in a cage next to a lion. Every day fresh tortures were practised on these unfortunate captives. Macdonell's beard was torn out, he saw

## Reminiscences of

his friend and colleague the Danish representative tortured before his eyes, and even witnessed an added horror when the barbarians placed the cloak of a man who had died of the plague in the cage where his unfortunate colleague lay more dead than alive. The Dane succumbed to the ill-treatment.

In the meantime, Hugh's mother, Ida Louise Ulrich, daughter of the Danish Admiral stationed at Algiers, escaped dressed as a British midshipman, followed by a bluejacket carrying her first baby, Emily, afterwards Marquise de las Marismas. The baby had been given laudanum and put in a big basket covered with cabbage leaves. As they came through the gate, the baby cried, and then the game was up. Hugh's mother, seeing what had happened, stripped her jacket off and jumped into the water,

## Diplomatic Life

and swam until she was picked up by the man-of-war's boat which was quite close by. The baby, being a girl, was sent on board a few hours after.

These incidents caused the bombardment of Algiers in 1816. H.M.S. *Excellent* under Lord Exmouth reduced the town to ashes, and soon afterwards released the British representative. His health, however, was completely broken. He retired from the service and settled at Florence. A very accurate description of this episode is given in Colonel Playfair's interesting book, *The Scourge of Christendom*.

There was a little opposition to my marriage on the score of Hugh's profession, it being feared that I should be obliged to become a nomad; but this was happily overruled.

Poor Hugh, I am afraid he had a sad

## Reminiscences of

childhood. I hope and pray that he was happier as a married man than he ever was before.

At nine years old his father took him from Florence to Paris by diligence, and he remembered staying the night at Avignon, and arriving at his sister Emily's, the Marquise de las Marismas, in Paris. After a week he was placed at a school in the Rue Pepinière. The food was abominable: a huge cup of black coffee and a large slice of dry bread was his breakfast; "bouilli" or boiled beef at midday, and a bowl of soup with bread at seven o'clock finishing the day. There were no games, no recreation of any sort, and a cruel punishment called "La sellette." When a task was badly or untidily written, it was corrected and the poor boy was put into a sort of sentry-box, sitting on a stool with a table in the shape of a half

California



HUGH MACDONELL OF ABERCHALDER  
(Father of Sir Hugh G. Macdonell).

From a miniature painted in 1842.



SIR HUGH GUION MACDONELL.

From a photograph taken about 1885.



## Diplomatic Life

moon, which closed with a spring, in front of him. He could not move or get out until released by the monitor. He used to say so pathetically that he prayed day and night that his father might come and remove him. This only happened when the year had expired, and Hugh was then sent to the Reverend Mr. Hare, the British Chaplain at Geneva, who was afterwards appointed Chaplain to the Forces, through the recommendation of Sir George Brown, Chief of the Staff at that time, and Hugh's brother-in-law.

At twelve years old Hugh went to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, obtained his commission at sixteen, and was sent out from Bristol to the Cape in charge of 100 men. They were three months getting there, after having only landed at St. Helena. His brother Alexander was captain of the first bat-

## Reminiscences of

talion of the Rifle Brigade, and Hugh was subaltern in the second battalion. Alexander was supposed to be the handsomest and most popular man in the army. A tale is told that when the Rifle Brigade was returning home after three-and-a-half-years' service in South Africa, Sir Harry Smith, Governor of Kaffraria, was giving a ball in honour of the retiring regiment. The officers' uniforms were much the worse for wear, and had to be constantly patched with antelope skins. When Captain Alexander Macdonell was making his speech and thanking Sir Harry and Lady Smith for all their kindness to them, he made a very low bow, and to his horror his trousers gave way, and he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat backwards, much to the merriment of his brother officers. The town of Ladysmith, as every one

## Diplomatic Life

knows, was named after the Governor's wife.

Hugh was very proud of one of his brother officers, Curzon Howe by name, and he often recalled an incident of great courage and presence of mind which he witnessed. After a long and hot march they both lay down on the veldt and fell asleep. On waking, Curzon Howe stretched out his hand, and putting it on something cold, looked cautiously down and saw that he had put it on a puff-adder. He managed to draw his knife out of his belt and cut the creature's head off without releasing his grip on its neck.

Looking back on Hugh's career it seems marvellous how an untoward event shaped his destiny. If he had not been badly wounded in the first Kaffir War he would never have been a diplomatist, and

## Reminiscences of

we should never have met! He was so admirably adapted for that profession, being a great linguist, possessed of exceptional charm of manner and tenacity of purpose; and it all came about thus:

When returning by night from conducting the time-expired soldiers, who had chosen to accept grants of land on the Buffalo River, he was suddenly surrounded by Kaffirs, an assegai going right through his boot and sticking fast in the calf of his leg. His escort, a few in number, came up, and the old sergeant tried to pull the assegai out instead of *passing* it through as one does with a barbed fish-hook. He consequently ripped the leg up. Hugh suffered torture; fortunately, however, he was within twenty-four hours of Ladysmith. As soon as he was con-

## Diplomatic Life

valescent he returned with his battalion to Dover, where they were quartered, and he quickly recovered. While there he very nearly got into trouble. Being anxious to spend Sunday in Paris, he told his Irish servant to say he was ill, should any one call. Paddy went to the senior officer and said, "Lieutenant Macdonell told me to say he was ill; but he has gone to Paris and returns to-night." Consequently there were difficulties on his return!

Hugh had the honour of being on guard during the lying in state of the Iron Duke at Walmer Castle, where he died in 1852. The senior officer cut off a small quantity of the Duke of Wellington's hair and gave it as a memento to the officers on duty. Hugh religiously kept his share, and I have the few silver threads still in my possession.

## Reminiscences of

Shortly after this the Crimean War was declared, but Hugh was not passed by the Medical Board; and Queen Victoria of, as the Portuguese say, "saudadosa memoria," offered him an attachéship in the diplomatic service. He passed his examination, and was appointed to Florence under the orders of the Marquis of Normanby.

His next post was Constantinople, and I suppose one of Hugh's most distinguished chiefs was Sir Henry Bulwer, who was Ambassador there at the time. He was a very little man, with extraordinarily small feet and hands, and very eccentric. Hugh used to tell a tale of how one day he had to take a dispatch in to him for signature, but could not see him anywhere. Presently a very weak voice came from a sort of *nest* arranged on a shelf high up in one

## Diplomatic Life

corner of the room, to which he ascended by a rope-ladder. He explained that the room was so uncomfortable, and it was the only place where he could avoid the draughts.

Years before his death Hugh destroyed quantities of letters and papers which would have been full of interest, inasmuch as he had been selected as Sir Henry's private secretary in addition to his duties as Secretary at the Embassy. He was there during the great visitation of cholera in 1865; and as the Turkish cemetery was just under the garden of the Embassy, the weird lamentations of the mourners at the graves of their relatives, singing dirges in the minor key, was most melancholy, and it continued for days and nights unceasingly.

The Embassy itself was most insani-

## Reminiscences of

tary. Poor Wodehouse, Lord Kimberley's son, who was Second Secretary with Hugh, fell a victim to typhoid, leaving his charming young wife, Minnie King, afterwards Lady Anglesey. Maitland Sartoris, another secretary, son of the celebrated Fanny Kemble, tragedienne and authoress, also fell a victim to this scourge.

How many distinguished men's careers have started from Constantinople: Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Sir Henry Layard, Lord Dufferin,—all had special missions connected with Turkey.

Once, when sent by Sir Henry Bulwer on a special mission to Monastir, Hugh and his servant, Étienne Hodoul, had to sail from Corfu up the Narenta in a fishing-boat laden with salt. The vermin and smell were so intolerable that Hugh



## Diplomatic Life

stripped and jumped overboard; but his sufferings were much increased, as the very hot sun blistered his skin dreadfully, and he arrived in a piteous condition.

## MY MARRIAGE

1870

A FEW days before my wedding-day my godmother sent me a beautiful opal and diamond ring. I was dreadfully superstitious about the opal, and did not want to commence my new life under its auspices, so I consulted my old nurse, who, being a very staunch Roman Catholic, soon devised a plan. "Supposing you come with me to early Mass and present the ring as a votive offering to Our Lady of the Rosary."

Accordingly I was up betimes and off we started—I carrying the little velvet box containing the ring. It was winter, and the air was cold with a feeling of

## Diplomatic Life

frost ; everywhere we met devout women, all muffled up, going to their six o'clock Mass. We entered the huge edifice smelling of stale incense, and before Mass began I walked up to the altar and placed my little box on the heavy salver, which already contained pieces of beautiful lace, beads, brooches, rings and flowers,—all offered to the Virgin of the Rosary. Who can tell what privations some of these gifts entailed? One wonders whether the objects for which the sacrifice was made were always worthy of it! The image of Our Lady was that of a full-sized woman with huge dark eyes and perfect, doll-like features, beautifully dressed, with her hair in long dark curls. The making of these images is a distinct Spanish art: the dress was of richest white satin, heavily embroidered with gold, and the mantle of blue velvet,

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gorgeously embroidered with seed-pearls and gold. This work is done in the convents, and takes years to do. The hands of the image were raised together as in prayer, and held a priceless rosary and crucifix in gold and precious stones; the crown on her head was adorned with large uncut stones, and she wore a stomacher of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds.

We were married in 1870 at St. John's Church, Buenos Ayres. The wedding was a grand affair: all the "corps diplomatique," all the high officials, governors, military men, the Church and Law were represented. Speeches were made that seemed unending. I do not think I enjoyed the position, for I was extremely shy.

A month after we were married an Austrian corvette with the delegates of

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the Postal Convention arrived, and many of Hugh's friends were comprised in the mission, among them Baron Herbert of Rathkeel and Baron Trautenberg. These, together with several other young Hungarian nobles who were in the suite, we entertained. All the health-drinking and the speeches terrified me ; but it was only the beginning of my training, for I afterwards had thirty-four years of it.

In this year we were visited by a terrible epidemic of yellow fever. The scourge swept away 12,000 of the inhabitants in three months. Whole families were exterminated, and no precautions seemed to diminish the risk run by those who were obliged to remain in the town. We lost three doctors, our chaplain, the consular clerk, and many of our friends.

Last but not least Alexandre, the Chancery servant, was taken ill in the

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Legation. This was a serious misfortune to us, as all the other servants had taken to flight at an early stage of the epidemic, so that the poor fellow and his wife represented the whole of our household staff. When his wife first came and informed me that Alexandre was ill, I did not realise the cause, and went forthwith to see what I could do for him. Finding him already in a critical condition, I sent for the doctor, who at once declared it to be yellow fever and urged his immediate removal. But the question then arose—"Where to?" The hospitals were full to overflowing, and in those days, even under ordinary circumstances, private nursing did not exist. Finally, those admirable women the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul took pity on their compatriot and offered to take him in. He was transported to their hospice, and

## Diplomatic Life

though twice reported dead he recovered. I was at this time expecting the birth of my eldest son, or I would never have consented to leave the Legation, and only did so when Alexandre's illness and the death of five of our opposite neighbours brought the evidence of the risk I was running literally to our doors.

All through this terrible plague-time Hugh behaved like a hero: from the very beginning, taking no thought for his own safety, he went from house to house, seeking out British subjects. One day he returned to the Legation with a baby about five months old in his arms. He had found it in bed, playing beside its dead mother, while the father lay lifeless on the floor. I bathed and dressed the poor mite, and we thought seriously of adopting it if no one should claim it. After a few weeks, however,

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an Englishman, who had a prosperous business as a blacksmith, begged us to allow him to adopt the child. He was married and, much to his regret, had no children. We ascertained that the child would have a happy home and an assured future, so Hugh consented, and we gave the little one over to him. Until quite recently we heard regularly every year from the adopted parents. The boy did remarkably well, and is now married and prospering at La Plata.

Nothing can give an idea of the horrors of that time. Not only was there no room for the sick, but even death was shorn of its customary trappings, and rich or poor alike found a resting-place in the "fosse commune." Owing to the shortage of material and workmen, any sort of box or crate was requisitioned as a coffin, and the tin-lined cases in which





A TYPICAL GAUCHO CUTTING A LASSO.

He is wearing the "chiripa" or blanket, and in his belt is the knife which is sometimes used with deadly effect. His "rebenque" or whip hangs from his belt beneath the knife. (See p. 20.)

1940

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my trousseau had been sent from Europe were eagerly taken by the authorities for this gruesome purpose.

Another source of terror to many people was the possibility of being buried alive—a risk which has been proved to be serious in epidemics of cholera or yellow fever. Although many cases were reported, I never knew of one that was proven, though in the epidemic of 1857 I can remember the sensation caused by the case of Madame Benavides, daughter-in-law of President Rosas' A.D.C. and a friend of my mother. She was taken ill with yellow fever and removed to the hospital. Early next morning she was reported as having succumbed, and having been placed in a coffin she was removed to the mortuary. When the Sisters came to perform the last duties they found her on the floor; she was

## Reminiscences of

taken back to the hospital and finally recovered.

This case is perhaps only equalled by that of an old man in Lisbon, who in the cholera epidemic of the same year dropped down in the street and was immediately hurried off to the mortuary. The next morning, in company with nine other corpses, he was thrown into the "fosse commune." While the burying party went to seek another batch before covering them with quicklime and filling in the trench, he recovered consciousness and scrambled out. The sextons, who were awaiting the next convoy, were so terrified at this apparition appearing over the edge of the trench that they nearly killed him with their spades.

When we were in Lisbon in 1898 this man was still alive—a well-known figure—

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and was only too delighted to recount his ghastly experience.

In the meantime my father, mother, and brother Alfred (the dearest of all men) came home to England. My poor father died just after he had bought a property in Surrey; and I was very glad when we were appointed to Madrid, and had a few months' leave before taking up our new appointment.

At last I said farewell to the sunny land of my birth, and as from the deck of the steamer I watched the spires fade from view, I wondered whether I should ever see my "plain" again.

Arrived in England we went to stay with my mother; my second son came into the world a week later, and after two months' rest I was presented to Queen Victoria by Lady Granville; and Hugh's old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oppen-

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heim, were kindness itself to me. Mrs. Oppenheim took infinite trouble about my gown and train, which were made by Worth in Paris! How well I remember it! It was the palest grey satin petticoat, with my fine "point d'Alençon" lace, and a train of silver grey "peau de soie," with a border of white roses veiled in tulle. Mrs. Oppenheim wore a lovely mauve skirt and violet train with shaded violets. I went with her, and Hugh with Henry. We used in those days to be put in rooms with barriers at the doors, and as our turn came to pass before Her Majesty, an official let a certain number of ladies through. I was horrified to see ladies of all ages scrambling over the seats to try and push through the door! I was dreadfully nervous when I came into the Presence. Queen Victoria was quite a small lady,

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but had such a sweet smile—an inheritance she has bequeathed to all her sons and daughters. Who can ever forget our beloved King Edward's smile?

Almost immediately after my presentation I was taken abroad to make the acquaintance of all Hugh's relations.

The first visit was to Paris, where Hugh's eldest sister, Emily, resided. She had married the Marquis de las Marismas, an enormously wealthy man, son of the Spanish banker Aguado, who had added to his fortune during the Peninsular War and was ennobled by King Ferdinand of Spain. Emily had three sons, and a daughter, Carmen, who married the Duc de Montmorency. All that money could purchase was to be found in that house in the Rue de l'Élysée overlooking the Palace gardens. In the picture gallery were paintings by Velasquez,

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Diaz, Corot, Fortuny, and Greuze; and elsewhere there was a profusion of lovely tapestries, bronzes, sculpture, ivories, china, silver, and wonderful specimens of lace.

Emily was a great beauty, and was painted twice by Winterhalter—once in that famous picture, “The Empress Eugenie and her Ladies at St. Cloud.”

The country seat, the Château de Sivry, near Fontainebleau, was too luxurious for words: it possessed a conservatory in the form of a miniature Crystal Palace, with fountains in the centre; the basins filled with priceless water-lilies. Exotic plants flourished, numbers of tropical birds flew about, and paroquets nested in the tall trees. The shooting at Sivry was supposed to be the best in France while Emily's brother-in-law, Onesime, Vicomte Aguado, known to his friends as “Zizi,”



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rented the Forest of Fontainebleau. He had a pack of staghounds and of boarhounds, was a great sportsman and most hospitable.

After three weeks' visit we went on to Florence to see Hugh's mother, who was the daughter of the Danish Admiral, Ulrich, who had been at Algiers during those troublesome times preceding the bombardment in 1816. Many years after Hugh's father's death she married the old Duc Edmond de Talleyrand Périgord, nephew of the celebrated Prince de Talleyrand. The Duke's first wife was Dorothée, Princesse de Courland. His uncle, the great diplomatist, seeking to connect his family with some princely house, took advantage of the negotiations between France and Russia in 1808 to arrange the union of his nephew and heir, the Duc Edmond de Talleyrand Périgord,

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with the fifteen-year-old daughter of Prince Pierre, Duc de Courland et Sagan. This union was not a happy one, and, as all the world knows, she separated from her husband and became the adopted daughter of the old Prince Talleyrand. She accompanied him to the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and afterwards did the honours of the French Embassy in London, where she played a great part in opposition to the Princess de Lieven, the Russian Ambassadors. The youthful Duchesse, naturally a clever woman, nourished and fostered in the atmosphere of intrigue which surrounded the modern Machiavelli, became a political as well as a social power, and her Memoirs have been edited by her granddaughter, Comtesse Jeanne de Castellan. Nevertheless, one wonders whether it is the real woman who speaks, or whether it is

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a pose, when she writes to a friend in England: "If my friends will only love me, and I have a garden in summer and an armchair in winter, I am perfectly happy to live the life of an oyster."

I never saw the old Duke, for he died in 1872, being well over eighty. Every one said he was a typical French gentleman, with perfect manners, and a great dandy. A story is told, that as a young man he was very extravagant, and his sister took him to task, saying, "Fancy, you owe Bataille in the Rue Royale for three hundred walking-sticks!" He smiled serenely and said, "Certainly, and that does not include the umbrellas!"

I loved my mother-in-law. She was very fair and very stout, and was kindness itself to me. Her house had once belonged to the Medici family and had

## Reminiscences of

been the home of the celebrated Giovanni delle Bande Neri. On his death his mother had it given to the Church and founded the convent of Annalena. When the convents were expropriated, Hugh's father bought the old house, and settled there after he retired from the Service. The garden was beautiful, with forest trees, camellias, and huge clumps of datura that perfumed the air at sunset. It was bounded on one side by an orangery and on the other by a wall three metres wide.

The house was enormous, with numerous secret passages and staircases and a ghost. This apparition was that of a young lady dressed in a nun's white habit; and the story is told of Hugh's father, that one evening whilst sitting at his whist table with his old habitués, Mr. Sanford (whose daughter became Lady

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Methuen), Ferdinand St. John, a brother of Lord Bolingbroke, who resided in Florence, and a Mr. Sloane, he started up and called out to his wife, "Ida, Ida, what does that nun want here at this time of night?" Every one got up, and a search ensued, but no nun could be found. Years afterwards the wall into which the ghost had disappeared was taken down, and a secret staircase leading to a subterranean passage was discovered.

All Hugh's brothers and sisters were brought up in this house. After my father-in-law's death my mother-in-law had all sorts of schemes for breaking up Annalena into small apartments, and determined in consequence to remove the frescoes from the walls of the refectory; they were the work of Giovanni de San Giovanni, a Tuscan painter of the sixteenth century, and represented scenes

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from the life of Christ and the death of the Virgin. My mother-in-law heard of a man who was willing to remove them for about £100. His conditions were that no one should be allowed to go into the refectory until his work was done, except his assistant, a boy. In about a month each fresco had been removed and stretched on canvas. No one could tell how it was done. They were ultimately acquired by the Duke of Norfolk and brought to England.

