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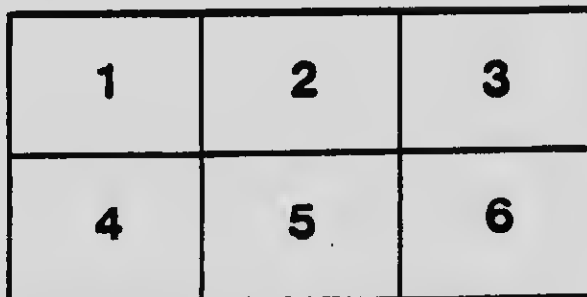
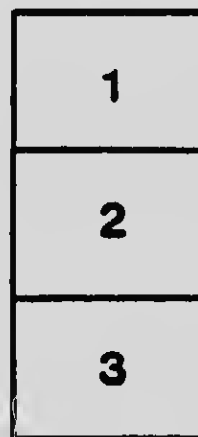
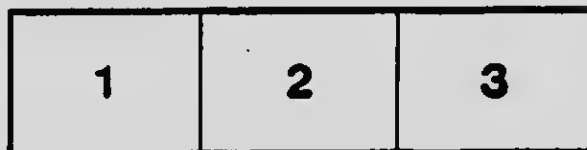
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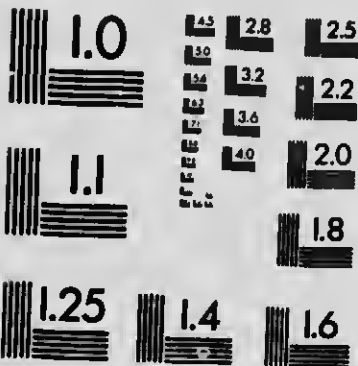
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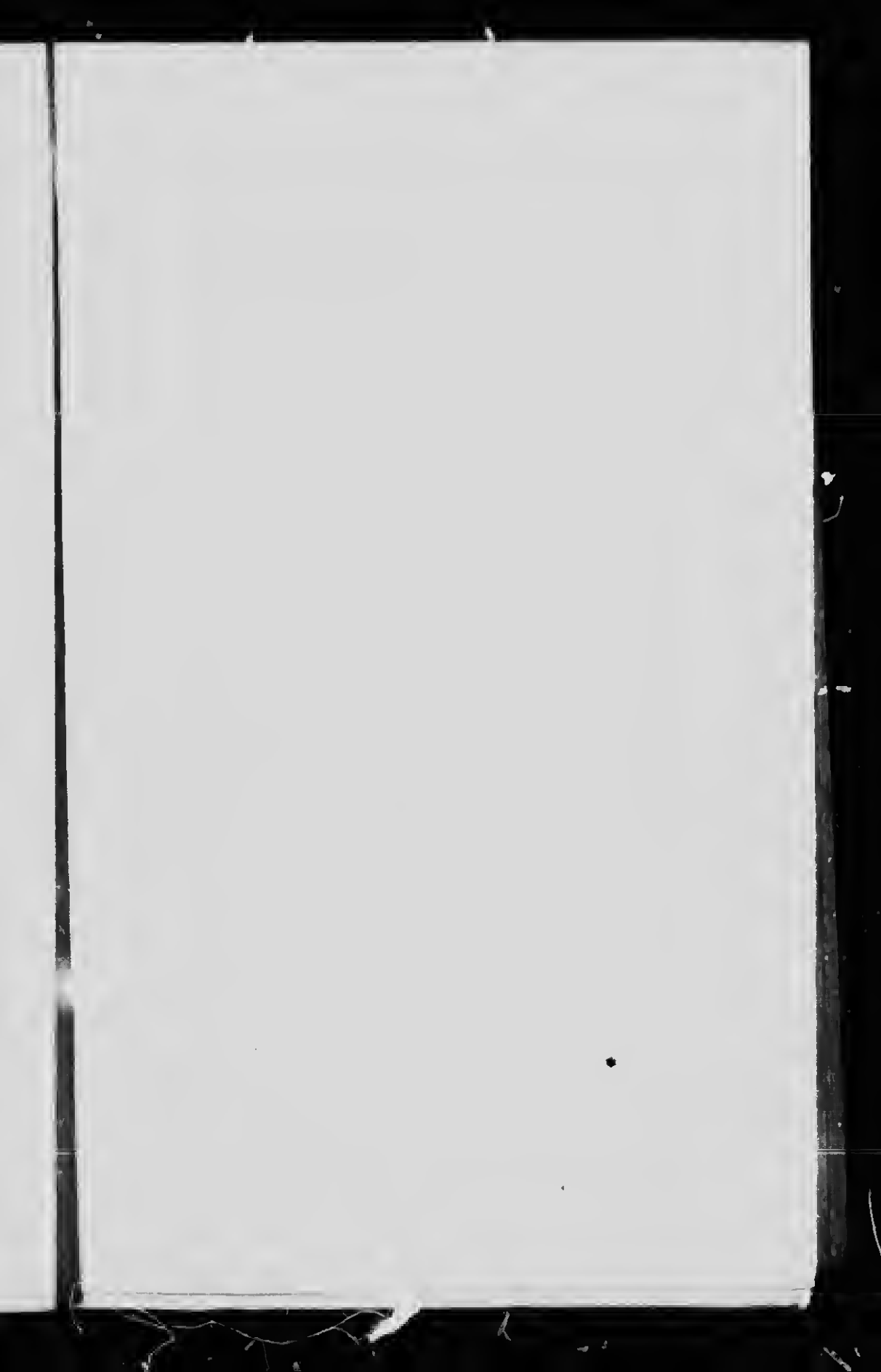


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WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE
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1887-88

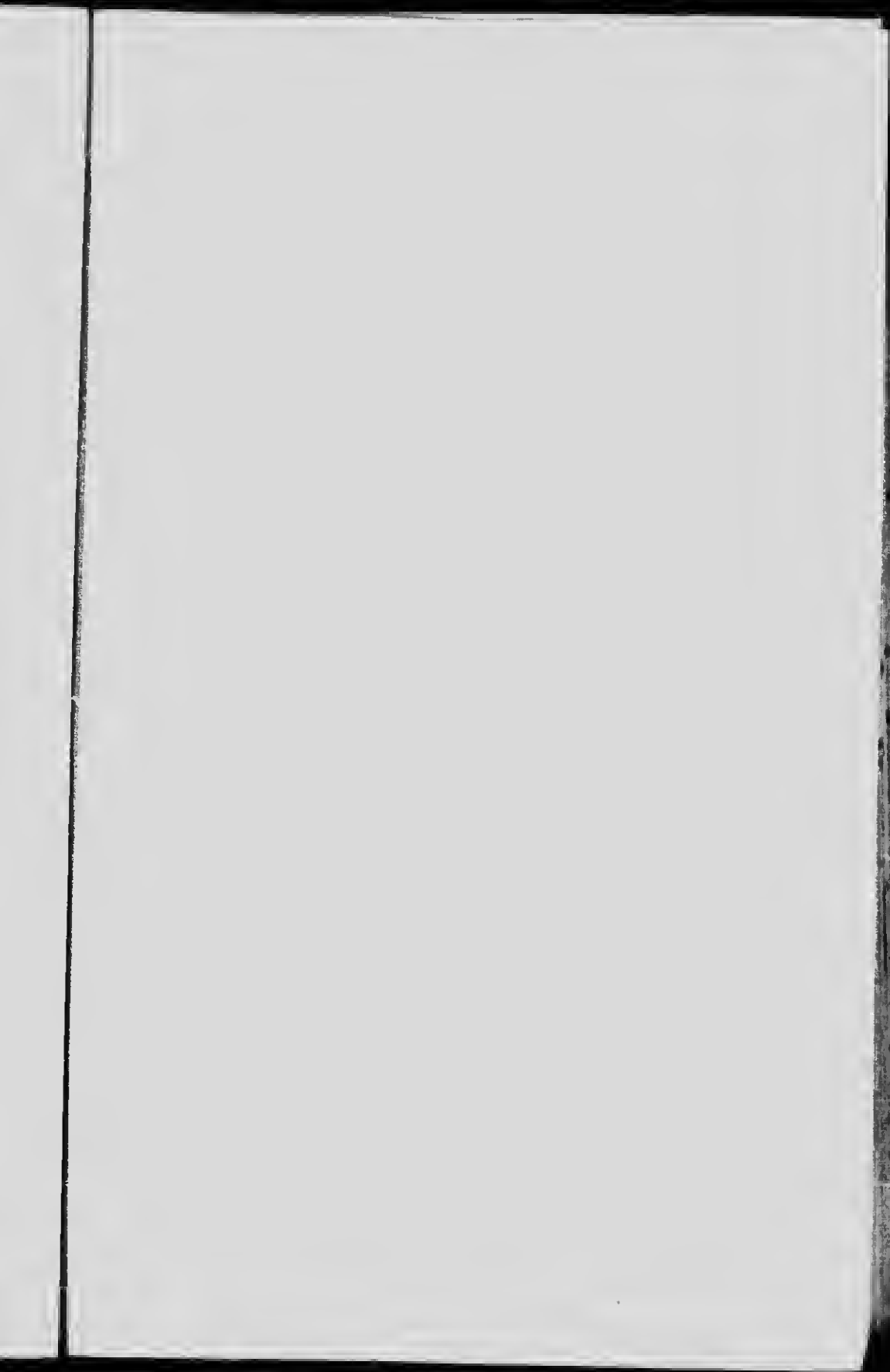




Photo: Rice, Washington

MR. BERGNE

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

MR. MAYCOCK

Frontispiece

WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN
IN THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA, 1887-88. BY
MR. WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK, K.C.M.G.



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111

MR. BROWN

MR. CHAMBERLAIN

MR. MAYCOCK

WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN
IN THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA, 1887-88. BY
SIR WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK, K.C.M.G.



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WITH 30 ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

I HAD always cherished a strong desire in my younger days to visit America, and had more than once contemplated a trip to the "other side" on my own account when circumstances permitted. I little thought, however, that it would ultimately fall to my lot to see both the United States and Canada under such favourable auspices as befell me in the autumn of 1887. This book claims to be no more than a faithful record of a little over four agreeable months spent with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, consideration, and hospitality in the past. I can only hope that some account of a Mission, which afforded to me such a pleasant break in the daily routine of official life, may not be wholly devoid of interest to "those to whom these presents shall come."

WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK.

May, 1914.

P.S.—The foregoing note was written, and the book practically settled for press, two months ago.

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Since that date "the Sons of England in all parts of the world" as well as "the old folks at home"—to quote from Mr. Chamberlain's memorable speech at Toronto—have been inexpressibly shocked and grieved by the news of his unexpected death. I took my farewell of him at Victoria Station on the morning of Sunday, January 18th last, on his departure for Cannes. Two days prior to that I visited him at 40 Princes Gardens, and told him of my projected work on his Mission to the United States. He evinced great interest in it and readily gave me permission to dedicate it to him. The title-page of my book accordingly bore such dedication, which his untimely death has necessitated erasing. I hoped and believed that this record would have afforded him some little interest and amusement, and would have recalled some agreeable memories. Fate has, however, decreed otherwise. May God rest his soul.

W. M.

July 4, 1914.

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With Mr. Chamberlain in the United States and Canada 1887-88

CHAPTER I

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APPOINTMENT

It would serve no useful purpose after this lapse of time, nor do I propose, to do more than refer quite briefly, for the benefit of the uninitiated, to the circumstances which led the late Lord Salisbury to invite Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the autumn of 1887, to proceed to the United States as the senior of three British Plenipotentiaries to negotiate, if possible, a settlement of the Canadian Fishery Question -- which at that time had reached an acute stage -- with three Plenipotentiaries to be named by the United States.

With the exception of two comparatively brief interludes, the question of the rights of the New England fishermen to pursue their calling in the in-shore waters of the east coast of Canada had

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been a constant bone of contention and source of controversy between the two countries for some seventy odd years. Papers presented to Parliament in 1887-88 embrace all the "pros" and "cons" of the dispute, sufficient indeed to satiate the most voracious piscatorial appetite.

The brief interludes referred to, during which there was little or no trouble, were comprised in the periods from 1854 to 1866, and again from 1871 to 1885. Fishing rights during those periods were regulated by articles in what are known as the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 and the Treaty of Washington of 1871 respectively, between this country and the United States. Both these Treaties were, however, denounced by the United States for reasons which there is no need to discuss.

The latter of these Treaties expired in July 1885, but the Dominion Government, as an act of grace, and being reluctant to enforce measures which would cause inconvenience and loss in the middle of the fishing season, allowed the New England fishermen to use the Canadian in-shore waters freely and without let or hindrance down to the end of that year.

The two Treaties referred to having thus ceased and determined, the provisions of the Treaty be-

tween this country and America of 1818 were again brought to life, and under the terms of that Treaty, as interpreted by Her late Majesty's Government, American fishermen were only warranted in using the bays and harbours of Canada for wood, water, shelter and repairs, and for no other purpose whatsoever. America did not, however, interpret this Treaty eye to eye with us, and thought we took it too much *au pied de la lettre*. Sir Charles Tupper, in the course of an exhaustive *résumé* of the question in the Dominion Parliament in April 1888, made the pertinent observation that "fishermen, perhaps, are the most intractable and uncontrollable people in the world, and when a fisherman gets on board his little smack he thinks he is monarch of all he surveys and he can go where he pleases and do what he pleases." So, regardless of the restrictions of the Treaty of 1818, the Massachusetts fishermen still plied their calling in 1886 and after, with the result that one after another of their vessels were captured and confiscated by the Canadians under the provisions of their Customs and Municipal laws. These incidents provoked no little indignation in America, especially in the New England States. With each seizure and confiscation the tension became more and more acute between the two coun-

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tries, and any untoward incident, such as the loss of a life where resistance was offered, would have ignited a spark that might have led to a conflagration. Both countries recognised that a situation had been reached when no effort should be spared to effect a friendly settlement. So it came about, after some further diplomatic correspondence, that on October 24, 1887, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Lionel Sackville West (then British Minister at Washington), and Sir Charles Tupper (Canadian Minister of Finance), were jointly and severally empowered by Queen Victoria to consider and adjust "in a friendly spirit with Plenipotentiaries to be appointed on the part of our good friends the United States of America all or any questions relating to the rights of fishery in the seas adjacent to British North America and Newfoundland which are in dispute between our Government and that of our good friends, and any other questions which may arise which the respective Plenipotentiaries may be authorised by their Governments to consider and adjust."

Mr. Chamberlain's appointment having been settled, the next question for consideration was who should be attached to his Mission. It was obvious that the late Sir Henry Bergne was the man of all

others most eminently qualified to act as secretary, for not only was he a most capable and efficient official, but, having been attached to the Halifax Commission in 1875, and Secretary and Protocolist to it again in 1877, he was especially familiar with all the intricacies of the Fishery question. What he didn't know about it from every point of view was not worth knowing. At this time he was Superintendent of the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office, a post his father had for many years held before him, and which in after years fell to my lot. He was always a staunch and valued friend of mine, and had frequently promised to do his best to have me associated with him when it seemed probable that a special Mission would go to the "States" in connection with this vexed question—a promise which he faithfully and loyally fulfilled. He was at that time a C.M.G. In 1888, on Mr. Chamberlain's recommendation, he was made a K.C.M.G., a distinction he greatly coveted. In 1902 he was made a C.B., and in 1903 a K.C.B. He had rendered invaluable services to His Majesty's Government, notably in connection with Copyright and the Sugar questions, and his all too early death in November 1908 at Berlin, the result of a chill, just as he had, as the British Delegate, attached his signature to the

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International Copyright Convention, was deeply deplored by a large circle of friends, and by none more than myself. He was laid in his last resting-place at Brookwood Cemetery, where his son, who had been killed at Saas Fée on January 1, 1908, was also buried. He had felt the death of this poor lad most acutely.

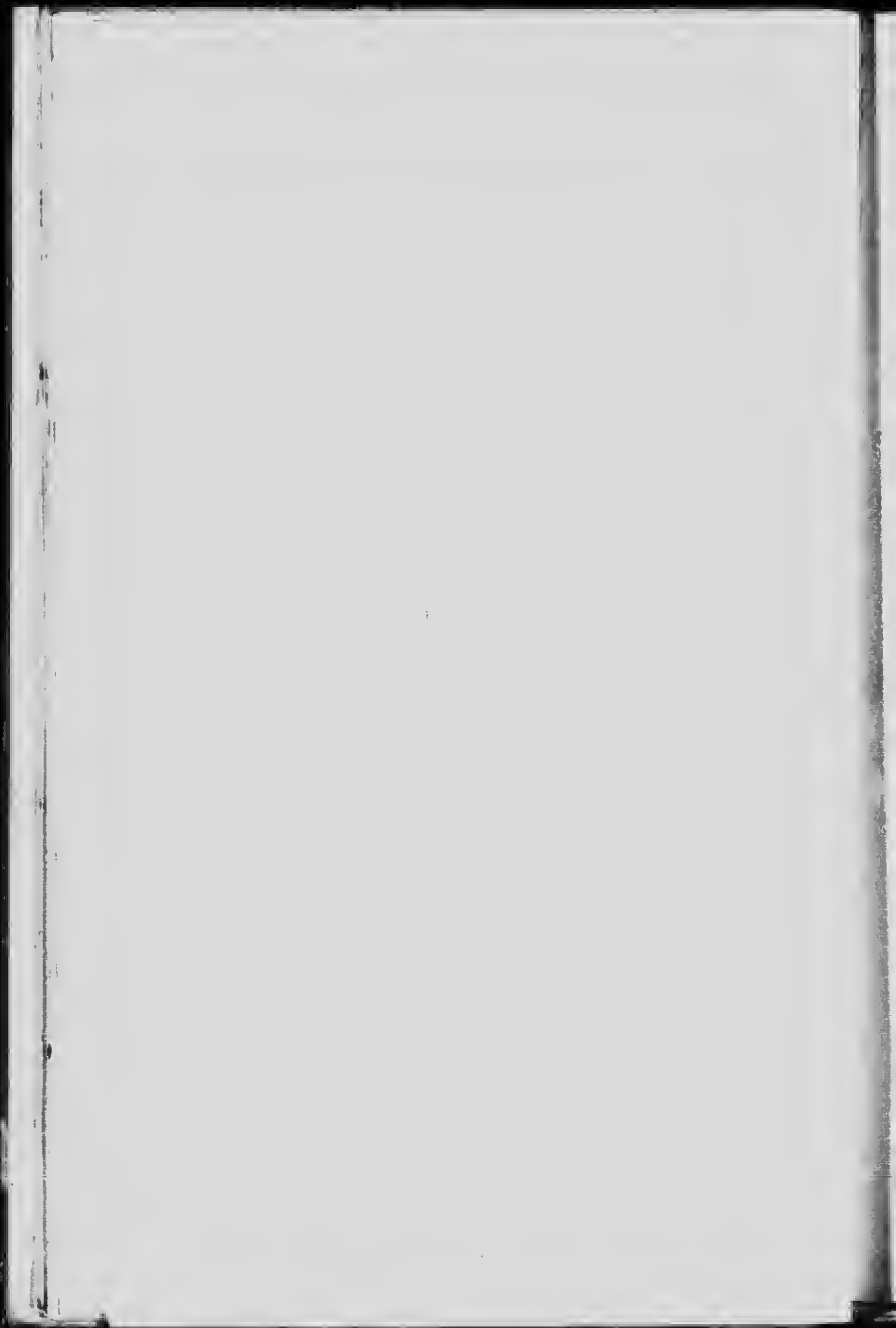
So Bergne was of course selected by Lord Salisbury to accompany Mr. Chamberlain as Secretary to the British Mission. Mr. Chamberlain expressed a strong wish that his staff should be restricted to as few persons as possible, but one assistant secretary at least was essential.

At that time I was acting as Private Secretary to the late Sir James Fergusson, the Parliamentary Under Secretary of State in Lord Salisbury's Administration. Of the many distinguished men with whom, in the course of a long career of over forty-one years in the Foreign Office, I have been associated, there are few for whom I have entertained a warmer regard than Sir James Fergusson. He certainly had a temper, and in some ways and to some people he was rather exacting. But to me he was always the staunchest and kindest of friends down to the time of his tragic death in the earthquake in Jamaica in 1907. So as soon as Bergne's appointment had been settled I said to Sir James, "I should very



Photo: Marshall & Allen, Ayr

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON



much like to go to America with Mr. Chamberlain. Will you support my candidature?" "With all the pleasure in life, my dear Maycock," was his generous reply. "I'm going down to the House now, and shall see Mr. Chamberlain, and will suggest his taking you." I thanked him warmly. He came back and told me he had seen Mr. Chamberlain. There were, however, needless to say, many other formidable candidates in the field, notably George Murray, then a clerk in the Treasury and a man of exceptional ability. Murray had been in the Foreign Office from 1873 to 1880, when he was transferred to the Treasury, of which important department he subsequently became the head, till his retirement, and a more capable official never served the Crown. When I heard he wanted the job my spirits sank to zero. It was at this juncture that dear Bergne's loyalty came to my aid and stood me in such good stead. He had been to see Mr. Chamberlain, who told him that of the many applicants the claims of Murray and Maycock seemed to be the strongest, and he left the choice to Bergne. Bergne, ever loyal to his promises, expressed a preference for me, and that is how, to my intense joy, I came to be appointed Assistant Secretary to the special Mission.

Prior to our departure, I went with my wife for a short holiday with our old and valued friend, now Sir William Dalrymple Hay—at that time a clerk in the Treasury—to Clovelly, where we amused ourselves by sea fishing in the waters of the ocean on which I was so soon to embark. We lodged with a retired merchant captain, who regaled us with comforting anecdotes of the horrors of the Atlantic, especially when the equinoctial gales were in full blast. One particular aphorism he was especially fond of citing :

“Of one thing you may be certain
On an Atlantic trip,
You're sure to ship a sea
Though you never see a ship :”

a theory the truth of which was destined to be very shortly realised to its fullest extent.

CHAPTER II

THE VOYAGE OUT

ON Saturday morning, October 29, 1887, Mr. Chamberlain started from Birmingham by the 11.20 train *en route* for Liverpool. A large number of local Unionists assembled to see him off, and when he arrived at the station accompanied by Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Mr. R. Chamberlain, M.P., and Mr. Powell Williams, M.P., he was greeted with hearty cheering, his enthusiastic admirers shouting "God bless you!" "Good luck!" and so forth. As soon as he boarded the train there were, of course, loud cries for a speech, and the right honourable gentleman, putting his head out of the window, addressed the crowd as follows :

"GENTLEMEN,—I am very much touched by your kindness in coming down here this morning to wish me 'Good-bye' and 'God-speed' (cheers). I know that all in Birmingham, in common with every patriotic Englishman, have deep interest in the success of my Mission (hear, hear) and an earnest desire that the good feelings between the two coun-

tries should be continually preserved (cheers). But with you, gentlemen, there is something more than an interest in the Mission—there is, I know, some little interest in the man who has undertaken it (hear, hear). I am grateful to you for the kindness you have always shown me (cheers, and cries of ‘God bless you’), and I reciprocate the feeling which you have now expressed. I have spent thirty years of my life amongst you in Birmingham (cheers), and Birmingham is the home of my adoption and of my affection (cheers). I hope that I may see you all once more in the course of a few months (cheers); and be sure of this, that I shall take with me to America the pleasantest recollection of your goodness to me (cheers). And, gentlemen, if these should be the last words I should ever speak to you (cries of ‘No’ and ‘Never’) I say to you—‘Stick firm to the Union’ (cheers). I say to you, spare no effort to maintain the magnificent inheritance which has descended to you from your forefathers (hear, hear), and, believe me, those are the greatest enemies to the Commonwealth, whether they are known as Separatists or by any other name, who would do anything to weaken or impair the integrity of the United Kingdom. Good-bye (loud cheers).”

During this brief address one or two interruptions and cries of “Coercionist” came from a small faction of the Gladstonians, but the dissentients were speedily overwhelmed by Mr. Chamberlain’s

enthusiastic supporters, and the cheering was renewed with redoubled vigour as the train steamed out of the station. On arriving at Liverpool Mr. Chamberlain was met by the Mayor, Sir James Poole, who had invited a select party to meet him at lunch at the Town Hall.

On the morning of the same day Bergne and I, having taken farewell of our respective belongings, foregathered at Euston at 10 o'clock and reached Liverpool at 2.40. We had to charter a cart there to convey our impedimenta to the landing-stage. Nelthorpe Beauclerk had also accompanied us from London. He too was on his way to Washington to take up his duties as Second Secretary at the Legation. He was one of the very best—quiet, unassuming, but a most capable diplomatist. He served in many countries after his brief stay in Washington; his young wife having died in England, shortly after our arrival. His last post was that of Minister to the Republics of Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador. He died all too soon in 1908. There were vast crowds both outside the Town Hall and at the landing-stage waiting to catch a glimpse of Mr. Chamberlain, but those at the latter place were doomed to disappointment. We ourselves were wondering what had become of him when the tender put off about 3.30 for

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the Cunarder *Etruria*, which was lying in mid-channel. He duly arrived, however, in a private tender about 5 o'clock, and we steamed out of the Mersey at 6.30.

The *Etruria* carried 360 saloon passengers, and about 100 others, many of them Americans in buoyant spirits at the prospect of returning to the country of their birth. Captain Cook, who had crossed the Atlantic goodness knows how many times, and was at that time Commodore of the Cunard fleet, was in command of the vessel. He was a great character, and though we naturally had seats at his table, we saw but little of him at meals during the voyage, the weather being so stormy as to necessitate his being nearly always on the bridge. He could be very cynical at times, and had no love for the Americans, who I believe had once locked him up for some breach of the port regulations at New York. Lots of good stories, true or otherwise, were recounted about him. Once a nervous female asked him if the vessel was far from land. "About three and a half miles, Madam, straight down there" was the reply, pointing to the bed of the ocean. On another occasion in a terrific gale a bishop on board ventured to inquire if there was any danger.

"Well, my lord," rejoined the ancient mariner, "I shouldn't wonder if we were all in heaven in less than half an hour."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the bishop, momentarily forgetting that such a consummation, according to the tenets of his faith, was one devoutly to be desired.

We reached Queenstown safely on the following Sunday morning about eleven, and took the mails on board. Sundry pressmen came aboard and interviewed Mr. Chamberlain, who was seated in his deck chair behind a large cigar.

We left Queenstown on the evening of Sunday, October 30, with the sky looking very black and a fresh breeze springing up. The prospect looked anything but bright ahead, the barometer was falling rapidly, and Cook, on the bridge, was enveloped in yellow tarpaulin, evidently prepared for "dirty weather." I shall never forget the horrors of that voyage to my dying day, especially the nights. The noise overhead, the clanking of chains, the shouts of the sailors, the screw racing out of the water half of the time, which seemed to make the great vessel palpitate from end to end, to say nothing of the bangs of the monster waves against the ship's sides,

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made sleep a matter of impossibility. I often used to think of Mrs. Willard's lines :

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep,"

and thought she would have piped a very different tune had she been on board the *Etruria*. We were battened down half the time, and unable to go on deck. A lifeboat was swept away and a huge ventilator bent double. Some of the seamen, too, were badly hurt and swept off their legs. Cook admitted that it was the worst passage he ever remembered, and the boatswain said the same thing, and they had both done the trip times without number. Was there ever penned such a magnificent and realistic description of the horrors of an Atlantic passage in winter as Charles Dickens compiled in his *American Notes*?—"But what the agitation of a steam vessel is on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops and staggers, and shivers as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts

onward like a master goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again in all its fury, rage, and passion.” That describes to the letter our experience on the *Etruria* forty-five years after those lines were written.

Mr. Chamberlain was a good sailor, and hardly ever missed a meal, nor did I miss one. Poor little Bergne, on the other hand, suffered the tortures of the damned throughout the voyage, and some female in a cabin adjacent to mine screamed half the night, and was perpetually anointing herself with essence of peppermint as a remedy for sea sickness, and its pungent odour was the reverse of comforting. A very small percentage of the passengers turned up at meals, and the saving under the subheads “bacon, ham, and pork” must have been quite considerable. Of course every one in the

smoking saloon wanted to talk to Mr. Chamberlain, and edged up to him whenever a chance offered. These well-meant attentions bored him to distraction, so much so that he eventually sought refuge in the chief officer's cabin, where we had many a smoke and chat together in peace, or comparative peace leastways, as perfect peace on the Atlantic in November is an unknown quantity. Bar the weather, the voyage was as uneventful as most sea voyages are. On November 4 the hurricane abated a bit, and we got on deck, and the sight of a whale was reported. Every one rushed up on deck to see what was to be seen, which was not much beyond the crest of a dark object about 100 yards from the vessel throwing up occasional jets of water. To the best of my recollection we only met one vessel during the whole voyage, homeward bound, thus exemplifying the truth of what my old mariner at Clovelly had said.

On Saturday, November 5, we were 700 miles from Sandy Hook, rather better weather, and steaming about 454 knots a day. We had a concert that night, with Mr. Chamberlain in the chair, and realised £22 for the Sailors' Orphanage. Poor Barton M'Guckin, since deceased, who was going out to fulfil a professional engagement at New York,

was, of course, the lion of the evening. I contributed a few comic songs which were favourably received, notably Corney Grain's "He did and he didn't know why"—always a sure hit—and "Jarge's Jubilee," also one of his. The next day we took a pilot on board—Boat No. 4.

On Monday, November 7, we passed the Statue of Liberty and reached New York. The statue is a remarkable erection, representing "Liberty enlightening the World," and stands on Bedloe's Island, about two miles from the Battery. It is a draped figure of a female, made of *repoussé* copper by Bartholdi, and is over 150 feet in height. The goddess is crowned by a diadem, holding a tablet close to the body in the left hand and a torch in the uplifted right hand, which at night is lighted by electricity. Her right finger alone is 7 feet long and over 4 feet in circumference, and her nose is a yard long. The statue weighs 25 tons, and cost over a million francs, raised by public subscription in France. It stands on a granite pedestal 155 feet high. It took Bartholdi four years to construct, and was erected the year before we went out. The pedestal cost about £50,000, subscribed in America. It was unveiled by the President in October 1886.

The number of females, wearing what they called

their "store clothes," who turned up on deck, and who had never been seen before on the voyage, was quite surprising. In accordance with usage in the case of diplomatic Missions, we had been accorded the usual exemption from Customs examination. The revenue cutter *Manhattan* came out to meet us at the quarantine station, and we said adieu to the good ship *Etruria* and trans-shipped on to the cutter. On board of it to meet us were poor Henry Edwardes, who had come up from Washington, where he was then Secretary of Legation; William Lane Booker, our Consul-General at New York—both now, alas! long since called to their last rest; Mr. William Smith, an ex-Canadian Minister of Marine and an old ally of Bergne's; and a quartette of pressmen, with their books and pencils anxious to learn our impressions of their country, regardless of our not yet having had time to formulate any. We disembarked at what is known as the Barge Landing, and proceeded thence to the Brevoort House Hotel in 5th Avenue, where apartments had been reserved for us. It was a fine building, much affected by the best class of Europeans, and the *cuisine* was excellent. There Mr. Chamberlain accorded an interview to a shoal of reporters which supplied material for many columns in the *Herald*,



Photo: Morse, San Francisco

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM LANE BOOKER

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Tribune, and other leading organs of the New York press of the next day. It will suffice to quote an extract from the first-named only, as affording some idea of the bombardment of problems to which our right honourable Chief was subjected.

At six o'clock the reporter was received very courteously at the Brevoort by Mr. Chamberlain. Two detectives were on guard in the vicinity of the rooms. Mr. Chamberlain's accent is decidedly English, and his voice a quiet, pleasant-sounding one. He laughed when told the interview was the custom of the country, and said he was quite willing to submit.

DIPLOMACY AN EVASION

The first questions were about the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Republicanism in England, the House of Lords, and Home Rule—in fact, all those questions which are now very much agitating England, and with which Americans are more or less familiar from the special foreign correspondence of the *Herald*. Mr. Chamberlain smilingly shook his head.

"I am unable," he said, "to answer questions on the controversial politics of England. I have come here to assume the duties of a diplomatist, and therefore I cannot speak on matters of controversy at home."

"It has been insinuated," said the reporter, "that

your appointment by the Tory Government was made in the hope of complicating still further the Irish difficulty."

"I have not seen anything of the kind," was the reply. "That cannot be, and I would not pay any attention to such an insinuation."

COMMERCIAL UNION

The reporter then drew his attention to the action on last Thursday of the New York Chamber of Commerce advocating free trade with Canada, and to the fact that a committee had been appointed to see what could be done about commercial union, also to the following extracts from his English speeches read at that meeting :

Commercial union with the United States meant that Canada was to give preference to every article of manufacture from the United States over the manufactures from Great Britain. If the people of Canada desired an arrangement of that kind he did not doubt that they would be able to secure it. He did not think anybody in England would prevent such an arrangement by force ; but he remarked that in that case all the advantages of the slender tie that bound Canada to England would disappear, so far as England was concerned ; and it was not likely that the people of Great Britain would continue much longer to sustain the obligations and

responsibilities of a relationship all the reciprocal benefits of which had been withdrawn. . . . To investigate the possibility of a material expansion of our commerce in this direction by inviting arguments for and against commercial union with Canada, and documentary evidence as to the extent and prospects of the trade between the two countries, and to report to this Chamber such recommendations for its action as will enable it to contribute its influence, not only to the early adjustment of the Fishery question, but to aid in procuring such legislation as will promote the interests of the commerce of this country, should such action be deemed desirable.

“ I don't think I can add anything to what I have said,” was the response. “ That was from a speech I made a few days before leaving England.”

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE

“ But if commercial union were brought about, would it lead to the absolute independence of Canada from Great Britain ? ”

“ I said,” replied Mr. Chamberlain, “ if commercial union meant free trade between the United States and Canada, and at the same time the continuance of protective duties on the part of Canada against the mother country, that undoubtedly an arrangement of that kind would lead the English

people to reflect upon the advantage or disadvantage of undertaking the responsibility of the existing relations."

THE FISHERIES

"Do you expect to settle all questions at issue between Great Britain and the United States or to confine your attention to the North Atlantic Fisheries?"

"I think the differences with regard to the Fisheries are the chief object of the Commission, but I do not think they preclude the introduction of other questions."

"As the best solution of the problem, has not Lord Salisbury in his published despatches proposed a return to the Treaty of Washington (without compensation for the inshore fisheries)?"

"It was proposed in those despatches as a temporary solution pending further and fuller discussion."

"In your opinion, Mr. Chamberlain, would it be wiser to work back towards the last method of settlement (the Treaty of Washington) or to take up the Treaty of 1818 and attempt to revise it?"

"It is not open to anticipate what the result of the discussion will be."

THE BEHRING SEA SEAL FISHERIES

"Have you determined to include the Behring Sea Seal fisheries in the proposed settlement?"

"It depends on the course of discussion whether the Commission will touch that matter or not."

"But should commercial union be excluded from the final settlement, do you think that a settlement could be reached satisfactory to Canada?"

"Well," said Mr. Chamberlain slowly, "the Canadians have a responsible Commissioner in Sir Charles Tupper. No one can be more competent than he, and if he is satisfied the people of Canada will be satisfied. Sir Charles Tupper is specially competent to speak on behalf of the Canadians."

Mr. Chamberlain added that he regarded England alone as his client.

"Is the Irish question likely to be settled very soon?"

"I don't think it will be settled in our time."

"You are on record as to the House of Lords, Mr. Chamberlain, are you not?"

"No, I don't think I can point to any definite expression of opinion on that subject."

The reporter ventured again to bring up Home Rule, and Mr. Chamberlain said:

"I have always said I was prepared—to use Mr. Gladstone's own words—to give the largest possible extension of local government in Ireland consistent with the integrity of the Empire, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, protection of the minority, and so on."

IRISH AMERICANS

“ And what do you think of the Irish question in America ? ”

“ I have said on some occasions that in the last thirty years they have not hesitated to co-operate, while having regard for the best interests of their adopted country, in pursuit of their objects.”

“ And now, Mr. Chamberlain, is it true that detectives have come with you from England ? ”

The answer was given boldly and manly :

“ No, but I have no doubt that the United States Government will take good care of its guests. I have no fear on that subject.”

Finally he said he would make no public speeches anywhere, at least on politics. He had not come as a private Englishman, but as a diplomatist. He would endeavour to see as much of the country as possible and would visit Canada. He would go in a few days—he could not say exactly when—to Washington, and on his return would stay some time in New York.

Mr. Chamberlain has already received several private invitations to partake of hospitalities.

That night we dined at the hotel, and afterwards went, at the invitation of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, to his box at the opera, and heard *Tannhäuser*, and “ so to bed,” as Pepys would say. It was a pleasant change to be once more in a steady couch on *terra*



Photo: John Edwards

THE LATE HON. HENRY EDWARDS

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firma after the eight nights' terrific bucketing we had had on the Atlantic.

We spent ten days in New York altogether, full of interest to us, but uneventful from a public point of view. On the morning of the 8th we had to send some official despatches to the Foreign Office, and Bergne and I went for a walk in the afternoon, but owing to the municipal elections being in full swing all the shops were shut. He and I dined at the Manhattan Club that night, where we met Dudley Field and other prominent citizens, all full of the elections. Mr. Chamberlain dined that night at Delmonico's with Henry Edwardes. On the 9th we all paid a visit to Booker, and looked over the Consulate General, one of the busiest and most important of all the British consular posts.

