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REMINISCENCES
OF
A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE



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MRS. HUGH FRASER

REMINISCENCES
OF
A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE

*Further Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife
in Many Lands*

BY

MRS. HUGH FRASER

AUTHOR OF "A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN JAPAN"
"A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE IN MANY LANDS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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INTRODUCTION

SINCE the following is a book of reminiscences, I think I am justified in opening it with one from a side of my life for which no place has been found either in this or the preceding volumes. Some years ago I was honored by an invitation to lecture before a certain distinguished Literary Society comprising among its members many old friends of my own. The pleasure I felt in being about to address these dear people on a subject rather close to their hearts caused me to forget the etiquette usually practised on such occasions. When the final notes of the overture died away, I skipped lightly up the steps to the stage; but a strong hand pulled me down, and the President's stern whisper sounded in my ear, "Hold on, hold on! I must introduce you!"

Feeling very small, I shrank back among the palms and azaleas, while the kind President sounded my praises to the audience, in terms so far beyond my merits that when he drew me forth from my hiding place I was overcome with confusion. For a minute or two I could not find my voice, and I had something like an attack of stage-fright. But I had been *introduced!*

It seems that this book must go through the same ceremony. It came back to me from the Publishers with the curt intimation, "Introduction required." What shall I say of it? Only this, that it was asked for by the readers of its predecessors and that I hope they will be as kind to it as they were to them. Two years ago, with many tremors and hesitations, I sent the "Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands" out into the world, trusting that its shortcomings would be forgiven for the sake of certain

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new and true things it had to tell. Its reception overwhelmed me. The generous appreciation of far greater writers than myself, and the delighted sympathies of readers were conveyed to me by every mail, till my hermitage in the Rockies became peopled by a host of kindred spirits, loving what I loved, enjoying what I enjoyed, and all asking for "more."

If the "more" is somewhat less connected than the narrative in the former volumes, that is because many events and experiences in my life had to be omitted there for want of space. Such as they are, may the following pages give some pleasure to the readers who have crowned my other work with so much kind approval and heartened the writer's lonely way with so much encouragement. To that encouragement the present venture is due, and to their judgment I commit it, only begging that they will be "to its virtues very kind, to its faults a little blind."

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.

WINTHROP, August 24, 1912.

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I

FROM THE ODESCALCHI TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

A Roman Sunday — A Long-lost Uncle, and a Pearl — A Lover of Horace Sees Rome in a Day — Recollections of my Aunt Medora — Strawberries, Sunshine, and Songs — An Unmourned Mother-in-law — Bath, the Forsaken — The Mistake of a Great Physician — I Make My Curtsey to My Sovereign — “The First Turn at the Mill!”

ON a certain Sunday morning, when I was about nineteen, I awoke with the conviction that something unusually pleasant was going to happen. The time was winter — but Roman winter, with dazzling sunshine, sparkling air, and a sky of radiant blue doming in a city of softly-tinted palaces and diamond-tossing fountains, a blue that painted soft reflections of itself in every undulation of the Campagna and darkened to cobalt on the distant peaks of the Sabines, where the rare whiteness of new-fallen snow shone out for winter's signature. Indoors all was flowery with roses and lilies and violets filling the house with perfume that mingled heavily with the warm smell of pine and olive wood burning in the open fireplaces; but “indoors” is hardly the word for the interior of the Odescalchi, as there the windows were almost always open to the rush

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of air and sunshine and fountain-made music that came in on every breath.

Of all the days I remember, none was ever more harmoniously born for the entrance of a great new personality into my life; indeed, he who was even then on the way to us was one of those for whom beneficially invincible influences always seemed to prepare the most characteristic and happy setting. I knew the setting was not made for nothing, and as I wandered through the rooms, pausing to smell a rose or glance in a mirror, I felt that the delightful happening was coming nearer every moment.

It was before the mirror that it caught me, rejoicing in the effect of sunlight on a champagne-coloured poplin frock that my mother had just given me. There came a ring at the bell, so loud and long that I was too startled to move for a minute, but then I flew to the front door, — no one but myself should answer *that* call, — and when I flung the portal open I found myself instantly enfolded in a mighty embrace, while a voice, unheard since my earliest childhood, cried, “You are Mimoli! Ah, I knew it!”

“Uncle Sam!” I managed to say against a broad grey shoulder, and then he held me off to look at me and gave me a chance to look at him. How I remember it now, the fine face so like my mother's, the dark eyes — like hers too but full of sharper, more piercing light — the beautiful, harmonious mouth, the full, dominant brow — more of it visible than of old when the brown hair used to hang a little over it!

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The hair was rather grey now and so was the "imperial," which I remembered so well. I seemed to remember even the shepherd's plaid suit and the dark-red tie and the black sapphire on the right hand. Uncle Sam! We had been hoping year after year that he would pay us a visit, and he had come at last.

I led him as far as the red room and there he stopped short, sniffing at the warm flower-and-fire scents in visible delight. "Will you stay here," I asked, "while I go and tell mamma? I hope she won't go quite crazy with happiness!"

"Wait a minute," he replied, and drew me to the window, where, with the sun shining into his eyes, he felt for and pulled something out of his waistcoat pocket. "There, my dear," he said, "that is for you — because you opened the door to me." And he held out a great lustrous pearl that shimmered as if it had a living light inside of it. I gasped as he put it into my hand. "Have it set as a ring," he commanded. "It is a stud now."

"It's the moon, Uncle Sam — you have given me the moon! I shall never have to cry for her again!" I was so overcome that I forgot to thank him.

"There, go and call your mother," he said, laughing at my ecstasy as I departed to do as I was bid.

We left them alone for a little while and then we all took possession of him, Annie and I and the little children, and "Paterno," as we called my step-father; and the good Italian servants began to fly about in sympathetic excitement to prepare a room for him, while

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the old cook thought out a dream of a breakfast. But a great blow was in store for us. My mother brought it on herself too soon — for one should never ask the fairies about their gifts.

“You will stay all the winter, Sam!” she said. “We must have a Roman spring together.”

He shook his head, and then in a tone of terrific secrecy he replied, “Only one day this time, Louisa. I am here on most urgent business for a friend of mine — the Emperor of Brazil!”

How the dear man enjoyed the effect of that dramatic announcement! Our amazed silence spoke our awe better than any words could have done. He went on, quite airily now, to explain that it was a matter of railways for Brazil, some monster contract to put through and financiers to interview, though, as all the world knows, Rome has not been noted for steel or money for a good many centuries past, and then the steel, at any rate, did not take the form of rails. Whatever the business was, it was completed, to Uncle Sam's apparent satisfaction, during the first hour or so after breakfast, and then he returned to us demanding to be “shown Rome” before sunset. It was his first visit to the capital of the world and he certainly made the most of it, for he managed to see St. Peter's, part of the Vatican (as a great favour, since the galleries were closed on Sundays), the Colosseum, and I forget how much more, and to remember it too, though he was talking of everything under the sun, except Rome, all the time. There must be many living still who can recall the extraordinary charm of his

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talk, — that torrent of anecdote, reminiscence, criticism — this last ended generally in delicately trenchant sarcasm, — many who can smile still, remembering his admirable telling of ever-new stories, his swift characterisation of men and women, his inimitably witty impromptu speeches, of which no printed record could give more than the faintest impression. Ah, dear Uncle Sam, who that ever knew you did not love you? And who that loved you would not give untold treasure for one hour of your golden company, could you but come back to us again?

After all, I think it was in his serious moments that I loved him best. Even on that first day there was a quiet interval when all the sightseeing was done; in the falling twilight he took his Horace from his pocket and, without opening the worn volume, began to repeat the description of the Sabine farm; then, yielding to the friendly melancholy of the Roman dusk, he told us all that Horace had been to him through life and earnestly recommended me to make the great poet my own. “No one can ever be lonely or sad who *possesses* Horace,” he said. “All my life I have carried him about with me and he is the most faithful and sustaining of companions. Some day I may show you my Horaces, the greatest treasure in my library. I have all the first editions known to exist, but this little brown volume is the dearest of all. It never leaves me.” He explained the date and preciousness of the wee book and went on: “My only regret to-day is that I cannot get out to visit the farm. But that will be for next time, so don't be

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downhearted, my dear," for I was ready to cry at the thought of his departure that night. "I shall come back very soon. I could not keep away from Rome now that I have seen her."

He meant what he said, but he was caught back and swept on by the tide of active life, which was his real sphere, and to Rome he did not return for many years. Nevertheless, that one triumphantly joyful day forged a new link in the chain that held him to us, and when we did meet again there was no sense of strangeness and very little memory of intervening separation. Before, he had been a part of the American Legend to me, one of the shining realities of the circle across the water, with which my mother's indefatigable correspondence and my own early memories never allowed me to become unfamiliar. But after his coming he had his place in my own life, and he has his place there still, with my other immortals.

Samuel Ward was my mother's eldest brother and was already launched in life when my grandfather died. My mother, as I have related in an earlier volume,¹ was then sixteen, — the second of the three sisters, who all lived to a good old age. The eldest, my dear Aunt Julia, only recently passed away, in her ninety-third year, younger in heart and brain still than any of her own or the next generation. There were three more brothers, but they were not endowed with the extraordinary vitality of the remainder of the family and died in youth or early manhood, having made but little mark in their

¹ See "A Diplomat's Wife in Many Lands."

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time. They were bright, handsome boys, and one, my Uncle Harry, was living when, as a little girl, I was taken to America, and was very kind to me. All I remember of him was his sunny face, short golden hair, and blue eyes, and his delightful readiness to romp with small children. Of Uncle Sam I saw very little at that time, but his second wife, my Aunt Medora, was instantly set up in my heart as an image of everything lovely and worshipful, and her two boys were sometimes playmates of ours at Bordentown. The history of Uncle Sam's second marriage was rather a stirring one, owing chiefly, it was thought in the family, to his dismal bad luck in choosing a mother-in-law.

If any woman can be said to have justified the ordinary vulgar conception of that ever-risky connection by marriage, that woman was Mrs. Grimes. She out-Mackenzied Mrs. Mackenzie in every trait except the one of unkindness to her offspring, and for that exception she may, let us hope, have been forgiven her other shortcomings. Uncle Sam, rich, young, ardent, and in evident need of consolation for the untimely death of his first wife, sweet and good Emily Astor, at once caught the discerning eye of Mrs. Grimes when (from nowhere in particular) she appeared in New York with two beautiful but portionless daughters. He was musical, and had a charming voice — so had Medora; and she had, besides, the feminine grace, the large dark eyes, the Madonna forehead, and perfect though rather expressionless features so much admired in the post-Byronic, early-Victorian period. Her colouring was like

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that of a June rose, and in speaking her voice was rich and sweet.

She and her sister were, I think, Creoles, and had all the glow and languor of their accidental origin, and their exotic names, Medora and Athénaïs, suited them perfectly. My chief recollection of Aunt Medora is a very bright and pretty one. I must have been just six years old when I was sent in state to pay her a morning visit in her house in New York. It was in summer time and I found her standing before a Louis Quinze dressing-table, looking at herself in the mirror as she arranged her dark hair in wide braids low over her ears, in the fashion of the day. There was a plate of ripe strawberries on the dressing-table, and a mixture of sweet unfamiliar perfumes in the air. Aunt Medora was dressed in an embroidered white muslin peignoir that had an under-robe of pink silk just the colour of her cheeks. The sun came into the big luxurious bedroom through green Venetian blinds and one long shaft lay on the moss-green carpet. She smiled at me and held out the plate of strawberries, saying, "Sit down on the floor, my dear, and eat them while I finish doing my hair."

It was such a delightful way of receiving a child. No putting one on one's best behaviour and making one answer a lot of stupid questions — just the fragrant fruit and the soft carpet and the stealing sunshine, and her beautiful self to look at in happy silence. When she had finished her toilet and I the strawberries, she got out her guitar and sang to me the songs that had sung her into my uncle's heart, — "Oh, bring to me my Arab

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Steed," "The Minstrel Boy to the Wars is gone," "My Earrings, my Earrings, I've dropped them in the well," and I don't know how many more, — songs that entirely met the emotional wants of our simple-minded forbears, but whose very titles send people into fits of laughter now. I doubt if we are any the better for that. Sentimentality with a large S keeps people much younger than realism with a small r. I had thought that Aunt Medora *must* be old, because my cousins were great boys of twelve and thirteen, but when I saw her that day I concluded that there was some mistake; I felt with certainty that, though she was so beautiful and looked so grown up, she was in reality not much older than myself, so completely had she understood my childish inclinations and sympathies.

I think Aunt Medora was a very simple person, and as my Uncle Sam was an extremely complex one, she understood only the sides of his character which appealed to her. This need not have come between them, perhaps, since such is the case with many harmonious couples; but alas, the old lady, her mother, was of a disposition neither simple nor harmonious. Aggressive, domineering, and grasping, she heated misunderstandings to quarrels, made herself disliked by the whole of the Ward family, and inspired in Uncle Sam's generous heart the only hatred I believe it ever nourished. In after years, long after the death of Medora and the two sons, — neither of them grew to manhood, poor boys, — he used to say, alluding to his mother-in-law, "She is still alive, but I shall outlive her." I happened to be

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with him when he received the announcement that she had at last passed away, and his naughty jubilation would have scandalised any one ignorant of the provocations he had endured. He was an old gentleman himself by that time, but the memory of his early trials was still hot within him, and he skipped around the room like a boy exclaiming, "I have outlived her! I *have* outlived her!"

My next meeting with Uncle Sam took place in London, in the winter of 1879-80. My husband returned from China and rejoined me in Rome in the May of '79, and soon afterwards we travelled to England, where he wished to spend his few months of leave after his five years' stay in China. Our children were still small and exceedingly rampant, not good travelling companions for their father, whose nerves were always rather overstrung and just now in crying need of rest; so I sent him on before us and followed a couple of days later with their nurse, a much-travelled woman, who had replaced our Chinese amah when the latter returned to the East. Incidentally I had a very pleasant experience on that journey. One of my childhood's friends, Gordon Greenough, the son of the well-known sculptor of that name, had come to Rome during the preceding winter with John Sargent. They had both been studying in Paris and were generally looked upon as inseparables. Young Greenough was, we all thought, quite as gifted as Sargent, although in the strict routine of the Paris "ateliers" he had only just been advanced beyond charcoal drawing, to which Carolus Duran, whose pupils they

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both were, held his aspirants sternly for two years, while Sargent was already playing about joyously on rainbow oceans of oil colour. Gordon's drawings — he executed some striking portraits that winter — had a "maestría" and a fidelity which promised great things for his future, and he had besides a peculiarly charming personality and just that touch of romance without which youth is never quite youth. He is one of those who will be young forever, for the future never came, here. He died a few years after that winter in Rome. Our last meeting, in Paris, was one which I have always been able to look back upon with the greatest pleasure. Mrs. Greenough, a brilliant and charming woman from whom I had received untold kindness, wrote to tell her son I was passing through Paris, and Gordon rose to the occasion gallantly. At four o'clock in the morning, after an all-through journey from Rome, our train crawled into the Gare de Lyons, and the first face that showed at our window was that of my dear Gordon, smiling joyfully and ready to take our rather forlorn little party in hand. How glad I was to see him! I had just had one of those hours of black fatigue and depression which I have come to know too well since, for they almost always attack me at the end of a lonely journey to some unfamiliar place. My responsibilities had been looming monstrous ever since the grey dawn shone in through the compartment window, and I had been, as the saying is, "kicking myself" for having let my natural protector go on alone. I had not been in Paris for many years and never knew it well, and I was sure I should lose my children and

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my nurse and all my money before I made the Gare du Nord. So the relief was proportionately great when Gordon took us in charge in his masterful way, packed us and our many belongings into a carriage, and told the driver to go to the Continental. Then I found my breath to ask him the one question which appeared insoluble to my knowledge of his habits. "How on earth did you manage to get up in time?"

"Get up!" he exclaimed, "why, nobody could do that! I did n't try. I have n't been to bed — yet. It is not so very late, you know!"

We were expected at the Continental, Hugh having reserved rooms for us on his way through, and a couple of hours later the journey and its dust was forgotten and I was all ready for my friend when he turned up to take me out for the day. The babies I could safely leave to Marguerite, who had lived much in Paris and was looking forward to showing them the toyshops and the Champs Elysées, and Gordon and I set out on a holiday wandering in which we took turns to decide on the points to be made for. Of course I started with the Louvre. I had not been there since I was fourteen, and the Venus of Milo and Mona Lisa were calling me aloud. We were very silent there, and very happy. Then the boy said, "It is my turn now. I am going to take you to *my* place, the Salon." So to the Salon we went, and for hours we wandered from one room to another in the curious exuberance of mind that fine modern art always produces. No wistful straining of the spirit's wings there, no awe, no reverential melancholy, no poignant

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questionings from the blind present to the all-seeing glory of the past — just contemporary thoughts, ideals and efforts, all of which can be judged and appraised without danger of presumption. And that year the Salon was very interesting, dominated as it was by Carolus Duran's splendid portraits. I liked the "Enfant Rouge" the best of all, I remember. But there were others — one particularly of some unknown woman in black — which were almost as good. There were some fair attempts at sculpture and Rodin was well in evidence, but my classical upbringing made it impossible for me to be very enthusiastic about him. The French art of the Second Empire was still in the ascendancy, still the loving though self-asserting child of Meissonnier, Millet, Corot, and the great ones of their day, and the gaiety and grace and colour of the many paintings supplied what may have been lacking in idea. Upstairs were the galleries of drawings, where some of Gordon's own were well hung, and he lingered over these tenderly and prophetically, his mind full of the great pictures which he promised himself should hang, before long, in places of honour in the rotunda below.

The rest of the day — well, I do not remember it so clearly — we lunched outrageously late, mooned in the Bois, fribbled in the Rue de Rivoli, "must have dined somewhere," as the pleasant woman in "The Liars" says, and talked three quarters of the night.

Realities gripped me the next morning. An affectionate but awe-inspiring husband was waiting for me at Folkestone, the nurse was simply tyrannical about the

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rugs and coats and lunch-baskets she *would* carry round for the children, and my smallest boy — aged not quite three — was extremely angry with me for some reason and vented his wrath in strange French threats all the way to the Gare du Nord. “Ce n'est pas pour les prunes quand je suis fâché avec ma femme!” was one, I remember, and “Ce n'est pas moi qui veux travailler pour le Roi de Prusse,” a phrase which then meant working for nothing. The faithful Gordon, who again appeared at some unearthly hour to see us to the station, this time with a “botte de roses” a yard long in one hand and a parcel of the newest French books in the other, was dying to box his ears, and very nearly threw his nurse, Marguerite, out of the window when, interrupting our last precious minutes of conversation, she respectfully drew my attention to the spot where some years before a now forgotten criminal called Troppman had been executed for slaughtering an entire family, thus giving rise to the term “Troppmanniser,” to describe wholesale murder.

It was good-bye to all my own airs when the train steamed out of the station, for I always leave my real self in storage when I go to England, and my dear Hugh had very little use at any time for the Mediterranean-born side of my personality. Also it was good-bye to Gordon Greenough, though, thank God! we neither of us knew it then. That night I was introduced to the expensive discomfort of an English provincial hotel — cotton sheets, grimy rooms, sulky servants, smells of stale cold meats and musty pickles everywhere, a brown Bible

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in every bedroom, "baths extra," and the hideous necessity of going downstairs to *breakfast* staring me in the face for the morning! The next day we all went up to Bath, to make the acquaintance of Hugh's mother and sister. Let us "drow a veil," as Jeames says, over first impression, not of those kind, good ladies themselves, but of the awful melancholy and dulness of all their surroundings. I was young, and only half disciplined yet, and if I had known any swear-words, I believe I should have used them all on every one of the thirty days we stayed in that depressing place. It rained all the time, the black pillars of the porticos on the big forsaken Georgian houses grew blacker and shinier every day. I never went out without ruining a frock, and I was thankful when we could leave and run down to Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight, where I had persuaded Hugh to take a house for the few remaining months of our holiday. I had affectionate recollections of the pretty place, and wanted also to see the dear "Aunts" again and renew many a quaint pleasant memory of the childish years I had spent under their tutelage.

They, and the Undercliff, and the sea, were all that I had lovingly remembered for so long, but the effects on my health of the four years in Peking were still acute, in spite of all the nursing at home, and at last I made up my mind to go up to London and consult a certain great specialist as to how to get well again. When I wrote to my mother about this decision, she instantly informed me that Uncle Sam Ward was in town, with the other uncle, Adolphe Mailliard, and that she

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was apprising them of my coming, so I went willingly enough, Hugh consenting to stay behind and look after the children for a fortnight.

In spite of invalidism it was a royal fortnight for me. I found the two uncles waiting for me with open arms, and if ever a young woman was spoiled by men who made a fine art of spoiling, it was myself. They made me their guest at Brown's Hotel, and dear Uncle Sam, although just then one of the most sought-after men in town, devoted himself to looking after me. An amusing thing happened on the occasion of the great specialist's first visit. He had given me a thorough overhauling, resulting in a not very encouraging verdict with accompanying advice. I then expected him to take his leave, but he lingered about in a perplexing way, and I was wondering whether he was trying to summon up resolution to pronounce my approaching death warrant when, to my amazement, he asked for his fee. Seeing my surprise (for I was unaware that eminent physicians would condescend to be paid on the spot), he explained that men of physicians' rank could not legally collect accounts, and, as I was not a resident in town, he would like to take the two guineas with him. My maid had gone out of the room, and all I could do was to give him from under my pillow the key of my dressing-case and tell him to help himself, which he did with much seriousness. He had to hunt around some time among my jewelry and smelling-bottles for the right coins, and when he had found them, locked the case, gave me back the key and bowed himself out with quite the grand manner. His

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keenness for payment proved unfortunate to him, for dear Uncle Sam had been waiting outside on the landing with five guineas, which he tried to press into the learned gentleman's hand. The latter, to his chagrin, had to confess that he had already collected his fee, and went away, as he afterwards told me himself, three guineas the poorer for his pains.

As I have said, Uncle Sam was just then the fashion in London and was immensely enjoying his popularity. I think he had come over merely to accompany Uncle Adolphe, who was selling thoroughbred horses from his California stud to certain big racing men, and the two were inseparable, though Uncle Sam, being specially gifted in that way, did all the talking. They formed a great contrast — Uncle Adolphe tall, quiet, slim, and as handsome as ever, and Uncle Sam, short, thickset, but finely built, bubbling over with sociability and frankly enchanted at having such a good time.

Uncle Sam had struck up a great friendship with Mr. Gladstone and just then Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his fame, his name, either for praise or blame, being in every mouth. Uncle Sam accompanied him on an oratorical campaign in Midlothian, and once, when things had gone more triumphantly than usual even, was impelled to make a speech of congratulation. As I have said, he was past-master in such arts, but Lord Rosebery, who was standing at his elbow, became alarmed at the elaborate rhetoric of his opening peroration, and a panic-struck whisper hissed into Uncle Sam's ear, "Look out, you're getting muddled!" "I!" My

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uncle's eyes flashed fire as he recounted the incident to me, and his laugh rang with victory as he added, "He did n't know me, did he?"

Lord Rosebery's warning was prompted only by his great friendship for the speaker, a friendship testified to in every possible way then, when the party was staying at Dalmeny and enjoying the gracious hospitality of Lady Hannah, as her friends were prone to call Lady Rosebery. Like everybody else, Uncle Sam became her devoted slave, and a couple of years later, when, for the third time in his life, he was mulcted of a large fortune by his misplaced trust in unworthy persons, was deeply touched by the Roseberys' earnest request that he would look upon their home as his own. Another friend, the late Duke of Sutherland, promptly tendered him a similar invitation, and these kindnesses, although he could not bring himself to take advantage of them, went far towards reconciling him to the loss of his money — a very serious misfortune to a man of his age and tastes.

I think the tempters were beginning to lay their snares for him when we were together in London. I remember a luncheon at Brown's Hotel, ordered after much reflection on my uncle's part (and he was an artistic expert in gastronomy) at which I was ordered to appear with my best frock and sweetest smile, as I was to make the acquaintance of some great friends of his. Luckily they were late, for Uncle Sam did not turn up till the last moment, when he burst in, radiant as usual, and produced a camembert cheese from under his coat.

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“There’s only one place in town where you can get the real ones,” he exclaimed, and then, as I sniffed the thing critically, he went on: “Yes, I’ve carried it all the way down Piccadilly! I wonder if *you* would have had the courage to do that?”

At that moment his friends arrived, a rising journalist looking rather overawed, his pretty, appealing young wife, and another man, who supplied all the talk and, I fancy, the brains of the party. I do not remember or wish to remember their names — I did not take to them and never saw any of them again, but I have never been able to disconnect them with the sad losses which ensued. Uncle Sam never said a single hard word about any one connected with or responsible for those losses — indeed, as my dear mother said, “God gave him largeness of heart as the sands of the sea.”

I parted with the uncles at the end of a fortnight and returned to Bonchurch, where earlier in the year my mother and younger sister had joined us and remained for some weeks before going to America, where they were called by the disastrous condition of my mother’s affairs, to which I referred in a former volume. The having or not having money never sat very heavily on any of our family, and my mother was her charming, benign self, ready to enjoy the divine charm of the climate, the “Violets of the Undercliff,” the pleasant talk of the dear Sewells, and the hours with me, without any repining or fussing as to future arrangements. The Sewells gathered in force that summer; the nephews’ and nieces’ voices filled Ashcliff during the holidays and

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I had great pleasure in meeting again with some of them, notably with Robert Sewell, who, as a very young man, had been most kind to Jennie and myself when we had to stay at Bonchurch during the Christmas holidays, our Roman home being too distant to travel to for those few winter weeks. We had known him as "Bob," and "Bob" he remained for me, though by 1879 he had passed into the Indian Civil Service with flying colours and was in the eyes of his world a personage of importance. We met again a few years ago, in London, and stared at each other, realising rather painfully the march of time. He had retired with honour from his long hard work, and was bringing out a learned but most thrillingly interesting work called "A Forgotten Empire," which, I remember, I read eagerly and forgot to thank him for — how many golden apples one does *not* pause to pick up in life's race!

We all went our different ways after that summer of reunion; my people stayed long in America; Marion was in India; events there and nearer home cast a cloud of depression over public feeling, and Hugh and I were glad enough when he received his appointment to Vienna. One formality which I have never chronicled had to be gone through before proceeding to our new post — my presentation to the Sovereign, who had at last emerged from her overlong seclusion and shown herself to her grumblingly faithful subjects. How deeply her abandonment of them was felt and how little she seemed to know of their feelings on the subject! During the years of my education at Bonchurch I re-

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member a melancholy parody of an old hymn, which was always in the air.

Where is our gracious Queen?
Far, far away!
Where is Victoria seen?
Far, *far* away, etc., etc.

I could not make my bow in Vienna without having been presented, so Hugh took me up to town for a distracting fortnight of shoppings and tryings-on, both of us grudging the time from the heavenly spring days down in the Isle of Wight. At last the great day arrived and I was taken in charge by dear Mary Clarke (née Rose), to whom the ways of Buckingham Palace were as familiar as they were unknown to me. It was the first time since I was a baby that I had found myself driving through the streets by morning light in a low dress, and I felt as if I ought to be arrested for disorderly conduct. But I was only one of hundreds, passing between lines of staring people who voiced their opinions of our frocks and faces quite without reserve. When we reached the august domicile my friend shot me out into the crowd and drove off to the "Petite Entrée" of which she had the privilege, and I at once lost my individuality in the herds of ridiculously dressed women, of whom I was one. Driven from pen to pen like instalments of sheep, — only sheep is not the right term for a mob of over-dressed, elbowing, red-faced women who behaved like famished animals fighting for a place at the troughs, — passing from one ugly, com-

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monplace room to another through a "guichet" turned by a lounging thing in uniform, which I afterwards learnt was a Life Guardsman, shivering with cold and longing for the cup of tea or bouillon which pecunious royalty refuses to provide, two or three of the weariest hours of my life passed in this way, lightened only by one humorous incident. My instalment of the mob included a certain peeress whom I vaguely remembered as an assiduous visitor in my mother's house in days gone by. The poor woman had forgotten the name and standing of the man I had married, and was evidently torn with anxiety as to whether she had better renew the acquaintance or not. But she had with her a nice chatty young daughter, very badly dressed but brimming over with goodwill and interest, and before her mother had had a chance to get a look at my card the girl had told me how much "Mamma" had enjoyed the hospitality of the Odescalchi in old days, etc., etc. But "Mamma" was icy until, in pity for her, I turned the card in my hand, when her eagle eye discerned Lady Salisbury's name as my official godmother, and the ice thawed at once. We were separated soon after that, my train was lifted off my arm and deftly spread by the Gold-sticks, and the next instant I was making my best "plongeon" to the Queen, who smiled very kindly down on me as I kissed her hand. I was not too "rattled" to notice the low clear tone in which my name was communicated to her by the man at her elbow, or the little sideways bend of the head with which she received it — as if one modest name more or less could

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possibly matter among the hundreds that were on the lists of the day!

There was a long file of Princes and Princesses, all in their best clothes and proper order, beyond the Queen, and I was not quite sure how many of them expected curtsies. I wanted to pause before the Princesses, only to see their frocks and jewels, — for the poor things' faces were so bored and tired that they looked less animated than their likenesses at Madame Tussaud's, — but my American soul revolted when the men of the family stared without even bending their heads as I passed by, so I tossed mine in the air and ran right into the arms of the friendly Gold-sticks (who were laughing, the wretches) and out into the hubbub of the great hall beyond. There I came to a sudden standstill to gaze at one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen — the present Lady Warwick. She looked like a white hyacinth crowned with red gold.

For the rest I suppose my friend found me and brought me home, but I remember nothing more until the happy moment when, having shudderingly cast aside my finery, I got into a soft tea-gown and a deep armchair, and the sympathetic maid brought me a cup of tea. It was the first atom of comfort I had had all day.

“The first turn at the Mill, my dear,” remarked my husband grimly. “You will get used to it in time.”

“Il en parlait bien à son aise,” dear man, for he absolutely refused to attend a *Levée*, and whirled me off to the country at once. Many tempting invitations followed us there, for the season was opening brilliantly,

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but we knew there would be plenty of hard work of that kind in Vienna and except for one or two visits to country houses we gave the last weeks of our leave to the sea and the myrtles and the balmy, sunshot mists of the Isle of Wight.

II

IN AND OUT OF BAVARIA

A Forgotten Picture in the House of Thought — A Premature Excursion and a Breach of Discipline — The First Fairy Story — Croatian Nurses — The Masked Lady — A Summer at Weissenbach — A Mad King and a Wise Regent — The Emperor and Count Andrassy — Haynau the Repressor.

THE House of Thought is full of forgotten pictures. They hang in secret chambers reached only through many a twist and turn of the labyrinth of memory; a touch of colour or a whiff of perfume, perhaps the half-heard tinkle of a distant bell, and the clue has dropped into one's palm, vibrating with the ever-seductive whisper, "Follow and you shall find!" And Thought springs up, leaving life's exchange of custom for the shadowy love-haunted realms of her own domain, and, following, finds the unknown door that opens to her touch and reveals one more sweet living vision, garnered in the sunshine, forgotten in the storm, but glowing now, radiant as ever before the eyes of the homing soul.

To one such I was led a few nights ago. The spendthrift gold of autumn on my Pacific Slope had first lulled, then intoxicated me with its glory. The winter seemed a thousand years away; the river ran in peacock blues and greens between the fields where the ricks stood, not grey, but gold, "to the sun." Long stretches of alfalfa

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lay like breadths of emerald velvet on the rich lowland where the costly irrigation ditches still shot out their bounty; the mignonette in the garden sent fragrant greetings through the open windows (how its faithful sweetness has followed me round the world!), and the thick-coated brown-and-white yearlings came and rubbed their innocent noses against the gate without trying to break through — there was plenty of crisp fresh feed outside!

Then, in an hour, the winter leapt upon us. Snow and sleet, grey skies and arctic winds laid a colourless pall over the country; the full moon came up a few hours later like a shield of ice and looked down on a white, white world. A sleigh flew by, noiseless but for its ripple of bells. The year was dead, and I turned, shivering, from the vision of its obsequies, to catch sight of a shred of blue stuff that had blown out of some arcana of my forgotten possessions. But what a blue! It caught me like an embrace, and for an hour I stormed my memory for its name and home. Then it came to me where I had seen it once, and only once, before.

An April morning in the upper Austrian Tyrol; a cold yet cloudless sky; a great indigo lake, stretching away from the low woody shore before me to lap silently against the sheer black wall of the Drachenberg, far to the southward; on forest and peak and sweeping meadow an immaculate mantle of fresh-fallen snow of that living whiteness which lasts but an hour; and on the snow, as if Spring, performing polite little obsequies over Winter's grave, had fled in haste from his unwelcome

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resurrection and had dropped all her blossoms as she ran, millions of blue periwinkles buried up to their necks in the snow, but spreading hopeful petals wide upon it to sun and sky. The ethereal whiteness below them, the crisp glory of the air above, shot through those petals such a blue as Fra Beato dreamt of when he painted his Paradiso; nor was his pure gold wanting, for, accompanying the periwinkles, and shaking their little trumpets valiantly in the breeze, were masses of pale yellow cowslips that had sprung up with them in the misleading warmth of April's earlier days.

We too had been misled, and had, as we thought, taken advantage of the sudden warm weather to go and hunt for summer quarters on the shores of the Attersee, a spot that I particularly wished to see. Also I wanted to get away from town for a few days, having just heard of the death of my dear Aunt Jennie Campbell, my father's only sister. In any sorrow one always wants to get away to nature, I think, so true is that which an American woman wrote, "Who toucheth this garment's hem shall be healed." So we blew into the "Südbahn" late one night, much to the mystification of the railway officials, who, adjured by our faithful old Wicks to take extra care of us and on no account to allow us to be disturbed, took us for a distinguished runaway couple — "Dass sind grosse Stücke," I heard the station master whisper to the guard, — and locked us in with every mark of sympathetic interest and respect.

The night grew colder and colder, and when we reached Gmunden towards seven o'clock the next morn-

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ing, it was to find ourselves set back into the winter once more. Coming in haste to the hotel we were dismayed to see that it was closed, and when at last we roused the proprietor, who looked as dazed and unkempt as a bear cheated of some of its winter sleep, he told us that he never expected any guests till June and was not at all sure that he could even give us breakfast.

However, he did produce that desired meal, and very much we enjoyed it in the vast, empty dining-room where a hastily built fire was roaring within, and outside, through the great French windows, one could see the beautiful lake, just ruffled by the morning breeze and bordered with that unique philactery of flowers and snow. A queer two-horse "shay" was found somewhere, and by ten o'clock we had started off on our voyage of discovery round the Attersee. The little horses scrambled along gaily, the driver chattering all the time, plying us with questions as to where we came from and what on earth had brought us into the mountains at such a time of year. His frank comments on our recklessness made me forget to look out for the stone that should have marked the frontier, and long before I realised it we had passed into Bavaria — and Hugh had committed a serious breach of discipline in leaving Austria without special permission from his Chief.

The escape lasted only a few hours and the Ambassador never knew anything about it, but it gave us a pleasant sense of runaway freedom, and, later, the chance of comparing the excellent roads on the Bavarian side with the little-travelled and quite elementary trails on

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the Austrian shores of the lake. True, bright little Bavaria had the softer country—longer reaches of meadow and pine wood between the water and the peaks—more sun and easier conditions generally, besides, as far as I was concerned, some afterglow of fun and happiness connected with baby memories of my dear father and our travels with him, which I have described in a foregoing volume.

Bavaria has always struck me as especially German—*echt Deutsch*—in the bunch of characteristics which go to make up the German idea. A foundation of the sanest good sense, a frank enjoyment of all the good things of life, comfort, sociability, home-loving women, big jolly men mellowed by perennial draughts of the best beer in the world, and, side by side with all this, the ever-living romance that fills wood and stream and enchanted castle with fairy presences as delicate and persistent as the fall of the dew, that bestows the love of beauty and the gift of art, that breaks out in shocking tragedies in high places and makes idyls in humble ones. “So geht’s bei uns!” That explains the phenomenon for the Bavarian mind; but the world’s pilgrim tries to think out the sequence, and arrives at the conclusion that a certain fundamental simplicity and gaiety of heart combined with appealing scenery, a kindly climate and a bounteous soil, produce the organisation best fitted to understand and love the really beautiful, whether visible or spiritual.

We were still out of Austria when, far down on the western side of the lake, our driver calmly informed

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us that the road went no further. "Da fährt man nett!" he added, waving an arm towards the wall of the Drachenberg to which we were already so near that I could endorse the truth of the statement. The great crag rose from the water in one sheer wall of granite where a bird could scarce find place to perch. Seeing our disappointment, the driver suggested that we had better go and get something to eat at the little brown inn which marked the terminus of all transport in this direction, and at that moment the host appeared at his doorway and entreated us to enter, which we did, in rather a bad temper, I fear, for we had set our hearts on exploring the further shore and had started on this side only to have a look at the scenery. My annoyance, however, was very soon forgotten in listening to our host's account of what the Attersee could be in winter. Once within his memory, he told us, the entire lake had been frozen over, so that people skated across from one side to the other, and so terrible had that winter been that the very bears came down from the mountains and could be seen prowling round on the ice in the moonlight. For the sake of the picture thus called up I tried to believe him, and decided that the bears of that region must have differed very much from those of the work-a-day world, who are wise enough to sleep the long dark months away. It was this same garrulous innkeeper who decided our fate for that summer, for had he not offered us a ferry for ourselves and our conveyance I am sure we should have returned to Gmunden in disgust and taken the first train back to Vienna. I

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had no taste for remote fastnesses in those days, but when a huge ferry came up to the landing-place, and we found ourselves, still in the carriage, being rowed across to Weissenbach, where, we were told, the mails arrived regularly by a little steamer that made the tour of the lake daily in summer, I felt that things looked possible, and Weissenbach itself, even under that rather wintry aspect, appealed to me irresistibly.

The hotel, a double-storeyed wooden building with broad verandas on both floors, stood a little way back from the lake, towards which the land sloped gently in a wide meadow, just softening to a shimmer of green now under the hot sun which had already quite melted last night's snow. A stream, bordered with alders, rippled down to empty itself in the lake, and the woods, misty with new greenery, crept up as near as they dared and made a fairy background all around. The woods thickened to forest in the near distance, and, as far as the eye could see, the sombre pines clothed the ever-mounting hills with their unchanging mantle. Through them, we were told, lay the road to Ischl, and we at once decided to go home that way instead of returning by Gmunden. First, however, the object of our journey had to be accomplished, and we finally took rooms in a huge old stone farmhouse which was used as a *dépendance* of the hotel and stood a stone's throw from it on the very border of the woods. Its comparative privacy was attractive and would give our turbulent small boys more liberty than they could enjoy in a house crowded with summer visitors, as the other place was sure to be.

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That point settled, we lunched hurriedly off the inevitable "Kalbsschnitzel" on the upper veranda of the hotel, consoled for a scrappy meal by looking at the splendid panorama of lake and peak spread out before us. Then fresh horses were found for our vehicle and we started on the fifteen-mile drive through the mountains to Ischl, a most delightful experience. Driving is, of all modes of travelling, the one that suits me best, and when it is my luck to travel through forests I come out soothed and good tempered and in the happiest possible mood.

One of the great charms of life in Vienna lay in the fact that a train journey of a few minutes' duration, or even an easy drive, brought one right out to one of the charming villages that lie in the heart of the remains of that superb "Wiener Wald" which in old times covered all this part of the country. Our favourite haunt was Dornbach, whither often I drove with my little boys on Sunday afternoons and where we used to romp and explore to our hearts' content, and have amazing picnics in fairy dells, so green and sunny and delicately remote that it was easy enough for me to spin chapter after chapter of the unending fairytale for which they clamoured whenever they and I could be together. Ah, that fairytale! It was as enthralling to me as to them, and it carried us over some three years at least, embodying all the possible and impossible experiences of two little children called Harry and Lulu. Then one night, to our amazement, it ended itself all of a sudden; the fiery dwarf, who had been the evil genius all through,

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resolved himself into a huge flaming plum-pudding and was instantly gobbled up by his small conquerors. And then began the immortal history of "Barbotz, or the Life and Times of Padre Antonio," of which I have written elsewhere.¹

My dear husband enjoyed the fairy stories nearly as much as the children did, I think, and sometimes helped them out by delightful illustrations. For "Barbotz" he made a little theatre and painted scenes, and we had marionettes for all the characters, and the wildest situations were represented with fine dramatic effect. "Barbotz" was a Devonshire product — the last fairy-tale of childhood, merging, as the years went by, into the stream of stories gay and sorrowful, funny and tragic, that we three have told each other and sometimes told the world too. That last thought was yet far from us in the Dornbach woods; still further — since the outside world was left on the other side of the mountains — from Weissenbach and the Attersee.

The summer of 1880 Hugh and I had spent in town, unwillingly enough, though he had the financial consolation of being Chargé d'Affaires. Although we should have liked to take a house in the suburbs, the expense of transferring our entire establishment thither was not to be thought of, for a curious system prevails in that part of the world. Small houses are not rented furnished, and moving into one means bringing all the beds and tables and pots and pans "mit." I remember Lady Elliot's forlorn account of her first experience in

¹ The Brown Ambassador, Macmillan.

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that way, when Sir Henry was first Secretary at Vienna and their son, Francis, now a senior diplomatist of distinction, was an infant in arms. The day of their departure from town turned out a pouring wet one and by the time the load of furniture arrived at its destination everything was soaked — except one mattress, which had to be given to the, just then, most important member of the family, the baby's wet-nurse. Everyone else slept on the floor with what few rags could be dried by bed-time. The nurse was of course a Croatian, so exercised about taking care of her beautiful costume and the baby that nothing beyond that would surprise or affect her. The Croatian women seem to have the monopoly of nursing aristocratic babies in Vienna. Tall, square-shouldered, with the swing of the mountains in their gait and the tang of freedom in their speech, they are picturesque enough to be painted, though I never heard of any artist who had used them as models. Their costume is quaint to the last degree, consisting of an embroidered sleeveless jacket, open at the neck, worn over a laced "camisole" which has the shortest possible puffed sleeves displaying arms of admirable shape and firmness. The white or pale blue skirt is enormously full and reaches hardly to the knees; in summer, brilliant orange-coloured stockings end in slippers with silver buckles, but in winter the wise Croatian woman draws on great cavalry top-boots which look strangely incongruous below the fly-away, opera-comique skirt. What a curious collection the costumes of nurses would make, from Ayah in her gauze wrappings to Balia in clinging

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scarlet cloth and gold lace — and Norman “Nou-nou” in full cloak and streaming cap ribbons!

As I have said, Hugh and I spent the summer in town, but our two small boys we sent off with their nurses to the Kahlenberg, a few hours' journey from the capital, where they could play to their hearts' content among the great woods. Once every now and again, I would go up there for the day to satisfy myself that all was well with them; on which occasions I used to make a practice of walking from our apartment in the Kärntner Ring to the station, thereby arousing in myself fresh sentiments of irritation against the petty hardships of a life in diplomacy upon limited means. And yet those walks were not without compensation. Had I been engaged in the writing of books in those dim days, I might even have considered such small economies as the want of a conveyance a direct intervention of Providence in my affairs. For it was upon one such walk to the station — I had chanced to thread my way, of a July morning, through the “Prater” — that I first encountered her who was known in Vienna by no other name than that of “die maskirte Dame,” “the masked lady.” If ever there were a fitting subject for a romance, surely “die maskirte Dame” supplied it!

Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by the encounter with that strange and sinister personality, there in the full glare of a summer's noontide in the radiant Prater, itself ablaze with flowers and almost deserted at that hour of the day — as is so often the case with the parks of many great cities.

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The very suddenness of the apparition, too, had in it something peculiarly disquieting. I was walking quickly along, eyes on the ground, when, suddenly, the clinking of a horse's bit made me look up, to see, on the tan-path on the further side of the roadway, a woman riding towards me at a walk; she was looking straight before her and her face — for such I took it to be at first sight — was such as one sees only in one's dreams. It was like the face of a corpse, a waxen yellow, with very bright red lips fixed in an immovable smile; the eyes, though, brown and small, like buttons, were full of a restlessness that was dreadful to see, set as they were in that dead face. As we drew nearer one another, the "maskierte Dame" turned her head in my direction and, for a second, our eyes met. Let me say at once, by the way, that my first actual impression had been that I was not looking upon a woman at all, but upon some supernatural thing. It was not until she had put her horse — a beauty — into a canter and was some distance away from me that I remembered what I had heard of such a mysterious person. She was said to be the wife of a certain Baron —, and the victim of some frightful accident which had disfigured her beyond all possibility of her ever again letting her face be seen by mortal eyes. Her practice was to ride for hours at a time in the Prater, or, in bad weather, in the great riding-school where, as I have heard, she would not infrequently tire out three, or even four horses in succession.

The next year, however, we were lucky enough to be able to leave Vienna in a body, early in June; our choice

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of a place in the country, where, without being too far from the capital, we could yet be sure of a really comfortable summer at moderate cost, had fallen upon the hamlet of Weissenbach, on the Attersee, whither, as I have related, Hugh and I had travelled to find quarters early in the spring. Although this part of the vast Austrian mountain districts has long been a favourite resort of the Imperial family, yet, speaking for myself, it has always struck me as infinitely less inviting than Tyrol. The people seem less prosperous, altogether, than the Tyrolese, whilst the mountains, themselves, of course cannot be compared with those, for instance, round Meran or Brixen. All the same they have, it must be admitted, one singular and supremely delightful feature of their own — by which I refer to their extraordinary richness in the sweetest of flowers, the lily of the valley. All through the summer months the whole country about Weissenbach was redolent of its perfume; after rain, especially, the air was heavy with the acrid fragrance of the knee-high lilies with which the woods were literally carpeted. Our quarters in the old farmhouse proved roomy and cool; the meadow that divided us from the lake was a perfect garden of wild flowers, and out of it, I remember, there crept, every afternoon, a tame black snake who used to wait under my window for a drink of milk! As soon as he had had it he slipped away again towards the lake, in the water of which was reflected a gigantic crucifix that reared its height on the southern shore. For a day-nursery the children had the use of a cherry-orchard by the house, albeit on Sundays, they had

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to make way for the local "Schützverein" or rifle club which had no other range than this same orchard, where, for hours together, with the parish priest acting as judge, the assembled gamekeepers and chamois-hunters exercised their skill upon a target fastened to a tree. Their weapons were still almost all old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, but their marksmanship was certainly worthy of a better weapon. In watching them and noting the marvellous accuracy of their practice one could understand why, in all Austrian campaigns of recent history, the mountain-regiments have always had assigned to them the most difficult posts — notably, at Solferino and Sadowa, — where their French and Prussian adversaries had such fearful cause to remember them.