During the stirring times of the liberation of Italy my mother-in-law's salon had been the rendezvous of the reactionary party and was known among the Florentines as "La casa Austriaca." During the Austrian occupation of Tuscany, Prince Windischgrätz, the commander of the Imperial Forces, was quartered in the upper part of the Palazzo

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Annalena, and thereby also hangs a romance. The beautiful Princess fell desperately in love with one of the members of the Macdonell family. As he does not seem to have responded, his affections being engaged elsewhere, in despair she fled to Venice, and her body was recovered from a canal with her priceless pearl necklace knotted round her neck and a trifling souvenir he had given her clasped in her hand—Poveretta!

Hugh's second sister, Ida, married a Spanish gentleman, Don Augusto Conte, a very well-read and charming man. He was Ambassador at Vienna, and arranged the marriage of the present Queen-Dowager, Christina of Spain, who had retired to a convent, but, of course, had not taken any vows. She was an admirable lady, and did her duty as few women could have done; and under the most

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trying circumstances no one could say a word against her, either as regards her devotion and the education of her children, or the line she took politically. Knowing the nation as I do, I always class Her Majesty amongst my heroines.

Amongst the interesting people we met was the Marquis Oldouini—who was the father of the world-famed beauty, the Countess de Castiglioni—whom Cavour sent to the Emperor Napoleon the Third as his Ambassador. Hugh had been at her “fiançailles” at Florence, as she was a great friend of the Macdonell girls. She never cared for Count Castiglioni. The morbid horror of old age she nursed led her, as she grew older, to withdraw entirely from society and refuse to see even her oldest friends, lest they should notice the ravages of time and the gradual fading of her beauty. Nevertheless,



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when we were on our way through Paris from Denmark, Hugh went to see her, and she was delighted to receive him, though she did so in semi-darkness, the blinds being drawn and the room lighted with only a small lamp. It was mid-summer, but she was wrapped in a large sable cloak, and, alas for her misgivings! Hugh told me afterwards that he would never have recognised in her the transcendent beauty who had swayed an empire. Her son, who was an attaché to the Italian Legation in Madrid, died from smallpox while we were there.

## MADRID

1872-1875

WHEN the time came for Hugh to proceed to Madrid, we went down to Southampton the night before the steamer sailed, and stayed at Radley's Hotel, going on board the Royal Mail steamer for Lisbon the next morning. Adverse winds and fog accompanied us, and the servants were prostrate with sea-sickness. But what mattered? I was an old salt, having been across the Atlantic often before, and at twenty-three it was something to be very proud of. I was able to be of some use, going to help the poor mothers preparing food for the babies, and cheering them up in general by saying





THE MARQUISE DE LAS MARISMAS.

From a painting by Mignès.

(See p. 70.)

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the gale was abating, and we would soon be through the Bay of Biscay. We were sixty hours getting to Vigo, but once anchored all our miseries were forgotten. And twenty-four hours afterwards we steamed into Lisbon, past the magnificent Bay of Cascaes and up the River Tagus ; but a freshet was running, so that we could not land for some time. At last things settled down, and we went ashore to the Braganza Hotel where we had taken rooms.

Our Minister and his charming wife, Lady Edith Murray, came to see us almost at once, and Constantine Phipps with his pretty wife, who had been our colleagues at Buenos Ayres ; also another of Hugh's colleagues, Monsieur Jadowsky, the Russian Secretary, who had been with him at Constantinople. It must have been quite a new sensation for him

## Reminiscences of

to present his wife, for he had been considered a confirmed old bachelor in the Service.

Our new Chief, Sir Henry Layard, was clamouring for his Secretary of Legation, and so we decided that after four days in Lisbon we must push on to our destination, Madrid. The next evening we dined at the Legation. The house had been purchased by the Government during Lord Lytton's tenure of office. The Murrays had wonderful china, purchased in 1870 at the moment when every one who had valuables was anxious to realise and have "du pain sur la planche." The garden of the Legation was quite lovely, with a pergola of huge stone pillars, with masses of roses and creepers from all parts of the world twining round them. There I saw dear Cecil Murray, then a tiny boy worshipped

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by his parents. Alas, all three have gone!

The next day we spent seeing some of the sights of the town, and after dining with the Phipps we went to the opera, where we met Monsieur de Soveral, father of the present Marquis, who, hearing that we were bound for Madrid, rather deprecated our starting, especially as the news from the frontier—that the Carlists had come close to Badajoz and were burning stations and firing on trains—was most alarming. However, having been born and bred in a Southern country, civil war and revolution did not appal me; and Monsieur Soveral said that as he was Chairman and Director of the Railway he would make every arrangement for us. We had reserved a first-class compartment, and I wanted a large basket of provisions in case we were

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delayed—boiled milk and a huge earthen jar of water, called a “bilha.” These last I insisted on seeing sent off myself; as for the rest, Monsieur de Soveral came in after dinner and said I was not to trouble; that he had ordered our provisions. At 7 A.M. we started off through the ill-paved town to the station at Santa Apollonia. To our surprise there was a “salon de luxe” with a large ticket pasted on, “Reservado para el Señor Ministro de Inglaterra”!—rather premature!

By 11 A.M. we all felt inclined for a sandwich, and Hugh told the Italian man-servant to unpack the basket. He seemed to take a long time, and when he returned said, “Ma non, c’è niente!” “What nonsense,” I remarked; “he must have got the wrong basket”; so I proceeded to unpack myself, and found one small partridge covered with tomato



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sauce, a piece of evil-smelling cheese and a garlic-seasoned sausage, two bottles of Collares (the "vin ordinaire" of Portugal) and six small rolls—"pour tout potage." The children ate the bread and milk. The servants would not be persuaded to touch a bit of the contents of the basket, and bread and water formed their repast.

At last we arrived at Elvas, where as we passed we saw large nets spread out on poles and great quantities of plums drying in the sun. We inquired if it was possible to get something to eat there, but were told the restaurant was at Badajoz. Night was coming on, and at last we stopped: the engine-driver came and chatted, lit a cigarette, and said he would run no risk, but as soon as the line was clear we were going into the station to remain there all night. In about an hour's time we steamed slowly in.

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All the employés had left, but we managed to find a room on the platform, containing a table covered with a wine-stained cloth, obviously intended for the refreshment room; the floor was filthy, and there were millions of flies. Hugh at once suggested ordering some food.

I found a man and explained our dilemma, and I asked him what he could provide. With the nation's usual politeness he replied, "Anything I wished to order." So I begged him to tell me what he could provide for two small children and English maids. "Well," said he, "a fine pork chop or a beefsteak 'à l'Anglaise.'" I decided that we would all be glad to have the beefsteak. An hour passed and no sign of our purveyor. At last he returned to say the "mozo" was coming to lay the cloth; he became very familiar and passed many com-

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pliments, and I saw Hugh getting rather serious, so I ventured to remark that English gentlemen did not understand compliments, and then he insisted upon calling me "La Americanita." I saw the moment coming when there would be an explosion, so I was thankful when the "bifes" were announced. Another dirty cloth had replaced the first; knives that would not cut and a dirty fork were produced. I carried some of this food to the saloon, where, of course, even the nurses' long fast would not induce them to partake of the horrible meal.

The "chef de gare" said that as there was no hotel near we might sleep in the saloon carriage; and at daybreak the fires were relit and we started, hoping to get to Madrid some time. Every few hours there were fresh alarms: "The Carlists were in sight"; "we must put

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the cushions up against the windows"; "the women and children must lie in the bottom of the carriage." Those long, weary hours seemed to go slower and slower as the train crossed the desolate plain of La Mancha, where a few red pigs were grubbing round the olive trees, and some yards farther on a flock of phantom sheep with a weird-looking, tall spare man, wearing a huge hat and a tattered brown cloak, with a long cane in his hand, stood staring at the train as it crept by. It has been said that the journey through Spain from Portugal to Madrid is rather like the approach to Peking: nothing but a desolation of yellow sand and huge boulders.

At last we arrived and were hailed by the Chancery servant, Espinosa, who was quite a character, and we drove off to the then best hotel, "Los Embajadores" in

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Carrera San Geronimo, Puerta del Sol. Heaven help the Embajadores! The street was narrow and contained a great deal of "couleur locale." We were immensely struck with the women, who all possessed fine eyes, masses of lovely black hair, and small hands and feet. They took their airing swathed in multi-coloured shawls, trimmed with deep silk fringes, carried the inevitable fan, and wore quantities of jewellery.

We were shown our rooms, and my one idea was how soon I could get out of the place. Sanitation there was none, and the hotel possessed all the slipshod untidyness of Southern households. Weary and tired we at last procured some food and some warm water, and retired to rest. What a night that was! At one o'clock I woke, finding myself devoured, and lit a tallow dip by my

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bedside. I sat up and thought I heard the children crying. I groped my way to their room, and there I found the two poor boys trying to sleep on a sheet with the pillows on the floor, and the nurses pursuing the vermin! In the morning the children and nurses were covered with bites and looked like monsters.

Our "Chefesse" kindly excused my calling and invited us to dinner. I was very much struck by my first visit to the Legation. It was in March and the wind was cold. As we entered the long drawing-room there was a big wood fire crackling, and Lady Layard was sitting before it in a very fine high-backed carved leather chair, dressed in a beautiful green velvet dress, her lovely white hair brushed off her forehead, and on her lap a huge white Persian cat called Pepito. She looked

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like a picture. Sir Henry came in shortly, and we had a pleasant dinner, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Riano—both clever people—and others. Of course I was quite happy speaking Spanish. Madame Riano knew of a house likely to suit us, and Lady Layard kindly offered to call for me in her carriage and take me to see it next day. It was a beautifully finished modern house in the Calle Campomanes. The proprietress lived on the ground floor, and we rented the first floor. That very day we bought beds and bedding, and four days after our arrival we were picnicking in our new home.

Espinosa found us a cook and a housemaid, and we were soon installed; but even the simplest detail presented insurmountable difficulties! There was no water in the house, and so the “aguatero” or water-man had to come daily

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and fill two huge earthenware receptacles, like the proverbial oil jars in Ali Baba's story—one for drinking purposes, the other for cleaning. The cook did not sleep in the house, but came in the morning with the marketing, fowls and vegetables, and queer joints of veal and lamb or kid that looked like cat. She also carried the milk in a jug and the bread under her arm. At eleven o'clock her "peinadora" (or hairdresser) came to do her hair, and it was not all one's fancy painted to see the cook's hair being done, as she sat before the open window of the kitchen. She also took that opportunity to have a real flirtation with the concierge's husband, who was a fine "Guardia Civil"; and I am afraid poor Maria, his wife, often wished she could have torn some of that lovely hair out by the roots!



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We settled down and soon found ourselves quite at home: getting accustomed to the very late hours, the "orchata de chufas," a sweet refreshing drink made out of a sort of bean—a staple refreshment at all the evening receptions,—and the drives up and down the Alcala and the lovely garden of El Retiro. The hospitality shown to us was really amazing, for, as a rule, in Madrid they never cared for foreigners.

On Sunday afternoons we drove to Carabanchal, the summer residence of the Countess del Montijo. She was very slender, with grey hair, good features, and usually dressed in a heavy black silk dress. Unfortunately her sight was failing her, but she was delighted to talk to Hugh about her daughter, the Empress Eugenie, and all the lost glamour of that Court. As my sister-in-law, the

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Marquise de las Marismas, was a great and personal friend as well as a lady-in-waiting of the Empress, they had much to discuss, and often chatted over things past and present.

There, too, I met the Duchess de Alcañises, née Princesse Troubetskoy, and widow of the Duc de Morny—a lovely fair woman who, when she lost her first husband, the Duc de Morny, cut off her wonderful hair and placed it in her husband's coffin, and was with difficulty prevented from going into a convent—but she did not despair for long.

We had arrived in Madrid about a year after the flight of King Amadeo—the Italian prince who had been hoisted on to the throne by a sort of agreement among the Great Powers, in spite of the fact that the nomination of a previous candidate—Hohenzollern—had set France and

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Prussia by the ears and brought about the downfall of the French Empire.

A Republican Government had taken office under the presidency of Marshal Serrano, Duque de la Torre, and already negotiations were in progress which were to lead to the restoration of the Bourbons in the person of Prince Alfonso, the son of Queen Isabella II. who had been deposed in 1868. At the same time the Northern provinces were in a state of insurrection, being held by the Carlists.

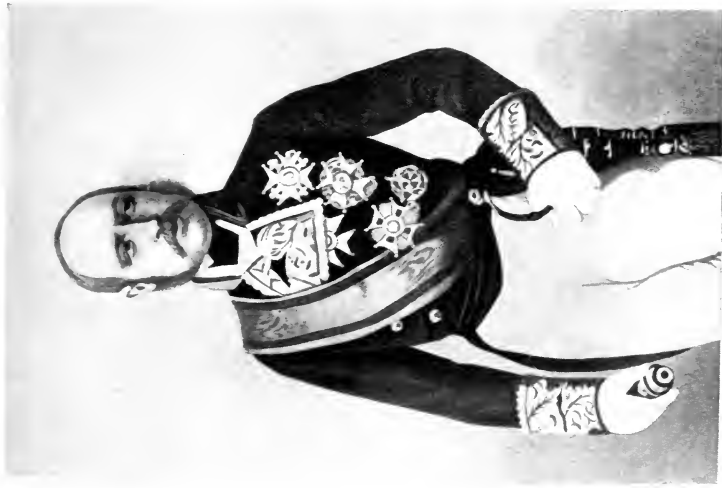
Poor puppet king — Macaroni I. as his subjects slightly called him! Despite his personal qualities, his call to the throne was an absurd experiment; and whatever the opinion of European politicians may have been, he displayed great common sense in retiring into private life as he did. Certainly his rule did Spain no harm; but he was a

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stranger, and that was more than sufficient to make him absolutely hateful to the nation.

The best proof of how little his reign or abdication had affected public sentiment may be found in the fact that a few months after his departure his very name seemed to have been forgotten ; and even on the Puerta del Sol, where “everybody talks of everything at the same time and does nothing but talk,” none had either a word of praise or of blame for poor Macaroni !

Popular feeling on the other hand was still very bitter against Queen Isabella. Her “*légèreté*” — morally, I mean, for her form was far from sylphlike — had estranged the affections of the mass of her subjects ; and though five years had passed since her deposition, the rabble still in moments of excitement would throw mud



*Augustin Kischgitz.*

**MARSHAL SERRANO, DUQUE DE LA TORRE.**

President of the Spanish Republic.



*Augustin Kischgitz.*

**AMADEO II., KING OF SPAIN**

(Abdicated 1873).

Photograph by Montalone.

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at her portrait, and the effigy of her confessor, Padre Marfori, was still burnt on the squares.

Court circle there was, as is evident, none, and such society as remained in Madrid was certainly rather cosmopolitan and somewhat mixed. Business families or Government employés there were in plenty, but the old noblesse as a rule had either retired to Paris or London, or taken arms against democracy with Don Carlos. This was particularly noticeable in the receptions at the Presidencia. Marshal Serrano was inclined to emphasise the republican nature of his office and receive "sans cérémonie officielle." Nevertheless rumour would have it that these family parties were often used for the transaction of business, and that many concessions were obtained and favours granted by the discreet offering to La Presidenta of a

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jewel or a string of pearls; and I often involuntarily overheard the discussion of many plans and schemes, the speakers never for an instant realising that "la Señora del Secretario Ingles" spoke Spanish as well as she did English.

The Maréchale was a small slight woman with a wealth of dark hair framing a beautiful face. Like all her countrywomen her conversation was easy without any particular depth. As some French writer has said, "Dieu a donné à l'Espagnole à choisir entre le charme et l'esprit —elle a choisi le premier."

Whatever may have been the political career of Marshal Serrano, his charm of manner was such as to captivate even his personal enemies. This and his handsome person were no doubt largely instrumental in setting him on the high-road to fortune. He was then sixty-



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five years old but strikingly youthful, excessively elegant, and with perfect but unaffected manners. He entered the army when he was only twelve, and obtained his colonelcy when he was twenty-five. He then returned to Madrid, where he became head of a political party and the favourite of Queen Isabella—receiving at her hands all that wealth and power could give. Ambition was, however, stronger than gratitude, and when the time came that Isabella's misgovernment alienated public sympathy, Serrano, now Marshal and Duque de la Torre, did not hesitate to break off sentimental relations and beat his former liege-lady's troops, causing her to fly precipitately to France. The year before our arrival he himself had had to flee from Madrid, and it would have gone ill with him, had he not sought the asylum

## Reminiscences of

of the British Legation, where his old friends, Sir Henry and Lady Layard, after disguising him, took him to the station in their carriage, and conveyed him over the frontier in a compartment marked "Reserved for the British Minister." A few months later, and he was in power again—almost a dictator. "Cosas de Espana!"

I also met Emilio de Castelar, the most eloquent of Republicans. He was a man of middle height, but extremely remarkable for his immense shoulders and deep chest, a perfectly bald head, and a long sweeping dark moustache. He evidently knew his powers as an orator, and even his attitudes seemed, like his speaking, to have been carefully rehearsed.

His name, I think, will always be associated with Spanish Republicanism,

## Diplomatic Life

of which he was so long the central figure. His untarnished reputation and sincerity as well as his moderation made him popular, not only with his own party or nation, but with his political adversaries throughout Europe. Still, I have been told that, like so many other great thinkers, he was far from practical, and when he came to power he was obliged to renounce the theories he had always advocated.

The bull-fights filled me with terror, though some of the young secretaries and attachés were very keen on them.

I was very happy in the house. The large rooms were covered with a peculiar matting and had pretty cretonne covers that Maria and I made, and we often went bric-à-brac hunting in the afternoon. We bought a lovely old "bargueno" or gilt cabinet through the medium of

## Reminiscences of

Merlini, Sir Henry Layard's major-domo (the same man mentioned in Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Memoirs). I still think the room the prettiest I ever had, with the old Talavera ware jars filled with masses of wild honeysuckle, and the little tortoise-shell tables inlaid with ivory, covered with many little treasures, that still surround my sad widowed days, and bring back sweet memories of times and loved ones that are no more!

Unhappily, a time of anxiety was upon us! The baby got dysentery and nearly died. My eldest boy was attacked by scarlet fever. There was no doctor worthy of the name, and what chemists! Imagine, when a doctor ordered a poultice, the chemist sent it round on a plate; and the poor baby was given tea made of the skins of pomegranates, and nothing to eat.

## Diplomatic Life

Opposite the house was a sort of café, and the proprietress seemed to have quantities of children, who were always playing on the doorstep. One afternoon I was on the balcony, and I saw the woman sitting outside dressed in black. She looked up and asked me how my children were. I thanked her, and said they were very ill. She smiled sadly and said, "I am more lucky than you, for my three are 'angelitos.' Dios se ha servido de ellos" (God has taken them to Himself).

Next day three small coffins left the café, and on sending to inquire what had caused the death of the children, I was told that they had died of diphtheria. Many a mother will realise my feelings.

Weary days and nights followed, and at last the weather became oppressive. It had not rained for nine weeks, and

## Reminiscences of

everything was stale and insalubrious. We decided to get out of Madrid and go to the sea, and the Consul at Santander, Mr. March, promised to look after me if I went there.

I started with the poor children and their nurses, and as Santander was a sort of seaside "pest-house," we went to Sardinero, a small fishing-village on the Bay of Biscay. Shall I ever forget my journey with the two sick children and our arrival at that roughest of seaside inns! Barbotan, the proprietor, half French, half Basque, was kindness itself, and did the best he could for us. Madame Barbotan had had a baby three days before, but came down to see us, full of pity and sympathy for my poor child, who, though he slept continuously, was becoming transparent. I had visions in those long nights, when sleep overtook

## Diplomatic Life

me in spite of myself, of leaving my precious one in a foreign soil.