On the 10th the Chief and I went for a walk in the afternoon, and left cards on Henry Irving at the Brunswick. Bergne and I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Booker that evening at the private hotel where they lived, and Mr. Chamberlain dined with Mrs. Paran Stevens to meet the late Duke of Marlborough. His Grace had called on him at our hotel shortly after our arrival, and threw out a hint that he would like to be attached to our Mission. Mr. Chamberlain could not, however, give him any encouragement in

that direction, as our number was limited and we were already "full up." So they fell back on "orchids," a congenial topic to both. The Duke was at that time paying his court to the opulent Mrs. Hammersley, who was then residing in New York, and who in the following year became his Duchess, and, three years after his death in 1892, married the late Lord William Beresford.

On the 11th Bergne, Henry Edwardes, and I dined at Delmonico's, where I made my first acquaintance with Maryland terrapin and canvas-back duck, of both of which I had heard much, but thought them rather overrated luxuries, the latter especially—not a patch on a good English wild duck. After dinner we went to a reception at Gilder's, the editor of the *Century*, and met a lot of distinguished *littérateurs*. Gilder was quite charming, and a profound admirer of my old friend Austin Dobson of the Board of Trade. Altogether it was a most interesting and illuminating *réunion*.

On the 12th Bergne and I went down to the North River Dock in Clarkson Street, where the *Etruria* was berthed, to have a final handshake with old Cook, who was sailing that day for home, and looking forward to rejoining his young wife at Ealing. He too had been putting up at the Brevoort House, where

we saw a good deal of him. We wished him *bon voyage*, and that was the last time I ever saw that gallant old mariner, now no longer in the land of the living.

On the 13th we lunched at Delmonico's and took the Elevated Railroad from 6th Avenue to Riverside Park on the Hudson to see President Grant's tomb, the Bookers accompanying us. The gallant general was buried there on August 8, 1885, with full military honours; the concourse of people along the line of march was the greatest ever seen in New York. The tomb itself is an unpretentious stone edifice, surrounded by iron railings if I remember aright.

Nothing particular occurred on the 14th, excepting that we went in the evening to the opera *Siegfried*, to Mr. Witridge's box. Mrs. Witridge was a daughter of Matthew Arnold, and, like her illustrious father, devoted to dachshunds. She was much interested in the adventures of a "dachs" of my own, who had found his way from Blackheath to Whitehall unaccompanied. His portrait, and an account of his marvellous performance, appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of November 3, 1883, which I subsequently sent to her.

On the 15th, in the evening, Henry Edwardes and I went to Niblo's Theatre to hear some minstrels.

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We thought it rather a poor show. Mr. Chamberlain was entertained that evening at a banquet given by the New York Chamber of Commerce, at which some two hundred of the leading merchants of the city were present. Berne went with him. At this dinner Mr. Chamberlain gave a striking example of his marvellous memory. Mr. Lamar, ex-Secretary of the Interior, over whose appointment to a Supreme Court judgeship there had recently been a good deal of commotion in the Senate, wound up his opening speech by remarking that it had been said by an English poet that "Commerce is the golden girdle of the globe." Probably few men could say offhand who the poet referred to was, and still fewer give the exact context. Mr. Chamberlain was, however, equal to both, and, on rising to reply, said he could not refrain from completing the quotation, as it seemed to him so especially apposite to the views he was anxious to impress on his audience. The lines, he said, were Cowper's, and were as follows :

"Again—the band of commerce was designed
To associate all the branches of mankind,
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe."

They occur in the poem "Charity," and you may search in vain in Bartlett's and other Dictionaries



Photo: Rice, Washington

CAPTAIN F. H. HINDE

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of Quotations for any reference to them, so it really was rather a remarkable feat.

The 16th was our last day in New York on this occasion. We should have started for Washington sooner but for the fact that Sir Charles Tupper was detained in Canada by his election in New Brunswick, and no meetings of the joint Commission could take place till his arrival at Washington.

I should have mentioned earlier that the United States Government deemed it advisable, as a matter of precaution, to detail four detectives to "shadow" Mr. Chamberlain during his visit. They were picked men from Pinkerton's agency, in command of Captain F. H. Hinde, a very smart, handsome fellow, who regaled me with many interesting narratives of his experiences in detective work. He was with us from the time we left the *Etruria* till we started on the return journey. He used to say, "If any crank tries to get at Mr. Chamberlain, I guess I'll get there first." And I guess he would have, too. The Chief, who was absolutely fearless in such matters, loathed being "shadowed," and nothing pleased him more than to think he had evaded their watchful eye, but I don't think he ever succeeded in doing so. The "tecs" were never obtrusive, but always "on the premises." Hinde brought me one day a

quantity of books presented to me by Robert Pinkerton, written by his distinguished father Allan Pinkerton, which formed valuable addenda to my already extensive collection of works on Criminology. But the Clan na Gael, despite all sorts of alarming reports, gave us no trouble. An Irish cab-driver one day recognised Mr. Chamberlain coming out of Delmonico's and called out to him, "Don't forget ould Ireland, yer honour." The Chief promised him that he wouldn't, with which assurance the man seemed perfectly satisfied. The last night in New York, Henry Edwardes and I went to Daly's Theatre to see Ada Rehan in the *Railroad of Love*, a play which afforded us but little amusement or enjoyment



Photo: Bassano, Bond Street

THE LATE CAPTAIN R. C. CLIPERTON

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CHAPTER III

WASHINGTON

WE left New York on the morning of November 17, and took the ferry to Jersey City. Thence we journeyed by rail to Washington, which we reached safely at 4.30. The heat of the car was rather oppressive. At Philadelphia Captain Clipperton, Her late Majesty's Consul, boarded the train and had a few minutes' interview with Mr. Chamberlain and ourselves. He and I had worked together in the Foreign Office some years previously, and were always great friends. He was a very popular, cheery personage, and the best possible company, as well as an admirable consular officer. I shall have more to say about him during our halt at Philadelphia on the return journey. He retired on a pension in 1898, and died last year. He was universally respected and beloved by all who knew him, and by none more than myself. At the depôt at Washington we were met by Sir Lionel Sackville West, the British Minister, Beauclerk, and Cecil Spring Rice, who was then a third Secretary in the

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Legation, a young man of brilliant attainments, who is now our Ambassador at Washington. In the hall of the depôt my attention was drawn to the spot where President Garfield was shot by the assassin Guiteau in July 1881, from the effects of which he never recovered, and died in the following September. The spot where he fell is marked by a small brass plate on the floor. Some weeks later I went over the jail at Washington, and inspected the cell in which Guiteau was confined prior to his execution. It will be remembered that an overzealous sentry had discharged the contents of his rifle through the window into the cell, with a view to settling Guiteau, who, however, lying on his plank bedstead, escaped unscathed, though one could see the marks where the bullet had whizzed round the walls of the cell. The jailer was very anxious I should purchase a hank of the rope with which the assassin was hanged, and of which he said he had only a small piece left. I was warned, however, not to close with this offer, as he was said already to have sold enough to souvenir-seekers to reach from Washington to Baltimore, so I declined his offer with thanks.

From the depôt we proceeded to the Arlington Hotel, which was our headquarters till the end of the

following February. I remember how struck I was with the study in "black and white" that the large dining-hall of this hotel afforded. The black faces of the shoals of waiters, all clad in white twill, stood out in striking contrast to the white walls and ceiling; and the number of plates piled up one on the top of the other that those coloured "pussuns" could support on one hand, while walking at a brisk pace, without ever a mishap, was a marvellous feat of balancing. That night Mr. Chamberlain entertained at dinner the Canadian contingent, who had come with us from New York and were also putting up at the Arlington. They consisted of Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.M.G., C.B., one of the three British Plenipotentiaries and at that time Minister of Finance in Canada. His distinguished career is too well known to need recapitulation in detail here. His knowledge of all the ramifications of the Fishery question was profound, and being an able debater as well, it goes without saying that no more valuable or efficient colleague could have been chosen to cooperate with Mr. Chamberlain in his difficult task. Sir Charles was accompanied by the Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, the Dominion Minister of Justice; by Major-General D. R. Cameron, his Official Secretary; and Mr. Chipman, his Private Secretary.

Mr. Wallace Graham, Q.C., and Mr. George Johnson completed the Canadian Delegation.

The Hon. Sir Lionel Sackville West, K.C.M.G., then British Minister at Washington, was, as already stated, the third British Plenipotentiary. He succeeded to the title of second Baron Sackville on the death of his brother in 1888 and died in 1908. His domestic and family affairs have been so fully exploited of late years in the Law Courts of this country that it is unnecessary to refer to them here. He was a man of an extremely reticent nature, who seldom spoke unless some one spoke to him. So retiring, indeed, was he that if I remember aright his only oral contribution to the thirty meetings of the Conference was the expression of a wish that a certain window might be closed. I acted as Private Secretary to Mr. Chamberlain during our stay at Washington, which involved a tremendous amount of correspondence with all sorts and conditions of people on every conceivable topic, ranging from the provisions of Acts of Parliament affecting landlords and tenants in Ireland down to the paving of the streets of Birmingham. I used to go through these letters with Mr. Chamberlain after breakfast, and he would tell me *vivâ voce* what he wished said in reply to the more important ones. Sometimes I



Photo C. Bell, Washington
MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND



Photo Ricc. Washington
MISS SACKVILLE WEST
(NOW LADY SACKVILLE)

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would ask Sir Lionel when he was sitting in our working room what answer he would suggest to such and such a question. He invariably replied with a chuckle: "My dear Maycock, I never express an opinion." And so far as I know the only occasion on which he departed from this excellent maxim resulted in the termination of his diplomatic career in the autumn of 1888. He never mixed much in Washington society, and his reclusive habits were rather incompatible with that popularity which is so essential to success in a diplomatic career. His three daughters were very nice girls—the eldest, Victoria, now Lady Sackville, not only being highly accomplished and endowed with exceptional beauty and charm of manner, but invaluable to her father on the rare occasions when social entertainments took place at the Legation.

The three Plenipotentiaries selected by the United States Government to represent them at the Conference were Mr. T. F. Bayard, Mr. William L. Putnam, and Mr. James B. Angell, some particulars with regard to whom may be of interest. The Hon. Thomas Francis Bayard held the important post of Secretary of State in Mr. Cleveland's administration, a position which more or less corresponds to that of Prime Minister in this country, inasmuch as the

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occupant is the senior member of the Cabinet. Mr. Bayard was born at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1828, so that when we were at Washington he was in his sixtieth year. Originally trained for a mercantile career, he subsequently, like most prominent American statesmen, adopted the legal profession. He was called to the bar in 1851, and practised for many years in his native city. Later in life he was elected Senator for Delaware, and continued to be so with sundry breaks till he became Secretary of State in 1885, when Mr. Cleveland was elected to the Presidency by the Democrats. He then resigned his seat in the Senate. Descended from a long line of ancestors, numbered among the gallant knights and courtiers conspicuous in the wars of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Mr. Bayard was a tall and statesmanlike-looking gentleman, who bore a strong facial resemblance to Professor Fawcett. His manner was dignified, courteous, and prepossessing. Both at Washington and in later years in this country he always addressed me as "Mr. Willoughby." He was in every way what the Americans term a "lovable man." When Mr. Grover Cleveland was elected as President for the second time in 1893, he nominated Mr. Bayard to proceed to this country as Ambassador. He was

the first diplomatic agent on whom the United States had conferred that exalted rank, and by way of reciprocity the British Minister at Washington, then Sir Julian Pauncfote, was given a corresponding status. While accredited to our Court Mr. Bayard made innumerable friends, and did much to cement the cordial relations between the two countries. He entertained on a liberal scale, and was in addition a good sportsman, a keen deer-stalker in the Highlands, while his face was not unfamiliar at Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket Heath. His one infirmity was a slight deafness. His death in September 1898 at Dedham, Massachusetts, deprived the United States of one of their most high-minded, cultivated, and refined citizens, and a warm admirer of this country. The year before we went to Washington Mr. Bayard had sustained two severe domestic bereavements by the death of his wife and daughter within a fortnight of one another.

Mr. William L. Putnam was a tall, clean-shaven gentleman of about fifty-six years of age, and a Democrat. A lawyer by profession, he had acted as Counsel for the United States for some two years in numerous cases involving questions of Treaties and laws arising out of the Fishery disputes, and he was also Counsel for the Boston and Maine Railway

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Company. Mr. James Burrell Angell was born in Rhode Island in 1829. At the early age of twenty-four he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at the Brown University. In politics he was a Republican, and for some years he was United States Minister in China. He was widely recognised as a man of high character, largely endowed with intellectual gifts, and especially well qualified by nature and experience for diplomatic work; moreover, he was a very genial personage. Both Messrs. Putnam and Angell were staying at the Arlington, so we naturally saw a good deal of them, and spent many hours in their congenial society.

The Hon. J. S. Winter, Attorney-General of Newfoundland, had also arrived at the Arlington as Agent of that colony.

On the day after our arrival Mr. Chamberlain received a large number of representatives of the press, and a full report of the meeting appeared the next day in the *Washington Post*. It is a good example of the *facetiæ* of the American reporter, in addition to being a fairly accurate summary of what passed on that occasion, so I give it verbatim :

MR. CHAMBERLAIN TALKS

HE SEES THE NEWSPAPER MEN AT THE ARLINGTON

Commercial Union not likely to be discussed at the Conference—A Peaceable Solution of the Fisheries Dispute looked forward to.

At five o'clock yesterday evening Mr. Chamberlain, one of the English Commissioners for the settlement of the questions in dispute between the English Government and the Government of the United States, especially the question in regard to the rights of United States fishermen in Canadian waters, gave a reception to the newspaper reporters of Washington and the Washington correspondents of the principal newspapers in the country. About forty representatives of the press accepted the invitation, and were punctually in attendance at the Arlington. Mr. Bergne, of the British Foreign Office, who arranged for the interview, received the reporters in the large parlour on the second floor of the Johnson annexe of the Arlington. There were sofas and chairs enough for all, and in the middle of the room stood a large table well supplied with boxes of cigars, bottles of various kinds with favourite labels on them, and several syphons of seltzer water for those who preferred to take it mild. When all had been welcomed by Mr. Bergne, and seated around the hospitable table, Mr. Chamberlain entered by a side door, dressed in a closely buttoned black Prince Albert coat and light grey trousers, after the most

approved English fashion, with the inevitable eyeglass in his right ocular. His black hair was polished like a mirror, and he smiled and smiled, and bowed while he smiled, at the same time making his way across to the far side of the room, where a chair had been reserved for him. The reporters rose to receive him, and as he invited them, by example, to resume their seats he said, "Gentlemen, I am very glad to meet you. I hope you are all quite well." After a short pause and a glance at the table he added, "Perhaps some of you will smoke a cigar," pointing to where they lay, and taking another puff at one he had already lit. The visitors did not yet feel quite at home, but in order to induce a more comfortable feeling most of them took cigars. That done, Mr. Chamberlain, smiling still, with his eyeglass in his ocular, looked on one side of the company, then on the other, and seeing no recognised leader whom he could particularly address, he took another puff at the cigar, and looking at the upward column of smoke, as he lengthened it out, he said to the smoke: "Well, gentlemen, what can I do to serve you?"

Then it was that the reporters felt most uneasy. They didn't all want to speak at once. No spokesman for the party had been appointed, and as they were all very modest, every man holding that his neighbour had the best right to speak first, there was quite a pause before Mr. Chamberlain was informed how he could best make the company happy. One questioned him, and then another questioned him, and then another, until nearly every man in the company had questioned him, some of

them several times, but he didn't object. Mr. Bergne and two other attachés of the Commission were present and followed the exchanges of question and answer closely, ready, if necessary, to give Mr. Chamberlain information for which he might be called upon without possessing. Mr. Chamberlain had never been questioned so before, even at question time in the House of Commons, when he was a prominent member of the Government, and putting questions to Ministers was a regular and organised species of disturbance and opposition. All questions put by the reporters he answered just as he has been in the habit of answering the endless questions of troublesome members of the House of Commons. The answer was always ready and willing. If one asked a question which had been asked and answered before, he had an effective way of saying so, with a smile and focussing of the eyeglass that made the unfortunate questioner weary, while everybody else was made merry. A stupid question was sure to be met with a light sarcastic reply that would make the gentleman think twice before questioning again. He didn't snub anybody, but when anyone required to be stamped out he crushed him with the same delight that he used to experience in crushing a Tory.

The distinguished gentleman seemed to be in the best of health and spirits. He was clean shaven, and without the side whiskers which used to be an important element in his facial make-up. He said that he and the other British Commissioners, Sir Lionel Sackville West and Sir Charles Tupper, had called at the State Department at noon and met the

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American negotiators, Secretary Bayard and Messrs. Angell and Putnam ; that they had arranged to meet the President at twelve o'clock to-day, and that on Monday the first conference between the negotiators would be held at the State Department. How long a time would be required to reach a conclusion he could not say, could not even guess, nor could he say that the negotiators would meet from day to day without any intervals. He believed that all parties were ready to begin work, and that nobody had any desire to delay the progress of the work. As to the conferences, he believed they would be strictly private ; that none would be present but the six Commissioners, three on each side ; that none of those numerous secretaries and legal advisers who accompanied himself from London and came with Sir Charles Tupper from Canada would be admitted to the conferences ; and that the only report or record made of the proceeding would be a brief protocol drawn up at the end of each conference by the Commissioners themselves, the protocol being simply the minutes in brief of the conference. As for a stenographic report of what is to be said, or of any part of what is to be said by the Commissioners, he had not thought of such a thing, and did not suppose it would be thought of.

"Our business," he said, "is to settle all questions in dispute between the two Governments." He said that the scope of the negotiations might widen out so as to take in many other questions, besides those in dispute about the rights of United States fishermen in Canadian waters. Regarding

the scheme of a commercial union between Canada and the United States, he said he had no idea that it would be even mentioned in the negotiations. "I do not think Canada wants it," said he, "and I do not think the United States wants it. Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian member of the Commission, is not likely to propose it, and certainly I shall not, and I have no expectation that the question will be raised by the representatives of the United States."

He spoke as if he repudiated the idea of such a commercial union as chimerical. He said he did not believe the United States Government was yet prepared for open free trade with all the world, and that's what such a union with Canada would mean for the United States, because, as soon as the United States would begin to admit Canadian goods free of duty, the trade of all the world might reach the United States through Canada free. It would be impossible in practice to say that articles made in England or in Germany had not been made in Canada. Besides, Canada could not make any commercial treaty with the United States without the sanction of the British Government. Somebody suggested that, according to Mr. Butterworth and Mr. Wiman, no treaty was required; that the commercial union could be effected by legislation alone. Mr. Chamberlain, being prompted by Mr. Bergne, answered that point by saying that the Imperial Government could veto any such legislation on the part of Canada. He said that if there was a universal demand for such a commercial union in Canada and the United States, he did not believe

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the English Government would oppose it. But that state of things had not been realised, and if it ever came it would involve a review of the relations between Canada and the mother country, so that the proposition of a commercial union between Canada and the United States will not come within the scope of these negotiations.

About the powers of the English Commissioners, Mr. Chamberlain explained that they were plenipotentiary in the full sense of the term; that they might conclude and consummate a Treaty without referring it to either House of Parliament. He remarked, however, that it was customary to make some communication to Parliament in relation to any Treaty, and if it appeared that Parliament was opposed to it the Ministry, though in that matter independent of Parliament, would not be likely to insist upon it. The theory is that the Queen has absolute power to make Treaties, but, as happens now in regard to a great many other such theories, the Queen or her Ministers would hardly ever think of acting in opposition to Parliament or without consulting Parliament about it. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has no doubt whatever about the acceptance by the English and Canadian Governments of any agreement which the Commission may succeed in making. "And surely," said he, referring to the alleged threats of some Republican Senators-- "Surely no member of the United States Congress would be so unreasonable as to say that he would not ratify a Treaty before he knows what kind of a Treaty is going to be submitted for his consideration."

Being informed that at one time there was a feeling in this country that something like a war between Great Britain and the United States might result from the Fishery troubles, and being asked if there was any similar apprehension in England, Mr. Chamberlain said, with great earnestness, that he was sure that the possibility of a war between the United States and Great Britain never entered the head of any sensible man in England. He added that he believed if nothing at all were done regarding the disputed interpretations of the Treaty of 1818, out of which all the Fisheries troubles have arisen, the local irritation might continue, but no war would ensue. The trouble would be mostly confined to the agencies employed in administering the law under that Treaty.

Being asked again if he thought that the only effect of a failure to agree upon a new Treaty now would be a continuation of the local troubles between the Canadians and the American fishermen, and a continuation of diplomatic correspondence, Mr. Chamberlain was not willing to contemplate such a contingency. But he admitted the ultimate possibility of the patriotic pride of the Americans or the patriotic pride of the English getting up, and when that was excited he admitted there would be danger, but such a state of affairs he regarded as very remote. He expressed the opinion that in this country and in England the newspapers were probably a little more bloodthirsty than the people. Some one having asked him if it was not true that the Canadian newspapers had expressed a decided apprehension of a war with the United States, Mr. Chamberlain said

he didn't know anything about the Canadian newspapers, and he presumed that they were not any better informed than other sources of information.

The distinguished gentleman concluded by telling the reporters, in reply to a question, that he had no idea whatever of the chances that the Liberal-Unionists in England and the Gladstone Liberals would ever again be united. "One thing is certain," said he, "Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule for Ireland will never pass the British Parliament. It is dead. Mr. Gladstone himself has said it is dead. If he should come round to my idea of local self-government for Ireland, or if he should frame a scheme of Home Rule for Ireland that I could approve, I should co-operate with him tomorrow. My idea of Home Rule for Ireland is something like the Home Rule that the different provinces of Canada enjoy. It differs at some points with the relations between the United States Government and the individual States of the Union."

The reporters formed the impression that Mr. Chamberlain was a very affable, obliging, pleasant gentleman, one who knew enough not to say too much, yet much more communicative than the average English official, and much less reserved than the average English gentleman. He submitted to all the questioning of the reporters with the utmost grace and good humour, and answered with perfect candour. When he could not answer he said so. When asked if the English Government had imposed a definite limit to the concessions which he might



Photo: Geo. C. Grayne, Washington

THE LATE PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND

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make he answered straightforwardly that his instructions were confidential. He never for an instant manifested any impatience or showed any disposition to make people "mind their own business," which is a prominent characteristic in the average English official."

On the morning of Saturday, November 19, Sir Lionel West called and took us all over to the State Department, when we were introduced to Mr. Bayard, who made himself very agreeable. He subsequently escorted us all to the White House just opposite, to be presented to the President, who received us in his office. Seated in a revolving chair, he chatted principally with Mr. Chamberlain on commonplace topics, but made no allusion to the object of our Mission.

Grover Cleveland was born at Caldwell, New Jersey, in 1837, so was just fifty at this time. In his early days he had seen a good many ups and downs, when "dollars" had been none too plentiful; but he was a man of determination and a hard worker. He was called to the bar in 1859, and for some time practised law at Buffalo, where he rose to be District Attorney. In 1881 he became Mayor of Buffalo, in 1883 Governor of New York, and in 1884 he was elected President of the United States in the Demo-

cratic interests. He was a stout man, rather like Edmund Yates in appearance, with a dark brown moustache, but no other hirsute appendages. In 1886 he married his ward, a sweetly pretty girl of twenty-two, daughter of his whilom friend and business associate, Oscar Folsom of Buffalo. After a honeymoon in the Alleghanies, the President brought his young bride to the White House, and, though she was the youngest woman that had ever occupied that proud position, it was generally conceded that as "The first Lady in the Land" she maintained her position with dignity, and a charm of manner that made her universally popular, though she mixed but little in the whirl of fashionable society. Some weeks later Mr. Willie Endicott, son of the Secretary of War and brother to the present Mrs. Chamberlain, took me to tea with her, and I found her most charming and affable. She was greatly amused at my being announced as "Mr. Haycock." It fairly "tickled her to death," as they say across the pond. Mrs. Cleveland was always a very devoted wife to her old husband, who died in New Jersey in 1908. She married a second time, a year or two ago, Professor Thomas Jex Preston of Princetown University.



Photo - K. J. Washington

MEMBERS OF THE FISHERY COMMISSION

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|-------------|-------------|---------------|------------------|
| MIR. MOORI. | MIR. ANGLI. | SIR C. LUTHER | MIR. BERONI |
| SIR I. WEST | MIR. PEENAI | MIR. BAWARD | MIR. CHAMBERKIAN |

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CHAPTER IV

WASHINGTON (*continued*)

As Monday, November 21, was the date of the first meeting of the Plenipotentiaries in conference at the State Department, it marks a stage at which it is fitting to open a fresh chapter. The photograph opposite, taken by Mr. Rice of Pennsylvania Avenue, gives excellent likenesses of the six Commissioners and their two Protocolists, the gentlemen on whom the duty devolved of taking down a record of the proceedings. Bergne officiated in this capacity for our people, and Mr. John B. Moore, third Assistant Secretary of State in the State Department, performed a like office for the Americans. Mr. Moore was a very efficient and agreeable gentleman, and is well known as the compiler of many useful official publications, especially a very exhaustive and valuable work on Extradition. That evening Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Tupper, Henry Edwardes, Bergne, Beauclerk, and I went to Albaugh's Theatre to see Richard Mansfield in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr.*

Hyde. It was Mansfield's great part, and he played it remarkably well. There was a packed house, the President and his wife occupying the box opposite to ours.

One of the earliest social functions we attended was an afternoon reception—5 to 7—in Mr. Chamberlain's honour given by Doctor and Mrs. N. S. Lincoln. Of the many ladies who were present on this occasion some wore morning dress, and others low-necked evening attire, which struck me as odd. I recollect meeting there two pretty Miss Tiffanys who hailed from Baltimore. They asked me to indicate which was Mr. Chamberlain. When I pointed him out, one of them exclaimed, "Why! I guess he's just lovely!" They paid no such compliment to me, alas! My old friend Edmund Yates had cabled to me at New York to send him a few notes of our doings for *The World*, and I couldn't resist telling him this little story, which the *Pall Mall* reproduced with an illustration. I'm not sure that the Chief quite appreciated it when he saw it. The artist, Mr. (now Sir) F. C. Gould, hardly did him justice on that occasion. The *Westminster Gazette* had not been born then.

We were having abnormally hot weather for the time of year in Washington, which enabled me to

get some lawn-tennis on a gravel court affected by the Legation. On November 26, I have a note in my diary that it was 80° in our working room without a fire. That evening the Wests gave a big reception in the Chief's honour at the Legation, of which the following account appeared next day in the *Post* :

MINISTER WEST'S RECEPTION

A BRILLIANT THROG ASSEMBLES TO MEET
MR. CHAMBERLAIN

The reception last night at the British Legation to Mr. Chamberlain and the members of the Fisheries Commission was the most brilliant social event of the season. The Legation was aglow with light and extremely elegant in its new adornments, and comfortably crowded from 10 o'clock to midnight with a gathering of the representative people in society. Sir Lionel West and Miss West stood at the right of the entrance to the drawing-room to receive their guests, presenting each to Mr. Chamberlain and the other gentlemen. The younger Miss West soon led the dancers to the ballroom, where excellent music, a well-waxed floor, plenty of partners, and every other incentive to enjoyment awaited all. Miss West wore a dainty costume of pink satin veiled in tulle, Miss Flora West was in black tulle garlanded with flowers, and Miss Amalie West in pink tulle sprayed with white blossoms. Light refreshments, with cool punches and wines, were served during the evening.

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The supper table had a centre of maiden-hair fern, tied crosswise with pink ribbons.

Among the guests were :

Mrs. Whitney, in steel embroidered tulle and corded silk, Mrs. Forbes in cream-tinted faille, Mr. and Mrs. John Chew, Mr. and Miss Endicott, Miss Maccomb, Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn and daughter, Justice and Mrs. Matthews, Miss Matthews and Miss Rhineland, Justice and Mrs. Blatchford, Justice and Miss Bradley, Admiral and Mrs. Franklin, Miss Sands, the Misses Page, Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Lincoln, the Italian Minister, Señor and Mme. Guzman, Señor and Mme. Romero, Senator and Mrs. Dolph, Mr and Mrs. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Riggs, Miss Janie Riggs, Madame and Miss Carter, Gen. and Mrs. Sheridan, Senator and Mrs. Butler, Senator Call, Gen. Beale, the Misses Hunt, Mr. John McLean, Col. and Mme. Bonaparte, Mr. and Mrs. Bugher, Mr. George Eustis and wife, Mrs. Stratford Dugdale from England, Mr. and Miss Berry, Col. and Mrs. John Hay, Mr. Ferguson, M.P., and Miss Ferguson, Mr. Roustan, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Beauclerk, the Swedish Minister and Mme. de Reuterskiold, Señor Murnaga, Baron von Zedwitz, Count Sala, Admiral and Mrs. Almy, ex-Minister Foster and wife, Representative and Mrs. Hitt, and the Danish Minister.

Miss West was, as always, the gentle and thoughtful hostess. Many of the recently added adornments of the Legation Rooms are the product of either her taste in selection or arrangement, and the spacious



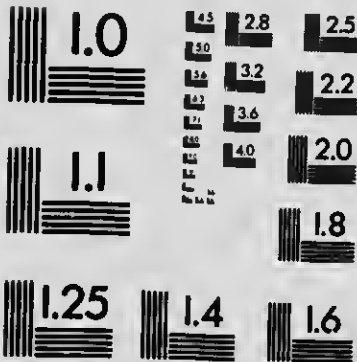
Photo: Fulk, New York

MISS ENDICOTT (MRS. CHAMBERLAIN)



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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rooms have assumed quite a homelike air in consequence.

I have often heard irresponsible people in society say that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain met his present wife long before his first visit to America. This, however, is not a fact. He was first introduced to Miss Endicott by Miss West at this reception at the Legation, and, with that quickness of perception which is one of his strongest characteristics, he was at once most favourably impressed with her. I well remember his telling me so one evening when we were walking home together from some party. There is no necessity for me to embark on a eulogy of Mrs. Chamberlain, whom I regard as the "very salt of the earth," firstly because my pen would be wholly inadequate to do her justice, and secondly because her many charms and estimable qualities are already so well known and appreciated by those who are fortunate enough to enjoy her acquaintance. But it may be permissible to quote what was said of her and her mother in a brochure entitled *Society in Washington*, published just prior to our arrival:

"Miss Ellen Peabody, daughter of George Peabody of Salem, the same stock as the great philanthropist of Danvers, became Mrs. Endicott in 1859.

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She is a tall, stately lady, and a little younger than the Secretary. She reminds one of the highborn ladies of the olden days. Her daughter, Mary E. Endicott, assists in the social entertainments of the War Secretary's home. She is the embodiment of New England feminine culture. Her figure is of a distinguished mould, and her manners the same. Her face is an index to an intelligent and well-stored mind."

Mrs. Chamberlain's father is thus referred to in the same book :

"The Secretary of War, William Crowninshield Endicott, represents the old Puritan stock of Governor John Endicott, who was sent out in 1628 by the Massachusetts Company to take charge of their affairs at Salem. This son of that blue-blooded ancestry was born one hundred and ninety-eight years after, on the same spot. From 1873 to 1882 he was Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and in 1884 President Cleveland chose him as the representative of that better type of Northern Democracy which regards statesmanship as something more than office farming. The Secretary is a man of middle stature and somewhat grey. In conversation, while reserved, possibly the result of the judicial habit, he is still affable and satisfying."

Mr. Endicott was called to his rest in the spring of 1900, but his widow is still alive and well and re-

sides in Massachusetts, though she frequently comes to Europe to visit her daughter, to whom she is devotedly attached, and whom she nursed with such untiring care and attention at the time of her critical illness at Cannes two years ago. I may add that, when he gave up his judicial duties in 1882, Mrs. Chamberlain's late father came to this country for some months, and was often the guest of the late Lord Herschell, who was then Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Administration; and, although his daughter accompanied him on that occasion, she did not, as already stated, make Mr. Chamberlain's acquaintance until five years later.

To revert for a moment to this reception at the Legation. One of the most prominent men to whom we were introduced on that occasion was Lt.-General Philip H. Sheridan, whose distinguished cavalry exploits in the war between the North and South won him immortal fame. Short in stature, rather stout, with a florid countenance, and a rather bashful and retiring manner, "Little Phil," as his soldiers called him, looked every inch the soldier. Sheridan, Grant, and Sherman, as every reader of history knows, were the three most distinguished Federal leaders in that great struggle. General Sherman lived in practical retirement in New York

at this time, until his death in 1891, so that, as far as mixing in society went, Sheridan was the sole survivor of that illustrious trio. General Sherman's daughter caused some sensation in New York in 1889 or thereabouts by interviewing herself for one of the newspapers. His brother, John Sherman, of whom we saw a good deal at Washington during our Mission, was a Senator from Ohio. The two brothers bore a strong facial resemblance to one another, though the Senator had a genial expression wholly absent in his brother's stern countenance, which was hard, resolute, and thoroughly characteristic of his brilliant but somewhat relentless record.

It was at this party that I first met Colonel John Hay and his opulent wife ; also Mrs. Whitney, the wife of the Secretary of the Navy, the recognised leader of Washington society, who both in manner and appearance reminded me greatly of the late Lady Salisbury.

On Sunday, the 27th, the Chief, Bergne, Beauclerk, and I chartered a landau and pair with a black man as charioteer, and drove out some fourteen miles to see the great Falls of the Potomac. The water was low owing to the drought, and the falls were not impressive in consequence ; but the scenery and rugged rocks were picturesque, and as

it was a sunny day the picnic—for we took some lunch with us—was a pleasant one.

On Monday, the 28th, we all dined at the Legation, and met, among others, Senator Donald Cameron and his pretty young wife ; Mrs. Stratford Dugdale from Warwickshire ; Mr. Mun.o Ferguson, M.P., and his sister, who were on a pleasure tour in the States ; and Mr. Dudley Rider, also from England. Mrs. Cameron was a niece of the two Shermans already referred to, and was the Senator's second wife. She was quite one of the most beautiful and attractive women in Washington at that time, and extremely popular in society. I much regret being unable to include her portrait in this book, but in a letter I had from her the other day from Paris she assures me she does not possess one herself. She had a dear little precocious baby girl who was just beginning to find the use of her tongue, calling Spring Rice " Ping Mice," and is now the wife of my friend the Hon. Roland Charles Lindsay, M.V.O., of our Diplomatic service, but at present seconded for service as Under Secretary in the Ministry of Finance at Cairo.

The next day Mr. Chamberlain, Bergne, and I met a large party of Senators and high officials at Mr. Wharton's house. Mr. Wharton held the office of

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Examiner of Claims in the State Department, and is well known as the author of the standard American work on International Law. In the evening Messrs. Putnam and Angell entertained the Chief at dinner at the Arlington, a report of which, as given in the *New York Herald* of the following day, is appended :

MR. CHAMBERLAIN DINED

AN ORCHID DINNER GIVEN TO THE FISHERIES COMMISSIONERS AT THE CAPITAL

(From our regular correspondent)

WASHINGTON, *November 29, 1887.*—The dinner given by Messrs Putnam and Angell, the American negotiators for the settlement of the fisheries questions, to the British Commissioners at the Arlington Hotel this evening was the most expensive as to floral decorations ever given there, the table being adorned solely with orchids and ferns.

As a special compliment to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is believed to have the finest collection of orchids in England, Mr. Putnam desired to give him an "orchid dinner," and it was done. The florists employed to furnish the flowers and plants say they had to telegraph to one hundred different places, east, north, and west, to secure enough orchids for this dinner.

The guests of Messrs. Putnam and Angell besides Mr. Chamberlain were Sir Charles Tupper, Sir



Photo: Lambert Weston & Son, Folkestone
THE HON. MRS. HENRY EDWARDS



Photo: Rice, Washington
**MISS ABELLE GRANT
(NOW LADY ESSEX)**

Lionel S. Sackville West, the British Minister, Secretary Bayard, Chief Justice Waite, Justices Miller, Field, and Gray, of the United States Supreme Court; Judge Cooley, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Senators Hale, Palmer, Allison, and Butler; Admiral Rodgers; Commodore Harmony; Mr. Thompson, Minister of Justice of Canada; Judge Bancroft Davis, and Mr. Sigouney Butler.

I dined the same evening with the late Judge John Davis, and met a very cheery party of twelve in all, and a galaxy of pretty women, including Miss Grant, —now Lady Essex,—Miss Gwynne, a very charming “bachelor lady,” Miss Maccomb, and sundry others. Spring Rice was also there. The Judge was a capital fellow, full of amusing anecdotes, and the best possible company. He had held several important posts in the State Department, had been called to the bar in 1875, and ten years later President Cleveland made him Associate Justice of the United States Court of Claims. When I left England my dear old friend Arthur Guest, now, alas! no longer with us, gave me a letter of introduction to the Judge, whom he knew intimately and liked much. Mrs. Davis was a daughter of Mr. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State in President Arthur’s Administration. She was one of the handsomest and most

entertaining women I ever met on either side of the Atlantic, and we became great friends. She was deservedly popular, and greatly admired in Washington in those days. I suppose it was my asking more than once for a light for my cigarettes that prompted her to present me with a pretty little silver light-box, inside of which was written on a slip of paper, "For my matchless friend." Quite a pretty compliment, was it not? I still retain that little box, and value it as a souvenir of a very agreeable friendship. But I once nearly lost it. About two years after our return the Judge and Mrs. Davis came over to England, and were staying at Maidenhead in rooms close to the Guards' Club. I was staying at Bray at the time, and went up in a launch belonging to some friends to Maidenhead to pay my respects to them. Disembarking from the launch opposite Skindles, I thought I heard something drop into the water, and felt for my watch, but that was there all right. Later on I felt for my matchbox, but in vain. It was that which had fallen out of my flannel jacket. I asked a boatman to try and recover it, promising him a fairly liberal reward, but I heard no more, and looked upon it as lost. A month or six weeks later, I was down at Maidenhead again, and saw my friend the boatman. He told me he had tried in vain to find my lost match-

box, and pointed out where he had trawled for it. I said, "Will you have one more try, a little more to the right?" He promised he would, and sure enough he was successful, and to my great joy my little silver box arrived in London by registered post. I tell this story, for to say the least it is a remarkable coincidence that I should let fall into the Thames, within 100 yards of where the donor was then residing, a present given to me by her over 2000 miles from home, and that I should have got it back after all, when it had lain for some weeks in the bed of the river. Funny things do happen in this be of all possible worlds!