The lake at Weissenbach was one of the deepest in Europe if not in the world; and, like all lakes, of course, deeper at its southern than at its northern end. Here, at the northern end, on Bavarian territory, was a country-house belonging to Duke Karl Theodore — Duke in Bavaria — from the grounds of which his wife, Princess Maria Josefa of Portugal, with her daughters, used to watch the little lake steamer as it plied on its way to Weissenbach. So much has been written concerning the Duke and his wonderful ability as an oculist that I need hardly dwell upon that side of his character. I met him, once or twice, in Vienna, and the kindly face with its much-wrinkled brow gave me the impression rather of a patient, earnest man of science than of the very capable soldier that he was. It seemed impossible to connect the one with the other, the great surgeon

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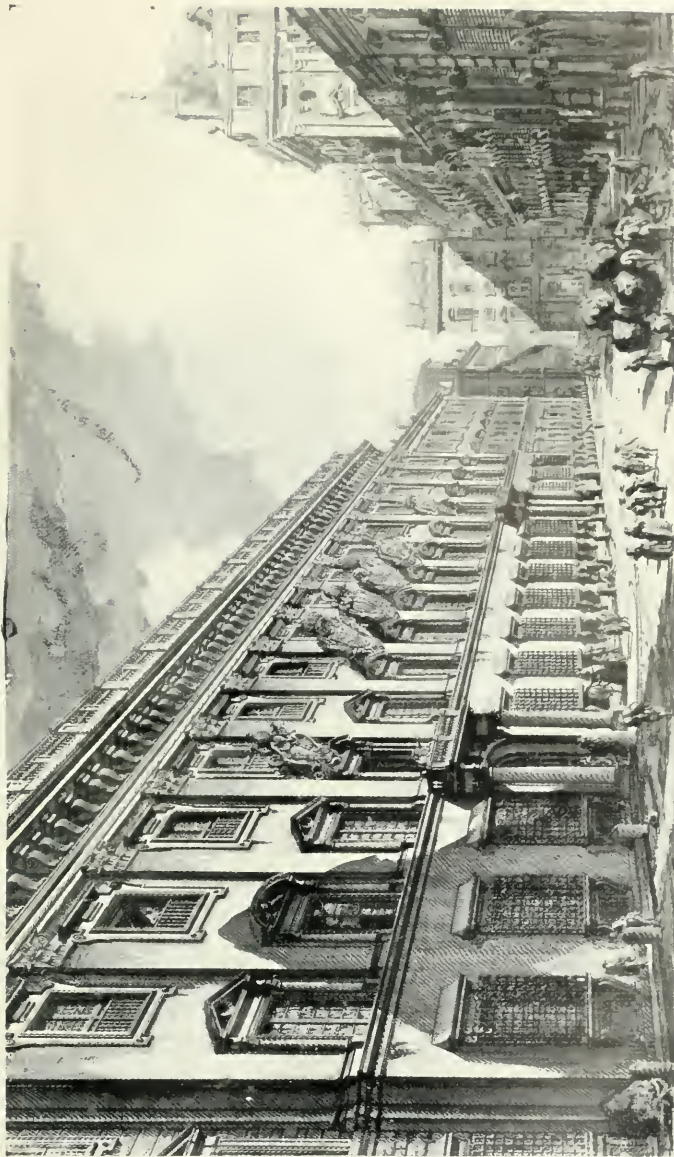
with the dashing officer of Cuirassiers of 1866 and 1870. And yet he was one of the very "souls" of the Bavarian army. I cannot imagine that any member of it can have felt more keenly than he the late "Prussification" of certain details in the uniform. But the most remarkable member of his family is, of course, the man who took so prominent a part in the creation of the German Empire as it is to-day, the Prince Regent Luitpold, now in his ninety-first year. I always think of Prince Luitpold, in company with his junior, the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph, as an example of an utterly unselfish man of duty. In the early eighties, Prince Luitpold was still comparatively young for such a man as he; his sixty-odd years appeared little more than early middle life, his youth and keenness in sport and business being still more than equal to those of many of his juniors. And yet his severest trials were to come; although his nephew, Prince Otto, the younger brother of King Louis of Bavaria, had already been confined as a madman for some years, yet the King himself was still sufficiently sane to be capable of acting as a figurehead of the Government. Not until 1886 did King Louis' reason break down so completely as to necessitate his uncle's officially assuming the reins of administration as Prince Regent, albeit for many years he had, in reality, been directing the destinies of the kingdom.

In those days of eighty-one there was a good deal of gossip going on in Vienna in regard to the Bavarian situation which, in view of the relationship of the Empress Elizabeth to King Louis—in whose sanity she

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was always a firm believer — was rather a delicate question. Some people there were who averred that the King's mental condition was being "exploited" to the utmost by Prince Luitpold for his own personal advantage, so as to clear the way for himself to the throne; others, again, declared that the unfortunate monarch had only been allowed to retain his crown so long, in the interests of the Bavarian "Power behind the throne" who had thus been enabled to work his will without incurring the odium of "a coup d'état." At the same time it was well known that already, in 1875, there had been considerable talk of King Louis' deposition from sovereignty, in favour of his younger brother, Otto; and, doubtless, this would have been carried into effect but for Prince Otto's own insanity, which compelled his being placed under restraint in the course of the next year.

How far rumour was correct in ascribing the origin of the mental troubles of both the royal brothers to unfortunate love affairs one hesitates to say. In the King's case I can hardly believe it, seeing that for so many years prior to his abdication in 1886, he had been notoriously of unsound mind. His trait of hereditary insanity seems to have found its first development far back in the sixties, when his naturally morose and fantastic nature abandoned itself to megalomania in the way of building fairy-palaces for himself; also his friendship with Wagner would appear to have gone far towards completing the destruction of his feeble mind, the result of his intimacy with the great troubadour being the complete dominion acquired over his imagination by the



From an engraving after G. o. Batt. Piranesi

VIEW OF THE PALAZZO ODESCALCHI

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composer-poet's ravings about Siegfried, Brunhilde, and the other great shadowy figures of Scandinavian legend. To such an extent, indeed, had Wagner demoralised his royal patron, even so early as 1866, that the latter, instead of accompanying his army into Bohemia, remained in safety at Stahrenberg, occupied in reading his own poetry to a chosen audience of admirers; a few days later, the news of the defeat at Sadowa found him at Hohenschwangau, playing "Tristan" in a suit of yellow and apricot-coloured tights. To these follies succeeded a period of suspicion and terror of all about him; he became beset with a mania for hiding and secretiveness. In the daytime he took to concealing himself, even from the eyes of the servants, behind closed doors and alone with his imaginary loves, Brunhilde and Isolde; but his particular "flame" seems to have been poor Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis XVI. Of her he kept a bust by him where his eyes could see it on awakening every morning; he even went to the length of styling her "my disembodied paramour."

At the same time he had a tyrannical side to him, as shown by his treatment of his brother Otto in 1869, when he separated him by force from the young girl, a countess, to whom Otto had given his heart. All that the lovers had been guilty of consisted in having, at a picnic by the Tegernsee, wandered off by themselves for the afternoon to pick strawberries; but it was enough to make King Louis ruin both their lives by keeping them apart for ever. No one dreamed, however, of the effect upon Prince Otto's mind until the following year, when

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old King William of Prussia caught him ordering his regiment to charge a stone wall!

To-day, by all accounts, King Otto (as he has been ever since his brother's tragic death at Stahrenberg, in 1886) is as mad as ever; his days appear to be passed mainly in the consumption of innumerable cigarettes, and in shooting, from the windows of his enforced retreat, at the passing peasants — his weapon being loaded for him with blank cartridge so that he can enjoy himself without hurting his subjects. Many of these latter, by the way, especially those of the mountain districts about the late King's fairy castles of Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau, still cling persistently to the belief that poor King Louis was put to death by his enemies — than which a more stupid and utterly unfounded calumny could hardly exist. By the way, I have often wondered how much truth, if any, there may have been in the rumour that at about the time of his death, King Louis was engaged in planning the kidnapping of the then Prince of Naples with the help of a number of Bavarian game-keepers and forest-rangers; according to these rumours his intention would have been to keep the son of King Humbert a close prisoner in some castle of the Bavarian Highlands until the boy's father should have consented to the restoration of the Papal Dominions to Pope Leo XIII. Such an idea, if indeed he really entertained it, speaks eloquently of King Louis' mental condition!

To return, however, to that summer of eighty-one at Weissenbach. We were not the only diplomatists

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there, Count Zuylen, the Dutch minister, having also taken up his abode in the neighbourhood for the holidays. With him were his son and the two charming daughters known amongst English in Vienna as the "Dutchesses," a play of words on their nationality. Amongst other visitors, too, was Princess Batthyany, who had been among the kindest of the Viennese to me during the past winter. As a matter of fact, of course, she was only Viennese "by residence," being in other ways Hungarian. Her husband, Edmond Batthyany, was at the Austrian embassy in London; a kinsman of his was the Prince Louis who was implicated in the Hungarian troubles of 1848 and came to an untimely end under Baron Haynau's administration of that misguided country. According to tradition, it was some woman of the unfortunate Prince Louis' family who uttered the memorable curse upon the head of the Emperor Francis Joseph — although I question the truth of the story.

The Batthyany's were particularly interesting to me in view of their being such typical examples of those fabled Hungarian magnates of whom I had heard so much and seen so little prior to my stay in Austria. Princess Batthyany herself, although not by birth quite the equal of her husband, nevertheless always impressed me greatly as a person far removed in every way from the everyday world of modern politics and affairs. As a little girl she had passed through that dreadful time of 1848-1849 in Hungary, her father's home being at Rechnitz in the "Comital" of Eisenberg. But the subject of 1849 was naturally a forbidden one in her

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presence on account of its very painful associations with the family of her husband. Indeed, it was so with almost all the Hungarians of one's acquaintance; scarcely a single house of eminence but had contributed in some way or another to the tragedy of that year. One of the very few participators in the rebellion to escape scathless was old Count Andrassy, who was destined, in after days, to become so eminent a public servant of the empire. It was to Andrassy that the Emperor Francis Joseph, in 1878, made the delightfully naïve remark, "Ah, my dear Andrassy, I am indeed glad that I did not hang you in forty-nine!" Had Andrassy, however, been of the number of those who fell into Baron Haynau's hands, after Arthur Goergey's surrender at Vilagos in the August of 1849, he would, doubtless, have fared very differently. The temper of the Austrian commander had been deeply stirred, only some few months earlier, by the revolt of the Italians in Brescia and the loss of his great personal friend, Count Nugent, who was mortally wounded in the assault on the town.

Speaking of Haynau, it is a strange thing that he should be so universally held up to public detestation by historians, on a charge of doing exactly the same things, in the course of his disagreeable duty, that the military leaders of the countries to which those same historians belong have never shrunk from doing under the same circumstances. The merest love of "fair play" compels one to ask what difference there is, for instance, between Haynau's severities in Hungary and

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those of the French Government during and after the Coup d'État of 1851? Of the Russians towards the Poles in 1863? Of the English in their suppression of the Indian Mutiny? Of the Americans in the Philippines? The Austrians were not guilty either of perpetrating the infamous "water-cure," or of ordering the massacre of all males over the age of ten years, as was ordered by an American general in regard to the population of the island of Samar in the year of grace 1901 or thereabouts. We are all human and therefore have, all of us, both as individuals and nations, our faults; but let us remove the beam from our own eye before we attempt to remove the mote from that of our brother. Of the cases I have suggested for comparison that of the English in India is the only one that can plead justification, in the fact of the horrors (that called for punishment in kind) perpetrated by Asiatics incapable of understanding the ordinary generosity of their rulers.

As to Baron Haynau, none of those who had known and served under him considered him entirely sane; his circumstances, all through life, were anything but calculated to make of him an impartial judge either of rebels or of the influences of which they might have been the victims. All his life long the man chafed under the fate that had caused him to be born into the world the natural son of a sovereign; never, in his dealings with other men, could Julius Jakob von Haynau quite throw off the thought of what should have been due from them to himself had things been but a little different at his birth. With him the Divine

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Right of Kings was, as it were, a royal outcast in his own person; and it was this sense of an outraged royalty in himself that goaded him into a bitterness which found its vent and expression in a fierce hatred of rebellion in any form. In mind and heart he suffered constantly; granted that he was of a morbid constitution, mentally, yet his unhappiness was none the less real on that account. There is a sketch of him, made on a Danube steamer, in 1851, a year before his death, which haunts one's memory — the drawing is that of a grimly decrepit figure leaning upon a heavy walking-stick and dressed in baggy, civilian clothes that hang loosely on the attenuated frame. From beneath one of the hideous, peaked caps then in fashion for travellers, the face of the man looks out with a sardonic stoicism upon the world that he despised for its fear of him. There is contempt in every line of that haggard, sick face with its extraordinary moustaches that fall in prodigious length from beneath the hooked nose down on to the shrunken chest. A mortally-stricken beast of prey, one would say, reduced by age and illness to brooding in its lair; a dying wolf to which its enemies dare not come too close until the last spark of its ferocious energy shall have left it. That he had courage none may deny, seeing how, alone, save for one companion, he faced the mob of Barclay and Perkins' enraged employés when they set upon him during his visit to London in 1850; it was only as by a miracle that he escaped from them at all.

Moreover, if retribution were necessary for his deeds

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in Italy and Hungary, it was certainly imposed upon Haynau; during all the last years of his life he was completely shunned by his fellow-men. Some one who witnessed an instance of this used to tell how, once, in travelling, Haynau was recognised in the dining-room of an hotel in Austria, and that, instantly, an unmistakable manifestation of disapproval of his presence on the part of the company compelled his withdrawal. But perhaps the most signal proof of how he was regarded among the men best able to judge him, his fellow-officers of the Austrian army, was furnished by the fact that Count Nugent, dying of his wounds received in the storming of Brescia — upon the inhabitants of which Haynau had inflicted such severities for their revolt — bequeathed the greater part of his private fortune, if not, indeed, the whole of it, to the town, by way of reparation for his superior officer's harshness. Also, Benedek, whose knighthood was never sullied by stain of any kind, refused an advantageous offer of staff employment under Haynau when the latter was afterwards sent to Hungary — albeit in so doing he sacrificed certain promotion and a substantial increase in pay.

To return to the point from which I started on this long digression — the mountain districts about Weissenbach were, as I have said, very different in some ways from Tyrol where, some years later, I was destined to spend a good deal of time. There was nothing of the same permanent country society at Weissenbach as there was in the neighbourhood either of Meran or Brixen. Nor were the actual features of the landscape nearly

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so grand as the southwesterly highlands of Tyrol. Nevertheless, there were occasional compensations which amply atoned for any normal lack of the picturesque; by this I mean the amazing storms of thunder and lightning peculiar to upper Austria with its natural lightning-conductors of bare, limestone heights (for the most part too precipitous for snow), and its great sheets of stagnant water. Indeed, I think that one such storm that I saw there, that summer, was quite the most terrific of its kind that I can remember. Never, until then, had I beheld lightning that seemed to roll over the ground like huge globes of mercury; nor had I had, before, the experience of watching what appeared to be a ball of fire fall from an inky sky into the middle of an equally inky lake with a hissing splash that was heard a mile away and more. By the way, was it not the late Mr. Du Maurier who said that the sense of smell was the most powerful of all aids to memory? Because, if so, I think he was unquestionably right; this, by the way, apropos of the smell of rain which, with that of lilies of the valley, will always take me back to Austria and its mountains; they are inseparably connected, too, in my mind with two other such old sweet smells, those of cherry-wood and of the fresh-cut hay as it lies drying in the sun on the lower pastures before being stacked for the winter. Aids to memory, indeed, but we pay for them too dear; they tear open every wound that the heart has suffered — and forgotten till some such unexpected breath of perfume sets it aching with new homesickness for a home that exists no more.

III

SOVEREIGNS, TREATIES, AND TRADITIONS

A House Divided against Itself — Croatia and Hungary — Wooden Soldiers and M. de Bonaparte's "youngster" — Archduke John and Tyrol — "The Old Colours Last the Best" — Hapsburg Eccentricities — An Inconvenient Member of the Family and His Mysterious End — The Emperor's Reception Day — The Story of Murat — A Headless Corpse — The Fall of Metternich — Traditions of Diplomacy — "Accidents Will Happen" — The Afterward of a Pitiful Tragedy.

ONE of the strangest peculiarities of the Austrian Imperial family was still, in 1881, the division of its members into widely differing national sympathies. As the empire contains some twelve or fourteen nationalities of varying political and social outlook as well as of differing tongues, this peculiarity was in itself of no small importance to the general situation of the Austria-Hungarian monarchy. Of the sons of one father, the fate of the eldest might have placed him for life in the midst of influences more or less distinctly Austrian and German, whilst his younger brothers might be equally imbued with sentiments as strongly Czech or Magyar, as the case might be. Each brother, if he married and had sons, bequeathed his personal sympathies to them, so that they sometimes became even more Austrian or Hungarian or Bohemian than the natives themselves.

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Archduke Joseph, whose father had been the Palatine or Viceroy of Hungary, was an instance of this, his half-brother, Stephen, having succeeded their father as Palatine in 1847. It was Archduke Stephen who, it will be remembered, led the Hungarian army in the autumn of the following year, 1848, against the Croats who, under the leadership of Baron Jellacic, had risen in revolt against their Magyar oppressors; the latter, who had always looked upon Croatia as an appanage, less of the Austrian Crown than of the Hungarian, had refused to extend equal political rights with their own to the Croats, despite the fact that they, the Hungarians themselves, were at the time on the eve of an armed struggle with Austria for equal rights with Germans in Hungary!

It is quite possible that Croatia might have been compelled by Austria to submit to Hungary on condition of Hungary's abandoning her attitude of independence towards Austria; in fact, it looked as though Croatia must inevitably be thrown as a sop to Hungary. And then suddenly the family divisions of the House of Hapsburg came to the rescue of the plucky southern Slavs. The matter would seem to have been settled by the Archduchess Sophie, mother of the present Emperor, who preferred the Croats to their oppressors, the factious Hungarians. She herself, moreover, was personally interested in the Croatian cause by reason of her friendship for the Jellacic family whose devotion to the Austrian Imperial house was well known. The result was the nomination of Baron Joseph Jellacic to

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the office of "Banus," or Governor of Croatia, at the instance of Archduchess Sophie and her partisans.

At the same time Jellacic was empowered to attack and overthrow the Hungarians who were advancing against Croatia from Budapesth in the belief that the Court party entirely acquiesced in the crushing of the rebellious "Banus" and his compatriots. Nor did the Palatine, Archduke Stephen, so much as even suspect the secret support given to Jellacic from the Hofburg until, as the two armies neared each other by Lake Balaton, he sent a message over into the Croatian lines with a request that Jellacic would open up negotiations in order to avoid bloodshed. In answer the "Banus" sent back to say that, "Unless the Palatine brings me an assurance and a guarantee that the Hungarian Government is at one upon all points with that of Austria, it will be of no use to attempt any negotiations whatsoever." Perceiving something of the hidden truth behind these words, Archduke Stephen resigned his command at once and withdrew to join the Imperial family at Vienna. The detested subjection to Hungary was averted for the moment, but it was finally forced upon Croatia in 1860.

"My" Archduke Joseph, the brother of Archduke Stephen, was the nephew of two of Austria's best known and most popular royalties, the Archdukes Charles — by many considered, after Prince Eugene and Marshal Radetzky, the greatest soldier in the history of the nation — and John whose life was spent for the greater part in Tyrol, a typical, simple Tyroler, at the further

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end of the empire from his elder half-brother, Archduke Joseph, the Hungarian *par excellence*. Of his uncles, Charles and Charles' elder brother Ferdinand — afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany — Archduke Joseph had a quaint story to tell.

One day in the year 1778, when the two brothers, aged nine and seven, respectively, were playing with a box of wooden soldiers in an ante-room of the grand-ducal palace at Florence, there entered a gentleman who had a little boy, his son, with him, to pay his respects to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the father of the two brothers, and later the Emperor Leopold II. After waiting some minutes in the ante-room, the stranger was summoned to the Grand Duke's study, and departed, leaving behind him his son, a sallow, aggressive child with fine grey eyes and a prematurely serious expression.

In his father's absence, the boy amused himself by joining the two small royalties in their mimic warfare on the carpet; gradually, however, to their displeasure, he began to get the better of them, his toy cannon — which he worked vigorously — mowing down their soldiers as fast as they could set them up. At last, when a quarrel was imminent and the little Archdukes were on the point of pummelling their adversary, they were disturbed by the return of his father accompanied by the kindly Grand Duke in person.

“Eh, but your youngster is beginning well, Monsieur de Bonaparte,” he laughed, “I see he has been outmanoeuvring my sons while we have been talking in there. Well, good luck to him — I trust you will have no further

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trouble in getting him into the establishment at Brienne, now that our friends, the heralds, are satisfied about him!"

For, there had been a good deal of difficulty in convincing the French heralds of the nobility of their future emperor's descent without proof of which young Bonaparte could not obtain admittance to the military school; only upon the Grand Duke's personal recommendation, indeed, was he admitted at all.

The lesson of the wooden soldiers was taken deeply to heart by Archduke Charles, who showed that he knew his business better when next he found himself pitted against his former merciless opponent (and nephew to be!) in 1809 at Essling and Aspern. As Napoleon said, "Those who did not see the Austrians fight at Aspern have never seen real fighting." Archduke Charles took as deeply to heart his second decisive defeat — that of Wagram — at the greatest of all soldier's hands, and his subsequent disgrace by his brother, the Emperor Francis; but his military abilities were amply transferred to his son, Archduke Albrecht, the victor of Custozza.

Archduke John, who married (like the sensible man he was, for love) Anna Plochel, a beautiful girl of the people, and left an only son, Franz, Count of Meran, will be for ever bound up in the affection of Tyrol with the great patriot of the country, Andreas Hofer. Together they bore the weight of the struggle against the French and the Bavarians, the Archduke on the southern side of the Alps, and Hofer in Tyrol itself. What good

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Archduke John suffered by the handing over of his beloved country to Marshal Mortier,—and from the Emperor Francis' base abandonment of Hofer, whose execution by the French he permitted without so much as a protest,—one can hardly fail to imagine. After Tyrol had been made over by Napoleon to his ally the King of Bavaria, the latter undertook to make himself popular with the inhabitants by mixing among them in the Austrian fashion. His favourite method was to attend the rifle-shooting competitions and to bestow the prizes. These competitions have always taken place on Sunday afternoons; any one may enter, and the village priest acts as judge. On one of these occasions, the Bavarian monarch, in bestowing the prize—a rosette of the Bavarian colours—remarked that he trusted the recipient would grow as fond of the Bavarian blue and white as he had doubtless been of the Austrian black and yellow in days gone by. To this the prize-winner, an elderly man, replied, scratching his head:—“Na, your Majesty, it's like this—when I hang up the rosette in my chimney nook it will soon look just the same as the other to me. The blue will soon turn to black and the white to yellow with the fire-smoke. It's my belief that the old colours last the best!”

The line of Hapsburg-Lorraine from which sprang the Archduke Joseph of my acquaintance as well as his cousin, Ferdinand, the last Grand Duke of Tuscany, another friend of those days, is notable for the exceptional brilliancy—and sometimes, as in the case of Archduke Ferdinand's youngest brother, Archduke John

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Salvator, the "Johann Orth" of such ill-starred celebrity, the eccentricity too — of its members.

It was at a "Bal bei Hof," as far as I remember, that I first met Archduke John Salvator, a short, wiry man with a small beard and thick moustache that entirely failed to hide the unmistakable Bourbon underlip; had he been older and worn spectacles, he might have been taken for Archduke Albrecht. His eyes were rather remarkable for a look of uncertain obstinacy, as though he were at once eager, yet unsure of his purpose. For this peculiarity, there was no accounting, but his underlip was more than explained by the fact that his mother was a granddaughter of old King Ferdinand of Naples, the friend of Nelson and the Hamiltons in the bloody days of 1799. It may not be the popular view, but, for myself, I cannot help thinking that that same King Ferdinand has been made somewhat of a scapegoat for the doings of that time; if, on the face of it, he were guilty of undue harshness towards his rebellious subjects, it seems to me that some other people who were quite as guilty, have escaped much of the odium of their responsibilities.

But to return to Archduke John Salvator. In 1881 he was known as one of the most retiring of all the Archdukes; a serious soldier and something of a musician, who preferred his own society to that of the Viennese world, generally speaking. He was then a major-general of infantry and, by all accounts, an extremely promising officer; also, if the gossip were right, a dissatisfied and restless character, with opinions of his own upon the

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conduct of military affairs, — opinions that would, sooner or later, vent themselves in active measures should they find an opportunity for doing so. He seemed to take more interest in the younger members of the Imperial family than in their seniors, his marked preference being for the Archduke Rudolf, the youthful heir to the throne.

If Archduke Johann Salvator had any other partiality, it was for children, foremost among them the little twelve-year-old Archduchess Louise, the daughter of his brother, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who has, since then, as Crown Princess of Saxony, been the central figure of so desolating a domestic tragedy.

Who would have dreamed that the shy, self-centred infantry officer of those days was destined for what now appears to have been, without reasonable doubt, the dreadfully sad end that awaited him off the desolate coast of South America? When I saw him he was only thirty years of age and eight years were yet to pass before he found his fate. He had long been in search of some one with whom he could fall in love and marry; but there was no girl of his own rank to be found for him on those lines; eligible princesses, yes, plenty of them, but none who attracted him. So he put the thought of Love away from him until it should find him out and give him what he desired; and, in the meantime, he turned his attention to pressing, openly, for army reform — a dangerous subject in any country and particularly so, at that time, in his own.

Later on, the publication of his pamphlet "Drill or

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Education" so exasperated the authorities that, in 1883, he was transferred in disgrace to the garrison of Linz, whence nothing much was heard of him for three years. During that time, he lived carefully within the proper limits of his office as a major-general, and showed no signs of any recurring disposition towards misplaced initiative. But not for long; in 1886, on Prince Alexander of Battenberg's resignation from the post of Bulgarian ruler, Archduke John Salvator, from Linz, offered himself to the Bulgarian people in the capacity of their prince—with a political programme so un-Austrian that his own family was furiously angry with him, and, when he resigned his candidature in favour of the present "Tsar of All the Bulgars," deposed him from his generalship in the army. Thereupon, he seized the occasion to lay aside his sword for ever and devote himself to pursuits more congenial to his tastes than soldiering in time of peace. The only honour he could not resign was the Order of the Golden Fleece, but he shed all the others attached to his royal birth when, a few years later, he married the lovely little actress, Ludmilla Stubel, chartered a ship called the *Sainte Marguerite*, and sailed for Buenos Ayres with a load of cement! His wife accompanied him and the port was reached safely, but they never made another in this world. On the 12th of July, 1890, they left Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso, intending to round Cape Horn, as all sailing vessels must, the navigation of the Straits of Magellan being too complicated for anything but steamers. A few days after their departure from Buenos

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Ayres a terrific storm broke over the South Atlantic and engulfed the *Sainte Marguerite* with all on board. No sign of her or any of her crew has ever been seen since; search after search was made by the Austrian and Chilean Governments, their cruisers exploring every yard of coast and all the bleak islands that lie off it; the missionaries instituted a search of their own, and had any trace been left of the unfortunate Archduke and his companions, they would have found it, their knowledge both of the coast and inland districts being exceptionally complete. Twenty years after the disaster the Archduke John Salvator, otherwise known as Johann Orth, was officially proclaimed deceased, and his property divided among his legal heirs. One more in the long list of tragedies that have fallen upon the unhappy House of Austria!

Speaking of Archduke John Salvator's family resemblance to his ancestor, Ferdinand of Naples and the two Sicilies, reminds me of a seriously disputed point in his features — to-wit, his underlip. As a matter of fact, the Bourbon lip is said to have first been introduced into the House of Hapsburg as far back as 1440 through the Emperor Frederick IV who inherited it from his Polish mother, Cymburga, daughter of the Duke of Mazovia. The Emperor Frederick it was, moreover, who invented for himself and his successors the famous monogram A. E. I. O. U., which is found on everything belonging to him, his pottery, his books, and even on his monument in the Stefanskirche. Nobody seems to be quite sure what the letters once stood for, but here are

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some of the accepted meanings of the riddle: — “*Aquila Electa Juste Omnia Vincit*” (The justly elected eagle conquers all); “*Austriæ Est Imperare Orbi Universo*” or in German, “*Alles Erdreich Ist Oesterreich Unterthan*” — that is to say, “All the Earth is subject to Austria,” which, as the “*Bab Ballads*” (or is it the “*Bon Gaultier*”?) puts it “is pretty, but I don’t know what it means!”

And yet it is strange how utterly dissimilar are the two lines of Hapsburg and Sicily — in almost every other respect but this and one other, namely, a delightfully democratic simplicity and kindness in the little things of daily life, a trait as marked in the present venerable Emperor to-day as it was in his great-great uncle by marriage, the much-abused Ferdinand I of Naples, a hundred years ago and more. To this day — apart from questions of Court procedure — the Austrian Imperial family is the most genuinely accessible and, as the Germans say, “*gemüthlich*” (there is no English word to express it) of all the reigning houses of the world, including even the occupants of presidential palaces in various republics. The Emperor’s weekly reception day is an instance of this, when he sits for hours at a time listening to the complaints and petitions of all classes of his subjects. None so poor or humble but their Emperor receives them as a father does his children; he sits on one side of a table and, if they wish, they may occupy the chair set on the other side and so be at their ease. There is no one else present. If there be any rich people among those awaiting audience, the probability is that

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they may have to wait the longest. It is a strange collection of humanity that fills the Emperor's ante-room on these occasions — peasants to complain of grasping landlords or to ask for help in difficulties; priests, soldiers, farmers; a young fellow asking for some government employment the better to support his parents or marry his sweetheart; every kind of sorrow, hope, anxiety, or ambition is brought there by them to their Emperor. And never does he refuse, if he can avoid it, to help them. How different from the case in some countries, where the Crown is no more a party of the national life than are the national monuments!

In other ways, too, the Emperor Francis Joseph is very, very dear to his people; not only does he actually share their joys and sorrows in time of peace, but, in time of war he has taken equal physical risks with the humblest soldier in the ranks. No one has forgotten how, in the darkest hours of June 24, 1859, the Emperor in person led his cavalry against the French and Sardinian artillery and infantry; nor has his cry to his soldiers on that day been forgotten — “I, too, am a married man with a wife and son at home!” In every sense, Francis Joseph has always been what Princess Metternich called “a *real*” Sovereign. She it was, by the way, who, on being taken to task by a Frenchwoman for criticising the Empress Eugénie for smoking, was reminded, at the same time — “And what about the Empress of Austria — she even smokes big cigars! What do you say to that?”

“Oh, nothing at all, of course,” was the reply. “My

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Empress has a right to do as she thinks best in such things. But, then — she is a *real* Empress, you see!”

In Ferdinand I of Naples, the family trait of good-humoured simplicity showed itself rather differently. He was simply a Neapolitan idler, nothing more nor less, whose one accomplishment was trimming lamps. A great part of his day was passed, both in Naples and at Caserta, in the lamp-closet; for the lamps of that time took each nearly an hour to prepare and to light — they were just such as I remember in my childhood at Palazzo Odescalchi. Contrary to the widely accepted notion, King Ferdinand was not cruel, in the sense that it gave him any pleasure to witness, or be the cause of, suffering, whether human or animal; he was simply physically indifferent to the suffering of others. If, at times, he would appear to have been harsh or blood-thirsty, it was due to this and to fear rather than to any innate cruelty.

The affair of Murat is curiously illustrative of Ferdinand's character.

Murat, who as King of Naples under Napoleon was dispossessed of his throne by the Austrians at the battle of Tolentino, in March, 1815, took refuge first in France and then in Corsica to await events. During the time of the occupation of France by the allies after Waterloo, no attempt was made by them to molest him, although, had they wished, there can be little doubt that they could have had him arrested at any time. But no; on the contrary, every effort was made to shield him from publicity, and the Emperor Francis, considering

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him as a relative (through Napoleon whose sister was Murat's wife), offered him, in the autumn of 1815, an asylum in Austria for himself and his family, promising to make over to them a suitable estate and that they should be treated with the deference due to their rank and as members of the Imperial family. This generous offer poor Murat was ill-advised enough to reject when it reached him; his wife had already availed herself of it and had gone to Austria with her children. Her husband, as we know, left Corsica secretly, on the first of October, 1815, for Calabria in the southern part of his former kingdom, with the idea of regaining his throne by means of a popular uprising.

As we know, too, he failed and was taken prisoner and confined in the Castle of Pizzo, there to be tried by a courtmartial acting under orders from King Ferdinand at Naples.

And now was shown the contrast between the two men — the easy-going, timorous Ferdinand, and his prisoner, the farmer's son of Bastide Fortunière, the successful cavalryman whose facile vanity had been the butt of smaller spirits.

On learning that he was to be tried by courtmartial, Murat proffered only two demands, that a tailor might be sent for to make him a civilian suit of clothes in which to appear before the court in place of his uniform, and that all the eau-de-cologne available should be procured for his bath, a comfort he had not been able to obtain for some days past. He had hopes, all along, that Ferdinand would spare him out of regard for his wife and

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the Emperor of Austria; but he was fated to be cruelly disappointed. The trial took place in due course, the prisoner abstaining from sanctioning it with his presence, and ended in his being sentenced to be shot, almost at once.

Joachim Murat met his fate with perfect good manners and the unruffled urbanity of an accomplished cavalier; all he asked of the soldiers who formed the firing-party was that they would be careful not to disfigure his face, but to take aim at the region of his heart. He, himself, gave the word to fire, and was instantly killed by a single volley, a few minutes after three o'clock on the afternoon of October 13, 1815. His body was laid out in the room he had been occupying in the castle and a sentry was stationed outside the door. The sentry had not been there very long before a young man, a civilian, carrying a carpet-bag, presented himself, requesting admittance to the room on the pretext of drawing up a certificate of death to be forwarded to the authorities at Naples. He showed a pass from the commander of the citadel and was permitted to enter the room, the door of which he shut and locked behind him. It was not until towards evening that he issued once more, bag in hand, and walked out through the dusk into the town. When, towards eight o'clock, the commandant himself, with the local undertaker's men, entered the room for the purpose of placing their ex-King's remains in the coffin that had been constructed for them, they received rather a rude shock — for the body was headless!

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Nearly ten years passed away before the sequel of this mutilation was brought to light. One sunny morning in January, 1825, the personal attendants of old King Ferdinand were alarmed as hour after hour passed by and they were vouchsafed no sign of the King's being awake. At last they decided to go into his apartment; he must be ill, they thought, or he would, long before, have rung his bell for them. To their horror they found him all twisted up in the bedclothes, stone-dead; he had evidently died of a fit before he could summon assistance.

Some weeks later when an inventory of the contents of King Ferdinand's room was taken by the marshal of the palace, there was discovered among them a small but weighty mahogany box, measuring about a foot each way, that had always been kept by the King in a compartment of the night-table beside his bed. It was locked; but they could find no key to it, and so broke it open. What was their amazement — to say the least of it — on finding, inside it, another box of thick glass containing the head of a man — that of Joachim Murat! King Ferdinand had kept it by him through the years, not, as some might suppose, to gloat over it, but so that he might have it to show in proof of Murat's death, in the event of any one's venturing to stir up a popular uprising by personifying the dead leader of so many a desperate venture!

A curious detail of Murat's checkered career was his visit, many years earlier, to a celebrated soothsayer in Paris, the famous Mademoiselle Lenormand, who warned

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him of his end, as a modern fortune-teller of Paris, Madame de T——, is said to have warned the late President Faure and Chavez the aviator who met his death, the other day, in crossing the Alps.

Mademoiselle Lenormand, described as a fussy little old woman with hair cut short, who generally wore a shabby braided jacket like an hussar's "dolman," was the person invariably consulted by Napoleon I — according to her own account — prior to his campaigns; she, it was, moreover, who foretold to Josephine her divorce. She survived them all, living until 1843. She is said to have been made use of as a police spy by Fouché — with how much truth, though, it is hard to tell. Murat called upon her, in disguise, sometime, I fancy, during the years 1808 or 1809, when he was already King of Naples and was in hopes of being promoted to the throne of Spain. The old lady received him without comment, as though taking him for any ordinary citizen, and shuffled a pack of cards, prior to handing them to him with the usual request that he should cut them. This he did and turned up the fatal one — the King of Diamonds, better known as the "Grand Pendu." It must be explained that among the cards used by fortune-tellers the "Grand Pendu" is represented by a figure hanging by one foot to a gallows; it is held to betoken, invariably, a death by the hand of the executioner. Four times in succession did the disguised Murat cut the same card; each time Mademoiselle Lenormand quickly shuffled the pack and told him to cut again. At last she ceased.

"Let me try again — just this once," pleaded her

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client. But she shook her head and rose from the table.

“No, that is enough,” she returned with her habitual contemptuous brevity, “the *séance* is at an end — and the fee for monarchs is ten louis.”

She had recognised him at once; there was nothing for it but to pay, which he did, with as good a grace as he could muster.

If Murat was not a great ruler — in his capacity of King of Naples — at least, he was a popular one, by comparison with his predecessor on that throne, Joseph Bonaparte. To his credit, Murat did what practical good he could for his subjects, while King Joseph confined his activities to depriving the people — in so far as lay in his power — of their religion, by suppressing one convent or monastery after another. Upon some, however, even Joseph and his creature, Salicetti, had not sufficient hardihood to lay hands, both from fear of Heaven and of a popular uprising. Amongst these in particular, was that of the Alcantarine Capuchins situated on the Chiaja; it was this convent that sheltered one of the most remarkable men of that time, the poor, unlettered lay-brother, Fra Egidio Pontillo, whose supernatural powers had made him famous — very much against his will — all over southern Italy long before Joseph Bonaparte's arrival in Naples in 1806. When the latter heard of the Capuchin thaumaturgist and of his miraculous gifts, he sent for him in the intention of consulting him as to what the future might hold. Fra Egidio obeyed the summons and repaired to the Palazzo

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Capodimonte. After waiting for some time there, he was ushered into the presence of King Joseph of whom, without any preliminary, he asked:

“ Well, and what is it that you want with me? ”

Although the monarch was not unprepared for a certain bluntness from the friar whose frank simplicity of speech was well known, yet he was somewhat taken back by the directness of this greeting. At last he contrived to reply with another question:

“ Tell me, *Sor Frate mio*, ” he inquired, “ do you think I shall die on the throne? ”

“ Was your Majesty born on the throne? ” returned the monk.

“ No! ”

“ Then why are you anxious to die there? ”

And Joseph, under the uncomfortable impression that he was being made fun of, angrily dismissed Fra Egidio, calling him a madman!

Some years ago I happened to see Madame Bernhardt, as the “ Duc de Reichstadt ” in Rostand’s great play, “ L’Aiglon ” in London. It was quite by chance that I came to find myself in the theatre that afternoon — it was a *matinée* performance — one of those chances to which one owes so much. In this instance I had to be grateful, not only for the delight of witnessing Madame Bernhardt’s amazing artistic *tour de force*, but also for the revival of a host of old associations and memories. It was a strange experience for me, I confess, the struggle between the sympathies aroused for a particular cause by a great artist’s skill, and the deep-rooted official and

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social prejudices of the Old Order, by which I had been surrounded in my married life, against that same cause of the Napoleonic Empire. To the men of my husband's generation, those who began their careers as officials immediately after the bursting of the bubble of new ideas, in 1848 and 1849, the rightful basis of all political life and of all social order was the Congress of Vienna of 1814-1815. The Congress of Vienna settled everything, in the opinion of all official Europe (which in its heart of hearts knows not a French or a Portuguese Republic, nor yet an United Italy — for this last is still, to the innermost conscience of the more orthodox Chanceries of Europe nothing more than a geographical expression). Tradition is, after religion, the strongest and the purest of motives in the lives of those whom it touches at all; to the great international family of practically hereditary officials — “*nous autres*” — as colleague addresses colleague over the heads of their individual contending and factious nations — the Congress of Vienna is what the Council of Ephesus or Nicæa is to Christianity. Those who do not — in heart, at least, since outward adherence is rarely practicable — adhere to what may be called the “*Intentions of the Congress*,” labour under the great and very real disadvantage of never being able to obtain, in their dealings with the inner ring of “*true believers*,” admission to the real interior life of that ring, its rivalries and reconciliations, the common hopes and fears that will never fail to unite its members in the face of their common enemy, as in 1813 and 1848. In no walk

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of life more than in the little world of diplomacy have men come to learn that they cannot gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles — and that a house divided against itself cannot stand. And the common enemy, be it said, has been the same ever since 1792 — the forces of novelty and political disintegration in the guise of Liberalism. But to go back to “L’Aiglon” and the characters it represents.

The “Metternich” of M. Rostand’s play struck me — if I may be allowed to say so — as rather an unfair picture of the great statesman, who had been so often described to me by those who had known and served under him in their youth. He was neither heartless nor cynical, but simply a practical-minded official who, — as so many others, however mistakenly, have done — persistently separated questions of business from those of religion. His instrumentality in bringing about the so-called “marriage” of his master’s daughter, the Archduchess Marie Louise, with Napoleon, was the one great crime of Metternich’s life with which he had to reproach himself — together with its consequences — for nearly fifty years. And he was bitterly sorry for it. Amongst those who had grown up under him, in the Viennese world of the early eighties, were several royalties and officials; and more than one elderly person — notably, old Prince Schwarzenberg — who belonged rather to Metternich’s own generation than to any later.

To such as these, Metternich was always the model of a statesman; if, indeed, they condemned the morality of his policy in the matter of the Archduchess Marie

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Louise, at least they gave him credit for the best of patriotic motives in regard to it. But, as even Prince Schwarzenberg, for instance, was born nearly thirty years later than Metternich, the figure of the great man was also for him, as for most people, too fenced about with seniority and glory to be quite upon the plane of everyday criticism. Of Metternich, if of any man, it can be said that he lived upon an Olympus of his own creation; even in the hour of his downfall, he was greater than any of those about him, whether friend or foe.

I have never heard, definitely, whose voice it was that shouted the words which put an end to his political career, in the crowded ante-room of the Hofburg that tempestuous day of 1848 — “Metternich must resign!” They say it was a certain Count B——, from lower Austria, the mouthpiece of the Archduchess Sophie, the patroness of Jellacic and the woman to whom more than to any other individual was due the reservation of the Austro-Hungarian throne for her son, the present venerable Emperor. Truth to tell, she seems to have been the only statesman at that time in the country! But the picture of Metternich, as he heard the words and came calmly forward from his place among the Archdukes and officials towards the excited crowd of citizens at the other end of the room, is distinctly impressive; those who witnessed it never forgot the old man's extraordinary calm or the measured, slightly contemptuous dignity of his reply, accepting the popular “fiat”:

“You say that my resignation alone can restore peace to the city — forthwith I tender it with pleasure. Good

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luck to you with your new Government, and good luck to — Austria!"

It was said by those present that the revolutionaries were actually ashamed of themselves in the face of Metternich's composure and that one of them offered an apology, declaring that they had no personal grudge against him but only against his system. I never heard, however, that he vouchsafed any further reply.

Prince Schwarzenberg's own connection with the events of that year was principally through his cousin, Felix Schwarzenberg, a son of the famous field-marshal who contributed so largely to the success of the allied armies against Napoleon in 1813 and 1814. There can surely have been very few people at once so detested and so beloved as Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, the friend and pupil of Metternich and Radetzky. His personality seems to me one of the most strikingly original to be met with anywhere in modern history. The gigantic height of him, his school-boy geniality and the fearlessness of his convictions, were so strangely combined with a reckless disregard of public opinion and a truly perverse pride in outraging it, that it is a wonder how he ever came to be taken seriously at all.

His celebrated love affair as a youthful diplomatist in London — his elopement with Lady Ellenborough — was a lesson to him to mend his ways; it was not long before she left him for Baron Venningen, who, in his turn, was fated to learn the same lesson of the worthlessness of such intrigues — even from the point of view of a transitory happiness.

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Felix Schwarzenberg, from the accounts of those who had known him, must have been endowed with the rarest of gifts — the faculty of being able to compel the love of others at will, whensoever it pleased him to do so; in a word, magnetism. One of his most ardent admirers, Baron Hübner, who was with him in the fighting in Milan in March, 1848, and afterwards in Vienna when the revolution was put down by Windisch-Grätz, looked upon Schwarzenberg as a kind of demi-god! Together they made their way in an open cab through the streets of the capital to where Prince Auersperg with a handful of troops — some nine or ten thousand men in all — was making ready to retreat from the city and to join forces with Windisch-Grätz's army, then about to storm Vienna for the Emperor. At every moment, albeit the cab took the least frequented by-ways, Hübner was in expectation of an attack from the prowling bands of rebels, the same students and workmen who had been responsible for Count Latour's barbarous murder at the War Office. The cabdriver, himself, almost refused to proceed; had it not been for Schwarzenberg, who compelled him by force, he would, doubtless, have turned back long before bringing them to their destination. As it was, they got through in safety, and in three days Schwarzenberg was back in Vienna with full power to take his revenge. But, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the victors were not so vindictive as they might have been; their wrath fell only upon the leaders and not on the misguided mass of the Viennese populace. Considering that Windisch-Grätz's wife — Princess

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Marie Schwarzenberg — had been killed by a shot from the revolutionaries a short while earlier, in Prague, her husband's mildness and self-restraint were little less than wonderful under the circumstances.

But I am digressing from my subject, that of the traditions of the Congress of Vienna and their effects upon the men and politics of those days. If the great treaties that have since succeeded it, that of Vienna in 1856, of Nikolsburg in 1866, of Versailles in 1871, and of Berlin in 1878, are responsible for great changes in political geography, they have had far less influence than might be supposed upon the psychology of diplomacy — if I may be allowed the use of such an expression. To this day European diplomacy is guided rather by the traditional policies of certain men — Metternich, Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Nesselrode — than by any implicit belief in the abiding effect of treaties. For, as has been so clearly and so often made evident, treaties are of no value at all in comparison with the tradition and traditional sympathies and ambitions to which public men turn instinctively for guidance at all times of stress or, most especially, of opportunity — knowing that, at the worst, and should the venture prove a failure, it will entail no official or popular disgrace, because, to follow in the footsteps of a nation's great dead, even mistakenly, is the first of claims to a proud and grateful people's affection and blind support. If I were a Minister for Foreign Affairs in any difficulty, I think I should be guided by just that maxim — there being, of course, no question involved of any wrongdoing or injustice: “Do what the national

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heroes would have done under the same circumstances; even if it turn out to be a failure you will do nothing but good. Most particularly, you will strengthen the hand of your Government at home — and intelligent Governments are not ungrateful!”