One night, unable to sleep, I got up and went down the creaking wooden stairs and left a note for M. Barbotan, asking him to bring me a little piece of the best beef he could find in the market, as I thought if I could make a little beef-tea for the poor baby, he might do better than on the innkeeper's concoction. At seven o'clock a piece of beef was brought to my room. I at once washed it and cut it up in small pieces, putting it into a wide-mouthed pickle-jar, and then standing it in a "calentador" or spirit-kettle, to boil for a couple of hours. I was doing all this on a wooden verandah outside the bedroom, with scalded hands and a feeling that things could not be worse, when I looked over into the street—dirty enough to give one

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an infection, and noticed a man looking up and down the road. I saw a resemblance to Étienne, a valet Hugh had had for sixteen years, and who had left us to go to my father. I rushed down and greeted him, and I do not know which of us was most delighted. He explained that my mother was most anxious, and that, as exit from Spain was becoming daily more difficult, she had sent him to bring us home. On arriving at Bayonne he had telegraphed to Madrid, and heard that I was at Sardinero, and so he had come there direct.

On seeing the plight of the children he was moved to tears; but with a man to help me all difficulties melted away. The next great thing was to get to Bordeaux, where Hugh's brother-in-law, Vicomte Aguado, who owned Château Margaux, had sent orders to prepare for



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our arrival and get the best doctor to see us and help us. Then the question arose how were we to get there. Dear old Étienne made daily pilgrimages into Santander but always returned with the same answer: no steamer sailing for Bayonne.

At last one morning he came back in great excitement, saying that at sunset a cattle-boat was leaving for Bayonne. I decided to take it, and, more dead than alive, I walked that stone pier at Santander until I felt I must jump into the water. In the meantime I had engaged a cab, and placed the children and the two nurses in it, sheltered from the sun and wind.

When all was ready we embarked. No words can give an adequate idea of what it was like. There were only two cabins; Étienne took the sick baby and I the

## Reminiscences of

boy convalescent from scarlet fever. Men drank wine and played cards all night outside the doors. Weary and tired I took off my fine black straw hat with ostrich feathers and oxidised buckle (for we had not costumes for every emergency then), and lay down in the cabin-boy's bunk. The porthole was open; a wave washed in and soaked me to the skin! At six o'clock Étienne came and said the baby was still living and Bayonne in sight. I wrung out my skirt and asked the cabin-boy for my hat. "Oh, lady mine, the tame pig called 'Don Carlos' has eaten your straw hat, and here is all that remains," cried the youth, presenting me with a few shreds of straw and the buckle! "Never mind," I said, "we are in sight of shops." I landed at Bayonne with my head tied up in one of Étienne's bandana handkerchiefs, and as soon as we got to

## Diplomatic Life

the hotel, he went and bought me a hat trimmed with blue ribbons and many extravagances. No words can tell how thankful I was to have reached Bayonne, and having had baths and food, we set out for Bordeaux.

When we arrived there, the great Doctor Dupuytren called, sent by the Aguados, but he gave little hope of saving the baby. However, in the land of plenty and every resource the child gradually recovered, and after fifteen days at the lovely Château Margaux we started for home.

## HOME

1875

AFTER our experience in Madrid we decided to make a home for the children in England, as we had now three little boys, and it seemed almost cruel to drag them all over the world after us.

At Hackbridge in Surrey we found a pretty modern cottage, designed by an artist, the Hon. Henry Graves; it was a charming spot, and we lived there on and off for seven years. It had a trout-stream running through the garden, and overlooked a lovely park, owned originally by Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P. for Falmouth, and bought, after his memorable failure, by Mr. John Peter Gassiot.

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The latter entertained a great deal and brought most of his guests over to see me. Among others I had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Ruskin, with his heavy brow and piercing eyes. His niece, Mrs. Arthur Severn, was devoted to him, and full of consideration for his fads—commencing with an apple and tea at 4 A.M. every day. Her husband was becoming well-known as a painter in water-colours. There, too, we often met the handsome Spanish Ambassador, Don Manuel Rances, Marquez de Casa la Iglesia,—I suppose he was one of the handsomest men of his time. A story has been told of him, that when leaving Vienna, he took leave of the Emperor, the latter remarked, “Well, we are sorry to lose you ; but, at least, there will be peace among the ladies.”

The Marquez told us about “La

## Reminiscences of

Nena," the Spanish dancer, whose wardrobe was held up at the Custom-House in Vienna, and as she had to dance that night, she came to see her Ambassador before he was up, requesting him to get her things passed. He told his servant to ask the name of the lady, as she had not given it, and he was much amused when she sent to say that "*Frau Pepita von Oliva*" must speak to him at once. He dressed hurriedly and interviewed the lady, who in the roughest of Spanish said, "In this country if you are not 'wohlgeboren' and 'von,' you are nowhere, and the servant will not announce you."

Don Pasqual Gyangos was one of the regular habitués at Mr. Gassiot's and was an exceedingly clever man. He was very aged, and with his sallow complexion and sparse pointed beard, always made me think of a mandarin. He came to

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England in about the year 1830 and married an English lady. He told us that, when he first arrived and went to stay at one of the large country houses, dinner was announced at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The ladies sipped a little sherry, the gentlemen commenced by drinking tankards of small beer. At seven the ladies retired to the drawing-room; at 10 P.M., when the gentlemen having drunk port for three hours and were generally beyond looking after themselves, men-servants brought in pillows, collars were unfastened, a pillow placed under each head, and there they remained until the morning.

Don Pasqual had a special mission to this country from the Spanish Government, to get all the data about Catherine of Aragon's divorce from Henry VIII. He lived in a modest lodging close to the

## Reminiscences of

British Museum, and leaving his work one foggy evening he was knocked down by an omnibus, and was so severely injured that he died. He was the father of Madame Riano, who had been so kind to us in Madrid. His grandson is now Spanish Minister at Washington.

I received much kindness and attention from Lord and Lady Granville. When Lord Granville was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I was invited to one of the great dinner-parties at their lovely residence in Carlton House Terrace, where I was much impressed by the beautiful tapestry on the staircase and the white paint everywhere; this being the first house to be so decorated at the time. The hostess, a typical British beauty, had a remarkable charm of manner, and looked like a rose-bud as, clad in a beautiful pink gown and a most becoming tiara of fern



## Diplomatic Life

leaves in diamonds upon her head, she received her guests at the head of the marble staircase profusely decorated with beautiful flowers.

Lord Granville belonged to a school of gentlemen which, alas! has died out completely: his tact and charm were unique.

On this memorable occasion the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Grand Dukes Paul and Alexis were present, also Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Dinner was served at small tables, and the decorations were yellow azaleas, which was quite a new fashion then. I was delighted to be taken in to dinner by Mr. Gladstone. I, like so many people, fell completely under his charm, and could have listened for hours to his interesting conversation. Hugh had then been appointed to Rome, and Mr. Gladstone asked me what my

## Reminiscences of

impressions had been on visiting the Vatican. I replied that we were at the Embassy to the Quirinal, and that our chief, Sir Augustus Paget, objected somewhat to secretaries or their wives asking for audiences of His Holiness, at which he smiled. He inquired after my mother-in-law at Florence and especially for Henrietta Macdonell, my sister-in-law, who became a nun and died in 1910. He had often visited them at Annalena and was most interested in them—an interest reciprocated ; for being ardent Roman Catholics they hoped to make a pervert of the famous statesman. There was a reception afterwards, and the Duke and Duchess and the Grand Dukes held a sort of “cercle.” Suddenly a pause occurred; Lord Granville led the Duchess out, and the rest of the Royal party left hastily. We all thought that she was going to





THE MARQUIS DE SOVERAL

(Secretary of the Portuguese Legation at Berlin in 1876)

as a troubadour at a fancy dress ball given to celebrate the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany. (See p. 135.)

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faint or had been taken seriously ill. Next morning the newspapers stated that a cypher had reached the Foreign Office announcing the assassination of the Czar, Alexander II., at St. Petersburg, and that as soon as the Grand Dukes had left Carlton House Terrace, a special train and steamer were ordered, and the Royal party set out direct for Russia.

We were both very fond of Philip Currie, Lord Granville's private secretary, afterwards Lord Currie. He was one of the four diplomats at that time considered to speak French like academicians. Sir Horace Rumbold was one of them; Henry Dering another; and Hugh, who made up the quartette, was of course a first-rate French and Italian scholar, which was hardly to be wondered at, on consideration of his early life. Poor Philip was at Harrogate when I was

## Reminiscences of

there seven years ago—a complete invalid, and Lady Currie died there shortly after I left.

It was at this date the Jersey Lily was the admired of all beholders. I saw her first at a reception at the Foreign Office. Being much impressed by seeing a very beautiful lady, to whom everybody was paying great attention, I inquired her name and was told—Mrs. Langtry. She looked quite lovely, and I remember she was dressed in white lace with a wreath of gardenias on her head. It was a very fine head, though I thought it was a little too massive for her size.

What a power beauty has! One almost realises Madame de Staël's feelings when she said that she would give all her intelligence to possess Madame de Récamier's face for a day.

Hackbridge is in these days of motor-

## Diplomatic Life

cars a very easy distance from town ; but when we drove up, as we always did, it necessitated putting the horses up for two hours, thus making it a four hours' drive to and from parties and receptions. It now seems rather an undertaking, yet it makes me smile when recollecting that a party in Buenos Ayres meant not four hours but forty-eight—baggage, children, and servants—a serious expedition, from which one did not return for one or two days at least.

## BERLIN

1875-1878

WE were appointed to Berlin in 1875, and thither we proceeded. The new "Kaiserhof" Hotel was just opened, and we decided to take an apartment there. The food then consisted chiefly of eels, veal, sausages and sauerkraut, to none of which I was at all partial. The palm court, which was then quite a novelty, and very attractive, made up slightly for the gastronomic drawbacks of the hotel. Lord Odo Russell and Lady Emily were ideal Chiefs. My presentations were made as soon as possible, as there was to be a garden-party at the Neue Palais at Potsdam, which I wished to attend.



## Diplomatic Life

The day before it took place, Lady Emily presented me to the Crown Princess, then our own dear Princess Royal. I was asked to remain to tea, and I had to answer many questions about Buenos Ayres and South America; for the Princess was having Spanish lessons from a very old priest, and was at that time much interested in everything Spanish. On my return to the hotel I found a lovely bouquet of roses, which proved to be a kind thought of Her Imperial Highness's. Next day the great fête at Potsdam took place.

The Emperor and Empress were most gracious, and every one seemed so gay and happy. The band played Strauss waltzes as only Germans can play them; but a lawn is not a parquet floor, as I found to my embarrassment when Prince William, now the Kaiser, asked me to

## Reminiscences of

dance. The German dancing is vigorous, and I was in some danger of being carried off my feet by the Prince.

Suddenly I saw an object approaching, not unlike Cinderella's glass coach, drawn by four white horses which pulled up in fine style at the edge of the lawn. The band played the National Anthem, and on inquiring I was told that the Princess Charles was arriving. She was a Princess of Saxe-Weimar, Eisenach, sister of the Empress Augusta and also sister of the then Empress of Russia. In due course I was taken to the august lady to be presented. Her French was not very fluent, she spoke no English, and my German was limited. I was far too timid to attempt even a remark, so conversation did not proceed very smoothly. She started by saying something like this, "Sie kommen von

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Brasilien. Ach, die schönen Blumen und Vögel und die Affen!" She then took me by the hand and presented me to the fine, soldierly old man her husband, the Emperor's brother, who eyed me through and through. I felt extremely shy, and more so when he offered me his arm and took me into the Palace to the buffet.

I think I made the acquaintance of all the Berlin society on that occasion. The Emperor afterwards led me into the garden and showed me the three figures that stand holding a crown at the very top of a sort of dome in the centre of the Palace. "These," he said, "are the three women Frederick the Great hated most." One was Catherine of Russia, the other Madame Pompadour, the third was, I think, Maria Theresa.

After this my first visit I spent many happy hours in the Palace and its lovely

## Reminiscences of

gardens. Sometimes there were excursions to the model farm and parties on the Havel, where the Embassy had two boats, and the Crown Princess and children often invited themselves. After a row we would land and make tea; sometimes we went to the Peacock Island, with its wonderful velvety lawns that were kept in order by old women, and where each tree was chained to its neighbour by a garland of vine. It was quite like fairyland. The handsome Crown Prince loved the spot; he was so manly and charming, and remembering him as I knew him then, it seems essentially characteristic of him that in his later days, when tortured with pain, his motto became, "Learn to suffer without complaining."

I was so often invited to the Neue Palais that I became familiar with its



*Illustration*, 1873

*Illustration*, 1873

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY AND PRUSSIA  
(afterwards the Empress Frederick)  
as a Dogaressa at a fancy dress ball given to celebrate her silver wedding.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY

## Diplomatic Life

many passages and staircases, never imagining what an infinitely pathetic tragedy lay behind one of the doors. Moved by some impulse, the Crown Princess took me on one of her visits to the room. The Princess passed into a small apartment and then unlocked a door of an inner room, where I saw a cradle, and in it a baby boy, beautiful to look upon, but it was only the waxen image of the former occupant, the little Prince Wenceslau, who had died when the Crown Prince went to the war of 1866. How pathetic it was to note the silver rattle and ball lying as though flung aside by the little hand, the toys which amused his baby mind arranged all about the cradle, his little shoes waiting, always waiting, at the side.

The Princess's love of her native country was sometimes held as a re-

## Reminiscences of

proach against her—she was quixotic almost in her devotion to it. I remember one September receiving a hamper of grouse, snugly arranged in a nest of heather, from Lord Napier. I happened to mention this to Her Imperial Highness, and she exclaimed, “What would I not give to see the grouse and the Scotch heather again!” We begged her acceptance of the birds, and the hamper was duly despatched to the Royal Palace and the contents served for dinner that evening. In Germany game is never eaten high. The olfactory nerves of the guests that night were so severely offended that they could not restrain all visible evidence of it, and the result was decidedly amusing to us, at all events.

Often musical evenings were given at the Palace, and well I remember Le Marchant Gosselin, who was a



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junior secretary, playing divinely Scarlati's music, and Count Benckendorff singing to his accompaniment. What terrible gossip was circulated when Count Benckendorff married an immensely rich Russian lady, named Ayoukoff, who used to give big receptions, and received her guests reclining on a divan adorned with a jewelled crown and priceless necklaces of uncut stones and pearls; and the horror and consternation when the "débâcle" came, and she ran away with a racing captain. The poor little misguided woman ended her life in a hotel in some seaport town.

The dinners at the Emperor's Palace were heavily gorgeous. Babelsberg was all turrets like a castle in a fairy tale, and contained a magnificent hall filled with quantities of wood-carving, arms and armour. The Emperor, who was a

## Reminiscences of

follower of a type of old-fashioned courtesy, insisted on taking all the ladies down to their carriages himself.

My sister had married (as his first wife) Willie Napier, then the Master of Napier and to-day Lord Napier and Ettrick. He was also in diplomacy, and we were together in Berlin. My sister was a beautiful woman, who dressed remarkably well and was always full of fun. The Emperor William, the present Kaiser's grandfather, who always admired pretty women, said to her one evening, "How many children have you?" "Two, sire." "And what are their names?" "Alpha and Omega, sire," she replied, which caused him considerable amusement.

Poor Henriqueta, she died, almost suddenly, far from us all at Edinburgh, and Lord Napier, her father-in-law,

## Diplomatic Life

wrote her epitaph, quoting Matthew Arnold's lines :

Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

There was one charming lady who was always kindness itself to us, the Empress's lady - in - waiting, Countess Oriola, of Portuguese origin. I believe her grandfather had been the Portuguese representative, and her father settled in Germany. She was typically Southern, quite diminutive, with the smallest hands and feet I have ever seen, and masses of black hair and immense eyes.

Another charming and lovely person was the Princess Frederick Charles. Her husband was called the Red Prince, because he commanded the Red Hussars. She, however, had almost retired from society, being afflicted with deafness. She was a Princess of Anhalt and mother of three sweet Princesses, one

## Reminiscences of

of whom is to-day the Duchess of Connaught.

The Reviews were amazing; particularly that of the Guards, who with their solid brass helmets like a bishop's mitre, dating from the time of Frederick the Great, were a sight never to be forgotten.

We had taken the Count Perponcher's house for the summer. All the principal rooms were situated on one floor, as is usually the case with the villas at Potsdam. My bedroom opened out of the salon, and on one occasion this led to a somewhat amusing contretemps.

The Royalties had a habit of calling "sans cérémonie," the Crown Princess being especially addicted to early visits. Not, however, anticipating any visitors one day, I was having my hair shampooed, when suddenly the communicating door between salon and bedroom was

## Diplomatic Life

thrown open by the Italian servant, who without further waiting announced, "Ci sta la Principessa et il Principe Real"! —It might have been worse, the soap might have been all over my face, but the fates were kind and the hair was nearly dry, so I was able to present a less ridiculous appearance; there was no retreat and no alternative but to see the amusing side, which struck the Princess as much as it did myself.

The Crown Prince, now the Kaiser, was another frequent visitor; he was then a fine young man with a strong sense of fun and fond of teasing.

He liked our English teas, and afterwards used to claim me for a game of draughts. In the salon there was a big window with a deep seat that he especially favoured, to this a small table was drawn up and fine battles ensued over the board.

## Reminiscences of

I shall never forget one occasion when he accused me of cheating. He was so apparently serious that I became infuriated, and, unmindful of his high estate or my duty as hostess, I impulsively leant across the table and boxed his ears! His sense of humour and the satisfaction of having been so successful in working upon my feelings saved the situation. I received full punishment later, for ever afterwards when he met me he used to cry, "I know a lady who cheats at draughts."

There were fêtes in the lovely gardens at Glienicke, which belonged to the Princess Charles. Truly, no one understands a summer garden like the Germans; and the illuminations were quite lovely. Almost all the great wealth of flowers were grown in pots: there were hundreds of hydrangeas, camellias,



*Emil Roth, Cassel.*

THE KAISER WHEN PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.





## Diplomatic Life

tree-ferns, palms, roses en masse, crotons and gloxinias, begonias, with quantities of giant mignonette in the borders, and lime trees perfuming the air.

The Palace of Sans Souci was the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, and one can almost see the cynic Voltaire, who was a frequent guest there, still wandering around those lovely rooms.

When people returned to Berlin the skating-rink became the great rendez-vous, and the dinners at the different Embassies loomed large in the engagements of each week. The Austro-Hungarian was graced by the lovely Countess Karoly, one of the most beautiful Hungarian noble ladies, née Countess Erdödy. The Count, a great sportsman, did the honours of his house in quite Royal fashion.

## Reminiscences of

We had many charming colleagues : among them Count Maféi and Louis Soveral, to-day Marquis de Soveral. He was educated at Louvain, and was to have been a sailor, but changed his mind and became a diplomatist. We have often laughed since, talking of the time when we used to give him English lessons ; for at that period he could not speak a word of the language that was to become so familiar to him in later years. He was as popular then as he has always been since.

M. de Soveral's great characteristic was tact, which naturally is a great asset to a diplomatist. A good example of this occurred when he was called by King Carlos to take the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs on the death of Count Lobo D'Avila. Before even presenting himself to the King, the Marquis hurried to the bereaved parents of the deceased

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Minister, the Count and Countess Valborn, to offer his condolences. I have a photograph of him at the fancy dress ball given at the Crown Prince's Palace on the anniversary of Their Imperial Highnesses' silver wedding; he is dressed in the costume of a Troubadour. Louis Soveral was always the life and soul of the diplomatic parties.

Mr. Dering, afterwards Sir Henry Dering, was Second Secretary with us. He and his charming wife had a delightful apartment near the Thiergarten, and we nearly always called in on our way from the skating-rink. They received every evening, and it was a delightful "milieu," where, moreover, one was always sure of a warm welcome.

Lord Odo Russell, our chief, was a great raconteur. One of his favourite anecdotes related to the time when the Emperor

## Reminiscences of

and Empress of the French were coming over to the opening of the great Exhibition in London, and the Lord Mayor was to present an address. A deputation came to ask Lord Clarendon how it was to be worded, as the Empress was expecting the birth of the Prince Imperial, and they wished to know whether any allusion was to be made to the all-important event. The Lord Mayor ended by saying, "You see, my Lord, there's the 'itch.'" "Then scratch it," replied Lord Clarendon.