The Judge died some years ago, and his widow subsequently became Mrs. M'Cauley, her husband being a naval attaché. My latest advices from Washington are to the effect that she is still as popular as ever, and the life and soul of the society of the Capital.

There is nothing of moment to record for the next few days. The Plenipotentiaries met two or three times a week at the State Department, and of course the reports that we sent home of the proceedings kept Bergne and me busy with our pens. The following description of the meetings, and the room in which they were held, appeared in the *Washington Post* :

“The diplomatic reception room, in which the Commissioners meet, is the most sumptuous apartment Uncle Sam has yet furnished. It is on the second floor of the huge State War and Navy Building, adjoining Secretary Bayard’s office chamber to the west. It is twenty-five feet wide by forty in length. Its huge windows look out to the south over the tawny Potomac and the great white shaft of the Washington Monument. The Commissioners sit at a magnificent ebony table drawn up near the massive old-fashioned fireplace at the west end of the room. Here and there, in careless arrangement, over the highly polished oak floor are scattered Bokhara rugs of the most exquisite pattern and colour. In the centre of the room is a large circular divan. The walls are painted a yellow green, and the groined iron ceilings are done in a light modern Pompeian shade, and stencilled in colours that suggest very strongly the interior of a Pullman Palace car. All the furniture of the room—the heavy, sumptuous chairs and sofas—is made of highly polished ebony and upholstered in sage-green brocades.

“The English Commissioners sit on the right hand side of the table near the window, with the American Commissioners facing them. Mr. Chamberlain lounges easily in his chair, his big gold-rimmed eye-glass seldom being out of his eye. Adjoining him on his left is the heavy leonine figure of Sir Charles Tupper, who is a genuine Englishman in every word and move. Sir Lionel Sackville West, a slight, red-

bearded,* tow-haired man, whose looks greatly belie his ability and good nature, sits on the eastern end of the table, facing President Angell, a man with a saturnine, heavily-bearded face, a pattern of the old-fashioned New England deacon. Mr. Putnam, his co-Commissioner, sits on his right, a soft-faced gentleman of very modest and unassuming manners. On his right, and facing Mr. Chamberlain, sits Secretary Bayard. Hung about the rooms are the portraits of the various statesmen who have reached the high honour of being Secretary of State. Exactly over the head of Mr. Chamberlain, with his black tropical eyes bent down penetratingly upon Mr. Bayard's face, is the portrait of James G. Blaine. On the wall facing the English Commissioners is the sallow, massive countenance of Daniel Webster, painted by Healey in 1843, and across the room, nearly over the British Minister's head, hangs Healey's magnificent portrait of Lord Ashburton, which he painted in 1848, and which Congress bought of Fletcher Webster's widow for \$3000. These two portraits commemorate the famous treaty of 1842, which settled the northern boundary question."

On December 6, Mr. Chamberlain, Bergne, and I dined with Colonel John Hay, who with his wife occupied one of the finest houses in Washington, in I Street I think it was. We met a large party there,

* Sir Lionel had no red in his beard, which was dark brown, intermingled with some grey streaks.—W. M.

chiefly composed of Republican Senators, Evarts, Sherman, Hawley, Allison, Hale, Hoar, and Edmunds. The last named was the oldest member of the Senate, and he did me the honour of taking my arm in to dinner. The conversation was principally on the subject of the President's free-trade message issued that day. Colonel Hay was at that time engaged, in conjunction with his old colleague John G. Nicolay, in writing the life of Abraham Lincoln, which came out in the *Century Magazine* from 1886 to 1890, and which, with sundry additions, was published in ten volumes in 1890. After dinner the Colonel showed us a lot of interesting old MSS. which he kept in a portfolio, including *inter alia* the original draft Proclamation abolishing slavery, in Old Abe's own handwriting.

Colonel Hay was born at Salem, Indiana, in 1838, and was therefore in his fiftieth year at this time. He was of Scottish descent. He was educated at Brown University, and after being called to the bar he was, in 1861, admitted to practice in the Supreme Court at Springfield, Illinois, where he became associated with Abraham Lincoln, who was also a barrister in that city. When Lincoln became President he took Hay with him to Washington as his Private Secretary, and the latter remained his

trusted and intimate friend till the date of his assassination by Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theatre in 1865. During the Civil War he was aide-de-camp to the President, and throughout that momentous struggle he was actively employed both at headquarters and on the field of battle, when he was made a Colonel in the Federal Army. When peace was restored he commenced his diplomatic career as Secretary of Legation at Paris, whence he proceeded to Vienna and subsequently to Madrid, where he served under the celebrated General Daniel Sickles. Returning to the States in 1870, he took up journalism, and was for some years a writer for the *Tribune*, and acted as editor of that paper when Mr. Whitelaw Reid was absent in Europe. It was to that organ that he contributed his celebrated *Pike County Ballads*, the best known of which are "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." In 1875 he won the hand of Miss Stone, a charming and wealthy heiress, whose father, it is said, left her, after she became Mrs. Hay, the best part of a million of money, as well as a palatial residence in Cleveland, Ohio, and another mansion in Washington. From 1879 to 1881 Colonel Hay served under President Hayes as Assistant Secretary of State, and in 1897 he succeeded Mr. Bayard as Ambassador in this country, when I

had many opportunities of renewing my acquaintance with him. He was a quiet and reserved man, but his career was so remarkable and so varied that I may be forgiven for recording it in some detail. He left this country in 1898 to take up his duties as Secretary of State at Washington, and died in 1905, deeply regretted by all who knew him. He never cared to talk much about the poetical efforts of his younger days, though they had won for him no little renown outside the limits of his own country. Of the Senators we met that night Mr. Evarts had a fund of amusing anecdotes, and was quite famous as a *raconteur*. It was largely due to his influence and support that the diplomatic representative of the United States in this country was first given the rank of Ambassador.

On December 7 Mr. Chamberlain dined with the Endicotts, and on the following night he, Bergne, Beauclerk, and I went to see *Jim the Penman* at the National Theatre. It was very well done by a company from the Madison Square Theatre in New York, Ian Forbes Robertson playing Baron Hartfeld, and Miss Ada Dyas, Mrs. Ralston the forger's wife.

CHAPTER V

WASHINGTON (*concluded*)

ON the night of December 9 Mr. Whitney—the Secretary of the Navy, and who may be said to have been the founder of the modern United States navy—and Mrs. Whitney gave a grand banquet at their large house in I Street in honour of Mr. Chamberlain. Bergne and I dined that evening with Henry Edwardes and his pretty wife, both of whom were most hospitable to us all throughout our stay. Miss Endicott and Miss Gwynne completed our little party of six, and a very pleasant evening we spent, going on to the Whitneys' reception afterwards. It was there that I was introduced to Mrs. Cleveland, who invited me to the tea to which I have already alluded. The Whitney banquet was thus described in the *Washington Post* of the following day :

“ Secretary and Mrs. Whitney gave a handsome dinner last night to Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Covers were laid for twenty guests. The others were Speaker and Mrs. Carlisle, Secretary and Mrs. Fairchild, Secretary Endicott, Mr. and Mrs. Angell,

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Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, Secretary Bayard, Mrs. Macalester Laughton, Admiral and Mrs. Franklin, Sir Lionel West, Sir Charles Tupper, Miss Hunt, and Mrs. Hitt. The table was the very latest example of extreme New York elegance. All the decorations were in gold and white. The centre-piece, a large bowl of Bohemian glass, in white and gilt, was filled with white roses and their foliage, with sprays of maidenhair fern. This rested on a scarf, about a yard long, of milk-white Persian silk, embroidered at the ends in gold thread. At the ends of the table were two candelabra, the candles tipped with gold and with lace shades. Gold dishes of bon-bons were the only other ornaments or food put on before the dinner was served. The napkins, of hem-stitched linen, bore a richly embroidered 'W' on the upper fold, and near each cover was the name card, very small and gilt-edged. Speaker Carlisle escorted Mrs. Whitney to table and Secretary Whitney took Mrs. Carlisle. After dinner the company adjourned to the ballroom, where, about ten, the guests invited in to meet Mr. Chamberlain began to arrive. A brilliant reception followed in the next hour, the room being comfortably crowded with about one hundred or so of friends of the hostess. This elegant entertainment to Mr. Chamberlain was a fitting prelude to the commencement of his return hospitalities, which begins to-night in a large dinner party."

William Collins Whitney was a remarkably able and very popular personage, dignified in appearance

and possessed of a ready wit and brilliant conversational powers. He came of an ancient lineage, being a descendant of the English Puritan, John Whitney, who was one of the party that accompanied Sir Richard Salenstall to New England in 1635. He graduated at Yale in 1863, and subsequently in the law school of Harvard. He practised as a lawyer in New York, and soon took a prominent part in politics in the Democratic interest, and was a strong opponent of the Tammany Hall Ring. He became Counsel to the New York Corporation, and codified the laws of that city. He was appointed Secretary of the Navy on Mr. Cleveland's first election to the Presidency, and when the end of his tenure of office came the United States possessed thirteen modern war vessels either contracted for or completed during his Secretaryship, and nine more in course of construction. He retired from politics somewhere about 1896. Mr. Whitney possessed an abnormal amount of real estate. He was the largest private landowner in New York State; had a large property of 2000 acres and a mansion in South Carolina; another in Long Island, where he had a private training ground for his racehorses, being a keen supporter of the Turf; 700 acres of land in Massachusetts; extensive game preserves in October

Mountain ; another preserve of some 16,000 acres in the Adirondacks ; a lodge and private golf links at Blue Mountain Lake ; a stock farm in the Blue Grass Country, Kentucky ; and a palatial residence in 5th Avenuc, New York.

In 1869 he married Miss Flora Payne, daughter of an opulent Ohio Senator and one of the earliest and largest owners of the Standard Oil Trust. She brought him a large fortune. She was a perfect hostess, rather stout, graceful and engaging in conversation, and universally beloved. I have already observed that she reminded me very much of the late Lady Salisbury in her halcyon days. She died in 1892, leaving four children. Her eldest daughter became Mrs. Almeric Paget. Her eldest son, Harry Payne Whitney, married the eldest daughter of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and her second son married a daughter of Colonel John Hay.

Mr. W. C. Whitney married again in 1896 Mrs. Randolph, widow of Captain Arthur Randolph of East Court, Wilts. She was formerly a Miss May, a well-known beauty from one of the Southern States. This poor lady met with a terrible riding accident while hunting in South Carolina : her horse bolted with her, and ran under a low bridge, sweeping her from the saddle and inflicting terrible

injuries to the vertebrae of the neck, which was all but broken. She lingered for a year and finally died in Long Island. Her husband felt her death most acutely.

Mr. Whitney commenced racing in this country in 1900, and in the following year Volodyovski, whom he leased from Lady Meux, won our Derby in his colours, Eton blue and brown cap, though he was not present himself on that occasion, being represented by his son, Harry Payne Whitney, who led the winner in. Lady Meux happened to be in the next box to the one I occupied on that eventful day in the grand stand, and I well remember how jubilant she was at the victory of her horse. Mr. Whitney died in America in February 1904.

The day after the Whitneys' party Mr. Chamberlain gave a grand banquet at the Arlington to his American colleagues on the Conference, the following account of which appeared in the *Post* the next day :

"Hon. Joseph Chamberlain banqueted last night at the Arlington all the members of the Fisheries Commission as a return courtesy for the dinner given in his honour by Messrs. Putnam and Angell, the American negotiators, a fortnight since. Covers were laid for twenty guests, including all the members of the Commission, its Secretaries, and gentle-

men of the English Legation. Mr. Chipman, the Secretary to Sir Charles Tupper, owing to indisposition was not present. The table decorations were exceedingly fine, and were designed entirely by Mr. Chamberlain. He personally supervised all the final arrangements, just before his guests assembled. The spread of fine damask had as its centrepiece a circular bed of maidenhair fern, in which nodded a dozen or so gigantic specimens of American Beauties—great fully blown red roses. Flanking this at either end were small circles of ferns sprayed with La France and American Beauty Roses. Smilax twined in a full garland was stretched in curious twists and circles as a connecting-link between the flower-beds, and here and there in its windings was a long-stemmed rose, negligently thrown, but completing and beautifying the whole with wonderful artistic success. The *boutonnieres* were tiny sprays of lilies of the valley with leaves of their own. The menus were very unique, and form a pleasing souvenir of the occasion. They were designed by Mr. Chamberlain, and executed by Tiffany. They were a double rough-surfaced card tied with gold braid. Upon the face were representations of the Union Jack and American flag, and under this, 'Blood is thicker than water.' The name of the guest was embossed in fancy text cross-wise on the lower half of the card, and 'Arlington, Decemb r 10, 1887.' Upon the reverse was an etching of some distinguished American—the one on Mr. Chamberlain's card being of Benjamin Franklin ; on that of Sir Charles Tupper, General



BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.

Wraycock

THE ARLINGTON
Dec 10 1987



Handwritten signature or initials.

MENT WITH PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY

Grant; and on Sir Lionel West's that of General Arthur. On other cards were pictures of Hancock, Adams, Clay, Jefferson, Seward, Garfield, Picree, Monroe, Webster, and Lincoln. On the inside was printed the menu.

"Mr. Chamberlain sat at table with Secretary Bayard on his right and Mr. Putnam on his left hand. The other guests were Sir Lionel Sackville West, Hon. James B. Angell, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. J. D. S. Thompson, Hon. George E. Foster, Mr. Edwardes, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Spring Rice, Mr. Maycock, Mr. Bergne, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Winter, Mr. Moore, Mr. Stewart, Hon. Mr. Courtney, and Major-General Cameron."

The menus, which were a great feature, were Mr. Chamberlain's own idea, carried out by Tiffany of New York. The one which fell to my lot was embellished with a hand-painted portrait of Henry Clay. I naturally preserved it carefully as an interesting souvenir, and annex a reproduction of the outside. The inside may not be uninteresting to gourmets.

MENU

BLUE POINTS SUR COQUILLE.

Potage.

CLEAR TURTLE.

Hors d'Œuvre.

CÉLERI. OLIVES. ANCHOIS. RADIS.

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Poisson.

TURBOT À LA VATEL.
SALADE DE CONCOMBRES. POMMES GASTRONOME.

Relevé.

CHAPON À LA CHIPOL/TA.
HARICOTS VERTS.

Entrées.

SALMI DE FAISANS AUX TRUFFES.
DIAMOND-BACK TERRAPIN, ARLINGTON STYLE.
PUNCH CARDINAL.

Roti.

CHESAPEAKE CANVAS-BACK.
MAVONNAISE DE CELERI.

Entremets Sucres.

NESSELRODE PUDDING GLACÉ, MARASCHINO SAUCE.
GELÉE AU VIN DE MADÈRE À LA JARDINIÈRE. GATEAUX ASSORTIS.
FRUITS. CAFÉ. SEGARS. FROMAGE.

Vins.

CHABLIS.
SOLERO 1820.
CHATEAU LAROSE.
RUIPART BRUT.
CLOS DE VOUGEOT.
CHATEAU MARGAUX 1869.
COGNAC 1842.
BENEDICTINE.

On Saturday, December 10, the Conference adjourned till the first week in January, as we had arranged to go up to Canada for Christmas and dis-

cuss the situation with the Dominion Government. The next day Beauclerk and I took a long "constitutional" of some nine miles over the Arlington heights, littered with the graves of those who fell in the Civil War.

On the 12th, at Mr. Bayard's invitation, we went down to the navy yard, and boarded a Government despatch boat which conveyed a party of about 100 some seventeen miles down the Potomac to see the tomb and residence of George Washington at Mount Vernon. I give a reproduction of a photograph taken in front of that historical house on that day. The Chief in a light shooting-suit figures in the centre of the group, and Miss Endicott, carrying a white shawl, is the second lady on his right. Mr. Bayard's tall figure, carrying his hat in his hand, is readily recognisable on the right of the picture. I am the last but one on the left. Every good American citizen who has had the chance has of course visited Mount Vernon. It is to them what Mecca and Medina are to Mohammedan pilgrims. But a brief description of it may interest some English readers who have not penetrated so far.

The Mansion House is situated on a bluff some 200 feet above the level of the Potomac, which is there about two miles wide. It is a wooden struc-

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ture, about 100 feet long, the sidings of which are cut and painted to resemble stone. The central and main part was built in 1743 by Lawrence Washington, who named it "Mount Vernon." At his death he left it to his brother George, who added various extensions, notably colonnades supported by pillars back and front and a piazza paved with enormous flagstones brought from the Isle of Wight. The General dignified it with the name of "The Mansion House." Inside it is practically a museum full of most interesting relics, to which every State in the Union has contributed something, not the least noteworthy being the key of the Bastille, and also a beautiful model cut from the granite of the demolished prison, both of which were presented to Washington by Lafayette. There are also the room and bed in which Washington died, and also those in which his widow died eighteen months later. The property belongs to the State of Virginia, who purchased it from the family in 1856.

But of course the most interesting feature, to which we all proceeded bareheaded on landing, is Washington's tomb, which stands in the grounds among cypress trees to the left of the Mansion as you look at it from the river. It is an unpretentious edifice, built of brick. You enter it through double



GROUP TAKEN AT MOUNT VERNON

iron gates under an arched gateway, above which is an inscription on a marble slab :

"Within this enclosure rest the remains of
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This entrance takes you into an anteroom containing two sarcophagi presented by one John Struthers of Philadelphia, and wrought by his own hand from solid blocks of Pennsylvania marble. The one on the right contains the remains of the man "who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is quite plain, ornamented only with the United States coat of arms upon a draped flag, under which is the single word "Washington." No dates or anything more.

The sarcophagus on the left is that which contains Mrs. Washington's remains, and is lettered :

"MARTHA,
Consort of WASHINGTON.
Died May 21st, 1801, aged 71 years."

Their bodies used to lie in the vault beyond the anteroom, which contains the remains of some thirty members of Washington's family. Some miscreant, however, broke in and carried off a skull which he thought was Washington's, but turned out to be one of the Blackburn family. So for the sake

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of greater security the bodies were placed in the marble sarcophagi above described, the door of the old vault was closed, and the key thrown into the Potomac.

Having inspected this chamber of death, we went over the Mansion, and were then grouped for the photograph, and subsequently returned to the navy yard. Mr. Chamberlain dined at the Legation that evening.

An amusing incident occurred two or three days after our trip to Mount Vernon. Bergne and I were at work in our big office room at the hotel, and Mr. Chamberlain was in his own little room on the opposite side of the corridor. One of our attendants brought in a card from a *Post* representative who, it was stated, wanted to make some inquiry about procedure in the British House of Commons. Neither Bergne nor I were particularly intimate with such technicalities, nor had we an "Erskine May" handy, but we concluded to see him, and trust to Providence. I think his name was Lewsly, but can't be positive after this lapse of time. We regaled him with a cigar and some rye whisky, and conversed on sundry topics in general and nothing in particular. Presently Mr. Chamberlain happened to come in and joined in the conversation. Then

the question of the introduction of Bills and the subsequent procedure did crop up, with which, of course, the Chief was familiar down to the smallest detail. The reporter eventually took his departure, and the next day the *Post* had two columns about our personal attributes, which is sufficiently amusing and characteristic of the American pressman to warrant the reproduction of an extract.

TO SEE MR. CHAMBERLAIN

THE CORDON OF DETECTIVES THAT MUST FIRST
BE PASSED

The English Statesman unable to say how soon the Commission will adjourn — English Views on American Subjects

Mr. Chamberlain does not always insist upon the principle that newspaper reporters are not worth seeing unless there are forty or fifty of them together. A single *Post* reporter was permitted yesterday afternoon to invade the apartments of the distinguished English statesman at the Arlington Hotel, and to engage his attention and that of his assistants, Messrs. Bergne and Maycock, of the English Foreign Office, for the greater part of an hour. Of course, the inner circle was not reached without some preliminary skirmishing. When in response to the reporter's card the servant returned with the message "Come up," the servant himself looked surprised, and the hotel clerk stared with

astonishment, for it is very seldom Mr. Chamberlain says "Come up." Generally he says "Not in." The reporter followed the servant around the turning of a number of dark, narrow corridors to a large parlour on the ground floor, in a remote part of the building. The door of the parlour was open, and three gentlemen were near the door waiting to see the reporter. These gentlemen were not Mr. Chamberlain and the Foreign Office officials, but simply "Mr. Chamberlain's friends," as the Pinkerton detectives on guard choose to call themselves. They had seen the card and passed it favourably; but they wanted also to see the man to assure themselves that there was no deception. They are alive to the fact that a bold, bad man with hostile intention towards Mr. Chamberlain might possibly get possession of the card even of the British Minister, and attempt in that way to smuggle himself past the guards. The detectives do not by any means regard the card in itself as sufficient. No person whatever can pass up to Mr. Chamberlain's apartments without passing an English Civil Service Examination, so to speak, before the guards.

The servant simultaneously presented the card and the reporter to the gentlemen in the parlour, and as the reporter had the good fortune to be known to one of them, the order was given after some little questioning: "Show the gentleman up." Two flights of stairs, and then the door leading into one of Mr. Chamberlain's sitting-rooms was opened. It was the room where Mr. Chamberlain the day after his arrival in Washington was entertained by forty

reporters at once. It was the room which Mr. Chamberlain and his assistants use for office work. Several tables were covered with papers, books, and writing materials, and on one table was the regular black leather-covered dispatch-box of British diplomacy. Mr. Bergne, who is small of stature, of slender build, sharp, shrewd, and wiry, was standing inside the door to welcome the coming guest; and Mr. Maycock, who is fat and fair and much bigger than his colleague, although evidently several years younger, was standing near by. Mr. Bergne might be taken for a Yankee, and a keen, hard Yankee at that; but Mr. Maycock looks the typical Briton, fat, fair, well fed, a perfect cushion stuffed with the roast beef of old England. Mr. Chamberlain was not visible just yet. He was engaged in his private room on the other side of the corridor giving audience to a Catholic priest who had called to make some communication, which, of course, was held as confidential as any of the conferences of the fishery negotiators. Not from the priest and not from Mr. Chamberlain, but from another very reliable source, the reporter learned that, so far from Mr. Chamberlain being in danger of assassination at the hands of the Irish in Washington, forty members of the Clan-na-Gael had been detailed to watch over him while here, and to do whatever might be necessary to protect him from harm. But, notwithstanding this, the Pinkerton detective force has been doubled in anticipation of the commotion among the Irish societies of this city caused by the visit of O'Connor and Esmonde.

The reporter had not been long in conversation with the two aforesaid gentlemen when Mr. Chamberlain entered from the room across the corridor. He was chasing up some information, which he had Mr. Maycock search for in a book of reference. Immediately the reporter noticed that something had happened to Mr. Chamberlain since his arrival in Washington. What was it? He had discarded that single eyeglass, which had become by long association an almost inseparable part of his individuality, and instead of the single eyeglass he had a modest and useful-looking pair of glasses riding on the bridge of his good British nose. It has been said somewhere and accepted by a great many people, who don't know anything about it, that Mr. Chamberlain resembles Edwin Booth. He bears just as strong a resemblance to Fred Douglas or James G. Blaine or any other man. Mr. Booth is handsome. So is Mr. Chamberlain. There this resemblance ends.

Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are fond of ventilation. Although it was a cool afternoon for Washington, they kept the door and all the windows open and pronounced disparaging ejaculations about the blasted heat which was coming in the shape of hot air from the furnace. Casting a glance at the register on the wall which was committing all the offence, Mr. Chamberlain said: "I don't regard that as an improvement on our bright fireside." Mr. Chamberlain may discard the single eyeglass, but he intends to cling to the old English fireside.

Bergne rather squirmed when he read this in the paper the next day. I was enormously amused at the pen-portrait of myself, and sent copies home to some friends in the Foreign Office and also one to my dear old mother at Leamington. She, poor old lady, took it all *au pied de la lettre*, and a subsequent mail brought me a letter from her in which she expressed great concern at my having become so obese, which she was convinced could hardly be consistent with comfort. Some months later, when we got back to the "Old Country," I took the first opportunity of running down to Leamington to see her, and, to keep up the joke, put a huge cushion underneath my overcoat and walked into the drawing-room. She of course greeted me affectionately, but I could see her eye was fixed on the place where my "chest had dropped," which she subsequently stroked, remarking, "You have indeed put on some flesh, my dear boy!" "Yes," I said, "there's some canvas-back duck and terrapin there, isn't there?" However, I didn't keep up the illusion long, and when I took off my fur coat and the cushion fell on the floor, she breathed a sigh of relief, and we both laughed heartily. "Those were happy days!" as George Graves so frequently remarked in the last pantomime at "the Lane."

CHAPTER VI

BALTIMORE ; NEW YORK ; MONTREAL ; OTTAWA

ON December 16, in response to an invitation from Mr. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Mr. Chamberlain, Bergne, and I made an expedition to Baltimore, "the Monument City" as it is called in the States. It contains many such edifices, notably one imposing obelisk erected in 1830 in memory of George Washington, another to George Peabody in recognition of his having endowed the Peabody Institute, and another in memory of those who fell in conflict with the British in 1814. President Gilman met us at the station, took us round the town, showed us all the sights, lunched us at the club, drove us round one of the large parks, and finally came to anchor at the University. I was impressed by a machine I saw there which could cut 48,000 lines on one inch of glass for solar spectrum experiments. Maybe something has since been invented which can even go better. We made an early dinner at the University, where we met several

prominent citizens, among them Reverdy Johnson, a son, I think, of the gentleman who negotiated the Alabama claims, and was American Minister here in 1868-9. After dinner Mr. Chamberlain was formally introduced to the students by Dr. H. B. Adams, one of the leading professors at the University, and a very charming man. The Chief gave them a short address on the land tenure laws of this country and Ireland, and met with a cordial reception. We left by the 9.40 for Washington, and got back safely, dog-tired. There was a long account of our visit in the *Baltimore American* of the following day, from which I quote a short extract :

“ Mr. Chamberlain presented the appearance of a typical Englishman, with stern, clear-cut features. He was dressed in a neat-fitting Prince Albert, and wore a monocle over his right eye, a feature of his costume with which the prints have already made Americans familiar. His remarks were received with great applause, and particularly the latter part, in which he expressed, in most earnest language and a most sincere tone, the desire that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations should exert every effort to maintain amicable relations. It was universally regretted that Mr. Chamberlain was forced to retire at the end of fifteen minutes, but this was necessary from the fact that the party were obliged to catch the train for Washington.”

On December 19 we left Washington in the morning for New York *en route* for Canada to spend Christmas with Lord Lansdowne. Henry Edwardes and his wife accompanied us to New York, where we put up again at the Brevoort House in the rooms we had previously occupied. We all dined at Delmonico's that evening and went afterwards to see *Madelon* at the Casino Theatre. Of course we could not escape the ubiquitous reporters, to whom Mr. Chamberlain accorded a brief interview before dinner, the result of which duly appeared in the papers the next day. One extract will suffice.

CHAMBERLAIN HERE AGAIN

ON HIS WAY TO VISIT LORD LANSDOWNE

*In good health, but unwilling to discuss Politics
or Diplomacy*

Mr. Chamberlain was somewhat fatigued after his journey, and having to fill an engagement to dine out and then another to go to the Casino, he hadn't much time to spare for an interview. The reporter had to promise to be brief, and when he made the painful but not altogether unexpected discovery that for "obvious reasons" Mr. Chamberlain did not feel at liberty to say anything about the work of the Fisheries Commission, and for equally "obvious reasons" did not deem it discreet to say anything

about the President's Message, the interview was necessarily further abbreviated.

But it must not be inferred that Mr. Chamberlain has lost any of that charming courtesy and geniality of manner which won the regard of the newspaper men who met him when he first landed on these shores, and made them, in seeking comparisons, bracket his name with that of the great friend of the reporter, Chauncey M. Depew. If Mr. Chamberlain has not brought back with him from Washington the laurel wreath of diplomatic victory, he has, nevertheless, returned in splendid health. He looks better than when he landed. It is evident that he has not been overworked by his efforts to strike a three-cornered settlement of the fisheries dispute.

"No," said Mr. Chamberlain, smiling in answer to this suggestion, "I have not been overworked at all in Washington, and have enjoyed myself thoroughly there. Everywhere I have met with the most charming hospitality and cordiality. I have been made to feel at home, quite as much so as in England. I brought with me strong feelings of sympathy and goodwill for the American people. They have been made stronger by personal acquaintance with them. But what has struck me most—as I said when I was here last, and wider experience has only strengthened the impression—is the resemblance between us and the Americans. I don't feel like a stranger here; I feel at home."

Leaving this safe and pleasant field of discussion,

the reporter ventured on more interesting but also more dangerous ground.

“A recent dispatch from England intimates that, as Mr. Gladstone, in the nature of things, cannot live long, and Mr. Morley is sick, you may yourself some day—perhaps soon—re-unite the Liberal party on the Irish question and assume its leadership. Is there any likelihood of this?”

Before the reporter had finished the question, Mr. Chamberlain had adjusted in position, by a slight corrugation of the right eyebrow, the famous single eyeglass with which caricaturists identify him. He was at once the diplomatist. But the pleasant smile still lingered about his mouth.

“I never speculate about the future,” he said, “and about dead men’s shoes there is a strong element of uncertainty. Mr. Gladstone is in good health, and I hope that he will long continue to enjoy it. There is only one thing that prevents entire unity in the Liberal party—that is the Irish question. With that settled we should again be united. But who can tell when that will be?”

After leaving Canada, Mr. Chamberlain and his party will sojourn a day or two at Niagara and then return to Washington. The dinner which the Canadian Club has tendered him has been postponed, and will probably not take place until the middle of January.

On the 20th we left in the evening for Montreal by the Central Road, the President of which had placed

W. S. WEBB, President.

H. A. WEBB, Vice-President

WAGNER PALACE CAR COMPANY.

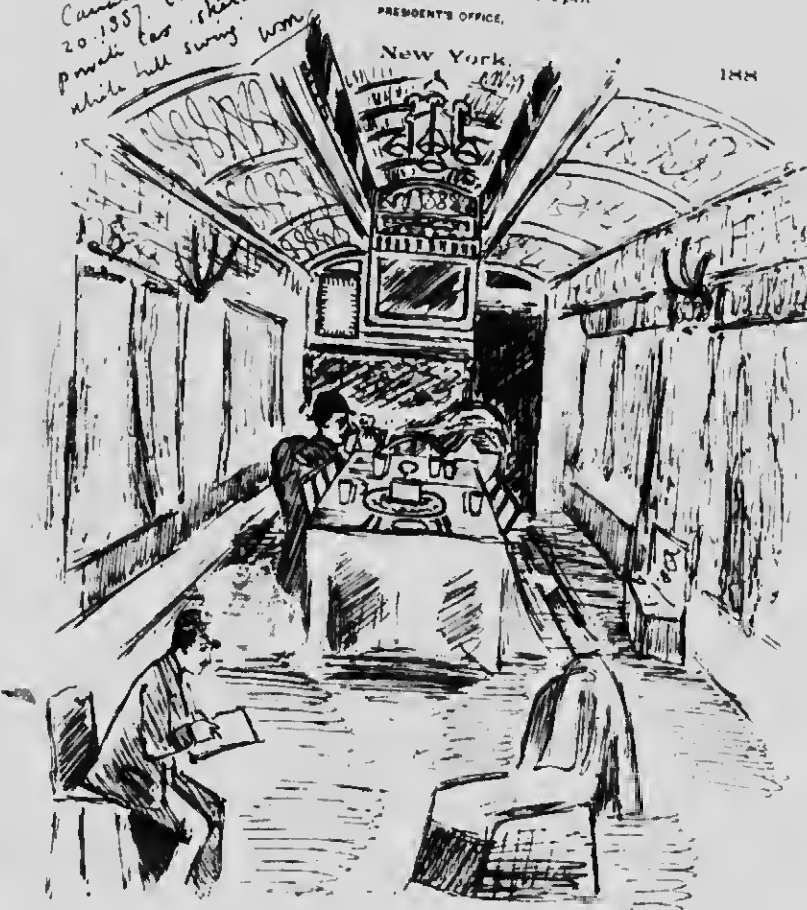
Opposite Grand Central Depot

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

New York.

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*Going to Dec
Canada. C. Depeau
20. 1957.
private car. (sketch)
white hill swing. Wm.*



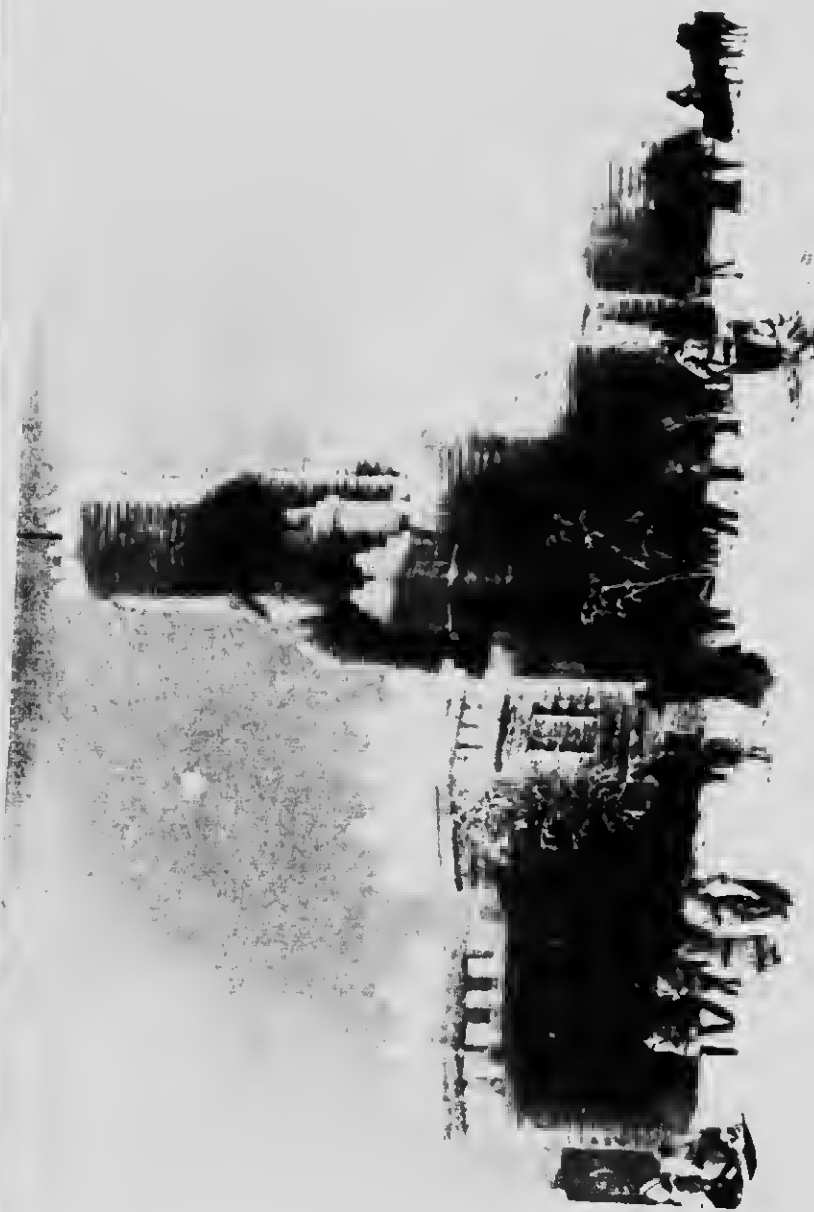
EN ROUTE TO MONTREAL IN MR. C. DEPEAU'S PRIVATE CAR



his sumptuous car at Mr. Chamberlain's disposal. We had a tip-top dinner that night, and I append a thumb-nail sketch of the Chief enjoying a post-prandial cigar and deep in a book. He never lost an opportunity of devouring current literature, which interested him far more than conversation with dull people. I have never met anyone who could master the contents of a book so rapidly as Mr. Chamberlain. I remember his reading *Ben Hur*, which appeared about that time and was much talked of, in about a couple of hours, and I don't believe he skipped a line. We reached Montreal about half-past nine the next morning, after a comfortable journey of about fifteen hours.

There was not much to see at Montreal during our brief halt. The ice palace which is periodically erected in Montreal was not in evidence that winter. I purchased a photograph of the last that had been built—a rather picturesque edifice, made entirely of ice,—and it has been reproduced for this book. When lit up for balls and carnivals, I can well imagine, the effect must have been unique, though very cold inside. We went on to Ottawa by the C.P.R. and arrived there about four. We were met at the station by Lord Lansdowne's military secretary, Captain (now Colonel) Streatfeild of the

Grenadiers, not only one of the handsomest but quite the most charming and methodical man I ever came across. He is now private secretary to Queen Alexandra. Pakenham of the Grenadiers and Anson, the two A.D.C.'s to His Excellency the Governor-General, also came to meet us, with sleighs, and escorted us to Government House, otherwise known as Rideau Hall, of which I reproduce a photograph. Poor Anson, Lord Lichfield's brother, died in 1904. He was Stratfeild's brother-in-law, Stratfeild having married Lady Florence Anson; and, as Lady Florence and her brother were respectively niece and nephew of Lady Lansdowne, there was quite a family party at Government House. Lord and Lady Lansdowne gave us all a very warm and hearty reception. It was my first acquaintanceship with His Excellency, and a very fortunate one for me, as in after years when he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he showed me acts of kindness for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. For such advancement in my official career as I can claim to have achieved, I am more indebted to him than to any other Secretary of State under whom I have served, not even excepting Sir Edward Grey. Lord Lansdowne gave me the important post of Superintendent of the Treaty Department of the



THE PALACE
MONTREAL



Foreign Office in 1903, and, two years later, followed this up by recommending me to the King for a C.M.G. I shall never forget how nicely he imparted this welcome and unexpected intelligence to me. It happened to be part of my business to arrange with the Chancery of St. Michael and St. George for the gazetting of such distinctions in that order as were at the disposal of the Foreign Secretary when the King had approved them. Lord Lansdowne sent for me and said, "I understand, Maycock, that your department deals with the birthday honours list?" I replied in the affirmative. "Then," said his Lordship, handing me the list, "will you attend to these, and I am happy to tell you you will find your name among them."