When my husband was stationed in Dresden, for instance, the sympathies of the Saxon administration were sharply divided upon just this basis of tradition in regard to France and the threatened revival of the Napoleonic régime under Napoleon III — the predominance of France upon the Continent. The one school, that of the older men, who in their youth had done business with the great man's representatives and had had opportunity to study Napoleon himself, described him as a little cad with absolutely no manners; these, the seniors, were the adherents, body and soul, of the principles of “legitimate monarchy” as determined by the Congress of Vienna, and the bitterest opponents of monarchical “parvenus” such as Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The other party, that of Baron Beust, who had imbibed the opportunist Austrian doctrines of Felix Schwarzenberg, could see only one thing as a political aim — the necessity for safeguarding Austrian supremacy in Germany and for the checking of all Prussian attempts to challenge that supremacy. To Beust and his followers, the Austrian surrender of Lombardy to France, after Solferino, was infinitely preferable to the acceptance by Austria of Prussia's offer to deter Napoleon III from further depredations upon Germany by moving troops against him on the Rhine. It was Beust, who later left the Saxon

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for the Austrian Service and, as Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs in the July of 1870, wrote to the French Government on the outbreak of the Franco-German war that "Teutonic effervescence" — by which he meant the sympathy felt by the Austrian people at large for their German brothers — "prevented him from carrying out his intentions of supporting France and compelled him, *not without reluctance*, to declare Austria neutral."

Talking of official tradition, however, reminds me irresistibly of an occasion in our own diplomatic service upon which its dangers were as clearly demonstrated as have ever been its advantages.

It was in the summer of 1878, just after the Berlin Congress had dissolved. Its work was accomplished to all intents and purposes, and all that there remained to do was to exchange the ratification of its terms between the Governments of the various signatories. Until this exchange of ratifications should have taken place, it was impossible, of course, for the terms of the treaty to be made public. There had been great difficulties all along in reconciling the many conflicting interests of the contracting powers, notably those of England and Russia as represented by Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Gortschakoff; more than once the Congress had been on the point of breaking up, as a result of the differences between those two great men, when only the consummate good sense and tact of Prince Bismarck saved the situation and intervened to avert another disastrous war. Once, indeed, it happened that the maps of the plenipotentiaries were set for them, with their other

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papers, in the wrong places at the great oval table, through the stupidity — or untimely sense of humour — of some subordinate official. The consequence was that Lord Beaconsfield found himself examining Prince Gortschakoff's map and Prince Gortschakoff, Lord Beaconsfield's. Now on Gortschakoff's map there was marked the utmost delimitation of territory that Russia would concede, and on Beaconsfield's the least that England's representative was authorised to accept on behalf of her protégée, Turkey.

The result may be imagined; the mutual embarrassment and the decorous fury of each of the opponents on thus learning the extent of his adversary's designs. Lord Beaconsfield even went so far as to order a special train to take him on his way home and was only dissuaded from his purpose by Bismarck's personal influence.

At last, however, all was in readiness for the final act, the interchange of ratifications; only a few days more and the negotiations would become a "fait accompli" — when they were all but rendered abortive by what is known as the M——— Case.

It had, until then, been customary in the Foreign Office in London, to employ "outside help" when pressure of business demanded some lightening of the burden of extra work upon the shoulders of the ordinary staff of clerks employed there. In this instance the accumulation of work was such as to necessitate this means of coping with it; and among those called in to help was a young man of the name of M———. I do not give his name in full because he may be still alive; also, quite

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possibly, he may have been innocent of the crime for which he was held responsible.

The exchange of ratifications was to take place on August 13, 1878; the utmost secrecy was essential in copying the form of ratification from the treaty itself; and the person charged with this very responsible task was M———. I do not remember for certain, at this moment, but I believe the Foreign Office had borrowed his services from the Postmaster General.

When all the world of London came down to breakfast one morning in those weeks, what was its amazement when its eyes fell upon the columns of a certain paper containing the exact text of the all-momentous treaty—some days, two or three, before it could have, any possible right to be there!

As may be supposed, there was consternation in official circles; inquiries followed in the hour, but all to no avail. The thing was done; the newspaper in question had made an undeniable “scoop,” and retribution, swift and relentless, descended upon the unhappy M———. His defence was that the document had been purloined from his desk during his absence; but it ended in his utter downfall. He was ruined beyond recovery; and although he afterwards published a pamphlet to prove his innocence of selling the information, as he was accused of doing, he never succeeded in rehabilitating himself.

Since then the tradition of employing “outsiders” in the Foreign Office has been abandoned. I have often wondered what became of the luckless Mr. M———; if

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he was innocent, as he may well have been, one cannot help being sorry for him.

And now to return to Vienna and my duty to my indulgent reader of trying to record the further impressions of my stay there.

We had not long been established in our apartment in the Kärntner Ring when the festivities in connection with the Crown Prince's wedding came as a brilliant finish to the season of 1880-1881. I have written of these in another volume and will pause here only to say one or two things which I feel ought to be said in regard to the tragedy with which that marriage of Crown Prince Rudolph's was destined, some years later, to terminate.

In the first place, the causes that ultimately induced Archduke Rudolph to destroy himself were not altogether, even at the time of his wedding, unknown to certain people in Vienna; at all Courts there are persons with long memories for every pitiful scandal — and still longer tongues. The least, most human transgressions of crowned heads are twisted out of all proportion, and no criminal but receives more mercy, more allowance made for temptation than those same rulers, men or women. Of late there have been constant rumours in the press of more than one country to the effect that Emperor Francis Joseph will, one day, make known to the world the facts in connection with his son's death; let me say at once that that is impossible; not because his Majesty is unacquainted with them, but because he is a father, an anointed sovereign, and a Christian gentleman.

Secondly, there is absolutely no truth in the assertion

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that any but himself laid violent hands upon Archduke Rudolph on the night of his death; to maintain the contrary is to maintain a diabolical lie. Nor, besides the Archduke himself, was any gentlemen even present, that night, at Mayerling, save only his brother-in-law, Prince Philip of Coburg (the husband of his wife's unfortunate sister) and Count Hoyos, who brought the news of the tragedy to the Empress at Vienna the next day. Neither Hoyos nor Philip of Coburg set eyes on the Archduke, alive, after he had sent down word to them from his rooms upstairs to the effect that they were to excuse him from joining them at dinner. They had all three been out shooting together, and the Crown Prince came home earlier than his companions to Mayerling; not until the locked door of his bedroom was broken open, the next morning, between seven and eight o'clock, did they see him again where he lay, dead by his own hand, close to the dead girl whom he had loved not wisely but too well.

And of Marie Vetsera, she upon whose memory so many either in ignorance or in their own vileness, have seen fit to cast every base and cowardly aspersion, I would say this:—however lamentable may have been her one poor sin, it was whiteness itself by comparison with the sin of those who have taken it upon their self-righteous selves to be her accusers. She sinned, true; yet not as they accuse her of having done, shamelessly and for love of sin, but as the hapless great lady that she was—with no thought of herself but only for the man she loved so mistakenly. May they both

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have found, elsewhere, that mercy denied them by men!

Once for all, let the public put the whole affair out of its head, in favour of its own business; and let those who, unhappily for themselves, have come by any knowledge of the truth, place upon their lips the seal of secrecy for the love of God and of their mothers — should they chance to read these words, I feel sure they will understand and that they will grant this supplication of one who remembers Marie in the flower of her innocent youth.

IV

IN POLISH PRUSSIA

A Haunted Country and a Lonely Ride — In the Tracks of the Grand Army — The "Extra Post" — Unexpected! — Italy in Prussia — A Devout General — Church-going under Difficulties — A Ghostly Chair — The "Starost's" Boots — A Consolable Widower — The Last of the Old Guard — Polish Poets and the Polish Jeanne d'Arc — A Family of Exiles — Lord Palmerston's Prophecy — The Foe within the Gates.

I HAD long been desirous of making acquaintance with my sister Annie's home in West Prussia when at last the chance came for me to visit her there early one spring, some years after the death of her husband as a result of the wound he had received at the battle of Gravelotte. When I got out of the train at the little wayside station of Czerwinsk it was late at night, and, to my dismay, the telegram I had sent to inform Annie of my coming had apparently miscarried, for there was no sign of any one to meet me or of any conveyance in which to transport me — to say nothing of my effects — over the mud-encumbered miles — the month being February and the season an early one — to Lesnian. After laying my case before the station master I stood there waiting for what might betide, my sympathies going out with a hitherto unknown comprehension to the unhappy men who had passed that way, eighty years before, footsore and frozen and starving in the great

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retreat from Russia. As my eyes took in the dreary, rolling landscape — so much of it as was distinguishable by the light of the waning, watery moon — the picture of the stragglers of Napoleon's army, tramping in twos and threes through the dense fir woods which covered the greater part of Prussian Poland in 1812, presented itself to my imagination with startling vividness. I remembered the stories my brother-in-law had been wont to tell us of how, in his wanderings through these same woods, he had often come across relics of those who had fallen by the way on that terrific march; uniform buttons of brass bearing the Imperial eagle, all corroded with time and weather and partly hidden by the sand drifts of eighty years. Bones, too, not a few, had sometimes come to light in the same way; on one occasion my nephew, Fritz von Rabe, had stumbled upon a whole skeleton not far from the house itself at Lesnian, — that of a drummer-boy, as they supposed, by the size. The strangest thing, however, to my mind, about the retreat of the Grand Army is the comparatively small mortality among such of the soldiers composing it as were natives of southern Europe—the Italians, especially, the Tuscans of Eugene's corps and Murat's Neapolitans — owing, as one cannot but fancy, to the accumulated sun-warmth in their blood.

I had not long to wait, however, before I was informed that I could have an "Extra Post." This meant paying extra for the station omnibus — an ancient travelling carriage, as it proved eventually — to be placed at my disposal. Into it I got, therefore, and was presently being borne along at a foot's pace towards my destina-

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tion. The carriage, which must have dated from the time of the retreat of the Grand Army itself, creaked and swung ominously with every turn of the crazy wheels; above my head were great nets intended for baggage, but full of dim, rolling objects which resembled nothing so much as forgotten skulls. The driver swore and grumbled at his horses in his burring Polish all the way; the ghostly moon shone on great flats of water on each side of the road and after a little while my imagination assured me that I was being driven to my death and a nameless funeral. Never in my life have I encountered anything quite so dreary as the interior of that venerable "Eilwagen." Completely dark save for a fitful shaft of moonlight, and moldy with the damp of ages, it might have been the identical vehicle in which Queen Louisa escaped to Königsberg in the sad days after Jena, so replete was it with phantastic associations of the past. Mile after mile went by for me in momentary expectation of finding myself confronted by some shadowy neighbour with a remark as to the outcome of our flight from the pursuing French — for, indeed, I had fallen asleep, worn out with the journey from Berlin. Suddenly I was awakened by the furious barking of many dogs. A gate was opened, and a few moments later a lamp was held out of a window and a very angry feminine voice — that of my sister — demanded of my driver what he meant by creating such an uproar at that hour of the night.

It was several minutes before I could make myself heard amidst the din; when at last I did so, my sister

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came flying down the steps to greet me: — “Mimo, is it you? Where on earth have you fallen from? I thought you were in London!”

And so saying, she led me into the great house and down what seemed an interminable succession of corridors to her own part of it. This wing, as I knew already, was called the “Pavilion.” To reach it we had to pass, finally, through a large greenhouse which admitted us into a high, dim room, where every inch of bracket or table space seemed filled with some object of interest or art. It was not until the next day, however, that I really made acquaintance with the room in detail; that night, late as it was, we sat and talked until I, at least, could talk no more, and then Annie escorted me back to the main building, in which a couple of rooms had been hastily prepared for my reception. Except in Italy, I do not think I have ever seen rooms of such a size in a private house; vast parquetted spaces across which our footsteps rang loud and rather lonesomely. These rooms possessed one especial feature, with which I fell in love on the spot — a quantity of lithograph portraits of by-gone Prussian celebrities of the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century. There was old King Frederick William III and his son, Frederick William the Fourth, with the latter's wife, Elizabeth of Bavaria; also Rabes, Schencks, and others of the family and its relations. The curtains were still looped up beside the great windows looking over the white, silent grounds beneath their coverlet of snow down to the little frozen lake overhung with trees. To me who had never been in the real North

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before, it was all irresistible, reminiscent of something out of Tolstoy's "War and Peace." For the first time in my life the spell of the northern plain of Europe began to acquire a hold upon me with its thousand associations of Hun and Slav, its memories of almost countless invasions and wars, from those of Attila to those of Frederick the Great and Napoleon, from the slaughter and wild confusion of ancient warfare to those of Jägerndorff and Eylau!

The following morning I spent with Annie in her sitting-room in the "Pavilion," renewing memories of the old days in Italy, back to which indeed everything in the room itself conspired to recall them, from the familiar painting of the red Pope, as we used to call a very fine duplicate of Velasquez's Julius II, to the delicious Roman bronzes and knickknacks scattered on every hand. By degrees, however, we veered round to the subject of Annie and her own immediate surroundings. The history of the "Pavilion" itself was strange enough.

Many years before, when Erich's parents had been taking the waters one summer at Teplitz or Marienbad, they made the acquaintance of a General ——, a lonely bachelor with some proficiency upon the guitar. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and towards the end of their stay at the Kur the General unbosomed himself of his history. He had passed his life in the service of the King of Naples and had retired upon a pension; he had no one belonging to him in the world and would beg a favour — might he be allowed to build himself a small dwelling near that of the Rabes in West Prussia,

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and there spend the rest of his days with them, if it were not asking too much of their friendship? To this they consented, and the General accompanied them to Lesnian where he built the "Pavilion" as a wing on to the house, and installed himself there with his possessions.

Imbued with the religious fervour of southern Italy — he himself was a Swiss, I fancy — the General began by repairing on the first Sunday to the village church, the quaintest of medieval fanes, its walls of stone a yard thick, low roofed, and ornamented, if I remember rightly, with bright green flags taken from the Turks in the old wars of John Sobieski. I do not know for how many Sundays his courage sustained him in the performance of his duties; but at length he was forced to relinquish his attendance there. The congregation consisted entirely of Polish peasants and there was literally not room to turn round. Now the Polish peasant is not by nature given to habits of personal cleanliness, nor are long sermons preached in the vulgar tongue particularly interesting to an elderly foreign officer who does not understand a word of it. In Lent, too, the congregation is in the habit of singing the entire High Mass through in Polish without the help of instrumental music. As the Mass lasts nearly two hours and every one stands up the whole time, the fatigue of body and the splitting headache that result to the amateur may better be imagined than described.

So the General was compelled, reluctantly, to turn his devotion into other channels; to atone for not going to church, therefore, he had a quantity of wayside shrines

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put up for the edification of the peasants. The strangest part, however, of what Annie told me about him was not concerned with his doings in life, but his manifestations of activity after death — for such, at least, they seemed to be. Towards the end of his days he had taken to using an invalid chair in which he could propel himself about without help from other people. When he was dead, this chair was relegated to the attic where it remained undisturbed for years, until Erich and Annie took up their quarters as a young married couple in the “Pavilion.”

From time to time they began to notice, either very early at night or else towards dawn, unaccountable noises overhead. These sounded like the rumbling of wheels, now fast, now slow, over the boards of the attic. Once, indeed, to Annie's consternation, she heard the wheels advance with a sudden furious rush to the head of the stairway leading from the attic down to her bedroom door; there something seemed to check and push them back. She and her husband were not the only people thus disturbed; the servants complained repeatedly of the activity of the General's wheel chair, although my sister only laughed at such a notion. To her amazement, one morning after the rumblings had been particularly uproarious in the night, the cook came to her with a broad smile.

“Ah, gnädige Frau,” she began, “do you remember how we told you we were sure the noises came from the General's chair? If you will come upstairs with me I should like to show you something.”

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Wondering what was going to follow, Annie did as she was asked and together they ascended to the attic.

“There, gnädige Frau — what do you think of that?” asked the cook, triumphantly pointing to the floor.

“What is this?” demanded Annie half angrily; for the place was covered with flour, across which, back and forth, ran wide traces as of wheels, in every conceivable pattern! The General's chair, too, was thick with the stuff — at least, the wheels were.

“Well, to tell you the truth we thought we would really find out whether the chair was to blame or not; so, last night, we put this down,” indicating the flour. “You see how it is, gnädige Frau — there is no fraud about it; yours and mine are the only footprints in the room.”

After that Annie had to surrender at discretion, but the General's chair was securely tied up and no further disturbances ensued.

In some ways the peasants of Prussian Poland struck me as having less respect for the dead than might have been expected of so sincerely religious a people. In the neighbouring town of Marienwerder, attached to one of the churches, was an ancient burial vault, easily accessible to the general public. In this vault, owing to some quality of the air, the bodies placed there had become completely mummified, as though they had been embalmed. In the course of time — the place had not been used for purposes of sepulture for many years — several of the coffins had fallen to pieces and the bodies they sheltered lay exposed to view. Among these was that of an old-

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time Polish "Starost," a country magnate of the seventeenth century, dressed in all the splendour of the national costume, from the fur-lined cap to the tasselled gloves and the short boots of softest, untanned doe skin. These boots, I learned, disappeared from time to time and then returned, as by magic, to their owner. The riddle of their vanishing remained a mystery until it was discovered that the younger dandies among the peasants were in the habit of borrowing the "Starost's" smart boots to dance in on holidays and festival occasions generally — always restoring his property to the old fellow with scrupulous exactitude and many thanks for the loan of them.

Talking of boots reminds me of another occasion, when the wife of one of the peasants at Lesnian had died and been buried with every mark of sympathy from the "Herrschaft" for her sorrowing husband, an elderly man, who appeared quite broken down under his loss. Everybody attended the funeral and nothing was left undone to comfort the inconsolable widower.

On the evening of the day of his wife's interment he presented himself at the house and asked to see Frau von Rabe, saying that he had a favour to ask. Instantly he was ushered in and was begged to state his wishes — was there anything she could do to lessen his affliction?

"Gnädige Frau, the truth is," he began, turning his hat round nervously in his fingers, "that I have come to — to ask leave to get married again. You see —"

"But good gracious! Of course you may, when the time comes."

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“Yes, but — but I want to marry now, to-night. It is like this — ”

“What on earth do you mean? Why, your wife was only buried this morning! Surely you cannot be serious?”

“Indeed I am, gnädige Frau! As I was saying, it's like this — how am I going to go to bed with my boots on? And unless I marry who is to pull them off for me? I could n't do it myself however hard I tried,” — pointing to his tight-fitting top-boots — “so I have spoken to ———, and she is willing to marry me at once — this minute — if only you will give us permission!”

This is absolutely true — even if it does seem incredible!

The old General's would seem not to have been the only restless spirit at Lesnian. One summer's day, some years before my visit, Annie had been driving along the highway to Czerwinsk, her thoughts, as it chanced, anxiously working around some problem of her daily life, when, suddenly, she became dimly aware of some one walking in her direction along the green border on the other side of the road. The time was about eleven o'clock in the morning and the day itself one of brilliant sunshine. Lifting her eyes which had been cast down, she let them rest on the approaching figure, as yet some distance away from her. The first thing that struck her as odd about it was its manner of progress; it seemed to be about a foot above the ground and to be gliding towards her without any movement of the limbs. “How

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very extraordinary!" she thought; and then, as the figure came nearer to her, she rubbed her eyes, thinking she must be the victim of a delusion. For she was staring at a tall, haggard man in the high bear-skin shako and the blue uniform, with its white cross belts, of an old-time grenadier of Napoleon's Guard. Inconceivably ill and miserable the man looked as he returned her glance, and in that second he was gone, vanished into thin air, leaving Annie to gaze confounded at the place where he had been!

The people on my brother-in-law's estate were as different from their German landlords as they could well be. The Germans, indeed, were strangers in a strange land, speaking no tongue but their own, and having no sympathies for any but German methods and German traditions; and this in spite of the fact that they had been there for a long time, comparatively speaking; for all that part of Poland fell to Frederick the Great at the first partition of the country, in 1772. Indeed, the greater number of the Polish people at present under German rule would probably — if the question were allowed to go by popular vote — be found to prefer the Russians for their masters rather than the Germans. Teuton and Slav will never amalgamate, and there is consequently something to be said (from the present point of view) for the action of the Prussian Government in what is known as the "Prussification of Prussian Poland." But the experiment of planting Germans upon Polish soil has proved a doubtful success.

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Long before my visit to Lesnian I had met and known fairly well a good many Poles at one time and another, but, for me, the name of their country was always and is still indented with the sorrow of exiles. Ever since I can remember anything at all it has been the same. Already, during my earliest days in Rome, the tide of political fugitives had long been pouring in from Poland; indeed, it had begun as far back as 1831 after the first ill-starred Polish revolt against Russia, bringing with it, among others, the poets, Mickiewicz and Krasinski. This was long before my time, but there were many people in the Rome of my childhood who had known both poets during the greater part of their lives. Mickiewicz's history, especially, is like something out of the legends of his country, sublimely tragic and almost distressingly mysterious — the history of a man born to unusual suffering and for the possession of whose soul mighty forces did battle with each other.

If for no other reason than that of being unable to enjoy Mickiewicz's writings in his own tongue, I regret my inability to read Polish; particularly his "Grazyna" in which he tells the adventures of a chieftainess of ancient Lithuania and her struggles against the invaders of her beloved primeval forests, the Teutonic Knights. I wonder if, as has been said, it was the reading of "Grazyna" which inspired his country-woman Emilia Plater, the Polish Jeanne d'Arc, who fought so desperately on the side of the Revolutionaries in 1831 and was buried by her companions-in-arms in the heart of those same Lithuanian forests? And, speaking of

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Poland and her misfortunes, I cannot help hoping that the opinion of Lord Palmerston as to the probability of the ultimate restoration of the Polish kingdom may prove correct. The truth would seem to be that, as a matter of fact, the Poles are the least Slav of all the Slav nations — if not ethnographically, then, at least, in all their ways of thought and conduct of life. They are really, socially speaking, more like the Austrians than the Russians; and the Austrian, for all he may sometimes assert to the contrary, is at least half a Latin. Certainly, there was never an unwiser people than the Poles in the matter of politics. They seem never to have known, if I may use a homely phrase, on which side their bread was buttered. From Napoleon's time, when they gave their all for the man who was always ready to sell them at a moment's notice at the price of a month's armistice in time of need, down to the miserable mistakes of the rising of 1831 (when they had not one single serious complaint against their ruler, the Grand Duke Constantine, who had married a Pole for honest love of her and openly said of himself that he was more Pole than Russian), there is not a blunder they have not committed. Good luck to them!

It was, of course, in 1863 and 1864 that the last great influx of Poles into Italy began; and the fugitives were almost entirely members of that lesser nobility which had been primarily responsible for the recent insurrection. Never, by the way, were human beings in a more difficult position than the nobles of Poland during the revolt of 1863. Owing to orders from Petersburg they

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were compelled to remain on their estates and were held responsible for any disorder among their peasants; and failure to obey these orders was accounted to them as a participation in the rebellion, the punishment for which varied from death to banishment. On the other hand, if the luckless nobles carried out their instructions they became, naturally, the special mark of the insurgents; and on more than one occasion the Russian troops found some such unfortunate gentleman hanging by the neck amid the wreckage of his own drawing-room!

And yet no one can say of the Emperor Alexander II that he did not do everything in his power to prevent the rebellion by every possible concession to Polish pride of nationality. Once the revolt had broken out there was no resource left to the Russian Government but that of brute force. And to this end Berg and Muravieff and Bezack were given dictatorial power in Poland, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, and even as far as the Ukraine — over the whole of which vast territory the storm was raging.

Poland — Polen — Polska — with how varying an inflection does the name fall upon the ear as uttered in English or in German or in the national tongue itself!

Of all the Poles from whom I received an abiding impression of the sorrows of their country, the most typical were a family called Kenievitch. The Kenievitches were members of that same lesser Polish nobility against which had been directed the especial harshness of the German-Russian Lieutenant-General of Poland, Count Berg, the veteran of Borodino, in his suppression of the

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outbreak of 1863. (One cannot help wondering whether Tolstoy, whose dislike of Germans was so virulent, may not have had this same personage — a little older for the purposes of the story, of course, than he actually was at the time — in the “Berg” of “War and Peace.”) The Kenievitches, who had roamed Europe for years as exiles from their native land, had settled in an apartment in Rome, early in the eighties. I do not think I was ever in any “atmosphere” at once so sad and so attractive. The whole family (consisting of old Monsieur Kenievitch, his wife, her sister, and his granddaughter Katinka, a child of fourteen), although naturally under a cloud, were yet serenely resigned to their misfortunes in their absolute assurance as to the ultimate resurrection of their country — as it were with that dauntless gaiety of certain mortally stricken invalids which is always so pathetic in its gallantry. In their small hired dwelling, with its few treasures and relics of the past, one seemed to breathe the air of some ancient Polish manor in the wilds of Suwalki or Radom rather than of the modernised Rome of the eighties.

At that time the Kenievitches were, perhaps, less bitterly inclined than were some of their compatriots towards their Russian conquerors; for Katinka’s older sister had married a Russian official who, however, afterwards gave the Kenievitches good reason to detest his name and nationality by alienating his wife’s sympathies almost completely — as was inevitable — from her family. We are told that we cannot serve two masters; and the truth of this was indicated only too forcibly in

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the case of Vanda Kenievitch. I do not know whether she adhered, after marriage, to the faith of her fathers or not; but when she was dead her husband succeeded in getting possession, not only of her property in Poland, but very nearly of Katinka's as well, through his influence with the Russian Government. When last I heard of Katinka she was on the point of becoming a naturalised Italian in order to save herself from the extradition proceedings with which her brother-in-law was attempting to get her into his power and so compel her consent to his administration of the remnant of her patrimony.

But of all the Poles I ever knew I think the Galician "notables" one met in Vienna were about the fiercest partisans of their less fortunate brethren across the German and Russian frontiers. In Austria, as is well known, the Poles of Galicia are among the staunchest and most devoted subjects of the Crown; but to such an extent did their national hatred prevail over all other considerations that when the "Drei Kaiserbund" — the alliance of the three Emperors (of Austria, Russia, and Germany) — expired in 1887, it was found impossible to renew it owing to the opposition of the Polish element in Austria, which was unfortunate, as one cannot help thinking, in the interests of the world at large, which needs just that union of the great standing armies in order to hold in check the tide of liberalism and so dissipate openly the sick illusions of too many dreamers — not to mention the aspirations of the materialists in Poland itself. For, as they must them-

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selves admit, the best among the Poles—the clergy, the nobles, the native land-owners, and the members of the learned professions—have always had to contend in their struggle for national independence and religious freedom with the indifference or hostility of the peasants and the fatal love of money of the business and commercial classes—in which that same love of money is often greater than the love of country, king, or faith. Indeed, it is among the members of the business and commercial classes that Poland finds her most dangerous enemies—the Jewish element of the population—to whom the very thought of a Polish nation is almost as hateful as that of Christianity itself. If ever Poland is to regain her national sovereignty—as Lord Palmerston on his death-bed declared must, sooner or later, inevitably be the case—she must first of all take measures against the Jews within her borders; measures, that is, not of “Progom” (which can never serve any good end), but of genuine, restraining justice. Unhappily for Poland—as a whole, and that not merely a geographical expression—she is in much the position of certain other (and decadent) nations in which the military virtues have been stifled by commercialism. Unlike those nations, however, she has within her an undying impulse toward better things—things spiritual and ideal—thanks to her glorious traditions, her aspirations, her religious faith, and the rigours of her climate; the whole combining to form as it were the preserving salt without which no nation or community can successfully combat social and political decay.

V

TYRANTS, SOLDIERS, AND SAILORS

Villa Sforza Cesarini and the Duke of My Day — An Obscure Victim — The Sforza Line — Lady Fraser and a Little Girl's Terrors of "Boney" in 1804 — Sir John at Eton — Sir George Nugent — A Duel at Sea — A Scottish Grand Vizier — The Strange Case of Doctor Burns — Simon Fraser, the Brigadier — An Epidemic of Bogeys — Uncle Sam's Last Journey — General de Sonnaz — Admiral Caracciolo — Where Nelson Was not Great — The Dead Admiral Demands Christian Burial.

IN the spring of 1882 we left Vienna, Hugh having been appointed, at his own request, to the Embassy in Rome. We felt that before very long the ordinary course of promotion would send us far away from Europe, and I wanted to be near my own people for a time before that should happen. The one great question of the spring in Rome is, "Where shall we go for the summer?" My husband could not move far from the Embassy, where he would be needed to replace Sir Augustus Paget who, of course, would utilise the hot months to take his vacation in England. Finally we decided on the Villa Sforza Cesarini at Genzano, a place that I remembered lovingly for its beauty and peace, in spite of having passed through a long and trying illness there as a child. My dear people were to share the huge house with us, and in June we moved out with servants, goods, and chattels, and installed ourselves in the great

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grey palazzo among the deep chestnut woods of the Alban Hills.

One of the especial charms of those hills is that you can drive from your own door in Rome to the door of your summer home without getting out of the carriage, by far the most pleasant way of travelling after all. The Roman nobles of the earlier ages saw the advantage of having a stronghold within view of the city; they could fly to the stronghold when the city became too hot to hold them; they could swoop down on the city by one hour's hard riding when they were in the mood for fun or fighting. Their children were, as a rule, brought up in the country, even as almost all Roman children of the middle and lower classes are sent there now for the first two or three years of their lives. The Romans of my youth were, however, very little interested in their splendid old country places. They were terrible cockneys in their love of the crowds and bustle of town, and only visited the "Castello" (as every mountain village is still called) when for one reason or another it was impossible to seek some fashionable distant resort for the late summer months, when Rome itself is insupportably hot and unhealthy. Now, through the numerous foreign marriages and the consequent influx of foreign tastes, many of the old places have been modernised into delightful dwellings, steam-heated, electric-lighted, and put in organised communication with the "fournisseurs" of every kind of expensive luxury for the table and life generally. There is this to be said for the foreign marriage — if the wife be an Englishwoman of rank,

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she feels it imperative to have her proper country home as well as her town house; if she be an American, the instinct is in her, though not the tradition, and, not having to encounter the difficulties of home-making in the States, where domestic service is so bad, uncertain, and expensive, the woman's natural love of home has a chance to develop and assert itself very beneficially, first of all for her own character, and incidentally for the comfort and good of her family and her husband's dependents.

The young man who was the head of the Roman Sforzas in 1883 had married Donna Vittoria Colonna, who, if I remember rightly, overtopped him by some inches in height and unmeasured distances in spirit. He was, physically, a degenerate descendant of the great wood-cutter brute, Attendolo Sforza, who, together with his immediate descendants, has furnished eclectic English writers and fastidious English readers with such a glorious debauch of lust and savagery. The Duke of my day was a very ordinary young man, fond of pleasure when pleasure entailed no risk and little trouble, callous to brutality where the affairs of his peasants were concerned. A sordid tragedy, which roused the latter's wrath to boiling point, occurred while we were at Genzano, and brought me into hostile contact with my landlord. The collector of the local taxes for the government was set upon, robbed, and murdered, as he was returning from one of his rounds. Such an official is, naturally, not popular with the inhabitants, but this poor man left a young wife who, with her old mother to provide for, found herself not only widowed and heartbroken, but utterly

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destitute when the family bread-winner met with his violent death. They were Neapolitans, but the Genzano people felt great pity for them. Being very poor themselves, they hoped that the Duke would come to the forlorn woman's assistance. The Duke, however, was persistently inaccessible to them, so I undertook to interview him and present the case to his consideration. I shall never forget the shameless callousness with which he refused my modest request. To all my pleading his only reply was, "The man was rather a good-for-nothing fellow at best. His family will have to look out for themselves. I can do nothing for them." It was a case where the tiniest monthly sum given for charity's sake till the widow could get work (to make matters smoother the poor thing was expecting a baby) would have meant untold relief and peace. As it was the "family" was left to the kind offices of strangers and no inquiries were ever made as to what became of it. The baby proved to be a child of exceptional intelligence and character and has grown into a brilliantly intellectual young man, none too well disposed, as is only natural, towards the upper classes of his own country. It is the rich, selfish people who make all the real socialists in Italy as elsewhere.

It was curious to go from room to room in that Cesarini palace and trace in the many portraits the change in the transmitted characteristics of the race. First, brute strength and dormant ferocity, then ferocity in power — the concentrated yet heavy face of the tyrant, forced to constant watchfulness; then, as fortune smiled

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and manners grew milder, the tenseness was banished by confidence and good living, and replaced by an expression of contented arrogance which, of later years, became merely dull, vacuous, and almost frightened, as if the descendants of Attendolo Sforza were sometimes asking themselves what on earth would happen should some reverse really throw them on their own resources.

The Palazzo was altogether rather a melancholy place, and although we formed a large gay party ourselves and had pleasant friends to stay with us, a vague sense of the untoward hung over me from the time we were installed there, a sense quite justified by the events, for no sooner were we established in Villa Sforza than my husband received a summons to return home to England, where his mother lay dying in her house at Bath. To my regret, I was unable to go with him, but I had retained a vivid recollection of my visit to Bath, a year earlier, and the delightful image of my mother-in-law was still fresh and ever present in my mind all through those last weeks of her life.

Of all the women of a bygone generation, I always think that Lady Fraser was one of the most charming types, and one of the furthest removed from the world of to-day in almost everything — the secluded calm of her life, and her complete immunity from all things mercenary or superficial, as well as in her completely gentle, but steadfast, trust in the goodness of Providence towards her. Born in the momentous year which saw her country's security threatened on the one hand by war with France, and on the other by the rebellion in

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Ireland, she grew up amidst an atmosphere of great events.

My husband used to tell me how, as a little girl, his mother would go up into her bedroom at Stede Hill in Kent, and pray Heaven to deliver them from the menace of "Boney" and his mighty preparations for the invasion of England, back in 1804 or thereabouts.

But until Napoleon's career was finally ended, in her seventeenth year, the existence to Miss Selima Baldwin (as she was) must have been replete with the most painful anxiety and uncertainties, seeing that, save for the few months between the first abdication of Napoleon in 1814 and the campaign of the following summer in Belgium, not a day went by without its meed of mental distress — even when that distress was leavened by the news of victories. Of her own immediate relations, one at least, Tom Baldwin, was drawn into the vortex of these troublous times, and that in no very satisfactory manner to himself, as an officer with the Duke of York's ill-fated expedition to Walcheren. When first I saw my mother-in-law, in 1881, her husband had been dead some years, so that I never met him; but the stories of him were plentiful. The youngest of three brothers, he was sent to a "Dame's" house at Eton at the age of no more than six, in the year of his wife's birth, 1798. There he remained until, I think, about 1808, when he voluntarily took upon himself the blame for another's fault and so underwent expulsion to save a friend from punishment. The Eton of Sir John Fraser's day was very different from that of our own, or, even, from that of my hus-

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band's; boys were still more left to themselves for good or evil than they are now — and that would seem to be saying a good deal! One of the marked features of the Eton of that time was the insufficiency of the food; and, on one occasion, my father-in-law, together with some other boys, determined to satisfy their hunger by an ingenious method. Finding a sow one day, just across the boundaries of the school, they contrived to smuggle the creature to the top of the building, where they made a comfortable temporary home for her during some weeks until her litter was born — the whole of which they killed, roasted, and ate with ravenous appetites. The sow, herself, they afterwards restored under cover of night to the pasture of her owner — who must have been wondering what had become of his property!

From Eton young Fraser went to Haileybury, there to prepare for the service of the East India Company; he also left, under a cloud; this time for insubordination, and his habits of fighting with the watermen! Soon after, though, in 1811, an ensign's commission was bought for him; no sooner had he joined his regiment, however, than he proceeded to distinguish himself afresh, by an exploit which might have ended badly for all concerned. He had made a bet that he would row over, with a boatful of soldiers, from Dover to Calais and back again in a given time, without being taken prisoner by the French; which feat he accomplished successfully, albeit he had to finish his performance by sculling the last few homeward miles alone — his companions being one and all too prostrated by sea-sickness to handle an

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oar. This fondness for laying wagers upon his own powers of physical endurance was transmitted to his son, my husband, who, many years later, as an attaché in Saxony in 1857, undertook to swim for a bet down the Elbe from Dresden to Pirna — and won his bet, too!

But to return to my father-in-law. In that same year, 1811, his uncle, Sir George Nugent, took the youngster out with him to India as A. D. C. Sir George was a soldier of the old school, who had seen service first in America in 1775; later on, after marrying Miss Van Cortlandt-Skinner, whose father had been a loyalist during the Revolution, he received the command of the troops in the north of Ireland. In this capacity he put down the rising there in 1798, by his defeat of the rebels at Ballynahinch. After his victory, be it said, Nugent acted in no wise like some of his colleagues in the South; there was nothing, for instance, of "pitch-capping" under his rule, as there was in Waterford and Wexford under the auspices of the Yeomanry and their officers after Vinegar Hill.

It was on the voyage to India that Fraser fought his first duel. It came about as the result of the ship's captain having spoken roughly on some occasion to a soldier — one of a draft under Fraser's charge. The latter promptly demanded satisfaction of the "skipper" who was by no means anxious for an encounter; at length, however, he was compelled to accept the challenge — mainly, I fancy, through the good offices of General Nugent, who, as *in loco parentis*, was unwilling that his nephew should lose the chance of thus smelling powder

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so early in his career. As he remarked to Lady Nugent, who was in dread of the consequences for her sister's boy: — "It would make all the difference to him, afterwards, to have been shot over." The combatants were put ashore upon an island and the duel took place. Providentially, however, no one was hurt, and the voyage was resumed without delay. Let me say at once that I am utterly opposed to duelling, in itself, as a means of settling men's differences; and yet, in view of the deterioration of good manners since its abolition at home, I cannot help agreeing with a saintly priest of the Oration in London, to whom I once happened to mention the question. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "duelling was a horrible thing — but, oh, dear, I often think what a pity it is they can't think of something else to take its place!"

Shortly after his arrival in India — he was stationed in what is now the Madras Presidency — Fraser exchanged into a cavalry regiment, the Fourteenth Light Dragoons, in the hopes of getting back with them to Europe in time to see something of service against the French. In this he was doomed to disappointment. Subsequently, he transferred to the Eighth of the same branch, but with no better luck. Nor was it until long after leaving India and selling his commission that fortune turned for him, when his cousin, Lord Glenelg, as Secretary for the Colonies, procured for him the appointment of Secretary to the Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. There my husband used to spend his holidays sometimes with his parents, years later, when a boy

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at Eton. On one of these occasions, he made the acquaintance of a Mr. Gordon, a young officer of Engineers, a few years his senior, who was, I take it, on his way back from the Near East to England after the Crimean War. Even then, Charles George Gordon possessed an extraordinary magnetism over all who came into contact with him; and my husband fell completely under the spell of his personality. It was Gordon's voice, more than anything else, that at first fascinated Hugh — one of those true Scottish voices that must be heard to be appreciated; but apart from that, the man's amazing fatalism, together with his belief in himself as an instrument of Heaven, marked him out sufficiently from among his fellow-creatures. Had Gordon been of a somewhat different type, with his abiding conviction of being the recipient of a definite mission somewhere in the world, there is no saying but that he might have followed in the footsteps of others among his compatriots and taken service under a foreign European government. For he was quite thrown away on that of England, which abandoned him so shamefully in the hour of his supreme need. Of all the instances, however, of Scots in foreign service, one handed down from that James Keith who fell at Prague as a Prussian field-marshal under Frederick the Great is, to my mind, by far the most delightful. Before entering the service of Prussia, it will be remembered how James Keith had served both Spain and Russia; it was as a general officer of the Empress Anna Petrovna that he was entrusted with the conduct of some preliminaries for peace with

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Turkey, prior to the treaty of Belgrade. On the completion of the negotiations, which were conducted in French, the Turkish representative — no other, indeed, than the Grand Vizier, himself — a tall, red-bearded personage dressed all in the sacred green of a Hadji (or holy man who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca), arose and came round to where Keith was standing by the table.

“It affords me great pleasure, Sir,” the Grand Vizier began to the astounded Keith, in excellent English, with an entrancing Scottish accent, “to have had the opportunity of meeting again with so distinguished a person as yourself. You look surprised — but I well remember you and your brother going to school. My father, Sir, was the bell-man of Kircaldy.”

Seeing that it was this same Grand Vizier, Yegen Mohammed Pasha, who had just defeated another Scot — in the person of Wallis or Wallace, the Austrian commander at Krotzka — and so had decided the whole issue of the campaign, the situation was not unlike that described by the late Max O'Rell in speaking of a snow-bound railway train in Canada of which he said, “There was only one stove on the entire system — and a Scotchman had it.” (And, by the way, there is, I am told, no word so offensive to the Scottish ear as that same “Scotch”; the word was coined by Doctor Johnson, I believe, and so was probably intended to apply to his biographer, Boswell.)

Speaking of Scots, to my mind the most remarkable of all the characters connected with Corfu in the years

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after the Crimean War was Doctor James Burns who died there in July, 1865, as one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Military Hospitals. He had formerly, I think, been attached to the garrison at the Cape of Good Hope, whence he had been sent home for some offence against discipline. Far and wide he had the reputation of being one of the most quarrelsome men in the whole army; having been repeatedly engaged in duels — and that as the challenging party. His extraordinary abilities, however, procured him the pardon of the authorities, and so, at length, he rose to the top of his profession. He died quite suddenly, and the amazement at the Horse Guards, where his death was reported at once, may be imagined when it turned out that the fire-eating Doctor had, in reality, been — a woman! The truth as to Doctor Burns' sex had not been suspected by even his body-servant. It began to be rumoured, soon after "his" demise, that the Doctor had been the granddaughter of a Scottish peer and had embraced the medical profession for love of an army surgeon about the time of Waterloo.

The Frasers' attachment to Bath, the depressing "city of King Bladud," puzzled me until I realised that its somnolent calm was just what would appeal to men ready to retire from the wild hurly-burly of military service a hundred years ago. My husband's grandfather passed the last years of his life there, the same grandfather who had gone out to America with the family regiment, the Seventy-first, under the leadership of his uncle, Brigadier Simon Fraser, of Balnain. The war of 1775 was a most un-

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popular one in the Highlands and as an instance of this it is told how, when the Brigadier was about to sail from Greenock and was giving a farewell lunch to his friends, including some ladies from the south of Scotland, who did not understand Gaelic, the wives and families of his clansmen, whom he had compelled to serve under him, assembled outside the inn and cursed him roundly in their native tongue. On being questioned by one of the ladies present as to the meaning of this demonstration, he replied that it was entirely complimentary and intended to show the loyalty and goodwill of the clan.

Nevertheless, the curses held good, and the poor Brigadier, as we know, was destined to fall as the victim of a sharpshooter, one Murphy, who shot him in obedience to the American Colonel Morgan's orders at Saratoga in 1777. "Do you see that officer on the grey horse?" asked Morgan of Murphy. "That is General Fraser — he is a brave man, but I must do my duty and we cannot afford to let him live." The Brigadier was shot through the stomach — in precisely the same way as happened, although, mercifully, without the same result, to my younger son in the Boer War — and died during the following night in the house where the wife of his colleague, Baroness Riedesel, was awaiting news of her husband; she it was who used to tell how, like Charles II, the Brigadier kept apologising for his slowness in dying and for the inconvenience he must be causing her.

At sunset of the next day he was buried in the great redoubt near which he had been struck down, Mr. Brudenel, the chaplain, reading the Service over his body,

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while the Americans, mistaking the nature of the proceedings, poured a sustained cannonade upon them. Brudenel, all credit to him, continued his reading undauntedly, although his surplice was scattered over with the sand and dust from the shots that fell around him. Presently, however, when the Americans realised what was taking place, they changed their fire for that of minute-guns with which to render the ordinary honours to the dead. The Brigadier's remains were allowed to stay there for nearly half a century, until 1822, when his old soldier-servant, a man of the clan, came over and took them back to Scotland for reinterment. He found them without much difficulty; a few bones, wrapped between blankets, and lying upon a couple of crossed bayonets, a silver stock-buckle, and some rags of uniform. The Brigadier it was who had been the first man to scale the Heights of Abraham, in the night of September 1, 1759, with the former family regiment (the old 78th, subsequently disbanded in 1763 when its place was taken by the 71st). The idea, though, of scaling the apparently insurmountable heights, was originally that of another Scot, Lieutenant Macculloch — without the help of whose suggestions Wolfe might well have had to endure the fate he pictured in his own words when he declared, "I will never return home to be exposed, as other unfortunate commanders have been, to the censure and reproach of an ignorant and ungrateful populace." Macculloch, by the way, was left to die, by his country, as a pauper in Marylebone Workhouse in 1793. Amongst those who distinguished themselves especially in the battle was

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an old Highland gentleman, Malcolm MacPherson of Phoiness, then in his eightieth year, who, having lost his all in a lawsuit, came out with the Frasers as a volunteer. So well did he use his "claybeg," or broadsword, that he was given a commission for his prowess.

To return to the Frasers of my own day — a week or two after my husband got back from England my good little Austrian cook, a girl we had brought from Vienna, fell ill of typhoid fever and died, to our great sorrow, far from her own people and land. After that, I fled with my children to Leghorn, to get a few weeks of the good sea-breezes before returning to town, when other complications awaited me. These two years at our Roman post seemed to be full of nothing else at times!

In order to be in the same quarter as the Embassy we had taken an apartment on the Esquiline, looking into the Piazza of Santa Maria Maggiore. It went against me like a sacrilege, for the raw, showy, newly built house stood exactly over the spot where, in my childhood, the side gate of Villa Negroni, my birthplace,¹ shut our own fairy-land off from the world outside. Just here the orange "Viale" used to end in a beautiful deep-arched gateway two stories high, containing a studio and dwelling rooms, and frescoed within and without in fine Renaissance style. Through its iron "cancello" Marion and I used to watch the doings of the outer world and listen to the bells of Santa Maria Maggiore, our own special church. A friendly French artist had rented the studio from my father, and we had an intimate friend in a hoary,

¹ See Volume I of "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands."

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cheerful old beggar who sat all day on the stone seat outside and into whose battered peaked hat we dropped many a baicocco on festa days. To him I proudly presented my first piece of knitting, I remember — a woollen scarf of all the colours of the rainbow, of which I was enormously proud.

In May there was another great attraction just outside that gate, a wonderful little altar, all smothered in roses and pansies, in the midst of which stood a picture of Our Lady, flanked — when the altar tenders had had good luck — with lighted candles. This was the poor children's way of celebrating the Month of Mary. Before almost every doorway in the humbler quarters of the town stood a little table, sometimes only a straw-bottomed chair, on which, during the whole month, the "Madonna" of the family was displayed, surrounded with flowers, and passersby were solicited to drop a copper into the cup on the "altarino" to buy more candles with. The pretty custom disappeared with all the others, after the changes which had so "transmogrified" our end of the town that but for the great Church of St. Mary Major one would hardly know it again.