On another occasion he told us that he had been devoted to snakes and used to keep them in his rooms. When in Rome on a special mission he had acquired a large boa-constrictor, 12 feet long. One day it disappeared out of its case and could not be found anywhere. At last a space was discovered under the

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flooring, behind a piece of furniture, and there the creature was hidden. No one could be found who would help him to take the plank up and get the reptile out, so he had to do it himself. Finally the poor thing died. Next door there was a large sausage and salt-meat shop, called locally a "Salamaio." The proprietor came and begged for the dead boa, and the following day it was festooning the front of the shop, decorated with paper roses. Taking off his glasses, Lord Russell would smile and say, "History does *not* relate whether the boa was cut up in pieces and sold as sausage."

Winter approached ; the days began to shorten ; we had our last picnic and rowed down the lake by moonlight. Princess Charlotte, a bright, careless, lovable child, had been often of the party, and also Prince Waldemar, who subsequently

## Reminiscences of

died of diphtheria. We were present at Princess Charlotte's "fiançailles" to Prince Bernard of Saxe-Meiningen. He was a clever man, and among other things wrote Greek plays, but, unfortunately, he seemed to have poor health.

On the occasion of our last picnic Henry Dering and Maude, another secretary, were in our boat, and Mademoiselle de Perpignan, a lady-in-waiting to the Princess, sang an old Bretonne song, while the others joined in the chorus, the other boats answering. The words, as far as I can recall them, were :

Ceinture dorée,  
Chapelet d'argent,  
Il est à Paris  
Ou dans la Vendée.

When we took leave of the Empress, she gave us a photograph of herself, saying, "I give you this one, because no

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one wants an old woman's portrait." It was a photograph of one of the lovely portraits painted when she was young.

Eventually we were appointed to Rome. I bade farewell to my many friends and returned to our cottage to recount all my doings and what my family called the "fairy tales."

## ROME

1878-1882

WHEN I arrived in Rome in October 1878, we took a villa in the Macao, close to the Porta Pia, to be near the Embassy.

As my mother-in-law knew everybody, I had many letters of introduction, especially to the "black" society (the Vatican party). The white section was the Court party and, as is well known, the rivalry was intense. The Princess Bonaparte was most kind, and during the season the receptions at the Princess Palavicini's were wonderfully well done. The Ambassadors were all people who made history for themselves in one way



## Diplomatic Life

or another. The French Ambassadors, the Marquise de Noaille, née Tohaiskowska, had been one of the celebrated beauties of the Empire. She and the Marquis inhabited the Palazzo Farnese, famous for its wonderful frescoes. They had one son, who went by the name of Dudu. I remember him especially, because I engaged an English nursery-governess for him, and after a short time the poor girl was beside herself: she could do nothing with this spoiled child, and finally fled from the house rather than let him cut up a pink cockatoo alive, which, however, he eventually did!

The Russian Ambassador, Comtesse Ux-Kul, had the smallest waist and the longest hair I have ever seen. She was the wife of a Russian Consul and had eloped with the Ambassador, but when her first husband was taken dangerously

## Reminiscences of

ill, and eventually died, she went to nurse him. Strange to say, the Secretary of Embassy at the same time, M. S., had eloped with his Minister's wife at a former post. The Ambassador's wife was the spoilt child of society, whereas the Secretary's wife was never received, and went about closely veiled, as people passed such cruel remarks when they met her in the street—a typical example of the unfairness of public opinion in some cases.

In Rome the presentations were made at a Court ball, given by their Majesties Queen Margarita and King Umberto. The Queen had lovely auburn hair, a beautiful complexion and rather a long nose. I suppose her fair hair came from her Saxon ancestress. To my great discomfiture I was told that I was to dance in the "quadrille d'honneur." The

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“Chefesse” danced with the King, the Queen with the present King of Sweden, and I with our delightful chief, Sir Augustus Paget. I was quite lost in admiration when I saw Lady Paget: I thought she was the most beautiful person I had ever seen. She wore a white velvet embossed train and a lace and pearl skirt; her hair was done à la Grecque, and she wore a diadem of pearls and a pearl necklace. She moved so gracefully that I could not help exclaiming to Sir Augustus, “I have never seen anything so beautiful!” He smiled and said, “After the quadrille go and tell her so!” This I would never in my wildest dreams have had the courage to do.

It was said that Mme X., the wife of one of our colleagues, was protected by a member of the old Roman aristocracy, and this caused many scandals and much

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gossip. At this particular ball one of the ladies of the Court made some remark about her train being too long, whereupon Mme X. went to the buffet, and asking for a carving-knife, cut half the train off, and presented it to the lady-in-waiting—an episode that did not tend to stop scandalous tongues.

The afternoon drives in the Pincio were very amusing—the acrobatic feats performed when the Royal carriage passed causing some merriment; for everybody stood up in their carriages, and balance was not always easy to maintain at a moment's notice. There were many dinners at the Embassy. Among other people we met Lord George Paget, uncle to Sir Augustus, a fine old man; and Mr. Spencer Cowper. The latter was Lady Palmerston's son, and Sandringham belonged to him before it was purchased

California



LADY MACDONELL.

From a miniature painted in 1873.

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for the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Spencer Cowper was an American, possessed of a very fine voice. On one occasion, when I was at one of her big receptions, I was told that Mr. Spencer Cowper had been to Naples for change of air, and had returned with a feverish attack. He did not appear, as he had gone to Albano. I was looking for a place out of Rome to go to when the heat commenced and Mrs. Spencer Cowper made me promise to go to luncheon with her husband next day and take my young people.

We left the reception soon after midnight, and at 9 A.M. next day I started off with the boys and their governess, taking on the box a man who knew the best villas that were to be had. We had not gone half-an-hour on our way when we pulled up at a house by the roadside, where a large green branch indicated

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that new wine was sold. Out came the publican with a tray, large glasses and a fiasco of new wine. We tasted it and did not think much of it, but our guide and the coachman drank it down, and after tendering a few soldi we continued our journey. This proceeding was repeated five times on the part of the two men, and eventually the poor horses were whipped up a steep street, and were drawn up at a gloomy stone house, which was the best hotel. We descended and I sent the children with their governess to see the celebrated bridge, while I asked for Mr. Spencer Cowper. A porter led me across the bare flagged hall, upstairs, and opened a door into a sitting-room, a manservant entered and asked me to come into the next room. My horror is better imagined than described when I saw my would-be host dressed in his evening



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clothes, boots, gloves, white tie—dead! I did not realise at first what had really taken place, and asking how it had all happened, I was told that he had arrived the night before from Rome, apparently rather tired with the journey, and after a light dinner had retired to his room. When his servant called him in the morning he was found dead. A doctor was sent for, who said he had died from heart failure after fever! I hurriedly asked if Mrs. Spencer Cowper had been informed, and they told me they were expecting her momentarily. Meeting my children outside, we went to an inn, where I gave them some refreshments, and hurried with them back to Rome. How we ever got there still remains a mystery to me. The guide and the coachman had both drunk not wisely but too well. First the carriage swayed

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to one side and then to the other, corners were shaved, and pedestrians ran at our approach. At last we arrived at the gate of the city, and there to my horror I saw the body of poor Spencer Cowper in a landau, propped up with pillows, and the valet explaining that he was returning from Albano and had died on the road. This was a ruse to get the body into the city—always a great difficulty in Southern countries.

One of the finest figures in Rome was the handsome Cardinal Howard, who in his scarlet robes looked a real Prince of the Church. He was such a typical guardsman, and no one there seemed to know why he became a priest. The Hon. Mrs. Bruce, once a member of Queen Victoria's household, entertained a great deal, and at her dinners the homage paid to the Cardinal was quite remarkable.

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All present, both Catholic and Protestant, kissed the ring.

Our American colleague, George Wirtz, was quite an institution, his dinners being a feature of the Roman season. He was an ardent collector and possessed lovely pictures, china, and old glass, as well as some wonderful plate, in which he took a great interest. He and his second wife came to Lisbon when we were there. It was delightful to meet again and talk over old times.

I often went to see Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who had arrived from Peking in bad health with two tiny boys, and attended by a Chinese nurse. The latter, dressed in a sort of hobble-skirt smelling strongly of indigo dye, and her head-dress a thing of wonder, with quantities of huge gaudy pins stuck round a variation of the chignon, created quite a sensation in

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Rome. We also met Mrs. Fraser's brother, Marion Crawford, the celebrated author of so many delightful books. He had a fine voice, and his singing at the American Church attracted quite a large percentage of the congregation.

The Rev. Dr. Nevin was the shepherd of that big winter flock; no party was complete without him. Amongst the English-speaking community General Henry Hamilton Maxwell and his dear wife Laura, whom he always addressed as "Dame," were the most popular. He was a hero of the Indian Mutiny, having been badly wounded at the relief of Lucknow, and was taken to the house of his future "Dame's" parents to be nursed. Propinquity had the usual results: he ended by marrying their daughter. He loved to say that his wound pension dressed them both. General Maxwell

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was an Irishman and son of a clergyman. One day when he was telling an old Roman priest that his father was a clergyman, the priest smiled and said, "Queste cose se fanno, ma non se dicono" (These things are done, but not talked about).

We once made a long excursion to see a silkworm industry, and I took great interest in it all, for I love silk. I was told how the silkworms' eggs were carried from China to Persia first, hidden in the folds of a Chinese princess's head-dress. There they were cultivated and eventually came to Europe, brought in a cane by some Greek missionaries. Accompanied by the Maxwells, we also made an excursion to Sienna, with its market-place and its church dedicated to Sta Catherina; its old-world beauty impressed me immensely. I always felt very ignorant in Italy, and realised my instruction in history had been sadly

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neglected. I intended to study seriously, but have done nothing so far.

Here we again met Telfner, the successful civil engineer from Buenos Ayres. He had in the meanwhile been ennobled by King Victor Emanuel. We were present at his marriage with Miss Hungerford, sister of Mrs. Mackay, the Bonanza King's wife.

We were always lucky with our colleagues, who were charming. Of those in Rome, Beauclerk and Portal are dead, Buchanan is an Ambassador, and Greville has retired. We spent much of our time together and were all "bons camarades" and good friends; yet in spite of its many advantages, we were anxious to get to a post where we could remain all the year round. Summer was upon us, and hearing that General Stanton was leaving Munich, we therefore pressed for the vacancy and obtained it.

## MUNICH

1882-1885

MUNICH marks two great events in my life. While there I first met the lady to whom Hugh had been engaged in his youth. In her recently published memoirs she said such flattering things of me that I feel no shyness in giving my impressions of her. It is, I suppose, natural for every woman to feel a certain curiosity as regards those who have influenced her husband's life and destiny. I had often asked Hugh what she was like. With a certain shyness he would say, "Oh, it is so long ago!" and then, "Well, she was very fair, not tall. She had a lovely complexion, and above

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all a very great charm of manner and a very sweet smile."

Eight years ago, on sorting Hugh's letters, I came across a small packet put aside from the rest, which proved to be from her. I read some of them, and was filled with admiration at their simple straightforwardness and the good advice they contained, not to steeplechase or fight any more duels, if he wanted to win her at last. In one of the letters she mentions a King Charles dog he possessed, on whose collar was inscribed, "Je m'appelle Café et j'appartiens à Mr. Macdonell, Légation d'Angleterre"; and the letter continued, "I wonder whether I shall ever be like Café?" They parted, however, and never met until both were married. Sixteen or seventeen years after, on Hugh's death, I received a very kind note from her saying, "With Hugh



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goes a link in the chain of my golden youth."

The second incident was the birth of my dear girl; and what would my life be to-day without her? But these domestic things do not interest anybody.

There was a great commotion about our presentation. The ill-fated King Ludwig never received ladies, and weeks and weeks passed before he could make up his mind to receive the new British representative. Letters came saying that His Majesty would graciously deign to receive Mr. Macdonell at one o'clock; but when everything was ready and uniform donned, a messenger on horseback came hurrying from the Palace to say that the King could not receive the new representative that day. During all these delays I could not accept an invitation for fear of meeting either a Prince or

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Princess whilst my husband had not been received by the King. At last a summons came, and Hugh arrived at the Palace to find everything in gala array. He was shown into an ante-room, the door was thrown open, and under a canopy stood this remarkable monarch in a gorgeous uniform, wearing a blue velvet mantle embroidered with gold and lined with white satin, and a heavily jewelled sword at his side. When Hugh had made his speech in French, the King thanked him and hoped he would pass "un séjour agréable dans mon royaume." The King was at least 6 feet 3 inches in height, with a fine head, long curly hair, very pale complexion, and somewhat defective teeth.

The preliminary courtesies over, he motioned Hugh to sit down, and seating himself he began to discuss the political

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outlook and position of affairs generally ; and while doing so made an observation that rather astonished Hugh, "Vous savez que les grands malheurs qui poursuivent les pays viennent toujours d'en haut ; ce ne sont pas les peuples qui sont responsables. Les exemples d'extravagance, cette rage effrénée pour le luxe, voilà la cause, et nous sommes sur le bord d'un abîme."

We naturally heard much of this almost mythical King. First, as every one knows, he was devoted to Wagner, and built him a house exactly like a ship. He would have performances of the Wagner operas given with himself as sole audience, and had the house kept in total darkness during the performance. He also had a private entrance into the theatre. On the top of the Palace he had a lake with black swans on it and a small boat, in

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which he would imagine himself one of the heroes of the Wagnerian operas, preferably Lohengrin. He became rapidly more eccentric, and I am glad now, that I waited two hours in the deep snow at the back entrance of the Palace to see him, wrapped in sables, start out on one of his weird excursions in a covered sleigh. Once out of the Palace the two black horses were made to gallop at full speed. He had an electric apparatus for lighting the inside of his sleigh, and when he went through the mountain villages the peasants opened their doors, as soon as they heard the silver bells of the Royal sleigh, and knelt in reverent prayer whilst he passed, believing him to be a supernatural being.

He built himself a marvellous palace at Chiemsee, in the heights of the Bavarian Tyrol, and tried to reproduce a second

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edition of Versailles with its "galerie des glaces." To this palace he often retired. Every detail of the Louis XIV. era was carried out, even the brocade coats, silk stockings, knee-breeches and powdered wigs of the servants. A banquet was laid every day for thirty people. The King arrived, bowing to the imaginary guests, and the attendants were obliged to wear a black satin mask, as he hated human faces. Of course his insanity was inherited, for there is the taint in the Wittelsbach blood; and his brother, King Otto, still lives, a pitiable object of mental degeneracy. In his youth Ludwig was engaged to be married to the sister of the ill-fated Empress Elisabeth of Austria-Hungary. She, however, married the Duke d'Alençon, and eventually lost her life in the terrible fire of the Bazar de la Charité in Paris. When the King's

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marriage was broken off by the Duchess, he seemed unable to recover from the shock ; perhaps his mental condition was so precarious that the least strain upset the balance, and the last scenes of his life proved that the equilibrium had gone. He corresponded with foreign nations to the detriment of the Empire, and was finally put under restraint with a resident doctor. One day, with the cunning of the insane, he appeared calm and reasonable, and told his doctor, the famous mental specialist, Professor Hutten, that he wished to walk by the lake, but did not want either aide-de-camp or escort. Once in front of the deepest part of the lake, he clasped the doctor round the waist and sprang with him into the lake. The doctor struggled in vain ; they both sank, and the bodies were recovered four hours after.



KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA.

Born 1845. Died 1886.





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Baron Varicourt, one of King Ludwig's best friends and his aide-de-camp, was a great friend of ours. From him we often heard much of the King's eccentricities. His great-grandfather was the Baron Varicourt of the Garde Suisse who defended Marie Antoinette against the rabble. His great-aunt was the lady to whom Voltaire was so devoted, and whom he called "belle et bonne," and with whom he made his home off and on for many years. Varicourt was a most interesting man: his devotion to his King was very great, and it is a strange coincidence that the unfortunate man, who had once been under restraint, became suddenly insane, and shortly after his master's tragic end shot himself at an hotel at Wartzburg on his way to see his sister. He had inherited some lovely things, amongst others a picture of Voltaire by

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Largillière, which at Varicourt's death was purchased by the French Government and now hangs in the Louvre.

Visitors to Munich are often impressed by one rather gruesome municipal regulation. Twelve hours after a death has been notified, the body is removed to a magnificent building adjoining the cemetery, rather like a large conservatory, decorated inside with palms and ferns. Down the centre of the hall runs a sort of platform with inclined sides, on which the bodies fully dressed are laid reposing on wire mattresses. Each body is connected with an electric bell, which communicates with a lodge at either end of the building, inhabited by the guards. Only after thirty-six hours is a certificate of burial issued. The whole thing is very well described by the well-known authoress, Baroness Tautphœus, in her

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novel, *The Initials*. She, by the way, was a charming woman—née Montgomery—whose acquaintance I made towards the end of her life, when she was living in great retirement in Munich.

The Princess Ludwig, wife of Prince Ludwig, who has recently succeeded his father as Regent, was a beautiful lady and, had the Stuart line existed, would have been Queen of England. Her mother was a Princess d'Este and married the Archduke Charles ; she was therefore half-sister to Queen Christina, consort of King Alfonso XII. of Spain. I was often sent for to the Palace on the Odeon Platz, to sit and talk over domestic matters with Princess Marie Therese—she is now, like myself, a grandmother.

Another Royal lady, who lived next door to the Legation at Schwabing, was the Archduchess Gisela, married to the

## Reminiscences of

late Regent's second son. She was a daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. She had a mania for becoming thin, with this object often walking 10 or 15 miles a day. We were sometimes invited in to a game of bowls and tea. To my astonishment, at my first game I won five marks, which were handed over to me by the Prince; but the next week at the same game I lost ten, which therefore gave him his revenge. The Kegel, as the bowling-green is called, is a feature in all good Bavarian gardens.

It was at Munich we received our beloved Crown Princess, the Empress Frederick. She came for relaxation and in search of health even then. Princess Victoria accompanied her, and our valued friend, Count George Seckendorff, who was a Bavarian. I spent

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many happy hours shopping and visiting artists' studios with them, last but not least that of the great Lembach, who painted the last portrait of that great woman. Her intelligence was quite abnormal, everything interested her, but I fear she was often misunderstood.

Later on we had the honour of receiving on a three days' visit Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, which caused tremendous excitement among the colleagues. There was no end to their questions: Where was she going to be received; could they see the rooms she was to occupy? Finally, a crowd of American tourists waylaid her, and begged her to inscribe her name in their autograph books; their indiscretion was amazing, but she was very gracious, and signed as many as she could.

We had many friends at Munich.

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Sir Henry Howard, who had been in the diplomatic service, retired and lived there. His second wife, who was a German lady, Countess Schulenberg, was like a second mother to me, and was my constant companion. I was continually in her apartment in Ludwig Strasse.

One of the finest estates belonged to Count Arco - Vally, whose younger daughter married the late Lord Acton. The property was situated quite near Munich, and the shooting was some of the best in Bavaria—a fact we greatly appreciated, as we often received a whole stag for our larder. Dr. Döllinger, the great scholar and theologian, was another well-known figure, and he often came to pay us a morning call. He was excommunicated by the Pope for his controversy on the infallibility, and became the head of

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the Old Catholic movement ; still, he sued for pardon and absolution from Rome before dying, and received it. He was a tiny little wizened-up old gentleman, speaking English perfectly.

Our Russian colleague's wife (Comtesse Osten Sacken) was a charming lady, née a Princess Dolgourouki. She was first married to the old Prince Galitzine. When he was dying he made his Secretary, Count Osten Sacken, promise to marry his widow, which the Secretary did, despite the fact that he was many years her junior. They had a "chef de cuisine," who received £500 a year and drove about in his brougham, but he was an artist in his way ! Countess Osten Sacken possessed the celebrated and magnificent pearls known as the Galitzine pearls—at that time supposed to be unique among jewels, once the property of Catherine

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the Great of Russia. Both Count and Countess are now dead.