But to "hark back" to Canada.

The night of our arrival (Wednesday, December 21) several of the Canadian Ministers dined with His Excellency. The next day Bergne and I went to look at the Chaudière Falls, near Ottawa, and as they are probably not so well known to people in this country as Niagara, I attach a photograph of them.

Among the notable persons who dined on the night of our arrival were the Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau, Sir Hector Langevin, the Venerable

92 WITH MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN THE
Archdeacon Lauder, Bishop Lewis, and Sir John
and Lady Macdonald.

It is something to be proud of to have met Sir John Macdonald and to possess a photograph given to me by himself, which is reproduced here. His likeness to Lord Beaconsfield was so striking, as will be seen from this picture, that he was known far and wide as the Disraeli of Canada. When we were at Ottawa he was Prime Minister of the Dominion. His whole career was so remarkable that I may be pardoned for giving a brief summary of it for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with it.

The son of a Sutherland yeoman, he was born in Glasgow in 1815. When he was five years old his parents emigrated to Canada, took the boy with them, and settled at Kingston, Ontario. Young John, in due course, after a grammar-school education, took to the "study and practice of the law," was called to the bar in 1836, and came into some prominence three years later by his able defence of the raider Von Schultz. He rose to be Attorney-General in several Ministries, and in 1856 he succeeded Sir A. MacNab as leader of the Conservative party. His personal influence with his party was never equalled by any statesman in Canada, and he was practically responsible for the creation



BUREAU BAIL-GOVERNMENT BOUND
OTTAWA



of the Dominion in 1867. He was one of the five British Commissioners who negotiated and signed the historical Treaty of Washington in 1871; in recognition of which service he was made an English Privy Councillor the following year. He became Prime Minister in 1878, and two years later signed the contract for the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was opened in 1886. He was always a strong opponent of commercial union with the United States, holding that, if once effected, it was bound to end in political union. He used to say, "A British subject I was born and a British subject I will die," as in fact he did at Ottawa in 1891, within three months of an election which had returned the Conservatives into power with himself once again as Prime Minister. His remains lay in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa till they were transferred to Kingston, where he was honoured with a public funeral, and buried with his parents, sister, first wife, and child under a plain Scotch granite shaft inscribed with the single word "Macdonald." All the stations on the C.P.R. from Ottawa to Kingston, 128 miles, were draped in black when his remains passed through them, and a memorial service in his honour was held on June 12 at Westminster Abbey. He was twice married, and his widow survived him. He had a fine mansion

at Ottawa, called Earnscliffe, where he resided when Parliament was sitting, and another home at Kingston, where he spent most of his time in the recess. He was, in truth, a very great man and a very agreeable one too. Mr. Chamberlain had several personal interviews with him at Ottawa on the fishery question, with which he was especially conversant.

On the 22nd Mr. Chamberlain received a deputation of Pressmen, who of course wanted to know all about the fishery negotiations and how they were progressing. The Chief, however, declined to be "drawn" on this topic; but he had a good deal to say to them upon the tariff question and upon the subject of commercial union with the States. His views on that subject were in entire harmony with those of Sir John Macdonald. The interview was reported at great length the following day in the Press. It would serve no useful purpose to reproduce it at length. But there were some smart points and counterpoints in which Mr. Chamberlain excelled. For example :

Q. "Do you think the English people would favour any proposal from Canada discriminating in matters of tariff against the mother country in favour of the United States?"



CHAUDIÈRE FALLES
OTTAWA

A. "Well, how do you think the Canadian people would favour any proposal in England discriminating between Canada and the United States? I think human nature is the same on both sides of the water. Your answer would probably be mine."

We had another big banquet at Government House on the night of the 22nd, no fewer than thirty-six sitting down to dinner, including Sir Charles and Lady Tupper.

The next day we indulged in skating and curling in the grounds of Government House. I was kept going on skates by some of the Ottawa ladies till my ankles fairly ached. One has to go to Canada to realise what skating really is. One young man that afternoon skated up to a five-barred gate and jumped over it apparently without an effort. Lord Lansdowne, among his many accomplishments, was quite an expert at curling, and initiated Mr. Chamberlain into the art. The curling stones used in Canada are particularly heavy ones, weighing from 60 to 70 lbs. The Chief's first effort was a very resolute one, so much so that he overbalanced himself and came down heavily. Moreover, he had inadvertently omitted to provide himself with the conventional broom, a piece of heterodoxy that horrified His

Excellency. The omission was at once rectified, and the next attempt was far more satisfactory. Indeed, after about half an hour's coaching, Lord Lansdowne was highly gratified at his pupil's progress. The same evening His Excellency honoured me with a game of billiards, at which, being no mean cueist in those days, I find a note in my diary that I came off victorious.

We spent a most delightful Christmas Day at Government House. It happened to fall on a Sunday. After church parade and lunch I walked into Ottawa with the Chief and paid a call or two, returning to a good old-fashioned English Christmas dinner, comprising the House party only.

Nothing particular occurred beyond more skating and curling on the Monday. On Tuesday, His Excellency, the Chief, Anson and I drove into Ottawa on sleighs, visited the Government offices and Parliamentary buildings, as well as the Geological Museum. Back to lunch at Rideau Hall and skated in the afternoon. That night Sir Richard Cartwright dined. I think he was then leader of the Opposition and favoured commercial union with the States. After dinner, he and the Chief had a vivacious and interesting conversation, their views, as may be imagined, being diametrically opposed.



Photo. Topley, Ottawa

SIR JOHN MACDONALD

On the 28th there was another large dinner of some thirty people at Government House, and the next day we took leave of our kind host and hostess with many regrets, and departed in His Excellency's car, with a French chef "on board," for Toronto. It was one of the most enjoyable weeks I think I ever spent, and it was quite painful to have to say good-bye to everybody. Happily, however, we were all spared to meet again "many a time and oft" in the "Old Country." The car above alluded to was called "The Cumberland," and was utilised by the Governor-General on official tours through the Dominion. It was an imposing-looking conveyance with a sort of Swiss cottage roof.

CHAPTER VII

TORONTO AND NIAGARA

WE reached Toronto about nine in the evening of December 29, and drove to Chestnut Park, a little way outside the town, where we were the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson. Sir David, as will be seen from his photograph, was a very handsome old gentleman, with a fine presence and genial manners. Of Scotch origin, he went to Canada as a youth, and amassed a fortune in large engineering undertakings, chiefly in connection with the Richelieu Navigation Company. Later in life he took up politics, and was both Speaker of the Senate and Minister of the Interior. We had a very late dinner that night, but it was a very *recherché* one, and no fewer than twenty-six partook of it. We were all about played out when at last we got to bed between one and two o'clock in the morning. Alluding to this dinner, the *Toronto World* of the following day said: "This party had been arranged, and was made up of many of Toronto's handsomest young ladies,



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
OTTAWA

married and single, people who are generally known as prominent citizens not being present. Perhaps this was not altogether an unfortunate event, as the British Plenipotentiary is understood to be a connoisseur in the matter of female beauty." Of the many handsome and attractive ladies present at that dinner, I should be inclined to award the palm to Mrs. Bankes, one of Sir David's many pretty daughters, the youngest of whom, Isabel, married the late Sir George Kirkpatrick, who afterwards became Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Sir David Macpherson, who was held in deservedly high esteem by all who knew him, died at sea on his way out to Canada nine years afterwards, viz. in August 1896.

The next day, December 30, we all—Sir David in one carriage with the Chief, and Bergne and I following in another—drove into Toronto and visited the Education Department, the Toronto University, and the Osgoode House, a name given to the Toronto Law Courts. At the latter place we arrived unexpectedly, and startled a stray judge, Mr. Galt, brother to Sir Alexander Galt, who obligingly undertook to show us the courts. The first door he opened led to—well, not a court of justice, and the poor old gentleman's confusion and embarrassment

was quite distressing to witness, but we all laughed heartily.

That evening we all attended the first annual dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade at Rossin House. Mr. Chamberlain was of course the guest of the evening, and sat on the right of Mr. William Ince, the President. Numerous prominent Canadians were present, including Mr. Van Horne, then Vice-President of the C.P.R. He was very anxious to take us all right across the continent to Vancouver and back, and the Chief would have been sorely tempted to avail himself of the offer had time been available. But it would have taken quite a fortnight or three weeks, and we had to get back to Washington, so he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the project. But to return to the banquet. Some 350 sat down in all, but when the time for the toasts was reached, so great was the desire to hear Mr. Chamberlain speak, that, I should imagine, quite another 300 were admitted, and all the available standing-room was occupied. Mr. Chamberlain had consented to respond to the toast "The Commercial Interests of the Empire," proposed in a few suitable words by the Chairman. Now I have heard Mr. Chamberlain speak on many occasions in this country, in Birmingham, in the Commons, and elsewhere, but



LORD AND LADY LANSDOWNE AND PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE



never have I heard him more eloquent, more impassioned, or more dramatic than on this occasion. I really think it was the speech of his life. Yet he had only spent half an hour, before dressing for dinner, in thinking it out.

“The Chairman proposed the toast of the ‘Commercial Interests of the Empire.’ He said the Board had been prospering well for some time past, and it was thought well to have an annual dinner to bring the members together so that the compactness of the Board might be furthered, and members of the different sections and interests which the Board embraces should be more closely cemented than the present facilities for intercourse allowed. The subject was a very large one; commerce had made small Britain the heart of the system of the commerce of the world. She was the centre of the money transactions of the world. Wherever there were vessels trading, in all parts of the world there would be seen the British flag. Canada also was rapidly extending her trade, and was attracting the attention of other countries to her resources. The Board of Trade was very much pleased to have with them for the evening their distinguished guest Mr. Chamberlain—(cheers)—a gentleman who was well versed with the trade and commerce of the world. (Cheers.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH

Mr. Chamberlain, on rising, was received with prolonged cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, the company standing. He said: Mr. President and gentlemen,—I thank you most sincerely for the kindness with which you have received me and for the assurance which this kindness gives of your sympathy and support. (Hear, hear.) I am very glad to be here among you, and to have the honour of meeting so many of the prominent representatives of that activity and enterprise which have done so much for the prosperity of the Dominion, and which have made the Queen City of Canada a great centre of commercial life and enterprise. (Hear, hear.) Mr. President, you said very truly that the subject to which you have called me to respond is a far-reaching one. It is the commercial interests of the Empire—not of a part alone. (Hear, hear.) I am glad that the Board of Trade of Toronto think me worthy of responding to so large a subject. (Cheers.) It proves to me, at all events, that you have not been prejudiced by anything you may have heard to my disadvantage. (Cheers.) I read this morning in one of your most influential journals an appeal which was addressed to me personally, and in which it was said that I had declared that the interests of Canada must be subordinated to those of Manchester. In other articles in the same paper I have seen it alleged that I came over here to represent British exporters. That is a most unfortunate misapprehension of the facts. (Cheers and



Photo: Hunter & Co., Toronto

SIR DAVID MACPHERSON

laughter.) I am here as the representative of Great Britain—(hear, hear)—acting on behalf of her colony of Canada—(cheers)—whose interests she is bound in honour to defend. (Renewed cheers.) If I had used any language like that which has been imputed to me I should have been unworthy of the position which I hold. (Hear, hear.) I can assure you that, except as far as the interests of Birmingham and Manchester are identical with yours, you may trust me to lay them aside on the present occasion. (Cheers.) I regret these mistakes on the part of the influential organs of public opinion, not so much on any personal grounds as because they tend to discredit and to embarrass the negotiators who are engaged in your business—(cheers)—because to that extent they damage your case. (Cheers.) But I have referred to this matter for another reason—because I want to point out to you that we hear a little too much about antagonism of interests. (Hear, hear.) Our interests, yours and those of the Mother Country, and I will go further and say those of the United States, all lie in the same direction. (Hear, hear.) What the plenipotentiaries have to do is to show that there is not divergence, but identity of interests, and if it does not exist we have to create it. (Cheers.) We have to deal with these points in such a spirit as shall show that we desire to reach a friendly agreement which will be mutually beneficial and satisfactory. (Applause.) I speak tonight under considerable difficulty. I confess that at first I hesitated to accept your hospitable invitation, because I was afraid it would not be possible

for me to make an adequate response to your kindness; since the commission I have undertaken imposes restrictions upon me which I am bound faithfully to observe. I am not free to discuss some of those questions which have probably the greatest interest for all of us. I am sure you will make every necessary allowance for me, and will not expect from me any premature disclosure of confidential negotiations, or a full discussion of matters of controversial policy. (Applause.) Although I am afraid I cannot promise you the communication of any State secret, yet there are some general considerations which affect important matters, and which I propose, with your permission, to lay before you. (Applause.) In the first place, as to the spirit in which a commission of this kind should be undertaken. As I passed through England and the United States, and again when I crossed the boundary of the Dominion, there was one idea impressing itself upon my mind at every step, indelibly written upon the face of two vast countries, and that was the greatness and importance of the distinction reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race—(cheers)—that proud, persistent, self-asserting and resolute stock which no change of climate or condition can alter, and which is infallibly bound to be the predominant force in the future history and civilisation of the world. (Cheers.) It is said that patriotism begins at home. I am an Englishman. (Applause.) I am proud of the old country from which I came. I am not unmindful of the glorious traditions attached to it, of those institutions moulded by slow

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centuries of noble endeavour ; but I should think our patriotism was warped and stunted indeed if it did not embrace the Greater Britain beyond the seas—(cheers)—the young and vigorous nation carrying everywhere throughout the globe a knowledge of the English tongue and English love of liberty and law. (Cheers.) With these feelings I refused to speak or to think of the United States as a foreign nation. (Applause.) They are our flesh and blood. Still less am I inclined to make any distinction between these interests of Englishmen at home and Englishmen in Canada and Australia. (Cheers.) What is the fact in regard to these peoples, the older and the younger nations? Our past is theirs. Their future is ours. You cannot if you would

BREAK THE INVISIBLE BOND

which binds us together. (Cheers.) Their forefathers are our forefathers. They worshipped at our shrines. They sleep in our churchyards. They helped to make our institutions, our literature and our laws. These things are their heritage as much as ours. If you stood up to deny it your speech and countenance, your manner of life and institutions would all combine to betray you. (Cheers.) I urge upon you our common origin, our relationship, because, while these things confer privileges, they also entail obligations. We are all branches of one family. It behoves us to do all in our power to promote the good feeling and affection that ought to characterise the intercourse

between those peoples. Differences there must arise, petty conflicts of interests and of rights ; but if we approach them in the proper spirit, mutual respect and consideration, I don't believe that any controversy can or will arise among any members of the English-speaking races that will not be capable of satisfactory and honourable adjustment. (Cheers.) I am glad to tell you that this spirit has animated one and all of the plenipotentiaries who have recently been engaged in conference at Washington, and it is upon the existence of that spirit that I base my hope and my belief that we shall find an arrangement of this controversy which will be satisfactory to every man who desires sincerely to promote the unity of the English-speaking peoples. (Cheers.) I don't think it necessary that I should urge upon you your special interest in good neighbourhood with that great Republic which for thousands of miles is separated from you only by an invisible line. (Hear, hear.) The great interests with which we are entrusted, important as they are, are really insignificant beside the importance of maintaining these good relations—(hear, hear)—and to secure these good relations, to maintain and confirm them, all that is necessary is that we should approach the difficulty in the spirit that I have indicated, and we should deal with it as among friends who are anxious to come

TO A SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENT

and not as between adversaries struggling for petty points and other extremist rights, and counting

every concession as though it were a loss and sacrifice to the other. (Cheers.) Another general observation I will venture to make, and it is one to which I anticipate general assent. Anything which can increase and develop commercial relations between the two countries is not only a good thing in itself, but it tends to bring about this good feeling which I desire. (Hear, hear.) It appears to me that the prospects of improved relations with the United States never looked more hopeful—(applause)—and I think these will come, independent of bargain or negotiations. What is passing in the United States at this moment leads me to believe that circumstances at no distant date will force the Government of that country to remodel its tariff in a more liberal spirit. Whatever party is in power, in my opinion, it is certain that in a few years the tariff will be diminished or altered so that it will cease to be a wall of commercial exclusion between the United States and the rest of the nations of the world. (Applause.) If this change comes about, as I predict—although I know how dangerous it is to attempt to prophesy—what influence will it have upon your tariff on this side of the line? It is quite true that you are not burdened—and not likely to be at an early date—by a surplus of 120 millions—(laughter)—but I trust it is only the United States which is likely to suffer from this plethoric condition. (Laughter.) There are other considerations which may not tend in a similar direction. What is the most urgent need of Canada at this moment? It is the development, the early and

practical development of the illimitable resources of your country, which has just been opened up by your magnificent railway. You want to get upon the land at the earliest possible time an industrious and active population who will

WORK YOUR MINES AND FIELDS.

A tariff unnecessarily high—understand, I do not presume to offer any opinion upon your tariff—(laughter)—I merely make the general observation; I do not say whether your tariff is or is not unnecessarily high, that depends upon how you feel it—(laughter and applause)—but I say that a tariff which is unnecessarily high must have a tendency to shackle precisely the agricultural industry you wish to foster, and divert from it labour which will go into other industries stimulated by its operation. I am ready to sympathise with the inheritors of a new country in their reproduction of any idea that their country shall be one in which their industries shall be monotonously confined to a single occupation. I see the need for various pursuits and occupations, but in the case of Canada any anxiety on this score is surely premature. The first object is to get the population to own the land. When you have multiplied the industrious producers, you will find you have secured a vast population of consumers, and that a variety of industries will spring up and prosper whether there be any tariff or not. (Applause.) Gentlemen, you will see from what I have ventured to say that I am in favour of the widest possible commercial union—

(hear, hear)—and intercourse, not only with the United States but with all the world. (Cheers.) That is the true, unrestricted reciprocity. (Hear, hear.) It is a very restricted reciprocity, indeed, which would make you dependent for your financial freedom upon the government of another State, and, perhaps, pave the way for the surrender of something which is still more important—I mean your political freedom. (Cheers.) Some people, it appears, who have adopted a well-known saying of Mark Twain, appear to think that as upon this continent the lion must lie down with the lamb, it would be better if the lamb consented at once to lie down inside the lion. (Laughter.) I confess that I don't entertain that opinion—(hear, hear)—and I don't think it worth while, even if it were proper, to discuss to-night the various proposals, more or less disguised, more or less insidious, for your painless extinction and possible absorption. (Cheers.) I have not discovered in the course of my stay in the United States any general desire on the part

OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,

who have a good stock of territory of their own, to increase it and increase their responsibilities at the same time—(hear, hear)—and any such arrangement as that which I have been considering, if it comes about at all, must come about after full discussion and with goodwill on both sides. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, when you become tired of the mild sovereignty of the Queen, when you cease to

be proud of the institutions you yourselves have trained with due regard to your local needs and requirements, and when the slender tie which still binds you to the Mother Country, and which, like the electric cable, exerts no force or pressure, yet still maintains unity of sympathy and of interest—when that becomes an intolerable strain to you, then it will be time for us to consider necessary measures of relief. (Cheers.) In the meantime I cannot but think that, in the working out of the great problem of federal government, which seems to have been left in charge of the English people, we shall the quicker teach the perfection of our free institutions by diversity of methods, and that these will be more fertile and sturdy than if modelled upon a general view of a single and stereotyped form. Rest assured, if you desire to remain an integral part of the vast Empire of the Queen, your interests will be maintained, your rights will be respected with all the influence which that Empire can wield. (Cheers.) Your fellow-subjects throughout the world will rejoice in your prosperity and take pride in your ceaseless activity and look forward with confidence to the steady development of your illimitable resources. It is only a short time in the history of nations since Confederation. Less than a generation has passed away, and yet a new Canada has been revealed to us. (Applause.) Not the ice-bound desolation which imperfect information formerly pictured, but a vast stretch of fertile territory which assures homes for a teeming population of God-fearing and industrious men and women at no distant

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date. (Cheers.) With this determination to maintain, as I hope they will—nay, to draw closer the bonds which unite them to Great Britain—I am convinced their loyalty and affection will never lack a warm response. They will be citizens of no mean State. They will be citizens of a Dominion the like of which

THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN

with regard to extent, population, resources and variety of nations who owed allegiance to it. One of our poets, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has written of the overwhelming burdens of this vast Empire. The burdens are vast, it is true, but we will not lessen them by cowardly surrender—(cheers)—or a mean betrayal of the interests entrusted to our care. Relief must be found in widening the foundations of the great Confederation, and not in cutting away the outposts. (Cheers.) The interest of true democracy is not towards anarchy or the disintegration of the Empire, but rather the uniting together kindred races with similar objects. You have a portion in the great path that lies before us. It may yet be that the federation of Canada may be the lamp lighting our path to the federation of the British Empire. (Cheers.) If it is a dream—it may be only the imagination of an enthusiast—it is a grand idea. (Hear, hear.) It is one to stimulate the patriotism and statesmanship of every man who loves his country; and whether it be destined or not to perfect realisation, at least let us all cherish the sentiment it inspires. Let us do all in our

power to promote it, and enlarge the relations and goodwill which ought always to exist between sons of England throughout the world and the old folks at home. (Prolonged cheering.)”

Reading this in cold type one gathers but little idea of the grandeur and force of the delivery. It was a magnificent piece of oratory in the speaker's happiest vein. The effect was electrical and I shall never forget the scene that followed. The audience were simply carried away in frenzied enthusiasm, and some were even moved to tears, notably dear old Sir David, who sat at the head of the table next to me. They stood on the tables, waved dinner napkins, and shouted themselves hoarse. It seemed as if the storm of applause would never subside. However, order was eventually restored, and more speeches followed, including a short one by Mr. Chamberlain proposing the health of the Chairman. The proceedings terminated with the whole company joining in the National Anthem, which it was quite inspiring to hear so many thousand miles from home, sung by such an enthusiastic gathering of loyal British subjects. It was, in truth, a memorable and never-to-be-forgotten occasion for those who had the good fortune to be present. The Chief's speech acted as a sort of cold douche upon the advocates of

commercial union, whose leading organ the next day virtually threw its child overboard.

Shortly after noon on Saturday, December 31, Sir David Macpherson and his son came to see us off at the Union depôt, where we once more got on board "The Cumberland" and took our departure for Niagara. Just as we were starting a Birmingham man rushed up and insisted on shaking hands with Mr. Chamberlain, who was always delighted to meet his old townsmen. "You ain't much changed, sir, since I saw you fifteen years ago," said the man; "still the same old Joe"—a sally which much amused the Chief. We made a short halt at Hamilton, where a crowd of the leading citizens visited Mr. Chamberlain, including the Mayor of that town, who introduced twenty-two of the "faculty" of the University. We reached Niagara between three and four, and put up at a new hotel called the Prospect House, which was specially opened for us, the only visitors, almost before it was quite finished or the walls dry. This hotel was on the American side. Before dinner we went and had a look at the Horseshoe Falls. So many far abler pens than mine have placed on record their first impressions on seeing this vast flow of water and hearing the roar it causes, that there is no need

for me to enlarge on the subject. I prefer to endorse the graphic description given by Charles Dickens in his *American Notes*. We were the sole occupants of the hotel, and after many terribly late nights we got to bed in decent time, the roar of the cataract just outside our windows bringing the last day of the year to a soothing termination.

On Sunday, January 1, 1888, after breakfast, the Chief, Bergne, and I drove out in a sleigh, attended by Captain Hinde, to "do the Falls." First we went and gazed at them from the American side; then we crossed over by the Suspension Bridge to the Canadian side, and went to an establishment where yellow tarpaulin outfits were provided for those who were bold enough to venture under the Falls.

We all felt it to be a solemn duty that it behoved us to undertake whether we liked it or not; moreover the Hebrew proprietor of the garments impressed upon us that we could not possibly form any adequate conception of "de height of de Falls" unless we donned his attire and went "down under." So we resolved to do so. I shall never forget the scene in the "green room," and the back view of Mr. Chamberlain when he got into those tarpaulin overalls. I don't know whether they were stock



SKETCHES AT NIAGARA FALLS

Full length of the
 group
 from the left

Back view - 26 sketch
 from the back of the
 group - 27 sketch

Small, faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through or a library stamp.

size, but any way they were large enough to fit a Daniel Lambert. The full dress, with headgear not unlike that of a Capuchin monk, was even still more imposing. I made two rough sketches at the time, which, as they amused my Chief, I venture to reproduce. Thus equipped, we descended a spiral staircase, at the foot of which we had spikes attached to our over-shoes, and, following a guide, advanced in solemn procession, the Chief leading the way down a precipitous, ice-bound declivity which led to the foot of the Horseshoe Falls. We had to hug the right side of the overhanging cliff, as huge icicles were falling at intervals from above; and, had they struck us, would have "caved in" our skulls. It was as nasty a walk as I ever remember undertaking, since one false step would have landed us in the Rapids. The guide, of course, went ahead as guides always do, not caring two straws about us. At length we reached the foot of the Falls and walked under them ten or fifteen yards, and then returned, not feeling by any means sorry the adventure was over. The roar under those Falls is simply deafening, almost enough alone to make one giddy. Having got out of our tarpaulins we drove along the side of the Rapids as far as the Whirlpool, and were shown the spot where the intrepid Matthew Webb

was last seen above the surface of the seething torrent.

The next day, after breakfast, we three walked round Goat Island and returned to the hotel to lunch. After this meal we proceeded, in a sort of four-wheeler that had been chartered for us, to a monastery on a hill on the Canadian side, from which point of vantage one is supposed to get the finest bird's-eye view of the river above the Falls, the Falls themselves, the Rapids, and the Whirlpool. Hinde was on the box with the driver, Berge and I inside, and the Chief with his back to the horse. We suddenly became aware that we were going at the gallop up a very steep ascent. Looking out of the window, I saw to my horror that one wheel was just on the edge of an upright precipice, and some two hundred feet below were the waters of one of the converging affluents of the river. On our left was an upright bank of shrubbery. As a matter of fact we learned afterwards that our driver had chosen an ice-bound cattle-track, up which no vehicle had ever been driven before. It was a painfully perilous position, fraught with danger, and I never felt in a greater funk in my life, I'm bound to admit. I said to Mr. Chamberlain, who was seated opposite to me, " Good God, sir, look where we are." He



*A Joy Ride
Niagara Jan 1/88*

SKETCH OF A "JOY RIDE" AT NIAGARA



adjusted his glass and looked out of the window. His coolness and *sang froid* were something extraordinary, and characteristic of his remarkable courage. All he said was, "Humph! I suppose if I'm killed some one will catch it. It isn't my business!!" So there was nothing for it but to sit tight, say our prayers, and wait till we reached the end of this "joy-ride," of which I append a rough sketch. Through the mercy of Providence we reached the top safely, and once more breathed freely. When we got there I well remember remarking to Mr. Chamberlain, apropos of his observation that some one would "catch it" if he were killed, and that it wasn't his business, "Well, sir, I do admire your coolness. Your motto ought to be, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" "No, Maycock," he rejoined, "that wouldn't do for me, for I started life in the shoe trade," a circumstance of which, down to that moment, I had no knowledge. But it was a smart answer. anyhow.

I asked Hinde afterwards how on earth he ever allowed the coachman to drive up such a track. Hinde, however, was strange to the vicinity, and presumed the man knew his way about. Hinde merely said, "I guess he was at the gallop before I could say 'Knife,' so what could I do?"

Our route back to Washington was via Rochester, Williamsport, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, a rough road through the heart of the Pennsylvania coal-fields. "The Cumberland" was hitched on to the end of the train by a stout hook, but no couplings to steady it. It looked like a huge Swiss cottage towering above the other cars on the train, and had never been utilised on the American roads before. I felt convinced it would sway about a lot, and I asked the stationmaster at Niagara if he thought we'd clear the bridges all right. "Well I I guess it's just about all you will do," was his laconic reply. We left Niagara a little before four in the afternoon, and in due course the *chef* served up an excellent repast. Mr. Chamberlain, for once in a way, retired to his couch fairly early. Bergne and I played piquet till about two, when he "turned in." I still had a kind of presentiment that there would be a "happening" of some sort, and concluded to sit up and hear some of Hinde's interesting detective experiences, with which he was ever ready to regale me. An hour or two later, some thirty-eight miles to the north of Harrisburg, what I had all along apprehended came to pass. I suppose we were travelling about forty miles an hour when bang came the top corner of "The Cumberland" against the arch of

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the Montgomery Bridge, cutting a huge chunk out of the roof of the car. The train pulled up, and the conductor came along with a very grave countenance. We proceeded at a snail's pace after that, and I managed to put in three or four hours' sleep till we reached Baltimore, where we inspected our much-damaged ark. There another locomotive was obtained, which hauled us slowly on to Washington, where we arrived a little before noon on Tuesday, January 3, having completed the round trip without further mishap.



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CHAPTER VIII

WASHINGTON AGAIN

WEDNESDAY, *January* 4.—Henry Edwardes came round in the morning to tell us that Beauclerk's wife had died in England. What made it all the more sad was the receipt by him of a letter from her saying she was well and happy, just after the arrival of the cable announcing her death. Poor Beauclerk was dreadfully cut up, and of course we all sympathised warmly with him. He resolved to go home at once.

In the afternoon Mr. Chamberlain and I went down to the Capitol, and, in response to an invitation from the President, Mr. Ingalls, were admitted to the floor of the Senate. We heard Senator Voorhees and Senator Tiller speak on the Tariff Question. The President came from his seat, and had a short chat in an undertone with Mr. Chamberlain. The paper the next day had the following outrageous attack on the Chief for an alleged abuse of the Senatorial privilege in talking during a speech.

CHAMBERLAIN CENSURED

HIS ABUSE OF THE PRIVILEGE OF THE SENATE FLOOR

Senator Voorhees is naturally indignant at being interrupted in his speech—Senator Ingalls will probably refer to the matter.

The Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, having thus far been treated only to American hospitality, is likely soon to be subjected to a course of American discipline which, while it may not be altogether as pleasant, is sure to be quite as wholesome.

The *Post* has already mentioned the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, who obtained access to the floor of the Senate last Wednesday under the generous rule which accords that privilege to all members of foreign legislative bodies, was the centre of a disturbance which seriously interfered with the delivery of Senator Voorhees' Tariff speech, and was disorderly enough to bring into use the gavel with which the presiding officer knocks for order. If Mr. Voorhees had noticed at the time that the noise was being made by one who had no right to speak there, he would have made some public mention of the fact. Speaking of the matter with a *Post* reporter yesterday, the Senator said :

“The courteous attention paid by Democratic Senators while Mr. Sherman was speaking on Wednesday, was but little imitated by the Republicans when I was speaking. But I would scarcely refer to this if it were not for an incident that

occurred late in the afternoon. I had been speaking about an hour when laughter from a group of Senators on the Republican side attracted my attention, followed by conversation in tones almost as pronounced as my own. I raised my voice so as to attract the attention of the disturbers, and the President quietly touched his desk with his gavel. The noise ceased temporarily. It caused me no little regret later to discover that this breach of the dignity of the Senate had been caused by Mr. Chamberlain of England. I say regret because had I known that Mr. Chamberlain was the disturber, I would have said that if I were forced to submit to the carelessness of the associates of the Senate-chamber, I was not bound to bear the bad manners brought from over the sea by one who failed to appreciate the privileges of the Senate floor. However, I say it with renewed emphasis this morning."

In order that Senator Voorhees' accusation might not get ahead of any explanation or defence that Mr. Chamberlain might feel inclined to offer, a *Post* reporter waited on the "right honourable gentleman" yesterday evening and invited him to reply; but reply he had none to make. He simply smiled, rather contemptuously, at Senator Voorhees' words, as he read them, and said: "No, I have nothing to say."

The rapping of the gavel on the table of the Senate on Wednesday showed that Senator Ingalls regarded Mr. Chamberlain as out of order. But the rapping of the gavel was nothing compared with the rapping which Senator Ingalls may be expected to give to

the distinguished foreigner, with his keen, biting tongue, in the Senate on a very early day. Senator Ingalls had met Mr. Chamberlain before Wednesday. He has had opportunities of meeting him frequently at state dinners and on other similar occasions, when the Ambassador tried in vain to convince the Senator that his occasional oratorical shots at John Bull were based on a misconception or a want of knowledge. This sort of argument, as might be expected, has not had the effect of convincing or converting the Senator, and he will take an early opportunity on the floor of the Senate of saying so and giving his version of the "blood-is-thicker-than-water" sentiment. "I intend," said the Senator yesterday, "to kill two birds with one stone—John Bull and Democratic party."

Senator Ingalls will endeavour to explain just how close the relationship between America and England is. He will endeavour to prove that an American statesman may allude to some of the most prominent facts in recent history without being open to the accusation of buncombe, or an undue tendency to pose as a twister of the British lion's tail for political effect. "Anyhow," said he, "let the British lion keep its tail out of our business; let it keep its tail between its legs, for instance, and nobody will try to twist it." Mr. Ingalls will endeavour to prove that England has all along been the one great enemy of the United States, and on this point that there may be some little knowledge that has not been monopolised by right honourable gentlemen from England. The motion at present before the Senate,

to refer the President's message to the Committee on Finance, will be Mr. Ingalls' opportunity to assert himself. His speech will be an interesting event, and it is likely enough to happen when the Senate assembles on Monday. When Mr. Ingalls' speech comes to reinforce what Senator Voorhees has said, Mr. Chamberlain will have occasion to feel chastened.

Needless to say, this was a gross calumny, as the Chief could hardly avoid conversing with the President when the President came to speak to him. But we were getting used to that sort of sensational invention. We went that evening to a ball at the Legation, of which the following account appeared in the *Post* :

“The ball at the English Legation last night opened up the social season with great brilliancy. About 400 invitations were sent out, about fifty of them yesterday in response to notes from persons already invited, asking cards for their guests. Miss West is always pleased to grant requests of this kind to her friends. The entire first floor of the Legation was devoted to the comfort and pleasure of the large company. The office rooms on the right of the hall were utilised as cloakrooms, with nimble maids and valets in attendance. The great hall, with its massive staircase, was brilliantly lighted and fragrant with spruce, pine, and fir, which entered largely

into the decoration. Up at the first landing, where the portrait of Queen Victoria looks down benignly, there was grouped at the side of the massive frame a hedge of evergreens, and in front of the picture a rich massing of tropical and blooming plants. Down the steps, on either side, was a thick garland of holly, laurel, and running pine, with pink carnations here and there. The dark, rich woodwork of the staircase was a splendid contrast to all this fresh green, making the hall the most successful in artistic treatment of any part of the house. The east parlour, which is finished in ruby and gilt, was softly lighted with red-shaded lamps and fairy lights, and formed a charming retreat for the dancers when tired out from the heat and light of the ballroom. The second drawing-room, in which a delicate salmon tint with gilt is the prevailing shade, was the reception room. Just within its portière-hung doorway stood the Minister and Miss West, with her sisters, to meet their guests. In the crimson and gold ballroom chairs were arranged close to the wall, and before eleven the waxed surface was filled with moving forms. The dancing kept up without interruption until half-past eleven, when supper was announced. A bounteous collation, with wines and punches, was served. By one o'clock the real English ball began. Miss West and Mr. de Romero, of the Spanish Legation, led the cotillion. About sixty couples danced. In one of the favour figures there were embroidered satin satchels for the ladies and ribboned *boutonnieres* for the men. In another the ladies received pretty fans, either gilded or

bronzed, and the men pen-wipers. The hoop figure was danced for the first time for several years. For it Miss West had prepared six large hoops, six feet across, covered with tissue paper ornamented with stars. In the figure twelve men were around the hoop, and at a turn jumped through it *à la circus*. This, as well as several other amusing figures, was devised by Miss West. The ball closed about half-past three o'clock with a 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' and the singing by the gay company then assembled of 'God save the Queen.'

"Miss West wore a Parisian toilette of pale yellow tulle, sprayed over with tiny daisies in crystal and pearl beads. It had side panels of exquisite gold embroidery. The low-necked bodice of pale yellow striped satin had a pointed vest of the embroidery. She wore no jewels save a diamond hair ornament. Miss Amalie West had a dress exactly similar, excepting the gold embroidery was omitted. Miss Flora West wore pale heliotrope tulle, with tiny daisies in crystal and pearl beading, and low-necked satin striped bodice the same tint.

"Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who hastened his departure from Canada to be present at the ball, was an interested spectator as well as participant in the evening's enjoyment. Sir Charles Tupper and all the other members of the Fisheries Commission were present. To name the guests is but to record all the fashionable names in society. The toilets were exquisite."

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Thursday the 5th being mail day, we were busy all day with despatches for London, and, after dining together at the hotel, Mr. Chamberlain, Bergne, and I went to the National Theatre to see *Dorothy* with Lillian Russell in the name part, and Harry Paulton as Lurcher the bailiff. It was a capital performance, the fair Lillian looking very beautiful and singing charmingly. She had previously gone through an unrehearsed scene, accompanied by some language and many tears, because the landlord of our hotel, who had a pretty conceit, and had been a quartermaster or something of the sort during the war, declined to take her in. She thought she had just as good a claim to stay at the Arlington as Mrs. Langtry, about whom no difficulty had been made. "Langtry's a lady" was the landlord's dictum, so Lillian had to go elsewhere after recording an emphatic protest!!!