The desecrators brought down one heavy punishment on the inhabitants, however. Reckless of the history of that part of the city, in the wild fever of speculation, they tore down the sparsely scattered old buildings and, to lay foundations for new ones, opened up depths which past generations had wisely let alone. The region where our own Villa stretched its grounds had, in

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ancient times, been the burying place for slaves, and these, with all the most undesirable part of the population, crowded the "Suburra," the quarter which lies between Santa Maria Maggiore and the Lateran, and which still bears, in the mouths of the people, its ancient name, and, in its newly built squalor and desolation, maintains at least the aspect of its ancient reputation.

It had not occurred to the innovators to consult experts as to the qualities of the soil in which they started to delve so light-heartedly, but an outburst of particularly malevolent malaria soon enlightened them and the unfortunate inhabitants, and the miserably bad drainage arrangements did the rest. After endless trouble and continuous illness in the family, we decided to change our domicile, and in the second year of that stage in Rome, moved into a "bijou" Villa close to the Embassy, but still on what had been the grounds of Villa Negroni.

I left the house on the Esquiline thankfully enough, for with malaria had come another pest from which several besides ourselves had to suffer and which really got on my nerves most unpleasantly — apparitions of dead Romans of a disreputable class and endowed with irritating persistency. I always loved good ghost-stories because of the fine dramatic pictures that they present to the imagination, and I had got quite fond of the old window ghost in Palazzo Odescalchi, the gentle, kindly shade who stayed with us for so many years;¹ but for the ordinary "ghost" I feel nothing but antipathy and contempt. It is irritating to busy, healthy people to be

¹ See "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands."

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haunted by malevolent apparitions who have neither right nor place in our visible world. Of course one knows that many such apparitions are mere natural photographs reproduced only in exceptional and peculiar conditions of the atmosphere such as those which first witnessed them; such are, without doubt, the repetitions of battles seen again and again, as in 1642, at Edgehill, where every Friday night (the conflict had taken place on a Friday) for six weeks, the battle was fought over again, crowds of people watching it, and the whole business causing so much excitement that the King sent a commission to inquire into it. Similarly Culloden, and, it is said, Waterloo, have been also reproduced by some, to us, unknown cinematograph of Nature, but at irregular intervals; Malmaison has had to be closed to the public because the Parisians came in such crowds to watch the assembly of "Consulate" phantoms who showed themselves so frankly on its lawns quite recently. These apparitions do not inspire the loathing which more personal ones of a bad kind arouse in us, and those which were let loose in Rome in the early eighties belonged to the latter class. Some English friends of ours, most practical, cheery people, had to leave their apartment on account of the molestations of a creature in classical costume—with no head! The place was not big enough for him and the family, and the family had to go. My own experience was similar in a way, but too disagreeable to narrate in detail. Our visitor troubled the children and the servants a little, but, I suppose because I was worried and run down and

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below par generally, fastened himself on me and followed me across the world. I did not get rid of him for several years, but I think it is quite possible that the original and real horror had so taken hold of my imagination that it reproduced it spontaneously afterwards.

The "Villino" was really a charming little house with a tiny garden of its own, and it was the scene of a Christmas gathering which could never be repeated. Dear Uncle Sam was there, the benevolent genius of our children's Christmas Tree, and he, as well as my own dear people, Marion included, showered them with beautiful presents far beyond their then powers of counting. Since they have been grown men I have heard them recall their delight in a certain donkey and cart, and in a towering fortress of such dimensions that, with "Neddy" and the cart, it was too big to take away and had to be donated to the Children's Hospital when we left Rome in the summer of 1884, never to return as a family.

Towards February Uncle Sam went for a Mediterranean trip which was to occupy some weeks. When he turned his face towards home he found on the ship a very, very sick Englishman, a stranger to him, but to Uncle Sam a sick stranger became a brother at once. He disembarked with this poor man at Messina and remained there to nurse him well. But it was too much for him; he returned to Rome very ill himself, and for weeks and weeks lay helpless with fever and lung trouble. His dear, handsome face grew more pinched and shadowy every day; his mind turned towards the past, and when we came back from church on Palm Sunday, with the

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palms, he told us how vividly it reminded him of Medora and his boys, who used to bring them home to his old house in New York. He was much disappointed to miss the Holy Week functions; he "wanted to see the people crowding to the Confessionals;" that picture had taken hold of his fancy! My eldest boy was ill again all that spring, and in the beginning of May I took him away to the Tyrol. A few days later Marion and Daisy, and the "Bon Secours" Sister who, with so much illness, had become almost a member of our family, took the dear Uncle to Pegli, in the hope of his benefiting by the cooler northern airs. But three weeks later he died there, very peacefully, and there, by the sea, he was buried. He had given his life, not for a friend, but for a stranger, and "no man can do more."

Each time I returned to Rome I was saddened to find more empty places in the old "cadre" which had seemed so crowded with friends in my youth. One whom I still missed, though he died before my marriage, was General de Sonnaz. His kindness and gentleness had made a great impression on my rather butterfly mind. Our introduction to him was effected by Mr. Wurts, of the United States Legation. He was an old friend, and he suggested to my mother, sometime after the Italians took possession, that, since we were not Blacks or even Catholics, there was no particular reason why we should not go to Court and enjoy ourselves. But my dear mother was not easily persuaded and it was only after some hesitation that she consented. She was not Black, but she could not bring herself to approve of the Whites

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or their friends. Some of their Chiefs were too hopelessly unreceivable — one cannot have an unfrocked monk lounging about in one's drawing-room, even though he be disguised as a general — and she refused to believe that any one who associated with them could escape being tainted.

Still, Mr. Wurts was a very fastidious person, and, since he took the responsibility, she could feel reasonably sure that we should not have to meet the "quite-impossibles"; so the good man arranged a dinner party, consisting of the Giannottis, General de Sonnaz, my sister Annie, and myself, and there it was that we were introduced to the old warrior. He struck us as a quiet, rather sad man; very pleasant, but very far away. His mind seemed to be moving in another world altogether, from which it would drag itself back to us almost painfully. He was very kind despite his absent-mindedness, and, our presentations, having been already arranged, took us under his wing when we first went to the Quirinal.

He was afflicted with chronic bad luck, to which the fact that he had not distinguished himself more as a soldier was generally ascribed by those who knew him. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is such a thing as pure luck, and no mathematician who ever lived could disprove it. Figures are the most unreliable things, and I have always been quite sure that the man who first said that they could not lie had no more than a bare nodding acquaintance with them. Despite the ill luck that dogged him, however, General de Sonnaz had risen high, both in the army — the original army of Sardinia, that

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is to say, not the hotch-potch that it became afterwards — and in the estimation of all who knew him. The royal family loved him with a genuine devotion, and he was one of the most trusted advisers they ever had.

He had been largely answerable for the disastrous result of the battle of Custoza in 1848, by not arriving on the scene in time, and, though no one ever dreamt of taxing him with it, the knowledge of his responsibility must have helped to embitter him.

He died in 1872, and the date is set in my memory by the circumstance of a ball which took place, that evening, at the Gavottis. All knew that the poor General was ill, but no one expected his illness to end so suddenly, and when, in the evening, the news came, it was too late to stop the ball. But there was no dancing, because Princess Margaret sat in the royal apartment with her hostess and her ladies, and sobbed audibly all the evening.

I was fond of the General, like everybody else, but I was young and I had a new frock. No one could leave until the Princess chose to pull herself together and make a move, or I would have slipped away, so I sat and chatted with a little American girl, who must have thought the Romans the most peculiar people in the world. Altogether, it was one of the most dismal evenings I can remember.

It is curious, when one comes to think of it, that De Sonnaz, who was so largely instrumental in losing Custoza, should have lived to be the greatest friend and

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most trusted adviser of the House of Savoy, while Ramorino, who did the same by the battle of Novara, should have been shot for it by Victor Emmanuel as soon as he came to the throne — despite the lamentations of many fair ladies in Turin.

In 1883 I met again a girl (she seemed hardly more then, though she was the wife of Prince Colonna and the mother of two children) who had been an adored friend in my own girlish days. Indeed, one of the most entrancing figures of the Rome of those days was Donna Teresa Caracciolo, the daughter of the Neapolitan Duke of San Teodoro. Her mother, originally an Englishwoman, a Miss Locke — who, after the Duke's death married Lord Walsingham — had found Naples uncongenial and lived partly at home, in England, and partly in Rome where she and Teresa rented the vast state apartments in Polazzo Buonaparte from my god-father, Mr. Hooker.

I first remember Donna Teresa at a ball at which, as she explained, she had been allowed to appear as a great favour, about a year before she came out; a radiant vision of happy girlhood, dressed in the simplest of white frocks with a spray or two of fern upon it in lieu of flowers, her wonderful pure gold hair and dark eyes more than supplied the place of any artificial ornament. On looking back, it is hardly surprising that she should since have occupied so melancholy a place in the social chronicle of certain circles of her time. All else apart, however, it can be said of her, if of any one, that “none knew her but to love her” — for hers, indeed, was the

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“fatal gift” of beauty in an extraordinary degree, as well as a captivating charm of personality.

She and her mother had a delightful custom of receiving their friends every day for a single hour from two to three o'clock in the afternoon, Teresa occupying one drawing-room with her particular intimates of her own age and interests, and the Duchess another where the elders were in the habit of foregathering after lunch before separating for the “trottata” or daily drive. At stated intervals of the year, Donna Teresa used to leave Rome on a visit to her father, San Teodoro, in Naples, where she would relapse into its pleasure-loving life with all the zest of a daughter of the South. Her father, whom some one with the Italian inveterate love of nicknames, christened “Santoto,” took no interest in politics; but his grandfather had been a good deal concerned in the troublous doings of old King Ferdinand's reign — and that as a courtier of poor Murat's — so the marvel is that he should have survived the ultimate restoration of the Bourbons at all!

In seeing Donna Teresa sometimes talking with a mutual friend of us both, Donna Laura Minghetti — Laura Acton, as she had been — I could not help thinking of how differently their respective ancestors, back in the dreadful years 1799–1806, had stood towards each other; Acton, the all-powerful English favourite of the ever-suspicious and timorous King Ferdinand — and San Teodoro, the wily opportunist, who was only waiting to see which way the ultimate victory was likely to decide before committing himself as a partisan of

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reaction or of reform within the State. And when he did decide to take a definite stand as a follower of Murat, San Teodoro naturally put his money on the wrong horse — to use a slang phrase — and was saved only by the fact of his rival, Acton, having luckily, for San Teodoro, died in Sicily some time before Murat's downfall. A relative of San Teodoro's, however, was less fortunate; I refer to Admiral Caracciolo, the intrepid comrade of Admiral Hotham in the victory over the French in 1794, and who, four years later, in 1798, proved himself, perhaps, the first seaman of his time in all the world, — certainly, at least, so far as the actual handling of his ship was concerned. It was on this occasion that, as has been held by many, he aroused against him the dislike of the great Nelson by his astonishing skill added to a consummate experience of his native waters. It was during the flight of King Ferdinand and Queen Carolina from Naples to Sicily, a few months after the battle of the Nile; the royal fugitives, with their family and possessions, were on board the flagship in Nelson's own charge, followed by the entire Anglo-Neapolitan fleet, including Carraciolo in command of the old *Minerva* which he had made famous by his prowess. No sooner had the fleet reached the lower part of the Tyrrhenian Sea, than a terrific storm broke loose, scattering the vessels and obliging many to put into different ports as best they could. This was not the case with Nelson, who stood, resolutely, on his way albeit it was all he could do to keep off the rocky coast of Calabria at all. At last a moment came when

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his distinguished passengers believed themselves to be within measurable distance of eternity. They were all sitting together in the main cabin of the ship when news of their danger reached them — the King and Queen with the English Minister, Hamilton, and his wife, the lovely Emma, all very much depressed. “It is my belief that we shall all shortly rejoin my son,” remarked the Queen, thinking despondently of the infant who had died in Lady Hamilton’s arms a few days earlier; the while her husband after bestowing a glance of reproach upon the Queen and Sir William Hamilton (as though they had been responsible for bringing his precious person into such peril!) applied himself to prayer and to asking pardon for his sins in a loud voice. The others watched him apathetically as he did so.

Suddenly, somebody (Lady Hamilton, I would be inclined to wager) left the group as though bored, and went over to one of the ship’s windows — it was before the age of portholes in the cabins — and, looking out, gave a cry of surprise. To the astonishment of every one, a man-of-war, flying the Neapolitan colours, was seen steering securely along on her course, and slightly to rearward of the royal vessel as though nothing out of the ordinary were taking place. It was the *Minerva*, as they saw presently, riding the waves in her place and at her ease, whilst the rest of the fleet (including Nelson’s ship) was being tossed hither and thither at the mercy of the tempest. The King at once recovered courage at the sight and expressed upon it an opinion so favourable to Caracciolo’s seamanship,

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that Nelson, to whom his words were reported, took umbrage at them and with it an intense antipathy to his more skilful colleague. This antipathy, as may be imagined, was not lessened when, on approaching Sicily, Nelson found himself compelled, by force of circumstances, to hand over the conduct of his ship to a volunteer pilot who had braved death in order to bring his Sovereign safely into port; soon after, Caracciolo's vessel came in precisely and unconcernedly, as though from a pleasure trip, to the further mortification of the hero of the Nile.

I can scarcely believe that Nelson, usually so magnanimous, allowed the incident to weigh against his sense of justice when, in the following year, Caracciolo who, in the meantime, had joined the rebels in Naples under compulsion, fell as a prisoner into his hands. Nevertheless, it would almost appear as though he lent himself, on Lady Hamilton's persuasion (at the perfervid instance or, rather, command of Ferdinand and Carolina), to the repudiation of the amnesty guaranteed to the rebels as the price of their submission and the surrender of the city on the day prior to his, Nelson's, arrival there. Also, it was solely by Nelson's orders that Caracciolo's trial was hurried on and that he was hanged without even the chance of an appeal to the King, or the proper examination of the proofs he desired to proffer in favour of his innocence of the crime of rebellion.

The Caraccioli, however, as a family, were not free of the taint of treason towards their Sovereign; for it was one of them, Nicolo Caracciolo, who betrayed his

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trust as Governor of the castle of Saint Elmo — the key to the possession of Naples — by treacherously admitting the French who were besieging the city under Championnet in that same bad year of 1799. Nicolo's brother, though, the Duke of Roccaromana, nobly made up for Nicolo's perfidy by his leadership of the loyalists of the city in the subsequent events. It has always seemed to me one of the most remarkable of facts that during the entire long period of political upheaval in the kingdom of Naples, the upper classes, generally speaking, should have taken the side of the French invaders with their Republican Doctrines, whilst the monarchy found its devoted defenders in the "Lazzaroni," the poor and uneducated, but loyal, masses of the people. But it must be acknowledged that there was little to choose between either party for ruthless savagery; if the Lazzaroni were guilty of such atrocities as those of cooking and devouring the bodies of their victims, as well as of all the worst horrors of brigandage, their opponents had to answer for massacre, rapine, and pillage; if the names of Fra Diavolo, Sciarpa, Rodio, and Mamnone have been rightly held up to obloquy, those of their opponents Watrin and Manhés are no less deserving of the same fate. Not a town or a village, for mile upon mile throughout Campania, Apulia, and Basilicata, without its doleful memories of those and later horrors; as well as, in many cases, actual memorials in the shape of rude crosses by the wayside or, simply, painted on the walls — the mark of a sudden and violent death in the "Regno."

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Of Fra Diavolo and his colleagues so many legends have been spread abroad, both in Italy and elsewhere, that their names must be already familiar to the reader — that of Fra Diavolo himself particularly so. And not without reason; for seven years, this man whose name was Michele Pezza, a native of Itri, defied the efforts, both of foreign invaders and domestic rebels and traitors to their king, to capture or defeat him. Among his colleagues, too, several were far harsher than Fra Diavolo in their treatment of such opponents as fell into their hands. Gaetano Mammone, for instance, is said to have murdered whole communities in his maniacal fury. But if the brigands were atrociously cruel — as cannot be denied — their adversaries such as General Manhés, were, as I have said before, equally so.

Manhés, it must not be forgotten, was acting under orders from Murat as King of Naples from 1806 onward; and it was in accordance with a law of his own making that Murat himself was put to death in 1815. Indeed, one cannot help thinking that many of the actors in the orgy of bloodshed which reigned in the kingdom of Naples for some twenty years were hardly in their right minds; from Prince Canosa, the chief minister, down to the unjust judges, his satellites, Guidobaldi and Speciale, — the latter of whom died a raving lunatic. Certainly, Fra Diavolo and his kind were better men than these — having, at least, the merit of risking their lives in active combat.

But all this has taken me away from the Caraccioli. If there is one distinction of which certain great families

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of Italy have a right to be especially proud it is that they number among their ancestors men and women who have been named as saints by the Church. This was the case with Donna Teresa's family who boasted of at least one such forbear in the person of Saint Francis Caracciolo canonised by Pius VII in 1807. Saint Francis was one of the founders of the "Minori" or "Clerks Regular Minor." His co-operation in this undertaking was brought about by one of those apparently trifling incidents—the accidental opening of a letter intended for another but addressed by chance to himself; at his death in 1608 his body was buried in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Naples not far from that of Santa Maria in La Catena in Santa Lucia where poor Admiral Caracciolo's remains were hastily flung nearly two centuries later. There is a curious story in connection with the Admiral's obsequies. After hanging for some hours at the yard-arm of the *Minerva*, his body was taken down, and Nelson's favourite, Hardy, himself fastened a fifty-two pound weight to the feet; it was then cast into the sea. The next day King Ferdinand, leaning over the side of the ship which had brought him from Sicily and which he was unwilling to leave until all was perfectly secure on land, saw, far away, a figure which the waves were driving towards him. As it came nearer, his hair began to rise upon his head with superstitious terror; what he was looking at was a human corpse, more than half out of the water, its face livid and menacing, turned up towards his own. "Caracciolo!" he exclaimed; and then, turning to some companions near by, he asked them

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what it could be that the dead man wanted of him. In answer, one of the bystanders suggested that Caracciolo might, after all, be only behaving thus by way of establishing his claims to Christian burial — for which the terrified monarch at once gave his permission!

VI

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The Cocumella, a Haven of Rest — Sorrento Sailors and Their Families — The Influence of the Religious Sodalities — Faith's Insurances — On the Crest of the Pass — The Road to Amalfi — Rival Ports — Salerno and the Crusaders — An Alarming Journey and a Considerate Villain — The De Raasloff Family — My Friend Anna — A Bit out of the Bible of Youth — Anna in Thuringia — The Frau Hof-Pastorin's Convict Christmas Party — "Beata Lei!"

I BELIEVE it has usually been the custom to count youth's life by summers — that of maturer persons by winters, but in looking back over my own existence the summers stand out as landmarks still, and I have no desire to change the climate of my memories. The month of June in 1883 must have been a very lucky one, for it made possible one of those reunions which have been so rare in our erratic family destinies. My husband, who seemed to be needed only when the Ambassador went home on leave, had to spend a good deal of the time in Rome, but the children needed a few months by the sea and we decided on Sorrento for them and myself, Hugh coming down for a day or two whenever it should be possible. Close on my tracks came my brother Marion, also longing for the sea, and two or three weeks later my mother and step-father, with my sister Daisy, joined the party, so that the Hotel Cocu-

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mella at Saint Agnello was fairly full of our clan. The place is known and loved by many, but for those who know it not let me say something about its strange home-like charm, so that if ever any world-battered pilgrim like myself dreams of rest, he may realise his dreams in that remote and peaceful haven. The "Cocumella" (the word signifies pumpkin in that part of the world) was once a House of the Jesuits, and though they have never returned to it since Napoleon turned them out, the atmosphere of ascetic calm clings to it still. A large three-storied building, honeycombed with terraces, runs round three sides of a stone courtyard. On the fourth is a low wall with an archway in the centre leading down a few steps to a long, straight path that runs between clustering orange trees. At the end of the path a mimic redoubt rises against the sky, and when you have climbed into it you have the Bay of Naples spread out before you in dazzling beauty, and, some two hundred feet below, the sunshot waters of the Mediterranean lapping against the cliffs and spreading laces of foam over the narrow beach that the cliffs enclose on either hand.

There, if you arrive late in the day, you will pause, for the descent to and ascent from the shore through dark galleries and stairways cut in the rock is better suited for the morning than the evening hours; and besides, a summer sunset on the Bay of Naples, however many such one may have seen, is a sight to watch silently till the last crimson streamers are fading into purple and the "moment shuts the glory from the grey." Then turn back between the orange trees, inhale the moist

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richness of the dark tossed earth about their roots, and for company's sake pluck a red carnation or a sprig of verbena from the side of the path and mount to your own quiet apartment, to sit on the terrace and watch the stars come out over Naples and the sea — and, if fate is kind, see a great full moon roll up into the sky above the crags of Monte Sant' Angelo.

No one will disturb you unless it be "Vincenzo" bringing your evening meal to the sitting-room where in old days some Jesuit Father studied and prayed. Above the further door, carved in the stone niche, is one word, "Silentio." That which leads to the bedroom bears the legend "Contritio," and yet another, "Dilectio." Silence, contrition, love — they are voices from another world, and the rude, hostile noises from this one die away in one's ears and the heart finds peace. By and by, when the dark has really come, the delicate tinkle of a mandolin will float up as the prelude to some gay old love song, sung as only the Sorrentini can sing, the rich, dancing notes coming straight from the unburdened heart. It passes on and dies away — and down among the orange trees, or in the ilex that hangs so dizzily over the cliff, a nightingale suddenly fills the night with silver rhapsody.

Look for your worries and perplexities then! They are gone — there is no yesterday and no to-morrow — the peace of the place has taken you to itself and you can lie down and sleep like a little child.

The nights are generally cool even in the great heats of summer, but I remember one which drove me out to

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a hammock on the terrace. There was a moon, and the little white cat, known as "The Principessa," that my small boy had brought from Rome, came and lay on my feet and purred fairy stories till dawn. The "Penisola" is full of fairy stories. Marion's sailors used to tell them to one another by the hour, and my brother at last discovered that the tales were actually those of the Arabian Knights, with Italian personages and places substituted for the Eastern ones. The old fellow we called "San Pietro" was the most popular raconteur, but his "verve" failed a little in later life when the others, seeing that lonely age lay before him, took matters into their own hands and married him to a respectable widow woman who kept him clean and fed him well, but who did not bring an element of gaiety into his simple existence. The others all married early, after the custom of the country, and exercised the traditional mastership in their own homes. Woe to the wife who had not the clean clothes laid out and the hot foot tub ready to bathe her lord's feet when he returned from his day's work! Also a properly cooked supper with a fresh tablecloth to serve it on! As the years passed by, their families grew up around them, bright, handsome boys and girls, contemporaries of my brother's children, forming a kind of clan round Villa Crawford and connected with us all by the tie of almost-relationship which holds from generation to generation between masters and servants in Italy.

If our sailors were somewhat tyrannical at home, they were, without exception, good husbands and fathers,

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sober, kind, and devoted to their families. Indeed the sea-going men were a race by themselves and far superior in character to the cultivators of the soil. The seamen mostly had traces of Saracen ancestorship which showed itself in a certain proud honesty and independence of character which seems wanting in the dwellers on land, who, my brother thought, were descended directly from the slaves and dependants of the rich Romans whose villas dotted all this side of the Peninsula Sorrentina before the destruction of Pompeii. The great landholders of this district were the Neapolitan Colonnas, but they rarely showed themselves there, and the most influential class was that of the "Bourgeoisie," the prosperous fruitgrowers and shipbuilders, who employed much labour. Their opinions carried the day in public matters and their modes of life and thought were regarded as the standard for the entire community. Things have changed in some ways now, with the installation of speedy transit and the consequent influx of strangers from places possessing no standards at all, but, until ten years ago, at least, I can testify that the homes of the well-to-do small owners were run on the old lines with all the old success. The many children were taught to live frugally, obey and help their parents, and love their religion; to fulfill their tasks and duties from the highest of motives and to shun bad company and occasions of sin. The whole family recited the Rosary together daily, and took joyous part in the various religious "festas" of the year, the occasions which in that happy country supply gaiety, colour, emulation, music — even the

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healthy excitement that young people of other lands have to seek in society, and, too often, in dissipation.

Boys and girls, young men and maids, matrons and heads of families all belonged to one or other of the Sodalities which play so large a part in popular life in southern Italy. When its particular patronal Feast is due, the Sodality, whichever it may be, takes entire command of the arrangements and decorations, and supplies the necessary funds. And a Sodality is a republic governed by religion; all the members enjoy equal rights and equal respect; the rich ones give generously; the poor contribute according to their means in money and make up for their disabilities in that respect by giving their time, and by taking unlimited trouble over the decorations, which are elaborate and beautiful in the extreme, while all the other Sodalities turn out in force to join in the procession and add to the dignity of the ceremonial.

Throughout the year certain members of the Sodality, generally young girls of irreproachable character aided by some pious old maid — and there is quite a sprinkling of these in our Penisola — take charge of the banners, pictures, and sacred images which belong to it and which are brought out gleaming and fresh to be carried in the procession. These caretakers are all working people depending on their own efforts for their livelihood, but there never seems to be any conflict between their work for themselves and their work for the glory of God. Of course competition and its attendant horrors of “sweating” are unknown, and also the extreme sim-

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plicity of living and the luxuriant richness of the soil made bread-winning far less of a trial to them than to most of our fellow-men. Yet, with all that, one cannot but be struck by the simple generosity with which all is given so gladly and smilingly for what, in the North, we should call an impersonal object. The self-denial which refuses all unnecessary outlay in table expenses, in furniture, in personal adornment, becomes openhanded lavishness where the honour of God, or of Our Lady and the Saints is in question, while the really poor and the suffering are never forgotten, though very little is said about what is done for them. As an instance of private charity I will mention a certain family of ship-builders and traders, who have grown very wealthy through the industry of several generations. Their big sailing vessels are well known even in American ports, where they land their cargoes of oil and oranges and lemons. From father to son one rule has held in that family. Every time they send a vessel to sea they take the sum which they would otherwise have paid for insurance, and give it to the poor. *They have never lost a vessel.*

To return to the Sodalities, there is one supreme point to be marked in their favour — that of the high character required of the members. No drinker or gambler may wear that honoured badge; any lapse from morality, any breaking of the commandments, any lightness of conduct or disregard of family duties is punished with expulsion, and such expulsion would entail undying disgrace in the eyes of the whole community. Could merely

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secular associations, however respectable, ever exercise so inspiring and restraining an influence on private and public life?

The organisation keeps the people in close touch with the Church, makes religion not a mere matter of duty, but of love and pleasure, and draws all classes together with bonds that defy dissolution. The geographical position of the little peninsula has doubtless contributed greatly to the preservation of its best traditions. The Piano di Sorrento, with its redundant richness and beauty, lies, like a priceless gem in a strong man's treasure house, guarded by rocky walls on three sides and affording access from the fourth only by the difficult ascent of the cliffs that rise sheer from the sea. When I first went there, as a little girl, we had to take a rowing boat at Castellammare and skirt the coast till it brought us to the Sant' Agnello or the Sorrento Marina, and provisions and postal matter travelled in the same way. Later on the present magnificent carriage road was cut, passing over the canyon-like ravines on great viaducts, as far as Massa, the last town on the point of the promontory which divides the Bay of Naples from the Gulf of Salerno. By 1883 the road had been continued round the point and along the southern side of the Peninsula as far as Praiano, whence, to reach Amalfi, one had to take to the sea again for an hour or so. At my next visit some six years later, the connection with Amalfi and on to Salerno was completed, and the whole now affords the most wonderful drive in the world, I think. Many others who have travelled far and wide have

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agreed with me on that point. It is impossible to imagine scenery more lovely in its softer aspects, more grandiose in its rugged ones. When one has climbed the hill and left Massa behind, one has come into another country, another climate; there are no more deep vineyards dropping from terrace to terrace of rich dark earth; no more orange groves or lemon nurseries matted from the gales and sunk deep in sheltered ravines to preserve the delicate fruit. This side of the Gulf of Salerno faces due south, but the soil lies too dry and loose on the scarps to afford roothold and nourishment for those tender and hungry trees. On the small, irregular plateau that marks the top of the pass the olives still grow, but scantily and timidly, buffeted as they so often are by the north wind, which has forced them all to lean over towards the south, as if looking down in envy at the aloes and cacti that cling to the sun-baked rock, the rock that forms one sheer wall, its top the playground of all the winds of heaven — its base lost in the ever-moving water of the sea below.

I know of no place on earth that smells sweeter than that rocky crown. It is as if from the beginning of the world nothing had passed or grown there that was not supernally clean and sweet — sweet in the old English sense of purity and haleness, not fragrant at all, but just life-giving and healing. Bitter clean are the immortelles that powder the rifts, brave and fresh the scarce purple blossoms of the scabious and the still scarcer ones of the yellow saxifrage. The true atmosphere and spirit of the sea is always of the North; to that one's soul

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turns blindly in moments of exhaustion or restlessness; here, where the scents are all of the North, the long, sharp swords of the aloes and the prickly shields of the cacti that guard the outer edge of the road strike a note almost of discord — and leaning over the low parapet, one comes back from some long unconscious dream excursion to wonder whether one is in Italy or Algeria?

One glance at the sea below is all that is needed for the mind's orientation. From that dizzy height one looks down into clear, unmeasured depths of flooding colour through colour that we have no adequate name for here, a blue that draws every tint of sky and air above to itself, and binds them in its calm, translucent crystal to a living tide where sapphire pales to azure shot with emerald — azure and emerald in their turn deepen to lapis lazuli; and lapis lazuli, darkened to amethyst, lies in ever-narrowing streaks on the broad, level waters, till far across the gulf, where Circe's mystic promontory raises its outline against the southern horizon, all is merged in a vast unruffled unity of heaven's own blue — the dream flash of the Kingfisher's wing painted broad across that jewel of the world, the Tyrrhenian Sea.

As one drives along the high, winding road cut in the very face of the rock, delving far inwards where some ravine cleaves the coast and clinging dizzily to the outer edge of each outstanding grey shoulder, it seems as if peace must have brooded over these places from the day of the Creation; but in truth the Gulf of Salerno

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was again and again crowded with vessels and fighting men; great was the rivalry between the cities of Amalfi and Salerno in commerce, in shipbuilding, and especially for the honour of being the port of embarkation for the Crusades. This privilege went to Salerno, with its wide harbour and low shore, and bitterly must proud little rockbound Amalfi — the sister Republic — have watched the forests of masts all flying their red cross beside the royal emblem of France or England, Austria or Spain, as they rocked to and fro over there at the head of the Gulf, while the learned University town itself was overrun with splendid knights from every quarter of Christendom, ruffling it through the sunny streets with crowds of swaggering, steel-clad men in their train. There were times then when Salerno was the gayest and most fashionable place in Europe — but it took these transitory glories soberly; its innkeepers and ship chandlers certainly fleeced the noble Crusaders of much money, and doubtless mourned bitterly when crusading went out of fashion, but the rest of the inhabitants did not, I imagine, share their regrets. The sturdy little city had its solid sources of income, and its own claims to distinction in the names of many learned men who had been scholars of its University; and the period of its decadence must have been a very quiet and undisturbed one.

Now it is just a memory, a tiny place all peace and palm trees and fishing boats, for most people merely pass through the station where they leave the train and take carriage for Paestum, the dream Temple whose white

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loveliness, rising from its carpet of violets that send their perfume far out to sea, remains through life in one's mind as one of the three or four flawlessly perfect things in this fallen world.

My first visit to Salerno came about in this wise. A few weeks after my sister Annie had married Erich von Rabe, they asked me to go down to Naples and spend a little time with them there. I forget how I got to Naples — some friends of course took me under their wing — but on arriving I found our "Sposi" installed in a romantic balconied apartment in the old palace of Queen Joanna. The sea lapped three sides of the walls, the balconies looked down into the waves, and everything was charming — only I discovered at once that in spite of sisterly affection and the sincerity of their invitation, it was too soon for a third person to be anything but a "terzo incommodo" in the household. My dearest friend, Anna de Raasloff, was at Salerno with her father and mother, and I wired to know if I could join them. The reply took the shape of a "hurrah" — for Anna and I had grown very close to each other all through that year, and both our destinies were on the point of being decided just then, so that it was quite a grief to be separated. I was madly in love — with the right man; she, poor darling, with the wrong one; both of us had to *talk* or die! . So in fear and trembling at my own daring, I undertook to break all the rules and travel across to Salerno alone. Erich put me into the train, and a heavy tip to the guard was supposed to ensure my having a compartment to myself all the way. Only a

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girl brought up in Italy could understand the chill of terror that overwhelmed me when, at the next station, the door was flung open and a young man sprang into the carriage! I was sure my doom was sealed — he would either kiss me or cut my throat long before the blessed haven of Salerno was reached. I did not dare to look at him for quite an hour, and then, having got a stiff neck with observing the landscape, I stole a glance at my companion, where he sat in the corner farthest away from me. He was a quiet-looking villain, at any rate, with dark eyes and a black beard, and, though he pretended to be reading, I felt that he was watching me as closely as I was watching him.

The evening grew cold — I had but a thin town frock on, and dared not close the window for fear of giving him an excuse to move or speak to me. So, for another hour I sat, shivering visibly, between fright and cold — and then I almost shrieked, for my villain jumped up suddenly and began fumbling in a portmanteau in the net above his head. Was he going to produce a pistol? I set my teeth to meet my end like a lady; and then the villain, in dead silence, came over to my corner, shook out a splendid great Scotch plaid, and, without a word, proceeded to tuck it all round and over me in the most comforting way, closed my window, and went back to his seat without having even looked in my face. One feeble "Thanks" was all that I could find to say, and not another word was exchanged till we drew up at the Salerno station where my friends were waiting for me; but the little episode cured me of my idiotic terror of

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solitary travelling. In later years, when I have had to fly across the world alone, with all my money and valuables in my pocket, I have found it prudent to carry a little Derringer, four inches long with a "41" bullet, a thoroughly satisfactory weapon at close quarters; I have once or twice had to let people catch a glint of the pretty thing, but that was enough — thank Heaven I have never had to *use* it. My youngest son, however, took its twin brother to South Africa in 1899, and endorses the merits of the weapon — for close quarters only.

I have strayed a little from Salerno and certain memories for which I plead a little space — "right here," as my Western compatriots say. If it be worth while to tell what one remembers about names known to all the world, it is also worth while, in the best sense, I think, to perpetuate the rarer memories of beautiful characters whose friendship and companionship have lightened many dark places in one's life. Friendship was a virtue of the generation before my own; modern people really and truly have not the time to devote to the slow-growing beautiful thing which filled such an honourable place in chosen lives in those days. I have sinned against its lovely codes since, innumerable times, myself, but in spite of personal unworthiness, some friendships that I inherited, and some that came to me out of the blue, have never failed me once in all the years, and among the foremost of these stands that of the De Raasloff family, though but one of the original members of it now remains — with me — on this side of the "Great Divide."

It was after my sister's marriage early in 1874 that

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these enchanting people came to spend the winter in Rome, bringing my mother a letter from some other Scandinavian friends who had been our intimates some years earlier. We had a natural love for Scandinavians — one, our old music master, Raunkilde, had been almost a member of the family since I could remember any thing at all — and we were prepared to receive the De Raasloffs with open arms in any case. But if they had come from another planet it would have made no difference; the moment we met it was love at first sight — love for the splendid handsome old General, a wit, a raconteur, a “charmeur” who could have broken any woman’s heart even at that age; love for his dear motherly “grande dame” wife, and love above all, for their daughter, one of those subtly, inexplicably fascinating women who seem born to bring out the best in all with whom they come in contact. My dear Mother, who certainly spoke with authority, defined a friend as “a person who helps you to the best in yourself.” Anna de Raasloff would have taught a stone how to love — a reptile how to aspire. She came to me just at the moment when life looked more full and beautiful than it had ever looked before, when I had a right to be interested in myself because the only man in the world was interested in me. I was for once holding out my arms to all that was good and high and lovely, and through those perfect months my Anna was my other wing! Together we soared through heavenly places, she realising her own sorrow in my happiness, and eventually, I believe, through that very unselfishness, finding her own

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— which had been waiting for her with quiet faithfulness till she was ready to appreciate it.

I am writing these words in my own month of April on the anniversary of the crowning day of my life, that of my engagement. Thirty-seven years have passed since then, and I am the only one left to remember it, but nothing that has come since has robbed that period of its divine perfection, and I realise now how much was added to it by that great-hearted soul-sister. Her lovely pale face, changing as the April sky and the lovelier for each change, her great brown eyes radiant with love and courage, the very waving of the breeze in her soft golden curls — it all comes back to me like a bit out of the Bible of Youth, a verity of love and understanding tenderness that will abide with me till we meet again.

Very different were our destinies. She, the daughter of one of the most prominent men in Denmark, married, a little later, Arno Trautvetter, a Lutheran clergyman, with whose theology I had no sympathy, but whom in every other way I admired and revered. With him she spent some time in Egypt where her little daughter was born, and then they went home to Rudolstadt in Thüringen, where I found my Anna fifteen years afterwards, in a wonderful old German house which somehow she had filled from roof to cellar with her own serenely untrammelled cosmopolitan atmosphere. She was as young — younger than — her own daughter, her wide sympathies embraced every soul in the little old town, from the reigning Princess (Arno was the royal chaplain) to the poor prisoners, for whom,

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just before I arrived, she had been making a "home" Christmas, such as, I venture to say, few prisons in the world have ever witnessed. Taking advantage of her husband's official position, she boldly asked that all the men, whatever had been their crime, should be handed over to her for that one evening, in the great hall of the prison, without the restraining presence of a single warden or official. This cost her a battle, but she won her point, and then (she had been a constant visitor to all the cells) she went and told the men about it, appealing simply to their sense of chivalry — not dead in any of them, as the sequel showed — to justify her confidence in them and make no trouble of any kind. They knew and loved her well; for years she had done everything she could to lighten the lot which those unfortunate ones had brought on themselves. When they had served their time it was always the "Frau Hof-Pastorin" who helped them to regain their self-respect and find means of earning an honest livelihood, and so many of her efforts in that direction were crowned with success that we all felt sure she had got at the "root of the matter," when she declared that the hardened criminal is generally an *accident*. Once sentenced to a term, long or short, unless somebody helps him, he will not believe in the possibility or worthwhileness of becoming a decent member of society again. But if somebody else is evidently convinced that there is a place in the world for him still, he very often tries to fill it.

I know that there is nothing in the least original in this view and that the effort has been made by many

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sincere and hard-working people. If I may venture to say so, I think its constant failure in England and America is due to two causes. The first is that the liberated prisoners with us are dealt with as a class — whereas it is only by an appeal to the individual, lifting him right away from that class, that such cases can be effectually reached; the second is the enormous flood of criminal literature in books, magazines, and above all, in newspapers, which constantly works up the offender against society as “clever,” “bright,” “plucky,” “reckless,” etc., etc. — making of him a lurid fascinating hero who appeals irresistibly to the excitable imagination and hunger for notoriety which form such a large part of the ordinary criminal's make-up. A wise censorship of detective stories and police news would relieve both England and the United States of quite half the burden they now carry in the support of convicted criminals. There is far less of this hideous literature abroad, and what there is comes very little into the lives of the lower classes, where life is much harder and the struggle for it more absorbing than with us.

To return to my friend and her Christmas party — it proved the greatest possible success. The great tree was all lighted and heavy with presents — tobacco and sweetmeats and fruit, and little gifts of socks and under-clothing for each man, — Anna had taken the greatest trouble to find out what would be most welcome — and as they filed in and took their places in the hall she herself was sitting at the harmonicum and started one of the old Christmas hymns that every man there must have heard

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in his childhood. In a moment they were all singing it from their very hearts, and she told me that when she looked round she saw that many of them were crying. More hymns followed. Then the distribution of the gifts with cheery talk and jokes and laughter — that one little golden-haired woman as hostess and mother and friend, going from one to another as if in her own house among the most spotless lights of society — “And, my dear,” she wound up by telling me, “they not only behaved *well*, they behaved like gentlemen and Christians! As for me, it was the happiest evening of my life! I know it will help some of them back into the right way.”

“I was in prison and ye visited Me.” My Anna went home to The Heavenly Prisoner a few years since. *Beata Lei* — those words were surely said for her.

VII

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A Danish Subaltern — The Schleswig-Holstein Riddle — De Raasloff Settles the Elsinore Complication — The Pitiful Story of a Young Queen — Von Moltke's Boyhood — A Stern Tutor — Too Much Goat ! — A Nameless Student and a Gruesome Parcel — Von Moltke's First Sight of the Prussian Army Decides His Fate — His Long Struggle with Poverty — His Patience and Perseverance — Discouragement and Projected Emigration to Australia in Middle Life — The Emperor's Attachment to Him — Count Seckendorff Makes a Little Mistake — The Crown Prince's Servant — "Nanti Strumpf," the German Pasquino.

THE mention of General de Raasloff's family takes me away from southern Italy for a while and back to a host of widely different associations connected with northern Europe, namely of military nature.

General de Raasloff himself was always for me one of the strongest links between my own day and that of a past generation which had witnessed a period, in some ways, perhaps, one of the most eventful of European history — that following upon the time of general political reaction which had succeeded to the era of the first Napoleon. Beginning his career as a subaltern of artillery in the Danish army — although a Holsteiner by birth — in the thirties of the last century, De Raasloff soon began to look about him for a chance to make experience of actual warfare and so acquire a more practical knowledge of his own branch of the service. The chance

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came to him in 1841 during the campaign of the French against Abd-el-Kader in Algeria; having obtained extended leave of absence, De Raasloff became attached as a volunteer to the staff of the Duc d'Aumale, on whose side he went through the long and wearisome campaign which came to a head with the victory of General Bugeaud over Abd-el-Kader at the river Isly in August, 1844. Prior to this my friend had been present at the taking of the Emir's great camp in 1843, with its amazing treasury of riches and the whole of Abd-el-Kader's family and his herds of horses, camels, and sheep. That was in the days when the "Foreign Legion" had yet to make its name for reckless courage and iron discipline; when it numbered among its members such men as MacMahon, Negrier, and Chanzy — together with the unfortunate Bazaine, who was destined, later, to render so terrible a disservice to his country. The glory of the war was, however, fearfully tarnished in the eyes of the civilised world by the cruelty committed on a party of Arabs at Zaatcha by General Pelissier. They had taken refuge from his troops in a cave, and, on being summoned to come out and surrender, refused; whereupon, he had the mouth of the cave stopped up with brushwood which was then set alight. It ended in the suffocation of the miserable Arabs to the number of five hundred or so, men, women, and children.

This atrocity was repudiated by the French people and Government, but was excused by Bugeaud, who even procured promotion for his subordinate as a reward for the affair.

It was about that time, too, that Pelissier distinguished

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himself in another way. Entering a restaurant, one day, in Algiers, he ordered a particular kind of omelette for his lunch — an omelette Tartare, if I remember rightly. When it was brought to him, to his fury he saw that the sauce had been poured beforehand over the omelette — for it happened that he preferred to season it himself. After heaping abuse on the waiter, therefore, Pelissier wound up by throwing the whole, dish and all, in the man's face. Instantly, however, the General found himself seized in a grasp of iron and being punished as though he were a naughty boy. When the waiter had finished with him, moreover, in order to make a thoroughly good job of it, he threw the bruised, half-throttled Pelissier out into the street. The next day, however, Pelissier made his appearance at the same restaurant — to the amazement of those who had witnessed the scene of the previous noon — as though nothing had happened. Seating himself, he ordered the same dish of the same waiter and this time the omelette was brought to him with the sauce in a separate vessel and he received it with a word of thanks. Taking a *louis d'or* from his pocket he handed it to the waiter. "Take it," he said, smiling. "You have earned it, my friend — yesterday, for the first time, I met my match!" Which was much to his credit, it seems to me!

General de Raasloff's next experience of warfare came soon after his return to Denmark, when, on the death of King Christian VIII, the great question of the succession to the territory of Schleswig-Holstein burst upon an unready world. To this day that same question

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is a favourite one of the worthies appointed to examine candidates for the Diplomatic Service. It was Lord Palmerston who, in after years, said of it — “There are, or were, three persons who really knew the rights of the Schleswig-Holstein question; one was the Dowager Queen of Denmark; God Almighty is another, and the third is a German professor — and *he's* gone mad!” The Danes said that the Duchies were an inseparable part of Denmark, and the Schleswig-Holsteiners themselves, a German-speaking people, declared themselves to be Germans and the subjects of the German Duke of Augustenburg. The Germans promptly came to their help against Denmark; but not before the Danes had inflicted a severe defeat on the Holsteiners at Flensburg.

This success was countered, however, by the Germans under Wrangle and Halkett in a second battle on April 23, 1848, in which the Danes — outnumbered by more than two to one — were compelled to fall back towards Denmark. Suddenly, the Germans received orders from Berlin to retire southward, and the first part of the war came to an end with the seven months' truce of “Malmö.” It began again, though, the next year, and lasted until the decisive victory of the Danes over the Holsteiners at Fridericia in July, 1849. There followed a treaty of peace with Prussia, who had hitherto been helping the insurgents; and then the latter were finally defeated signally at Idstedt by General Krogh — after which the vexatious “Question” remained in abeyance until 1864! De Raasloff, who had distinguished himself by his handling of his battery on every possible

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occasion, resigned his commission after the battle of Idstedt in the supposition that there would be no recurrence of active service, and came to America in search of fresh fields for his abilities — to his subsequent regret, I have no doubt, when war broke out again a few years later. His interest in the affairs of his country had by no means diminished, however; and it was by his advice that the vexatious problem of the dues, paid by every passing ship to the Castle of Elsinore on entering the Sound, was solved by the Danish authorities' acceptance of a lump sum, instead, from the seafaring nations. After being successively Consul General in New York and Minister Plenipotentiary in Washington, he went home to take over the Portfolio of War in the Ministry of Count Fries, after the war with Prussia. This post he held until 1870, when the refusal by Denmark to ratify the sale of its West India Islands to the United States placed him in the position of having to resign, as a protest against the action of his Government. Thereupon, he was sent as a special envoy to China where I met him, in Peking.¹

His reminiscences covered an immense ground, seeing that among the Danish society of his youth there were still living elderly persons whose recollections went back sixty years and even more, to the early days of King Christian VII and the terrific drama of his luckless consort, Queen Caroline Mathilda. There are few episodes in modern history with quite the same poignant horror as that of poor, pretty, foolish but innocent Caroline Mathilda and

¹ See "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands."

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her husband's wicked step-mother, Juliana Maria of Brunswick.

The situation between the two women was quite clear from the first; on the one side was Juliana Maria with her young son, Frederick, whose accession to the throne was the one purpose of his mother's existence; on the other was the young King (the son of Juliana Maria's husband, by that monarch's first wife, Louisa of England) and his girl-wife, Caroline. The King, who was feeble both in mind and body, detested his strong-willed step-mother and, for all Juliana Maria's caution, suspected her intentions towards himself from the first moment of his accession to the throne as a boy of seventeen. Thus, he dismissed from his service all who had enjoyed the Queen Dowager's favour during the late reign and gave their posts to favourites of his own choosing. The chief power in the kingdom fell into the hands of a certain Count Holk — about as evil a liver as any on record, by all accounts.