The excursions round Munich are lovely. Tagern See, Nuremberg, Innsbrück are quite charming; while Munich itself is a treasure-store of pictures and revivals of every kind of art, not to mention all the lovely ironwork, glass, porcelain, and all kinds of wood-carving and textile articles.

One of the extremely pretty religious ceremonies that take place there is the procession to bless the seeds that are to be sown. When the fields are prepared, the priest, with acolytes carrying the cross, walks first, followed by men with huge pockets slung in front of them. Arrived in the field these men approach the priest, who blesses the seed and throws the first handful into a furrow. When this is done, the procession



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returns to the church, singing a special hymn.

The peasants' dress is very picturesque: a skirt of fine brocade with hundreds of pleats round the waist, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a corselet of velvet or the same brocade. These gowns form heirlooms and go from mother to daughter, together with various pretty chains made with garnets and turquoises, and large brooches and ornaments. On their heads they wear a square of rich soft black silk tied over the forehead, the long ends hanging down at the back.

## RIO DE JANEIRO

1885-1888

SIR S. LOWCOCK'S death gave my husband his promotion as Minister Plenipotentiary to Rio de Janeiro; and as there were several very important questions pending and much British capital involved, we were obliged to hurry out there as soon as possible. After busy days of packing and choosing furniture we sailed, by our old friend the Royal Mail, for Rio. A curious incident occurred thirty-six hours after leaving Southampton. A large bird perched itself on the summit of the main mast, a sailor went up and caught it and

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brought it down, and it proved to be a brown owl! I am superstitious about owls, and was very depressed, especially as I had left my favourite sister seriously ill. The sailors tied a string round the poor dazed creature's leg and were rather ill-treating it, so I offered them two shillings for the bird, which they accepted, and I then let it out of my porthole. The captain told me that they often caught even smaller birds on the mast, especially when the wind was blowing off the land. On arriving at Lisbon we received a telegram to say that thirty-six hours after my departure my sister had passed away, and also Lady Macdonell, the wife of General Sir A. Macdonell, my brother-in-law—it was a strange coincidence!

The journey presented no novelty to us, and in twenty-one days we arrived

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at the magnificent harbour of Rio, which I have already described. To our horror many of the ships in harbour were flying yellow flags half-mast, and our Consul, Major Ricketts, informed us that there had been 800 deaths the day before from yellow fever. He advised us to go on to the Argentine, as all the hotels at Petropolis were full to overflowing. We were in this dilemma, not knowing what to do, when we were approached by a Mr. Wilson, a very well-known civil engineer, who said he had a large apartment in one of the hotels at Petropolis and would willingly give it up to us. He advised us to allow him to take us straight from the ship across the Bay in a steam-launch to Maua, the landing-place on the other side, which was connected with Petropolis by the funicular railway, and thus avoid

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landing at Rio at all. He was indeed a friend.

Nothing can give any one who has not seen it an idea of the ascent of the mountains, through jungle and forests, across mountain gorges, over precipices spanned by extremely unsafe-looking bridges. At last we arrived at our destination. Mr. Haggard (now Sir William) was the Chargé d'Affaires and was on the platform with his sister to greet us. She married the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires, and as Baroness d'Anethan went to Japan, where her husband was Minister. She has written several clever books, and one of them is on that country. Haggard was somewhat worried at our arrival and said, "The mortality has been terrible in Rio, so I asked the Consul to dissuade you from coming up, for the

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risk you run seems very great. But since you are here, what are you going to do?" "Well," I replied, "Mr. Wilson has kindly offered to give up part of his apartment at the hotel, and before leaving London we were offered the villa belonging to Baron Penedo's daughter just outside Petropolis." "Well," said Haggard, putting his eye-glass in his eye, "you are lucky!" And indeed we were.

We started off in a procession of what can only be described as "shandarydans," drawn by mules. We were a big party, as we had brought out the two younger children and nurses, the French cook and all our personnel. The apartment at the hotel, although considered one of the best, was dreadfully uncomfortable. The bedrooms contained a small iron bedstead and the barest necessities.

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Fortunately, Hugh never went to bed early, and I have always been an early riser. As soon as it was dawn I dressed and went to see how the rest of the party and the children had fared, for they were put in an annexe. They had slept, and were longing to get out into the garden.

We had our meals at the table d'hôte, and everything is eatable after ship's fare. I entered into conversation with a charming Brazilian lady, who gave me many details of the villa at Quitandinha; and that afternoon, with our good friend Mr. Wilson, we drove out to inspect the place. Truly it was an oasis in the desert! A delightful house with a verandah in front and opening out into a "pateo" or courtyard at the back. It was beautifully furnished with modern French furniture and everything one could possibly want. In the grounds was

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a farm with Breton cows. The poor animals spent most of their lives in the byre because of the snakes, and of the rank grass, which did not agree with them.

Next day our luggage and other belongings were put into carts, and the servants went out and lit fires all through the house, for the damp was appalling; but before many days were over we were comfortably settled at Quitandinha, five miles out of Petropolis. We had to send a mule-cart in every day for all our food - supplies, bread, meat, and vegetables. Poultry, eggs and milk we obtained from the farm at famine prices.

Of course it was a charming residence during the height of summer, but as the days grew shorter we were much perplexed: no house seemed likely to be vacant at Petropolis, even at the



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exorbitant rent demanded from the British Minister. The rains began and our transport grew more difficult; mountain torrents washed away the roads, and one day we had absolutely no food, except rice and macaroni: meat and bread there was none, as we could not get our supplies out. However, our chef, who was a capital fellow, said, "Madame must not worry, I will find something before night."

When dinner was served, there appeared a rather gelatinous soup, a few small fishes from the lake, fried, and about six tiny birds, whose flesh was quite black. I was rather sceptical, as they seemed strangely trussed, and I decided that I would only eat some macaroni.

Next morning the chef smiled and asked if we had enjoyed our dinner. I said I had not eaten any. Much

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aggrieved he said that the soup was quite like mock-turtle, and was made of monkey, and the birds were small blue parrots; but he had cut their heads off, feeling sure I would not have eaten them if I had known it!

Weird days we spent there: walking through those virgin forests, where the moss and dead leaves lay piled up, so that we walked ankle-deep through them. Sometimes our path was blocked by a huge mahogany tree blown down and left to rot; there were trees that give the campeachy dye, tinting the streams bright crimson; creepers hanging down like curtains between the trees; exquisitely beautiful blossoms, with no perfume; and birds of every gaudy hue, but songless. There was silence, silence everywhere—a silence that filled one with a nameless terror. Sometimes we

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would come on a clearing in the forest and find a whole family of charcoal-burners, some like skeletons wracked with ague, their thin horses loaded on each side with charcoal ready to be taken into the village or to Petropolis for sale—perhaps five poor mules and one horse all tied by the tails, following each other down the forest path.

When the sun was at its height, the huge water-snakes came down the side of the mountain, horrible to look at, but, I believe, quite harmless. A sight that impressed itself upon my memory was one stormy evening when the sullen lake looked almost black, while dozens of black storks stood all along the edge of the water, and not a human being was in sight; but vivid flashes of lightning illuminated this strange scene.

In that part of the country there was

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an interesting Frenchman, who had left France in 1870 for political reasons. He built himself a chalet and bought a big piece of land, and there he set up a very paying industry. He encouraged the German colonists, who had been brought out by the Emperor Dom Pedro, to keep cows and to sell him the milk, from which he manufactured the most delicious cream-cheeses; these he sent to Rio and Petropolis, doing quite a big business.

This man, whose name was Buisson, told us the following story. The charcoal-burners one day found a tiny monkey that had been shot, and brought it to him. He bound up its leg and nursed it tenderly, and the animal soon became his sole companion, following him about like a child, and sleeping in a basket at the foot of his bed. After a while, finding that his business was increasing,

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he arranged that one of the foremen and his wife should live in the house with him, so that the woman might keep house and clean his rooms—work that had till then been very badly done by two black slaves. The monkey resented this intrusion, and though Carlota, the woman, was very kind to him, he would never be caressed by her or eat the food she gave him. One day Monsieur Buisson had to go into Rio, and on his return he found the châlet in darkness and everything in confusion. On entering the kitchen he became greatly alarmed and feared some foul play, for he found pieces of Carlota's clothes, handfuls of hair, and quantities of blood. He hurriedly lit a lamp and went upstairs, where he found Carlota shut up in her room, in abject terror and hardly able to speak. She explained that after Monsieur's departure

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the monkey seemed very morose. She prepared his food but he refused to eat it, and as she turned to leave, the monkey sprang upon her, seized her by the hair, bit her and tore at her face, chattering violently the whole time. She said his grip was like iron, and only after a violent struggle was she able to get to her room and shut herself in. Buisson waited, hoping that the monkey would come in at supper-time, for he always sat beside his master at meals, but no monkey came. A week elapsed, and Monsieur had almost forgotten the incident, when one night about 2 A.M. he felt something spring upon his bed. He drew his revolver from under his pillow, lit his candle, and discovered the monkey. It seemed furious, and coming near him bit him in the arm. There was something almost tragic about the little Frenchman when he explained

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how he spoke to the monkey, saying, "For three long years you have been like a child to me in this land of despair, but now I must kill you!" and taking aim he shot the animal dead.

Showing us the monkey's skull, which he kept as a souvenir, he would say, "Behold another victim of jealousy! Yet I have never felt anything so much in my life as having to kill my play-fellow and companion."

There was a house we greatly coveted at Petropolis. It was rented by a Belgian engineer, and had a lovely garden, where bushes of gardenias, hibiscus, roses, and trees of heliotrope grew in profusion. There were also beds of tuberose, jessamine, and frangipanni, with borders of a curious little plant that had velvet leaves like a geranium, and that smelt like patchouli.

## Reminiscences of

One day Mr. Durieux, the owner of this terrestrial paradise, wrote and said that he had been suddenly called back to Europe and was anxious to offer us the villa "Des Onze Palmiers." Feeling that we were again in luck's way, we closed at once, and in our eagerness made no conditions, but took over everything Mr. Durieux wanted to get rid of. Our furniture had been warehoused, and as soon as he accepted our offer, we set to work to get it up from Rio to Petropolis, which, by the way, cost us more than the freight from London to Rio.

The Emperor Pedro II. often came to see us. He was the son of the ex-King of Portugal who fled from that country and became Emperor of Brazil in 1840.

Dom Pedro was a man of great charm, very learned, and a great traveller. His wife, the Empress Thérèse, a daughter of



## Diplomatic Life

the King of the Two Sicilies, was a tiny little lady, slightly lame. They had two daughters. The eldest was Princess Isabel, who married the Prince de Joinville's son, the Comte d'Eu. He was never popular, and was supposed to be much interested in speculations of various kinds. Many curious stories are told of Princess Isabel: one that having no heir to the throne, she consulted many wise men and women, and at last her "confessor" ordered her to do a penance. First, she was to wash the marble steps of the altar daily for nine days; secondly, she was to go round the church on her knees; and thirdly, attend high mass bare-footed. It was a case of "Thy faith hath made thee whole," for in the course of the year a prince was born, and several others followed.

The second daughter married a Prince

## Reminiscences of

of Saxe-Coburg, and had two sons. The eldest, Dom Pedro, was for a long time heir-presumptive, and was educated in Brazil under the auspices of his grandfather, the then reigning Emperor Dom Pedro. The Princess died of typhoid fever in Dresden.

The Emperor invariably walked about in dress clothes, wearing his various decorations and ribbons, and a tall silk hat, followed by his aide-de-camp, who walked behind him holding his white umbrella.

The receptions at the Palace were "sans façon." On being summoned to pay our respects to His Majesty, we arrived at the Palace and found no one to usher us in. We stood and clapped our hands, and a black man in gorgeous green livery embroidered in gold, but with bare feet (looking not unlike a

## Diplomatic Life

lizard), came forward, grinned broadly, and said in broken English, "You come see Emperor? Please this way." We were ushered into a room on the ground floor, a very large and bare apartment with white curtains at the many windows, and containing a cane sofa, four arm-chairs, and about fifty small cane chairs arranged round the walls. The floor was carpetless, but a marble-topped mahogany table stood in the centre.

Presently the door opened and the Empress came in, dressed in a black silk dress trimmed with many rows of velvet, bell sleeves, and a fine lace collar, fastened with a large diamond brooch. She was very talkative, and told me how, when she came out to marry the Emperor, which she first did by proxy, the war-vessel that brought her out had a "chapelle ardente" fitted up, also a coffin and an

## Reminiscences of

embalmer in case of accidents *en route*. Poor thing, she lived to die in exile far from Brazil, the country of her adoption and of which she was very fond.

The Emperor never spoke English, and both Hugh and I were much perturbed when in a room full of colleagues he addressed Hugh in a loud tone of voice, saying: "Pourquoi est-ce que la Princesse Béatrice (who had only recently been married) n'a pas d'enfants?" Hugh replied, "Votre Majesté, la princesse est très jeune encore, elle a tout le temps." "Non, non, fille de sa Majesté la Reine Victoria elle doit commencer par avoir des enfants tout de suite!"

At the opening of the "Cortes" or Parliament, the Emperor wore a mantle of gorgeous toucan feathers. He was well over six feet, very strongly built, had a fine, genial face, and a white beard.

## Diplomatic Life

A more kind-hearted and scholarly man never lived. It is a blot on the history of Brazil that he was ignominiously dethroned and sent to die away from his beloved country, which he had done so much to improve, and where he had been instrumental in giving the slaves their freedom—a great feat, though perhaps at the time a little premature ; for the poor creatures, having been treated more or less like animals for generations, were unable to think or provide for themselves when suddenly called upon to do so. England has many glories, but none so humane and so memorable as the great part she took in the suppression of the slave-trade. Undying honour to those pioneers who initiated this reform !

Brazil has produced some interesting men, foremost among them Dom Joachim de Nabuco, writer, politician, and one of

## Reminiscences of

the principal workers in the great task of abolishing slavery in Brazil. He graced the diplomatic service, and was representative of Brazil in this country, being afterwards sent as Ambassador to the United States, one of the most important posts for Brazil, where he died beloved and respected by all who knew him.

We came across one curious character, a man called Captain Britto. He had been the owner of a slave-ship, but eventually turned Queen's evidence, and ended in the enjoyment of pensions from the British Government and from the Society for the Abolition of Slavery. The Captain would tell us how, when he plied his trade, the poor creatures sat chained together on the deck, wearing only a loin-cloth, exposed to the burning rays of the sun during the day and to the cold

## Diplomatic Life

chills and dew of a tropical region at night. When one faltered or seemed weak, he was unfastened from his or her companion and thrown into the sea alive, a ready prey to the swarms of sharks that followed in the wake of the ship with its human cargo. Once when he had loaded up with his captives on the west coast of Africa, a baby about eight months old was separated from its mother. The chief who was selling the unfortunate and unhappy creatures asked Captain Britto if he would accept the baby as a present. He replied that he could not look after it and had no one to entrust it to, whereupon the chief took up the infant by its leg and dashed its brains out with his club.

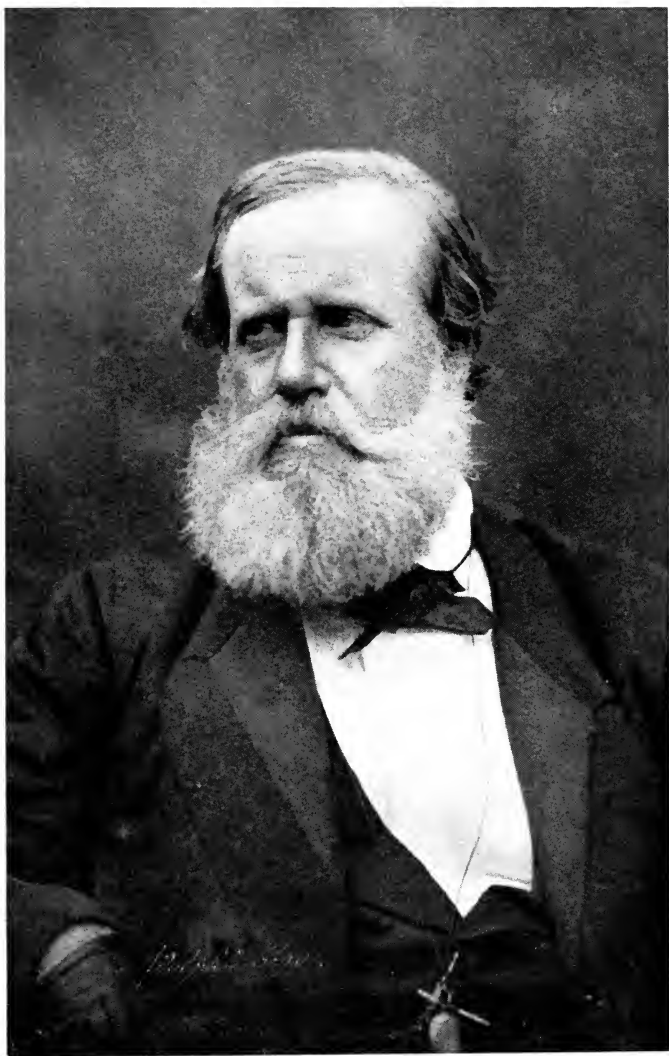
Our great friends at Rio were Count and Countess Amelot-Chaillon, who had also been our colleagues at Buenos Ayres.

## Reminiscences of

She was a charming lady, a daughter of the Marquis De Allee. During their stay in Buenos Ayres, a military expedition was sent out to punish the Toba tribe of Patagonian Indians, and several of these fine men with their wives and children were brought to the capital as hostages. We all visited them in their encampment near the Onze de Septi embre. One of these "caciques" or chiefs had a little girl about four years old whom he offered to the Countess. Having no children of her own, she was delighted to accept, and brought up this child with tender love and every care, and had her brilliantly educated; but for a year the little girl never spoke. She was very ugly, of a Mongolian type, with high cheek-bones, rather a flat nose, and almond-shaped eyes; she had pointed teeth like those of a cat and long straight



California



PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

(See p. 186.)

## Diplomatic Life

black hair. She kept her Indian name, Loco Mar, and was baptized and confirmed as Loco Mar, Comtesse Amelot-Chaillon. The dear Amelots were typically French in many ways. On one occasion we went out for a picnic in the wood at Alto-do Imperador, near Petropolis, and on returning lost our way. The Amelots and Loco Mar were of the party. The Count spoke to Loco Mar, who immediately ran on in front, and taking up some earth, smelt it and said, "Non, non, Parrain," as she called Amelot, "nous ne sommes pas sur la route." He, dear man, very excited, said, "C'est l'instinct indien; elle a le flair comme un chien de chasse." Poor Loco Mar, she was given a handsome "dot" and married a French naval officer, and died when her seventh child was born.

## Diplomatic Life

I was designated to give the prizes away at the fête in honour of our Queen's Jubilee, and accordingly went down from Petropolis to attend the service in the church and subsequent cricket match and athletic sports. Unfortunately I caught a chill and developed malaria. After many weeks of suffering I had to be carried on board the Royal Mail steamer and sent to England.

I was obliged to leave Hugh alone in Brazil for six months. Fortunately he was successful in arranging many British claims, especially that of Warings, the railway contractors; and shortly afterwards the Foreign Office offered him Copenhagen.

## COPENHAGEN

1888-1892

AFTER reaching England I was very ill with malarial fever for some time. As soon as I was able to see visitors, Sir Edmund Monson called and informed me that the rigorous climate of Denmark was impossible for Lady Monson, that he had obtained the promise of Athens, and that the Foreign Office had cabled to my husband, offering him Copenhagen.

I felt sure Hugh would accept, for though the climate was trying, he had many "bons souvenirs" from the time when he was there as Second Secretary, so I was delighted when a cable came saying, "Have accepted."

## Reminiscences of

The idea of having no more long sea-journeys, of being in the midst of civilisation, and above all that we could now make a home for our children with us, helped greatly to restore me; and after three months' leave we started for Copenhagen, sending our elder boys, the tutor, and household by direct steamer from Millwall Docks.