On Friday, the 6th, Bergne and I and a Congressman named Hopkins went to see poor Beauclerk off on his melancholy journey to England.

On Saturday, the 7th, I went a second time to a *matinée of Dorothy* with Mrs. Edwardes and her dear little girl, Sylvia, who four years ago became the wife of that distinguished soldier Count Gleichen.

On Sunday, the 8th, Mr. Chamberlain and I

lunched with Judge John Davis and Mrs. Davis, where we met the beautiful Miss Grant, now Lady Essex, my old and valued friend the late Arthur Guest, and several other pleasant people. The Chief dined that night with Mr. Bayard, and later on all went to a reception at the Bonapartes, who occupied a fine residence in K Street. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, a grand-nephew of the great Napoleon, was a tall, handsome man, with a commanding presence, very proud of his illustrious descent. We met all the élite of Washington society there.

On Monday, the 9th, the Conference resumed its labours, which had been adjourned for our visit to Canada, at the State Department. Meantime Mrs. Langtry had arrived at the Arlington, and we went to Albaugh's theatre to see her in *As in a Looking Glass*. It was rather a poor house, a counter attraction being Mrs. Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew at the National Theatre. There were only these two theatres in Washington at that time, and two *premières* on the same evening was quite an unusual event. After the theatre we went to a Bachelor's Ball at the Rifle Hall. The following night Mr. Chamberlain dined with Colonel John Hay.

The Leiters, who were renting Mr. Blaine's palatial residence in 20th Street, gave a ball on Wednesday, the 11th, and everything was done on the most

sumptuous and lavish scale. All Washington was there, and Miss Leiter was the cynosure of all eyes. Certainly a more beautiful or more attractive girl never graced a ballroom. She was kind enough to give me a dance. All the young "nuts" in Washington were lost in admiration for her; but, as is well known, she eventually became the wife of that brilliant statesman and kind friend of mine, Lord Carzon of Kedleston, and her untimely death a few years ago was not only an irreparable loss to her devoted husband, which he felt acutely, but was deeply deplored by all who had the good fortune to know her.

On Thursday the 12th we attended—in uniform—a reception at the White House. There were, in all, about 4000 guests, and the heat was overwhelming. The following account of it appeared in the paper the next day:

DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION

A BRILLIANT SCENE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

A Large Number of Resident People among the Throng—Mr. Chamberlain and Dennis Kearney among the Callers—Incidents of the Evening.

The President and Mrs. Cleveland gave the first state reception of the season, a night in honour of

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the Diplomatic Corps. The event was most brilliant. The White House was in gala dress for the occasion. The Blue Room had its mantels covered with floral mosaics, and the window-ledges were banked with blooming plants, poinsettas and azaleas. The company gathered downstairs fully a half hour before the hour for the reception to begin. When the receiving party entered the Blue Parlour, they passed through a double line of well-dressed humanity, which filled the vestibule and overflowed into the East Room. The diplomats were having a general convocation in the Red Parlour, admiring the splendid court dress of Mr. Preston, who wore gold embroidery to no end, and the Chinese Minister and suite, who, in addition to their usual attire, wore elaborate gold-embroidered picture pieces in the middle of the back of their outer tunic.

In the Blue Parlour quite another scene was transpiring before the entrance of the receiving party. There were there grouped Mrs. John M. Wilson, Miss Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Westcott and Miss Gardner, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Vilas and Miss Vilas; Mrs. Sloane, of New York, daughter of the late W. H. Vanderbilt; Miss Johnson, another

guest of Mrs. Whitney; Dr. and Mrs. Warner, of New York, who were with Mrs. Lamont, their hostess; Mrs. ex-Governor Carroll and Miss Irene Carroll; Miss Eleanor Winslow, the Boston beauty.

The President escorted Miss Bayard downstairs, Mrs. Cleveland following with Secretary Bayard. In the line, Miss Bayard stood next to Mrs. Cleveland, then Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Whitney. The ladies were elegantly dressed. Mrs. Cleveland wore ruby plush with a long square train. The bodice was sleeveless and cut square at the neck. A strip of gold passementerie ran over the shoulders and down to the belt, back and front. Ornaments of the same held in place the full drapery of the front. She wore her diamond necklace. Her hair, dressed in a Greek knot, had a diamond rose, a diamond butterfly, and a diamond crescent ornament. The fingers of her right glove were tucked under the left, and she shook hands heartily, as if the exercise was real enjoyment.

Miss Bayard wore white lace over white silk with train of white crêpe and necklace of pearls. Mrs. Fairchild wore blue moire with side panels of gold-

embroidered net, low corsage, diamonds, and pearl ornaments. Mrs. Whitney wore a low-necked dress of white brocaded velvet. The apron drapery was formed of alternate strips of point lace and white satin; diamond bar and large rose diamond in the corsage.

The reception was not without incident. The Diplomatic Corps in its brilliant court dresses, many of the Ministers accompanying their wives, passed through. The English Minister came fashionably late, but he had Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in an embroidered coat as good as the best of them, with him. The deep obeisance Mr. Chamberlain made to Mrs. Cleveland and her lady assistants was only equalled by the air of good fellowship which marked Mr. Dennis Kearney's tour on the same ground. The sand-lot orator saw the American Court at its best.

Miss Winslow, the blonde beauty, in a stately dress of white tulle, one side gay with blue jet, and in her fluffy hair a butterfly which stirred with every movement divided the admiration of everybody who knew her with Miss Adele Grant, the beautiful brunette, who wore an art dress of soft wood tints—a clinging fabric, made in the style of the Directoire,

high puffs at the shoulder, and the short waist belted with a loosely tied sash.

The throng was immense, keeping up until nearly eleven o'clock. There were not half a dozen Senators, and the Supreme Court was represented by the Chief Justice. The resident families turned out in honour of the occasion, and the gathering in the Blue Parlour seemed like one in a private house. Altogether the reception was a great success, both in numbers and the brilliancy of the scene. Outside the snow fell lightly, and the lights streamed out across the darkness.

In the corridor upstairs there was a nice little supper for the receiving party, their friends, and those of the Cabinet after the reception ended. Secretary Whitney and Secretary Bayard promenaded the corridors. The conservatories were open, and a great part of the company took a few turns there.

It was somewhere about this period that I made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Amory, and went to tea with her once or twice. She had a fund of amusing anecdotes. I remember one she told me of an erratic dancing-master in a class she had been in,

in her younger days. His "riding orders" were as follows :

"Balance to your partners,
Balance to them all,
Man with the bad breath
Balance to the wall."

I suppose that, short of trying the "Fragrant Floriline," a specific largely advertised for this affliction, it was, in the circumstances, perhaps the best thing he could do. My dear old mother was immensely tickled with this story when I got home.

On the 18th Mr. Chamberlain dined with the President, and the next day he gave his second big dinner at the Arlington. The guests comprised Mr. Bayard, Sir Lionel West, Sir Charles Tupper, Justice Field, Judge Davis, Mr. Wharton of the State Department (to whom I have previously alluded), Mr. John Bigelow, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell of phonographic renown, Bergne, and myself. We went to a dance at the Whitneys' afterwards. However late we got back to the hotel after these functions, Mr. Chamberlain always enjoyed his cigar, and I generally kept him company. We seldom got to bed much before three. Bergne as a rule

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MISS GWYNN



Photo: Rice, Washington

MRS. JOHN DAVIS

retired rather earlier. He couldn't stand very late hours.

I have previously referred to Miss Gwynn, a very charming lady, who lived with another pleasant little woman, Mrs. Slater. On January 21, Mr. Chamberlain and I called and had a cup of tea with Miss Gwynn, who told us she had studied palmistry, and kindly undertook to diagnose the lines of our hands. She took the Chief's first. She said he had a very strong line of luck and an indomitable will. She went on to say he was a good son, a good brother, but a cruel lover. He was absolutely without heart, and could subordinate everything to the achievement of his own ends. He had had two great troubles, one owing to a death, and another to a cause which she did not specify. He had one terrible line, the significance of which she would not divulge. Then she took me on. I was liable to accidents, and would come by a violent death, and should avoid travelling. She said I was very methodical, and that anything I undertook I would carry out in my own way. I was unlucky and absent-minded, but lasting in my affections. I must leave those who know us both to form their own opinions of the accuracy of these diagnoses,

merely remarking that I think Mr. Chamberlain is what may be termed "lucky." The occasions on which he gambles are few and far between, but he has often told me that when he has once or twice punted a louis at roulette at Monte Carlo, he has invariably won a maximum. Moreover, he is a strong believer in his luck. As to my own luck it varies considerably, but on the whole I have not much to complain of. But I did think the other day, when a bicycle I was riding in the Brompton Road skidded in front of a motor bus, that Miss Gwynn's forecast of my final exit was about to be realised!

At the period of which I am writing, the phonograph was in its infancy. Dr. Graham Bell was, in conjunction with an expert, Mr. Tainter, carrying out some experiments at the Volta Laboratory in Washington, while Mr. Edison was working on similar lines at Philadelphia. On Sunday, January 22, Mr. Chamberlain, Bergne, and I accepted an invitation from Dr. Bell to inspect his instruments, into one of which we all three said something, about our impressions of America and the Americans. The record was, I believe, duly deposited in some museum at Washington, and if ever I again visit that Capital,

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I should be interested to hear exactly what we all said.

Professor Tainter told us an interesting anecdote of an incident that had occurred a few months before our visit. A stranger called at the Laboratory and said, "I want to buy one of those machines right away." Tainter told him that they were not yet on the market, and that no price had been fixed. But the stranger was very persistent and would take no denial, nor did he care two straws how much he paid to gratify his desire. He named a very large sum, and ultimately Mr. Tainter agreed to let him have one of their phonographs. He took it away with him and a week later he returned, and said: "I don't know how to thank you enough, sir, for letting me have that machine. My poor wife was dying when I got home with it. She was just able to speak into it her last words, 'To be or not to be.' Then she died, and I turn it on every day, and hear her sweet voice still." Tainter assured us this was an absolute fact. It was a weird idea. I have told the story to heartless men who aver that they hear quite enough of their wives' voices as it is, without wishing to hear them again when they've crossed the bar. I myself possess phonograph records

made by voices of friends which have long since been silent, but I can't say that it ever affords me very much enjoyment to turn them on.

On Thursday, January 24, Mr. Willie Endicott—Mrs. Chamberlain's brother—and I called and took tea with Mrs. Cleveland at the White House. This was the occasion, to which I have already alluded, when I was announced as "Mr. Haycock," much to the lady's amusement. The same evening Mr. Chamberlain and I dined with the Edwardes. Miss Endicott was also there, and Spring Rice. I was about to retire for the night, about 12.30, when a representative of the *Washington Post* was announced. A report had got into circulation that Mr. Chamberlain had been appointed to succeed Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada, and the *Post* man wanted to know if the rumour could be confirmed or denied. The result of our interview appeared in the *Post* of the following day :

MR. CHAMBERLAIN SATISFIED

NOT ANXIOUS TO GIVE UP HIS CAREER FOR THE
GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP OF CANADA

Mr. Chamberlain authorises an emphatic denial of the report which comes from Ottawa by way of New

York, that he has been appointed to succeed Lord Lansdowne as Governor-General of Canada. Lord Lansdowne was appointed by Mr. Gladstone in 1883 for a seven years' term, which has two years to run, and he has neither resigned nor expressed any intention of resigning. All reports about the appointment of his successor are purely speculative and entirely premature. Mr. Chamberlain has authorised Mr. Maycock, who is associated with him in the fishery negotiations, to say that he would not give up his political career in England for the Governor-Generalship of Canada.

Towards the end of January some scurrilous paragraphs appeared in various newspapers published in Washington and Philadelphia respecting Mr. Chamberlain's attentions to Miss Endicott. They were embroidered with narratives of incidents which, needless to say, had never occurred, and were remarkable examples of the inventive power of sensational journalists on the "other side." They naturally caused Mr. Chamberlain some momentary annoyance, but of course he had no alternative but to treat them with the contempt they deserved.

One very agreeable lady I met at some party—the Whitneys', I think—was Mrs. Hooker. She hailed, to the best of my recollection, from California, and was the daughter of Senator Stewart of Carson City, Nevada. We went together on February 1 to a matinée of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Mrs. Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew were appearing at the National Theatre. I suppose one way or another, in this country, America, and various European capitals, I have attended theatres some two thousand times, but I never had a more thrilling experience than on this particular afternoon, one which I am not likely to forget in a hurry. The performance was nearly over. The third and last scene of the 5th Act was "Verona churchyard with tomb of the Capulets." Juliet was lying dead opposite the prompt box in a sloping position with her feet towards the audience. Enter Romeo and Mercutio from the right, Romeo with a flaming torch of the foolscap pattern which he plunges into the floor while advancing to Juliet's tomb. I watched this torch carefully: its "business end" did not penetrate deeply enough into the stage to remain in an upright position, but slowly and gradually fell on to the cardboard wall of the churchyard, which, as I

fully anticipated, was immediately ablaze. In a moment there was a panic and a cry of "Fire!" Half the stalls were on their feet. It was then that I recalled the advice of my old friend, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, to be sure and sit still if ever I was in a fire at a theatre; but it requires a lot of presence of mind to do so, and Mrs. Hooker was terrified. Even the defunct Juliet became alarmed and sat up. All this happened in much less time than it takes to describe it. However, just at the critical moment, on came a fireman with a hose, and speedily extinguished the flames, much to the relief of everyone in the house. Order was restored, Juliet died once more, and the performance ended without further incident.

I have already mentioned some of the large banquets given by Mr. Chamberlain, and also those given by his American colleagues in his honour at the Arlington Hotel. He gave four or five others, with the details of which it is unnecessary to weary the reader. With one single exception, not a jarring note marred any of these festivities. Nothing could have exceeded the cordiality of the relations which subsisted between my Chief and the many prominent American statesmen of all shades of politics

with whom he was brought into contact during our stay at Washington. The single exception to which I have alluded occurred at a large dinner given by Mr. Chamberlain in a private room at the Arlington early in February. There chanced to be staying at that hotel a certain Senator, whose name it would serve no useful purpose to mention. I believe he has long since retired from the arena of politics, if indeed he is not engaged in some sphere of activity in another planet. He was by no means an attractive personality, but Mr. Chamberlain, who had had one or two desultory conversations with him at the hotel, asked me to send him an invitation to this dinner, which he accepted, and duly turned up. We were a dozen all told, including the Chinese Minister in his native garb. We had a sumptuous repast at a round table, and the Senator, who sat next to me, did himself remarkably well. We had reached dessert, and the Chinaman was busy with his bananas. Suddenly the Senator, not without difficulty, rose to his legs, and with his right arm extended thus addressed his host, who was sitting at the opposite end of the table :

“ Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, sir. I'm pleased to know you, sir, and am proud to be your guest this

evening. But there is one thing, sir, I would like to say to you right here." [At this juncture everyone was getting hot and uncomfortable, wondering what was coming, with the exception of the Chinese Minister, who understood but little English, and was still busily engaged with his bananas.] "Sir, neither I nor my colleagues in this country have ever been able to understand how you came to desert the banner of that great man, Mr. Gladstone [with emphasis on the "stone"]. People, sir, who do that kind of thing in this country are known as 'Mugwumps.'" A good deal more followed in the same vein, till at length the Senator, having exhausted his energies in this execrable ebullition, resumed his seat. For the benefit of the uninitiated I may mention that "mugwump" is an Indian word signifying a captain or leader, but it came into political use by its application in derision to those members of the Republican party who, rejecting Mr. Blaine, resolved to vote for his Democratic opponent, Mr. Grover Cleveland. It was a study to watch Mr. Chamberlain's face during the delivery of this ill-timed philippic. His reply was brief but incisive. "From the remarks that have fallen from the lips of my friend the Senator from . . . I can

readily understand that he is wholly incapable of appreciating the motives which influenced me in severing myself from Mr. Gladstone." It was withering and overwhelming. The Senator said no more. Mr. Chamberlain, metaphorically speaking, had wiped the floor with him. Everybody breathed a sigh of relief and the Chinaman finished his bananas.

CHAPTER IX

LAST WEEKS AT WASHINGTON

THE last weeks of our stay in Washington, with one exception, were uneventful. We had any amount of strenuous official work by day down to February 15, relieved by dinners, plays, and dances at night. As the time approached for our departure all our good friends at Washington vied with one another in showing us unbounded and lavish hospitality, notably so Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edwardes; Judge John Davis and his charming and gifted wife; Mr. and Mrs. Hitt; Mr. and Mrs. Endicott; Senator and Mrs. Don Cameron; Mr. and Mrs. Grant; Mr. and Mrs. Loring; Mrs. Wallach; Mrs. Townsend; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte; Mr. and Mrs. Whitney; Mr. and Mrs. Reuterskiold (the Swedish Minister), and others too numerous to mention. We too had some pleasant little suppers at the Arlington, at which I used to perform on the banjo. More appreciative audiences I never wish to meet. Not only did some of my English comic songs, notably Corney Grain's "Jarge's Jubilee," and

"He did and he didn't know why," prove in great demand, but it was a treat to hear some of the prettiest women and cheeriest men in Washington joining in the chorus of "Tenting on the old camp ground," a ballad that attained enormous popularity during the war. Sometimes I had a chorus of quite another kind, but no less melodious nevertheless. I allude to the negro attendants at the Arlington, of whom there was a very large congregation. I remember that one day, when alone, I was playing a few chords in our work-room, when, on opening the door suddenly, I found the staircase crowded with these darkies, so I told them to wait a moment and I'd give them a tune or two. To hear those coloured "pussons" sing the "Swanee River" was a real treat. They could improvise parts, and their voices were rich, melodious, and always "on the key." In other respects they were erratic individuals, these niggers. Wild horses would not induce one of them to take on any job for which he wasn't specifically ear-marked, so to speak. I might ring my bell in bed in the morning and a black head would bob in at the door saying, "Do you 'warnt' anything?" "Yes, please," I would reply; "I want my fire lit." "Sure! I'll send along the engineer right away," would be the

answer. He wasn't going to touch it, not he. He'd brought up the tea, and that was quite enough for him. But when it came to singing, they were on common ground, and quite delightful company.

I wish I could remember one tithe of the good stories I heard in Washington. Senator Evarts had the reputation of being not only one of the cheeriest raconteurs, but also one of the readiest wits in the Capital. A lady once asked him if drinking so many different wines did not make him feel seedy the next day. "No, madam," he replied, "it's the indifferent wines that produce that result." Electric trams had only recently been introduced at Washington when we went there. There were a fair number of Chinese in the Capital, most of whom kept laundries. The effect produced on one of them on first seeing one of these trams is best described in his own words: "No pushee! no pullee! go like hellee all the samee." Should this meet the eye of the attractive wife of a certain Senator, I wonder if she will remember how I laughed when she told me that story! Some of those American ladies have a keen sense of humour, and are the best company in the world! What a contrast to some of our staid and ultra-orthodox English matrons!!

That infant phenomenon Josef Hofman came to the Arlington early in February. He was a dear little boy ten years old, and I remember giving him, much to his delight, a bunch of roses from a pile which adorned our dining-room on the eve of one of our banquets. His piano-playing was something marvellous. I went with Miss Gwynn to her box at Albaugh's Opera House on February 6, which was crammed. He played among other things Weber's Concertstück; Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; a Chopin waltz and polonaise; a gigue by Bach; a pastorale by Scarlatti; besides improvising all sorts of variations on given themes. There never was such a prodigy, and his reception was most enthusiastic. He had already appeared in London, and taken the town by storm. Some time later he was seriously ill for a lengthened period. Whether he ever developed into a musician of such eminence as his childhood foreshadowed I have failed to ascertain. Stokes' *Cyclopædia of Music and Musicians*, beyond observing that he recovered from his illness in 1894, supplies no details of his later career. If this should meet the eye of any reader who is in a position to supplement this information, I should be grateful to receive it.

I have alluded to our concluding weeks being,

with one exception, uneventful except for the usual social festivities. The exception was Wednesday, February 15, and though it happened to be Ash Wednesday, it was by no means a day of "sack-cloth and ashes" so far as we were concerned. It was, in short, the red-letter day of our Mission, for our official mandate came to an end by the signature of a Treaty and two other documents, the practical effect of which was to terminate the trouble over the Canadian fisheries which had been a constant source of friction for the best part of a century. To this, however, I must devote a separate chapter. The *Times* at that period had no special correspondent of its own at Washington, but was represented, and very ably represented too, by Mr. Joel Cook, whose headquarters were at Philadelphia. Joel Cook, himself an American citizen, was the author of a most interesting series of articles, entitled *A Visit to the States*, which appeared in the *Times* and were published in book form in 1887. It is the most comprehensive *vade mecum* ever compiled, and may with advantage be studied by anyone contemplating a visit to the great Republic for the first time. In response to an invitation from Mr. Chamberlain, Joel Cook came from Philadelphia to Washington the day after the signature of the

Treaty, and we jointly and severally compiled a long cable message to the *Thunderer* which appeared in its issue of February 18. It will suffice here to reproduce one brief extract :

“ Mr. Chamberlain, when asked to express his views on the result of the negotiations, said : ‘ I am thoroughly satisfied with the result. I do not claim to have gained a victory. No sensible man wishes to obtain a triumph over friends. I have regarded this difference as one between friends. But what I do claim is that we have arrived at a just and honourable settlement, which, if considered on its merits, will be accepted as satisfactory by all parties concerned, and will terminate a controversy which has lasted for a century, and has more than once threatened the good relations of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.’ ”

The following paragraph appeared in one of the local papers during our last week at Washington :

“ The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is about to leave Washington, and I shall not be contradicted if I say that a very considerable part of Washington is sorry. Never has there been such a dinner out, and a giver of dinners, in this town as the gentleman who is going back in a few days to his seat in the

House of Commons. To him chiefly is it attributable that the present winter has been the greatest season for dinner parties that Washington has ever known. And they have been gay and enjoyable feasts too, for the Honourable Joseph has his wits about him, and does not ask any odds from the keenest of Yankee combatants in a contest of wit and persiflage, any more than he needs to do in dealing with matters of State. The ladies especially will miss him, for rarely have they had such a guest. It may be mentioned, by the way, that Mr. Chamberlain has not been so exclusively devoted to the daughter of a Cabinet officer as some of the correspondents have reported, in evidence of which statement I have only to refer to the fact that he gave a box party at the opera on Wednesday evening to Miss Gwynn, one of the most charming and accomplished young ladies in Washington society."

On Monday and Tuesday, February 27 and 28 (the latter our last day in Washington), we were busy packing up and paying farewell visits. It was pleasant, of course, to feel we were going home, but the pleasure was not unmingled with pain. I never realised so vividly, before or since, the force of Juliet's words, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," as when the time came to say "Good-bye" to so many kind and valued friends on the other side. However, all things have an ending. Our last dinner,

and a very agreeable one, was at Mrs. Wallach's, Bergne and I having previously lunched with Mrs. John Davis and Mrs. Don Cameron. Thus ended as pleasant a three months as I ever spent, or am likely to spend *ici bas* !

CHAPTER X

"OFF TO PHILADELPHIA IN THE MORNING"

WE took our final departure from Washington for Philadelphia by the 11.40 train on the morning of Wednesday, February 29. Sir Lionel West, Spring Rice, Arthur Herbert (who had just come to the Legation as Second Secretary), and Monsieur Gennadius, then, as now again, the Greek Minister in London, and at that time on some special business in America on behalf of his Government, came to see us off. When we reached Wilmington, a little more than halfway between Baltimore and Philadelphia, Captain Clipperton, then our consul in "the Quaker City," accompanied by a deputation of four members of the St. George's Society, boarded the train and travelled with us to Philadelphia. The deputation consisted of Mr. Samuel Lee, President of the Society; Mr. George Dixon, Secretary of the Society; Mr. J. H. Williams, Secretary of the United Lodges of the Order of the Sons of St. George; and Mr. John Lucas, one of its most prominent members.

The St. George's Society is a very ancient institution, claiming to have been founded as far back as 1772. It consists of about a hundred wealthy men, and its funds are devoted to relieving cases of British distress in Philadelphia. Though associated with, it must not be confounded with the "Order of the Sons of St. George," which comprises thousands of members in every State of the Union. It is composed of working men exclusively English by birth or descent. It was started in 1870, when three Englishmen were brutally murdered in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Two of the known murderers and their families were quietly spirited off from the processes of the law. It was in the days of the well-remembered "Mollie Maguires," an organisation of assassins, said to be a wing of the "Ancient Order of Hibernians," for the extinguishing of which both the civil courts and the State militia were forced to adopt summary measures. The Order of the Sons of St. George grew rapidly, extending from State to State wherever English working men congregated: there is a "sick benefit" of from 12s. to 20s. per week during sickness, and a funeral allowance of from £10 to £20 for a member, and half that sum for the funeral of a member's wife. The weekly dues of membership are

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from 5*d.* to 7½*d.* per week, and the fundamental principle of the Order is to make provision for sickness and death, thus preventing any member's family becoming an object of charity. In addition to this the families of the various lodges meet together socially on stated occasions, thereby keeping alive the English love of country and the festivities of her fête days. This organisation is non-political, unsectarian, and exclusively English: to its own membership it is of great advantage; it lends a helping hand, and its officers are always ready to advise and to assist them when landing in the United States.

On reaching the depôt in Broad Street we found a fairly large crowd, the members of which, having got wind of Mr. Chamberlain's arrival, accorded him a favourable reception. The *Philadelphia Press* of the following day wrote: "Either for protection against dynamiters or as a subterfuge to avoid American reporters, Mr. Chamberlain has two secretaries so much like him in general appearance (?) that it is difficult to tell which is the star of the trio, and it was not until the ex-Mayor of Birmingham had raised his hat in deference to an uncertain cheer that the crowd were able to distinguish him."

Our self-constituted chaperons, who had taken us body and soul under their ægis, escorted us to St.

George's Hall, where we were received by more leading members of the organisation, and inspected Sulley's painting of Queen Victoria, which hung in the main hall, and had just come back from England, where it had been sent for her Majesty's Jubilee. After this ordeal we drove to the Lafayette Hotel, where we had engaged rooms for our brief visit.

There was, however, but a short rest for us here, as we had to attend a large banquet at five o'clock, given by the Society of St. George, at the Union League. They gave us a very good dinner, as will be seen from the menu. Mr. Samuel Lees, the President, sat at the head of the table, with Mr. Chamberlain on his right and Mayor Fitler on his left. I suppose there were about a hundred present, all told, consisting mostly of the leading members of the Society and their invited guests.

MENU

OYSTERS. CHÂTEAU SAUTERNE.

Soup.

BISQUE À LA ROYAL.

Fish.

BOILED ROCK. LOBSTER SAUCE.

BERMUDA POTATOES. CUCUMBERS.

WINE: LIEBFRAUMILCH.

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Relevés.

SADDLE OF SOUTHDOWN MUTTON. CURRANT JELLY.
STRING BEANS. POTATO CROQUETTES
WINE: PONTET CANET.

Entrées.

SWEETBREAD À LA REINE. FRESH MUSHROOMS. TERRAPIN.
ROMAN PUNCH.

Roti.

QUAILS. CELERY MAYONNAISE.
WINE: MORIZET SEC, POMMERY SEC.

Cheese.

ROQUEFORT BRIE. CREAM. HOTHOUSE TOMATOES.

Entremets.

FROZEN FRUIT. WAFERS.

Dessert.

ASSORTED FRUIT. ROAST ALMONDS.
COFFEE. COGNAC. CIGARS.

The hall was tastefully decorated with the American Stars and Stripes intermingled with Union Jacks, and floral decorations of palms and numerous baskets of cut flowers. The flags of the two nations, three of each, were also printed in colours on the obverse of the menu card.

It took us two and a half hours to get through this banquet, and then the chairman proposed the health of the Queen, which was drunk to the accom-

paniment of the English National Anthem. This was followed by the toast of the President, and the singing of the "Star-spangled Banner."

Then came Mr. Chamberlain's turn, in response to a few words of welcome by the chairman. Mr. Chamberlain said that, although he had been given to understand there would be no speeches, he was glad of the opportunity to acknowledge the courtesies extended to him by the Society, as well as American hospitality generally. It was no new thing to Englishmen, and if the Society imagined that the visitors were fit objects for the charity they so freely dispensed, it grievously erred. His party had come, he continued, on an important diplomatic mission, and perhaps his hosts thought it was their part to "take them in." He hoped that his errand would be conducive to the object they all had at heart—that of uniting, still more effectually, the friendship between England and America. He concluded by saying: "I see opposite to me—symbolical of the work of your Society—the two old flags. May they long wave together and tighten the bond between our countries."

Among the speakers that followed were Mr. Fitler, then Mayor of Philadelphia; Lewis Abrahams, President of the Washington branch of the Society;

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William Waterall, an ex-President; Joel Cook; and even Bergne and I were compelled to say a few kind words, which cost nothing beyond some slight embarrassment to our two selves. Mr. Waterall, in the course of his remarks, said: "We feel that, in doing honour to our distinguished visitor, we are honouring the Queen and the country he represents. Although we are American citizens, we have never lost the love for the land of our birth. But we never interfere in American politics." He advocated the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, a doctrine that appealed to the common attribute of man—justice!

The *Philadelphia Press* of the next day in its report of this banquet indulged in some facetious personal remarks, of which I quote a sample:

"In his evening dress and without his fur coat Mr. Chamberlain looked less like a Comedian, and more like the Statesman. His face while the speeches were in progress was an object-lesson for aspiring diplomats, and his tact at the trying portions of the banquet was as happy as his speech. After the Queen's health was drunk standing, and that of the President was proposed, Mr. Chamberlain was the only gentleman at the head of the table who rose in deference to it, notwithstanding John L. Lawson's command to 'sit down.' When some of

the Anglo-American speakers dropped their 'h's,' Mr. Chamberlain's countenance was sphinx-like in its lack of expression. When John Lawson compared Cromwell to Christ, he stared vacantly at the chandelier, and it was only when Select Councilman Freeman launched forth into a bloodthirsty defence of war, that his lips showed visible signs of his inward amusement."

As regards poor Bergne and myself, the following is the impression we left on the mind of the representative of the aforesaid organ :

" Messrs. J. H. G. Bergne and W. R. D. Maycock, Mr. Chamberlain's assistants, were the next speakers. Without their greatcoats they differ greatly in personal appearance. Mr. Bergne is an old-looking young man with a reserved air. He sat through the speeches with one leg crossed over the other, gazing at the toe of his patent leather shoe. Mr. Maycock, on the contrary, is large and oval, with more the air of a club man than a diplomat."

This function over, we walked across to the Horticultural Hall, close by, where we found an assemblage of some two thousand members of the Order of the Sons of St. George. The Grand Secretary, Mr. Williams, introduced Mr. Chamber-

lain, who met with an enthusiastic reception. Mr. Chamberlain made a long speech to them. After referring to the origin, history, and objects of the Order, he expressed his hearty sympathy with it, and his fervent hopes for its future prosperity. He assumed that the majority of the company present were British Americans, and he wanted them to consider what that appellation implied. They were Americans first of all, and he congratulated them upon their choice, for in that Greater Britain beyond the seas they would find all the characteristics of the Great Britain they had left behind at home. While sharing in the duties and responsibilities and privileges of their new life, and in the future hopes of America, they had not surrendered their great inheritance of the past of England—the thousand years of glorious tradition. Their Order had shown that allegiance to the new land was not incompatible with affectionate regard for the old home.

He believed that the cordial friendship of these two great nations was the best guarantee for the peace of the civilised world, and it was to promote that object that he came there, accepting at twenty-four hours' notice the difficult Mission with which he had been entrusted by the Queen. That Mission,

he went on to say, had accomplished its purpose, and the result is now submitted for the sober judgment of the American people. It was not a mere Fishery Treaty, but one of amity and good neighbourship—the act of two English-speaking peoples. Canada had held out the hand of friendship to her brothers in America, and he believed every true American would be in favour of grasping the hand so held out. The differences which had arisen should not be regarded as a dispute between hostile parties : it was no more than a difference between friends, mutually desirous of removing any cause of irritation. Therefore to speak of concessions having been made as being ignominious was an abuse of language. There had been no surrender of anything which it was honourable to maintain. He had been four months in America, and he was overwhelmed with gratitude for the cordial hospitalities extended to him. He had, it was true, been pained by some of the expressions used in public, and in the press, in reference to his country and his countrymen. They were treated as if they were foreigners and a rival nation. “ I decline,” he said with emphasis, “ to be considered a foreigner in the United States.” He thought sometimes some American Columbus would have to undertake the “ dis-

covery" of England—not the England which was so frequently depicted, as the cruellest and foulest of tyrants, but the England of to-day, the true mother of free nations greater than herself.

This speech was heartily applauded, everybody singing "He's a jolly good fellow." Then processions were formed, and we three, individually and collectively, shook hands with over two thousand of those worthy people, more than one of whom Mr. Chamberlain, with his marvellous memory for faces, recalled having met in their boyhood at Birmingham schools. It had been a strenuous day altogether, and we retired to rest thoroughly exhausted and worn out.

The next morning we drove in two carriages, accompanied by Clipperton, Mr. Lees, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Lucas, to the office of the late Mr. George W. Childs, the opulent proprietor of the *Public Ledger*, one of the largest and most influential newspapers of Philadelphia. Mr. Childs received us himself, and showed us an interesting collection of pictures and other curios in his private office, which was quite a museum in its way. Mr. Childs, a gentleman rather short in stature, but a very agreeable personality, was a very remarkable and enterprising man. When Dean Stanley visited

the States in 1878, he was the guest of Mr. Childs at Philadelphia. The Dean incidentally mentioned in a post-prandial conversation that Westminster Abbey was conspicuous by the absence of any suitable memorial to some of the earlier English poets. Mr. Childs at once took the hint, and erected the memorial window to Cowper and Herbert, which is now in the Abbey. He further contemplated placing a window in memory of Shakespeare in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. This scheme, for some reason or another, never came to maturity, but he found the money for the erection of the "American fountain" at Stratford, with which those who have visited that interesting town are doubtless familiar. Sir Henry Irving presided at the opening of it on October 17, 1887, on which occasion Mr. Phelps, the American Minister, delivered a speech. Mr. Childs, however, never saw it himself. It is a pretty piece of architecture, adorned with a clock, and provides water both for man and beast. But it would have been better had it been fifteen or twenty feet higher, as the door under the arch is so small that even a little boy cannot enter it without stooping.

From the *Ledger* Office we went to A. J. Drexel's banking house, and thence to Mayor Fittler's office

in Chestnut Street, where the operation of the new City Charter, and the general methods of administration, were explained to us. We next visited Independence Hall, where the Declaration of Independence was adopted in 1776, and where we saw an interesting old bell. This bell, originally cast in England and sent to Philadelphia, has running round its top the prophetic inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It rang out in joyous peals the news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and is regarded as one of the most precious relics in America. Some fifty years before we saw it, it had got cracked, and is no longer rung on anniversaries as formerly. It hangs from the roof of the corridor in the hall, where it cannot be touched—a wise precaution, relic-hunters having chipped no end of chunks off its rim. It was in this hall that George Washington delivered his farewell address in closing his term of service as first President, so it is altogether a very interesting edifice. We finished up by a drive round Fairmount Park.

We dined that night with Mr. Childs, who occupied a fine mansion adjoining the offices of his paper, where we had an excellent dinner, followed by

speeches. We all had to say something. I remember making some fairly felicitous remark about Mr. Childs' name being as well known and as much respected in England as it was in Philadelphia, and the pride I felt at being his guest that evening. The Chief complimented me warmly on these spontaneous utterances when he got back to the hotel, saying that if I followed him much longer, I should make quite a distinguished speaker. Needless to say, this compliment from so eminent an orator pleased me enormously. I said I only hoped he would give me the opportunities. There were quite a lot of prominent men at this dinner, whose names are inscribed on my menu. Wayne MacVeagh, who enjoyed a great reputation as an after-dinner speaker, which he did not belie on this occasion; Captain Clipperton, our Consul; J. G. Rosengarten; Dr. William Pepper; Daniel Dougherty; John Russell Young; Lindley Smith; Judge Paxson; A. J. Drexel; Mayor Fidler; William V. Mackean; George B. Roberts (President) and Frank Thomson (Vice-President) of the Pennsylvania Railway; Colonel Loudon Snowden; Joel Cook; Charles Emory Smith; General Horace Porter; Colonel A. K. McClure; Charles Francis Adams, President of the Union Pacific Railroad;

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and last but by no means least, the eminent inventor, Thomas Alva Edison.

This brought our festivities at Philadelphia to a close. It was a busy and interesting city, of which we would gladly have seen more. There were about a thousand miles of paved streets, and two hundred thousand dwelling houses in it at that time. Doubtless there are many more now. Going from Washington to Philadelphia is rather like going from Leamington to Birmingham, so great is the contrast. Anyhow we saw as much of it as was possible during our brief stay in the "Quaker City."

CHAPTER XI

BACK AGAIN AT NEW YORK AND HOME

WE left Philadelphia at 9.40 on the morning of March 2, in a special car kindly placed at Mr. Chamberlain's disposal by Mr. Roberts, President of the Pennsylvania Road. Mr. Edison accompanied us, having business in New York, and as we sat next to one another, I had a long and agreeable conversation with him. He is a quiet and very reserved man, and struck me as much occupied with his own thoughts, probably evolving the technique of some new invention destined to startle creation. He has no great love for England, I gathered, and seldom visits this country. At that time he resided in Philadelphia, but has since taken up his abode in New Jersey. Anyhow, I was proud to have made the acquaintance of so remarkable and eminent a personage. On reaching New York we went to our old quarters at the Brevoort House, and lunched there. In the afternoon we called on the Bookers, and I went to see Mr. Miller, a brother-in-law of George Dyott, an old schoolfellow of mine. Miller was a great racquet player, and I had

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seen something of him and partaken of his hospitality when we first landed.