When in 1768, the King (already half an imbecile, thanks to the vicious habits he had learned from Holk who had apparently been acting, throughout, in perfect understanding with the Queen Dowager) made a tour of the European courts, a certain Doctor Struensee was appointed to accompany him as his physician. Struensee soon came to acquire a boundless influence over the King (who was now frightened at his own mental and physical condition), by repairing to some extent the ravages of his previous dissipations. In the end, Struensee replaced the worthless Holk in the monarch's esteem, and induced

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the latter to recall to power one of his exiled ministers, Count Rantzau-Ascheberg whom Struensee had met in Paris and whom, I take it, he thought to use as an intermediary between himself and Queen Juliana Maria—and so make to himself “ friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness ” in case he should lose the favour of his fickle master at any time.

With Rantzau returned another exile, Count Brandt, destined to become Struensee's “ *âme damnée*.” At once Struensee set himself to gaining the confidence of Queen Caroline, and before long he had acquired a complete ascendancy over her. In 1771 he became practically omnipotent in Denmark, through being created the head of the Council. But his enjoyment of power did not last for long. With his success, Struensee's pride and insolence increased, until he had antagonised all his supporters; also, he was openly irreligious and made no pretence of concealing his contempt for the national ways and prejudices. Moreover, it was whispered, he was enriching himself at the expense of the heavily taxed people under his rule.

At length, in January of the next year, 1772, the Queen Dowager's opportunity for ruining Queen Caroline presented itself. It chanced that Rantzau-Ascheberg, among others, had sickened of Struensee's arrogance; and to him the Dowager joined herself and her son Frederick, — styled by his parasites “ *Le Prince Héritier*,” — in spite of the fact that the King had a son by Queen Caroline. Brandt's, I fancy, was the master mind which supplied the Dowager with her truly diabolical plan of campaign.

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Together with some others, the two worthies forced their way into the King's bedroom, late in the night of January 16th, and persuaded him to sign a warrant for his wife's arrest and that of Struensee on an infamous charge of wrongful intimacy between them. Brandt was also included in the warrant which was carried out at once.

There had been a great Court Ball, that night and poor little Caroline had been dancing there with the Dowager's son, Prince Frederick, who was soon to help in bringing about her downfall. One can imagine her consternation then, on being awakened at three o'clock of a midwinter's morning by a lieutenant of Guards with a file of soldiers at his back, and being commanded to rise and dress herself instantly in preparation for a journey. She had no choice but to obey. Having thrown on what clothes first came to hand, Queen Caroline was taken down to where a closed coach was awaiting her in a courtyard, and driven off to the Castle of Cronborg, near Elsinore. Although she entreated for permission to say "Good-bye" to her children (the elder, a boy, was only three years old, and the younger, his sister, being still a baby in long clothes) it was refused. She never set eyes on either of them again. Had it not been for her brother, our own good old George III, there is no saying to what kind of a fate she might not have been subjected. Thanks, however, to his intervention, his sister's life was spared and she was handed over to his care. She was taken in a British warship to Hanover where she spent the rest of her days — three lonely years — at Zell, devoting herself to works of charity. Needless to say,

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she was completely innocent of the charges made against her.

In the meantime, Struensee and Brandt had been tried for high treason; it having been found impossible by other means to establish their guilt and that of the Queen, Struensee was put to the torture with the result of extorting from him a so-called "confession" in which he had the weakness to implicate Caroline Mathilda. This, however, did not save him from the savagery of his enemies, and he and Brandt were put to death on April 28, 1772, under circumstances of hideous barbarity.

But to return to more cheerful subjects. A compatriot of General de Raasloff's whom I first met about that time was the Danish Minister in Rome, M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, who had married Mrs. Moulton, the widow of Charles Moulton of Paris, formerly Miss Greenough of Cambridge, Massachusetts. I think the Hegermann-Lindencrones must have been quite one of the handsomest couples in Europe—certainly of my acquaintance. They were both such perfect types of different kinds of beauty—he of the real Viking stock, tall and splendidly built with real sea-blue eyes; and she of that magnolia-like loveliness, the especial inheritance of not a few of the women of her country. Not only were she and her husband good to look upon, but the most delightful of good company as well. As all the world knows, Mrs. Moulton, as she had been, formerly, was the fortunate possessor of a truly divine voice, one capable of both bringing tears into the eyes of a demon and of filling the saddest of hearts with a

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flood of radiance. Her father-in-law, General Hegermann-Lindencrone, was a life-long friend of Moltke, who, with his elder brother, Fritz, as boys at the Landkadetten Akademie of Copenhagen, had been wont to spend their Sundays with the Hegermann-Lindencrone youngsters at their father's estate near the city.

Moltke always spoke with great gratitude of those happy hours, the only exception to the dreariness of his existence at that period. For the two Moltkes had been placed by their father "en pension" in the house of an elderly Danish soldier, a certain General von Lorenz, an old bachelor with ideas of his own as to the upbringing of small boys. Indeed, he appears to have ruled his charges with an iron hand; and yet there was a certain rough and ready equity in his methods. An instance of this occurred when his only pet, a tame goat, was accidentally injured by one of the brothers so that it had to be destroyed. The General, thereupon, pronounced sentence on the delinquents — economy going hand in hand with stern justice. The goat was duly consigned to the kitchen; and, so long as a particle of it remained, the boys got nothing else to eat. It must have lasted them some weeks — to their own disgust and their gaoler's complete satisfaction!

I trust it will not be taken amiss by my readers if I invite them to accompany me a little way along the road of Moltke's youth? — Personally, I confess to an absorbing interest in all that concerns the young days of the Hegermann-Lindencrones' illustrious friend.

Prior to their stay in Copenhagen — where they were

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being prepared under Colonel Glode du Plat at the "Akademie" for entrance into the Danish army — the future victor of Sedan and his brother had received the elements of their education at the hands of a clergyman, Pastor Knickbein, at Hohenfeld in Holstein. This same clergyman, it was, by the way, who afterwards officiated at the marriage of Helmuth von Moltke (the field-marshal, then a major) to Mary Burt, an English girl, on April 20, 1842. While at Hohenfeld, the lad used to employ his spare time in the construction of a miniature fortress, for which his father presented him with a brace of toy-cannon. Little did the schoolmates, playing together of a Sunday in General Hegermann-Lindencrone's garden, a hundred years ago now, foresee the day when two of their number would be engaged in actual warfare on opposite sides — in 1864, when, after more than half a century had rolled away, Helmuth von Moltke conducted the war to a successful issue for the Prussians against the Danes in whose army General C. D. Hegermann-Lindencrone held a command operating in Jutland. It was in the course of that same war, moreover, that an early friend of them both, General du Plat, was destined to meet his death on the Danish side in the fight for possession of the wind-mill at Düppel on April 18th. Du Plat was the son of the former head of the Land-kadetten Akademie, Moltke's first military instructor.

In 1813 the two young Moltkes were fetched home on a holiday to Augustenburg in Holstein by their father, now the Commandant of Kiel and soon to be promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel for his services against

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the future sovereign of his son, Frederick William III of Prussia. The case of this same Colonel Baron Moltke is too typical of the European situation of Napoleon's day to be passed over without a few words of comment. Born at Samov in Mecklenburg, Baron Moltke entered the Prussian army at the age of thirteen in 1781 as "an ensign" in the Möllendorff regiment. From that service he retired on his approaching marriage with Fraülein Henrietta Paschen whose father had insisted upon Moltke's return to civil life as a condition of their union.

After a few years, in 1805, the young husband became a Danish subject through his purchase of the estate of Augustenhof in Holstein. And now a series of misfortunes combined to change his way of life. Whilst he was engaged in building a house for his family at Augustenhof, the town of Lübeck (where his wife was awaiting with her children the completion of the new home) became the scene of desperate fighting between the French, and the Prussians of Blücher's and Yorck's commands. Eventually Lübeck was taken by storm and plundered by the French during three days and nights. As a result, the Moltkes lost almost all their personal belongings. But, worse was to follow. At Augustenhof a great part of the stock died of disease, and the house itself was completely destroyed by fire, that same year. Thereupon, Baron Moltke determined to try his luck once more at soldiering, — since farming was out of the question without a larger capital than his misfortunes had left him. The country happened to be at war again with England,

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so that he had no difficulty in getting himself appointed to a command. It was while serving thus in the capacity of a Danish officer that he took part in the suppression of Schill's heroic but ill-fated attempt to raise Prussia against the French invaders in 1809. A strangely disagreeable business, this same hunting of Schill by the Danish-Dutch auxiliaries of Napoleon. Which of us has not been haunted by the picture of the post-house eating-room in that rainy twilight at Warnemünde? — the German youth upon his "Wanderjahr" travels, and the military stranger who sits at table with him in the dusk — the stranger's affability as he tells of how Schill has, "Yes, really been caught and killed."

"See," — and he shows him a ring — "this was his. And —" but he says no more, seeing that the other's eyes are wandering to a certain modest parcel on the floor, half hidden by the stranger's cloak. Not until later, long after the two have parted on their separate ways, does our youth learn how Schill's head had been severed from the body by a surgeon and thus dispatched to the Library of the University of Leyden!

The future field-marshal's mother, Frau von Moltke, must have been a woman of no ordinary kind. Certain it is that to her own radiantly persevering character more than to any outside cause was due what share of happiness she enjoyed after the first few years of married life. Her children were devoted to their mother and she to them; but between the husband and wife a gradual passive estrangement seems to have ensued upon Baron Moltke's entry into the Danish service. Their individual-

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ties were, if anything, too self-reliant, too positive and energetic to need sympathy of one another. In both the idea of duty was paramount; neither ever flinched from any call that it could make upon them. Had either been weaker they might both have been happier in the human sense. As it was, they lavished their energies upon helping the feebler ones about them to fight the battle of life without a thought to self — with the inevitable consequence that the truth of the Italian proverb was only too amply vindicated in the lives of both — “He who makes himself honey gets himself eaten.”

The year 1813 was marked for the Moltke family by various events. In the early spring came news of the death of an uncle — Major Helmuth von Moltke, brother of the Baron — from wounds and starvation in the retreat through Russia, whither he had gone with the Mecklenburg contingent of Napoleon's army, the preceding summer. Soon after bringing the Major's namesake, young Helmuth, and his brother Fritz home from Copenhagen, their father was called away, once more, to take command of the Danish advance-guard attached to the French Marshal, Davoust's, force operating against the Prussians and Russians near Ratzeburg; later on, too, he signalised himself by his devotion in the defence of Rendsburg. Thence he returned to Kiel, Helmuth and Fritz in the meanwhile having gone back to school at Copenhagen. Besides these two, there were now four other boys and two girls in the family, ranging from Wilhelm, the eldest, a cadet in the Norwegian military school at Christiania, down to Victor, the baby, born in

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1812, the intermediate places being filled by Adolf, Ludwig, Magdelene — or “Helene” — and Augusta, later the step-mother of Helmuth's English wife, Mary Burt.

Throughout the momentous period of 1813 and 1814, — the War of Liberation in Germany, and the downfall of Napoleon, — the sympathies of the Moltkes must have been almost equally divided between the conquerors and the conquered; for, as was the case with so many families at that time in northern Europe, they were far from being united in the matter of politics. Of the Baron's brothers one, as has been seen, had lately fallen on the French side, whilst another, Wilhelm, was fighting on that of Prussia. But this diversity of political employment has always been the lot of their kind in Germany, with its many States, large and small. The Baron's own father, for instance, had begun his career as a page at the court of Würtemberg, which he left as the result of a quarrel with his superiors. Thence he betook himself to Vienna, where he entered the army of the Empress Maria Theresa under the auspices of a relative, the Austrian Field-Marshal von Moltke, rising with rapidity to the rank of captain in his twenty-first year. Soon after, upon succeeding to the estate of Samov in 1751, he retired from the Austrian service and returned to the allegiance of his birth as a subject of the King of Prussia.

But even the universal warfare about them was powerless to make much difference to Helmuth and his brother under the rule of Colonel Glode du Plat at Copenhagen.

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News then travelled slowly and under difficulties; the extent, for instance, of the disaster of Trafalgar was not even known in France itself until after Napoleon's abdication in 1814. And, when Waterloo had decided his destiny for ever, the military professors all over Europe turned their attention, with the redoubled energy of relief, to instilling the lessons of the past prodigious quarter-century of experience into the minds of their pupils. A fury of scholastic militarism succeeded to the ruder actualities of the upheaval of 1790-1815; a veritable frenzy of theory in which the opposing schools of Jomini and Clausewitz were to find birth.

For Helmuth von Moltke this period of "cramming" (during a part of which he did duty at Court as a member of the Corps of Pages) resulted in his passing at the head of the list of candidates from the "Akademie" into the army in 1818. Among his weaker subjects, in the examination, was, as I have heard, that of drawing. And yet, strange to say, it was to his skill in drawing that he was afterwards most particularly indebted for his subsequent chances of distinction. It was said that, at a reception at the German Court, a lady — a relation, I think, of the unfortunate Harry Arnim who was Prussian Ambassador in Rome in the days of my youth, and who afterwards ended his career abruptly by falling out with Prince Bismarck — was once talking to Moltke, when they were joined by the old Emperor William. Moltke at once withdrew, and the Emperor said, "I will tell you something new about Moltke. Do you know that it was I who first

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'discovered' him?" Thereupon he told her how, many years before, some drawings of fortifications and so forth made by various officers had come under his own eyes, when Prince of Prussia; he had been astonished and delighted by one in particular, the work of a certain Moltke, of whom no one seemed to know anything. "Pray keep an eye on this man," the Prince had said to those about him, "he will surely make himself heard of — his work is simply magnificent!" So that it really *was* due to the Emperor that Moltke had thereafter been singled out for special employment from among his comrades.

Having received his commission as second lieutenant, Moltke left Copenhagen to join his battalion of the Oldenburg infantry regiment at Rendsburg, the scene of his father's exploits in 1813. Here he remained a couple of years, being transferred to the "Jäger" or "light" company of the regiment in 1820, a notable distinction and one much prized by the regimental juniors. And then, in 1821, occurred the most momentous event, perhaps, of his whole career — a period of short leave which he spent on a trip, with his father, to Berlin.

Here for the first time in his life, he set eyes upon the Prussian army — and instantly his young enthusiasm was kindled by the sight. From that moment he could know no happiness until he felt himself entitled to a personal share in that army's traditions as the wearer of a Prussian uniform.

After considerable heart-searching he confided his ambition to his father, who offered no obstacle to the pro-

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ject, but rather sympathised with his son's eagerness for a wider scope for his abilities than that afforded by the Danish service. Accordingly, young Moltke applied to the Prussian authorities for permission to offer himself as a candidate at the forthcoming examinations for officers in Berlin, and was accepted, subject to his being able to produce a certificate of good conduct from his former Danish superiors. This he did, and was admitted to the examination, which he passed — after only a fortnight's preparation. Having satisfied the examiners, — among them no less famous a person than the great Gneisenau, — he found himself promptly appointed to the Eighth infantry regiment stationed at Frankfort on the Oder, as the junior of all its twenty-nine subalterns — then no very promising outlook for any but such as he! His time at Frankfort was busily employed in fitting himself for admission to the "Kriegsschule," the school of superior studies for officers at Berlin. In this he succeeded and was transferred to the capital in 1823. And now began the long struggle to raise himself by sheer merit above the crowd of his wealthier but less ambitious comrades. No possible economy was left unpractised by him to this end, no chance neglected. What tiny sums he could contrive to save from his unavoidable living expenses were invested in paying for tuition in foreign languages — English and Russian — in both of which he made himself an expert. But, even for a Moltke, advancement was slow in those days; and eleven years were to pass before he obtained the rank of full lieutenant in his thirty-fourth year. By then, however, he was already better equipped

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for generalship than many men of twice his age. Almost from the very first he was absolutely dependent upon his own brains for his success in the struggle with poverty. Thus he became the author of a novel, amongst other productions, written during a period of profound depression and heart trouble that threatened either to bring him to the grave or, at least, to compel the abandonment of his beloved profession; indeed, he scarcely expected to be able to continue as a soldier and was preparing to make a living, instead, by his pen. There was always in Moltke — until past middle life when all doubtings had left him — an extraordinary readiness, a kind of fatalistic eagerness, almost, to meet troubles half way and to anticipate the worst. So late as 1848 (when Prussia was in the grasp of mob-law to such an extent that a parliamentary resolution was passed to the effect that all young officers not in sympathy with democratic principles should be ordered to make it a point of honour to resign their commissions) Moltke was seriously debating the advisability of beginning life anew together with his young wife, as an emigrant to Australia! Among other products of his pen, by the way, during those early days in Berlin, was a translation of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," begun under the necessity of finding money with which to buy a second charger, but never completed.

His relations with Prince William of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor, were of the closest kind, from the day of their first meeting to the last sad one when Moltke stood beside the death-bed of the lovable old man in

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1888. The Emperor always referred everything of a military nature to him during the two great wars of 1866 and 1870. "I can do nothing without his sanction," he once said in answer to a request for additional troops by some corps-commander during the siege of Paris. "He will take even my bodyguard from me for his schemes if he thinks fit." But that was always the Emperor's way; he made a point of doing things thoroughly, and his given word was "as the laws of the Medes and Persians." An amusing instance occurred one day when his favourite adjutant, the late Count Seckendorff, presented to him an officer upon the latter's promotion to major. "Gratulire, Herr Major" (my congratulations to you, Major), said the Emperor; whereupon the officer glanced at him an instant with an expression of astonishment and delight, bowed and withdrew, all smiles. Presently, to his dismay, Count Seckendorff discovered that the officer in question was one of two brothers and that it was the other one, the elder, who had just received his majority, the younger, as a matter of fact, being only a captain. On explaining his mistake to the Emperor, the latter replied, "Well, there's nothing to be done. 'Major,' I said, — and Major he must remain." Upon Seckendorff coming to him, however, a few days later, with the request that he might be allowed to present the *real* Major, the Sovereign shook his head. "Nannu, mein Bester," he answered, laughingly, "zum zweiten Mal fall' ich nicht darin!" (No, no, my dear fellow, you don't catch me making the same mistake a second time!)

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And it really took some persuasion to induce him to comply with the request and to consent to congratulate the newly promoted officer!

Both Kaiser Wilhelm and his son, Crown Prince Frederick, were the simplest of mortals in their intercourse with others. There was a delightful story in regard to this which my brother-in-law Oscar von Rabe used to tell. As he was equerry to the Crown Princess at the time, he must bear the responsibility for its authenticity. It happened that the Crown Prince had taken into his service a new man-servant, and that the overdone, ceremonial obsequiousness of the latter began to jar upon his master. Matters came to such a point of discomfort, at last, that the servant received an intimation to the effect that the Crown Prince would prefer to be treated with more simplicity. The next day, when the Crown Prince was seated writing at his table, he suddenly felt himself tapped on the shoulder and turned quickly — thinking it was his wife — to behold the new servant standing there with a smile of reassurance. Before the astounded Heir to the Throne could find his words, the man announced with a jerk of his thumb behind him:

“Päppchen” (literally, little Papa), “is come to see you.”

“*Päppchen!!!* BETRUNKEN?!!!” meaning to say, “Are you drunk?” — only the other took it, apparently, to have reference to the venerable Emperor. Hence the delicious answer, as he scratched his head in perplexity: —

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“Betrunken? Na’ — habe nix *bemerkt!*” (“Drunk? Well — no, I did n’t *notice* anything!”)

But speaking of the Emperor William’s rigid fulfilment of his every promise, there used, long ago, to be a refreshing — if uncharitable — joke told in respect to his elder brother, King Frederick William IV, whose vacillation in things political was, if I may say so, notorious.

I must first explain that in former days in Prussia there existed an imaginary character — a kind of shadowy “Pasquino” known as Nanti Strumpf, into whose mouth public opinion was wont to put — its own conclusions.

After the promise of a Constitution had been forced from the King, a comic journal published a supposedly overheard colloquy between Nanti Strumpf and a countryman in the crowd that had gathered to hear the monarch endorse the promise with an oath, of which the closing words were these: “Und dass ich mein Wort erhalten werde, gelobig ich schwöre.” (And that I will keep my word I solemnly swear.)

“What did he say?” asks the peasant of his neighbour.

“Well,” replies Nanti Strumpf, “it sounded to me like this: ‘Und dass ich mein Wort erhalten werde glaub’ i’ schwerli!’” (And that I shall keep my word I scarcely believe.)

VIII

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN THE PENISOLA

“Zoroaster” at Pompeii — My Brother’s Wife and Her Family — The Duke of Wellington’s Maxim — A Young Turk — Filangieri the Fire-eater — King Ferdinand’s Dismissal of the Swiss Guards — The Surrender of Palermo — Garibaldi’s “Double” — A Veteran’s Experiences — Roast Goose for Four — A Franciscan in England — The Amiable Crispi — The Disaster of Massouah — Tragedy in the Flesh — Hill-road Pictures — A Contrast in Funerals.

ONE book was completed and another begun in Marion’s seabird study under the rocks in the summer of 1883. The first was “To Leeward” and there is so much of Sorrento in it, together with our personal experiences of various kinds, that I must not enlarge too much on these subjects — they have been touched by that master hand. Together we assisted at the launching of the battle-ship at Castellammare which he there describes — together we had smiled at the soaring philosophisings of Daisy’s young girl friends, summed up by Leonora’s amazing aphorism in “To Leeward,” — “everything is nothing and Time is — colour!” The book was rather adversely criticised when it came out; Macmillan had refused to publish it because the story of poor Leonora’s mistakes was not consonant with the rather prudish standards of the firm at that time, and, though the public read it avidly, it pretended to resent Marion’s

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having selected a subject which was not one for the young person — the “June Filly” as he himself always called her. Unfortunately, ever since the world was made, certain kinds of women have married without much reflection and have allowed themselves to fall in love with the wrong men afterwards. The only wonder is that it does not happen more frequently; but certainly my brother’s story gave no encouragement to such frailty, and he was consoled for the reviewers’ growls by more than one private letter from women readers, thanking him for the warnings conveyed, which had caused them to draw back in time from similar perils. He was very angry with Macmillan’s, however, for refusing the book, and when the next, which happened to be “Saracinesca,” was completed, he sent it to Blackwood, and I remember the tone of regret with which Frederick Macmillan spoke of it to me long years afterwards. I was asking him why his house had not produced that book — for my brother and I were far apart when it came out and he had not told me about it. “We never even saw it! He sent it straight to Blackwood because we had refused ‘To Leeward,’ and though we have tried hard to buy it back, Blackwoods will not give it up. They say it is a steady source of income! How the public taste has changed in ten years! Can you imagine our refusing ‘To Leeward’ now?”

But “Saracinesca” was not the book which Marion thought out in 1883. That was “Zoroaster,” which appeared later, and which, to my mind, was one of the most finished things he ever wrote. It was less popular with

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the British Public than some of his others, but the dear old B. P. is not especially appreciative of the highly artistic in literature or anything else. "Zoroaster" is dazzling in colour and strength, so full of atmosphere and so accurate in historical details that it gives a picture of the time which can never be forgotten by those who have read it. It brought Marion the gold medal of the French Academy, a tribute which gave him the purest pleasure and which he treasured devoutly all his life.

One of my happiest days with Marion was passed at Pompeii, when he was very full of "Zoroaster." Uncle Sam and Daisy made up the party, and we had left Sant' Agnello early enough in the morning to find its freshness all along our road, that lovely road to Castellammare over which I have driven so many times since, by night and by day, in storm and in sunshine, with all my best beloveds in turn, without ever finding it less attractive. After leaving Castellammare the sun had punished us a little in the flat, dusty ways to Pompeii, but the day was still young when we came to a halt in the amphitheatre and sat down to rest in the cool blue shadows cast by some marble columns over an ancient seat.

The day was all blue and white, of the thousand clear and tender shades that the vertical midday sun of the south draws from marble and sky and sea; blue-white quivering haze overhead, gold-white, snow-white, cold moon-white, mist-grey-white in aisles of pillars and porticoes of temples. And underfoot was the wheat-coloured, fine dust that sun and sea winds have made of the fine



From a photograph by Messrs. Thomson, London

F. MARION CRAWFORD

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Roman ladies and their lords and cavaliers and their troops of clever slaves; of the dancers and singers; of the busy shop-keepers and the smart garrison and the brown fisherfolk — the thousands upon whom doom fell in Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago. All is reconciled and peaceful now, and as we were looking round us, thinking of them all, Marion began to read to us the "Chant of the Priests" which he had just written for the opening chapter of "Zoroaster." His reading was always a treat. His voice was so full and pure, his balancing of phrase so sonorous and restrained; but that day some strong, compelling chord had been touched and after the first few words we, his hearers, were in Italy no longer, but in the heart of the older world, the gorgeous, gold-clothed, sun-worshipping, Near-East.

As I have related in a former volume, Marion had passed two years in India — where, but for a whim of chance,¹ he might have remained for many years more — but the Near-East he knew in spirit only in that summer of 1883 when he began to write "Zoroaster." It was a little later that he made his first visit to Constantinople, drawn thither by a magnet which later became the centre of his life, the beautiful face and irresistible personality of Elizabeth Christophers Berdan, whom he had known a couple of years earlier in Boston. Her father, General Berdan, a brilliantly talented officer of the Civil War, was just then fitting out the Sultan's troops with the

¹ My brother, in a fit of desperation at his reverses of fortune, had actually written to ask if he might enlist in the —th Dragoon Guards. He kept back the letter for one night and the next morning received one offering him the editorship of the Allahabad Pioneer, which he thankfully accepted.

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“Berdan rifle,” and, incidentally, adding very much to the charm of society in Constantinople by his own presence and that of his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Berdan was a complete cosmopolitan, so fresh and young and pretty that when I met her several years later, I could not make out which was fibbing, she, or the evidence of my own senses, when she told me that as a young girl, living in London with her uncle, who was there as the American Minister, she had met the Duke of Wellington at a Court Ball! The great man had taken particular notice of the pretty *débutante* in her white tulle dress and wreath of forget-me-nots. He had picked out a little gift for her, a “bonbonnière,” with many decorations, and, on presenting it to her, said confidentially, “My dear young lady, they say, ‘Be good and you will be happy!’ I say to you, be *happy* and you will be good!” Wise, wise old Duke!

After her marriage Mrs. Berdan had spent some years in Berlin, where her high spirits and unfailing charm caused her to be called “L’Etoile du Nord.” There her eldest daughter was married to a French diplomatist, Count d’Aunay, while my future sister-in-law was still a little girl in the schoolroom, much in request at the Palace as a playmate for the young Princesses. I remember she showed me a little ring that one of them had given her, saying apologetically, “I would like to give you something finer, Bessie — but — *Granny Vic is so stingy!*” A great grief fell on the family in the death of the only boy, of typhoid fever, in all the promise of his early youth. His mother told me that he was quite

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conscious of his approaching end and seemed to fear it not at all, but that he felt bitterly the having to go before he had tasted life. “ Je meurs — et je n'ai pas aimé ! ” were almost the last words that fell from his lips.

My brother, though most cordially received by the family on his first visit to Constantinople, was too diffident of his own merits to put his fate to the touch that time, and made another journey for the purpose in the late summer of 1884, when his suit prospered and was followed by his marriage to Miss Berdan on the 15th of October of that year. Constantinople supplied him with a new theatre for romance, and “ Paul Patoff ” was the literary outcome of those visits — a book which a Turkish friend of ours, Reshid Bey, abused to me with outbursts of wrath. Never, to the great never, he declared, could such an outrage occur as the kidnapping of a foreigner in Constantinople! The city was as civilised, as well policed, as London or Berlin, and the whole thing was a cruel calumny! His patriotism was edifying, for his family had suffered heavily in pocket through the rapacious avarice of the Government that he represented — and so hotly defended; but many a strange disappearance and desperate adventure of the too rash foreigner in Constantinople has come to one's knowledge — too clearly proved to admit of refutation. Reshid Bey had been educated in England himself and had, among other British acquirements, taken on the one of feeling bound to *believe* that a man's own country, “ in spite of all temptations ” of facts to the contrary, must be upheld as the most perfect in the world.

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As a boy he had encountered one insuperable difficulty in his scholastic career in England. Having been sent to Eton, he very soon fell under the displeasure of his instructors and was sent up to the Head Master to be birched. When he stood before that all-powerful personage and realised what was in store for him, his fury was so uncontrollable that even Authority hesitated a moment before inflicting the punishment. Young Reshid was told to kneel upon the time-honoured block — and he swore by all his gods that he would kill with his hands the man who should dare to strike *him* — a Turkish gentleman! Authority wisely decided that this young autocrat could not safely be coerced and would never make a typical English schoolboy, so Master Reshid and his possessions were handed over to a private tutor — who must have been a very good fellow and also a good teacher, for nothing seemed wanting in the English education of the young diplomatist when we knew him, and he always spoke with affectionate warmth of the happy years he had spent in England. He is connected with Sorrento a good deal in my mind because I first met him at Villa Crawford, but it was more than ten years after my summer there with Uncle Sam, the second only that I had then passed in the place which, as time went on, became as much a home as Rome, my birthplace.

My first visit to the Penisola happened in 1865, when I was only fourteen, fresh from the Isle of Wight where I had been at school for three years, and the “ Regno ” was still unsettled and not altogether safe. But a short time had elapsed since Garibaldi and his followers had

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evicted the Bourbons from their throne and the country was yet full of the bitterness aroused by the repressive measures of the Piedmontese Government after that event. The few Neapolitans with whom we came in social contact were still divided in opinion as to the merits of the old and new régimes, but for the most part they held in their hearts to the rule of King Ferdinand rather than to that of Victor Emmanuel. Among them perhaps the strongest personality was that of the ex-governor of Sicily, Prince Filangieri, who had been made Duke of Taormina for his suppression of the revolt in that city in 1849. He was in his eighty-third year when I first went to Sorrento in 1865. To few men has it been given to take part in so many changes in history as to Carlo Filangieri; his adventures rivalled — and far surpassed — those of Lever's heroes, Tom Burke and his kind. The proverb runs, "Like father, like son," but it was not so in his case. The strongest contrast was struck there, for the older Filangieri called himself a social reformer, and his mind had been completely taken possession of by the sentimental Liberalism so rampant in western Europe towards the close of the eighteenth century. He was a dreamer, whose rather mawkish tendencies found no place in the aggressively active character of his son.

The latter was born at Cava Delle Sirene in 1783, and in his early youth his imagination was fired by the exploits of the great General Bonaparte in his victories over the Austrians in the north of Italy. Nothing less than service under him could satisfy the ambition of

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young Filangieri, and when, in 1799, the French, under Championnet, took possession of Naples, he seized the opportunity of making Championnet's acquaintance and of obtaining his assistance in the realisation of these desires.

Championnet was much impressed by the ardour of the boy, and willingly sent him to Paris with a letter of introduction to the First Consul, who also received him favourably. Thanks to this powerful patron, Filangieri obtained entrance to the French Training School for young officers and continued his studies there until he received his commission, in 1801.

Four years later the young man's first chance of showing what stuff he was made of presented itself during the campaign of 1805, and he was made a captain on the field of Austerlitz in reward for gallantry. Soon afterwards, however, he returned to his own country and took service under Joseph Bonaparte whom, in 1808, he accompanied into Spain. In the long war that followed, Carlo Filangieri distinguished himself rather by his courage than by military ability, and since his various chiefs, Murat, Masséna, Marmont, and the rest of the French commanders in the Peninsula were only too prone to condone such a fault, all that was best in Filangieri, as a soldier, was subordinated to the one fixed idea of maintaining his reputation for personal fearlessness. The result was disastrous to his natural abilities. Instead of applying himself to learning his business as a soldier, Filangieri became involved in a series of duels, in one of which he killed General Franceschi — a breach

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of discipline for which he escaped very lightly, all things considered.

The story of Murat's eviction from the throne of Naples — the flight, the return, the desperate night of rowing down the coast, the fall of doom in his capture at Pizzo in Calabria, the gallant dandy's manner of meeting his end — it all makes a story which may be a little theatrical but which touches some strong chord of sympathy in one's heart. But the tragic fate of his hero seems to have aroused but little indignation in Filangieri. He very soon decided to return to his natural allegiance, and entered the service of King Ferdinand, whom he supported faithfully for a time. Then something happened to estrange him from his Sovereign. Perhaps Filangieri caught a glimpse of King Ferdinand's favourite curio, the head of Joachim Murat, kept in a glass box in the royal bedroom, and was betrayed into some exclamation of protest; at any rate he was out of employment until the accession of Ferdinand II in 1825.

By the new King he was promoted to be Inspector-general of the Artillery and Engineers, and this post he retained for many years. In 1848 he was sent to quell the insurrection in Sicily, a task which he carried out — if not wisely, only too well. His zeal resulted in his being created Duke of Taormina, and in King Ferdinand the Second's obtaining the memorable nickname of "Bomba" in perpetuation of the memory of Filangieri's ferocious bombardment of Messina. The victorious general was also made Governor-General of Sicily in reward for his service — a distinction which has a tang

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of Ferdinand's sardonic humour in it. Sicily was not likely to prove a bed of roses to any one at that time, least of all to the fiery zealot who had subdued it.

The strangest part of Filangieri's career seems to centre round his action in persuading his Sovereign, in 1859, to disband the Swiss Guards, who were so famous for their loyalty and devotion to the Throne. In this he was bitterly opposed by the rest of the Neapolitan generals, with one exception, that of Lanza, whose subsequent exploits throw the gravest doubts on his motives. The Swiss had mutinied, it is true, but not in any disloyal spirit. Certainly Filangieri's action in the matter appears to have been prompted more by national jealousy than by any other motives. The Swiss were the — deservedly — favourite troops of the young queen (a Bavarian Princess and the sister of the Empress of Austria) and it seems likely that both Filangieri and Lanza resented the fact. At all events, the loss of the Swiss was to a great extent the cause of the loss of his throne to Francis II. Those four regiments of well trained, well officered Swiss Guards would have been more than a match for Garibaldi and his brigands, a year later.

As to Lanza, who in 1860 was in command of Palermo, it is generally believed that he sold the place to Garibaldi for one million francs. It was well-provisioned, full of ammunition, and more than fully garrisoned when Lanza announced his intention of surrendering it. The troops protested, but the fate of two loyal officers, who attempted to interfere with the Commander's project and whom he condemned to be put to death at once with every circum-

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stance of obloquy, intimidated the rest, and Garibaldi took possession without, if I remember rightly, firing a shot. Lanza's soldiers openly lamented the absence of the trusty Swiss comrades who would have enabled them to deal promptly with the Redshirt rabble and the revolutionaries of Palermo.

There are many people who still believe, with some assumption of reason, that there were two Garibaldis — the real one, and a double who, for convenience sake, often impersonated his patron during the latter's lifetime and was deftly substituted for him at his death. After the skirmish at Aspromonte, rumours, whispered but persistent, circulated in Italy to the effect that Garibaldi had been killed in the affair by Pallavicini's troops, and that one Sganarelli (shades of Molière!) had immediately been made to take his place. This man, Sganarelli, was a stevedore of Genoa and had often posed for photographs of Garibaldi on account of his surprising likeness to him. The story of the substitution of Sganarelli for the dead man has lately been renewed and, one must admit, supported by the testimony of a well-known Frenchman, Count le Gonidec de Traissan, recently deceased. As far as political possibilities go, it is quite conceivable that the Piedmontese Government should have done all in its power to hush up the fact — if such it were — that Garibaldi had been killed by Piedmontese soldiers, for fear of incurring the hatred of the many misguided men, his admirers.

According to Count Gonidec the Garibaldian leaders themselves consented to the Sganarelli fraud in order to

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maintain the prestige of their gang towards the world at large, which, however, watched with surprise the extraordinary and (except on these grounds) inexplicable decadence of Garibaldi's military capacity after 1862. It was complete incapacity that was shown, both at Mentana and, in 1866, in Tyrol, as well as in the attempt of the Garibaldians to oppose the Prussian professional soldiers, Kettler and Werder, in 1871.

How the French regarded their embarrassing ally in 1871 is matter of history. Only the other day an old Prussian soldier who was under Werder during the pursuit of Bourbaki's corps, from the Lisaine before Belfort down to the Swiss frontier, told me of his and all his comrades' pleased surprise at being greeted, in every town and village, as welcome deliverers. For days, while Bourbaki's disorganised hordes and Garibaldi's followers had been passing that way, the inhabitants had been forced to hide their women and their possessions from those marauding refugees, and had for the most part themselves lain concealed behind the barricaded doors of their houses. But no sooner were the Prussian pursuers in sight than everything changed in the twinkling of an eye. Every one came out of hiding and breathed freely once more; a brisk cash trade was done in wine and provisions; on every hand "Thank Heaven you have come at last!" was the fervent ejaculation of the elders. "We have been going in fear of our lives for days past, from those Garibaldian brigands!"

Very severe was the Prussian discipline as to looting, in that command at any rate. "When we were before

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Metz," my veteran went on to relate, "I and three of my friends came very near being shot — for the sake of roast goose! We were young, we had dreamed of Gänsebraten for weeks! A certain Pastor, close by in the country, had some beautiful fat geese whose cackling made much music in our ears and craving in our stomachs. Orders were precise that everything must be paid for. We had no money, and besides the Frau Pastorin loved those geese like children and would not have them sold. We four, we looked at one another — we understood. At dead of night we stole one goose. We took it far away and plucked it, counting the feathers, oh so carefully, and in a deep hole we buried every one, every smallest one! We roasted our goose — we ate — ah, what happiness — it was like home — till we could eat no more, and then we buried the bones also, deep and carefully. We looked at our clothes all over many times — there were no feathers anywhere at all. Then we returned to camp and slept — with some fright, all the same. The next morning, up comes the Herr Pastor to report his goose stolen in the night by some of our company. We are ordered up to stand in hollow square, every man with his knapsack open at his feet. The officers and the Herr Pastor go round and look for goose-feathers. They pull out everything from the knapsacks, they turn out our pockets, they look in our hair, in the seams of our clothes — through those many soldiers! If one little small, tiny bit of feather had been found, that man would have been shot just then, all in a minute, — so! We felt pretty bad, we four, but we

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had been so careful that not one little speck of feather was upon us, and so we got off! But we waited for our next Gänsebraten till we got safe back to the Fatherland!"

I believe I was saying that if Count Gonidec's statements are to be relied on — and he made them most categorically — it was not Garibaldi but the versatile Sganarelli who was responsible for the various military mistakes which it has so puzzled Garibaldi's biographers to account for when dealing with the later part of his life. Gonidec says that "Garibaldi's sons knew of this (the substitution) and that was why they were sometimes so indifferent to their putative father."

There may be nothing in Gonidec's theory, but at the same time it suggests a smile at the expense of so many enthusiastic admirers of Garibaldi, including those in London. "A propos" of his — or his double's — visit there, it is at least refreshing to remember one illustrious exception to the general folly and vulgarity of the acclamation accorded to the man — the exception being that of Queen Victoria herself, to whom the very mention of his name was detestable. I have been roundly abused for my opinions of Garibaldi freely expressed in the former volumes of this work; it was a consolation to me to know that where I differed from the general public it was in the best of good company. The son of Ricciotto Garibaldi has done much to atone for his grandsire's sins by entering the Priesthood (even as the daughter of M. Jaurés has become a Carmelite nun!), and for that good young man's sake I would be glad to believe that the score

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was closed twenty years earlier than the published date of 1882.

Garibaldi's memory is not in benediction in the beloved "Penisola" whence, as my good Doctor Mühlfeld triumphantly chronicles, "he chased all the priests and Religious Orders." Most of the latter are flourishing there now as if they had never been disturbed, only the Jesuits, as far as I know, not having returned to claim their possessions, which are held, as in trust, by God-fearing families ready to relinquish them should the Society demand it — which, it is safe to say, it never will.

Many of the banished clerics and monks took refuge in England, the great casual ward for the distressed, and two particular friends of ours among them, Monsignor Maresca and the Superior of the Franciscans, said that they could never forget the kindness with which they were received. The Capuchin Padre told me, with chuckles of laughter, of his attempt to address a congregation in English before taking leave of his hosts to return to Italy. "They had been so good to me," he said, "all those kind people, that I felt the least I could do was to thank them myself. I had not learnt much of their terribly difficult language, but I thought I knew enough for that. For a few minutes all went well, and then I was much shocked to see that they were all having trouble not to laugh. *Figlia mia*, I had been trying to repeat those words of the Lord — 'I was hungry and thirsty and you ministered to me' — and what do you think I had said? — my friend the Parish Priest told me after-

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wards — 'I was ugly and dirty!' And the worst of it was that it was quite true!" Franciscan humility and the sense of humour exemplified!

The good Superior was, during one of my last visits to Sorrento (in 1896), made the Bishop of Basilicata; great was the rejoicing in Sant' Agnello at the merited distinction bestowed upon him, equally clamorous the mourning for the loss of his presence among us; but the latter blessing was prolonged for two whole years, during which the diocese was bishopless — because the amiable Prime Minister, Crispi, refused to grant him his "Exequatur," without which no Bishop could take possession of his charge. The Government had reserved that power to itself, and it was joyfully exploited to annoy and embarrass the Church. In this case all the protests and appeals of the prelate himself and of the clergy and people of Basilicata received the same reply during two long years — Crispi "had mislaid the paper among others on his writing-table and would send it along when he found it!"

That Crispi escaped assassination in the end shows the marvellous toleration of the Italian people, I think. In the spring of 1895, the Italians, at some considerable trouble to themselves, contrived to stir up a quarrel with Menelik of Abyssinia. Menelik was averse to a war, himself, but he found it impossible, after awhile, to resist their importunity. Signor Crispi, one cannot help thinking, had reasons of his own for turning the eyes of his countrymen away from himself and his Government just then; but that was as far as his wits took him. All

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through 1895, hostilities went on intermittently until in the spring of 1896 Menelik lost his temper and administered a thrashing to his unfortunate assailants that finished the campaign with one shock. The feeling towards the Government which pervaded the whole of Italy south of Rome needs no description here. Despite all the efforts of the "Liberators," the country generally has remained Christian and has retained some of its national characteristics; so it can be understood that, what with the swarms of petty officials, the continuous interference of the State with religion, the salt tax, the land taxes — and the whole resultant discontent, misery, and poverty, the ghastly massacre of Barattieri's force was hardly needed to produce open rebellion.

"If we must have tyrants," said one, "we much prefer the Bourbons. They were tyrants, but they were not fools!"

I well remember seeing the return of some of the troopships. The men seemed to be dazed. Their eyes were dull and their speech was almost plaintive. They had no idea of what it had all been about, and the noise was still in their ears. Judgment had descended upon their host like a stroke of lightning. Ill-armed, ill-fed, ill-disciplined, they had been pushed into the fight, for no other reason than to save the Government's reputation, and loud and deep were the curses of those who saw them struggle towards the hospital.

It happened that I had my first sight of them on one of those Mediterranean evenings that seem to have come straight from the gates of Heaven without pausing

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long enough on the way to be spoiled by the contact with anything imperfect. Two or three ships were in the harbour, and boatloads of soldiers — the hopelessly crippled, — were being brought ashore. The populace had read the accounts in the papers, and had been proportionately horrified, but its intense anger with the authorities had almost clouded its compassion for the sufferers. It was not unnatural, for no one can feel real sympathy unless he has real understanding — and that comes only from sight. It was the same, during the Boer War, with the public at home. The world wondered at the matter-of-fact way in which the British took their trials — and the world did well; but (and of this I am quite sure) some measure of that apparent strength of mind was due to unfamiliarity with the nature of war, and to the distance which separated England from the theatre of operations. There was the sense, always, of watching a play from the wings. It could not become absolutely real, even to the men who were leaving to serve in it, until they were actually in it — for that, I have first-hand evidence, if it were needed. No man, however brave, however keen for advancement, would, having seen War, ever rejoice for personal reasons at the prospect of seeing it again.

It was the sight of two dust-coloured figures limping up the street, their arms around each other, that gave me my first sensation of the actuality of the horrors we had been reading about.

One was on crutches, his left leg cut off at the knee, his face settled into lines of pain and weariness; the

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other, with grimy bandages on his head, an empty sleeve, and that same look of unseeing melancholy on his face. It was Tragedy passing by in the flesh. Then I began to understand, and my imagination woke up. I forgot all other aspects of the case, for a while, as the instant mental pictures of what had happened to those two men, back there in East Africa, passed before me. Visions of stabbing, slashing, shooting savages, of death and mutilation everywhere; of the puzzled, frightened, unprepared men, the slow crumpling-up of the defence, and the last hideous moment when the lath and plaster edifice of a mutual confidence and a mutual discipline gave way and each knew that he was abandoned to his own resources, with no possible hope of help from officer or comrade.

It was a week later that a little crowd of people gathered to chat in the middle of Naples in the cool of the evening. The police paid them no attention; every one gathered thus at the same hour, and if there were a few more now, it was natural enough. Almost imperceptibly, the evening began to merge into the twilight, and the blue bay became a great darkness wherein the riding lights of the ships twinkled and gleamed. Silence came down over the waters, and invaded even the narrow, dirty streets along the shore. The night sounds of the city presently seemed to be concentrating themselves in groups, and, before any one was well aware of it, the little crowd aforementioned had taken on the dimensions of a good-sized mob. Voices began to repeat one name, with many accompanying epithets. As a fire gathers strength, the muttering rose into a crackle, the

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crackle into a roar and the roar became a howl in which only one word was distinct — “Crispi!”

The police took themselves out of the way (“What could such a few, however brave, do against that?” as one officer put it). The crowd, moved as though by a single mind, started in the direction of the outskirts, growing as it went. In a very short time it came to the beautiful villa which the Prime Minister had built to house his leisure, and then, with a yell, broke for it.

How it was saved from fire is a miracle. Perhaps the people had a shrewd idea that such a loss might be made good by insurance, though crowds, as a rule, are not apt to think. But even fire could not have added much to the result, for the villa was gutted from top to bottom, the doors and windows smashed, china, curtains, and tapestries destroyed, pictures wrecked — it was as though a typhoon had blown through it. The gardens were ruined too, and the gates torn off their hinges. The cellar, needless to say, was drained dry — probably at the start, for the mob took their time.

That brought Crispi to the earth. His courage was never his strongest feature. Even in the shadow of Garibaldi's wing, he used to shrink sometimes, and now he collapsed completely, taking his colleagues with him. That was the end of the war. As the pious natives of the “Penisola” said: “The devil has eaten his child at last — let us hope that his stomach is strong!”