Arriving at Copenhagen I was greatly struck by the animation of a northern capital. Close to the railway station were the great Tivoli Gardens, brilliantly illuminated, where hundreds of people of all classes gathered: some to hear the excellent orchestral music given under a dome shaped like a shell; others to enjoy the pleasures of theatrical performances, dancers, acrobats, and the so-called pantomimes, introduced many years ago by the Italian family of Casorti, and still one of

## Diplomatic Life

the delights of every Danish child, rich or poor, Pierrot being of course prime favourite. There were minor amusements, such as a ship, called the *St. George*, on the lake, where refreshments were served, and many other side-shows—switchbacks and such things,—all very new and delightful in those days.

I remember going there one evening with Madame de Falbe, who had been married twice before M. de Falbe married her as his second wife. He was called the “Dannebrog boy,” because at eighteen he was wounded and lost his leg in the Danish War, and received that much-coveted decoration for valour,—the youngest recipient on record, I believe. Madame de Falbe insisted upon going with a large party of young people on the switchback, and whether the air was too cold or something happened I

## Reminiscences of

do not know, but she fainted and had to be carried out; every one imagined she was dead. A doctor was soon in attendance, and after restoratives had been given she was able to be taken back on board her yacht; but we were all a good deal frightened.

We stayed at the Hôtel d'Angleterre until we had put the Legation in order. It was a fine old house at the corner of the St. Anna Plads and Bredgade, and has since been purchased by the Government. Our presentations were soon made. I was received by the gracious Queen Louise in a charming drawing-room, containing quantities of plants, and with a bird singing in the window. Her Majesty told me this bird was of a special breed—an improvement on the Harz Mountain canary, with notes like a nightingale.



## Diplomatic Life

The Queen had a marked personality, a small figure with grey hair ; very clever and always evincing a warm interest in people and events. The King (Christian IX.), too, won every one's heart. Well I remember his waltzing like a young man, though he was over seventy. He was tall, a fine upright figure, rather spare, a good rider, with a fine open countenance, —an ideal gentleman.

We were often invited to dinner, especially during the summer, when all the Royal visitors came ; for they were a most united family. The late King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales), the late Emperor Alexander III. and Empress Marie of Russia, the King and Queen of Greece, and on one occasion the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland paid visits. All the Royal grandchildren accompanied

## Reminiscences of

their parents, making up a merry party. On receiving the invitation we proceeded to Fredensborg Castle by train, in company with those of our colleagues who had also been honoured, and were met by the Royal carriages, which drove us to the Castle. On arriving we ladies were shown into a small apartment, consisting of two bedrooms and a sitting-room. We had brought our maids, and dressed there; we then went into the drawing-room and stood according to seniority, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. When the King and Queen appeared, we all made a deep curtsy. The King said a few kind words to each of us and afterwards went over to the gentlemen, while the Queen came round to the ladies, having already spoken to the gentlemen.

If you had not been presented to

## Diplomatic Life

the other Royalties who were there, a chamberlain-in-waiting was presented to you, who in turn presented you to his Sovereign. The Crown Princess of Denmark, now Queen Dowager, was enormously tall with a very small waist; she dressed heavily in brocades and velvet. She was the only child of King Charles XV. of Sweden and a Dutch Princess, from whom she inherited great wealth and splendid jewels, principally diamonds.

The Crown Prince (the late King) was charming and very amiable, but had not the individuality of the dear old King, who was quite unique. Prince Christian, the present King, was in those days quite a boy, nice-looking, enormously tall, and full of fun.

The banquets at Fredensborg were served by footmen dressed in breeches

## Reminiscences of

and heavily laced red coats, wearing on their heads a gilt band decorated on top with a bunch of flowers. At first sight they looked as if they had floral hats on—I believe it was an old mediæval custom; these liveries, with the so-called “flower baskets,” being also worn by the runners, who used in olden times to precede the King’s carriage on the road.

I remember at one of these gatherings the United States’ representative had missed the train down; King Christian, kind as he always was, ordered dinner to be postponed until his arrival. About three-quarters of an hour later the door opened, and the Minister entered arm-in-arm with his wife; the lady was dressed in a little green gown, cut in a small V in front, though we, of course, were all in full evening dress. They made a beeline to their Majesties, and while the lady

## Diplomatic Life

was making profuse apologies for their delay, the Minister rushed to our beloved Prince (King Edward VII.), and shaking him warmly by the hand, begged the Prince to present him to the other Royalties present. The Prince, with all his "bonhomie," laughed and took it as a great joke.

Sometimes after dinner there were thought-reading séances by a Mr. Cumberland, and some remarkable tricks were done. The Emperor of Russia was a very powerful man: he could lift immense weights and hold them out at arm's length with one hand. He could also break a half-crown with his fingers.

We were once included in the big luncheon-party on board the Imperial Russian yacht, the *Polar Star*. Everything was done on a magnificent scale; the plate and table decorations were

## Reminiscences of

wonderful. After luncheon, while we were all sitting at the table, we began playing games. All the table-napkins were tied up, every person rolling something up in their own, and passing them round as quickly as possible, to give every one else a chance of feeling what was inside the napkins. All of a sudden you were told to guess what they contained : spoons, forks, salt-cellars, stoppers, napkin rings, etc. This somewhat childish amusement was pursued with great zest, and became quite boisterous.

Of course we also went on board the *Victoria and Albert*. It was a very old Royal yacht, and of Spartan simplicity compared to the *Polar Star* with its Russian luxury. The Admiral, Sir Harry Keppel, was always of the party. He was popularly known as the "pocket Admiral," and was the life and soul of

## Diplomatic Life

everything that went on—enjoying all the fêtes thoroughly.

The King's two brothers, Prince William and Prince John of Glücksburg, were older than King Christian IX., as he had inherited the throne through the Queen Louise, she being a Princess of Hesse and next in succession to Frederick VII. They were delightful and cultured men of the old school.

About this time I had the pleasure of meeting Sir John Drummond Hay, who had married a Danish lady, a cousin of Hugh's. He had been first Consul, then Consul - General, and, finally, Minister Plenipotentiary to Morocco. He had the reputation for getting everything he wished out of the Foreign Office, and he managed the Moors in a way that no other envoy had been able to do.

Though short, he was a decidedly

## Reminiscences of

remarkable-looking man, with black eyes that seemed to look you through and through, dark hair, and, when I first saw him, a beard that was turning grey. He was a very keen sportsman and a great authority on pig-sticking—indeed it was he who introduced that form of sport into Morocco, by the forming of the Pig-sticking Club at Tangier, thus giving many a pleasant day's outing to officers in garrison at Gibraltar and visitors to the place.

He told me that during his official career there, he loved to combine pleasure with business; so when he had to go out to meet a notable sheik, he always took with him a retinue of servants, comfortable tents, and a whole arsenal of sporting guns. He was greatly interested in his stable, and invariably appeared at the meeting mounted on a magnificent animal,



## Diplomatic Life

with an elaborate saddle, box-stirrups, and trappings of silver. But the most important item of his accoutrement was a large cloak, generally of blue cloth, embroidered on the collar and down the front with heavy gold lace, as he said, "This never failed to impress the Sheik that I was the representative of a powerful Sovereign. I never forgot the Spanish proverb, 'Linda capa todo tapa'!" (A handsome cloak covers much.)

We had as colleagues Count and Countess D'Aunay. She had been Miss Berdan, an American. Her sister married Marion Crawford. I was sorry for the D'Aunays, who were put for a time "en disponibilité," owing, I believe, to the jealousy of M. Pasteur, the Secretary, who resented Princess Marie's great friendship for the Count and Countess.

We were present at all the fêtes for

## Reminiscences of

the golden wedding of King Christian and Queen Louise. The day was a long one, and commenced with a ceremony in the chapel of the Christiansborg Palace. This palace, with the exception of the chapel, was burnt down in 1884, and had not been rebuilt when we left. There were continuous processions; the illuminations in the evening were lovely and most effective, even in the smaller thoroughfares of the city where they were quite simple, consisting of long candles in frames the shape of pyramids, placed inside all the windows, to prevent them from flickering or going out. From top to bottom of the high houses there was one stream of light. The fêtes ended with a gala performance at the opera, and the next day there was a ball at the Palace. The ballroom was decorated in white and gold, the hangings were of red



A ROYAL DINNER-PARTY AT FREDENSBORG CASTLE.

The names from left to right facing are: Prince George of Greece, Princess Victoria, Prince Valdemar, Crown Princess of Denmark, King George of Greece, Czar of Russia, Princess of Wales, Grand Duke Paul, Grand Duchess Xenia. Nearer side of table: Prince William, Grand Duchess Paul, Duchess of Cumberland, King Christian, Empress of Russia, Crown Prince of Denmark, Queen of Greece.



## Diplomatic Life

and gold silk. On the dais sat the King and Queen and the members of the Royal family; little tabourets were arranged each side of the throne, which were allotted to the Ministers' wives in accordance to their rule of precedence—the Russian Ambassadors being first.

At the door of the ballroom the King's brother received the guests on their arrival, and personally conducted each one of us to the dais, where we curtseyed and passed to our special tabourets. I was dreadfully perturbed on entering the ballroom when the Countess Toll, wife of the Russian Minister and doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique, called out, "La voilà, toute en blanc, comme une colombe bien nourrie!" The following night the Municipality gave a ball at the beautiful Concert Palais, originally the town residence of the Schimmelmann

## Reminiscences of

family, and since converted into a place of entertainment. This ball was likewise honoured by all the Royal family.

One of the architectural gems of Copenhagen is the Rosenborg Palace ; it is quite unique, and was built by Christian IV. after a design of Inigo Jones. It is now a museum full of priceless treasures.

The environs of Copenhagen are lovely: a long drive beside the seashore brings one to Charlottenlund, the summer residence of the late King Frederick VIII., a delightful home, not too big, surrounded by a beech forest. Farther on is Skovshoved, a picturesque fishing-village ; and still a little farther north, on a hill with a most glorious view over the Sound and the distant Swedish coast, is the little white fairy palace "Hvidöre," now the Danish summer "pied-à-terre" of Queen Alexandra and the Dowager-

## Diplomatic Life

Empress Marie. Close to this lovely spot begins the extensive Deer Park, a stately forest of magnificent beeches, also containing a Royal shooting-box and a race-course.

The Danes are great lovers of nature, and one of their chief amusements consists in spending a day in the woods. Grandmothers and grandfathers, wives and husbands, children big and little, all go out for the day, and return bringing a branch of beech to decorate their modest homes until another holiday can be planned and afforded; for the Danes are examples to the world in thrift.

A very interesting woman was Miss Mathilde Knudsen, the daughter of a wealthy Danish sugar-planter from the West Indies. Her father was ruined when beetroot sugar was produced in Europe in such immense quantities, and

## Reminiscences of

at his death she came and settled at Copenhagen. Being extremely clever and speaking English as well as she did her own language, she was appointed English governess to the Royal children. She never tired of talking of her charges, and was delighted to show a lock of Queen Alexandra's hair, cut off the day before she left Denmark. Miss Knudsen's room was full of pretty souvenirs given by her Royal pupils, and every anniversary was marked by some fresh token of affection. She was specially invited to be present at Her Majesty's Coronation, and never ceased talking of all the kindness she received. She died only a few months ago.

The flowers in Copenhagen were lovely, and people said that this was mainly owing to Princess Marie d'Orleans, wife of Prince Valdemar, the youngest son of King Christian IX. She loved flowers



## Diplomatic Life

and encouraged the people to take an interest in them ; she was also devoted to animals, especially horses and bull-dogs. She was very energetic and somewhat unconventional, making herself the special protectress of the Fire Brigade, and having her portrait painted in a dress that resembled as closely as possible the uniform of a fireman, even wearing a helmet-like hat adorned with a large yellow plume. Princess Marie was idolised by the poor, for her charity and kindly interest were never failing. She died in 1910 from complications following an attack of influenza, whilst the Prince, her husband, who is in the navy, was abroad with his ship, her death casting a real gloom over all Copenhagen, rich and poor regretting her.

It is marvellous what industry and thrift can do for a poor country:

## Reminiscences of

The Danish public debt is comparatively small, and their exports, principally dairy produce, are immense. Butter is sent all over the world; their eggs, cheese, and bacon come principally to England, and represent a yearly income of several millions.

One of the prettiest though least-frequented drives was to the island of Amager, which was most interesting. The soil is very rich, and there the vegetables and fruit which supply Copenhagen are grown.

The inhabitants of this little island differ even now in appearance, dress, and traditions from those of the adjoining island of Zealand, owing to the fact that they are the direct descendants of a colony of Dutch peasants established there in the beginning of the sixteenth century by King Christian II.

## Diplomatic Life

While this king was Crown Prince and Governor of Norway, he made the acquaintance of a Dutch woman, named Sigbrit. She was of good family, but had had to flee from Holland as a political refugee, and was forced to keep a small shop in Bergen to enable her to earn a livelihood. She had a beautiful daughter who bore the poetical name of Dyveke, meaning "little dove." Prince Christian fell desperately in love with her, and as soon as he was king called Sigbrit and her daughter to Denmark, and at first established them at Hvidöre, where to-day Queen Alexandra and the Dowager-Empress Marie of Russia have their summer residence. Sigbrit, being an intelligent and enterprising woman, soon became the King's chief counsellor, and among other things induced him to grant facilities to a number of Dutch peasants

## Reminiscences of

for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, according to tradition urging the King to do so on the plea that Dyveke suffered from the dearth of such luxuries. The King willingly acceded to her request.

But poor gentle Dyveke fell a victim to foul play, for she died after eating some poisoned cherries. The King accused Torben Oxe, the Governor of Christianborg Castle, of whose attentions to Dyveke he was very jealous, of this crime; others laid it at the door of the clericals or of Sigbrit's many enemies. King Christian forthwith proceeded in a most unconstitutional manner; for as his peers refused to condemn Torben Oxe, the King swore that even if he had a neck as thick as that of a bull, he should lose his head; and appointed a jury of peasants, who found the Governor guilty, and condemned him to be beheaded!

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Shortly afterwards (*i.e.* in 1523) King Christian himself was dethroned and obliged to flee the country.

We were often invited into the queer old-fashioned cottages on the island of Amager, and were much fascinated by a sort of triangular shelf, the front beautifully carved. The shelves, projecting on the outside, were used for bowls, jars, cups and saucers; these articles being almost always in blue and white Delft china. We were kindly allowed to have one of these shelves photographed, and the copy constructed from it we now use as a bookshelf and for odd bits of china; its curious form has made it the subject of much comment.

We entertained a great deal during our sojourn in Copenhagen; all the Royal family came frequently to the Legation. One of the curious old

## Reminiscences of

customs still observed there is that of receiving Royalty at the front door with two tall footmen each carrying a candelabra with lighted candles, and they precede the Royalties to the ante-room. This procedure is gone through on the arrival of the Royal guests and is repeated on their departure.

The King sometimes paid very unceremonious visits, which on one occasion led to an amusing incident. He arrived one morning accompanied only by a collie dog, the gift of Queen Victoria. A new footman answered the door, and leaving the King in the hall came up to my room in some agitation, saying, "There's a man downstairs with a dog, who wants to see your ladyship, and he *says* he is the King of Denmark." My dismay was only equalled by my amusement. I descended hastily. Sure enough

## Diplomatic Life

it was His Majesty, and his laugh was as hearty as mine over the incident.

As the Government did not furnish any rooms for the Minister, we had to spend a great deal in ballroom furniture, which we had to have made. The chairs and sofas had beautifully carved frames, which were white, with the ornaments finely gilded, and covered in rich crimson brocade.

The Legation was extremely insanitary. We had scarlet fever and diphtheria during the first year, so that we were obliged to leave for three months while the house was disinfected and re-decorated. During that period we rented Mr. Brooke Taylor's house at Elsinore, about 28 miles from Copenhagen. He had been British Consul at Elsinore, and was pensioned when the special post was done away with. A man with a

## Reminiscences of

fund of anecdote, and a collector of snuff-boxes and other bric-à-brac, he was always interesting and amusing. The house was pretty and old-fashioned, and overlooked the sea, close to the Castle of Kronborg, famous for its legend of Holger Danske, the champion of Denmark, who in the hour of her uttermost need will waken and defend her from all enemies, but who till then sleeps in Kronborg's cellar, his long beard grown into the stone table on which he rests his arms. The Castle is immortalised also by Shakespeare, for Hamlet is supposed to have lived there, and close by is the tomb of Hamlet and "Ophelia's well." It is a splendid pile, facing the Kattegat at the entrance to the Sound, swept by wind and water, a perfect specimen of sixteenth century architecture.

During our residence of nearly five



## Diplomatic Life

years in Copenhagen, Hugh had several severe illnesses, and when the autumn came we felt that we were risking a great deal in remaining through another winter. We therefore decided to take long leave and go South for some months. In the meantime, Sir George Petre retired, and we were appointed to Portugal.

Their Majesties quite overwhelmed us when we bade them good-bye; indeed everybody was more than kind to us, and we left with real regret. On our way back to England we were asked to pay a visit to the Emperor William. We therefore broke our journey in Berlin and went to the Neue Palais, Potsdam. The Emperor presented his four sons to me, and bade me not forget that I had known four generations of the family—the great-grandfather, grandfather, Emperor, and Crown Prince. We spent a delightful

## Diplomatic Life

time: the Emperor, reminding me of the days of his youth and the dances, when he used to dance so energetically that he lifted me off my feet, adding slyly and not without intention, "I am afraid I could not do that now."

## LISBON

1893-1902

THE prospect of the sunshine delighted us both, and after sending all our furniture by sea direct from Copenhagen to Lisbon, we came home for a few weeks. We had the great pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with Louis Soveral (now the Marquis). Of course, it was of immense importance that Hugh should have long conferences with him, as our relations with Portugal had been somewhat strained, and our respective countries were not the best of friends, due mainly to an incident similar to that of the French and Fashoda.

## Reminiscences of

We again sailed by the Royal Mail at the end of January 1893, arriving after sixty uneventful hours at sea. Our dear friends, Edward Goschen (now Sir Edward, and Ambassador in Berlin) and his wife, received us. They had been with us at Copenhagen and he, to our great delight, was Secretary of Legation at Lisbon when we were appointed there. We found that they had kindly made every arrangement for us at the Braganza Hotel, which had been redecorated and, I hoped, cleared of rats, the secretary of the hotel having once told me that when Lady Charlotte Schreiber returned from Madeira to Lisbon, where Mr. Schreiber died, she and her servants had to beat the rats off the body—they swarmed! And I had always heard that the rats became so numerous in the town that every householder was obliged to

THE  
LAW OF  
CALIFORNIA



THE BRITISH LEGATION AT LISBON.

## Diplomatic Life

keep a cat; hence the number of cats to be found in every street.

The view over the river from the windows is quite glorious, and full of life and movement—every kind of craft, ranging from curious boats with dark red lateen sails to huge liners riding at anchor. On the other side of the hotel one overlooked the Monastery of the English Dominican Fathers, and saw them in their white habits, during their recreation hours, walking up and down on the flat roof of the monastery. This historic Order left England at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, and settled in Portugal in 1666 in the reign of King John IV., under Father O'Daly, who was known as Frei Domingo do Coração. Father O'Daly was a descendant of the famous family of Desmond, who suffered great persecution

## Reminiscences of

at the time of Queen Elizabeth, all their properties being confiscated and given to Sir Walter Raleigh. Fleeing from Ireland he went to the Low Countries, and from thence to Spain, where Philip II. (1665) took a great fancy to him and sent him on a mission to the Duchess of Mantua, offering to make an Alliance offensive and defensive with Portugal. Spain's conditions were not accepted, and Portugal finding herself likely to be completely crushed by Spain and Philip, sent Father O'Daly (who had taken up his residence in Lisbon on the failure of his Spanish negotiations) on another mission to the French, where he was more successful,—the French King providing the Portuguese with 1000 infantry and 1000 cavalry under the command of General Comte de Berg, who afterwards fell at the Battle of the Boyne. Father O'Daly



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was also sent to try to arrange a marriage between Louis XIV. of France and Catherine, daughter of John IV. and Queen Louise. Catherine's dowry was extremely tempting, and matters were on the point of being settled, when at the last moment Louis refused. However, O'Daly eventually arranged the marriage of Catherine of Braganza and Charles II., Charles receiving Bombay, Tangier, Ceuta and the island of Sta Catherina as her dowry. Poor Catherine, her experience as Queen of England was sad enough; her remains, which are in a leaden coffin encased in an oak casket, were periodically inundated by the rising of the Tagus into the crypt of the church at Belem, until at the request of Queen Victoria the coffin was removed from its perilous position and taken to the beautiful Rococo church of the Estrella.