All the New York papers of this day gave long telegraphic summaries of the despatches we had sent home, containing the result of our labours, which Lord Salisbury had promptly laid before Parliament, and to which I shall allude in a subsequent chapter.

In the evening, at the invitation of Mr. Erastus Wiman, who organised the banquet, we were sumptuously entertained by the Canadian Club at the Brunswick Hotel, a full report of which appeared in the *Herald* of the following day. As this was the first and only occasion on which Mr. Chamberlain spoke in any detail publicly about the business of the Mission on American soil, I feel warranted in reproducing the report *in extenso*, as it certainly has an historical value :

HONOURING MR. CHAMBERLAIN

ENTERTAINED BY THE CANADIAN CLUB AT DINNER

The Fisheries Treaty discussed by the English Commissioner—Speeches by G. E. Foster, Canadian Minister of Marine, Erastus Wiman, Mayor Hewitt, and others—Secretary Bayard and Sir Charles Tupper send Regrets

At the dinner tendered him and his associates by the Canadian Club last night, Joseph Chamberlain

threw aside the reserve with which a diplomatist is usually supposed to mask his opinions, and took his hearers entirely into his confidence concerning the Fisheries Treaty, in the negotiation of which he has played so important a part. His speech came as a surprise, and created a profound impression. It was a bold and ingenious defence of the Treaty against the attacks upon it which have been current both here and in Canada. Mr. Chamberlain spoke with great force and earnestness, and concluded with an eloquent appeal for judgment on the Treaty upon a higher plane than what he called mere partisan politics.

Erastus Wiman, President of the club, presided with his usual felicity. At his right were Mr. Chamberlain, Mayor Hewitt, and W. Lane Booker, C.M.G., the British Consul-General; on his left were George E. Foster, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and J. H. G. Bergne, C.M.G., of the British Foreign Office. There were also at the President's table Professor J. G. Schurman, the Rev. Robert Collyer, H. W. O. Edye, W. Robert Hoare, the British Consul; Henry Lang, the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, the Rev. Dr. S. Rainsford, General Horace Porter, ex-Governor D. H. Chamberlain, E. F. Beddall, Sir Alexander Galt, George G. Williams, C. N. Jordan, C. J. Canda, Nathaniel Niles, Theodore N. Vail, James R. Cuming, J. E. Larned, Willoughby Maycock, Jonathan A. Lane, President of the Boston Merchants' Association; Jacob Wendell, and W. R. Driver. Among the others present were Dudley Phelps, J. W. Lovell,

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Dr. T. Hallen, G. M. Fairchild, Colonel Finlay Anderson, George Wilson, secretary of the New York Chamber of Commerce; Edgar A. Willis, Secretary of the Toronto Board of Trade; and Dr. C. R. Agnew.

Mr. Chamberlain, who may some day, if he cares for the honour, be Sir Joseph, looked supremely happy. In lieu of the accustomed orchid, there was a red rose in his buttonhole, and his face was wreathed in smiles. Nearly behind him was a full-length portrait of her Majesty the Queen, and perhaps out of regard for her august presence and that of the guest of the evening, although the bunting was numerous, the flag of Ireland was conspicuous by its absence. The Union Jack of England and the Stars and Stripes of America were frequently entwined in loving embrace. In other respects the decorations were profuse and pretty, thanks to Sir Roderick Cameron, who though absent, sent a substantial reminder of his interest in the occasion, in the shape of a handsome cheque. The mandolin orchestra and the Schumann Glee Club agreeably supplied gaps between the speeches. The toasts were elucidated with apt quotations from Shakespeare. But perhaps in view of the recent expressions of opinion concerning the Treaty, the following, which headed the menu, might furnish some ground for a bill of exceptions:

“ WE ARE CONTENTED UPON A PLEASING TREATY ”

MR. WIMAN'S FELICITOUS GREETING

The President in his introductory speech commented on the significance and interest of the occasion, and proceeded to refer to the Fisheries question in a tone marked by moderation and by a desire to urge the promotion of good feeling on both sides. He spoke in terms of praise of the work of the Commissioners, and urged the advantage of a policy that might be called one of "bear and forbear" between two such nations as the British and the American. Said he :

A settlement was most ardently desired : a good and honest and well-equipped body of men have earnestly and laboriously sought the grounds for that settlement. By mutual concession, and by mutually yielding important points, this ground has been discovered, and the result is in the main about as much as could be achieved under all circumstances. At any rate, it is significant testimony on behalf of the Treaty that the extremists on both sides are disappointed, and bitterly assail each other for the advantages gained. (Applause.) On the middle ground between these two extremes seems the only tenable position of safety, and on that ground the Commission and the Treaty stand. Certainly the great mass of the public are eager for a settlement, and if the Treaty is not confirmed, it will not be because there is not an overwhelming majority on both sides of the line who would like to see it made effective, and the whole question dead and buried and for ever out of sight. (Applause.)

CHEERS FOR THE GUEST OF THE EVENING

After Mr. Wiman's speech followed the toast of "The President of the United States," which was responded to by three hearty cheers and the "Star-spangled Banner," sung by the Glee Club. Then the health of the Queen was drunk. The cheers were heartier even than those that greeted the health of the President, and when "God save the Queen" was sung, it turned out that nearly everybody was acquainted with the song. Then came Mr. Chamberlain's speech. It might perhaps be regarded as significant that the quotation which followed his toast was from *Love's Labour's Lost*. He was received with uproarious applause, and was frequently cheered.

Mr. President and Gentlemen : On behalf of my English colleagues and of myself, I thank you sincerely for the cordiality of your reception. It is a great pleasure to me, at the termination of my Mission to America, to be permitted to enjoy the hospitality of the Canadian Club, which was tendered me almost upon my arrival. In the interval which has elapsed, I have seen and heard and learnt a great deal which has been of the deepest interest to me ; and which cannot fail, I think, to be profitable to me in the future.

I am glad to say that the greater knowledge I have acquired of this country has only confirmed and strengthened the favourable and kindly feeling

with which I have always regarded the affairs and the people of America. (Applause.) It would have been very strange had it been otherwise, for during my stay here I have received from everybody with whom I have been brought into contact, personal kindness and encouraging hospitality and generous consideration, which have left behind a sentiment of overwhelming gratitude and good will. (Applause.)

Mr. President, in your opening remarks you have alluded to the Mission which brought me to this country. You are aware of the object which I had in view, and, as you have said, this gathering is specially interested in it. I don't suppose that either in Canada or in the United States of America there is any person so bitter or so absurd as to dispute the importance of good relations between Great Britain and the United States of America, and especially between the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada. (Cries of Hear, hear, and applause.)

For thousands of miles an invisible frontier line separates the domains of the greatest of England's colonies from the vast territories of the United States, and in spite of everything that political science or political ignorance (laughter) can do to erect barriers between nations, this social and commercial intercourse between the two countries is great and is continually extending. The railway systems are so interlocked that any disturbance of existing relations would constitute something approaching disaster, and might imperil hundreds of

millions of capital that is now invested in those great enterprises. And yet, gentlemen, some time ago, and possibly even now, there are men who would contemplate without anxiety such a disturbance as that which I have suggested, and who look forward with a light heart to a commercial war, the result of which no man can foresee. And this is by no means the worst thing that might happen if a satisfactory and friendly agreement is now admitted to be impossible.

RIGHTS UNDER THE EXISTING TREATIES

You referred, Mr. President, to the occurrences of a year or two ago in 1887, and still later in 1886. The Canadian Government, with the full support of the Government of Great Britain, acting as it believed in the exercise of its undoubted treaty rights, found itself constrained to interfere with numbers of American fishing vessels pursuing their operations in Canadian waters. This interference, whether it was justified by law or not, naturally and inevitably provoked great indignation and ill-feeling in this country, and it is not too much to say, that for some time peaceful relations between the two greatest, freest nations in the world—or if not the peaceful relations, at all events the friendly intercourse between them—was at the mercy of the officials of either of them, acting at great distances from the central authorities, and who might be hot-headed, or indiscreet, or unreasonable in the exercise of extremely delicate functions.

Well, I remember when I first came to New York

I was told by a very distinguished American politician that I should find one of the great difficulties in the way consisted in this : that the fishery question was, as you have said, sir, so paltry a matter—that is in comparison with the great American interests with which this country has to deal ; that it was a question which politicians would think it safe to play with. Believe me, gentlemen, there can be no greater mistake than that. (Loud applause.) The question which arouses national sentiment is not a question to be trifled with. The worst wars which have disgraced humanity have proceeded from trifling causes. Nations are very often more apt to resent petty affronts and injuries than they are a serious invasion of national rights.

And, gentlemen, this was the state of things with which the plenipotentiaries of the two countries had to deal, when three months ago they met for the first time at Washington, and this is the state of things to which there are people in both countries who apparently desire to return. If we had treated our responsibility as lightly as some of those who criticise the result of our labours, we should have long ago relinquished our task in despair.

CONTENDING VIEWS AND CONFLICTING INTERESTS

You will readily believe that it was not an easy task for us to reconcile contending views and conflicting interests. Both sides believed that they were absolutely and entirely right. Both sides in

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controversies always do. (Laughter.) Neither side, probably, fully appreciated the strength of the arguments that might be brought forward by the other. It was only the anxious desire of all of us to cement and confirm the friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States that encouraged us to pursue our labours.

The result of those labours is now before you. It is submitted not to the impassioned prejudices of partisans, but to the calm and sober judgment and the common-sense and reason, and above all to the friendly feelings of the peoples of both countries. (Loud applause.) I have seen this Treaty denounced as a surrender. It is rather an interesting fact that on the same day I received a copy of an important newspaper published in Canada which denounced our Agreement as an abject betrayal of all the rights of Canada, and at the same time I read an article in an influential organ published in New York, which declared that the humiliation of the United States was now complete (laughter), that there had been a cowardly betrayal—a cowardly abandonment—of all the claims and contentions of this country.

It may appear to you at first sight that these views are conflicting and inconsistent. (Laughter.) But, gentlemen, that would be a hasty judgment. (Laughter.) They are absolutely consistent in this, that they are the views of the organs of the oppositions to the respective Governments which are answerable for the Treaty. (Loud laughter and much cheering.)

NO SURRENDER ON EITHER SIDE

Now I will venture, with some knowledge of the subject, to say to you that there has been no surrender at all on either side of anything which national honour and national interests demanded that we should maintain (cheers), and I will say that in this Treaty both sides have substantially gained what they contended for, and that the only concessions that have been made are the concessions which honourable men would gladly tender if they are endeavouring to settle a difference between friends, and are not endeavouring to gain an unfair advantage over opponents. (Cheers.)

Now, if you will bear with me, I should like to take this opportunity of saying a few words as to the principal provisions of this alleged capitulation (cheers), and at the outset I want to call your attention to this very important fact. I have alluded to the irritation which was caused by the proceedings of the Canadian Government in 1886 and 1887. We have gone to the roots of that irritation. We have removed its causes; and I can tell you that if this Treaty had been in operation in the beginning of 1886, of all these cases of interference with American fishing vessels, there would not have been six—I do not believe there would have been two. (Cheers.) Now that is at least an important fact to bear in mind when you are told, as you have been told, that we have settled nothing, and that Canada has conceded nothing in order to secure friendly relations with the United States of America. (Cheers.)

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CONCESSIONS MADE BY CANADA

On the contrary, I say that in this matter Canada has conceded everything that the claims of humanity, the claims of international courtesy, or the comity of nations can possibly demand, and at the same time Canada has maintained, as she was bound to maintain, the vital and essential interests of her citizens. (Cheers.) I do not believe that there is any international jurist of the slightest reputation who would deny that Canada had the legal right to refuse the great majority of the concessions that have been made in this Treaty.

At the present moment the relations between the two countries with regard to fishery operations are regulated by the Convention of 1818. That we have gone back to a Treaty that was made seventy years ago is not the fault of Canada. It is not the fault of Britain. It is the act of the United States of America, the Government of which country denounced successively the substitutes for the Convention of 1818, which have been arranged in the shape of the Treaty of 1854, and the second Treaty of 1871. By the action of the United States of America, the condition of affairs was relegated back to the Treaty of 1818.

The Treaty of 1818 declares in express terms that the fishing vessels of the United States shall have access to the harbours of Canada for four purposes, viz., for wood, for water, for shelter or for repairs, and for no other purpose whatever. It is impossible that language could be plainer, and yet

at the present moment you will find the opponents of the present Treaty declare altogether for the Treaty for which it is a substitute. They try to construe the words of the Convention of 1818, "for no other purpose whatever," as if they were for every other purpose whatever. (Laughter and cheers.)

GOOD POLICY ON THE PART OF CANADA

But, gentlemen, although, as I have said, the legal rights of Canada in this matter were unassailable, I have never concealed my opinion, and I state it here to-night, that it was only good policy on the part of Canada, it was only what good neighbourhood demanded of Canada, that she should not interpret those legal rights in their strictest way; but that she should concede to a friendly nation all the conveniences and privileges that she could possibly afford without serious injury to her own subjects. (Cheers.) Canada declines and always has declined to allow her ports and harbours, which Providence has placed in close proximity to the great fisheries of the Banks, Canada declines to allow these ports and harbours to be made the base of operations for competitors, who rigidly exclude her from their markets. (Cheers.)

These facilities are offered freely in return for an equivalent. As long as the equivalent is denied, Canada feels justified in declining to accord those facilities, which are essential to the conduct of the fishery operations: everything, as I have said, which

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the comity of nations or the courtesy of nations or the convenience of the fishermen can require has been and will be freely accorded by the Canadian Government under the Treaty which we have just made. (Cheers.)

ANOTHER MATTER SETTLED

Well, we have settled another matter, which has been one of constant controversy since this Convention of 1818. We have delimited the exclusive fishery waters of Canada. You are aware that it has been the contention of the Dominion, supported by high legal authority, that under that Treaty the fishermen of the United States were debarred from approaching within three miles of any of the bays or harbours of Canada. On the other hand, the United States have contended that they were entitled to fish anywhere three miles from shore, whether in bays or outside of them.

We have settled that difficulty with what may be called a compromise; but at any rate, by an arrangement which is in accordance with the latest international laws, in agreement with the principles of the North Sea Convention, the latest instrument of the kind in European diplomacy, and we have settled it in a way which I believe will be satisfactory to every reasonable and fair-minded man. I have seen it objected that we have not included land-locked bays, that the Bay de Chaleur and the Bay de Miramichi have been excluded. Of course they are excluded, because these bays

come under the exclusive territorial jurisdiction of Canada.

I should like to ask an American who may be present here to-night to apply the three-mile limit or the ten-mile limit to the shores of the United States of America, without taking care to exclude such bays as Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay, or other similar estuaries of the coasts of the United States (cheers), and I only ask of Americans that they should seek to be content to do to Canada as they would that Canada or some greater power would do to them. (Cheers.)

I will not dwell, although I attach great importance to them, I will not dwell upon those provisions in the Treaty, which provide for a prompt and economical jurisdiction in the case of fishery offences, which limit the penalties to be inflicted, and which specify the special cases to which forfeiture may still be exacted ; but you will see that they are declared by the same spirit which has governed the provisions of the rest of the Treaty. They are all consistent with a spirit and with an intention of amity and good fellowship, and they have been inserted in order to remove as far as possible for the future causes of irritation and of hardship. (Cheers.)

THINGS DENIED TO FISHERMEN

Under the Treaty as it stands there are only three things denied to the fishermen of the United States in Canadian waters. In the first place, they

are not allowed to fish in the territorial waters of Canada; and they have told us again and again by the mouths of their leading representatives that this privilege has no longer any value for them; that they repudiate any desire to acquire it; that they believe it is worth nothing, and that certainly they are unwilling to pay anything for it. We took them at their word. (Laughter and cheers.) They will not have the privilege, and they will not be required to pay for it. (Cheers and laughter.) The other two privileges from which they are utterly excluded are the privilege of obtaining supplies essentially intended for the prosecution of the fishery industry; the shipping of crews and the transshipment of their catch.

Now, gentlemen, is it fair that these privileges, which are part of the geographical advantages of Canada, should be conferred upon American fishermen without any equivalent of any kind? Is it reasonable that two great countries should be kept in hot water because these gentlemen decline to pay anything for privileges from which they are expressly excluded under a solemn Treaty which they have obtained on previous occasions by very large concessions on their part; which at the present time they declare to be worth nothing to themselves or to anybody else? But even these things they can have at any moment. They can have them, in the first place, at any time when the Legislature of the United States may see fit to give to the consumers of the United States a cheaper and a more abundant supply of fish (laughter and

applause), and even if the Legislature of the United States in its wisdom should deem that to be undesirable, the fishermen can still have these privileges for a limited period of two years under what is known as the *modus vivendi*, on payment of a moderate licence fee. I have seen it stated by people who apparently are unacquainted with the circumstances of the fishers, that this proposal would involve the payment of \$300 or \$400 by each fisherman, and would be absolutely ruinous to them. Well, the average size of American fishing boats engaged in this trade is less than 100 tons, therefore the annual fee would be less than £30, or about \$150.

NOT A MONSTROUS PROPOSAL

But when it is said that this is a monstrous proposal, that this alone ought to ensure the rejection of the Treaty—with which it is in no way connected—I would venture to point out to you that it is a proposal freely and voluntarily offered by Canada as a great and additional concession, as a proof of friendship and goodwill, which Canada will only be too happy to withdraw if it is not accepted in the same spirit. (Cheers.) There is nothing in this proposal which is compulsory. If the fishermen think that the advantages offered are not worth the price which is demanded, and which we think to be altogether insignificant, if they think so, they are not bound to avail themselves of it; and as far as they are concerned the proposal may be a dead letter. (Cheers.)

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I can quite understand that many people in Canada may think that the plenipotentiaries have gone too far—that they have gone out of their way in making this offer ; but our feeling was that there were difficulties attending the immediate ratification of this international document, both in this country and in Canada, and that in the meantime fishing operations were about to begin, and we were bound to do all in our power to tide over the interval and avoid the irritation which would otherwise be caused by the persistent refusal of these privileges. But, as I have said, if the offer is misunderstood or undervalued by those for whose benefit it was intended, nothing will be easier than to secure its absolute and its unconditional withdrawal. (Applause.)

ANXIOUS TO BE UNDERSTOOD

Now, gentlemen, I hope I have not wearied you (cries of "No, no") by dealing in some detail with the separate provisions of this Treaty ; but I have been anxious before I left your shores to do anything which lay in my power to remove some of the misapprehensions which seem to me to prevail in respect of it. We, the plenipotentiaries on both sides, animated by an intense feeling of anxiety as to future possibilities, if an agreement were not arrived at, animated also by a strong desire to draw closer the ties between the two great nations of Britain and America, have prepared and submitted this agreement. The responsibility now rests upon

other shoulders. It rests in the first place, no doubt, upon the people of the United States, a country where public opinion is all-powerful. It rests upon the Senate of the United States, upon that great legislative and executive body, which in the past history of the country has played so distinguished a rôle. And for my part I cannot bring myself to doubt that they will rise to the height of this great occasion; that they will not suffer party lines or party interest to influence them in a matter of international interest; that they will do all in their power to aid our efforts in promoting a concord upon which the peace and the civilisation of the world may depend. (Loud applause.)

I trust that they will remember the words of General Grant, written by him when he was almost on his deathbed, and which may be considered, therefore, as his last legacy to the American people. In the closing chapter of his *Memoirs*, he says: "England and the United States of America are natural allies (applause), and ought always to be the best of friends." (Loud applause.)

That great warrior, who had fought more battles and won more victories than any man in history, did not look upon war with the complacency with which it is regarded by irresponsible politicians and editors of newspapers, and he thought he saw the best guarantee of peace in the friendship which he regarded it as his duty to promote. That friendship, believe me, is important to the interests of both our nations. It is dictated by our common origin;

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by the ties of blood and all history ; by our traditions and by all that connects us.

BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER

What says the American poet ?

“ Thicker than water in one rill
Through centuries of story,
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
Its shadow and its glory ! ”

Gentlemen, I believe that there is no higher ambition for a statesman in either country than to have contributed in the slightest degree to draw closer and tighter the bonds of amity that should always unite all the branches of the English-speaking people. (Tremendous cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, followed by a call of “ Three cheers for Chamberlain,” which was responded to with renewed and unabated enthusiasm.)

AN OFFICIAL'S UNOFFICIAL REMARKS ON FISHERIES

“ Our Canadian Guests ” was the next toast on the list, and coupled with it was the name of George E. Foster, the Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, whom the Chairman introduced with such kindly reference as to draw forth round after round of applause. After disclaiming that he spoke as official representative of the Canadian Government, and expressing regret at the absence of Sir Charles Tupper and the Minister of Justice, and

also paying a tribute to the love which Canadians who dwell in this country continue to cherish for their native land, he said in part :

Is it because eighty or one hundred years ago there was a little difference between your ancestors and our ancestors in which you succeeded—happily for the general civilisation and progress of the world—that any of the ill-feeling evolved during that struggle should still continue? As the bitterness engendered by your own great war of twenty-five years ago has died out, why should not the bitterness engendered by a struggle which took place three-quarters of a century earlier die out likewise? (Applause.) From 1840 until to-day there has never been a year during which the Canadian Government has not shown a disposition to meet the people of the United States more than half way, so far as commercial relations or fishery relations were concerned. (Applause.) We have always been anxious for reciprocal trade with the United States. (Applause.)

SECRETARY BAYARD'S LETTER

After Mr. Foster had concluded, the following letter from Secretary Bayard was then read by Mr. Wiman :

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D.C.,
March 1, 1888.

ERASTUS WIMAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—I did not receive until Monday last the card of invitation to the banquet to be given

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to Mr. Chamberlain and his associates in the negotiation of the Fishery Treaty by the Canadian Club, in New York, to-morrow night. With it came your most kind and courteous personal letter, and I am truly sorry that my duties here compel me to be absent on so enjoyable an occasion.

The work in which your most distinguished guests have been here engaged is surely one of high honour and usefulness, well deserving grateful recognition at the hands of all who have at their heart the happiness and welfare of Canada and the United States. I hope the Treaty now pending for ratification may be thoroughly comprehended on both sides of the border and be tried upon its honest merits. As its arrangements come to be understood, the more it will be approved by all fair-minded and reasonable men as an honourable, practical, and just settlement of a controversy that for generations has baffled adjustment and threatened the friendly status of two neighbouring States, who have no just cause to be other than steady friends. The Treaty has been framed in a spirit of just and mutual conciliation and advantage, and I earnestly hope that the blindness of partisanship or the influence of local selfishness or ignorance may not be suffered to deprive the two countries of its great benefits. Its defeat would be a great public calamity, which I hope patriotism may avert.

Will you make expression of my regret in not being able to join you in paying respect to your distinguished guests, and believe me most truly yours,

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

KIND WORDS FOR OLD ENGLAND

The next toast on the list was "England and America," but as W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky, who had been designated to speak to it, was absent, the toast was passed over, and Professor J. G. Schurman of Cornell University replied to "The United States and Canada." The Professor is a native of Canada, and ridiculed the idea of annexation.

The Rev. Robert Collyer next spoke to the toast of "The Mother Land," and said that although the Republic of America was deep in his heart, he must confess that his love for Old England was deeper still. He never knew how much he loved her until somebody said tart and unfair things of her. He wound up as follows: "I always say that I am an American and an Englishman. I don't know that I think, or have thought, so much about Canada. (Laughter.) But to-night I find that I begin to think more of Canada than I ever did."

MAYOR HEWITT APPROVES THE TREATY

"Manhattan Island—the Gateway of the Western World," was the toast assigned to Mayor Hewitt. The Mayor said:

"Canada is a great country, but when you remember that its whole population is less than that of the State of New York, what produces a commotion there hardly makes a ripple in this country. (Laughter.)"

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At the conclusion of this banquet we drove down to the docks, and retired to rest on the Cunarder *Umbria*, commanded by that genial and expert navigator Captain W. McMickan, one of the most popular officers of the fleet in those days, especially with his lady passengers. As we were the only persons on board, it was rather like retiring to a mausoleum, but there was bustle enough the next morning when we faced the Atlantic once more, homeward bound. The saloon was a perfect flower-show of magnificent roses and choice exotics brought or sent by friends of the travellers as parting souvenirs. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin and their family, and Mrs. Winslow and her two pretty daughters, now prominent Christian Scientists.

We had a better passage home than on the outward journey, a strong westerly wind being behind us nearly all the way. So in lieu of "pitch" we had any amount of "roll," perhaps a lesser evil of the two, but nevertheless the reverse of conducive to sleep at night. I spent much of my time with the Bradley Martins, who had a sumptuous suite of cabins to themselves.

On the night of March 4, Mr. Chamberlain and I retired after dinner for a quiet smoke in the

captain's cabin. He then informed me he was going to confide to me an important secret which he knew he could rely on being in safe keeping. I told him he need have no apprehension on that score. He then unlocked his despatch box, and showing me a very large and pretty photograph of Miss Endicott, announced his engagement to that lady, but the marriage was not to take place till after the Presidential election in the autumn. I was, of course, not wholly unprepared for this announcement, but it was the first authentic intelligence I had so far received, and I congratulated him heartily. Beyond his own family and that of his future bride, and possibly the President, I don't think a single soul knew of the engagement till the autumn of that year, and I felt flattered at my Chief taking me into his confidence. Of course, the unauthorised paragraphs that had appeared in the press, to which I have already alluded, led to every one being bombarded with inquiries, to all of which we replied that we knew nothing. Mrs. Henry Edwardes, who always was, and still is, a devoted friend of Mrs. Chamberlain, and very much in her confidence at this period, did not escape. A certain reverend gentleman who was acting as cicerone to a young English nobleman

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travelling in the States and Canada, wrote and asked her if she could confirm or deny the rumour. Mrs. Edwardes, who is the embodiment of diplomacy and discretion, naturally and very properly replied that she knew nothing about it. When months later the engagement was given out and became public property, this same divine thought fit to write her a homily on the enormities of duplicity, and the condign punishments in store hereafter for those who depart from the truth. Of course the disquisition of this psalm-singing humbug was treated with the contempt it deserved.

For the benefit of such of my readers as may not be versed in transatlantic politics, it may be well to explain why it was desirable to keep Mr. Chamberlain's engagement a secret till later in the year of our Lord 1888. Miss Endicott was the daughter of a Cabinet Minister in Mr. Cleveland's administration. Mr. Chamberlain was the strongest opponent in this country to Home Rule, though always in favour of a liberal measure of local self-government for Ireland. The one predominating thought in America among politicians as a presidential election approaches is which way the Irish vote will be cast. On that largely depends the result. So in America, just as in this country, the Irish vote

is a factor to be seriously reckoned with. It will therefore be readily understood that there were good grounds for apprehension that if it became known that the daughter of a Democratic War Minister was the affianced bride of a British statesman avowedly opposed to Home Rule, the Irish vote, on those grounds alone, might go solid for the Republican candidate. So there was every reason to keep the engagement a profound secret, and it was so kept religiously by all who knew it till the following November.

It was during one of our quiet chats in mid-Atlantic that Mr. Chamberlain sounded me as to what form of recognition Bergne and I would like for our services when we got home. He wanted nothing for himself, and was quite ready to approach Lord Salisbury for anything that would be most gratifying to us, and he had every reason for feeling confident that his Lordship would readily acquiesce in any recommendation he thought fit to make. I knew very well that Bergne's ambition was to have a "K." in front of the "C.M.G." he already enjoyed, and told Mr. Chamberlain so. As to myself, I had to choose between a piece of ribbon, such as a C.B., or a pecuniary honorarium. I couldn't reasonably expect both. My finances were not very

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flourishing just then, and my ambition was to take and furnish a house, having enjoyed the discomfort of "furnished apartments" for many years of married life. So I simply said that, all things considered, I would appreciate a grant from the Exchequer more than anything else. That is the sum total of all I had to do with the matter. I was given a gratuity of a very munificent character, far more perhaps than I deserved. Some of my colleagues taunted me with being a "jobber!" and one—a very dear friend too—went so far as to say he would not have taken it had he been in my shoes, which I don't for a moment believe. People don't as a rule refuse money when it is offered to them, least of all impecunious Government officials. Anyway, that is my experience. When "My Lords of the Treasury," not without a groan, finally sanctioned the gratuity Mr. Chamberlain had proposed for me, I wrote and told him, at the same time expressing my cordial thanks. This is what he wrote me in reply:

40 PRINCES GARDENS, S.W.,
June 12, 1888.

MY DEAR MAYCOCK,—I am very glad to hear that my application on your behalf will be complied with, and am happy to have been instrumental in securing a recognition of services which I know

were as willingly rendered as they were valuable.
Believe me, yours very truly,

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Some time after I reached home I happened to be dining with an opulent uncle, a very dear old fellow and a very gallant soldier, now long since called to his rest. I told him that I had had the choice of honours or money for my reward, and had elected the latter.

"Why didn't you take the honours," he said, "and come to me if you wanted money?" I fear my answer was rather brutal, but I am nothing if not outspoken. I merely remarked that as all he had ever given me since my childhood was a cheap match-box, which I still highly prized, I had no particular reason for thinking that an attempt to touch him for a "monkey" would be favourably entertained. After that we passed the beans, and changed the topic of conversation.

We had a grand concert on the night of March 7 on board the *Umbria*, and collected £34 odd for the Liverpool and New York Seamen's Orphanage. Mr. Chamberlain presided, and, being in his happiest vein, made a most excellent chairman. I append a copy of the programme :

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PART I

PIANOFORTE SOLO: "Fantasie"	MISS MALI
SONG: "'Tis I"	MR. DENY A. LOWITZ
SONG: "A Bird in Hand"	MR. J. T. H. BEASLEY
SONG: "The Girl from Sligo"	R. BRIGHTMAN, A.B.
RECITATION: "Burglar Bill"	MR. W. MAYCOCK
PIANOFORTE SOLO: "Simplette"	MISS DUPEE
SONG: "The Palms"	MR. ADOLPH KERN
RECITATION: "Jim Bloodso"	MR. E. P. RATHBONE
SONG: "Bid me Good-bye"	MISS NELLY ROBINSON
SONG AND CHORUS: "Three Sailor Boys"	MR. BEASLEY AND CHORUS

PART II

PIANOFORTE SOLO: "Largo"	MISS DUPEE
SONG: "In den Augen liegt das Herz"	MR. ADOLPH KERN
SONG: "Dear Heart"	MR. THEO STEWART
SONG (banjo): "A Girl with an Appetite"	MR. W. MAYCOCK
SONG: "Golden Love"	MRS. MACKINNON
SONG: "Auntie"	MR. DENY A. LOWITZ
SONG AND CHORUS: "The Midshipmite"	MR. E. P. RATHBONE AND CHORUS
COMIC SONG: "I'm a dude"	MR. A. HERTZ

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

I scored a big hit with the "jo" in the second part, having no fewer than five genuine encores. Altogether it was a very festive evening. Mr. Chamberlain was a warm devotee of the banjo, and enjoined me to be sure and bring it with me when I came to Highbury. We reached Queenstown safely about midnight on March 9 and found a shoal

of correspondence, and arrived at the Liverpool bar about four the following afternoon. Mr. Williamson came out with a tender and took us ashore. A very enthusiastic crowd gave Mr. Chamberlain a warm welcome on the landing stage. His son, Austen, came to meet him with the Mayor and Mr. Jesse Collings. Bergne and I followed and saw them off at Lime Street in a "special" for Birmingham. We both felt quite grieved at saying "good-bye" to our esteemed Chief, with whom we had had such a pleasant association and worked in absolute harmony for so many months.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT THE MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

THERE is a novel, which achieved some notoriety, entitled *Six Chapters of a Man's Life*. My aim in compiling this work is to give a succinct account of "One Chapter" of a man's life, and by no means an unimportant chapter either; for not only did Mr. Chamberlain meet with a lady of incomparable worth, who subsequently became his devoted wife, but he practically found a peaceful solution of an intricate and complicated problem that at one moment had reached a point which threatened to imperil the friendly relations now happily subsisting between this country and the United States. It is only right, therefore, to explain in some detail precisely what the mission accomplished, otherwise the record would be incomplete. I am not divulging any official secrets in saying that at one moment the negotiations practically came to a deadlock. In his speech at Birmingham on March 20, Mr. Chamberlain himself said: "Although there were times when our task appeared to be almost hopeless,

yc! at last we succeeded." It was after our return from Canada to Washington that the *impasse* referred to was reached. Mr. Chamberlain had come to an understanding with Mr. Bayard before we started from Washington in December, that if the Dominion Government would make certain concessions, the Americans would on their part make certain corresponding concessions, and thus a settlement would be reached. There is no need to specify in detail what those mutual concessions were. Suffice it to say that on the faith of these assurances we went to Canada, and, as a result of more than one protracted interview with Sir John Macdonald, in which Sir Charles Tupper also took part, the Dominion Government eventually, though not without reluctance, agreed to the concessions they were asked to make. Having achieved our object, we returned to Washington in the full belief that the Americans would fulfil their part of the bargain. But to our dismay we found them indisposed to do so. Mr. Bayard said he had only spoken for himself, and had not pledged his colleagues. What had happened during our absence in the Dominion is purely a matter of conjecture. Possibly some Senatorial intervention may have influenced the President and his advisers. Be that

as it may, the attitude of the American plenipotentiaries had undergone a marked change, and the prospect of accomplishing anything looked as black as the countenances of the negroes in the hotel. It was at this crisis, early in January, that Mr. Chamberlain and I took a walk one morning towards the Washington Memorial. He then told me of his intention to make an announcement in the Plenary Conference that afternoon, that further parley being apparently useless, he had resolved to break off the negotiations and return home. I suggested as an alternative that we might utilise Sir Lionel West: "Get him to go and see Mr. Bayard at once, with the gloomiest countenance he can assume. Let him tell Mr. Bayard that your patience is exhausted, and that you have concluded to go home if they cannot see their way to granting the concessions we had every reason to expect would be accorded. That will give them time to think it over anyhow."

Well, Mr. Chamberlain thought this a good idea, and adopted it. West went and saw Bayard, with the result that when the Conference met that afternoon, a change had come o'er the spirit of the dream. A strong disposition was evinced by the other side to be more conciliatory; by the next meeting we had got all we wanted; and thenceforward

all went as merrily as the proverbial marriage bells.

On February 15, the plenipotentiaries signed a Treaty and a Protocol which latter constituted a *modus vivendi*. The Treaty required the approval of the American Senate and the Legislatures of Canada and Newfoundland. The Protocol, being a purely administrative arrangement, required no further formality to bring it into operation, and its practical effect was to remove all of the pre-existing difficulties, which was eminently satisfactory. I append the text of these two instruments.

Treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the Settlement of the Fishery Question on the Atlantic Coast of North America. Signed at Washington, February 15, 1888.

Whereas differences have arisen concerning the interpretation of Article I of the Convention of the 20th October, 1818; Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the United States of America, being mutually desirous of removing all causes of misunderstanding in relation thereto, and of promoting friendly intercourse and good neighbourhood between the United States and the possessions of Her Majesty in North America, have resolved to conclude a

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Treaty to that end, and have named as their Plenipotentiaries, that is to say :

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. ; the Honourable Sir Lionel Sackville Sackville West, K.C.M.G., Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America ; and Sir Charles Tupper, G.C.M.G., C.B., Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada :

And the President of the United States, Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State ; William L. Putnam, of Maine ; and James B. Angell, of Michigan :

Who, having communicated to each other their respective full powers, found in good and due form, have agreed upon the following articles :

ARTICLE I

The High Contracting Parties agree to appoint a Mixed Commission to delimit, in the manner provided in this Treaty, the British waters, bays, creeks and harbours of the coasts of Canada and of Newfoundland, as to which the United States, by Article I of the Convention of the 20th October, 1818, between Great Britain and the United States, renounced for ever any liberty to take, dry, or cure fish.

ARTICLE II

The Commission shall consist of two Commissioners to be named by Her Britannic Majesty, and

of two Commissioners to be named by the President of the United States, without delay, after the exchange of ratifications of this Treaty.

The Commission shall meet and complete the delimitation as soon as possible thereafter.

In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of any Commissioner, or in the event of any Commissioner omitting or ceasing to act as such, the President of the United States or Her Britannic Majesty, respectively, shall forthwith name another person to act as Commissioner instead of the Commissioner originally named.

ARTICLE III

The delimitation referred to in Article I of this Treaty shall be marked upon British Admiralty charts by a series of lines regularly numbered and duly described. The charts so marked shall, on the termination of the work of the Commission, be signed by the Commissioners in quadruplicate, three copies whereof shall be delivered to Her Majesty's Government, and one copy to the Secretary of State of the United States. The delimitation shall be made in the following manner, and shall be accepted by both the High Contracting Parties as applicable for all purposes under Article I of the Convention of the 20th October, 1818, between Great Britain and the United States.

The 3 marine miles mentioned in Article I of the Convention of the 20th October, 1818, shall be measured seaward from low water mark; but at

every bay, creek, or harbour, not otherwise specially provided for in this Treaty, such 3 marine miles shall be measured seaward from a straight line drawn across the bay, creek, or harbour, in the part nearest the entrance at the first point where the width does not exceed 10 marine miles.

ARTICLE IV

At or near the following bays the limits of exclusion under Article I of the Convention of the 20th October, 1818, at points more than 3 marine miles from low water mark, shall be established by the following lines, namely :

At the Baie des Chaleurs the line from the light at Birch Point on Miscou Island to Macquereau Point light ; at the Bay of Miramichi, the line from the light at Point Escuminac to the light on the eastern point of Tabisintac Gully ; at Egmont Bay, in Prince Edward Island, the line from the light at Cape Egmont to the light at West Point ; and off St. Ann's Bay, in the Province of Nova Scotia, the line from Cape Smoke to the light at Point Aconi.