We were at Sant' Agnello when the local contingent — the little that remained of it — returned from Massouah; had the Sorrentini caught a glimpse of Crispi

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at that time he would have been torn limb from limb. The invalids were housed in the old palace on the square of Massa, and it became painful to drive past there, so pitiful was the aspect of the pale, maimed ghosts who wandered about or sat in the sun, looking at everything with despairing, stony eyes. The doctor who had been through the campaign with them told me that its horrors had been beyond description. No ambulance corps was provided; the wounded lay where they fell till the wives of Menelik's warriors came out to perpetrate every species of torture and outrage on their helpless bodies; those who died were the fortunate ones — the few survivors would be invalids all their lives. One poor fellow who had escaped the notice of the torturers by some happy chance — probably they thought he was dead — said that he had lain for two days and nights on that fatal field and then, addressing a fervent prayer to our Lady of Pompeii, had got to his feet and walked for another day or two, at the end of which, to his overwhelming joy, he had found himself at home! It was useless to insist that he must have been light-headed with fever caused by his wound — that no human feet could walk from Massouah to Sorrento. He knew better; the Blessed Madonna had indeed accompanied him and here he was! “*La Madonna v'accompagni!*” (May Our Lady accompany you) is the usual farewell in South Italy, and those were probably the last words his family addressed to him when he left home.

As one climbs the hills behind Sant' Agnello the climate seems to change; the air growing cool and thin, more of

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the sea than of the land. For a time one follows the deep, narrow roads that wind between high brick walls — dusty underfoot, but garlanded overhead with vines and pomegranates and oleanders spilling over every wall-top from the carefully tended “vigna” within. Of this the surface is only two or three feet below the parapet on the inner side, the roads having been cut, like the lanes in Devonshire, by the traffic of ages, some twenty or thirty feet lower. This disposition gives the owners of the land distinct advantages in the way of ready-made drainage, holes being left in the walls at fairly regular intervals, through which the moisture can escape when the precious soil within has had its fill. But it gives them something which they, together with all the inhabitants of South Italy, prize still more — the pleasant and varied vantage points from which they can lean, with crossed elbows and in glorious inaction, to watch the world below.

In Rome the daily and never-failing recreation of the women of the lower classes is to pass an hour or two at the window when all the rest of the world is abroad. For this they dress their hair elaborately, don a freshly starched white “camisole,” and, always in couples, lean on the red strip of cushion provided for the purpose, and watch and discuss the passers-by below, just as we watch and discuss the actors in a play. Every suburban villa has, beside its front gate, a large window set high in the wall, with a widely projecting grating. Within, a flight of steps leads up to a tiny square terrace with stone seats — from which everything that happens in the world outside — a squadron of cavalry riding by, a funeral accompanied by a long

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procession of chanting monks, a quarrel between two tipsy wine-carters, a Cardinal's carriage or a fashionable woman's victoria — all can be seen and enjoyed to the full.

Down in the Penisola the vigna-parapet supplies the same want, and the gregarious, sociable folk can exchange opinions and gossip very comfortably across the road far above the heads of those who travel it. From below one catches quaint pictures sometimes. I remember one old fellow whom we used to call "the Roman Ghost," so completely did he carry out one's idea of a prosperous "vignarolo" under the Emperors. He had one attribute of a ghost, at any rate — he always appeared in the same spot and in the same attitude; leaning with both hands on the parapet, he looked down on us poor barbarians with joyful contempt, the sun playing on his broad white head through the dancing green of the vine leaves, and making Dionysian patterns on his spotless white clothes. He had the heavy jaws and strongly marked features of the pampered slave who fawned and flattered his master into making him a freedman, and the brilliantly intelligent dark eyes that would never fail to discern an opportunity for self-advancement. With the fulness of gratified carnal desires written all over him, yet the creature shone with the light of animal happiness, and had the gods ever consented to grow old, might have stood for one who had renounced the chill glories of Olympus to end his days among the sun and vines of earth. Why do people who have painters' eyes so often miss having painters' fingers? I would have given so much to perpetuate that queer vision!

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Another I had, and a most lovely one, on the heights leading to Sant' Agata. I was driving alone and revelling in the thin, clear air, all perfumed with the wild myrtle in full flower and the honey-scented yellow broom, when I saw coming towards me, on one of the narrow terraces that separate the olive trees, a striking little procession. Four young girls, evidently "Children of Mary," dressed in white, with blue girdles, and wearing wreaths of white flowers on their heads, came singing a hymn and carrying on their shoulders a coffin — a small, pretty coffin covered with crimson velvet and studded with gold nails in which the sunshine, through the flickering olive branches, made twinkling corruscations. It was some young maid of their playfellows, whose body they were carrying to the Parish Church for its obsequies. They swung along lightly enough, and though their pretty faces were grave, their eyes shone with happy peace — the little friend must have been a good child and was surely safe in Paradise!

It was a great contrast to another funeral in which I had had to take an active part earlier in the year — that of a poor little Russian woman whom her doctors had sent to Sorrento to die of consumption. They had told her that once across the Alps she would find herself in perpetual summer (!) and she and her husband had brought scarcely any warm clothes with them. He was a small official of some kind — the most depressed, puzzled creature I ever saw. They put up at a very cheap "pension," and for all the weeks of his leave he sat there watching her die, while she fought the idea of

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death with furious tenacity. She would not die — she was going to get well, quite well! The husband had to return to his post; a married sister came from Odessa to take his place for the little time that remained — and then, bitterly unwilling, poor little Madame — gave up the fight and died.

Now, to die in an Italian hotel is to give the greatest offence to its proprietor, because such an incident will probably scare away all his guests; so we had to keep the thing secret for the one night and day that intervened before arrangements could be made for the burial. The innkeeper threatened to ask heavy damages if any one came to know of it! Meanwhile, the sister from Odessa swore that everything should be done in the fashion of her own country, and rushed round to the shops to buy white tarlatan and ribbon for the ball dress; and, especially, a pair of white satin shoes — no self-respecting people would bury a young woman in anything else! At last she got it all together — and showed me her handiwork proudly — the blue velvet coffin, the ball dress, and those white satin shoes on the *bare* dead feet — it was grim in the extreme. But grimmer was the business of getting the poor body away, after dark, when all the visitors were gathered in the dining-room at the table d'hôte, whence came sounds of talk and laughter and much clattering of knives and forks. We must not have the coffin carried down stairs, lest some one should see it, so it was pushed out of a side window onto a terrace just below, and from there lowered with ropes for some twenty feet to the hearse.

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It was a pitch dark night and no lights were allowed — one felt as if one were helping some murderer to dispose of the slain.

The Russian priest could not come over from Naples for a couple of days to attend to the funeral, so the coffin had to be left in one of the gaterooms of the cemetery, a room where the guardian of the place kept his squalid toilet arrangements scattered about anyhow, and where somebody had dumped a huge plaster Venus — Heaven knows why — perhaps in the hope of selling her to some unwary foreigner. Two tallow candles were forthcoming, which we lighted and left burning, and after kneeling down and saying a few prayers, we went sadly home — leaving the mortal remains of poor little Madame ——— in that grim solitude. The ugliness and humiliation of death had never struck me so forcibly before. I suppose it is good to have them brought home to one, — and to realise that, after all, we are here only “Vermi” — and yet,¹ thank God, “Nati a formal l’angelica farfalla!”

¹ “Worms — born to become the angelic butterfly.” — Dante.

IX

RAVELLO, CAPRI, AND ISCHIA

A Twilight Drive — Ravello by Moonlight — “The Immortals” — Uncle Sam at the Cocumella — A Purely Personal Question — A Squall in the Bay — The Sun-smitten Island — Uncle Sam at Anacapri — “Oh, wenn es nur immer so bliebe!” — Doctor Munthe’s Villa — The Library of My Dreams — A Homesick Sphynx — Marion’s Rock-study — A “Festa on the Terrace” — The Barber Musician and His Troupe — The Catastrophe of Casamicciola — The Parroco and His Free-thinkers.

MORE than once in my life I have felt that by some grace of heaven the most beautiful sights in the world were shown to me in circumstances so befitting, that I would never have planned them myself, and only friend Nature could have carried them out. One of these was my first visit to Ravello, the Norman-Moorish palace that hangs like a flower out of reach, on the topmost crag above Amalfi and the sea. As in far Japan I first beheld the great Buddha of Kamakura under a flood of moonlight,¹ so also at Ravello the white arches and fretted windows, the hanging roses and pale syringas of the fairy palace were shown to me first under a full moon whose glory takes my breath away as I remember it.

We had driven over from Sorrento in the afternoon — dined on the terrace of the famous Convent hotel, wandered under the vine-shaded pergolas, and, just as

¹ See “A Diplomatist’s Wife in Japan.”

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the sun was setting, had taken carriage for the long, rocky road to Ravello. It was in the late summer, and the deep ravine whose sides we climbed and skirted was dark with velvety foliage, the edge of the path all fringed with wild rosemary and yellow broom, this last filling the air with the scent of honey. Half-way up, our drivers had paused to make us call up the weird echo that lives in a cave across the ravine. Its replies were so prompt and clear and mocking that to this day I cannot rid myself of the thought that the sweet voice that made them came from a human throat. "Good-bye, Echo!" some one called, and as the answering "good-bye" floated over the intervening depths, we moved on, reaching the tiny mountain town just in time to see something of the Cathedral by twilight, which indeed became its cool Byzantine beauty well. But the great attraction is the Palazzo Rufolo, and through its lovely courts and gardens we wandered for a long time, unwilling to leave the exquisite, inaccessible place until every detail of it should have sunk into our minds. It was both my first and last visit there. I never have wished to spoil the memory of it by seeing it again. Marion, of course, knew it well, as he knew every point of the coast, and it was here that, at my sister Daisy's suggestion, he laid the scene of his fanciful book, "The Immortals." I was at the other side of the world when it was written, but the other members of the family each contributed a character; Doctor Johnson was Daisy's admiration of the moment — why, I could never understand, since she was living rather in the clouds just then. Mrs. Berdan, Marion's mother-in-

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law, was responsible for Francis I, and — well, I forget the rest of the incongruous, yet attractive, company of shades who were recalled to Earth to enlighten and uplift the circle of brainy but bored people whom the writer's imperious fancy called into being to populate the palace on the rocks.

It was at Sorrento, in 1883, that Uncle Sam rose once more upon our horizon, and in such a happy mood that, although for several of us it had not been a cheerful year, the rest of the summer became one long smile. Marion was not married then — his Villa was still but a possession of dreams — and we were all living on different floors of the Cocumella, which place became at once a kind of family home, while the proprietor and his wife, the good Gargiulos, gathered us to their hearts like long-lost relations. I forget what Uncle Sam had been doing for the past few years, but whatever it was he had got tired of it, and for a while he only asked to bask in the sun, be amused, and make other people happy. These laudable desires were fully satisfied. It seemed as if the Piano di Sorrento must have been the very birthplace of his soul, so absolutely did its sunny, happy-go-lucky atmosphere suit his mental requirements. He used to sit on the terrace, gazing out over the Bay, just intoxicated with beauty. Never had his eyes been so bright, his voice so musical, his laugh so catching. Active as a boy, he would go out swimming with Marion far into deep water, come back and join us nearer shore in wonderful feats of diving and fancy swimming, sit on the rocks to get dry while he watched my two little boys being taught the elements of the art

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by Michele, the house's official boatman — then slowly climb the long, mysterious stairways through the cliff to the orange garden above and, fresh as any of us, attack the midday meal with the appetite of a schoolboy. After that, we women, with the children, relapsed into siesta, after the wise Italian habit, but Uncle Sam could sit in the open air through all those blazing hours, smoking, dreaming, tasting the pure balm of health and peace and heat as I think he had never tasted it before — and never would again, alas! for the next summer took him from us.

Such thoughts were far away, however, in 1883, which I knew in some strange way must be the close of my youth. Not because I was already over thirty, but because the real issues of life were presenting themselves to me clamorously and imperiously. Through many hard conflicts of that and the succeeding year the presence of those two men, my dear brother and the beloved Uncle, sustained my courage and fostered the instinct of spiritual self-preservation which bitter prejudice in other quarters had nearly overcome. If these personal details are thought out of place in a book destined for the general public — well, the general public must remember that in its apparently well-ordered ranks there must be many a soul undergoing the trials that assailed me then. On one side conviction so profound that the life or death of my soul hung on following or forsaking it — on the other inherited beliefs and principles too invincible to be overcome.

It was at that time that a very holy friend who had been turned out of her home for following

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her convictions, wrote to me, "You will never do your dear ones any good so long as you are resisting grace." And that is what I would like to hand on to other combatants in the same field, together with what has been not only my own experience but that of many other converts, too — namely, that, as a rule, these terrible obstacles are all "bogies," invented and put forward by that arch-bully, the Devil, to frighten us away from doing our duty. Human pity, true love, even in the dear hearts we are so regretfully grieving, above all, the never-failing mercy of Heaven, generally prevail, and when at last one has trusted the righteousness of one's cause and taken the plunge, the strong hand carries one on past all the dreaded rocks to a peaceful and possible harbour.

The time of waiting and weighing conflicting duties is the most painful, so true is Hegel's only true saying: "Tragedy is not the conflict between Right and Wrong, but the conflict between Right and Right." It was during all this period that my brother Marion's sympathy and Uncle Sam's unfailing hopefulness and kindness helped me so much. To Uncle Sam religion, as such, did not represent what it meant to us, but his second wife, my pretty Aunt Medora, was a Catholic, his two boys were brought up in her faith, and his feeling towards it was always one of affectionate reverence. Besides, he and we were of the same stock and inherited the blessed power of enjoying all delightful things to the utmost, regardless of dark clouds looming on the horizon.

Speaking of such stormy harbingers reminds me of a try-

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ing experience that we had in the Bay that summer. Uncle Sam took it into his head to sail across to Naples one morning and eat "frutti di mare" at Santa Lucia. Hugh had come down from Rome for a few days, and he, a real lover of the sea, was easily persuaded to join us, when, towards ten o'clock, we four set sail in Marion's little open boat, the *Margherita*. The wind was favourable and the day divine; we made the "Immacolatella" in a very short time and had an enchanting day in Naples, ending up with dining in the open air on every variety of "sea things strange" and some excellent wine which Uncle Sam much appreciated. When we descended the steps to our boat, however, our four sailors shook their heads and pointed warningly to a thin black line on the far horizon, lying under one long, pale green streak of sky. There was a squall coming, they said, and the "eccellentissimi Signori," would do better to take the train to Castellammare and drive home from there. They, the men, would return the next morning — it was not a safe night to put to sea.

Unhappily my three men belonged to the large class which mistakes prudence for cowardice. Like St. François de Sales — who, however, applied the term only to the limitation of large-handed charity — they could have said, "I do not know what this poor virtue of Prudence has done to me, but I have never been able to make friends with her!" My brother had only that summer begun his sailing experiences along the coast, and my husband and my Uncle, together with him, laughed at our sailors' entreaties and ordered them to put off at once. Most unwillingly they did so, for with the best of luck they

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would have to row all the way, the wind coming only in short, ill-tempered gusts, first from one quarter and then from another.

It was seven o'clock when we left the pier, and at eight the sea suddenly turned ink-black and we saw one long white line like a razor-edge racing in from the open sea. The next moment it struck our beam with a screaming onslaught of wind and water that all but swamped us then and there. I have ridden out bad storms at sea, but the fighting that one in a tiny open boat surpassed them all for terror, wetness and misery. No one spoke — the screaming of the wind made speech useless. I had been trained to fear nothing so much as the showing that I was afraid; and my men, of course, set their faces and gave no sign. The poor sailors' countenances showed ashy white against the blackness around us, but they bent to their oars like heroes, soon catching the trick of skimming the troughs and shooting the crests of the huge breakers without shipping more water than we could carry. But at every stroke a deluge broke over us and I was certain that my last hour had come. It seemed as if that would have mattered little if only Hugh were not, literally, in the same boat. If we were both drowned, as seemed inevitable, who on earth was going to take care of the children?

Between the gusts of the squall the sailors began to entreat to be allowed to take us to Castellammare — the wind was blowing us that way, and they assured us they could make the port safely in less than an hour. I joined my entreaties to theirs, but Marion

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was obdurate. He would land at our own "calata" — or nowhere — so we laboured on through the darkness, pitchy now, only directing our course by the lights in the towns on the Sorrento side when, for a moment or two, they became visible through the rain and the breakers. We certainly "looped the loop" that night; again and again we were carried towards Castellammare to beat and fight westwards as best we could. The sailors, drenched and exhausted, had been promising untold wax candles to St. Antonino if they ever reached the shore.

At last our own cliffs loomed dark and enormous between us and the sky, and a merciful fall of the wind saved us from smashing up on the rocks. I felt as if we had been out all night, but I was told that it was soon after eleven when I was lifted out of that dreadful little boat and set on my feet on good wet stone — and then my wrath found tongue to express my opinion of the menfolk who had exposed me to such a trial. The others escaped me, but my husband got it in gasps all the time he was dragging me up the long steps to the house, where we presented ourselves to our anxious relatives like wraiths from the deep sea — dripping, blue-lipped, unrecognisable. The heat of my anger, I fancy, prevented my taking cold, but it was many days before any one could persuade me to enter a boat again. One is always angry at having been frightened and, though I have had to spend at sea what I think would come to years if I could count the months of my many long voyages, yet I am never free from that fear of drowning which came to me first when I was five

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years old, paddling across the Atlantic in the crazy old *Fulton*, among fields of icebergs — through blinding fog, with the mournful knelling of the fogbells going on over my head night and day. A good tearing storm I don't mind a bit — but fog and icebergs make me an abject coward. When you cannot see two yards on deck, and the mercury drops thirty degrees in as many seconds, death seems awfully close — and life looks most dearly sweet!

The impression of our squally journey across the Bay was soon wiped out by a very charming experience — the taking of dear Uncle Sam to Capri for a couple of days, which I think he would have prolonged indefinitely if we had been willing to leave him there. The sun-smitten island, with its green heights basking almost shamelessly in the flood of light and heat, has a curious power of reviving the happiest of man's merely earthly instincts and making a joyful innocent animal out of even such a philosopher and cosmopolitan as was Uncle Sam. Sitting against the hot terrace wall on the southern side, with the hot, blue Mediterranean spreading away to where the blue of the sky grows white hot on the midday horizon, the thinking man becomes merely the sentient one, content, as Thoreau was, "to sit and grow in the sun like corn." The "vaporetto" comes puffing over from Naples with the mails, the bare-legged Capri goddesses wade out into the water, ready to carry your trunk on their heads or you on their shoulders for a few coppers; the "vetturini" farther up try to kill each other and drive over you in their fight to secure a fare to Pagano's hotel; there are

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shops and restaurants and a fair imitation of Italian seaport life.

But when once you are over the crest and have reached Anacapri, all that is left behind; silence, warm green silence is around you. You can watch the jessamines and orange blossoms (the dear, fat, ivory orange blossoms that bloom almost all the year round) popping and bursting in the sunshine till their scent makes you lean back against the wall and doze in a dream of heady fragrance. On the little marble table beside you the bubbles come and go in the topaz-coloured wine, and a dish — ancient, highly coloured majolica — spills over some of its pile of flesh-tinted “fico d'India” which the hostess's cool, white fingers have peeled and placed there to keep you good till dinner. Who wants to *think* when mere living is such a joy? The only thought that comes is, “Oh, wenn es nur immer so bliebe!”

As the sun begins to sink towards the west a fairy breeze comes up from the dimpling sea, and the palms and orange trees sing little songs of gratitude. Out comes the Signor Pagano of the moment, all smiles, and says, “The vaporetto has gone, Eccellenza. We shall have the happiness of keeping you till to-morrow!” And one sighs, remembering that there is such a thing as to-morrow and that it will snatch one out of this Eden dreamland back to the world of mental chores, of conflicting claims and unfulfilled duties tripping you up at every turn. Never mind, there are twenty-four hours of paradise left to enjoy first, and Capri will not swim out to sea; it has been the same since the days of Tiberius and for ages

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before that — with its beautiful women, its incomparable grapes, its tropical life-giving heat. I was there once in January and the place seemed as hot as in August. One did not dare to stand in the sun without an umbrella.

As a contrast to Pagano's hothouse of an inn, I recall Doctor Munthe's villa built on the other side, on the very spire of a crest that juts out into the sea and looks towards the Punta della Campanella, the low, rocky promontory, that marks the end of the Penisola and divides the Bay of Naples from the Gulf of Salerno. That is a land view, so to speak, the "Campanella" being not more than fifteen miles away, and, stretching along behind it, the towering heights that culminate in Monte Sant' Angelo, rising like a giant watch-tower between the Piano di Sorrento and the world to the south. Across the Bay was the magic outline of Vesuvius, sloping so softly down to far-away Naples, which looks by daylight like a great string of pink corals flung down on the shore and at night like a necklace of stars just dropped from the sky.

Munthe's villa was not Italian at all. He had found the remains of an old convent on the spot, small, secluded courts and white-pillared cloisters, and had reverently kept to the old idea while utilising every point to make a possible modern dwelling house. It was not large, but the pavilions and courts were separated by marble-paved walks through soft, shadowy greenery, and in a few minutes I had succeeded in losing the rest of the party and enjoying the most perfect solitude.

Pausing to rest in a little court with low fretted balustrades and moss-damasked seats, I saw before

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me a low, pointed archway, closed by a heavy oak door splendid with old ironwork bolts and hinges. It gave to my touch and I entered the only room I have ever coveted in my life, a library that must once have been the chapel. It was of perfect proportions, with oaken rafters rising to meet overhead; all round the walls were the old carved stalls, reverently polished, and of lustrous darkness. On the raised dais at the top stood the lectern for the reader, a magnificent old missal spread open for the delicate blues and golds of the illuminations to catch the light. Carved tables ran down the centre of the space, with more missals, bossed and clasped, piled here and there, and over all was the cool, clear light that readers dream of and can scarcely ever obtain, falling through high mullioned windows where leaf shadows twined and entwined in a "moiré" of green and gold as the sun and breeze had their will of them outside. The place was absolutely holy in its seclusion and peace — a kind of Thebaid for the spirit where, surely, if the spirit came in purified and humble mood, the heavenly spirits that have never been anything but pure and humble would not disdain to visit and converse with it.

Leaving regretfully this lovely sanctuary of thought, I went on through the garden and suddenly drew back, alarmed, for it seemed as if another step would fling me down into the sea, hundreds of feet below. So sudden was the revelation that I clung to the parapet dizzily for a minute — and then, looking up, found that I was leaning against the flank of a great white marble sphynx, whose pale, inscrutable profile between me and the sky struck

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a strange note of fatality in that serene and lonely place. There she sits, on the last jutting point of rock, between sea and sky, looking towards the mainland with unseeing, stony eyes, as if dreaming of the golden Egyptian sands and the mystic Nile that are her birthright. "I brought her from Egypt, myself," said Doctor Munthe. "She is homesick, but she likes the view."

His was an interesting personality. In him, upon the innate mysticism of the North, there had grafted itself a devout love of beauty and a power of sympathy which many people mistook for an occult force — so completely did he dominate his patients for their good; and to this was added a certain generous recklessness of outlook, which caused him to suffer acutely when he came in contact with the meanness and hypocrisy so common in the world. He had the memory of a heart-rending private tragedy to companion him night and day, a tragedy comparatively recent when I fell in with him, but it seemed to have been an inspiration towards higher things, to have made him only feel the more tenderly for others in trouble. How he could feel was shown in his book, "A Mourning City," which wrung all hearts by its account of bright, happy Naples suffering under the scourge of the cholera. He had devoted months to trying to save the life of one lovely girl — snatched away at sixteen by consumption, and when I saw him he had just returned from visiting the family — to find that her twin sister was already far on the same road, — Munthe had tears in his eyes as he told me, — too far to recall, as events showed.

It must have been some time during the next winter that

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I happened to wander in to have a chat with my former playmate, Waldo Story, in his garden studio near the site of our old Villa Negroni, and saw the monument he had just completed for the first girl's grave,—a life-size statue-portrait of her in pure white marble, lying as if asleep and dreaming happily, on a couch all fringed and wreathed with roses — a monument as serenely delicate and gentle as the old Roman one that I have always loved, the bas-relief of a little ship just gathered into port, with smiling Loves hovering over it to furl the sails.

I think the great doctor had built his Capri villa more for the sake of knowing it was there than with any hope of inhabiting it permanently; which was just as well, perhaps, for Capri is too enchanting to prove a vitalising home for northern spirits. As a temporary sojourn it does them worlds of good (was it not in Capri that Schäffel wrote the immortal "Trompeter von Säkkingen"?) — but more than one promising artist and writer has found the place fatal to labour and ambition. When we of the south hear that such an one has settled in Capri we sigh, "good-bye, friend!" Fallen nature finds it all too easy to drift into sloth and inanity in that Lotus land where life smiles all the year round — and costs so little!

Sorrento has quite another atmosphere and we have all found it favourable enough to brain-work at all times. Marion was the only one who attempted this when Uncle Sam was with us there, however. He wrote in the open air, making a study in the recess of one of the huge, arched windows that afford light to the long stairways cut inside the rock to give access to the otherwise unapproach-

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able cove which was the Hotel's "Marina." I came upon my brother every morning with the same sense of pleasure and surprise, as I emerged from one of the darkest of those long flights to another which led down to his landing. There he sat at his little table, his beautiful profile cut clear against the calm, empty sweep of sea and sky, with the high, irregular arch for a frame, and some long streamers of the wild caper, with its yellow blossoms, waving in and out on the breeze. An earthenware jug of water always stood on the ground beside his chair, and that and a plate of maccheroni carried down at mid-day was all he took by way of sustenance till his writing hours were over, — nor might any one speak to him till then. But when they *were* over, he wanted all the change and amusement attainable, and he was not happy unless we were all happy and amused too.

What "festas" we organised that summer! An anniversary, a birthday, anything served for an excuse, and then the terrace of my mother's apartment was hung all round with Chinese lanterns swinging like fairy fruit among the vines, the table was covered with carnations and sweet verbena, some wonderful vintage was dug out of the cellars, and the Cocumella cook would surpass himself to provide a feast that should give satisfaction to the adored "Signorino Mario."

Then, when dinner was cleared away and the coffee and cigarettes were going round, the famous Tarantella company would be ushered in — Giacchino the barber, first tenor, composer, dancer, and mandolinist, his beautiful wife (on whose account it was said that he suffered

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agonies of jealousy), with three other couples, as young and handsome as heart could desire — all in their most brilliant costumes. How they sang and danced and played, those artisan artists of the Penisola! What voices they had — what grace and swing! Uncle Sam went nearly crazy with delight the first time they performed for him, and I must say that we all lost our heads a little that night — there was something so subtly intoxicating about it all!

Suddenly Uncle Sam looked troubled. He turned to me and asked, quite sternly, “Why are n't the little boys here to enjoy this?” I reminded him that it was long past their bedtime, and that the eldest had been very ill all the spring and must not be excited in any way for a long time to come. “Well, I shall go and get Nino, he shan't miss it, at any rate!” he replied, rising, and a few minutes later he returned with my smallest boy in his arms, wrapped up in a blanket, smiling sleepily. For the rest of the evening Uncle Sam held him on his knee, and the child laughed and sang with the singers and had his little sip of wine — and repeated all the songs for us the next day.

Sometimes, on quiet evenings, when the moonlight lay silent on the sea and the vine-garlands seemed cut in *verde-antico* against the sky, Marion and Daisy would sing strange old songs that set one dreaming — or crying, as the case might be. Once Daisy made my brother into an Egyptian deity, with close, square-drawn, white draperies that looked like marble in the moonlight, and as he sat there, still as marble itself, his hands on the

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arms of the stone seat, looking out to sea, he began to sing a strange old chant that he had heard somewhere on the coast — the oldest known chant in the world, he told us afterwards. His voice then was very pure and strong, and the effect, as the solemn notes poured out in the still moonlit night, was unutterably soul-stirring.

It was on a night of that same year (the 5th of August, if I remember rightly) that my sister Daisy and I happened to be standing alone on the terrace enjoying the coolness and silence that had come down with the darkness, — a peculiar silence, I remember, unbroken by the tinkle of a single mandolin or even the usual lapping of the water against the cliff. Vesuvius had growled a little, but we were too accustomed to that to take any notice of it, and now it, too, was still, its heavy cap of smoke hanging dark and sultry against the starlit sky. Suddenly a terrific report smote the silence, one great “boom” that rolled away and repeated itself again and again in the mountains behind us and the vast caves and stairways that honeycombed the rocks below. For a moment we were terrified — we had never heard anything quite like that before — but when the echoes had died away and nothing seemed to have happened we concluded that it was just some new caprice of our neighbour, the volcano, and soon forgot all about it.

In the grey of the dawn, next morning, a crazed, gibbering creature, covered with blood and almost dead with exhaustion, rowed to our Marina, was pulled in by some of the fishermen, and collapsed on the sand, crying that Ischia had gone to the bottom of the sea. They tried

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to calm him, washed his wounds and gave him food and drink, but he persisted in his story, repeating, with many tears, "Ischia is destroyed, there is nothing left!" Concluding that the poor fellow was a maniac, the Sindaco was preparing to take charge of him, when the news of the Casamicciola catastrophe came over the wires, and the appalling extent of the disaster caused the first herald of it to be forgotten. The hot springs for which Casamicciola was famous had so mined the soil on which the town stood that it was reduced to a mere crust covering vast reservoirs of boiling, sulphurous water. The surface must have given, soon, although there had been no sinking that could be appreciated; but when a series of earthquake shocks struck it the place crumbled at once and the destruction was most awfully complete.

It was the height of the season for the baths, and the hotels were crowded with visitors, most of whom perished, either crushed under the débris or scalded in the torrents of the unlocked springs. Those who survived spoke of the overwhelming suddenness of the disaster — there was no time to rise from a seat before the walls of the room crashed down upon them. One man, I remember, Prince ——, had been sitting on a sofa, talking to a very well-known and charming woman, when a heavy bureau skated across the floor to her, and the next instant the house had fallen in, floor dropping through floor and burying the unhappy victims under mountains of masonry. Prince —— said that when he came to himself he was standing with his back against a

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wall, in perfect darkness; feeling before him he found that he had been saved by some large planks, which had been thrown, as if to protect him, against the same wall, slanting outwards like the sides of a wigwam and leaving exactly standing room for one person. Above and beyond them were piles of ruined masonry and woodwork which they were solid enough to support without giving way. The prisoner realised that he must stand there until he was rescued, and he wound up his repeater watch to mark the passing of the hours.

For two days and nights he thus kept count of the time. Numbers of troops were told off to dig out the victims, and those who were alive at least had the consolation of hearing the unceasing sound of picks and shovels; but the soil was quaking and heaving still, more ruin was going on under repeated shocks of earthquake, and it was necessary to proceed with caution. Prince —— was one of the first rescued. The body of the poor lady who had been talking with him was not found till several days later, and recognised only by the rich lace on her dress.

One baby of a few months old was unearthed, safe and smiling, but very hungry, towards the end of the second day. It was lying on the bed on which it had been placed for the night, and, through the floor above, a very large, high table had fallen foursquare exactly over the bed to make a roof for it. No engineer could have devised a better protection. I forget how many hundreds of poor souls perished—even the hospital of the Sisters of Charity close to the sea, where they had some two hundred

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rickety little invalids, was not spared and some lives were lost there. Those who were dug out alive seemed to have been more or less unconscious of the flight of time, and, in many cases, of everything else, having been stunned to start with. One old peasant woman was excavated after twelve days' burial, briskly alive still! She thought two days only had passed since her imprisonment and said that she had slept a great part of the time.

Refuges were at once opened in Naples for the survivors, many of whom were badly injured, and, where the regular inhabitants of Casamicciola were concerned, had lost everything they had in the world. There were great numbers of orphans, very small children, who had perhaps escaped death by not sharing in the panic which caused older persons to rush into the streets and be crushed by the walls which mostly fell outwards. Everything possible was done to relieve the suffering; great sums of money were raised, private people threw open their houses and converted them into casual wards and hospitals, and the poor soldiers who had the grisly task of digging out the bodies continued their labour for weeks — under that fierce summer sun!

Some of us went over to Naples to see if we could help at all, and I saw there a beautiful illustration of active charity. A foreign woman who owned a large villa outside the town had turned it into a camp for the refugees. The salon and a great ballroom were crowded with beds where pale, still terrified women were being nursed back to life, and on the lawns outside nearly a hundred tiny children were playing about among the flowers — the

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whole great company being tended and cared for by the owner, her servants, and one young friend, a fair-haired German girl who showed us round, tears of pity in her blue eyes, and a baby who had been injured held in her arms.

Two days after the disaster my brother sailed over to Casamicciola and remained there for some days, rather to our dismay, for the destruction was apparently not over then. He said he could not keep away any longer and went to do what he could for the poor people. He was quite prepared to meet his own end there, if necessary, and went to Confession and Communion before starting. We made him promise not to sleep on shore, but to return to his boat every night, and a few days later he returned to us safely, but very silent and sad, nor would he ever talk of what he had seen.

I am sorry to say that my dear Sorrentini *did* talk a great deal and not very charitably about poor Casamicciola and its misfortunes. The Penisola has been singularly blessed in some ways. No shock of earthquake has ever been felt there; when Vesuvius pours out ashes and lava, and Naples itself is threatened with destruction, the opposite coast is, barring an occasional landslide and slow encroachments of the sea, calm and secure. The Sorrentini, whose distinguishing virtue is not humility, attribute this immunity to a special favour of Heaven, bestowed as a reward for their strict observance of the mandates of Religion and their deep respect for all sacred things. Very different was the case of Ischia, and our people said that they had long been expecting to see

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the judgment of Heaven fall on the wicked inhabitants. "What have they done, there?" I asked Luigi, who, as usual, was the spokesman of the community's sentiments.

"Done?" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with indignation. "The Signora may well ask! What have they not done! Last year they made a procession on Good Friday — with a Pulcinello nailed to the Cross! It is a wonder they are not all at the bottom of the sea!"

I had not heard of that outrage. Why is it that the Latin of the lower classes, when once he abandons his Faith, loses all self-respect and becomes such a revolting creature — a cross between an obscene buffoon and a mad dog?

To turn from these miserable reflections, I am bound to say that our own Parish Priest did not always give such a good account of his flock as did Luigi. "The sailors and fishermen are good," he told me (some years later, it is true). "They need Heaven's protection too much not to be afraid of losing it. But the townspeople, — ah, they are children, naughty children, ready to listen to any fool who talks loud enough, and we get plenty of them here now, telling our men that they are behind the times, that science has proved there is no God, and that Religion is a thing for women and children, not for grown men! The women, poor things, are always faithful, but for a long time I could not get a great number of the men to Mass. As for going to their duties — they would not hear of it!"

"I kept saying to them, 'Take care! God is patient,

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but you will tire Him out. Some dreadful misfortune will fall upon us all, and then it will be too late to say you are sorry!’ Signora mia,” the Parroco’s strong, dark face grew very solemn now, “it *came*, that misfortune — and only the Divine Mercy averted ruin from many, many families! It was one night in the early spring — the orange trees were covered with buds — and you know that the oranges are our most valuable product — when, towards ten o’clock at night snow began to fall, — thick, cold, heavy snow! Some of them came and roused me from my sleep, crying to me to open the church that they might pray, and ring the church bells to entreat the Almighty to save the crop. And who do you think were the ones who sobbed the loudest and rang the hardest — rang the bells in that tower for two hours, like maniacs? My free-thinkers, who had not been to Mass for months! Well, the Lord had pity on them. A little soft wind came up and carried all the snow away, and when the sun rose not a single bud had been frostbitten. Then they came to me all smiling and happy and said, ‘Gnor Parroco, we wish to thank God for his goodness. We will now make a grand festa and you will sing a Te Deum, and we will have the bands, and fireworks, and we will pay for it all!’ ‘*You!*’ I said to those foolish blasphemers, ‘You will do nothing of the kind! There will be a festa and a splendid one — I and those good faithful women will make it — it is for their sakes that you have been saved from ruin — and I will pay for everything out of my own pocket! Not a soldo shall you be allowed to contribute. Be content to

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kneel at the bottom of the church, and beat your breasts and ask God to pardon your great sin!' And so it was, Signora mia. We had the festa and the Lord's name was magnified, and I have very little trouble with free-thinkers now. The men are like lambs! The fright was most salutary for their souls."

X

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY AT POMPEII

The Study in the Tower — A Marvellous Night Scene — “Japan, the Impersonal” — The Santuario of Pompeii — A Pious Lawyer and a Forsaken District — A Successful Mission — The Miraculous Picture Found behind a Door — Its Humble Conveyance to Pompeii — A Splendid Throne and a Heartful of Names — Thank-offerings of Great Price — Sainly Collaborators — The Parish Church of the World — Orphan Girls and Sons of Convicts — The Fifteen Saturdays — The Miracle of Don Pasquale Bortone — A True Love Story — My Wayfarers — A Visit to the Santuario.

LONG after the colour of my life had changed, it chanced that I spent a winter alone at Villa Crawford. My dear brother was in New York, Bessie and the children in Rome for the season, and various circumstances decided me to stay at the Villa, although my sister-in-law protested violently, prophesying that I could never bear the solitude of that great house through all the winter days and nights, when the sea gets angry and flings itself against the cliff with a force that makes every window rattle and seems calculated to hurl the building itself from its foundations. However, I persisted, and was glad that I had, for during those four months my writing prospered exceedingly, and the entire absence of distractions gave me time to think over many things, and to store up a few more memorable impressions which I would not now be without.

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My workroom by day was Marion's study in the tower, and, sitting there from morn till dark, I was able to absorb something of the atmosphere that he had created for himself in that high eyrie, where the sounds from the lower world came in whispers, as it were, and one felt nearer the sky than the earth. He loved high and lonely places. I remember that once I was remarking on some of the almost inaccessible spots which had been chosen for monasteries, places where it might be said "Quí convien ch' uom' voli!" And he replied, "From the earliest times those who desired to rise above the weaknesses of human nature, to see all things as they are, have chosen the heights for their dwellings. Remember Elijah and the school of the prophets on Mount Carmel! The mere fact of breathing the higher air, of getting as far as possible above the common level, gives such strength to the will and clearness to the mind that, in some eastern countries, the law forbids any man to dwell higher than a certain point, because experience has shown that by so doing he may acquire too great a power over his fellow-countrymen."

There was a wonderful sense of peace and freedom in that great upper room, with its many windows and its wide door leading to the terrace, which was in reality the roof of the house. From there one's glance could sweep the view on every side and then let it plunge down hundreds of feet to the sea, lapping — or hurling itself — against the rocks.

Within all was simple in the extreme, nothing was there to distract the thoughts from the sacred claims of work.

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In the centre of the room stood a huge, many-drawered writing table, with a raised screen of shelves on its far side to make a home for some half dozen precious Dürer etchings, the only things Marion ever cared to collect. In one angle a bed of the same dark wood, covered with Persian rugs, and beside it, on a little table, a big wooden candlestick (own brother to those on the Altar in the Franciscan Church below) supporting a section of a ten-pound wax candle, a thing some inches in diameter, which Marion declared gave the pleasantest light for reading in bed. Apart from the Dürers there were scarcely any pictures in the room; the walls were merely plastered, and for pictures one had to look out of the windows. But there was a grand open fireplace where the olive wood blazed merrily on winter days, and a couple of deep arm-chairs — suggestive of dear companionship and long, happy talks.

It was the memorable winter of 1899–1900 that I spent alone at the Villa, consumed with anxiety about my boy out in South Africa, and I believe Marion's rooms and Marion's ways of thought carried me through it as nothing else could have done. During those four months I only once spoke English — when beautiful Mary Stanley (née Rose) suddenly turned up for a day and wanted to see the Villa, a most pleasant interruption to the rather murderous continuity of my work. The only way not to think was to fill every hour, and to make the nights very short — or one might not have slept. So I worked all day in the tower room, came down at seven in the evening to my solitary dinner, began writing again at nine and

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wrote till two A. M.; long, long hours of composition, only possible in that perfect silence and seclusion. The "Little Grey Sheep" was occupying me till the end of January, and then my publishers asked for a shorter book to bring out first, and I took a plunge into Japan and wrote "Marna's Mutiny" in just five weeks. The downstairs study was part of a charming little apartment which Marion had arranged for my mother, so that she should not have to climb any stairs to her bedroom; his thoughtfulness in such ways was one of his most endearing characteristics. The first time I went to visit him after his marriage I had been very lame for a long time, and he had actually had the three steps leading up to the front door built over into a gentle slope so that I could walk up them without trouble! My mother was there at the same time, so, in order that I too might have a bedroom on the ground floor, he had given up the library and turned it into a sumptuous sleeping apartment for me. One more little thing he thought of, an absurd trifle, but it meant so much that he should have remembered it through years of separation. "Mimo *must* have strawberry jam for breakfast!" he had told my sister-in-law. Now strawberry jam is an article unknown to Italian traders, and has to be brought from England, but there it was when my breakfast tray appeared in the morning. As one of the old servants exclaimed to me in a moment of enthusiasm, "Chisto Signó! Nn'artro como lui no' c'é n'é en chisto mundo." ("This gentleman! There is not another like him in this world!")

The many who loved him will forgive me I know, for

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lingering over these memories. If Marion entered into any one's life at all he became a dominant figure in it for ever. Since he left us I have had letters from friends of his whose names I had not known before, two of them holy and distinguished Priests, who have told me that his memory was with them daily and hourly and that they counted the hours spent with him as among the most precious of their lives.

Before passing on to other things I must describe something I saw from his terrace on the roof — a scene which doubtless he had more than once rejoiced in. One night I had, as usual, been writing downstairs, unconscious of the outside world. My fire and my lamp were burning brightly, my table was covered with books and papers, and all was familiar and inviting, when, towards two o'clock, I discovered that I had left in the tower some important notes without which I could go no farther. It required some nerve to go up past all those uninhabited floors and then climb the dark, winding staircase in the dead of night. Luigi had gone home to his own house. Giovanni the cook slept far below in the servants' quarters hewn out of the face of the cliff, and there was no question of sending for what I wanted. There was nothing for it but to go myself. The dead emptiness and darkness of the great house got on my nerves long before I reached the entrance to the tower staircase on the third floor. My one candle cast very black shadows, and I was not at all sure that I was alone — the place was full of ghostly whisperings. The tower stair was a close spiral where one could see only

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two or three steps at a time and never had it seemed so long or so dark as that night. But as I turned the last spiral and came out on the top landing, I was met by a burst of glory that made me stagger back against the wall as if I had been struck.

An enormous full moon hung right overhead in a sky whipped white by a furious gale. From where I stood, to the far horizon, the sea was one sheet of mad, frothing, tossing silver, of such intolerable brightness that it made the eyes ache to look at it; and that whole seething radiance was flinging itself against the cliffs in a thunder of assault that sent the spray flying up to the level of the house. How long I stood there, clinging to the parapet, I never knew. I had "surprised the elements at play," and the thrill of that hour can never be forgotten.

In my two real homes, Japan and South Italy, beauty *lives*. It is not merely an exquisite scene that you behold, it is sight and revelation at the same time. Nature speaks some word at certain moments — it is for you alone, you cannot translate it any more than you can put a chord into speech; but it is clear, imperative, divine. Once, in Japan, after a period of great stress and pre-occupation, I had been sitting up all night to finish a certain task. I was worn out; the coming day was programmed into a perfect chess-board of engagements, public and private; and for a minute I felt as if sudden death would be a happy release from the unbearable responsibilities of life. The dawn made its way into the room — I opened a window and looked out. Already

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the world was white with morning and moist with dew. Just under my window, reaching up to show me its face, one great white lily had opened in the night; the sun had never seen it yet; its whiteness was the blue whiteness of snow in the shade; but from the immaculate heart of it the golden arrow heads had burst their bonds and trembled with their load of pregnant balm, whose perfume flooded up and kissed my eyes to just the few happy tears needed to wash away fatigue and despondency, and leave sight clear, courage high, to meet the coming hours.

That was Japan, the impersonal; one flower, one moment, and you are "freed from the wheel" of self.

In South Italy, the storied, teeming spendthrift of beauty, impressions come differently. You are not taken out of yourself; on the contrary, intelligence and memory and imagination are roused at every step. There is a story for every landmark; here a saint was born, here a martyr died; here, where the reeds sway softly on the lake, or there, where the thyme grows thick in the lonely dell, the battle cries of nations rose to heaven and all the blare of trumpets could not drown the shrieks of the dying. "Remember, remember," the wind sings in your ear; "*tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!*" is the burden of its song, and it takes faith to add Saint Teresa's sequel to the axiom — "*Dieu seul ne passe point.*"

No, He passeth not away, and one feels that this soil, the first to see the light, the oldest of His gardens, is specially dear to Him for the sake of the crowding millions of His children, saints and sinners, victors and van-

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quished, seers and slaves, all made in His image, who have lived and struggled, and laughed and wept, and now sleep safe in Italian earth till the Judgment Day. And from their ashes what trophies have not arisen of His glory and mercy? What marvels have not been worked even in our own days to vindicate that Divine predilection? From one spot alone, the ancient charnel-house of sinful flesh, has emanated a tide of sublime supernatural graces that have brought healing of soul and body to countless thousands, not only at the fountain head but in the farthest corners of the earth. Who "of us" has not heard of that gate of Heaven, the "Sanctuary of Pompeii," the Throne of Our Lady of the Rosary? Very few, indeed; but since so many of those who are not "of us," yet not against us, will read this book, I must try to tell at least a part of the story — which might be called a story of resurrection, but, more fitly, I think, a story of renaissance, of a garden blooming from a grave.

The predestined human instrument of this transformation was a devout poor gentleman of Naples, the *Avvocato* Bartolo Longo, a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Broken in health and with very straitened means, he left the city in the month of October, 1872, and went for a few weeks to seek change of air in the "Valle di Pompeii," a desolate but quiet bit of country lying at the foot of Vesuvius, between the railway station of Pompeii, and that of Scafati, a small town seventeen miles further on the line towards Nocera dei Pagani and Salerno. For many years the district had been the resort

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of all the thieves and outlaws of the surrounding country and bore a very evil reputation. After 1860 it was the favourite hunting ground of the famous brigand, Pilone, and, even after he was killed, the remains of his band of braves roamed and robbed so audaciously that only the poorest, the contadini who had nothing to lose and for whom no one could have paid the smallest ransom, ventured to dwell there.

Of these some three thousand were scattered through the "Valle," which at that point widens almost to a plain, dividing Vesuvius and its foot-hills from the high, rocky range that rises between the Bay of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno. The good lawyer was distressed beyond measure to find that the larger part of these poor people were existing in a state of pitiable ignorance as to the very essentials of religion; many of them did not know how to make the sign of the cross. For so many souls there was but one half-ruined little church barely large enough to hold a hundred persons. The Bishop of Nola had been mourning over this unhappy portion of his diocese, and had for many years tried to raise funds to build a suitable church, but, weighed down with the care of seven hundred churches, including eighty-five parishes, most of which were wretchedly poor, he had never been enabled to carry out his desires and had to content himself with commending them to the generosity of Heaven.