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We took an early opportunity of paying a visit of inspection to the Legation, which had just been vacated by Sir George Glyn Petre and the famous Lady Petre, who as Miss Catherine Sneyd was a great beauty of the Reubens type, with fine colouring, fair hair, and a beautiful complexion. It is an open secret that Louis Napoleon admired her immensely and that she might have been Empress of the French.

We found the house very old-fashioned and inconvenient. It had originally been a convent, and had been patched up and added on to until it was more like a barracks than a Government House. The garden was quite lovely, with an ideal view overlooking the Tagus as far as the Bar. A tablet at the entrance of a small cave in the garden records the request of Lord

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Lytton to his successors to do their best for the garden. I think we fulfilled his request to the utmost, for the garden, which was on a limestone rock and in many parts had only 2 feet of soil, required tons of fresh earth every year, and we gave it all it needed. We also sent for a gardener from England. He had been at Kew, but he was not a great success, as he pruned the trees and cut back creepers at the wrong seasons and insisted on dividing the old palms; nevertheless, we made a lovely rose-garden. As we were unable to get anything of the kind out there, we sent for hundreds of standard, dwarf, and rambler roses from Cant's and Paul's, and in the month of May it was like a rose show. The gardens in Portugal are left very much to grow as they please; so our roses became quite famous, and

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people would ask for permission to see them. A year after our arrival Count Burnay, the great financier and entrepreneur, arranged a Flower Show and asked us to exhibit, which we did, sending lovely specimens of Lady Folkestone, the Idéale, Niphetus, Rêve d'or, and some enormous Paul Nérons. We were awarded the gold medal—only on paper, however, for we never received it.

Hugh was devoted to the garden and spent every spare moment in it. He used to purloin all my parasols, sunshades, and white umbrellas to tie on canes to protect the roses, for the “arch chemic,” as Milton styles the sun, takes all the colour out of the blooms, and after two years the briar exhausts the graft, and one's garden becomes a mass of briars.

I remember Prince Henry of Battenberg coming to Lisbon from Gibraltar

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in his yacht the *Sheila*, and when he was taken round the garden he was enthusiastic about the roses and much amused at the sunshades. I was delighted to find that a lovely rose named Princess Beatrice was in full bloom. He asked if he might cut it, and doing so he placed it in his pocket-book.

This brings to my mind a curious incident that occurred about this time. We had seen a great deal of the Prince, and he left sooner than he expected. He came to bid us good-bye, saying, "I am going to be towed out to sea; we leave at 5 A.M. as we must take advantage of the tide; and I am afraid I shall not see you again." To which we replied, "At any rate we shall all be on the terrace to watch you go, and we will dip our flag to you as you go down the river."

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Before five next morning we were on the terrace, and as soon as the yacht came under the Legation, we dipped our flag. The yacht at once returned the salute, and we tried to dip again; but imagine my distress when I saw our flag half-mast high. No pulling or hauling would move it as the yacht passed out of sight. Finally, we were obliged to telephone to the naval fire-station, and to request one of the marines to swarm up the exceedingly high flag-staff and bring the flag down.

A few days later Hugh received a letter from the Prince, thanking us for our hospitality, and saying at the end, "Please tell Lady Macdonell that I noticed the flag, but fortunately I am not superstitious."

Alas! shortly afterwards he went out with a military expedition to Africa and died of fever almost at once. His body

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was brought to Madeira to be transhipped to H.M.S. *Blonde*, and we telegraphed to our Consul asking him to lay some flowers on the bier. Princess Beatrice wrote and thanked us, sending at the same time a large photograph of the handsome and ill-fated Prince.

Again there was some little delay about my presentation. First I had to be presented by the Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique to the Duchess Palmella, Grande Maîtresse de la Cour. She lived in a beautiful house with many art treasures. She herself was a great sculptress and very literary.

The Duchess, who was the richest lady in Portugal, was daughter of the celebrated Duke of Palmella, who figured at Queen Victoria's Coronation, being subsequently immortalised in "Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation," in

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the *Ingoldsby Legends*, in the following manner:—

. . . Lord Melbourne, lading

The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,  
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,  
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

The Duchess, besides being a remarkably clever woman, was most charitable; she founded hospitals and crèches, and organised model soup-kitchens, which were built and maintained by her. The Duke was a "simple particulier," by name Senhor Antonio Sampaio, and had been attached to the English Navy, but on his marriage assumed the title, the Duchess having inherited it from her father, as there was no male heir.

After my visit to the Duchess, there came a large envelope adorned with a big coat-of-arms in gold, announcing the day when Her Majesty would receive me—



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in visiting dress—at the Palace of the Necessidades at two o'clock. On arriving the sentries presented arms, and I drove through the archway into a large courtyard and stopped at one of the principal entrances. There was a fine marble staircase lined by a body of men called Hallabardieros, who, I suppose, take the place of our Beef-eaters. I was then ushered into a large room with lots of gilt furniture upholstered in dark blue and yellow brocade, with fine consoles and mirrors ranged against the walls, and some beautiful Oriental china decorating the consoles.

There I found the Duchess Palmella. She was generally dressed in grey, and wore her magnificent single row of pearls, each as large as a blackbird's egg, perfect in orient and shape. They had originally belonged to the niece of

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Cardinal Mazarin, the lady who played such a great part in the French intrigues at the English Court at the time of Charles II.

I was at once presented to the lady-in-waiting, a beautiful Spanish lady, Pepita Countess Figueiro, whom I had met the night before at dinner with the Goschens. After a few minutes' conversation the Duchess led the way through the large drawing-rooms. The chamberlain threw open the door, and the Duchess entering announced me as "Lady Macdonell, femme du Ministre de la Grande Bretagne." I curtsied, and the lovely Queen Amélie came forward and shaking hands bade me come and sit beside her, saying, "We will speak English. I always have to think of what nationality I am, for I was born at Twickenham and brought up in England."

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She is a beautiful woman, over 6 feet high, with very charming simple manners, fine black eyes and hair, very pale complexion, a straight nose, fine teeth, and a glorious, though sad, smile. She rode extremely well, drove a four-in-hand, played tennis, was a healthy, well-brought-up girl, kind-hearted to a degree, and extremely charitable! She has been accused of being very ultramontane. No greater mistake was ever made, for though a fervent Catholic, she is very broad-minded. She inaugurated a great crusade against the dreadful ravages of tuberculosis, building sanatoria and organising dispensaries equipped with every modern appliance, and anti-tuberculosis laboratories "to try and save the children," as she said with much earnestness and feeling.

It seems strange that there should be

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so much consumption in so equable and temperate a climate, but I think it is easily explained by the continual intermarriage, the insufficient food, and the dreadful housing of the poorer classes, who live in real hovels with no light or sanitation. Often one small room without a window is occupied by six or seven people, of whom one or more is tainted with consumption. They sleep and eat in this atmosphere and pass their lives herded together, merely smiling when you tell them it is an infectious disease. On the other hand, many of the best families are also tainted by this appalling scourge, and flock to Davos—and other places to be cured!

Happily we were not long at our post before a better feeling began to manifest itself towards the British.

The fifth centenary of St. Anthony,

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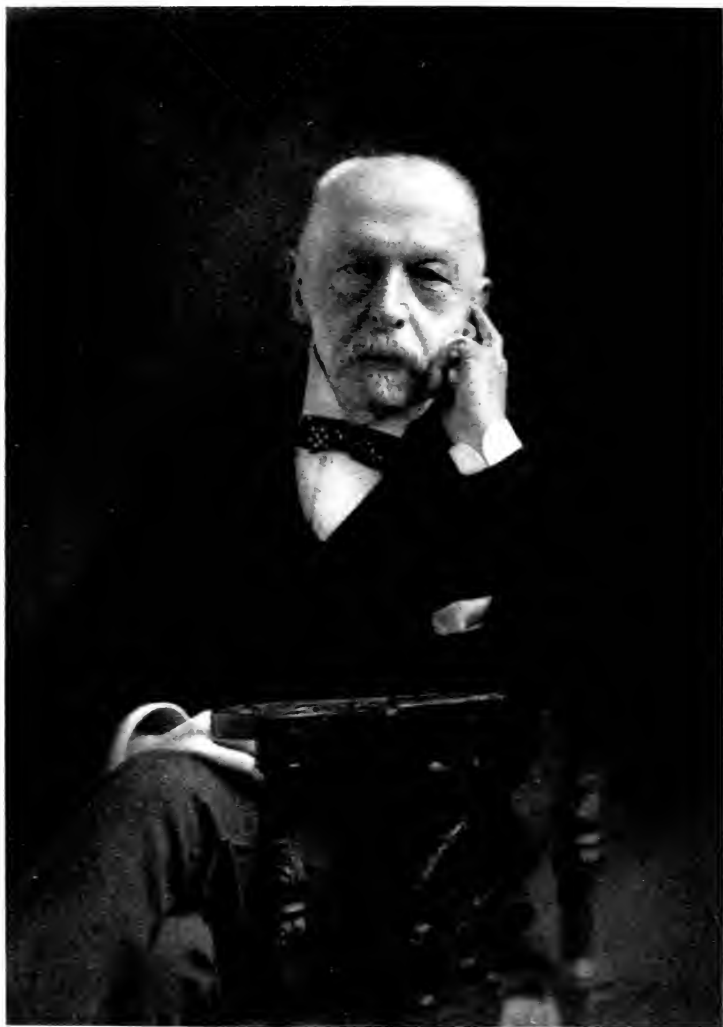
who was born at Lisbon, and afterwards became St. Anthony of Padua, gave the British Government an opportunity of sending one of H.M. ships, and the *Australia* was the ship designated. The Portuguese were flattered at the return of the British sailors, and proud to see those fine fellows parading the streets, at the bull-fight, and other places of amusement; but they were amazed at the improvement in Jack's behaviour, repeatedly exclaiming, "What a change! how *sober* they are!" There were no more riots outside the wine-shops, and no jokes as on the occasion when a couple of "salts," ready for a spree, saw standing outside a church the priest's carriage waiting for him to finish his mass, the postilions having gone to the nearest wine-shop to have a "pinga de vinho" (a drop of wine). The sailors

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took possession of the carriage (a sort of hansom on cee-springs with vernis Martin panels); one mounting one of the mules, and the other sitting inside, they drove round the town, bowing to the astonished crowd, and wholly delighted with their prank, just like mischievous children!

The St. Anthony fêtes took the form of religious pageantry, and as the Abbé Pascal, an extremely learned prelate, who was one of the French delegates, remarked, "Voici du paganisme avec un vernis de Christianisme."

A few years later we had the great fêtes celebrating the fourth centenary of Vasco da Gama's discovery of the ocean route to India in 1496, which entirely eclipsed those of St. Anthony. They were magnificent, and we had many of our finest ships in the Tagus. Indeed,



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HUGH GUION MACDONELL, G.C.M.G., C.B.

From a photograph taken in 1900.





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there were ships of all nations present, and the illuminations were a sight never to be forgotten. The ceremonies began by a service in the historic Church of the Geronimos, and the sermon preached by the Bishop of Evora was so eloquent and so striking that I wrote it down during the service, and here transcribe it.

The Bishop began by saying that he had been asked to give an address in commemoration of one of Portugal's greatest men. At first he hesitated to accept that great honour ; feeling he was not worthy, and then he remembered that he had a duty to perform in doing so as a native of the province of Alemtejo, for was it not from Aveiro that Vasco decided to undertake this great venture ? It was at Aveiro that he spent twelve years of his early life, and at Aveiro he married.

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“ It was on the very spot where this sacred pulpit stands, that on a Friday evening in June four centuries ago this self-same Vasco da Gama, whom we have come together to honour, prayed that God might bless his great undertaking, and, to prove how he realised the uncertainty of success, confessed, communed, and prepared his soul for death. Few men have started on such a mission so fully conscious of the grave dangers and doubtful issue of their undertaking; and when Vasco was called to it by his Royal master, the great seafarer’s modest reply fills one with admiration. ‘Sire,’ he said, ‘if I am worthy — I will do my best’; and kissing the King’s hand he left the Royal presence, and sailed at dawn on a Saturday morning on this stupendous voyage. Four small ‘caravels’ composed his fleet, and on

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their sails was emblazoned in red the cross of Christ.

“They were no leviathans of naval construction like the ships that to-day honour our river. Their instruments were rough, their provisions scanty and poor, even water was only collected in the sails when it rained, and was ill-stored.

“Still, with all these disadvantages Vasco da Gama sailed to find what many considered a mythical land, shrouded in legends on the strength of tales brought by romancing travellers, tales of spices and gold, of apes and ivory, of seas with fathomless caverns, of coral and pearls, of a land inhabited by fiends and monsters and fairies; and when, after many weeks had elapsed, discouraged by adverse winds and dense fogs and mists, discontent took possession of these heroes,

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Vasco saw himself surrounded by almost unsurmountable difficulties, and his brave followers perishing from scurvy. But God, who always helps those who trust implicitly in Him, spared him to see in the dawn of a despairing day the Cape of 'Good Hope'; and it was justly so named!

“This great event encouraged and restored hope once more to the heroic mariners, and not long after they reached Calicut, that Utopia of legendary lore, where men were supposed to live on the perfume of flowers.

“Up to this time Marco Polo was the only really great traveller, and Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, as the great Emporium, held all the riches of the East.

“What a revolution in men's minds this great Portuguese navigator caused! Suffice it to say that in this holy edifice

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to-day may be seen representatives of every civilised nation, and His Holiness the Pope has sent a special benediction.

“And, alas, if we look retrospectively, sorrow must fill our hearts! Has the divine flame that incensed our heroes been extinguished? Is our courage exhausted? Are we no longer pioneers?”

“It was not permitted to King John II. to live and see his golden dream realised, but to his successor, Dom Manoel (the Fortunate), who raised this monument in honour of Portugal’s glory; and the first gold that was brought from India adorns our altar in the shape of that sacred and priceless ‘custodium.’”

“Are we, then, to be considered one of the moribund Latin races? No! emphatically *no!* We were great missionaries; we were civilisers; we were navigators pioneers, and discoverers.

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“ Then *sursum corda*. We were, and with God’s help we shall be again.”

Poor Portugal, would that she could now produce men to live up to that standard !

The same evening their Majesties gave a banquet to 300 guests at the Palace of the Ajuda. The plate was extraordinarily fine, especially the candelabra and silver-gilt fruit-baskets, which were quite beautiful. The salt-cellars were real works of art, representing two large poppy heads on a stem held up by two beautifully modelled Cupids. These were the work of the celebrated Germaine, silversmith to Louis XV. of France. There were also twelve figures about 14 inches high, modelled as delicately as Dresden china flower-girls and shepherds ; they represented the costumes of the Low Countries, and were part of the dowry

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of the Archduchess Marianna of Austria, consort of King John V.

We also gave a very successful fête, issuing 500 invitations. The beautiful Queen Amélie, King Carlos, the Queen-Mother, Donna Maria Pia, and her son, the Infante Alfonso, did us the honour of attending. The garden was illuminated with hundreds of coloured lamps, and at the far end a band of mandolines played the soft national music called "fados" or folk-songs; almost Oriental in rhythm, and generally in a minor key, they are quite unlike any other airs I have ever heard. Dancing was kept up until all the wax candles were burnt out and at last dawn lighted the indefatigable dancers home.

We had a profusion of flowers, mainly supplied from the historic gardens of Abelheira (the "bee-hive"), at that

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time the property of Colonel Astley Campbell. His father, who was said to be a natural son of our William IV., married as his second wife the natural daughter of King John VI. of Portugal. This lady founded a paper manufactory to give employment to the many villagers. It proved at one time a lucrative business, inasmuch as they had a monopoly in Portugal and in the Portuguese possessions in Africa and India.

A curious incident relating to this lady is perhaps worth recording. Her mother was lady-in-waiting to Queen Carlota (the wicked queen), and when her condition was discovered, she was taken charge of by the Court physician, Dr. A. d'Oliveira, who placed her in a convent at Porte Alegre, where she died soon after the birth of the baby; the



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Infanta, as the child was called, being brought up by the d'Oliveiras, who took charge of her. One day when Queen Carlota met the doctor, she took off two of her beautiful rings set with precious stones, and throwing them to the doctor cried, "Take these as a reward for saving the life of a king's daughter."

Dr. d'Oliveira shortly afterwards retired to Madeira, where he became an intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Davies, who had large interests in the vineyards there. At his death the doctor left the two rings to Mrs. Davies, whose daughter inherited them.

The market-place in Lisbon is full of interest, all the unhappy poultry being stocked alive in cane baskets. The turkeys stand in flocks, waiting to be taken through the streets for sale; a boy mounts guard over them with a cane, on

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which is tied a bit of black rag, and keeps them in order. The vegetables lie in sacks or are strewn on the floor, and the vendors simply weigh out what you require without troubling to pick them over in any way. There is a profusion of peas, beans, potatoes, lettuces, every known cabbage, strings of onions and quantities of garlic, and, lastly, huge jars of olives in brine or dry. In the early morning the small street-vendors may be seen filling up the boxes on each side of their tiny donkeys, preparatory to retailing their wares through the street.

The fish-market is close to the river. The fishermen bring their boats alongside, and carry the fish up and lay them on slabs in the market, sorting and putting them into baskets for the women, who, balancing the baskets on their heads, go through the town selling the soles and

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turbots, sword-fish and octopus, lobsters, crabs and innumerable shell-fish. These women, called "Ovarinas," are always barefooted, and wear a skirt containing 10 yards of stuff, which is smocked 12 inches down from the waist, and is tailored by men. Round their hips is wound a red or green scarf. They walk with a certain swing, and the skirt makes an undulating wave round them as they move. A bright-coloured handkerchief, tied on their heads, is surmounted by a small round black felt hat; they wear a coarse, snow-white linen shirt, and quantities of fine gold chains, with hearts and crosses suspended, round their necks, and in their ears large gold ear-rings. Having sold all their fish, they often place their babies in the quaint baskets upon their heads, and walk on quite unconcernedly. They are a very handsome

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race of women, with a splendid carriage, and are said to trace direct descent from the Phœnicians.

I do not think there can be a prettier sight than to see at sunset all the women of the lower class going down to fill their large earthenware jars at the public fountain. These people are so humble, so good, so hardworking, and almost serf-like towards their employers. Could one only foresee that lovely land prosperous and well governed! It seems an irony of fate that a country with its equable climate, fine water-ways and wonderful harbours, and endowed with natural resources that might enable it to become the Emporium of Europe, should be a prey, from its earliest annals, to misgovernment and everlasting trouble and disorder.

The beautiful Cathedral, dedicated to

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Saint Vincent, is now used as a mausoleum for the Royal dead, where each defunct monarch remains with a glass lid to his coffin until the next one dies, when his predecessor's coffin is sealed up. It is a gruesome idea, especially in cases such as Don Fernando, who died of cancer in the face and who has a wax mask on. The legend regarding this building is rather curious :

Vincent, a holy prelate, left with an expedition against the Moors and never returned. However, one calm winter morning (the 22nd of January) a raft appeared in the Tagus, on which lay the body of a man dressed in full vestments, accompanied by four ravens, perched at the four corners of the raft. It stopped, and the ravens hovered near ; and there, on the bank where the raft rested, the Cathedral was built and dedicated to St.