At Fortune Bay, in Newfoundland, the line from Connaigre Head to the light on the south-easterly end of Brunet Island, thence to Fortune Head ; at Sir Charles Hamilton Sound, the line from the south-east point of Cape Fogo to White Island, thence to the north end of Peckford Island, and from the south end of Peckford Island to the east headland of Ragged Harbour.

At or near the following bays the limits of exclusion shall be 3 marine miles seaward from the following lines, namely :

At or near Barrington Bay, in Nova Scotia, the line from the light on Stoddard Island to the light on the south point of Cape Sable, thence to the light at Baccaro Point ; at Chedabucto and St. Peter's Bays, the line from Cranberry Island light to Green Island light, thence to Point Rouge ; at Mira Bay, the line from the light on the east point of Scatari Island to the north-easterly point of Cape Morien ; and at Placentia Bay, in Newfoundland, the line from Latine Point, on the eastern mainland shore, to the most southerly point of Red Island, thence by the most southerly point of Merasheen Island to the mainland.

Long Island and Bryer Island, at St. Mary's Bay, in Nova Scotia, shall, for the purpose of delimitation, be taken as the coasts of such bay.

ARTICLE V

Nothing in this Treaty shall be construed to include within the common waters any such interior portions of any bays, creeks, or harbours as cannot be reached from the sea without passing within the 3 marine miles mentioned in Article I of the Convention of 20th October, 1818.

ARTICLE VI

The Commissioners shall from time to time report to each of the High Contracting Parties such lines

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as they may have agreed upon, numbered, described, and marked as herein provided, with quadruplicate charts thereof; which lines so reported shall forthwith from time to time be simultaneously proclaimed by the High Contracting Parties, and be binding after two months from such proclamation.

ARTICLE VII

Any disagreement of the Commissioners shall forthwith be referred to an umpire selected by Her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Washington and the Secretary of State of the United States; and his decision shall be final.

ARTICLE VIII

Each of the High Contracting Parties shall pay its own Commissioners and officers. All other expenses jointly incurred, in connection with the performance of the work, including compensation to the umpire, shall be paid by the High Contracting Parties in equal moieties.

ARTICLE IX

Nothing in this Treaty shall interrupt or affect the free navigation of the Strait of Canso by fishing vessels of the United States.

ARTICLE X

United States fishing vessels entering the bays or harbours referred to in Article I of this Treaty

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shall conform to harbour regulations common to them and to fishing vessels of Canada or of Newfoundland.

They need not report, enter, or clear, when putting into such bays or harbours for shelter or repairing damages, nor when putting into the same, outside the limits of established ports of entry, for the purpose of purchasing wood or of obtaining water; except that any such vessel remaining more than twenty-four hours, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, within any such port, or communicating with the shore therein, may be required to report, enter, or clear; and no vessel shall be excused hereby from giving due information to boarding officers.

They shall not be liable in such bays or harbours for compulsory pilotage; nor, when therein for the purpose of shelter, of repairing damages, of purchasing wood, or of obtaining water, shall they be liable for harbour dues, tonnage dues, buoy dues, light dues, or other similar dues; but this enumeration shall not permit other charges inconsistent with the enjoyment of the liberties reserved or secured by the Convention of 20th October, 1818.

ARTICLE XI

United States fishing vessels entering the ports, bays, and harbours of the eastern and north-eastern coasts of Canada or of the coasts of Newfoundland under stress of weather or other casualty may unload, reload, tranship, or sell, subject to customs

laws and regulations, all fish on board, when such unloading, transshipment, or sale is made necessary as incidental to repairs, and may replenish outfits, provisions and supplies damaged or lost by disaster ; and in case of death or sickness shall be allowed all needful facilities, including the shipping of crews.

Licences to purchase in established ports of entry of the aforesaid coasts of Canada or of Newfoundland, for the homeward voyage, such provisions and supplies as are ordinarily sold to trading vessels, shall be granted to United States fishing vessels in such ports, promptly upon application and without charge ; and such vessels having obtained licences in the manner aforesaid, shall also be accorded upon all occasions such facilities for the purchase of casual or needful provisions and supplies as are ordinarily granted to trading vessels ; but such provisions or supplies shall not be obtained by barter, nor purchased for resale or traffic.

ARTICLE XII

Fishing vessels of Canada and Newfoundland shall have on the Atlantic coasts of the United States all the privileges reserved and secured by this Treaty to United States fishing vessels in the aforesaid waters of Canada and Newfoundland.

ARTICLE XIII

The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States shall make regulations providing for the con-

spicuous exhibition by every United States fishing vessel of its official number on each bow ; and any such vessel, required by law to have an official number, and failing to comply with such regulations, shall not be entitled to the licences provided for in this Treaty.

Such regulations shall be communicated to Her Majesty's Government previously to their taking effect.

ARTICLE XIV

The penalties for unlawfully fishing in the waters, bays, creeks, and harbours, referred to in Article I of this Treaty, may extend to forfeiture of the boat or vessel and appurtenances, and also of the supplies and cargo aboard when the offence was committed ; and for preparing in such waters to unlawfully fish therein, penalties shall be fixed by the Court not to exceed those for unlawfully fishing ; and for any other violation of the laws of Great Britain, Canada, or Newfoundland relating to the right of fishery in such waters, bays, creeks, or harbours, penalties shall be fixed by the Court, not exceeding in all three dollars for every ton of the boat or vessel concerned. The boat or vessel may be holden for such penalties and forfeitures.

The proceedings shall be summary and as inexpensive as practicable. The trial (except on appeal) shall be at the place of detention, unless the judge shall, on request of the defence, order it to be held at some other place adjudged by him more con-

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venient. Security for costs shall not be required of the defence, except when bail is offered. Reasonable bail shall be accepted. There shall be proper appeals available to the defence only, and the evidence at the trial may be used on appeal.

Judgments of forfeiture shall be reviewed by the Governor-General of Canada in Council, or the Governor in Council of Newfoundland, before the same are executed.

ARTICLE XV

Whenever the United States shall remove the duty from fish oil, whale oil, seal oil, and fish of all kinds (except fish preserved in oil), being the produce of fisheries carried on by the fishermen of Canada and of Newfoundland, including Labrador, as well as from the usual and necessary casks, barrels, kegs, cans, and other usual and necessary coverings containing the products above mentioned, the like products, being the produce of fisheries carried on by the fishermen of the United States, as well as the usual and necessary coverings of the same, as above described, shall be admitted free of duty into the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland.

And upon such removal of duties, and while the aforesaid articles are allowed to be brought into the United States by British subjects, without duty being reimposed thereon, the privilege of entering the ports, bays, and harbours of the aforesaid coasts of Canada and of Newfoundland shall be accorded to United States fishing vessels by annual



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licences, free of charge, for the following purposes, namely :

1. The purchase of provisions, bait, ice, seines, lines, and all other supplies and outfits ;
2. Transhipment of catch, for transport by any means of conveyance ;
3. Shipping of crews.

Supplies shall not be obtained by barter, but bait may be so obtained.

The like privileges shall be continued or given to fishing vessels of Canada and of Newfoundland on the Atlantic coasts of the United States.

ARTICLE XVI

This Treaty shall be ratified by Her Britannic Majesty, having received the assent of the Parliament of Canada and of the Legislature of Newfoundland ; and by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate ; and the ratifications shall be exchanged at Washington as soon as possible.

In faith whereof, we, the respective Plenipotentiaries, have signed this Treaty, and have hereunto affixed our seals.

Done in duplicate, at Washington, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1888.

Protocol, dated February 15, 1888.

The Treaty having been signed, the British Plenipotentiaries desire to state that they have been

considering the position which will be created by the immediate commencement of the fishing season before the Treaty can possibly be ratified by the Senate of the United States, by the Parliament of Canada, and the Legislature of Newfoundland.

In the absence of such ratification the old conditions which have given rise to so much friction and irritation might be revived, and might interfere with the unprejudiced consideration of the Treaty by the legislative bodies concerned.

Under these circumstances, and with the further object of affording evidence of their anxious desire to promote good feeling and to remove all possible subjects of controversy, the British Plenipotentiaries are ready to make the following temporary arrangement for a period not exceeding two years, in order to afford a *modus vivendi* pending the ratification of the Treaty :

1. For a period not exceeding two years from the present date, the privilege of entering the bays and harbours of the Atlantic coasts of Canada and of Newfoundland shall be granted to United States fishing vessels by annual licences at a fee of 1½ dollars per ton—for the following purposes :

The purchase of bait, ice, seines, lines, and all other supplies and outfits.

Transhipment of catch and shipping of crews.

2. If, during the continuance of this arrangement, the United States should remove the duties on fish, fish oil, whale and seal oil (and their coverings, packages, &c.), the said licences shall be issued free of charge.

3. United States fishing vessels entering the bays and harbours of the Atlantic coasts of Canada or of Newfoundland for any of the four purposes mentioned in Article I of the Convention of the 20th October, 1818, and not remaining therein more than twenty-four hours, shall not be required to enter or clear at the custom-house, providing that they do not communicate with the shore.

4. Forfeiture to be exacted only for the offences of fishing or preparing to fish in territorial waters.

5. This arrangement to take effect as soon as the necessary measures can be completed by the Colonial authorities.

(Signed)

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

L. S. SACKVILLE WEST.

CHARLES TUPPER.

WASHINGTON, *February 15, 1888.*

Protocol, dated February 15, 1888.

The American Plenipotentiaries having received the communication of the British Plenipotentiaries of this date conveying their plan for the administration to be observed by the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland in respect of the fisheries during the period which may be requisite for the consideration by the Senate of the Treaty this day signed, and the enactment of the legislation by the respective Governments therein proposed, desire to express their satisfaction with this manifestation of an intention on the part of the British Plenipotentiaries,

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by the means referred to, to maintain the relations of good neighbourhood between the British possessions in North America and the United States ; and they will convey the communication of the British Plenipotentiaries to the President of the United States, with a recommendation that the same may be by him made known to the Senate, for its information, together with the Treaty, when the latter is submitted to that body for ratification.

(Signed)

T. F. BAYARD.

WILLIAM L. PUTNAM.

JAMES B. ANGELL.

WASHINGTON, *February* 15, 1888.

Animadverting on the salient features of these two instruments, Mr. Chamberlain addressed a long despatch to Lord Salisbury, from which the following is an extract :

“ In the course of the discussion, it became evident that there existed a substantial agreement on the main facts of the case, and that while on the one hand the United States were ready to recognise the right of Canada to guard the interests of her fishermen in competition with those of the United States, and to withhold any special advantages conferred by the proximity of her ports and harbours to the common fishery grounds, and not expressly secured to the United States by Treaty, the

Canadian Government, on the other hand, were ready to afford all possible convenience and assistance which the claims of humanity or the courtesy of nations would justify, provided that these concessions were not abused or construed into the surrender of privileges essential, or, at the least, important, to the successful prosecution of the fishing industry.

“The Treaty now submitted gives expression to these views. It provides for the full concession of all commercial facilities to fishing vessels of the United States, whenever and so long as the products of Canadian fisheries are admitted free into the United States.

“In the absence of such an arrangement, the Treaty establishes the future position of the respective parties and defines their rights. It provides for the delimitation of the exclusive fishing waters of the British Colonies, substantially on the basis of the North Sea Fishery Convention. It establishes a prompt and economical procedure for dealing with breaches of the Treaty or of any laws and regulations affecting the fisheries; and while expressly excluding American fishermen from obtaining fishing supplies, it pledges the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland to afford to them every assistance and convenience that can be fairly asked for on grounds of humanity or international courtesy.

“It also enlarges the conditions under which American fishermen have hitherto enjoyed the rights secured to them by the Convention of 1818.

"Your Lordship will observe that the Plenipotentiaries have exchanged Protocols on the subject of a *modus vivendi* for a period of two years, in order to allow ample time for the consideration by the Senate of the United States and by the Legislatures of Canada and Newfoundland of the principal instrument.

"By this arrangement, United States fishermen will enjoy temporarily the advantages and commercial facilities contemplated by the Treaty in consideration of a licence issued at a moderate fee by the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland.

"It may be hoped that in this way all possibility of the recurrence of the irritating incidents which marked the fishery season of 1886, and in a less degree that of 1887, may be obviated. I venture to hope that these arrangements will be approved by Her Majesty's Government, and that they may assist in confirming and extending the friendly and cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain.

"I have great pleasure in saying that the relations between the British Plenipotentiaries have been of the most cordial and harmonious character throughout the whole of this protracted discussion. The desire felt by Sir Lionel West and myself to remove all just cause of irritation has been fully shared by Sir Charles Tupper, whose intimate knowledge of the subject of controversy has materially contributed to the successful issue of the negotiations. I have also to acknowledge the great advantage I have

derived from the tact and large experience of Sir Lionel West.

“Mr. Winter, Attorney-General of Newfoundland, was in Washington during the greater part of the proceedings, and was able to keep the British Plenipotentiaries fully informed of the views of his Government. At the request of the British Plenipotentiaries, Mr. Winter was invited to lay before the Conference the special case of Newfoundland, and presented a Memorandum dealing with the subject, which has already been forwarded to your Lordship.”

Mr. Chamberlain concluded this despatch with a warm eulogium of the services which Bergne and I had rendered, and his appreciation of the great assistance we had been to him.

Early in May 1888, after a protracted debate, the Bill which Sir Charles Tupper as Minister of Finance, in an exhaustive and masterly speech, had introduced, was passed by the Dominion Parliament, thus giving effect to the Treaty so far as Canada was concerned. About the same time the Newfoundland Legislature also accepted it.

We were always apprehensive, however, that the Treaty might be rejected by the American Senate, and, as a matter of fact, it was so rejected on August 21, by a majority of three, twenty-seven Democrats

voting in favour of ratification, and thirty Republicans opposing it. It wasn't a question of the merits of the Treaty, but a strict party vote. The *Times* correspondent at New York telegraphed as follows :

" Probably extreme political partisans never made a greater error, even from the narrowest point of view. The Senators from the mode of their election, and the length of their tenure, never closely reflect popular opinion. Accordingly, although the popular vote long ago removed the Republican majority from the lower house, that party retains power in the Senate. The chief motive of this rejection is to embarrass the Administration, in which it will fail. Whether it succeeds in producing a Commercial War with Canada, or Diplomatic tension with Great Britain, either event will solidify the entire population of the United States against the Republican Leaders."

Now although the privileges accorded by the *modus vivendi* were nominally secured for two years only, local legislation enacted in Canada and Newfoundland, and renewed from year to year, enabled American fishermen, on payment of the licence fee of \$1.50 per register ton, to pursue their calling in the Canadian and Newfoundland bays, and although it became necessary to submit to the Hague tribunal,

for arbitration, certain minor questions of detail respecting the interpretation of the Treaty of 1818, which it is unnecessary to discuss here, the whole question was finally and satisfactorily disposed of by a further Treaty signed at Washington¹ on July 20, 1912, and duly ratified by the President on November 15 of that year. As Sir Charles Tupper, in a letter to the *Times* of January 20, 1914, explained, Sir Allen Aylesworth, the Canadian Minister of Justice who acted as the British Agent at the Hague Arbitration, admitted that the Instruments signed by Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues at Washington in February 1888 formed the basis of the final settlement. Bearing this in mind, and bearing also in mind that no friction of any moment has ever arisen with the United States in regard to the fishing rights of Americans in Canadian waters since the negotiations of 1887-88, the reader can come to but one conclusion as to the eminently satisfactory and far-reaching results achieved by Mr. Chamberlain's mission, and the important chapter which it marks in his official life.

¹ Parliamentary Paper, Treaty Series, No. 22, 1912 (Cd. 6450).

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APPROACH TO HIGHWAY



CHAPTER XIII

AT BIRMINGHAM

BIRMINGHAM, needless to say, lost no time in according their beloved townsman a cordial "welcome home," and in marking its appreciation of the work he had accomplished. Bergne and I were bidden to Highbury for the occasion, and a most enjoyable time we had there. On the afternoon of March 28, at a meeting of the town council, the mayor, Mr. Maurice Pollack, presented Mr. Chamberlain with an illuminated Roll, conferring on him the honorary freedom of the Borough, a privilege which he was the first to enjoy. The same evening a banquet was given in his honour at the Town Hall. The toast of "Our Guest" was proposed by Dr. Dale and responded to by Mr. Chamberlain. Then the Right Hon. John Bright proposed the toast of "Our Kinsmen." As it was the last speech in public ever made by that great statesman and orator (he died the following year at the age of seventy-eight), I need hardly apologise for reproducing it textually, as well as Mr. Chamberlain's. The report is taken from *The Birmingham Daily Gazette* of March 29, 1888.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the course of his reply, said : You know that, beyond all things, I value the good opinion of my fellow-citizens, amongst whom the greater part of my life has been spent. (Cheers.) I have proved again and again the falsehood of the proverb that a man is not a prophet in his own country—(hear, hear)—and at all times I have found the most honourable interpretation of my motives and my actions, the most generous appreciation of such services as I have attempted to render here in Birmingham, amongst my own people, in the town of my adoption and my affection, and with which all the past associations of my life are inseparably connected. (Cheers.) I was sure when I went to America that I should be followed by your good wishes and your hearty sympathy, and that in Birmingham, at any rate, I should have nothing to fear from hostile critics or candid friends. (Laughter and cheers.) I have no doubt that you were amused, as I have been myself, at the ingenious surmises that were current elsewhere as to the motives which prompted my acceptance of the honourable task that was entrusted to me by the Government. (Cheers.) On any question the simplest explanation is the last which always suggests itself to a certain class of mind—(laughter)—but you will have no difficulty in believing that, in doing as I did, I only followed the precepts that have been urged again and again from this platform by the leaders of opinion in Birmingham : that no man, except under absolute necessity, can honourably refuse a public duty, or the chance of a public

service. I knew that the prospects of my mission were not very hopeful, that they even justified the predictions of absolute failure with which I was assailed; but at least there was the hope that I might be able to do something to promote peace and goodwill between the two greatest nations of the earth, and to knit closer together the bonds that should unite all English-speaking peoples—(cheers)—and above and beyond that hope I had the certainty that the great majority of my fellow-countrymen would approve of this object, and would judge with leniency any one who undertook it. (Hear, hear.) One by one the anticipations of evil have proved to be unfounded. I was altogether unprepared for the warmth of the hospitality, for the universal kindness and goodwill from all classes and from all parties on the other side of the water. (Cheers.) In the next place, I found the American plenipotentiaries to be men of distinguished ability, thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of their case, and firm in the defence of what they believed to be their rights; but I found them also men of fair and judicial minds, jealous of the honour and good faith of the American people, and anxious to promote, as far as in them lay, an honourable and an amicable settlement. (Cheers.) The Canadian Government and its representatives were equally desirous of terminating the existing irritation. Although there were times when our task appeared to be almost hopeless, yet at last we succeeded. (Cheers.) At this stage our duty is discharged, and our work is now submitted to the legislatures of the

three Governments concerned. It is not for me to anticipate their decision, but I observe that already the prophets of evil are again at work—(laughter)—but I hope they will be again mistaken. (Hear, hear.) In any case, I am convinced that if our Treaty be judged upon its merits and apart from political considerations it will commend itself to the vast majority of the people of the United States and of Canada. I should like to speak for a moment on the future relations between ourselves and our giant offspring. (Cheers.) Americans are very sensitive to English opinion—(hear, hear)—although I never could discover that they cared a straw for the judgment or criticism of foreign nations. I ventured to tell my American friends that there was universal amongst all classes in Great Britain a pride not altogether unmixed with envy at the great expansion of their country and its extraordinary prosperity, and at the increasing intelligence and cultivation of the people. (Cheers.) I told them that to be an American was in itself a passport to the good offices and the goodwill of every Englishman—(cheers)—and on the other hand an Englishman in America finds himself still at home. How can it be otherwise? The language, the literature, the laws, and the religion are the same. The institutions are modelled in the best spirit of English freedom. The differences are only trivial and superficial. They are not more important than the differences which separate Englishmen and Scotsmen or Welshmen and Englishmen. The two nations are indeed only branches of a greater nationality which has

retained, under varying conditions, the persistent qualities and characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, and if this be true, surely it follows that any serious quarrel between ourselves and America is now impossible. (Cheers.) The very extent and complexity of our common interests make controversy from time to time almost inevitable, but we may at least determine that, as far as in us lies, these differences as they arise shall be settled as between friends and kinsfolk, and not as between enemies and rivals. (Cheers.)

Mr. Bright, who was loudly cheered on rising to propose the next toast, "Our Kinsmen," said: It has been my fortune—I will say my good fortune—to have had to meet very large audiences in this noble hall, and to address them on many subjects of great interest to myself and to my countrymen generally. I may say on no occasion have I risen to address a meeting in this building with more entire sympathy with its object than that which I feel in standing before you on this occasion. (Hear, hear.) When I saw that my friend and colleague Mr. Chamberlain had been offered the mission to the United States, and had accepted it, I wrote to tell him that I thought the Government had made a good choice, and that he was wise in the acceptance of the office—(hear, hear)—and that I could but hope for him and believe all the success which he and the Government and the country could hope for and could wish for. (Cheers.) Well, what we have seen is this, that he has returned successful with his colleagues in the great

work, and we can honestly congratulate him on his success, and can hope that there may remain for him many other occasions on which he may render great services to his country. The toast or the sentiment which I have been asked to propose is "Our Kinsmen" in America, that is, in the United States and in the Dominion of Canada. (Cheers.) Now I like the word "our kinsmen" very much. When I read it it strengthened the disposition which I had to be here this evening, and really I think we have a right to call all these people on the other side of the Atlantic "our kinsmen." Are they not so? Are they not people of our own blood? A hundred years ago, a little over, the Republic of the United States was founded. Who were the men who are now held by all historians to have been the founders of that Republic? There were great men discovered there that the world before did not know of; at the same time the world discovered there were very small men in this country. Our small men legislated so as to bring about the Colonial rebellion, and then the war was carried on in a manner so utterly disgraceful and discreditable that it was quite impossible that this country should succeed. Then, in regard to these great men in the United States of whom I speak—they were in reality either English or British—we read of them now as great men who founded the Republic. But they were all our own countrymen; and at that time they were subjects of the English Crown, and if they had come over to this country they might have stood for any constituency, and might have

been returned to and might have sat in the English Parliament. So that whatever great glory and reputation—reputation I would rather say—is to be given to them, we have at least a kind of share in it. Look at their names. They are great men, Washington and Hamilton and Jefferson and the family of Adamses, which furnished two Presidents of the United States and three Ministers for the United States to the English Government and Crown. You may add to them Benjamin Franklin, and probably several others. Well, all these are the great men of the American history of the last 120 years, and all these men were at that time our countrymen, and therefore I think we may hold ourselves to be their kinsmen and they our kinsmen. Now, if these names which I have mentioned, these great men were our kinsmen, then I take it that their descendants may be considered our kinsmen; and if the people of the United States are akin to us the people of Canada are even more nearly so, for they have at a more recent period emigrated from this country to Canada, and therefore they are our kinsmen. Although this great question, this irritating question, which for the whole of this century almost has troubled the condition of things between Great Britain and the United States—although that question is apparently on the verge of being permanently and honourably adjusted, still there are other questions that are before us, and before the people of the United States and Canada, of considerable difficulty. But I hope they will not be forced to be questions of danger. Take, for

instance, the question of commerce between the two countries. (Hear, hear.) If you were in the extreme east of the Dominion of Canada with your back to the Atlantic, and you looked straight across the continent to the Pacific, you would have an imaginary line of near 3000 miles in length; on the right, the north, you would have five millions, or not quite, I think, of Canadians, and I think you would have sixty millions of the population of the United States. Now, what have these people done? The sixty millions of the population of the United States have built up a wall the whole length of this 3000 miles, not of bricks or of stone, but of Acts of Congress, and they call it by the general name of "tariff"—(laughter)—and on the other side the five millions of Canadians have built a wall also of the same length, and pretty nearly of the same height, and they call that also "tariff," but these walls are there for the purpose of intercepting commerce between the sixty millions on the south and the five millions on the north. (Cheers.) And the five millions on the north have done another thing. They have turned a corner, and run their tariff wall on the eastern coast of the continent northward, and thus have done their best also to a large extent to shut out commerce with the mother country. Now, I think, that is a fair statement of the unwisdom of our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic. But this system, as systems so stupid and foolish generally do, fails to give satisfaction on the northern side of the country. The Canadians complain that they are shut out from free commerce

with the millions of neighbours in the south ; and of course some persons in the south complain that they are shut out by this barrier from the trade they might have with the millions of the Canadian population ; and the Canadians say that their trade is blocked, and, in point of fact, they are very badly treated. They cannot buy things they would like to buy, and cannot sell things they would like to sell. They can neither buy nor sell with freedom, and they wish those barriers to be thrown down. Well, I think that is a very sensible wish. An old friend of mine, the late Edward Ellis, who was member for Coventry for a great many years, had a property in Canada ; in the later years of his life he paid a visit to the United States, and he went to look at his property, as was very natural, and when he came back, in talking to me about it, he entered into the subject of the possible connection between the United States and Canada, speaking then of it as a political connection that was possible. At some future time, he said, he was quite certain that if that connection took place, and if Canada became a portion of the United States, that his Canadian estate would immediately, or very soon, be doubled in value. Well, he knew what he was talking about, and if it was true of his estate it would be true to some extent of perhaps hundreds and thousands of estates north, if the tariff barrier were removed. My opinion is that if economical facts of that nature are so strong there will be a tendency that can hardly be resisted to get over the sentiment, however strong and however commendable, that it is better

for the Canadians to be associated politically with Great Britain than politically with the American Union. This is a matter which is pressing on, because there is a large portion of the Canadian population, a considerable portion at any rate, who believe themselves to be greatly injured by the commercial difficulties between them and their kinsmen in the United States, and there are, I believe, more than a million of Canadians who have gone south, and are living in the United States. The consequence is that the pressing interest of the populations is such as to raise for discussion a question which, I say, may be one of considerable difficulty; but I hope it will be one that will not lead to any dangerous collision between the United States and this country. (Cheers.) We have had some discussion lately, as you know, about what is called the federation of the Empire. There is a member of the House of Peers, rather a lively and a plucky nobleman, Lord Rosebery—(cheers)—who has been making speeches, interesting speeches, but the most interesting to me and the longest, is that on the reform of the House of Lords. (Cheers.) Now the speech, as I said, was a long one, I think it was at least five columns I read with great interest. It was a speech of singular ability, and the only fault in it was this, that however eloquent were its passages, when you came to examine it thoroughly, you found that they lead to nowhere. (Cheers.) I spoke of him as a plucky nobleman. Well, he is a member of the order of the peerage for whom I

have great sympathy and a great respect. He has taken under hand two very, what a contractor would call two very big jobs. (Cheers.) One of them is the reform of the House of Lords, and the other is the Federation of the Empire. (Laughter.) Now, the question of the House of Lords is one upon which one might say a good deal, and perhaps one might say something quite as sensible as anything which was said by Lord Rosebery or any of his peers who spoke on that interesting question; but, if you like, we will leave the House of Lords for some other opportunity. (Laughter.) The question will grow; but we will pass, if you will allow me, to the question of the Federation of the Empire, and with regard to that I have read a great number of speeches upon it. I always read what people say about that subject, because I am one of those who think the whole scheme or project is impossible, and no better than a dream. (Hear, hear.) Lord Rosebery, I don't know whether he meant to refer to me, but he spoke of those who treated the question as a dream, and something not at all practical or practicable. We will see. Let us go back for a moment to a little over 100 years, the year 1776, when the declaration of American Independence was signed; or the year 1783, when the treaty between the revolted colonies and this country was signed, and the Independence of America was secured for ever. Let us go back to the time only ten years after that treaty was signed. What was the condition of this country? We were entering on a war, the greatest war the country was ever engaged in—one that

caused the slaughter of more men and a waste of more treasure than any other war this country was ever engaged in—the great war with the French Republic and the French Empire—and that war lasted, with scarcely any intermission, I think only a few months, for more than twenty years. Now, suppose that the American colonies had not revolted, or suppose our stupid fathers at the time had conquered them and subjected them, what would have been the result? Why, as a matter of course, the American colonies would have been involved in the twenty years' war in which this country was involved. I think it was much better that they were attending quietly to their own business and going on in their own way. (Hear, hear.) Therefore it would have been an enormous calamity for the colonies of the United States—for the thirteen revolted colonies—if they had continued connected with this country, liable to all the calamities of that frightful war which for more than twenty years ravaged not only great portions of Europe, but subjected the population of this country to miseries and sufferings which no historian has attempted to describe, nor can any of us, with the greatest power of imagination, in the least degree picture to ourselves. (Hear, hear.) Unfortunately for us, our war policy is not abandoned. We are always getting into some mischief, and I am sorry to say that apparently it does not matter in the least which party is in power. (Laughter.) I should like to ask the advocates of federation whether they find that Canada and the many great colonies that

cluster in the South Pacific, the Australian colonies, will be willing to bind themselves to the stupid foreign policy of war. (A Voice: "Yes.") Will they be willing to undertake the responsibility of entering into wars the seat of which is 10,000 miles away, and in which they cannot have the slightest interest, and when they may not have been in the least consulted as to the cause of quarrel which this country was rushing into? In my opinion the colonies will never stand it, and if I were a Canadian, or Victorian, or New South Wales man, or Queenslander, or New Zealander, I would take good care, as far as I was concerned, that my voice should never go in favour of the policy of the old country as far as that was concerned. It would be much better for humanity and for us that these colonies should be under governments of their own and independent, and should not enter into quarrels in which they were not concerned, but endeavour to maintain their own honour and not take part in the miserable quarrels, contests, and wars which for a long time past have disfigured the history of the kingdom in which we live. (Cheers.) Now, there are in my opinion two things which make what is called the federation quite impossible. First of all, if you go to the Australian colonies, you find the colony of Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, is strongly Protectionist, and they will not deal freely even with the adjoining colony of New South Wales or with the mother country. On the other hand, New South Wales is entirely against Protection and strongly for Free Trade. You know probably that

the Minister of that colony is a townsman of your own—Sir Henry Parkes. (Cheers.) We see, without employing any argument to prove it, that under these conditions there can be no kind of federation or unison between them for common purposes, and the difference will probably continue to widen, and federation between them, and, it may be, between Victoria and other colonies also, will become pretty nearly, if not absolutely impossible. There is another reason which makes it impossible, that is the existence of our foreign policy, especially in the East of Europe, which is constantly setting up a peril that we are about to go to war with the great empire of Russia on matters in which we have really no interest whatever. I think it is quite hopeless to expect there should be federation between our wide colonies and their vast populations, and the people and the Government of this country. I feel the whole thing is a dream and an absurdity, but it does not follow that you may not do a great many things by binding the colonies to us and creating a perpetual friendship, I hope, between them and the mother country. Now, what can one say of the future of our race and of our kinsmen? Is that merely a dream? By no means. I, who have no belief in this scheme of federation, have the greatest possible belief in the great future of those colonies, and in that future, also, I hope there will be strengthened amicable connection with this country. (Hear, hear.) In this country we are rearing a population which, probably, by the end of the century will be forty millions. In Canada and

Australia there are, I think, at least ten millions of what we call our kinsmen and fellow-subjects, but in the United States at this moment there are sixty millions of population, which, by the end of this century, in all probability will reach one hundred millions. (Cheers.) Of these hundred millions I suppose three-fourths will be persons of our own blood. In this country and in Canada and in the United States there are, or soon will be, 150 millions of population, nearly all of which owes its birth and origin to the comparatively small country in which we live. It is a fact which is not paralleled in any past history, and what may come in the future to compare with it or excel it, it is not for us to speak, or even with any show of reason to imagine. We have in all these millions the same language, the same literature, mainly the same laws, and the institutions of freedom. May we not hope for the highest and noblest federation to be established amongst us?—that is a question to which I would ask your special and sympathetic attention—of the noblest kind of federation amongst us, under different governments it may be, but united by race, by sympathy, by freedom of industry, and by communion of interests; and by a perpetual peace we may help to lead the world to the better time which we long for, and which we believe in—(cheers)—although it may not be permitted to our mortal eyes to behold it. (Cheers.) Now towards this noblest confederation, that is, of sympathy between us and the Canadians and the United States and the Australians, even this meeting assembled

here to-night within this hall—details of which by to-morrow will be published for the knowledge and, I hope, for the sympathy and the instruction of many of our countrymen—this meeting itself is doing something towards that ; and I think it is a matter of which Birmingham may be proud that my friend here near me, your eminent citizen, has been able, by a good fortune which statesmen may envy, and by an exertion of abilities which are peculiar and singular, and not in many cases excelled or equalled, that he has been able to render a service to his country and to the blessed cause of peace which will give him pleasure I hope to the last hour of his life. (Loud cheers.)

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

Some years before I went to America, I happened to be dining with the late Henry Labouchere at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, and among other interesting people whose acquaintance I made that night was Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell). I had always cherished a strong desire to meet the author of *Aurora Floyd* and *Lady Audley's Secret*, novels which had enthralled me as a boy. Miss Braddon was at that time engaged in the preparation of a new book, the title of which I forget for the moment, the salient features of which, however, turned on the siege of Paris by the Germans, and, as "Labby" was correspondent of

the *Daily News* in Paris all through that eventful period, he was naturally well qualified for supplying Miss Braddon with all the necessary incidents and local colour during that strenuous time. So it may be imagined the conversation was most interesting. I remember "Labby" saying to me, "If ever I come to the Foreign Office, I shall at once abolish all Ambassadors and Diplomatic Agents. Consuls could quite well do all that is necessary. If ever the need arose of sending a special commissioner to a foreign country, I should give him a despatch before he started to send home in due course, reporting the result of his mission." I tell this story as it is so characteristic of Labouchere, who, as we all know, could never be taken seriously, and never really meant what he said. Nor did his utterances quite fit in with the line he took when the supplementary estimates, embodying, *inter alia*, the cost of our mission, £3900, came up for discussion in Parliament on March 1, 1888, in supply. I quote from the *Times* report of the following day:

Mr. Labouchere said that he would assume with respect to the special mission to the United States that the best man possible had been sent out, that the best possible treaty had been signed, and that the time chosen for the mission was the best time,

though it used to be a rule of diplomacy that it was a radical mistake to treat with the United States just before a Presidential election, when there probably would not be a majority in the Senate to ratify a treaty. His objections were entirely of a financial character. Diplomacy cost this country £241,000 in purely political matters; and besides this there was the Consular service. In the United States we had an eminent representative who received a salary larger than that of the Prime Minister. Obviously, the permanent legation, which costs about £8000 a year, ought to have negotiated this treaty. Last year there was the mission of Sir H. Drummond Wolff, which involved a large expenditure. He objected to these missions as not being necessary, and also to their excessive cost. The House was rather surprised when so large an amount as £3900 was asked for the Washington mission. They were more surprised when they were told that this was not all.

Sir J. Fergusson—That was a mistake; the vote of £3900 covers the whole expenditure.

Mr. La Rochere said that the sum was itself so monstrous that more would have been too outrageous. Mr. Chamberlain—("Order, order." The hon. member then turned to Mr. Collings, amid laughter.) The right hon. member for Birmingham's travelling expenses would be £180. His hon. friend said that would be second-class—(laughter)—but it was not so—it would be first-class. Suppose the sum were £190. The right hon. gentleman left on October 29 and returned on

March 1. After deducting the two voyages, about 109 days would be left. Thus the expenditure was at the rate of £33 or £34 a day. Now at Washington, as everybody knew, there were fixed charges; about \$5 (or £1) a day. Then suppose the right hon. gentleman were allowed £1 a day for wine—(laughter)—and allowances were also made for incidental expenses. Then about £5 a day would be a reasonable allowance. It might be said that the right hon. gentleman was hospitable. But we had a Minister there. Sir L. Sackville West, who received a salary intended to be spent in hospitality. Sir Charles Tupper was sent by the Canadian Government, but he should be much surprised if the Canadian Government authorised so lavish an expenditure. It was not necessary that our representative should live like a prince and practise princely hospitality at our expense. He would not, however, move for the reduction of the vote, as, though he objected to its excessive amount, his main objection was to the mission itself. As his hon. friend (Mr. Collings), who also came from Birmingham, voted with him last year against Sir Drummond Wolff's mission, no doubt he would also vote with him on this occasion. (Laughter.) The talk of the noble sacrifices made by politicians who went on these special missions was all claptrap. Gentlemen were glad to go out and obtain some sort of political position by spending the country's money and enjoying themselves. *The House ought once and for all to oppose these special missions, which ought to be discharged by our permanent Ministers.*

He moved to reduce the vote by £3900, the cost of the special mission to the United States.

Note the words italicised! "Labby" was always hostile to Mr. Chamberlain over the Home Rule question, and never forgave him for severing himself from the Gladstonians. It was "gall and wormwood" to the member for Northampton to feel that Mr. Chamberlain had had a "good time" and that his mission had been successful. The vote was ultimately carried by a majority of 246.

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CHAPTER XIV

L'ENVOI

I HAVE already alluded to the reasons which made it desirable that Mr. Chamberlain's engagement should be kept secret till the result of the Presidential election was announced on November 7, 1888, on which date Mr. Chamberlain was on board the *Aurania* in mid-Atlantic bound for New York.