Heaven replied by sending the good Avvocato, who, as he says, "after mature reflection, much prayer, and counsel sought from wise and holy men," decided that the best method of Christianising the poor folk of the

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“Valle,” and at the same time obtaining all that they needed from the Divine Clemency, was to teach them to say the Rosary, that epitome of the life of Christ, the weapon which, since the days of St. Dominic has won so many victories for Christian arms by land and sea, and has saved countless millions from sin and degradation and despair. So the Avvocato spent his hardly earned holiday every autumn in going round among the contadini? and instructing them in the truths of Religion; every evening, when their day's work was over, he gathered together as many as possible, and the Rosary was said, at first in the dilapidated chapel, and then, as the congregation outgrew that narrow space, in the house of the Contessa de Fusco, a noble and pious lady of Naples who owned a small villa in the vicinity. A small print of Our Lady of the Rosary, surrounded by the fifteen Mysteries, which the Avvocato carried about with him and had hung over his bed, was the only object of devotion round which the poor people could gather. I wonder where it is to-day? One would give much to possess that precious little foundation stone of the world-renowned, world-loved basilica which draws one hundred thousand pilgrims every year from every quarter of the globe!

In 1875, with the help and encouragement of the Bishop, a Mission was held in the “Valle,” and the good Priests who conducted it had the joy of seeing the inhabitants crowd to hear, to learn, to pray. The rain of miraculous graces in store for the spot began by the heartiness and sincerity of the conversions. Enemies

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were reconciled, hardened sinners repented, parents brought their children to be baptised; very few had not approached the sacraments before the Mission closed. Then the "Confraternity of the Rosary" was established, each member promising to be faithful in reciting the prayers, and, *those who could*, subscribing one soldo (a halfpenny) a month towards the erection of a church.

The founder of the work at first dreamed of nothing more than a chapel with an Altar dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary; but the Bishop insisted that what was needed — and would therefore be possible — was the building of a real church, such as he had for so many years desired to see in the Valle. His ardent faith and the justice of his reasoning convinced his hearers, and with many prayers, the work of raising the funds began, in January, 1876, by the aforesaid high subscription of one cent a month, Don Bartolo Longo and the Contessa de Fusco undertaking the arduous task of collecting.

As the good Avvocato (afterwards "Commendatore") says in his account, "both Heaven and earth took the matter in hand." On the 30th of April of the same year the site was bought and paid for; the foundation stone was laid on the 8th of May, in the presence of an enormous gathering including three hundred Neapolitan gentlemen and ladies, many of whom came to thank Our Lady for extraordinary graces received through her intercession. On the 29th of October, 1876, the foundations were finished, and on the 13th of October, 1878, the building was completed up to the cornice — a building capable of containing

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two thousand persons. Considering the poverty of the diocese and the thoroughness with which every detail was treated, the accomplishment of that much in so short a time was surprising.

At this point Mass was celebrated in the still roofless church, filled to overflowing with worshippers from Naples and all the surrounding country. Kneeling on the unfinished floor, princes and princesses shoulder to shoulder with the poorest labourers, the devout assembly recited the Rosary in common and great numbers received Holy Communion at the foot of the poor little altar which had served for the first prayer gatherings of the scattered contadini. But above the altar was the picture — now reproduced by the million, throned in thousands of churches and venerated in almost every Catholic home — the picture of Our Lady of the Rosary with the Divine Infant on her knee and the Rosary's two first Saints, St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Siena, kneeling at her feet.

The story of that picture is a very strange one. Before the inauguration of the Confraternity of the Rosary of Our Lady of Pompeii (to give the Association its full name) Signor Longo, who still maintained among the people of the "Valle" the custom of reciting the chaplet in common every evening, thought it was time to find an oil painting to replace the tiny print which till then had been the only centre of devotion upon which to focus the poor people's eyes and attention. It was impossible to buy or order a suitable painting — there would have been no money to pay for it. So he began to search round

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in Naples, in junk shops as well as among his acquaintances, for something that could be made to serve his purpose.

At last his own director, a venerable Father of the Order of the Preachers, offered him, with many apologies, an old daub which he had bought many years before for three francs and forty centimes (sixty-eight cents) and which was reposing in the dust behind a door. Signor Longo accepted the discarded thing with humble gratitude and undertook to transport it to Pompeii. But, to his disappointment, he was not allowed to put it into a railway carriage and finally, in despair, had to confide it to a "carrettiere" who made his living by carting litter from the stables of the city to the maize fields of the Valle. Horribly it went against the devout lawyer's heart to permit the sacred picture to travel in company with such a load, but, since the Blessed Virgin refused to provide any better vehicle for her portrait, there was no other way. Carefully tied up in a sheet, the old canvas was hoisted on the cart—and in this triumphant manner did the "prodigiosa immagine" reach Pompeii!

Signor Longo was there to receive it, but his heart sank when he undid the wrappings and looked at it attentively. As he says, himself, it was "really horrid to behold." But there was an artist who was working just then in Pompeii, by name Galella, and he gladly undertook to restore the painting as far as he could. When this was done, Signor Longo placed it over the Altar of the tumble-down chapel which was still the only church the district possessed, and, to use his own words, "from that

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day begins the history of the prodigies worked by the Almighty to rekindle the faith of Christians and fire them with zeal for the edification of the new Temple of the Rosary at Pompeii."

The work went forward rapidly and successfully; in a very few years the church was ready for all practical uses, one by one the chapels were finished, and enriched with beautiful altar pieces painted by distinguished artists. The great golden cupola rose in the sunny air, a beacon for many a long mile around, and, when I had the happiness of seeing it, the façade was almost completed. But long before that, almost as soon as the roof was on, offerings came pouring in especially designed for the throne above the high altar, which supports the — to many of us — most beautiful picture in the world, the old picture bought for sixty-eight cents and conveyed to Pompeii on a load of stable refuse! No sooner had Signor Longo signified his desire to atone to Our Lady for this humiliation by building a worthy shrine for her likeness, than the tide of gifts began to flow in, amounting in the course of two years to one hundred and sixty thousand francs. More followed, and the "Trono," as it stands, cost over two hundred thousand francs. The gleaming, delicately chiselled marbles came from Lourdes, Our Lady's Pyrenean home, where, thirty-seven years earlier, she had appeared to Bernadette and touched the rock to pour out the inexhaustible fountains of healing for the souls and bodies of men. Beneath the throne, enclosed in a great silver heart, are one hundred and sixty thousand names, those of the faithful who sent the

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offerings for it; five angels in bronze form the guard of honour, just within the chancel railings, life-sized statues, all different, one more lovely than the other in the expression of love for God and tender pity and encouragement for man.

The picture itself is a centre of light. Its artistic merits or demerits count for nothing in the impression it makes. Simple in line and composition as any pre-raphaelite work, what is presented to the eye seems quite subordinate to that which it says to the heart. The Blessed Mother sits on a raised seat of which only the rounded pedestal is visible, the Divine Infant on her knee turns to the right in the act of dropping a rosary into the hand of St. Dominic, who kneels below, eagerly reaching up to receive it. There is a charming baby grace and "*abandon*" in the pose, as the Child reaches across the enfolding mother-arm and holds the long chain of beads high above the head of the praying Saint on whom he smiles joyfully. The Blessed Mother's head is turned from them to St. Catherine who kneels on her left side. With ineffable tenderness she reaches down to place the rosary in the outstretched hand, while St. Catherine draws back as in awe of the face on which her gaze is rapturously fixed. It is the gift of Mother to daughter; of her who suffered and triumphed, to one of her children who must still suffer unspeakably ere the final victory is won. The Italians call this miraculous picture "the Madonna with the tender eyes," and indeed no words can describe the celestial love and mercy of that downward glance, following the movement of the giving hand, so pure, yet

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strong, that it reminds one irresistibly of Ratisbon's cry after his vision of the Blessed Virgin in Sant' Andrea delle Fratte in Rome: "Oh, les mains de la Sainte Vierge! Il faut les avoir vues pour la comprendre! Ses mains rayonnent les grâces!"

On the day when, the High Altar being completed and consecrated, the picture was removed from the ruined chapel to be installed in its place of honour, the procession paused in the Piazza of "New Pompeii," the thriving little township which grew up with the building of the church, and the Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Monaco della Valletta, crowned it with a magnificent diadem composed of seven hundred diamonds of purest water, each diamond a thank-offering, for some miraculous grace received. Four emeralds were set among the diamonds—and these were presented by two Jews.

Later, another, and, to my mind, a more beautiful crown was added, a ring of twelve great diamond stars, glorious as those which St. John counted in the Mother's crown when God showed her glory to him in Patmos. These hang, as it were, in a wide circle behind her, a wheel of light—yet, in looking at the picture, Her face and that of the Child seem to hold more light still. No gems can make that radiance pale. The devout artistic feeling which has governed the whole work at Pompeii has placed the first crown of diamonds so far above Our Lady's head that it floats free of the halo, marked by a single star, that surrounds the meek brow and soft, uncovered hair. Now, every detail of the crimson robe and blue

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mantle is outlined and fretted with diamonds, and it is in diamonds that the inscription "Ave Maria" has been written on the pedestal.

I can see the scoffing smile with which the protestant and the materialist, the agnostic and the atheist will read this description. I can hear the Judas growl, "Why was this not sold and given to the poor?" Wait, dear benighted ones, read to the end and then sneer — if you dare.

Meanwhile let me go on with my story. To make it as short as possible I will say that in less than nineteen years from the inception of the work more than two and a half million persons became members of the "Spiritual Confraternity of the Rosary," which now encircles the world by latitude and longitude in one uninterrupted chain of prayer, rising through every moment of the night and day to Heaven. The gifts and subscriptions have never ceased to pour in, and the votive offerings have long outgrown the capacity of the great church and fill room after room of the adjacent building. Some are magnificent, some touchingly humble; all have the same value in God's eyes, since each, like every diamond in Mary's crown, is a thank-offering for some special grace received in answer to faithful prayer. The poor peasant who brings his daub of a picture by the town sign-painter, representing his deliverance from falling rock or maddened bull, the aforetime cripple who strides in and hangs his worn crutches on the wall, the mother whose child fell over some precipice unhurt — they look with glowing pride at the priceless gems which show that the rich too have

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found grace with their Blessed Madonna; and the millionaire bows his head before the tiny tributes of the poor, infinitely precious because they gave "what they could" out of the fullness of grateful hearts.

But the material riches of the "Santuario" pale in comparison with the splendours of charity which have grown up around it, vitalised, nourished, perpetuated by its invisible fires of love and pity. All these undertakings were organised and carried out by two lay persons, Signor Longo and the Contessa de Fusco, his faithful collaborator, who, after the first few years of their joint labours, became his wife — chiefly, it is said, to avoid the slightest appearance of scandal in the constant companionship necessary in such work. On them our Holy Father, Leo XIII, bestowed words of blessing and commendation which have rarely fallen to the lot of private secular individuals.

It was on the occasion of the Pope's jubilee, when Catholic Christendom was outdoing itself in tributes of love and loyalty to the Vicar of Christ, that Signor Longo and his spouse made a gift to the Holy See, of the "Santuario" and its treasures, of the buildings and the land, the schools and the asylums and the workshops — all that makes up the "Nuova Pompeii," the holy city which has sprung from the ruins and ashes of the old. Whereupon the Holy Father, separating its jurisdiction from the diocese of Nola, took it as his own especial parochial charge, naming the then Dean of the College of Cardinals as his vicar there. At the same time he appointed Signor Longo and his wife sole administra-

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tors of all the revenues and works during their lifetime, since, as he declares in the Apostolic Brief of March 13, 1894, "they have for many years laboured so well for the glory of God and His Mother as to merit the complete trust of the entire Catholic world."

A little later the Holy Father added to the wealth of privileges, and honours already bestowed on the "Santuario" the crowning one of naming it the Parish Church of the world. Every Catholic is bound, if by any means he can, to make his Easter Communion in his own Parish Church; but by this enactment it has been made lawful, for all who so desire, to travel to Pompeii and perform their Easter duties there.

The love of God cannot exist without showing itself in love for His children. As I said before, the growing basilica, like a generous plant, threw out shoots on either side as it rose. The first of these was an orphan asylum for little girls, homeless children gathered from every part of Italy. The first number taken in happened to be one hundred and thirty-five; these were divided into nine bands of fifteen, who, from dawn to dark succeed each other in the repetition of the fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary, and all these prayers are offered for the benefactors. Who would not wish to earn a share in them? I believe the number of orphans now is about three hundred, and these children are admirably taught and cared for till they can safely earn their living by some one of the many trades learnt in the Home. All the teachers, nurses, and attendants of the girls' Home are volunteers — women who, without any religious vows, and without pay, dedicate their lives

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to this noble work. They are called "The Daughters of the Rosary."

That which is done for boys is still more beautiful, for among all the public and private charities of Italy (and of the world, as far as I know) it stands alone in providing for and sheltering *exclusively* the sons of convicts who are working out their sentences in prison. These forsaken children, thrown on the world with the unmerited stigma of disgrace and crime, had long appealed to Signor Longo's heart, and at the first possible moment he inaugurated a home for great numbers of them under the protection of the All-Mother who reigns supreme at the New Pompeii.

There is such exquisite delicacy in true charity! The first thought in the founder's mind was to save for God these poor little derelicts, overlooked waifs, robbed of their bread-winner and in most cases finding the path of crime the only one open for their first steps in life. But with that thought came another — it was impossible to place these boys in ordinary institutions, for two reasons — reputable parents would not allow their children to consort with the sons of criminals, and the natural hard-heartedness of childhood would constantly cause their misfortune to be thrown in their faces. They constituted a class by themselves and they must be reared and educated apart, in surroundings where no one could taunt another with his father's disgrace, where hope and brightness only reigned, where every boy could imbibe the self-respect which is the foundation of all honest living. And the beautiful dream came true; hundreds have

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been brought up in that pure and happy atmosphere, learning to pray for their fathers, learning profitable trades, equipped at every point to become useful citizens and bring up their own children in the love and fear of God.

Such an undertaking bore success on its very face. How it has succeeded let the output of New Pompeii, in literature alone, testify. The printing press, the engraving rooms, the photographic and artistic studios send out good books and pictures and periodicals by countless thousands in more languages than I can remember, carrying the tide of pure, uplifting interest and piety to Europe and America, Asia, Africa, Australia — to the very ends of the earth. The charming little periodical “The Rosary and New Pompeii” had no subscription price; to any one who asked for it or who sent an offering, however small, either for the Church or the schools, it was (I believe still is) mailed faithfully year after year without payment, and, dear readers, it affords most illuminating reading!

Side by side with these elevated industries are ateliers of book-binding, tailoring, shoe-making, carpentering, stucco work for house decorating, carving, and, if I remember rightly, stone-cutting. Each boy's taste and capacity is duly taken account of, and, whatever he goes into, he is “helped to the best of himself.” The higher branches of learning are open to those who can embrace them, and I think the proudest, if not the happiest, day of Signor Longo's life was the one on which, under the direction of the illustrious astronomer, the late Padre Denza, he

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opened the splendid "Osservatorio Meteorologico-Volcanico," where the complicated earthquake phenomena and the science of meteorology can be studied to perfection. Oh, the New Pompeii is all for science and progress of the real kind! In its solid new buildings and growing streets one feels the master touch of valiant good sense, and the floods of electric light (no other is used in the town) are symbolical not only of the thoroughness and conscientiousness which invite inspection everywhere, but of the spiritual light which, from the blessed Sanctuary, its heart, has brought joy and healing, and new birth of the soul to thousands of homes.

How has it all been done? Through faithful, unwavering prayer, and that the prayer of prayers — the Rosary, and the Blessed Virgin's never-failing response to petitions thus offered. For every gift sent — and Signor Longo tells us that the millions of francs have come almost entirely in very small sums and often anonymously — a grace, temporal or spiritual, has been granted. The devotion of the "Fifteen Saturdays" repeatedly explained and enjoined by Our Lady Herself when appearing to one or another of Her faithful children, has worked so many miracles, all witnessed and attested by great numbers of people, that we have come to regard it as an infallible means of obtaining *everything* that is good for us, and a weapon, powerful as the Archangel Michael's sword, for putting the powers of darkness to flight.

The Rosary has been made such a stumbling-block to non-Catholics by ignorance and heresy that it seems allowable and advisable to explain what we mean by it. They

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see the beads constantly in our hands and accuse us of counting simply upon the repetition of so many Aves and Paters, without reflection or mental prayer of any kind, to buy just so much grace for ourselves or others. Nothing could be further from the mind of the Church. The chaplet of fifty small beads and five large ones constitutes the third part of the whole "Rosary" of fifteen "Mysteries," that is to say, the fifteen most salient events in the life of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, from the Annunciation to the Descent of the Holy Ghost and the death and Assumption into Heaven of the Blessed Virgin. The five "Joyful Mysteries" tell the story of the Birth and Childhood of the Redeemer; the "Sorrowful" ones that of His Passion and Death; the "Glorious" recount His Triumphant Resurrection and Ascension, the opening of the Reign of the Holy Spirit on earth, and the close of the mortal life of Her, who remained behind, with us, to nurse the Infant Church as she had nursed the Infant Christ, and to impart to the "Beloved Physician" those ineffable details which she alone knew, which she had kept in her heart, and which make St. Luke's Gospel the Gospel of Mary. To recite the whole Rosary is to review the essence of New Testament history. As we say the Pater and Aves set for each mystery we meditate on it, and the prayers are directed towards the especial Virtue it inculcates; the sentiments of faith and hope and love and contrition are fed and strengthened — and never yet did the soul fall back disappointed and repulsed after devoutly reciting the Rosary.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, was unfailingly persistent

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in conjuring Catholics to be faithful to this devotion. He called it (I quote from memory only) the chief weapon for the defence of Christendom in these fearfully ungodly times, and recommended (so strongly that it almost amounts to a command) the recital of the Rosary in common in every Christian home.

For the very poor (and therefore uninstructed) who have had no opportunity to learn the Mysteries, the devout recital of the prayers is enough; but though it has been my lot to know and mingle much with this class in different countries, I have not yet met a Latin Catholic who was ignorant of the New Testament story that the beads convey. And now by the direct intervention of Our Lady, a new and powerful impetus has been imparted to the devotion of the "Fifteen Saturdays."

This consists in going to Confession and Communion, reciting the Rosary, in meditating earnestly on one Mystery, every Saturday for fifteen weeks, and striving, during each week, to practice the virtue it inculcates. It is not a hard or wearisome devotion; the busiest people have found it easy to carry out either with others or alone; it has saved whole cities from the cholera when that scourge was raging through Italy; it has — but let me tell just one of the miracles of healing that this heaven-sent prayer has obtained for man. They are counted by many thousand now, but this one is typical, a very triumph of grace, since it not only restored the dying body to health, but — that which all theologians admit is a far greater miracle — recalled to life an impenitent soul steeped in mortal sin.

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On the 1st of January, 1890, in the Church of the Holy Rosary at Lecce, a Priest, who for thirty years had abandoned his calling and denied his God, said Mass once more, in the presence of an immense concourse of his townsmen. His name was Pasquale Bortone, and his apostasy, and the frightfully scandalous life which resulted from it, had long been a subject of profound grief to his family and to the whole community as well. Worn out with evil living — he had thrown himself into every kind of dissipation in the vain attempt to stifle the remorse and despair which pursued him — he fell a victim to a complication of diseases which brought him to the verge of the grave; his lower limbs were completely paralysed, — and the rest of his body so shaken by palsy that in July, 1889, he could not sign his name to the certificate for a pension to which he was entitled, and his brother, Giuseppe Bortone, had to sign it for him in the presence of a notary public.

Agonised by intestinal suffering, unable to sleep or to assimilate food, helpless, despairing in heart, the poor sinner's mind became affected, and twice he attempted to commit suicide. During the long months of illness he had more than once expressed the desire to confess his sins and be reconciled with God. The relations who had taken him into their house and nursed him tenderly, eagerly welcomed this return to grace, but when they tried to induce him to see a priest he obstinately refused and broke out in such storms of anger that the attempt had to be abandoned. He was a Freemason and too terrified of his late Satanic associates to defy them thus openly. Many

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prayers were offered for him that he might obtain mercy and die a good death, and he himself, through all his criminal life had, he could hardly explain why, continued to say every day some little prayer to the Blessed Virgin. He admits that he had "no faith"; it was a habit of childhood that had clung to him, that was all.

He was so evidently near to his end, and his sufferings had augmented so terribly, that on November 29th, when Catholics everywhere were beginning the novena in preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the cousins who had sheltered him found courage to propose that he should join with them in making the novena, so as to obtain (it was thus they put it to him) a lessening of pain and the blessing of a little sleep. The sick man consented and began, with them, the novena to Our Lady of Pompeii as it is practised in the church there.

On the night of the third day of the novena, Don Pasquale Bortone slept — and dreamt. In his dream the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, precisely as she is depicted at Pompeii, and said, "Confess, and be reconciled with God, for you are still in time!" He awoke a good deal impressed, but soon told himself that it was merely a dream, and put the incident from his mind. The next night, however, it was repeated; this time Our Lady condescended to entreat the sick man, to command and beseech at once, that he would save his soul. "Make haste!" she said, "call the Confessor, confess your sins and you shall be victorious. On the day of my Feast you are to go to Communion."

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He arose a changed man. Our Lady had promised him the victory over pride and shame, had obtained for him the grace of perfect contrition and the courage to make the public retraction required for a Priest who has given public scandal. She had called to life a soul dead, since thirty years, in mortal sin. And in the same instant She had healed his body of all its ills. He arose from his bed, *perfectly well and sound in every way*. Waiting eagerly for the first ray of dawn, as soon as it appeared he sent for the Parish Priest, narrated the experiences of that wonderful night, and in his presence wrote, with a free, firm hand, the following letter to the Bishop:

“ I, the undersigned, Priest Pasquale Bortone, taken (*preso*) by the Grace of God and by the protection of Our Blessed Lady of Pompeii, retract all that I may have said and done against the Church and against the obligations of my calling. I pray God and the Blessed Virgin to help me always, so that by a good life I may atone for the scandal I have caused and die in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

“ PASQUALE BORTONE, *Priest.*”

LECCE, Dec. 3, 1889.

That night the penitent slept calmly and peacefully for the first time since his falling away. A day or two later he wrote the story of his conversion and his healing, for a paper published in Lecce, and sent copies of it to every place where he had given scandal during his long years of apostasy and vice.

The Bishop of Lecce, a wise and saintly man, examined his penitent carefully, and, convinced of the sincerity of

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his conversion, advised him, after the first necessary steps had been taken, to make a retreat of a few days in order to carry out certain spiritual exercises. Then, like the tender father of Scripture, he reinstated the prodigal son in all his sacred honours, and on the 1st of January, 1890, Pasquale Bortone, before an immense concourse of people, celebrated Mass in the Church of the Holy Rosary in Lecce.

It was too much for the repentant sinner to bear without making some return. Overwhelmed with contrition and thankfulness, he asked the Bishop's permission to confess his sins in the public square and implore the pardon of his fellow-townfolk for the scandal he had caused. The prudent Bishop, though fully approving his sentiments, forbade the place he had fixed upon, as likely to give scandal in its turn, but gave him leave to carry out his wish inside the church. There, on the 3rd of January, Don Pasquale, after saying Mass, told the congregation the story of the miraculous resurrection of his soul through the intervention of Our Blessed Lady. As for that of his body, those present could judge of it for themselves, for his desperate state until a few days earlier had been known to all, and now they saw him strong and well, without a trace of illness or emaciation. With bitter tears he confessed his errors and begged forgiveness for the horrible scandal he had caused, and he did not weep alone, for there was not a dry eye in the church.

When all was accomplished he withdrew, and retired to the Seminary of Lecce, there to atone by an exemplary

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life of prayer and true penitence for his thirty miserable years of rebellion.¹

Let me tell one story, a very short one, which shows that Our Blessed Lady interests herself not only in the sinful and suffering but in the pure young hearts that appeal to her for help. A friend of mine in Sorrento, a good and gifted young fellow, fell desperately in love with an equally good and charming girl. She returned his affection, but every possible obstacle lay in the way of their union. They had no money, the parents refused their consent, the relations had other views for them (and in Italy people have to count with their relations!), and, but for great constancy, and great faith in Heaven's goodness, they would have given up all hope of becoming husband and wife.

Suddenly the obstacles disappeared. The financial question was unexpectedly smoothed out, and the family, instead of opposing, now heartily endorsed the engagement. A few weeks later the young people were married amid much rejoicing and many congratulations all round.

The feast was over and the party about to disperse when the shy little bride drew the bridegroom away from the rest and, with many blushing hesitations, managed to say, "Dearest, I—have something to confess to you —"

To her surprise, her lover with equal timidity, replied,

¹ This account is abbreviated from that in Commendatore Longo's book "The Fifteen Saturdays," where further details of this and many other wonderful miracles can be found, all attested by sworn testimony of physicians and witnesses of the highest respectability. The book contains most beautiful and helpful meditations on the Mysteries of the Rosary. There is a good English translation which should be known to all devout Catholics.

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"It is I who have something to confess to you! I made a vow —"

"I made a vow!" she interrupted.

"To go — to —"

"Communion —"

"At Pompeii — in the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary —"

"The day after our marriage —"

"Yes, yes, so did I, if She would help us to get married."

The colloquy had become triumphant now, and the attention of the others was attracted to the bridal pair. At once the bridegroom told the gathering of what had occurred. Secretly each had made the same promise, and how joyfully they were prepared to fulfil it! South Italy is the land of Faith. All the assembled relations announced their intention of accompanying the young people, and the next morning at the "screech of dawn" they all set out in a string of "carrozelle" to accomplish the pious pilgrimage.

My own first visit to the "Santuario" was paid in October, the Rosary month. I was alone at Villa Crawford when, one evening, quite without warning, there descended upon me from Rome a big boy and a little one, dusty and hungry — and quite sure of their welcome, for the big boy was a godson of mine and a very good lad, taking the place of the dead father to his pale, rickety little brother, who, by some irony of fate, had been christened "Achilles." The elder one was named for my husband, "Ugo," and somehow or other had managed to

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get a remarkably good education, although the family was poor in the extreme. I had not heard from Ugo for some little time, and he now informed me that he had been at the point of death, with double pneumonia; that he had made a vow, if Heaven granted him to recover, to go to Confession and Communion at Pompeii — bare-foot! Would I please see about it and take him there the next day?

“How about that little man?” I asked, pointing to Achilles, who had fallen asleep over his supper in a high chair.

“Perhaps Don Bonifazio will be kind enough to take care of him?” this with a radiant smile at the butler, who was evidently taking much interest in Ugo’s pious plans. The good man had been waiting on my travel-stained wayfarers with every deference, and now gave us the benefit of his advice about the excursion to Pompeii. Certainly he would look after the little boy — had he not four “Guaglione” of his own, down in Calabria?

So, early the next morning we set forth, Ugo and I, and the fast little horses raced us over the well-known road, through the cliff towns where the fruit and vegetables were piled round the market square like heaps of gold and gems in the morning sun. Toss down a barrowful of yellow pumpkins beside great baskets of purple grapes and scarlet tomatoes and pale, crisp lettuce, tubs of green and yellow plums, and carmine-streaked pomegranates, split and spilling their translucent ruby seeds; throw in posies of bursting carnations and rose-

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geranium; sprinkle it all with fresh water from the old fountain out there in the centre of the Piazza, and then catch the first low rays of the sun on the fragrant, dewy, tumbled sweetness — and thank God that there is such a spot on earth as the Piano di Sorrento!

We left it all behind and reached the sun-baked flats of Pompeii just as a long file of Abruzzi women were approaching the steps of the church. Many miles they had tramped — some had been walking for days — to realise the dream of their lives, a visit to the “Santuario.” Their severe costumes and grave faces struck an ascetically solemn note in the bright morning light, with the rather florid façade of the church as a background. The peasant dress of the Abruzzi fastnesses has, I fancy, changed very little during the last thousand years. Heavy black cloth, spun and woven at home from the wool of their own sheep, is used for a skirt of extreme fulness, gathered, as close as linen thread and strong fingers can gather the stiff material, to the waist; a low, square bodice with wide shoulder straps displays the snowy linen “camicia” trimmed with heavy lace — lace and linen all hand-made, in the little stone houses clinging to the castle-crowned rock whence long-dead feudal masters ruled and defended their people. To this day the women of “Ciocciaria” never buy an article that can be made at home. For footgear they wear the classic sandal, on their heads the fringed and laced linen towel doubled back and falling low enough to be a thorough protection against the sun. The only note of colour in the costume is supplied by a string or two of coral

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round the neck and some narrow bands of red and yellow at the edge of the black skirt.

There must have been sixty or seventy women in the procession, and we watched them file into the church before turning aside ourselves to the auxiliary building, to inquire as to the hearing of confessions. These are so numerous that the Fathers who serve the "Santuario" have set aside special apartments, solemn and impressive enough, where they relieve each other from dawn to dark in the confessionals. When people have travelled on foot from the other end of Italy, or have crossed the world, to go to Communion at Pompeii, the good Fathers are not going to keep them waiting!

Masses were going on in the church and we entered just in time for the beginning of one at the High Altar. At the door Ugo paused, pulled off his shoes and gravely presented them to me to take care of. Somewhat encumbered with my charge, I was looking round for a seat when one of the guardians beckoned to us to follow him. Very kindly he led us round to an archway behind the high altar and gave us kneeling stools to the left of it, inside the chancel. All over the Penisola it is the right of the leading men of the community to have their seats there, but the "Santuario" is the only place where I have seen this privilege extended to women. I was very grateful for it. In that intimate vicinity to the Tabernacle and the miraculous picture above it one felt so near to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother; her benign, lovely face seemed to promise the fulfilment of every prayer, and, kneeling close as we did, one noticed

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the dazzling gems and brilliant surroundings not at all. They were dimmed and effaced by the overwhelming sense of the Presences; one could hear in one's heart, far above the magnificent tones of the organ, the Alleluias of invisible, worshipping angels; and the tide of prayer and faith, rising up from all those humble, trusting souls in the body of the church, swept on like a flood that lifted one away from the things of this world and flung one, safe and unspeakably happy, right at the feet of God.

When we had made our thanksgiving we lingered in the church to examine the different chapels — there are seven now, but they were not all completed then — and to admire the altar pieces, which though modern in thought and execution, are full of beauty and devout feeling. The peasants were much interested in them and asked me to tell them about the Saints they represented — St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Catherine of Siena, and others. They had all recognised St. Michael the Archangel, for he is the patron Saint of the whole Penisola Sorrentina — Monte Sant' Angelo is named for him — and of many inland districts as well.

Another hour we spent in looking over the ex-votos in the outer rooms, with a kind Padre who gave us the history of some most interesting ones, and then, after buying one or two photographs and souvenirs, we bade farewell to the Santuario of the Rosary and drove home through the mellow October afternoon very silently. I at least had gained something which can never be taken

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away from me. As I write, the photograph I brought home all those years ago, stands before me on my table, and never yet have I looked at it without gaining hope and courage, and the promise of constant help in this life and of the fullness of peace in the next.

XI

LIFE AT VILLA CRAWFORD

A Trying Journey — A Neapolitan Bridal Party — Wedding Presents and Business-like Precautions — Sponsorial Liabilities — Concetta Changes Her Mind — “Over the Cliff!” — A Church under the Sea — Two Venturesome Ladies and a Fortunate Catastrophe — The Water Trust and Its Guardian — Living Pictures at the Villa — Henry James Pays Us a Visit There — A Triumph of Ambition — The Children’s Tarantella — Embarrassing Guests — A Goddess of the Hills.

IN writing of life in and near Sorrento I have taken little notice of dates and have perhaps puzzled the kind reader by telling of earlier or later events and impressions just as they recurred to me. An apology would be in place — I will ask him to accept a reason instead. The truth is that where that country is concerned, time never counts for me. Some friendly wind sets south and lands me on the warm sea-washed shore; the familiar cliffs, with the mysterious Roman stairways up which I could find my way blindfold, rise like walls of peace and safety; smells of orange-mould, of rosemary and oleander, of baked stone and damp well, of wine-vat and olive-press, draw me on; by the time I have reached the sky terrace and lean over the parapet under the dancing, sunshot vine-leaves, the years are no more; the past is embalmed, the future not my affair; I am a child, or a disembodied spirit that has found its home.

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Indeed, after my dear brother settled there, it was more of a home to us all than even my mother's house in Rome. Whenever I returned from abroad or rushed down from England to see her, we would go on together to the Villa or the Cocumella, and only the sternest rulings of duty could get us away again. The year that Uncle Sam was with us there I had quite an anxious journey down, I remember. My mother and the others came later, but I went on with my little boys early in June; the eldest had been frightfully ill with meningitis and rheumatic fever, and it was necessary to get out of town before the great heat began. Hugh could not come, but I had the children's good little French governess with me and we hoped all would go well. And so it would have done — but for the cat!

During Jack's long illness and convalescence that which seemed to do him more good than anything else was the visit, repeated with constant kindness, of two little white Persian kittens brought over from the Embassy for him to play with. They were too small to be separated from their mother for any time, so Lady Paget used to send them across by her daughter's governess, in a big bag of lilac tarlatan, into which they were packed again after an hour or so and solemnly carried home. When they grew bigger, Gay Paget, whose cherished property they were, presented Jack with one of them, and from that moment the "Principessa" became an important member of the family, for the boy refused to move without her.

The day of our journey down to Naples was a terribly

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hot one. I was watching my small invalid very anxiously, for he grew whiter and whiter as the scorching hours dragged on, and I had to bathe his head and hands with eau-de-Cologne every few minutes to keep him from fainting. Suddenly he gave a cry — “The Principessa has fainted! Oh, I know she is going to die!” I looked into the corner where the little creature had been lying, and sure enough, there she was, a limp heap, with glazed eyes and the pink in her nose changed to dead white. It took us some time to restore her. We poured milk and brandy down her throat and drenched her with eau-de-Cologne, and finally she came to, but it was a close shave. There was the horrible Naples station to alight at — less familiar than in after years — with its crowds of porters all fighting for a chance to carry even the smallest bit of our traps. (Later I knew most of them by name — and how gladly would I since have hailed some of them in America’s odious porterless stations!) We had to catch the late afternoon train to Castellammare, the bridal train by which every respectable middle-class couple leaves Naples, to spend the honeymoon in some one of the little watering places round the Bay.

A Neapolitan bridal party — and I never yet saw the Naples station without one at that hour of the afternoon — is a very funny, very Latin affair. Every member of both families feels bound to be present at the send-off; the women’s frocks are marvellous to behold — evidently the result of tremendous thought and all that could possibly be achieved in expenditure — and the

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clothes of the bridegroom and his supporters are still more amazing. A Neapolitan dandy must be seen to be appreciated; lavender trousers, white silk waistcoat, scarlet tie, yellow gloves, gardenia or tea-rose in his button-hole — a real burst of glory such as northerners are seldom treated to. Bride and bridegroom seem to vie in the number of relations they can produce on such occasions; I have sometimes seen a crowd that nearly filled the big platform, all keeping up the “*gaieté de commande*” as well as they could until about ten minutes before the departure of the train. Then the kissing begins. Every woman must kiss the bride several times on both cheeks; her new father and brothers-in-law, if there are any, must do the same; and then all the men kiss the bridegroom, also on both cheeks, a process which disturbs him not at all, since it is the usual greeting amongst near relatives, masculine as well as feminine. When the last whistle sounds, the women are mostly crying, though the men hail the signal with undisguised relief.

I watched one pair alight from the train at Torre Anunziata, and the change worked by thirty minutes of companionship was rather striking. Towards me they came, along the platform, the man stalking ahead, scowling furiously. The bride followed, pale, tired, and discouraged, carrying her cloak and handbag, while the bridal bouquet, fading already, had been confided to the railway porter who was staggering behind them with the rest of their traps. Poor things, I am afraid there had been very little romance in their engagement!

Romance, indeed, is not considered a particularly

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necessary element in marriage in South Italy, although unions, as a rule, turn out very well. Suitability of age and means, good character in the man (among the lower classes this is insisted on), pious training and a pleasant disposition on the part of the girl, mutual liking — these modest qualifications are considered enough to give them both a fair chance of happiness to start with, and the rest is their own affair. Until the marriage has taken place the parents watch jealously over the interests of their offspring. When all the consents have been obtained, the young man and his father bring "the gold" to present to the bride-elect. "L'Oro" — it is never called anything else — consists of long chains for the neck, ear-rings, and a big brooch; all must be of pure gold, guaranteed by the local jeweller.

The ornaments are displayed by the young man's father, and if they are not adequate to his fortune and position, he is immediately made sensible of the fact by the coolness of the bride's parents. As a rule, however, a good deal of lavishness is shown, since for the rest of his life the bridegroom's general solvency and prosperity will be judged by these objects, which his wife will wear every time she goes to church or to market. But, since everything is uncertain in this world, fitting precautions must be taken to have the goods returned to the donors should the marriage not take place. So, after the customary cakes and glasses of wine have been partaken of, a pair of jeweller's scales is produced and the gold is weighed, the weight scrupulously set down, and a receipt for it handed to the bridegroom's father. In one

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case where the girl was a god-daughter of ours, the young man, after his betrothal, decided to go to America. Concetta was an only child, and entirely refused to leave her parents; so, after much sorrow and heart-burning, the marriage was broken off, and the splendid chains and ear-rings and the great warming-pan of a brooch had to be weighed out once more to certify that no link or danglums had been abstracted, and were then restored to the not-to-be bridegroom's father. The incident made a bad impression. Concetta was accused of being "capricciosa" — the worst accusation that can be levelled at a young woman in the sober Penisola — and when I last saw her was in a fair way to become an old maid, in spite of the fact that, for her station in life, she was quite a little heiress.

The relation of sponsor, whether of Baptism or Confirmation, may become a rather embarrassing one in that part of the world. It creates a tie as lasting and responsible as any blood-relationship, and on every occasion of any importance the god-parent is expected to remember it generously. It not only binds the two chief persons in the arrangement, but both their families as well. We are all "Commara" and "Compare" to each other for all time, and in time things get so mixed up that sometimes my sister Daisy and I try in vain to remember which of us was the originator of the liabilities in some particular case. Concetta's mother, for instance, never gave any of us a chance to escape. Her house lay on the road to Massa, the beginning of most of our drives. In going out she spied us, and on our return

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was always waiting in the middle of the road with a big bunch of flowers or a basket of cakes, for which whoever was in the carriage had to make a suitable return in cash. Besides this she appeared once a week at the house, with fruit, or "ricotta," or some such offering, and on these occasions one had to give her time as well as money or clothes or whatever else she asked for, since every event of the little household had to be poured out to patient ears and much good advice and encouragement administered. It was a bore — but still it gave one the "homey" feeling of clanship. These people would do anything for us, and in times when social disintegration ramps unchecked, it is a comfort to find the old feudal sentiment — for it resolves itself into that — not quite dead yet!

I am afraid that with the introduction of the tramway from Castellammare and the consequent influx of strangers in no way rooted to the soil, the Penisola is less conservative to-day than it was ten years ago, but it will take more than ten years to efface the traditions of two thousand, or to essentially weaken the faith implanted by the southern apostles and martyrs and so splendidly nourished by St. Benedict's foundations in the sixth century, when he made Monte Cassino a centre of Christian teaching for all that country. From his day to our own, Saints and Doctors have never been wanting in South Italy; their complete comprehension of the people's character and needs is testified to by the lovingly familiar veneration in which they are held. I think there is nothing more charming in literature than St. Alfonso

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de Liguori's poems in the Neapolitan dialect; one of them, a sonnet to the Blessed Virgin, seems to come straight from the heart of some errant and repentant lad of the Penisola. The coaxing, musical vernacular of the dialect defies translation; it is like the confident lisping prayer of a naughty child begging to be taken back into grace — "Kiss me, and I will *never* be naughty again!"

The very storms that have assailed the safety of the land have only strengthened this intense religiousness, if I may coin the word. The enemy, in the earliest ages, was the pagan, so feared and detested that he is not even now forgotten. A friend of mine was telling me one day how her father, a great orange-grower, discovered on his land a sepulchral vault of the Roman times; it had never been disturbed and was full of stone sarcophagi and cinerary urns. "How delightful!" I cried, "what did he do with those treasures? Can I see them some day?"

My friend looked at me in horror. "See them? No indeed! Papa threw them all over the cliff into the sea! Who would wish to have the bones and coffins of wicked pagans on his land? Such things belong to the Devil — not to good Christians!"

After the pagan came the far more terrible Saracen, pirate, ravager, murderer, to carry off whole communities into slavery and burn the towns where the old and sick, who were not worth taking away, found a death infinitely preferable to the existence which lay before the unfortunate captives. His raids were so sudden that often

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but few could reach the Angevin towers of refuge which still rise, monuments of his rapacity, all along the coast. In the ever-recurring conflict with this Infidel enemy, the loathing of all that was not Christian must have been greatly intensified, and the sense of the necessity of Divine protection constantly strengthened. This, at least, was a benefit, and not the only one resulting from great calamity, for, tempted by the beauty and richness of the land, many a robber elected to settle there, thus infusing into the soft Graeco-Roman stock the hardier qualities of his own race. Very distinct are the types to this day except in one thing; the descendants of the Barbary pirate are quite as devout Christians as any of their now fellow-countrymen.

Although I fancy they rarely ventured as far north as our Penisola, many of its inhabitants, and especially the sailors, are of this fine type, proud, upstanding men with rigid ideas, in spite of a certain childlike simplicity of character. They rule their families like autocrats, have their own guilds, their own churches. One of these, San Giorgio dei Marinai, was cut in the face of the rock, just below the town of Sorrento, on the sea level, and the constant encroachments of the sea have made it the strangest church in the world, for now it can only be entered by boat, and one rows, in twenty feet of water, up to where one can look down on the high altar, still intact, with the fish swimming lazily across the stone steps, and tags of seaweed waving mistily on the pavement where devout souls used to kneel. There never were any windows; all the light was supplied by the vast open-

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ing of the rocky, arched doorway, and it shimmers up on the hewn walls in a thousand lovely reflections, changing every minute with the play of sun and waves outside.

The sea eats hungrily into the Sorrento cliffs. In every winter storm the north wind flings it fiercely against them and they crumble and slide in bits, so that the face of the sea wall has quite changed in many places since I first beheld it as a child; entire stairways have been washed away (each villa has its own) and new ones have been cut, generally on the exterior of the rock instead of being tunnelled through it after the old fashion. How much the sea has swallowed is curiously indicated by the layer of mosaics and bits of marble that one strikes if one dives too rashly off the steps of the bathing places; you can bring up handfuls of crumbled blue and gold, bits of real murrhine glass the colour of the Mediterranean after a stormy sunset — fragments of white and pink and yellow marble; all the pounded ruin of some sumptuous Roman villa is there, and through it, in a hundred places, little warm springs break up under your feet close to the shore, bubbling pleasantly but losing themselves almost at once in the great cool wash of the sea.

My brother's house, standing on a jutting cliff with a deep ravine on its eastern side, was in a position none too safe during the first few years of his habitation there. The owner of the land which joined his, along the ravine, had a stone-quarry which, in spite of repeated warnings, he worked with persistent recklessness till rift after rift appeared in the whole mass of rock, and, in the opinion

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of the neighbours, a terrible landslide, involving Villa Crawford itself, was inevitable, sooner or later. A deputation came to warn the owners of their danger, but my brother and his wife were away, having left the children in charge of their grandmother, Mrs. Berdan, and a young cousin of Bessie's, Fanny Lay, who had been spending the summer there. Mrs. Berdan at once sent the four children and their attendants up to Sant' Agata, a hamlet on the crest of the divide, where there was a nice "pension" already much patronised by the family in very hot weather. When the little people had been driven off, jubilant over what was to them a favourite excursion, Mrs. Berdan and Fanny Lay exchanged a long look of questioning. Each caught in the other's eyes a gleam of wicked venturesomeness.

"I would n't miss it for worlds!" exclaimed Fanny.

"I mean to stay," was her elder's reply, "but I ought to send you after the children."

"Would you like to try?" Fanny asked, with the little Indian snarl in her deep voice that we all knew so well. One of her forbears had taken a Cherokee Princess—or something of that kind—to wife, and to scratch the girl's temper was to recall the red lady at once. Fanny got very angry when Marion called her the Squaw, but she had a good many characteristics that could have been derived only from that caprice in her ancestry—coal black eyes and hair, a wild, most alluring beauty of face and figure, and an altogether unholy fashion of getting her own way. It was always more convenient to give in to her whims than to let loose that

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Indian tornado of a temper! She had a wonderful soprano voice and sang like a trained artist; also there were most lovable sides to her character, and she was fiercely loyal to those she called her friends, besides possessing the quality which appeals to some of us almost more than any other, absolute fearlessness in the joy of pursuing adventure. This quality crops up in very unexpected places. Mrs. Berdan, the charming, elderly, cosmopolitan, society woman, had it in a marked degree. She quite sympathised with Fanny's mood that day, and the two ladies resolved to "see it out," much to the distress of the Mayor (who was also the doctor), the good "Parroco," and all the humbler neighbours.

They were not cheated of the experience, for that night "it" came. An hour after midnight a fearful report, which was heard many miles away, rang out over the sleeping country, and was followed by a perfect cannonade of thuds, each of which seemed to shake the Villa Crawford to its foundations. The echoes went rolling away among the hills and then were roused afresh by new boomings — as if the Titans were having a ball game with boulders for missiles. The two women were honestly frightened then, they afterwards told me, but when the commotion ceased and they found the house still standing over their heads, they rather congratulated themselves on having the thing to remember.

With the dawn they crept out to see what had really happened, and then they became jubilant, for the entire area of the stone quarry had flung itself down on Marion's land in the ravine bottom, and the masses of tumbled

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stone had thereby become his property. For years he had been trying to buy that dangerous bit of land, in order to enlarge his grounds on the side of the ravine, but the proprietor, taking advantage of his evident keenness, had set an absurd price on it, which Marion refused to pay. Now its chief asset had become his by law, and a short time afterwards he succeeded in acquiring the contiguous orange orchard, etc., at a reasonable figure, while the stone so rudely presented to him furnished the material for the impregnable and towering masonry which now protects the Villa from the invasions of the sea and all danger of landslides along the deep ravine. One more benefit also accrued to him from that summer night's catastrophe. The hurling rocks scooped out a hollow where they fell, and let loose a hitherto unsuspected spring of purest water which was at once utilised as a supplementary supply for the house.

This question of a permanent water supply was one to which my brother had paid most earnest attention, not because water, and that of the purest, is wanting, at our end of the Penisola, but because of the peculiar conditions under which it is obtained when required in any great quantity. Most of the older houses have wells of their own, very ancient and so deep that it requires several minutes to pull up the endless yards of rope attached to the bucket. The well in the courtyard of the Cocumella, indeed, has flights of spiral stairs leading to chambers cut in the rock to serve as cellars — but that was the work of the Jesuit Fathers, who always do everything so practically and thoroughly.