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Vincent, who became Lisbon's patron saint. The ravens were left many legacies to provide them with raw meat and other food, as they settled in the beautiful belfry towers and were never destroyed. Their numerous descendants, quite a large flock, come down cawing for food whenever they see any one carrying a parcel, and are quite a recognised feature of the place, like the pigeons at St. Mark's, Venice.

Rather an amusing story is told of João de Deus, the Pestalozzi of Portugal. He was not only a great man on education, but possessed great talent as an artist. At the University of Coimbra it is customary for the more distinguished students to bequeath some specimen of their work to the Chapter of the Alma Mater on leaving. João de Deus was asked to paint a picture, and promised to do so.

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A few days later the President of the Society called, and asked if he might see what the artist proposed doing, and was shown a panel with a remarkable sketch of "Christ crucified." He wished to take the panel away with him at once, but João implored him not to do so, as he was not satisfied with the expression in the Redeemer's face, and begged the President to come back for it in three days. On returning, the President was shown the panel with nothing on it! When asked for an explanation, João de Deus looked very serious and said reverently, "He has risen." Feeling he could not portray the expression he wanted on the face of the Divinity, he had rubbed it out.

St. John's Eve, the 23rd of June, is a national fête, and the burning of magnesium light fireworks and crackers goes on

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during the day. At night all the squares are crowded with peasants dancing and singing to the music of mandolines and guitars ; they dance chiefly a stately dance with their hands on each other's shoulders. Everybody buys a pot of "basil," which is placed upon the window-sill and taken the greatest care of. The children receive a little cage made of wood and fine wire with a cricket imprisoned in it. They are most assiduous in their care of the poor insect, feeding it on fresh lettuce leaves, and at sunset the noise of the "grillo" is deafening.

Conway Thornton, who was with us as First Secretary both at Copenhagen and Lisbon, said with some truth that all the Portuguese had one pair of eyes. They certainly have beautiful eyes, but they are all exactly the same, and they have no other noticeable feature ; for they are



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not good-looking as a race, and are very dark and of a distinctly Jewish type. An anecdote is told of King Joseph I. and his celebrated Minister, Marquis Pombal. The King consulted Pombal how they could distinguish the Jews from the Christians. "Ah," said the King, "I know. We will make it obligatory for all Jews to wear a white hat." The next day Pombal appeared carrying two white hats. When the King inquired the reason, Pombal replied, "Your Majesty and your humble servant must wear them first."

Of course the Portuguese Israelites are considered the aristocracy of that marvellous and intelligent race.

Cintra is indeed a terrestrial paradise, the air is so cool yet bracing, and flowers of every description bloom in profusion. Firs and pines, willows and

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larches, grow side by side, and cork trees are abundant. The latter have a curious appearance after they have been stripped of their bark, rather as though they were bleeding. The cork oak is capricious in its growth. Cintra cork is a speciality and finds a ready market, being almost exclusively used for medicine bottles and champagne corks.

The Castle of Peña, perched on one of the peaks of the lovely rugged mountains, was restored by King Ferdinand, consort of Queen Maria da Gloria; the chapel contains an altarpiece wonderfully carved in alabaster. The gardens are like nothing I have ever seen: camellia trees, orange and lemon trees run riot; banks of hydrangeas—blue, pink, and white, the emblem of Portugal—stand several feet high under the shadow of the tree-ferns;

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while cool crystal streams trickle down the mountain-side, amid a wealth of moss and fern and every variety of exotic wild-flower.

On St. Peter's Day, the 29th of June, the season at Cintra opens with a great fair. Cattle and pigs are bought and sold by the hundred, goats and kids, a few horses, mules, and many donkeys—some very old ones, and others running by the side of their dams looking like toys. Booths with rough pottery, earthenware cookery utensils and "bilhas" for carrying water, harness, and chair-like saddles, interspersed with the usual gim-crack articles seen at every fair. Every one who can afford it eats a very young sucking-pig and an excellent species of cheese-cake. The sucking-pigs are split open and grilled on wood ashes. At night, dancing to the music of mandolines

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and quantities of fireworks end the feast.

Byron's description of Cintra is still unique:—

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen.  
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,  
To follow half on which the eye dilates?

At the small inn kept by a most worthy Englishwoman, named Mrs. Oram, whose parents kept the inn before her, Byron wrote the foregoing lines of *Childe Harold* on one of the window-panes. The room was taken by an American tourist-party, and when they departed, the pane of glass had also disappeared!

Every year during the season at Cintra their Majesties gave a ball, and the gardens "en fête" were more like a scene from the *Arabian Nights* than ever. On one of these occasions we all

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received as a souvenir a fan, with a little picture upon it painted by King Carlos. He had a very great talent as an artist, and drew and painted beautifully, many of his pictures having been exhibited at the Salon in Paris. His seascapes and scenes connected with the life of the fishermen are extremely fine.

I often wonder, if King Carlos had been spared, what Portugal would have developed into. People have accused him of being more engrossed by his pigeon-shooting, lawn-tennis, and other pursuits than by affairs of State and the business of the nation. It is even said that on one occasion he remarked, "I hate politics and journalists," (which incidentally was not remarkable. Whatever truth there may have been in these statements during his youth and in the early days of his reign, the King's whole-

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hearted support of João Franco, when that so-called dictator undertook the herculean task of cleaning out Portugal's Augean stable, and His Majesty's unswerving devotion to the policy of reform which eventually cost him his life, proves conclusively that the welfare of his subjects, and the improvement of his country's condition, occupied his mind to the entire exclusion of all other considerations or of personal fear.

King Carlos died a martyr to a *cause*, whether *lost* or not remains for future generations to witness. With his large blue eyes and curly flaxen hair he looked a typical Saxon. I can see him now, riding about Cintra on a fine Spanish horse, dressed in the Portuguese peasants' dress—a short jacket, very tight trousers, a red "faja" or scarf wound round his waist, long spurs and box-stirrups, and

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the large felt hat of the people—as we so often met him in the early summer mornings. He was full of talent: a good musician, possessing a fine baritone voice; a remarkable linguist, speaking English, French, German, Italian and Spanish equally well, and, as I have said before, he was an artist of no mean order; while his reputation as a “shot” was almost unequalled.

A favourite place for picnics was the Cork convent, which, when the religious Orders still existed, had been used as a Sanatorium by the monks. You are shown the refectory, council-room, chapel and cells. Close by is the cave where the monk Honorius lived as a hermit for many years.

When King Ferdinand restored the Moorish castle, quantities of human bones were discovered, and a tomb was

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erected with *Hic jacet*, a cross, crescent, and cross-bones, marking the resting-place of Christians and infidels alike.

The old Palace in the village is most interesting, and with its two huge chimneys shaped like champagne bottles, forms an unmistakable landmark. This palace is in excellent preservation, and contains a fine courtyard, where the band plays every evening, while the villagers stroll about or sit on benches to listen to the music. This entertainment is called "Peixe frito" (fried fish), for what reason no one knows, except that the band plays every evening and that the Portuguese eat fried fish every day.

The Palace was inhabited by the Queen-Mother, Donna Maria Pia, daughter of King Victor Emanuel. She had been married to King Louis before she was sixteen years old, and she once told me



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that when she first came to Lisbon she was so bored that she scribbled on the wall of her apartment, "Dieu, comme je m'ennuie !"

She had a striking personality: of medium height, with a very pale complexion, masses of auburn hair, a very thin aquiline nose and thin lips, she reminded one forcibly of the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. She generally wore purple, and never went out except in semi-state, in a large barouche with outriders and postilions. Her youngest son, the Infante Alfonso, was a daring, reckless driver, often to be met with driving his four Spanish mules at break-neck speed up and down the hills.

In this same Palace is shown the room where Alfonso VI. was imprisoned by his brother on the plea of insanity. This brother, afterwards Pedro II., was

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in love with Queen Marie Françoise, Alfonso VI.'s wife, and grand-daughter of King Henry IV. of France. She succeeded in divorcing Alfonso, and married Pedro, but died the same year. The flagstones round the table that stands in the centre are quite worn down where the unfortunate Alfonso paced round and round during the many years of his solitary confinement.

One room contains a lovely ceiling in panels, on each of which is painted a magpie bearing a scroll with the words, "Por bem" (For good), a rendering of "Honi soit qui mal y pense." It owes its existence to a romantic intrigue one of the kings enjoyed with a lady of the Court. One day as he kissed her, the Queen suddenly appeared, and the story became the gossip of the Court; to give the scandalmongers the lie, the King had

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the room painted with this decoration of the magpie—a hint to chatterers.

Indeed Cintra is full of historic interest, for close to the little town is Seteais, where the memorable Convention was signed after the Battle of Vimiera.

One of the pleasant drives about two miles through Lisbon is the Park of the "Tapada," where the Observatory was, also the Royal Pigeon-shooting Club.

At one point Hugh used to say the view reminded him vividly of the Bosphorus and Constantinople, for across the valley, caused by the great earthquake in 1753, one could see on the opposite hill the cemetery, called by the extraordinary name of Os Prazeres (Pleasures). The whiteness of its various tombs, all adorned with turrets and cupolas, and its avenues of cypresses give the impression of some Eastern city.

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Nothing can convey any idea of the beauty of the Tapada in spring when all the Judas trees (*Acacia rubra*) were in flower, the falling blossoms making a perfect pink carpet—indeed Lisbon seen at that season is “couleur de rose.” There are acres of wild jonquils and cistus, and the strange African trees, the Casowaras, with their leaves hanging down like veils.

Our own cemetery too is a particularly lovely spot, given by the reigning King, after the Peninsular War, as a burial-ground for those British soldiers who died of their wounds after the memorable battles of Buzaco and Torres Vedras. There are two monuments of interest in this garden of peace. One, much neglected, marks the resting-place of the legion that fought during the Peninsular War under the command of

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the Prince of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and the other is the tomb of Fielding, of whom Gibbon says, "Our immortal Fielding, whose work will outlive the Palace of the Escorial and the Imperial eagle of Austria." Fielding came to Lisbon in search of health, and died there on the 8th of October 1754.

The original English Church was burnt down about ten years before our arrival in Lisbon, and such was the popularity and personal influence of the chaplain, the Rev. Godfrey Pope, Canon of Gibraltar, that before the fire was extinguished, subscriptions were handed in enabling the Committee to start building the present fine edifice at once.

What happy afternoons we spent when we took large parties across to Cacilhas, a town on the opposite side of the Tagus! The steam ferry-boat was

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not very comfortable, especially on market-days, when fat pigs, tied by the legs with a sort of plaited straw, were amongst the passengers.

On landing, the cabmen besieged us, offering to drive us to Alfeite for a trifle. The only way of preventing bloodshed among them was to give the matter over to one of the drivers, saying we wanted four or five carriages, and then fix the price.

Alfeite is delightful. It was a Royal residence, where apartments were given to the ladies of the Court when they retired. The garden, with terraces overlooking the river, and bowers of wistaria, is surrounded by an orange-grove, where on giving a few shillings to the gardener we received permission to pick as many oranges as we could carry. Often the ripe oranges as well as the

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green ones, with the blossom, appear on one tree. The crop is sold on the trees, but sometimes a wind-storm scatters the fruit over the ground and spoils the harvest; for most of these oranges are exported and must not be bruised.

Near by was a sand-pit, which brought many hundreds a year to the Crown, the sand being used for the manufacture of glass, of which there are several large works close at hand—the most important at Amora, under the direction of British foremen.

As one came back, one saw on the hill opposite Lisbon the ruins of the castle and fortress of Palmella,—the last stronghold of the Knights Templars in 1312.

Montserrat, the residence of Sir Frederick Cook, is famous for its garden, where tree-ferns grow in clumps, and

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fountains and basins with lotus and lilies are dotted about. It belonged originally to Beckford. During Sir Francis Cook's life his second wife, née Miss Tennessee Claflin, obliged visitors to buy one of her pamphlets on entering the gates. She was a remarkably clever woman ; but her theories on human reform were somewhat Utopian and not quite the literature for my juvenile parties, so I fear the reservoir just beyond the entrance must often have been obstructed.

On the way to Collares, where the wine of that name is grown, stands the summer residence of Canning, who was British representative from 1814 to 1816.

For miles before reaching Collares itself the most discordant sounds and groans are heard. This lugubrious



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music proceeds from the wheels of the bullock-carts, on which the large wine-casks are transported. The wheels of these carts are made of a solid round piece of wood without spokes, and the creaking is said to charm the bullocks, who to this accompaniment will uncomplainingly pursue their slow, steady, untiring way for many miles at a time.

One of the most interesting Exhibitions held during our stay in Lisbon was devoted to Sacred Art. The missals were beautifully illuminated, and the altar-cloths, chalices, veils, and sacred vessels were quite an education. One of the most beautiful specimens shown was a monstrance and chalice which Catherine of Braganza caused to be made, using on this work of art all her private jewels, which included emeralds and rubies, diamonds and pearls of great

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value. Another interesting exhibit was the triptych that Vasco da Gama took with him on his long and perilous voyages. It is almost Byzantine in style, and is composed of fine enamel and set with precious stones.

In the days of Portugal's commercial greatness the trade of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf was centred in Lisbon. Carpets of priceless value were presented by various kings to the churches as votive offerings. Mr. Hamburger of Paris, an expert in all kinds of bric-à-brac, declared that all the finest fifteenth and sixteenth century carpets he had ever seen in his long career had come through Portugal.

The finest things are not to be found in the shops; but there is an extraordinary class of old hags, called "Revendedoras," who are entrusted by

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the owners of these treasures, generally members of the proud and ruined aristocracy, to dispose of them. On one occasion we were brought a little shagreen case, containing three small figures about 8 inches high, in silver-gilt, grouped round a crystal column, representing the flagellation of Christ. Hugh was much struck with it, especially as all the well-authenticated documents proved it beyond doubt to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Not being able to acquire it ourselves, we gave the good dame who had brought it, a letter to our friend and colleague the Russian Minister, M. de Schevitch, who was delighted with it, and willingly paid £400 for it. M. de Schevitch was an ardent collector and subsequently, when Ambassador at Madrid, acquired that wonderful bust of Christ with sapphire

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eyes, which caused so much discussion in antiquarian circles.

Fine articles in repoussé silver are still to be found in the form of trays and shallow cups. The trays have usually a rich border of tulips and pomegranates and poppies—a distinct feature. On most of the trays is a little scene, representing some religious or family legend. The small store that the provincial Portuguese nobility set on articles of “vertu” may be here exemplified.

Willie Pinto Basto, a well-known figure in Lisbon, the son of Mr. Eduardo Ferreira Pinto Basto, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and a great personal friend of ours, brought us one day a fine sixteenth century Flanders tapestry. It afterwards transpired that this beautiful piece of work had been used as a tilt for an ox-cart, and the

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corners had been much destroyed by rats. Strangely enough this tapestry belonged originally to an ancestor of Hugh's, Anthony Macdonell, who was Generalissimo of the Forces after Beresford, and married a Countess of Borba. The old peasants still remember Macdonell and his red whiskers. He was killed in a duel at the age of seventy, and passers-by may still see the stone that marks his resting-place outside Caldas da Rainha.

One of our constant visitors was Colonel Mousinho d'Albuquerque on his return from the Zambesi, where he had quelled the Zulu insurrection and was a successful Governor of Mozambique. He was a well-built, tall man, with piercing black eyes, and a deep sabre cut the length of his face. I suppose he was one of the most able military governors Portugal ever sent to her African colonies.

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On his return he was appointed "Gouverneur" to the Crown Prince; but his straight, unbending character was unfitted to compete with the Court "camarilla," and in a moment of despair he committed suicide.

Shooting parties were sometimes given at their Majesties' residence at Villa Viciosa. This property belonged to the King of Portugal. It is about four hours distant from Lisbon on the other side of the Tagus, and their Majesties insisted on Hugh going to spend five days with them in 1897. Nothing can give an idea of Queen Amélie's kindness. Knowing I was fearfully anxious about Hugh's health, she sent me a telegram every day, and made a point of going herself into Hugh's apartment to see that the fires were kept up and the temperature not allowed to go down. As a matter of

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fact, Hugh thoroughly enjoyed himself. Count Tattenbach, the German Minister, Count Sonnaz, and the American representative were of the party.

The ladies generally joined the gentlemen for luncheon miles away from the Palace, but when it was wet they played bridge all day. A curious custom still existed there: beyond the dining-room was a spacious hall filled with tables and benches, where the villagers came in and seating themselves partook of all the dishes from the Royal table once their Majesties and their guests had been served.

There was excellent sport at Villa Viciosa, consisting chiefly of red-legged partridges—much appreciated in Portugal—hares, snipe and deer; but pheasants did not thrive at all.

The day before the party broke up,

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King Carlos insisted on Hugh's taking the post of honour at the deer-drive. Hugh excused himself, but the King insisted, and gave him his gun, with which Hugh was lucky enough to kill a Royal. The King sent me the stag, and I have its head to-day. It was on their Majesties' return from one of these visits, on the 1st of February 1908, that King Carlos and his eldest son, Prince Louis Philippe, fell victims to the dastardly attempt on their lives at the hands of a band of assassins, who, had it not been for the brave and beautiful Queen Amélie defending herself and her son, afterwards King Manoel, would doubtless have succeeded in their efforts to kill the whole family.

One of the experiences I never want repeated occurred on the 13th of August 1899. We had taken the Villa Airey at Cintra for the summer months. The day



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was excessively oppressive, and so still that not a leaf moved, while at sunset the sky was like lead. Hugh and I were sitting at dinner in a beautiful room with a large window facing the south. I had been very ill, and was just convalescent. Quite suddenly we heard a low rumbling noise as though a heavy cart were passing round the villa, and immediately afterwards I saw the table sway to such an angle that all the glasses and silver rolled on to the floor, which seemed to be moving away as I tried to get on to my feet.

The effect was so strange that in my weak state of health I was very agitated and almost fainted. Hugh simply said, "My dear girl, it is all over. We have had an earthquake."

The servants rushed in, and as the villa was very massively built, Hugh

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suggested that we should all go to an outhouse. As we went across to the shed the whole place was lighted up by vivid flashes of lightning, followed by terrific thunder and then a deluge of rain. At midnight we went back to the villa, but sleep was out of the question. In the light of morning it was discovered that a huge cornice had fallen and the walls of the house were riven with wide cracks, considerable damage having been done all over the little town.

Soon after my arrival I was very much taken with the decoration of Mr. Bryan Clarke Thornhill's dining-room. He was at that time Secretary of Legation and an ardent collector of various "objets d'art," amongst others embroideries. He had literally bought up all the best "colchas" or bed-spreads to be found in Portugal. This work is quite unlike

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anything of the kind in other countries. The embroidery is done on linen in floss silk couched, and there is an Oriental motif running through the pattern, principally lotus, pomegranates, curious birds, and acanthus leaves, and there are never more than five colours, reds, yellows, greens, blues and browns, but no aniline dyes. I soon learnt that they had originally come from Portuguese India—given by the convents to the retiring Governors, and copied by the nuns in Portugal.

I procured some linen and traced one of Mr. Thornhill's "colchas" with great success, and speedily bought up all the available silks, as with the suppression of the convents the shop-keepers did not replenish their stocks. However, my enthusiasm brought me pupils, and I taught more than fifty people during my

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stay. I also exhibited, and at one of the Exhibitions in Portugal was classed as "hors concours," the late King Carlos remarking, "Amongst the many things you have done, you have revived the art of 'colcha' embroidery in Portugal, which was practically lost."

I had the great joy of being able to copy the "colcha" belonging to the guest-chamber at the Convent of Odivellas, where the gay monarch, John VI., often visited the lovely abbess, for whom he once showed a great admiration—but I must stop.

In 1902 Hugh retired and we left Portugal, taking many happy memories with us and leaving many dear friends behind.

After nearly ten years' residence among these interesting people I do not want to realise what has been said of them :

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“What can be expected of a populace of whom half are basking in the sun, waiting for the Messiah, and the other half are expecting the return of their king, Dom Sebastian, who went to fight the Moors in 1576 and never returned?”



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Yates, William, 9  
Yellow fever at Rio de Janeiro,  
172

THE END



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