I had taken a berth for him and his man-servant in my name. The *Aurania* sailed from Liverpool on November 3. Mr. Chamberlain managed with extraordinary cleverness to get from Birmingham to Liverpool, and into his cabin, without a single soul recognising him, nor were his individuality or presence discovered when the vessel stopped at Queenstown to pick up the mails. There were no wireless messages in those days. The murder was not out till the *Aurania* reached New York on the 12th, by which time President Harrison's election was known, and there was no longer any need for secrecy. The next day the *New York World*

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favoured its readers with the following sample of
its facetiæ :

MAYCOCK IS CHAMBERLAIN

HOW THE BRITISH STATESMAN CAME OVER AFTER
HIS BRIDE

*He dropped his alias when the steamer got away from
Liverpool—Mrs. Paran Stevens was a fellow-
passenger, and she also tried to conceal her
identity—She chats about the coming wedding.*

A gentleman with a shaven face, very pale, with keen blue eyes and a nervous manner, sat in one of the forward state-rooms of the *Aurania* yesterday morning talking in a quick, energetic way to another gentleman sitting near him. A week ago the pale-faced gentleman had registered as "Mr. W. Maycock and man-servant." As soon as the ship cleared Liverpool, however, he had this changed to "Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P." He comes over to marry the daughter of Secretary Endicott. A slick-looking man was Joseph, with a rich dressing-gown, trimmed in fur, wrapped about him, and an officer's hat set jauntily on the side of his head.

"There is no journal I would like to talk to more than *The World*," said he, as he glanced up from a letter he was reading ; "but you know I am here on purely private business," and his face relaxed and he smiled joyously. "I suppose my mission has been cabled over, and I feel assured that under

the circumstances my desire for privacy will be respected."

"What do you think of Lord Sackville?"

"I think that if there is any moral to be drawn it would not be to encourage me to talk freely," and again Mr. Chamberlain smiled.

"And the Parnell trial?"

"Really, I can tell you nothing new. You have later news here than I could give you. Personally I do not desire to express any opinion on the subject. *The World* brings me the first news of your recent election," he continued. "It must have been very exciting."

"And how will it affect the fishery question?" was asked with the most persuasive suggestiveness.

Mr. Chamberlain stared straight out to sea with a far-away look in his eye, and then, as if he had settled the question with himself that there would be nothing gained by publicity, he smilingly declined to say anything. He would not even say how long he would remain in the United States.

"I am going straight on to Washington," said he, "and expect at no time to see very much of New York. My plans for the future are not yet fully formed."

As the big steamer came slowly up the North River Mr. Chamberlain held a hurried consultation with the captain, and as Pier 39 was passed, a ladder was let down from the deck and Mr. Chamberlain prepared to descend it. Everybody crowded around to see him go down. He was carefully dressed, and his clothes were cut in the latest English style.

He wore a heavy cloth overcoat and loosely fitting trousers of a dark, subdued check pattern, a silk hat, terra cotta gloves, darker than those worn here, a red tie confined by a gold band, and an eyeglass. He carried a heavy English walking-stick in his hand. His leaving the vessel by the ladder was a dangerous attempt, as the *Aurania* was moving, and as the steps kept swaying backward and forward, threatening to throw the athletic lover into the river, or to be ground between the pier and the steamship. He managed to get down safely, and the crowd gave him a hearty cheer. He lifted his hat, waved a farewell, and tripped away with a step as brisk and light as though twenty years had been deducted from his age.

The Custom-House officials granted him every courtesy to facilitate his departure, and he rushed for the ten o'clock train for Washington, which he missed by a few minutes. He then went to the Brevoort House and caught a later train in the afternoon.

The passengers say he was very pleasant and chatty, and appeared impatient to join his bride that is to be. There was no one to meet him.

The last time Mr. Chamberlain was here he was constantly attended by a detective, whose duty it was to keep English-hating Irish-Americans from murder. No detectives were apparent this time.

The wedding will be very quiet, and only a few will be invited to witness the ceremony. No formal invitations will be issued, and only a few relatives from Boston and the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the members of the Cabinet and their wives, and a

few high officials will be present. Miss Endicott will wear a travelling gown. It is to be a house wedding. It is barely possible that Mr. Chamberlain and his charming bride may remain in the United States a short time, paying a series of family visits, and arrive in England shortly before Christmas.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was not the only person on the *Aurania* who came over with a desire to conceal their identity. Mrs. Paran Stevens registered simply as Mrs. Stevens.

"I thought I could avoid identification in that way," she said, with a laugh. "The New York papers have been publishing severe things about me—cruel, malicious things. It was dreadful. Why, in Paris the police and the people sympathised with me in my trouble and did all they could for me, and my own papers assailed me."

Mrs. Stevens was gently led away from the contemplation of her troubles by inquiry touching the coming Chamberlain-Endicott wedding.

"No one in England or Paris seems to know anything about it. Society is in a great state of curiosity for particulars. You know Mr. Chamberlain, who, by the way, is a good friend of mine, has kept everything extremely quiet. I know Miss Endicott quite well. She is a charming lady, refined and brilliant, and I prophesy for her a great social career, if she cares for it. There is a mania among Englishmen of wealth and title for marrying American girls now, you know. From what I have seen abroad these matches seem to be happy ones.

But about the election, wasn't it a great surprise? And poor Mr. Hewitt," and both of Mrs. Stevens's hands went up and her eyebrows were raised pathetically. "Of course he did not wish to be elected. Poor fellow! Now don't go off and say I am trying to seek notoriety. I don't want to be interviewed, and I positively decline to say anything about my diamonds."

Nor was the chaff about Mr. Chamberlain traveling in my name confined to the American papers, as will be seen from the following extract from *Funny Folks* of November 24, 1888, a journal long since defunct:

HAILING THE BRIDEGROOM

A PRIVATE CABLEGRAM FROM OUR OWN ANANIAS

"Mr. Willoughby Joecock?" I inquired facetiously, as I boarded the cars on a down-Eastern (U.S.A.) railroad one day this week, and found myself face to face with the conquering Chamberlain and his fair Yankee.

"Maycock, if you please," replied the statesman. "When I travel, I use that incog-nomen—if you will allow me the little quip—to avoid a bother with the silly persons who are always running after a celebrity like myself, don't you know?"

"Just so," I smiled. "But allow me to congratulate you on your marriage."

Mrs. Chamberlain had turned her head away,

and was not paying any attention to our conversation.

"Thank you," said Joseph. "She is a dear creature—and then her family is so tip-top, you see. Old Knickerbocker stock, sir! Ancestors came over to America in the *Plymouth Rock*, and landed at Mayflower, I understand."

"And how did you leave her Pilgrim Father?" I inquired.

"Endicott! Oh, he was in capital health and spirits, having just married his daughter to *me*," crowed Mr. Chamberlain. "I've invited him to come along with us to Europe, and be introduced to a Duchess or two; but his wife thinks it might corrupt his Democratic morals, so he probably won't."

I considered for a moment, and then said:

"You are as firm as ever on the Union, I presume?"

"Firmer, if anything," said Mr. C. "Look at *our* Union, for example. Do Mary and I desire Separation, and would it be good for us if we did? No, sir!"

"But it is not a question of Separation," I remarked. "It is one of Home Rule. Surely, Mrs. Chamberlain is a little bit of a Home Ruler in her way?"

Joseph flushed like a peony—like an M.P.-ony, in fact.

"Pooh, sir!" he said. "Nothing of the sort. She knows my political principles too well to dream of such a thing."

Here Mrs. Chamberlain struck in.

"I guess I'd have you a-light and pro-cure me about five cents worth of chewing-gum, my dear," drawled she.

"But if the train should go on without me, love?" quoth Joseph, who evidently thought it beneath his dignity to run on small errands for anybody.

"The cars wait at this de-pot for ten minutes, I reckon," cooed the lady, dreamily, "and I'm sorter sot on gum, I am."

There was that in her tones which caused her lord to depart on his mission with alacrity. Bowing to the bride, I followed him.

"I fancy you're mistaken in your idea that Mrs. Chamberlain is *not* a Home Ruler," I observed with subtle irony.

"Eh, sir—how's that?" queried Joseph, uneasily.

"*Wait till she gets you to Highbury, and you'll see,*" I replied, in meaning accents.

And then, Mr. Editor, I mingled with the gadding crowd, and Joseph walked pensively off in search of that chewing-gum. Mary will avenge the Liberal Party yet, sir, take my word for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were married at Washington on November 15, 1888, and on their return to Birmingham in the following January, Bergne and I paid our second visit to Highbury to attend the festivities which Birmingham accorded

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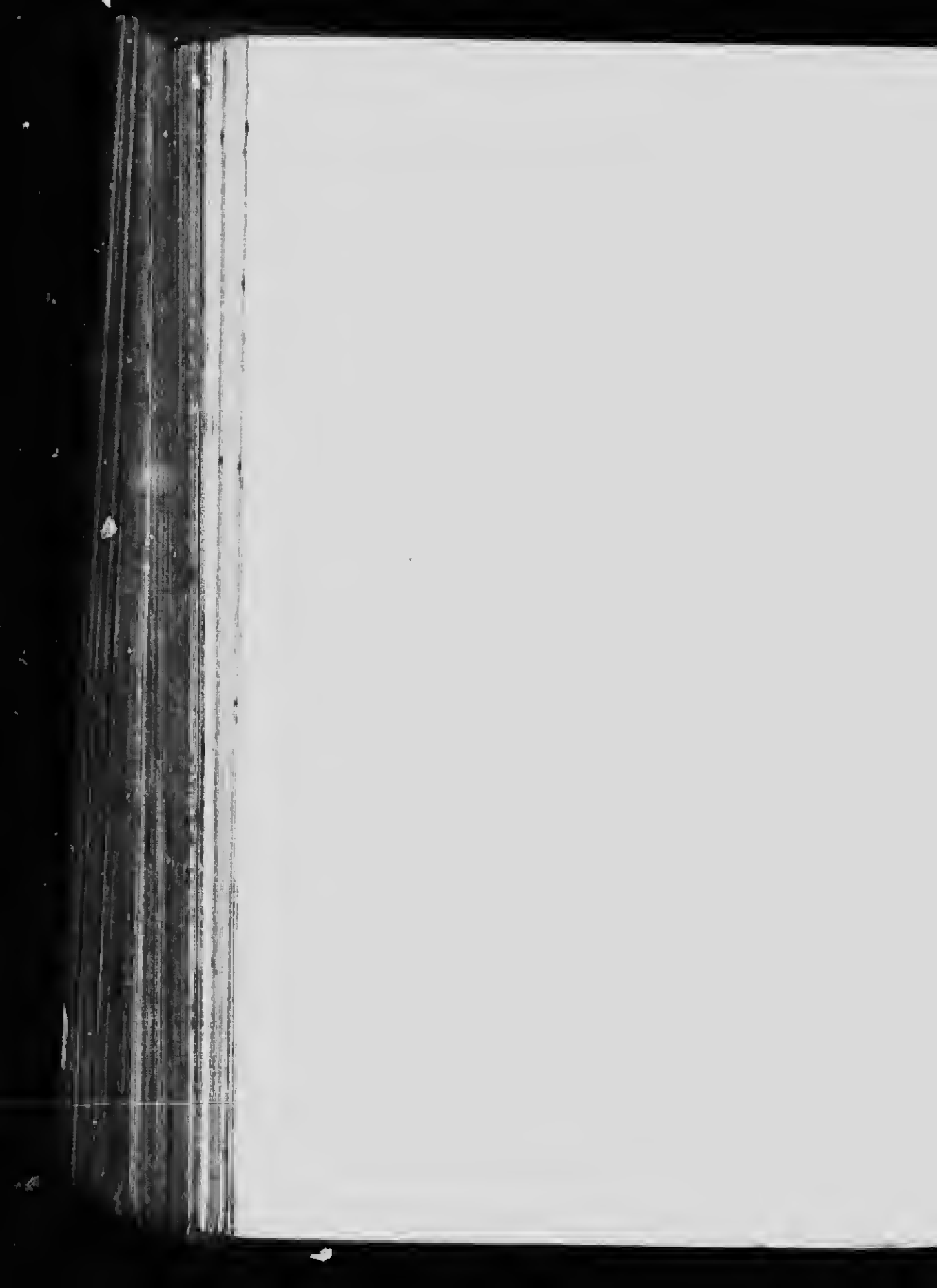
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THE ENTRANCE-HALL,
HIGBERY



THE DRAWING-ROOM
HIGBERY



to the right honourable gentleman and his bride, the following report of which is taken from the *Birmingham Daily Post* of January 9, 1889 :

THE WELCOME TO MR. AND
MRS. CHAMBERLAIN

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES AND GIFTS AT THE
TOWN HALL

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain's public welcome home was given to them last evening, and given in a fashion which left nothing unexpressed of what it was in people's hearts to say, and assured the lady of Highbury of a full share of that cordial affection which is entertained by all classes of the citizens of Birmingham for her distinguished husband. The greeting was paid in the Town Hall, where Mr. Chamberlain has secured some of his most famous political triumphs, and where, as the event showed, he was destined to enjoy a social triumph not less flattering or memorable than they. The assembly which came together within its walls was richly representative of the talent, the fashion, and the wealth of our city ; and the occasion of the gathering was so potently gracious as to heal the hearts of many persons of those political sores which it is the weakness of poor human nature to foster and display. Not only all classes, but all parties, were there, and in the mouths of all there were the kindest words. As for the Town Hall itself—so

gaunt and cold at other times—it presented unquestionably the most brilliant spectacle it has ever had occasion to afford. Apart from that greatest of embellishments which a great building receives from an animated and fashionable throng, its everyday aspect was so skilfully and lavishly disguised by adornments of another kind that it looked veritably beautiful. We ought at once to say that the supervision of this matter of decoration had been in the hands of Mr. C. E. Mathews, who commanded the resources of Messrs. Marris & Norton, of Birmingham, and of Messrs. Hewitt & Co., of Solihull. The floor of the hall had the semblance of a great drawing-room. Its walls were brightened with mirrors and sideboards, and draped with a blue fabric and Oriental curtains; and it was furnished not only, as is customary on such occasions, beneath the great gallery, but over the whole floor-space, large and numerous rugs softening the footfall. Beneath the orchestra there was a continuous line of mirrors, so placed as to give to the reflection an effect almost kaleidoscopic, but prevented from bewildering the glance, because they were recessed between ivied pillars of virgin cork, graced by a growth of some of the more freely-spreading orchids. In the corners below and above, and across the whole front of the orchestra, so closely placed as to conceal from sight the formal woodwork, there was a charming arrangement of palms and poinsettias, of the pretty hanging grass *isolepsis*, and of cyclamens, marguerites, euphorbias, lilies of the valley, and ericas. Some choice orchids set off the narrow

ledge which runs along the top of the orchestra entablature. The lighting of the hall was distinguished by a somewhat extensive employment of incandescent lamps, which served to secure—what is rare at such gatherings—a brilliant illumination beneath the galleries. The most pleasing decorative morsel, however, was concealed from the public view, and was in the nature of a small retiring-room for Mr. Chamberlain's party at the entrance. The company began to assemble at half-past seven o'clock, although the principal guests were not to arrive until a quarter to nine. But at eight o'clock a concert programme began to be rehearsed, which was just short enough and choice enough to make one wish that it might have been prolonged. The vocalists were Miss Edwardes, Mr. Alfred Jordan, and Mr. W. Lee Mathews; and Mr. C. W. Perkins contributed two organ solos.

When Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived they were received in the porch by Alderman Johnson, Mr. C. E. Mathews, and the chairmen of the various presentation committees. Accompanied by Messrs. Austen and Neville Chamberlain, by Miss Chamberlain and the Misses Ada, Hilda, and Ethel Chamberlain, by Lady Mandeville, and by Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes (visitors from America), they advanced without delay into the hall. A little bustle near the doors and a burst of music from the organ, pealing forth "Hail, Columbia!" apprised the assembly of their arrival, and people rose to their feet and cheered. The cheer, it is true, was briefer than it would have been save for one circumstance. It is

difficult to cry "Hurrah!" and impossible to clap one's hands when busily engaged in adjusting a lorgnette—and that was almost instantly the occupation of the fairer section of the audience. Mrs. Chamberlain was apparently armed against this universal scrutiny by her own sense of admiration for the bright scene before her. That, and the unmistakable cordiality of the applause, combined to heighten the fresh colour of her cheeks, and to bring to her face a singularly pleasing smile. She was dressed with much simplicity and taste in a robe of pale-pink corded silk, with a plain body and festooned skirt. The dress was set off with a bow of satin ribbon of the same colour, worn on the right shoulder; and for ornaments she wore upon a close coiffure a crescent of sapphires and diamonds, upon the left breast a diamond star, and round the neck a string of diamonds. The party, of which she was chiefly the centre of interest, advanced up the hall through a lane of gazers, and stood for a few moments facing the assembly beneath the orchestra. The pause gave opportunity for an interesting little ceremony, the presentation by a young lady, the daughter of Dr. Hallwright, of a very pretty bouquet to Mrs. Chamberlain. The cheering broke out afresh, and with affirmed emphasis, when they moved towards the committee-room for the purpose of ascending to their places. Upon the orchestra Lady Mandeville sat next to Mrs. Chamberlain on Mr. Chamberlain's right, and beyond her ladyship came Miss Chamberlain and the Misses Chamberlain. Upon the left were Mrs. Stringer, Alderman

Johnson, Mr. C. E. Mathews, and other gentlemen connected officially with the various presentations. After another cheer the audience settled comfortably down to feast its eyes and ears. The making of speeches continued for about three-quarters of an hour, and was uniformly felicitous and acceptable. Afterwards, for three-quarters of an hour, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain moved about among the company on the floor, the one greeting old friends and the other making new ones.

Mr. C. E. Mathews made the first presentation—that of an illuminated address to Mr. Chamberlain and a necklet of rich Oriental pearls to Mrs. Chamberlain, on behalf of the citizens of Birmingham. He said: Ladies and gentlemen,—It falls to my lot to present to Mr. Chamberlain an address from many hundreds of his fellow-citizens—(cheers)—and signed on their behalf by Mr. Alderman Johnson, chairman of the Executive Committee; by Mr. Baily and Mr. Barton, the hon. secretaries; by myself, as chairman of the Address and Presentation Sub-committee; by Mr. David Davis, hon. secretary of that sub-committee; by Mr. G. H. Cartland, treasurer and chairman of the Finance Sub-committee; and by Mr. Charles Harding, hon. secretary of that committee. (Cheers.) “To the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P. Sir,—A large number of your fellow-citizens and well-wishers desire to offer you a hearty and affectionate welcome on your return from your second visit to the United States. On your first visit you were charged by the British Government, but with the ready assent of men of

all political parties, with the conduct of a difficult and delicate negotiation. It is owing to no fault of yours that the agreement unanimously arrived at by the chosen representatives of all Governments interested in that question has for the present not been ratified by the American Senate. It is enough for us to know that you have displayed in that negotiation your well-known qualities of sagacity, prudence, and good sense, and that you won golden opinions from all sorts of people. (Cheers.) Your second visit was of a purely domestic character—(loud cheering)—on the result of which we offer you our warmest and most sincere congratulations. (Renewed cheering.) The lady of your choice, sir, would always be welcomed in Birmingham—(cheers)—but her welcome is the greater because she comes from amongst our own kinsfolk across the sea to reside in a city which has always taken special interest in the prosperity and welfare of America and her people. (Cheers.) We ask leave to offer to Mrs. Chamberlain a case of jewels; but as “to loyal hearts, the value of all gifts must vary as the givers,” we ask her acceptance of them as some token of the cordiality of our welcome, and of the depth of our regard. (Hear, hear.) Sir, in your case, the future counts for at least as much as the past. We earnestly hope that, whatever dignities may be in store for you, you may always be able to promote the material prosperity and the corporate usefulness to the city which you have so faithfully served—(cheers)—and that for many years to come you may enjoy to the full that domestic tranquillity

and personal happiness without which all honours that can be conferred, either by State or city, must lose half their interest and all their charm. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, this really ought to have been presented by my friend and your friend, Mr. Alderman Johnson, the chairman of the Executive Committee, but it is at his suggestion and by his desire that I now endeavour to express your sentiments towards the distinguished guests who honour us with their company on this occasion. Your name, Mr. Chamberlain, is a household word amongst us—(hear, hear)—and after two visits to the United States you come back again to the city of your adoption “to dwell amongst your own people.” (Cheers.) On the occasion of your first visit to the States you went as representative of this country to conduct what is rightly called in the address a difficult and delicate negotiation. It is not in mortals, sir, to command success, but you at least have done your best to deserve it—(hear, hear)—and you have amply justified the confidence reposed in you both by the English Government and the English people. (Cheers.) Your second visit, sir, was, as the address says, purely of a domestic character, but not less interesting to us in Birmingham on that account. (Cheers.) That also, if I may venture to say so, was the outcome of a fishing expedition—(a laugh, followed by loud cheering)—entered into, I will not say with a more definite purpose, though it certainly has received a more immediate reward. (Cheers.) On your return, sir, it seemed to us that we should be hiding

our own feelings if we did not offer to you and to Mrs. Chamberlain some sort of public welcome, if we did not assure you as a statesman of our unshaken confidence—(hear, hear)—and as a citizen of our private esteem. (Cheers.) This meeting, Mr. Chamberlain, interesting as it is, has no political significance. (Hear, hear.) If some of those who in past years have worked with you in political or in municipal matters are not here to-night to join in our welcome, their absence is not owing to any fault of ours. (Hear, hear.) We welcome the statesman who by his power and ability has won for himself with unusual rapidity so conspicuous a place in the front rank, and who has shown by the constant and faithful discharge of his public duties that he has no private interests to accomplish or personal ends to serve. (Cheers.) Your political views, sir, for the purposes of this meeting, may be right or they may be wrong. It is enough for us to say, in the words of that veteran statesman, whose sick-bed we have watched with such a personal grief—(hear, hear)—and whose recovery we have hailed with such a personal joy—(cheers)—that the man who is faithful to the dictates of his own honest convictions, can never be unfaithful either to his constituents or to his country. (Cheers.) In these days, sir, political changes are as sudden as they are unaccountable. (Laughter.) Political memories are short, and the friend of yesterday is but too often the opponent of to-day, and who shall venture to predict what may happen to-morrow? If, in the immediate future, you should find any defections in the ranks of those

on whom you once relied, then, sir, rely on the closer confidence and the warmer sympathy of those who are still true to you. (Cheers.) We welcome you, sir, as one of the most prominent and the most patriotic of our local public men. (Hear, hear.) We have not forgotten the services you have rendered to the cause of education, or that you were three times Mayor of Birmingham—(cheers)—or that you recreated, as it were, our great municipality—(cheers)—and that you taught us that the foremost and best amongst us may find in the faithful discharge of municipal duty an ample field for an honourable ambition. (Cheers.) Above all, sir, we welcome the man who for many years has so closely identified himself with the public and the private life of Birmingham, who has served in his own person every honourable office, and has endeared himself to thousands of our people by numberless instances of thoughtfulness, generosity, and goodwill. (Cheers.) And now, what shall I say of the charming and winsome lady—(loud cheers)—whom you, sir, have induced to leave her home on the other side of the water, and to take up her residence amongst us. At least, madam, you have not come amongst strangers—(hear, hear)—for English and Americans can never be strangers to each other. (Loud cheers.) It is true that you have left a brighter and a sunnier country than ours, but you have come to a people who—at any rate when you are present—will always carry plenty of sunshine in their hearts. (Cheers.) In what words shall I give you the hearty greeting of this teeming

and industrious population? I know of no sweeter words than those which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Lorenzo when he greets Portia on her return to Belmont—words so simple that every child can appreciate them, and so comprehensive that they need no addition :

“ Dear lady, Welcome home.”

(Loud cheering.) I ask you, madam, to accept from us our little marriage gift. Would that it were better than it is! But put into the scale the good wishes that accompany it and it cannot be altogether without its value. (Cheers.) That your life, madam, may be as bright as those gems, and that you may have a happy new year for every pearl upon that string—(hear, hear)—is the hearty aspiration of all those whom I am privileged to represent to-day, who desire to express to your husband their thanks for the past and their hopes for the future, and to you their affectionate welcome and their cordial regard. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Mathews then presented to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain the gifts of the citizens.

Mrs. E. H. Stringer then read the following address to Mrs. Chamberlain, and presented the diamond star: “ Madam,—We, the Members of the Women’s Liberal Unionist Association of Birmingham, together with some Conservative Unionists who desire to be associated with us on this occasion, offer you a hearty welcome and most friendly greeting. You do not come among us as a stranger, for it is our privilege to claim kinship

with you on the ground of a common ancestry. We rejoice in the opportunity of doing united honour to Mr. Chamberlain and yourself. We record with deep gratitude our conviction that he has been a power for good throughout the land ; that his voice has been heard by listening thousands in support of those principles to which, not England alone, but every civilised country, owes its greatness. In coming amongst us it is your happy lot to be dowered with that wealth of interest, sympathy, and kindly affection which Mr. Chamberlain's fellow-townsmen offer as a marriage portion to his bride. We pray that for many years to come his life of patriotic service may be continued, and that the fullest measure of human happiness may be granted to you both. We request your acceptance of the gift we offer, believing that it will have for you a value beyond that which attaches to its intrinsic worth, from its being an expression on our part of warm-hearted welcome to your new home in the old country." (Cheers.)

Mr. E. J. Smith said it was his pleasing duty to inform Mr. Chamberlain that, though his constituents cordially approved of the general resolution of their fellow-citizens, they did not want to lose their individuality in such common action. Conscious of the honour their representative conferred upon them, they wanted their confidence in and admiration and affection for him to be adequately expressed. (Cheers.) Mr. Smith then formally introduced Mr. W. Tonks and Councillor Jacobs, and the former gentleman read the address from

the constituency, which was as follows: "From the citizens of the West Division of Birmingham to the Right Hon. Joseph and Mrs. Chamberlain on the occasion of their marriage.—It is with the liveliest satisfaction that we, the electors of the West Division of the City of Birmingham, offer you our sincere congratulations upon the happy event of your marriage. We ask you, madam, to accept our respectful and hearty welcome. You come to our island home representing a noble family of long descent in a great country connected with us by the nearest ties of race, and joining with our own in its aspirations for the highest civilisation. We welcome you as the wife of our member, whom we have long recognised as one of England's foremost statesmen, and who possesses to the full our esteem and confidence. We pray that every happiness which heaven can bestow may be yours in the new sphere upon which you have entered. May we ask the acceptance of the suite of gold jewellery herewith, as a slight tangible expression of our earnest and united feelings? To you, sir, we repeat with special emphasis the sentiments it has been our pleasure and privilege to express on other occasions. We cannot forget that it was in our midst that your public life began. As legislator, statesman, and orator, you enlist our highest sympathies; as our representative in Parliament you possess our entire confidence; and as one who has lived and worked so long and so worthily amongst us, we offer you our sincere and heartfelt admiration. We pray that God may bless your union, and that an illustrious

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life may be brightened by unclouded domestic happiness, and by the loving regard of a great people."—Mr. E. J. Smith, in handing to Mrs. Chamberlain the gift of jewellery from electors, said that jewels of far more intrinsic value had been presented that evening, but a special claim was made for those from West Birmingham that placed them in a unique position. They were the handiwork of Mr. Chamberlain's own constituents, and belonged to a class of jewellery which deserved more recognition than had been given it. (Laughter.) To Mrs. Chamberlain, he thought, their value would be higher from the fact that they were the work of willing hands and earnest hearts. In every thread of that beautiful and delicate work there had been woven a kindly wish and fervent hope for the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain. (Cheers.)

Mr. Chamberlain was received with loud cheering on rising to acknowledge the presentations. He said: Ladies and gentlemen,—You will readily believe that I do not find it easy to express the feelings which have been raised by the addresses that have just been read, and by the cordial welcome which you have given to my wife, and the proofs of continuous kindness which you have shown to myself. I have been accustomed to rely upon this kindness in all the relations of my life, and it is quite true that I felt no little confidence that you would extend to Mrs. Chamberlain the regard you have always shown to me. (Cheers.) But you have surpassed my hope and expectations in the warmth of your greeting, and in the determination that you

have shown not to treat as a stranger the kinswoman who comes to you from across the sea, and returns to the country which her ancestors left behind them more than 250 years ago. (Cheers.) She will tell you that we have often talked of Birmingham, and that I have dwelt upon the peculiar closeness of the ties which bind me to this great constituency—(hear, hear)—and now she bids me say to you that she shares all the interest that I have ever felt in its institutions and in its people, in the public and private life of the city in which she has elected to dwell. (Cheers.) She accepts with the greatest pleasure the tokens of your friendship and regard. She will cherish them amongst her choicest possessions, as evidence at once of the sincerity with which you have welcomed her as a member of this great community, and additional evidence of the generous consideration that you have always shown to her husband. I have tried to persuade her—I am not certain that I have even yet succeeded—(laughter)—that by her marriage she has renounced the protection of the flag under which she was born—(laughter)—and has become a British subject. (Hear, hear.) But, ladies and gentlemen, although I neither hope nor expect to essen her love for the country she has left—(hear, hear)—I know that she is prepared to take up her life amongst us, in the country to which she has come, in all its fullness, and that she will say with Ruth of old, “Thy people shall be my people.” (Loud cheers.) I noticed two leading ideas in the addresses which have been presented, and in the graceful speeches which

accompanied them ; and upon these I would say one or two words. They emphasize, in the first place, what I have called the exceptional relations which have always subsisted between Birmingham and myself. I have lived amongst you pretty nearly all my life. All my active work has been done in your midst and inspired by your spirit, and that is in itself a little unusual in our political history. In America, I believe, it is almost unheard of that any man should sit either for the House of Representatives or the Senate except as representing the district in which he resides. But here the contrary rule has almost prevailed, and it is very rare indeed to find a prominent politician who has had any lengthened personal connection with the district which he represents. (Hear, hear.) I do not know what may be the reason for this difference, but I can only say for myself that in my own case all the pleasure I have ever felt in the political strife, all the strength that has been given me to pursue it, have been increased by the sense, which has never failed me, that I have always had behind me the support, and the encouragement, and the sympathy of my own people—(loud cheers)—of the people who know me best, who have made me what I am, and whose support has never failed me in every time of difficulty, and which has laid me under a weight of obligation which I am only too ready to acknowledge, and which I can never adequately repay. (Cheers.) No, ladies and gentlemen, ours is not a mere political connection. If need were to prove it, I should find it in your statement, Mr.

Mathews, that to-night members of all political parties are represented. (Cheers.) I say that ours is a relationship which, I think, I may venture to call a personal friendship—(hear, hear)—and it has been cemented by many years of mutual knowledge and mutual trust and confidence. When I have been travelling out of this country I have had repeated proofs of the existence of this feeling in the friendly greetings of Birmingham men who have seized the opportunity—they being for the time voluntarily expatriated—to recall their associations with the old town and with myself; and when the other day my engagement was announced I had numerous expressions of the same sentiments from all sorts and conditions of men and from many distant places. And now I cannot refrain from mentioning that within the last day or two I have been touched and gratified by a note which I received from a Birmingham man in the wilds of Canada, in a place which only a few years ago was a mere outpost of civilisation among the Indians, who sends me his congratulations and good wishes and a little token of his regard and his gratitude in the shape of a sample of his skill. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, I am prouder of it, of having excited this feeling amongst my fellow-townsmen, than I am of anything else in my public life; and if I have ever been prompted to do any service to Birmingham, if any opportunity should hereafter arise, I say it has been more than repaid by the generous recognition I have already received. I know that I do not stand alone in my devotion to our city.

No Birmingham man who has been permitted to take a part in its active busy life, who has assisted in any degree in its amazing development, but feels that gratitude to the mother city which is the foundation of local patriotism, which distinguishes Birmingham, I think, above all great cities of the Empire, which has been the secret of our past success, and which is the earnest of our future progress—(cheers)—and sure as I am that you share this feeling with me, I join with you in the hope that we may be permitted to co-operate, without regard to differences on other points, in the endeavour to secure the prosperity of our town and the welfare and the happiness of the vast population which finds a home within it. (Hear, hear.) The other idea which runs through the addresses which have been read is the sense of kinship with the nation across the Atlantic from which my wife has come. That is not at all a new feeling in Birmingham, which has always been sympathetic with the people of the United States, and never more so than in the time of their greatest trial in the great crisis of the union, when the eloquent voice of our senior member—(cheers)—now, unfortunately, hushed for a time by illness, was raised again and again in this very hall to defend the integrity of the Republic against those who sought or who desired its destruction; and that feeling of nearness has grown, and has been constantly maintained in Birmingham, while at the same time it has developed and extended to the rest of the United Kingdom, until at last I believe there is now one sentiment of universal goodwill and of

pride in the extraordinary achievements of a kindred race, and of their advance in all that constitutes the true greatness of a nation. How could it be otherwise in the case of a country which claims a common ancestry with ourselves, and whose laws and history, whose speech and literature, whose religion and social customs, constantly recall the common origin of ties of blood which bind us together? I believe that now there is not only no class in this country, but there are no individuals of the slightest prominence or importance, who would not feel that a serious quarrel with the United States would be the greatest national calamity. (Cheers.) Differences there must be from time to time between two nations whose enterprise and genius lead them into natural competition, and whose interests touch at every point; but I am convinced that it is the firm determination of the democracies of both countries that these differences shall be amicably arranged by their respective Governments, and that they shall not endanger the good relations which ought to subsist between all the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. (Cheers.) I was animated by this feeling when I accepted—rather more than a year ago—the honourable mission with which I was charged by her Majesty. I venture to claim I entered fully into the spirit of that mission, both in my public and in my private capacity, and I have done all that in me lies to promote union—(laughter)—and a good understanding between the two countries. (Laughter and cheers.) I was fortunate enough on that occasion to make two treaties. (Laughter.)

Like some greater men, my predecessors in diplomacy, I had my secret compact as well as the public document with which you are all familiar—(laughter)—and I am glad to say that even that august body the Senate of the United States had nothing to say to my private negotiations—(cheers)—which you have ratified to-night by your presents and by these proceedings. Ladies and gentlemen, once more I tender you, on my wife's behalf and on my own, our heartfelt thanks. I beg you, Mr. Mathews, to believe that the beauty and the value of the gift which you have presented are enhanced to us by the assurance which you have given me that my wife will find a home amongst the people of Birmingham, whose affection and regard she earnestly desires to obtain. (Cheers.) She thanks you, Mrs. Stringer, and the women of Birmingham, who joined with you in your good wishes and kindly expressions of welcome. She thanks you for your gift, and for all the kindness which accompanies it. And she is confirmed in her desire to stand well with the people of Birmingham by the promise which you have made her that in future the affectionate regard which has been always shown to her husband will be now shared by herself. (Loud cheers.) And to you, Mr. Smith, and gentlemen, who especially represent my own constituents in the Western Division, who represent the constituency which first called me into public life, which has followed me since with unswerving loyalty and kindness, and which now I have the privilege of representing in Parliament, I desire to

say that I thank you and them for the confidence you have placed in me, and that I am proud of the honour of serving you. (Cheers.) We thank you for the gift which, as you have said, will be the more highly valued by us, because it is the handiwork of those who are in a peculiar sense connected with me, because it has been produced in my own constituency. (Cheers.) And, in looking at the work itself, I am glad to think that our famous industry has not declined, and that our craftsmen still retain their ancient skill. (Cheers.) To one and all our thanks are due—for the gifts themselves, for the kind thoughts which have prompted them, for the hearty welcome which is behind them. And I can assure you that, with the deepest feeling, we reciprocate the good and kindly wishes and the earnest hopes with which you have accompanied them. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain then returned to the floor of the hall, the latter being conducted among the visitors by Mr. C. E. Mathews, a large number of whom were introduced to her. The company shortly afterwards broke up.

In December 1896, I drew Mr. Chamberlain's attention to a paragraph in a San Francisco paper respecting the exorbitant price he was alleged to have paid for an orchid. I think his reply, which is as follows, may be read with some interest.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA 269

December 9, 1896.

DEAR MAYCOCK,—The American press continues to be very imaginative. I have the orchid for which the Frisco paper says I paid \$50,000 ; but it really cost me 5s. !!! Yours very truly,

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

As Huntley Wright used to say, the Frisco editor was "very careless with his 'oughts.'"

One word in conclusion. It would ill become me to embark on any eulogy of my former Chief. I may safely leave that to other pens than mine, and to the historian of the future, to whom the contents of this volume may possibly prove of some little service. But I was struck with the remarkable appropriateness of a tribute paid to him by Lord Robert Cecil in a speech he made at Frome on January 13 last, on the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's retirement from his political career, and I can think of no fitter conclusion to the chapter in his life which I have, however inadequately, endeavoured to record, than by quoting Lord Robert's own felicitous words :

"That very old and trusted leader of our party has thought it necessary to announce his final withdrawal from public life. It is the closing of a great chapter in our history. It is not for me, it would be a mere impertinence on my part, to

attempt to praise so great a man. His praise will be found written in the history of our country during the last generation. He is, after all, the greatest of all living men in the political world, and he is the greatest not because of his marvellous gifts of oratory, his extraordinary lucidity, and his compelling force, not even because of his tenacity and courage, or even because of that great quality and that rare quality, the quality of leadership, the quality we denominate personal magnetism.

"All these things are very great things, and all these things Mr. Chamberlain has got; but to my mind his greatest claim on our admiration is this, that he was a great idealist, which is another name for a great patriot. He put forward from time to time views and opinions which he had formed as necessary for the greatness of our country, and when he had formed them he was ready to sacrifice not only his personal career and his personal position—for more than once he jeopardised those—but everything else—his party, his personal ties, everything, so long as he carried into effect that which he really believed was for the good of his country. That is a great quality. It argues a very remarkable possession of the qualities of determination, of courage, and of faith, and it argues the possession of that quality, which, after all, distinguishes the statesman from the mere politician. I believe that Mr. Chamberlain had all these qualities, and at the present crisis in the history of our country we can ill spare so great a man."

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