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For general use, water was brought down from the mountains, I cannot say just how long ago, in a series of piped channels, over a distance of many miles. The system is a very complicated one, with faucets and keys to turn the stream on or off at great numbers of stations — towns and isolated villas, gardens and vineyards—all along its course. These faucets are hidden away in all sorts of unlikely places, behind the twentieth brick from the west corner in somebody's wall, under a certain rock by the roadside, two feet from the last turning of the second lane beyond Vico Equense, and so on — a labyrinth without a map or plan — and the clue to it all is in the memory of one man, the "Guardiano dell' Acqua!" He confides it to his heirs as it was confided to him by his fathers, a secret jealously kept and a privilege most fiercely defended. He is paid by the townships, of course, and they in their turn levy the water fees from the consumers, but if a housekeeper is rash enough to quarrel with the Guardiano or any of his relations, that man's supply will probably be turned off at a moment's notice and not another drop will he get until he has eaten humble pie and made peace with the Water Trust!

Everybody is very polite to the water-autocrat, of course, but since one may give offence without intending it, Marion resolved to take no chances for himself and his family. He dug a reservoir to the west of the house, of truly Roman dimensions; it contains enough water to supply the Villa for two years, should other resources fail; to keep it sweet the device of the ancients was employed, several dozens of eels being imported and left to make a

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home in its cool depths; and over the whole my brother built the "Moorish Court," where we passed all the summer evenings and which he designed as the foundation of the splendid library he intended to build later on. The first one, spacious and high as it was, could have held scarcely another volume. The very doorways' wide depth was utilised to bestow the books, yet the apartment was a wonderfully home-like and cheerful one, with its floods of sunshine and its wide view of the sea. He made it my bedroom for months, as I said before, and now the place has become sacred — for it was there that my dear brother died.

Many a long talk we had by the open fireplace in the winter twilights, after my sad return from Japan in 1894. I went down to him in October, and I had only been there a few days when he begged me to take to writing. "Write a children's story," he said, "it will take your mind off other things and will sell well — there is a dearth of good stories for children just now." So I began the "Brown Ambassador," and in that rigmale of fancy could completely forget my own identity as long as the pen was in my fingers. The greatest pleasure I had out of the little book was in Marion's delight over its absurdities. His great happy laugh over the scene where Squawx, the wicked old crow, gets drunk, rings in my ears still. Much good advice he gave me too. One axiom of his is very noteworthy. It was not addressed to me, but to a young writer who complained that he could not compose in uncongenial surroundings. "My dear boy," Marion told him, "composing is entirely a

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matter of habit. If you made up your mind to do it, you could write a treatise on ice-cream, in Hell!"

The library was put to other than library uses sometimes. One of the doorways into the drawing-room was very wide and deep, making a splendid frame for impromptu Tableaux Vivants. Marion shared my love of such things and listened eagerly when I represented to him that with a house full of pretty women and beautiful children it was sheer waste not to "get up" something to amuse the elders — to whom I did not belong in those days. My mother and stepfather and Mrs. Berdan made the nucleus of the audience, much swelled by friends and retainers, and as for the *Dramatis Personae*, it was "l'embarras du choix."

When once the magic word, "Tableaux," had been spoken, Marion let everything else go to the winds and flung himself into the dramatic stream with a zest that carried the whole establishment with him. To us it was utter joy — I am never so happy as in organising a "show" if I have any kind of material to work with, and am sure I was born to be a theatrical manager. (Though my dear mother once gravely assured me that the world had lost two first-rate housemaids in her and myself!)

With all the sailors for scene-shifters, and masses of embroideries and rich stuffs to utilise, it would have been disgraceful not to turn out something very superior indeed. And we did. One or two of those pictures have stayed in my mind; Marion in Moorish armour made a superb executioner for Bessie as a condemned wife, her

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golden hair, with jessamine blossoms caught like stars in the gold, rippling to the ground where she had flung herself at his feet, one white arm catching at the scimitar, praying for mercy. The setting was as good as the figures — a gorgeous Moorish interior built out of tapestries and brasses fetched from the drawing-room. It was all so real that the smaller children were rather frightened lest their beautiful Mamma's head should be cut off before the curtain fell!

Then we had a Spanish Infanta — whose portrait had been haunting me for years and for whom I found a perfect impersonation in a very dear girl staying in the house. That one I had photographed, frame and all, and nobody who has seen that photo will believe that it is not the reproduction of a 17th century portrait. But the triumph of that particular evening was, I think, our Vestal Virgin, tending the sacred flame. In a grove of dark ilex (each tree upheld by an invisible sailor) stood my niece, Louise von Rabe, a girl not strikingly handsome in everyday life, but perfect, as a statue, in clinging white, reaching up to feed the flame on the tall classical tripod — into which Marion, who was a bit of a chemist, had put some weird ingredients, for it flung up a tall, pear-shaped flame of disturbing brilliancy, but most becoming to the calm, severe young face it shone down upon. There was a gasp from the audience when the curtain went up on that! Then the children screamed their delight, while the elders voiced their fear of a conflagration. Marion never made any mistakes of that kind; he had the thing under control, but we could only show

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that picture twice; when the third came, the "dope" had given out, and our Vestal said she was glad of it — she had been frightened to death!

The next time the dramatic Muse took us in hand we chose a larger space where we could give pictures with many figures in them. Beyond the dining-room was an unfinished hall with slender marble pillars dividing off one end of it, a tiny gallery for musicians, a balconied window towards the sea, and some other peculiar features which made it a fine theatre for our impromptu representations. I forget whose birthday it was — there were so many to mark with "festas" — but I remember that we had resolved to surpass ourselves that time because the ever-beloved Henry James was staying in the house, and a smile of pleasure and approbation from him was worth putting one's self "à quatre" for. Some twenty-two years earlier, in my "salad days," I had the tenacity to act one of Musset's diaphanous little comedies before him. Youth and confidence carried me through it; and I had the help of being more than half in love with my "primo amoroso," dear Mario Gigliucci; but I realised my rashness when Mr. James took me aside afterwards and said in his confidential, indulgent way, "Why did n't you come to me first? I could have taught you some of Madeleine Brohan's touches! You missed some of the best points."

I had found it prudent to give up acting, myself, after three or four years of marriage. Violent love scenes on the stage with good-looking men are not conducive to harmony at home. But keep out of the thing I *cannot!*

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People have traded on this weakness, to make me responsible for some rather big and hard undertakings; even now I doubt whether I could refuse if they tried again; but when Marion and I were together nothing seemed hard! On that particular occasion at Sorrento we "thought-up" some splendid pictures, several of which I used in Japan in 1906, in a show given for the famine sufferers. We had with us the Marchese Patrizi and his wife; she was a Gondi of Florence, and so like Dante that I put her into a scarlet robe and hood, turned the sailors into monks, and behold Dante, approaching the convent — clinging to a pillar of the dim cloister — seeking refuge from his enemies!

To follow this we wanted a blaze of Borgian colour, so we gave Caterina Sforza fighting her famous duel across the supper table with Cesare Borgia — Marion resplendent in that gorgeous costume, while the horrified Cardinal (my son Jack) puts up his hand to knock the rapiers apart, and the virago's page, from whom she had snatched the weapon, looks on in unholy delight. After this had been duly applauded came a really beautiful scene — the Gaulish Chieftain, Vercingetorex, giving himself and his family up to the Roman conqueror, to save his people. Marchese Patrizi was the prostrate hero, his children's governess, whose hair fell to her feet, his mourning wife, and the little Patrizis, clothed in skins, were grouped behind them where they lay at the feet of the hard-hearted Emperor, my youngest son, in toga and laurel wreath, sitting on a real curule chair under a canopy upheld by four stalwart guards, the ever-useful sailors. They were shy at first

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of showing themselves in short tunics and bare legs, but when they beheld Marion, as their leader, in the same costume, they became reconciled to it. He stood out as the chief point in the picture, a towering figure to the right of the Emperor, axe in hand, and looking contemptuously down on the captive Gaul.

Last of all we had a fairy scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream* — a triumph of ambition! There were six little Patrizi's and four Crawfords, and our tiny stage was crowded, but the picture was so pretty that the musicians, who had been playing all the evening in the hidden niches, with a flask of Chianti to keep up their spirits, forgot their music and nearly tumbled over in their eagerness to see it. Marion's youngest girl, a golden-haired little Titania, sat stroking the donkey ears of a huge mask, inside of which her twin, Bertie, was choking with laughter. The fairies hovered round and about them, in the branching greenery, and Eleanor Crawford stood above, like a presiding goddess, with stars in her fair hair and flowers trailing down her white robes, and bare arms raised as if to call down blessings on true lovers and punishment on fickle ones. My brother never realised till then how lovely his eldest daughter was. We were standing in the wings, and he turned to me with a cry of triumph — "Mimo, do you understand? *That is beauty!*"

"Comme vous y allez!" Henry James exclaimed when we crawled out of our hiding place. "That was enchanting! How long have you been preparing this surprise for us all?"

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“ We thought of it yesterday morning,” I replied. “ All the frocks have been made since then ! ”

“ It is not the frocks,” he said, — manlike, he thought frocks grew of themselves — “ but the thought, the elaborateness ! But you had wonderful material to work with ! ”

It was a treat to have Mr. James in the house. His keen interest in everything, his utter absence of “ side,” the exquisite urbanity which tempered every expression of his unerring judgment of men and women ; above all, his amazing humility about his own achievements, made up a most endearing personality. He greatly admired Marion and would lure me on to talk of him on every opportunity. We all felt quite poor the day Henry James left the Villa !

One little entertainment, often repeated there, was a great delight to stray guests who happened in. This was the children's Tarantella. When they were still quite small the illustrious Giacchino (the town barber who was the Tarantella Impresario and the chief dancer and singer as well) was sent for to teach the quartette all the intricacies of the graceful ancient dance, as well as a whole répertoire of songs, which never sounded more charming than from their pretty mouths. For the dancing they had the costumes of the country, and though the eldest boy was the only dark-eyed child in the family, the fair little girls looked quite their best in the bright colours. In the dark, panelled dining-room, with its background of silver in oaken presses, and the windows open to the terrace over the sea, the little people, going through the

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intricate figures with joyous sprightliness, made a picture worth remembering.

Among those who sometimes watched it with us were a nice old English General and his wife who had an apartment in a neighbouring villa. There they had little garden parties and lawn tennis, and we used to be much amused by the General's insisting on having tea and boiling the kettle in the open air — à l'Anglaise, in spite of every obstacle. Under his queerly expressed directions the anxious man-servant would build a tottering erection of stones and sticks, and get black in the face with trying to blow up the fire. Once he brought the whole thing down on himself, and his peppery master, unable to restrain his wrath, cried, in what I believe he thought was Italian, "Oh you d—d fool! Tutto é tombato!"

It was rather embarrassing sometimes to have guests insist on "showing their interest in the lower classes," as they were pleased to put it. One Englishman, I remember, made a point of asking friendly questions of the contadini on the road. One day, when he was out with my sister-in-law, he stopped a pretty girl and — with an accent no pen can render, asked, looking her straight in the eyes, "Quanti bambini avete" ("How many children have you?") "I?" she shrieked, "I am not married!" If Bessie had not been there I believe she would have knifed the benevolent gentleman.

An Irishman named Mulock, a brother-in-law of the Laureate, Alfred Austin, told us he had exposed himself in a similar manner. Walking in the hills he had met an extremely pretty girl carrying a lamb. He smiled — she

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smiled back, and asked him if he would not buy her "agnellino," which she was taking to the market. "Io no compro agnellino — ma io compro voi!" was his tactful reply. No other weapon being at hand, the lamb was instantly hurled in his face.

One can quite understand the temptation of stray bachelors to try and have another look at some unusually pretty face. There was one woman who used to come down from the hills carrying oranges to the Marina; I could have followed her for miles for the mere pleasure of watching her movements. She walked like a goddess, her superb figure swaying rhythmically as she balanced her great baskets on her beautiful, proud head. Generally this habit, begun in childhood, of carrying weights on the head presses early lines on the brow, but this woman's forehead was smooth as marble, her dark eyes calm and commanding, her rich colour was never deepened by the feat she was performing. The men spoke of her with something like awe — for she swept down those rough roads with two hundred pounds' weight of oranges for a crown! I never saw her even raise her arm to steady the enormous burden, and, except that the white column of her throat was held rigid as marble, there was nothing to tell that the load was not one of flowers.

I have lingered too long with my beloved Sorrentini! It is time to pick up the thread of the closing years of my wanderings.

XII

THE OUT-TRAIL

In Tyrol — Mary Howitt and the Dominican Father — An Ideal Home — The Prince Bishop's Manor House — Hansi and Liesel — Across the World Again! — Rio Pictures — A Monte Video Couple — A Fragile Cargo — Good-bye, Summer — The Frozen Straits — Antarctic Cannibals — The Globe Rainbow — A Forgotten Rock — Santiago, the "Paris of South America" — Wet Lodgings — My First Earthquake — A "Little Place" in Peru — A Pretty Quiverful — Chilean Family Life.

I WAS obliged to leave Rome, in the spring of 1884, on account of my eldest boy's health, which was causing great anxiety. I had been advised to take him to Tyrol, and thither we travelled by easy stages, leaving his younger brother under my mother's care in Rome.

There were some heavy clouds on my horizon when I reached Meran in May, with my sick child and his nurse, dear Sœur Camille of the Bon Secours, who was always sent to children's cases because they loved her on sight — as indeed most people did. We had stayed a day or two in Florence, another at Botzen, and already there the friendliness of the country had made itself felt and the clouds looked less dark. On reaching Meran we were greeted by Miss Howitt, who at once arranged to have us occupy an independent apartment in the beautiful house she had built for her mother, a very old lady now, but still full of the

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life and charm shown in her literary work with her husband, who had died some five years before. Who does not remember gratefully those names, "William and Mary Howitt?" Some of their books had been almost life companions of mine and had done for me what they must have done for thousands of others — they helped me to understand and value "Nature, the kind old nurse," as Longfellow called her, and to live so that I could fall back on her for consolation when human beings failed me, as we all fail each other at times.

When I went to stay in Mrs. Howitt's house in Meran she had only recently become a Catholic, and she told me how very hard it had been for her to lay aside her fierce early prejudices when conviction came to her. Her daughter was already an ardent Catholic, and Mrs. Howitt had lived so constantly on the spiritual plane that when once the truths of Religion were laid clearly before her, her integrity of mind made it impossible not to accept them, but she said that she had quite a battle with herself before consenting to receive, as her instructor for her reception into the Church, a Dominican Father whom her daughter had selected for that purpose. A Dominican! a follower of him who was called the "Hound of the Lord," whose emblem, a dog carrying a torch in its mouth, she had been taught to regard as a symbol of ruthless persecution! The very habit, in its severe black and white, inspired her with fear; and all this aversion was perhaps more natural to Mrs. Howitt than to persons of far fiercer Protestant hatreds than her gentle soul could ever nourish, because she was

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born and brought up a Quaker, looking upon fighting of any kind as a sin.

It took her some time to "forgive" St. Dominic for his mighty and availing championship of Truth against error; she had never heard of his gentleness with the sinner in the midst of all his conflict with the sin, of the eighty thousand whom he called back from the pit of that hideous, bloody Albigensian heresy, simply by his preaching and his prayers—those victories of the Rosary; and Dante's description of him, "*l'amoroso drudo della fede cristiana, il santo atleta,*"¹ roused no echoing admiration in her heart.

But Mrs. Howitt told me that all prejudice died and illumination came with the first visit of the Dominican monk. His earnestness and gentleness—for gentleness is a great Dominican characteristic—won her at once, and I never saw any woman happier in her Religion than this dear old lady. She was not strong enough to go out to church, so they had fitted up a beautiful chapel on the top floor of the house, and every Sunday morning at eight o'clock Father Paul, from the neighbouring Benedictine College, came to say Mass for the household. The house was in many ways like a Chapel, all through. There was no affected thrusting forward of religious pictures, yet everywhere something spoke of God and holy things. And what a beautiful house it was, all panelled with the rich dark wood of Tyrol, full of the memorials of two long lifetimes of love of beauty and goodness, and pervaded with the delightful atmos-

¹ Paradiso, canto XII.

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phere that hangs only round happy and upright people. Miss Howitt told me that when it was completed she had called in Father Paul to bless it, and that to his question as to what special grace he should ask for the house and its inhabitants she had replied, "That all who ever dwell here may be of *one mind*."

Meran became too warm for us in the beginning of June and we moved down into the Brixener Thal, leaving the dear Howitts the less regretfully because they too would soon take flight to their own particular summer haunt, in the heights beyond Toblach, where I visited them later in the season. Some old friends who owned a château near Brixen, Baron and Baroness Schönberg, took great trouble to find quarters for us there, and to my great delight, obtained from the Prince Bishop of Brixen permission for us to live in a tiny manor house of his in the heart of the woods near Vahrn, about an hour's walk from Brixen. The Lindlhof was very ancient, very queer, more like a little fortress than a house, with walls six feet thick, low doorways and enormous fireplaces. Its garden mounted in narrow terraces to the church, which stood on an eminence behind it, and those terraces were smothered in jessamine and all sorts of sweet, old-fashioned flowers that seemed to have gone on replanting themselves for ages, for I could not make out that anybody ever attempted to tend them.

Two retainers of the Prince Bishop lived on the premises, a very old man called Hansi, and his equally old wife, "Die Liesel"; they both wore the Tyrolean

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costume and lived in one big stone room on the ground floor, a room so German, so crammed with quaint properties — among these two antique spinning-wheels of enchanting design — and withal so inviting and picturesque that to enter it was like walking into a page of the “Richter Album.” It only wanted the canary’s cage in the window and the lost Princess wandering in at the door to make the rest of the fairytale. Oh, Jean Paul Richter, “may the Lord make your bed in Heaven” for all the pure happiness you brought into my childhood!

When, with Mr. J. I. Stahlmann, I was writing “The Golden Rose”¹ (now appearing in America), I had to find a home for the Prince Bishop of the story, and fixed upon the Lindlhof and its surroundings. The little manor house only lent its name to Uncle Alexis’ much bigger castle, but the surroundings are all accurately described, and I must refer my readers to “The Golden Rose” for my impressions and experiences of Tyrol. One does not write twice about what one loves so much!

My husband had brought my smallest boy to me from Rome and then went on to attend to many affairs in England. We were to have a year’s leave, and before it had expired Hugh would receive promotion and new marching orders. But we three, with little Sœur Camille for a fourth, were so happy at Vahrn that for once I gave little thought to the immediate future. In the autumn we rejoined my husband in England and went down to the Devonshire coast for the winter.

¹ Dodd, Mead & Co.

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That was my first introduction to Devonshire, the lazy, lovely country that took my heart then and has held it ever since. In the spring we got our orders to go to Chile, and sailed from Liverpool in June, having left our boys at school in Worcestershire, and otherwise in the care of Hugh's sister in Bath. They were quite little yet. Mothers know what such separations mean.

Summer was with us all the way across the Atlantic, which was fortunate, since our vessel, the good old *Cotopaxi*, was carrying back a load of copper which for some reason had not been accepted in England; to avoid the expense of packing the bars regularly, a risky task for which higher wages have to be paid, the metal had been dumped in the hold pell-mell, and left to settle itself. It "settled" all on one side, and for the whole six weeks of the voyage we listed over at a very sharp angle. By the time we were set on shore for our first day off, we all limped in the queerest way, having learnt to keep our balance only by listing over in the direction contrary to the tilt of the steamer. The first long run after leaving the coast of Portugal was monotonous enough, and we were glad indeed to sail into the beautiful harbour of Rio and enjoy the sweets of terra firma for twenty-four hours.

The scene on the quay was a novel one for me and full of rejoicing colour. The fruit market spread itself all over the pavement, and the fruit was a sight to see, even for eyes accustomed to the products of South Italy. There were mountains of oranges — at first it seemed as if the square was paved with them; everywhere the

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negro women, in one white cotton garment for their bodies, gorgeous scarlet turbans on their heads, and one or two (who must have come from Bahia further up on the coast) with white satin slippers on their bare black feet, chattered and quarrelled and tried to sell us screaming parrots whose brilliant plumage made one's eyes ache under that down-beating, merciless sun. Very quickly we found our way to a cool hotel where we feasted on "shore food" with oranges between the courses, as we nibble salted almonds at home. On each of the little tables was a dish piled high with the fruit, already peeled, "a la Bresilienne" and with lumps of ice packed in between the translucent topaz spheres.

In the afternoon we drove out to the suburb in the hills which is the real residential quarter of Rio, and silently drank in the delights of the moist greenery, never so welcome as after weeks at sea. The heat was intense, but the greenness made up for it all, and I came back to the town in the happiest of moods, glad to sit still and watch the sunset fires die in a moment as the swift tropical night came down, to be glorified later by a huge full moon under whose flooding silver the harbour with its delicately wooded islands looked magically unreal and beautiful.

Our next stopping place was Monte Video, where we lost two travelling companions who had been a constant source of amusement to me till then, a young Uruguayan in the Diplomatic Service, and his wife. They seemed children to us, but they had two of their own, having been married four years earlier when their

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respective ages were fifteen and nineteen. The little man resented any references to age, and blustered and laid down the law on every occasion to convince himself that he was grown up; the wife, a charming, gentle little creature in delicate health, used to watch him with a melancholy amusement in her eyes. She had grown up to and far beyond him — maternity is a searchingly ripening process — and had learnt early not to contradict her spouse, who, to assert his lordship, I suppose, invariably addressed her in strident accents as “*Maria Teresa, mi Mujer!*” whether it were in the course of a heated argument (which he had all to himself) or to offer her something at table. Once she confided to me that the marriage had been arranged entirely by the two families, and that, although, of course, she had nothing to say against her “*compañero,*” yet it was hard on a girl to fling her into matrimony before she was out of short skirts, and that she always told the relations, “*You married us to amuse yourselves — you wanted to see what we would do!*”

It was characteristic of the strong filial feeling in the Latin races that the little couple had instantly undertaken the three weeks' journey from Europe, leaving their children behind, on receipt of a cablegram informing them that Fernando's mother was dangerously ill. There had never, apparently, been much chance of her living until their arrival, and at Monte Video they learnt that the effort had been in vain. The poor lady had expired some days earlier.

After touching at Buenos Ayres we left summer

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behind and started on the long track down the coast, the weather growing colder and foggier every day, so that but for the nature of the new deck cargo we had taken on, we should have forgotten what the sunshine looked like. This cargo consisted of several tons of oranges, for which a low-walled enclosure had been put up on the after deck. Like our tiresome copper, they were pitched in loose, and the space was filled up to the edge of the containing boards, a height of between three and four feet from the deck. From the fence to the stern was one solid flat expanse of yellow oranges, and on top of it the two men in charge, who looked like some of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" pirates, threw down their ponchos at night and slept peacefully. They were supposed to keep off marauders, but many a steerage passenger crept up to the fence in the dark and carried away handfuls of the fruit; when we went downstairs to our meals there would be a rush of little feet overhead—the steerage children making haste to beg for the rotten oranges of which every day a certain number had to be thrown away, the men spending all their daylight hours in picking out whatever had "gone squashy." The waste was pitiful to see, and the whole system presented a curiously strong contrast to the method used for exporting oranges from South Italy. There, every orange is wrapped in paper before being laid beside its fellow in a strong packing case, close enough not to be affected by movement yet not so as to get bruised by jamming. The girls do most of this work of packing and earn a good deal of money at it.

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By the time we had nosed our way through three days of dense fog and turned triumphantly into the opening of the Straits, the orange level had sunk quite a foot, but nobody seemed to mind; so it had always been and so it would always be. We had had no glimpse of sun or stars or anything indeed beyond the vanishing outlines of our own masts, when suddenly the fog lifted and Cape Virgenes rose clear to our right and the northernmost point of Tierra del Fuego on our left. It is not an easy corner to turn at the best of times, and we had come down the treacherous coast at a quarter speed, taking soundings every few minutes. "When you can't see the top you must feel the bottom," said Captain Hayes, who was frankly delighted with having done the thing so neatly. Many a wreck lies strewn along the coast and on the cruel shores of the Straits; one after another was pointed out to me as we went through and I was told that the shipwrecked beings who had come to grief on the mainland were the fortunate ones; those whose vessels struck the other side met a dreadful end if they were cast up alive, for the Fuegians are still cannibals, a fact which did not make me regard them with pleasure when they came swarming round the steamer in open boats, great brown men, naked, in spite of the punishing cold, trying to barter furs for provisions.

The cold was frightful; I had never imagined anything like it. The steamer was heated with stoves below stairs, and in the daytime we huddled round them, rushing up on deck to look at the scenery and flying down again two minutes afterwards to thaw our hands

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and feet. At night everything seemed to turn to ice — there was no getting warm at all. But the scenery was strangely impressive, in its deathly, frozen beauty, and although my heart sank at the thought that I must pass this way once more to get home, I was glad that I had seen it. To southerners, like myself, there is something peculiarly terrifying in these polar regions with their ice that will never melt, their alien stars and white skies where the sun himself seems frightened to an unwarming pallor. Should one have to die there it seems as if the shivering soul would have a long way to go to find the gate of Heaven. Yet these cruel Straits of Magellan, with their intricate twists and all but land-locked lagoons bear a whimsical resemblance to the warm, dreamy Inland Sea of Japan. In one as in the other the passage is so narrow at times that you think you could almost touch the rocks on either hand, and the cold lagoons of the “Magallanes” with glaciers losing themselves in the icy water, might once have been those of the Inland Sea, fringed with woods, studded with islets, had the doom of ice descended on Dai Nippon instead of on Patagonia.

One marvel I saw there which Japan could never show. After we emerged from the Straits we beheld, far to the south of us, a single great cone of ice rising sheer from the dark blue of the Pacific; on its pointed summit rested a perfect sphere, like a gigantic ball, its entire surface one rainbow whose tints overflowed, fused, melted into one another and then defined themselves into the mystic seven, the whole glowing and

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quivering with some light from within, of a glory that defies description. It seemed a chalice of fluid pearl, filled with wine of rose and amber and amethyst and ruby, of vintages culled among the stars, held up for the sun to drink.

Coming out from the smooth water of the Straits, the Pacific hurled its breakers very disturbingly against our lopsided vessel, and, with all the courage of ignorance and the audacity engendered by the approaches of seasickness, many of the passengers besought Captain Hayes to take us up through Smith's Channel, but the Skipper was obdurate. "No Sirree," not for him that unsurveyed though peaceful waste of needle rocks and unsounded depths. He had had already one adventure of which he told me with suppressed fury — for no shadow of blame could attach to him for the accident and it had robbed him of half a year's pay. On a former trip through the Straits of Magellan his ship had struck a rock, sharp as a needle, where the chart proclaimed twenty fathoms of water. It cut a great hole in her side as cleanly as buttonhole scissors nip out a fragment of linen. But in those days a sober ocean liner would have scorned to fill and go to the bottom because of a scurvy hole in her side. The ten-foot aperture was stopped, mended, caulked, all in an incredibly short time, and had the Captain had a little paint and a friendly dry dock to fly to, no one at home would ever have been the wiser. As it was, he had to steam into Liverpool with that tell-tale mark on the *Cotopaxi's* weatherbeaten cheek, and walk up to the Directors' office to report.

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Not long before that the amiable Directors had made a change in their method of paying salaries. The half of every officer's pay was to be kept back until the end of the year, and only given to him then if no accident had happened to the ship during his watch. As the Captain, by some effort of the Directors' imagination, is supposed to share every watch, he, poor man, is docked of his half year's pay in any case. If all goes well, the six months' dues are presented to him as a "bonus" — as Alice's own thimble was presented to her in Wonderland — and he is expected to express his appreciation and gratitude.

This time, as the Captain made his bow to the autocrats round the green table, he knew just what to expect. The Agent had informed them already of the scar on the ship's side. But what did take the Captain by surprise was this. When he told them precisely where the traitor needle of rock had risen up, as rocks do in those volcanic regions, with comparative suddenness, they told him, without the slightest appearance of regret or shame, that they had been informed of the new obstacle and had forgotten to have it marked on the *Cotopaxi's* chart. What was there for them to regret, after all? Six months of a good and true man's pay could be — and was — stolen from him, to return to the pocket of the Company.

It sounds un-English, does it not? But some queer things happen in English business offices.

Years later, when we had returned to Europe, Smith's Channel was surveyed and steamers instructed to take that route. The good ship *Cotopaxi* went to pieces on

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its horrible sunken rocks, and I was told that Captain Hayes lost his job. If so, the Company lost in him one of the finest, straightest, and most experienced skippers who ever put to sea.

Few travellers, I fancy, go to Chile by the long sea route now that the railway runs across the continent from Argentina. The undertaking was an enormously costly one and for many years seemed unlikely to be carried out, not only on that account but because of its unpopularity in Chile. The Chilenos regarded the Republics on the other side of the mountains as undesirable neighbours and I have heard pious people in Santiago say that to connect themselves with those ungodly countries by a railway was like flying in the face of Providence, by whose clemency the impassable barrier of the Andes had been so clearly intended to keep Chile from the contamination of intercourse with the other coast. The Chilenos considered themselves immeasurably in advance of all the other South American Republics in civilisation and virtue, a piece of conceit which might perhaps be pardoned in consideration of the fact that the only one they knew at all well was Peru.

There were some pleasant Santiago people on board the *Cotopaxi*, Madame Vergara, and her daughter who had just been married to Señor Errazuriz. The party was returning from Paris, where the wedding had taken place, and although they represented Santiago to me as everything delightful, I could see that Madame Vergara was coming back rather regretfully and that Paris, not Santiago, held the first place in her affections, as it

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seemed to do in those of all the Chilenos I met afterwards who had spent any time there. They had christened their queer unfinished capital, five thousand feet above the sea, in a desolate, sandy plain, "The Paris of South America," but when the mines were working well and the haciendas producing satisfactorily they flew off to the real Paris, where, in spite of the gulf separating French taste and ways of living from their own, there is a large and more or less permanent colony of rich South Americans. I am sure the worldly ones at home hope to go there when they die!

The approach to Valparaiso is so forbidding that it is difficult to understand how it filched the name — "The Vale of Paradise." Seen from the sea, rows of ugly red-roofed warehouses greet the newcomer; not a tree is to be seen; the landscape consists of arid bluffs at the feet of which lies a long, untidy port town without a single beauty to recommend it. The impression was so forlornly discouraging that I remember turning to Captain Hayes, who was standing beside me on deck, and telling him that if he would but put to sea again I would go back to Europe without landing. The desire to run away was almost overpowering.

A few minutes later we were taken off by a government official who had been sent to meet and welcome us, a dreary, morose-looking man in a cocked hat and white gloves. He seemed to regard us as "his cross," as the maidservant in Punch told her mistress she had been advised to look upon her — and was evidently much relieved when we were claimed and carried off by

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Drummond Hay, our own Consul, who entertained us most pleasantly till the hour when we could take the train to Santiago. Drummond Hay was one of those brilliant, self-willed, naturally dominant but hot-headed men whom the weary officials at the Foreign Office find hard to place and hard to manage. He had some Burton elements in him, but, falling short of that illustrious autocrat's intellect and constancy, had in the earlier part of his career got into one or two scrapes — of a quite honourable kind, be it said — and instead of rising high in Diplomacy as he should have done, found himself relegated in middle age to a Consulship on the West Coast of South America. That was all gain for us, for he was a delightful companion and knew a great deal about the country — in fact he was the only Englishman there who could look at things from our own point of view. I think he had not hit it off very well with our predecessor, Pakenham, and hailed the change. We were to live six hours away from Valparaiso where he was stationed, but the sense of comradeship covered that distance easily.

We left by an afternoon train and before night fell I had got a fair idea of the outer aspect of the country, its loneliness and dryness, the poverty of the lower classes living in sparsely-scattered mud houses between fields of dried mud and stretches of drier sand. The road mounted all the way, sometimes at an alarming angle; it was a single track, and so crazily built that a dozen times it seemed as if the wheels had jumped off the loosely-laid rails. Where the river comes rushing

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down through the gorges there was a very shaky bridge to cross and various precipices to skirt. We learnt later that the contractor, I think an Englishman, had in many places laid the ties across bags of sand with a light layer of earth on top, a fact which accounted for the frequent breakdowns all along the line. The earthquakes helped nicely to shake things up, and altogether one was always surprised and relieved to reach the appointed destination within two hours or so of schedule time.

We had struck Santiago in the depth of the Antipodean winter, and the cold — in the houses — was intense. The Pakenhams insisted on our staying with them for the first two or three days, a great kindness on their part, as they were in the last throes of preparation for departure. But even their cordiality could not warm the rambling rooms built round open patios which had to be crossed twenty times a day; the French window doors admitting icy breaths whenever they were opened, the absence of heating apparatus, all this made existence an uninterrupted succession of shivers and chills. Hugh and I decided that we would not live in a patio house if it were possible to avoid it. The attractive feature of the Pakenham's residence was its large, rambling garden, round which Mr. Pakenham showed us, pausing to point out with much glee a charcoal portrait of himself on the plaster back wall of an out-building. The sketch was bold, indeed, but quite recognisable. "Do you see that?" he chuckled, "the under footman did it — the young rascal! He thinks I have never discovered it — clever, is n't it?"

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“What are you supposed to be putting into your mouth?” I inquired.

“That? Oh, that is a box of Holloway's pills — my favourite medicine. I always carry them about with me, and the servants believe I swallow box and all!”

Mr. Pakenham had been Hugh's senior in the old, old days in Copenhagen, and only a few years ago I found a packet of letters addressed to my husband in Guatemala, full of the social gossip which a forlorn young exile would most want to hear, — such bright, amusing letters and withal so voluminous that they did great credit to the heart of the older man who, in the midst of many duties and gaieties, made time to write them to cheer up an absent friend. There were other Copenhagen letters with them — one from a promising young ornament of British Diplomacy, a recently joined attaché, presumably nineteen or twenty years old, who had just fallen in love with Mrs. Somebody, “a divine creature — with eyes like melting *plumbs*.” There was no competitive examination for the Service in those days.

The Pakenhams' departure was close at hand and we removed ourselves to the hotel, where we had to stay some weeks before we could find a lodging to our liking. The winter rains had now begun — it never rains at any other season in the north of Chile — and the cold was persistent and piercing. So was the rain. In order to accommodate architecture to earthquakes, the houses in Santiago are built up for only a few feet from the ground in brick, the entire superstructure being carried out in

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adobe, a rough mixture of mud and straw, with an iron framework to support it. This combination is elastic and rarely suffers much from the "temblores" which so constantly visit the place; but neither does it offer much resistance to the rain, which falls for about two months with such tropical copiousness that it washes holes for itself in the light roofs and flimsy walls, and pours as steadily into the buckets in one's drawing-room as into the gutters in the street outside. At the hotel I often had to sleep under an open umbrella, which did not prevent my waking up in a swamp of wet blankets in the morning. And the rain feels as if it had all come down from the top of Aconcagua's everlasting snows, over there to the northeast of the city that lies in the vast sand-plain table-land, from which the hills rise so gradually towards Aconcagua that it is hard to realise the 22,000 feet of the dead volcano's towering height.

Santiago has as many aspects as a capricious pretty woman. The little city is intersected from one end to the other by a noble Alameda or elm-avenue, the trees standing, in double rows, on either side. The centre is occupied by the tram lines; between the trees are stone channels where apparently clear streams of water rush and gurgle refreshingly; beyond the trees, on either side, runs the ordinary carriage road, with broad pavements, and the houses are for the most part of a fair size and showy with stucco, for this is the most fashionable residential quarter.

At the far northern end of the Alameda stands the old citadel of Santa Lucia, now a well planted prome-

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nade — steep and spiral, it is true, but gay with pepper trees whose scarlet berries and dainty foliage recall our mountain ash. The flower and the berry both give out a pleasantly pungent perfume. From the summit of Santa Lucia you see the whole city and understand its plan. The side streets cross the Alameda at regular intervals, the one leading to the Plaza de Armas being broad and well kept because it is one of the four which, branching out like a cross from the central square, constitute what is called the "Commercio," the quarter of smart shops and cafés, the only "paseo" or promenade patronised by pleasure seekers, who, in their best clothes, walk up and down there in the evenings, listening to the band which plays in the Plaza.

The latter is dominated by the Cathedral, an imposing building with two low towers. Santiago possesses the great Cathedral altogether by mistake, for the plans, sent out from Spain when she governed all the western half of South America, got mixed up in Madrid, and the one designed for the City of Mexico found its way to Santiago, for which place a much more modest design had been selected. Methods of communication being then in their infancy, the error was not discovered till the Santiago Cathedral was almost completed, the two unfinished towers only testifying to the home government's disapproval and consequent withholding of further funds. It struck one as strange that the authorities should have consented to the erection of a huge, double-towered, stone building in a country where seismic disturbances are so frequent and violent, but the Santiago people were

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shocked when I suggested this; the earthquake of thirty years before had destroyed numbers of the light, elastic dwelling houses, but Heaven had of course always taken care of its own property, and the Cathedral had not suffered.

My first experience of earthquake (except a very slight one in Tuscany many years before) came while we were still at the hotel, and was sickeningly severe. I use the adjective advisedly, for the horrible heaving and rocking produces a sensation of seasickness strong enough to be felt through all the physical terror which accompanies it. As time went on, however, I grew less apprehensive of the Chilean "temblores"; the frequent shocks seemed to do no particular damage, and it was not until I went to Japan that the real horrors of earthquake were revealed to me. The Chileans distinguish carefully between the usual quakings, which they call "temblores," and the cataclysm which will engulf a city in a moment, and which they designate "terremoto" as the Italians do. On the whole, Chile comes off lightly as compared with poor Peru, and its much shaken capital, Lima; there the tidal wave is the invariable accompaniment of violent earthquake, and what these terrific collaborators can accomplish in the way of destruction is so awful to contemplate that one wonders how human beings have the courage to live where such doom may fall upon them at any moment. Doubtless it is the marvellous richness of the country that charms apprehension away. An Englishman who was staying in Santiago to press his claims for indemnity for damages

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after the war, and of whom we saw a great deal, gave me a wonderful description of his Peruvian property, an estate sixty miles in length, teeming with all the precious products. It began in the plains and ended in the hills, so that, as he said, he never needed to go off his own land for a change of climate. The higher parts of the land, although in such a tropical region, produced many of the fruits of more temperate zones, while the remainder gave rich harvests of those necessities of life which will only come to perfection under the sun that slays unwary white people. With all this it seemed as if our friend should have been a very rich man, but he declared that he was a very poor one. The wretched conditions prevailing in Peru, the endless setbacks caused by the war, the difficulty of procuring labour, and, above all, the depreciation of the currency, had half ruined him and others like him.

Mr. Williams had married a lady of the country and was much exercised as to the establishing of his daughters in such evil times. He had nine, and he presented me with their portraits — such a gallery of prettiness as seldom falls to the lot of one family. From Elisa down through the long scale — Eleonora, Isabella, Matilda, Dolores, Margherita, Luzesita, — and their names were as pretty as their faces — the perfect South American type of girlhood in its bright-eyed innocence and health, reigned in all. It ages early, but in its young perfection it has no rival in the old world. The dainty head, fair or dark, is held high, the eyes, of a clearness and brilliancy like their own skies, smile confidently out on



From a photograph

MR. HUGH FRASER

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an alluring world. The pure, glowing colouring and the full yet slender lines of the figure tell of uncontaminated health; grace and charm speak in the whole personality; and, with all its spirit and "vim," it is a personality so gentle, so truly feminine, that one cannot wonder at the spell it casts over the hearts of men born in sterner climes, where women are trained to repress the manifestation of "femininity" as something to be ashamed of.

Few of those South American girls are highly intellectual — or they would not, as married women, have such enormous families; brain and body are rarely prolific together. But they are exceedingly intelligent in all that comes within their sphere, and there are few countries where the woman's sphere is so well defined and so inviolate as it is in Chile. All that regards the home and the bringing up of the children is left to her unquestioned judgment, and very well does she fulfil her responsibilities. There is, except for the "Mundanas," the would-be fashionables who ape European ways, no social life beyond the circle of relationship and intimate friendship. The short "season" as it is called, brings little change into the existence of an ordinary well-regulated family. In summer as in winter there is much unceremonious evening visiting. The young people dance to their heart's content in their day clothes, while somebody strums the piano for them.

Each family supplies what the Chilean woman cannot live without, plenty of company, for married sons and daughters almost always live in the paternal house of

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one party or the other. There the long line of the third generation are born and grow up, and there, too, stray aunts or cousins, and much more distant female relations are taken in and provided for. It seems to be a matter of pride with a man to look after the women of his own or his wife's family, and the traditions of the country, the old Spanish traditions, make it practically imperative that he should do so, it being (at least when I was in Chile) an unheard-of thing that a gentlewoman should be allowed to earn her own living.

To the general run of Englishmen it would be acute discomfort to live with a house full of females of varying ages, all talkative and most of the time all talking at once. But the Chileno's nerves are not in the least disturbed by it. Through most of his life he has a business or profession to attend to and is absent the greater part of the day. When he is at home, his womenkind, who, being only human, occasionally quarrel in his absence, sink their disagreements and vie with one another in their attentions to him. On great matters his word is supreme, and nobody would dream of troubling him with little ones. Being a South American, he is gregarious and easily amused, and would look upon a silent house and a taciturn family as the worst of trials. Altogether I think his lot is rather to be envied by the average European head of a family.

It took me a long time to find all this out. My first impressions of people and things were rather vague and puzzling, and I think I was inclined to be amused, perhaps flippantly so, by manners and customs which later

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drew from me only respect. There were contradictions which seemed inexplicable at the start. A government in open quarrel with the Church, a President — Santa Maria — for whom no one expressed anything but detestation; a House of Representatives eternally trying to pass laws not only unpopular, but impious; and a great, fairly intelligent community of devout, orderly Christians combating the authorities they must have at least allowed to come into power, storming Heaven to give them better rulers, and fighting the actual ones with unremitting courage and constancy. It was all very difficult to grasp and reconcile. Only when Santa Maria went out and his successor, Balmaceda, came in, did I see the difference between the candidate aspiring to place — promising all things, conciliating all classes, and the candidate successful — cynically repudiating his own glowing speeches, and throwing overboard the very men who had helped him to power, if their views did not fit in with his own. In both cases the government was entirely out of sympathy with the mass of the people, and much evil and suffering was the result.

No government, however fiercely anti-Catholic it might be, could alienate the real Chileans from the Church. The life of the people is bound up with it, and even where the men of the family were its enemies, the women were faithful, the girls were sent to convents for their education, the boys, in almost every case, to the ecclesiastics' schools. The aggressive liberal abroad became the anxious head of the family at home, acknowledging the fact that only Catholic principles

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could make his children filial and obedient and keep their mother devoted to them and to him. Balmaceda, a professed atheist, took his little girls to the convent himself and handed them over to the surprised Mother Superior, saying, "Make good Christians of them — that is all I ask!"

XIII

PURELY DOMESTIC

A Mistake and Its Consequences — My Heavy Handful — The Grocer's Assistant — Scandal and Compromise — Revelations of the Ice-chest — A Conquering Substitute — A Painful Interview — "Them Jams, Madam!" — The Disappearance of Juan — A Sympathetic Inspector — A Good Friday Misadventure — "Muffins!" — Clara's Irish Lover.

WHEN we left England we took with us three English servants — a butler, a cook, and my maid Clara. Somehow or other — from Hugh's experiences in Central America, I fancy — we got the impression that native servants were very unreliable and, consequently, we thought it well to buttress the domestic arrangements with something we could count upon. It was a mistake which, under similar circumstances, we should not have been likely to make again. The expense was terribly heavy and the wages were out of all proportion to the resultant benefits. Personally, I would have preferred to have taken chances about the butler and the cook, but Hugh was firm. He would have one respectable man-servant on the place, he said, and he refused to let himself be poisoned by the native messes, as he called them, which he remembered.

Willis, the butler, had not travelled before. Nor had the cook, and when I add that she was extremely good looking and that he had no family ties of any kind

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that I could discover, some ideas of my cares about both of them, on a seven weeks' journey, out of my sight, and always together, may be imagined. Clara, on the other hand, had been in Chile before, but she seemed to forget her Spanish as soon as she set foot on the shore.

She began to adapt English habits to her surroundings, or, to speak more accurately, adapted the surroundings to her habits, and we had not been there long when she and the cook took to making evening promenades all over the town. I was crippled with rheumatism at the time and spent most of my waking hours in a wheeled chair, so that it was not until some of my new found friends of the Corps told me of these "Escandalos" that I heard of it — and it is a scandal of the greatest, in those countries, for young women to wander about the streets after dark.

Questioning Clara, I discovered that both she and the cook had struck up an acquaintance with some young assistants in the great English grocery house where we got our supplies — and which does most of the grocery business of that part of the world — and that the young men were, from Clara's point of view, eligible and altogether responsible people with whom to be seen abroad. I got very angry with Clara, then, for she knew better. She had been in the country before and she knew its ways. For the cook it was another thing. In her the mistake was excusable. Whereupon Clara retorted, although respectfully enough, that they were English girls and not slaves, and that a little harmless amusement was not a sin.

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I was too ill to argue, and I had no wish to turn the whole establishment upside down by sending them home, so I compromised. They were to be allowed to take their little pleasures of that sort unmolested but they must be in by a reasonable hour. They were also to keep to the big streets and not stray, nor were they to allow themselves to be led into anything like a restaurant for any reason, neither were they to speak to native men of any class. I pointed out to Clara — what she well knew already — that only girls of a certain sort were to be found with young men in such places after certain hours, and that any lapse of theirs reflected on the whole Legation.

It was some weeks after that, that I was inspecting the kitchen, and as in duty bound, took a look at the ice box. It was stuffed with every sort of little delicacy. The cook was out marketing and I inquired of Clara what and who these preparations were for and why I had never seen them. Now Clara, as I said some time ago, had been brought up as a school teacher and, when she chose, could speak English as well as I could; but the moment she became at all confidential or felt herself to be sufficiently popular with the person she was addressing, she relapsed into pure cockney.

“Well, madam,” she replied, “they’re hodds and hends. ’Arriet, madam, keeps them for her steady — her young man. ’E’s a most respectable young man — hand ’e says the food he gets here is something hawful — hand ’e *is* that lonely!”

Well, it seemed to me that the young man in the

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kitchen would make less gossip than the young man anywhere else, so I resigned myself — only observing to Harriet, when she came home, that she might, when she had time, make a few similar little delicacies for us.

The satire was lost on her completely, though, and she promised eagerly, excusing herself by adding that she had not known that we cared about such things.

In the days that followed, I could not help noticing that Harriet was getting very absent-minded but, afraid of starting any new developments, I held my peace until her preoccupation began to appear in the food. I concluded, naturally, that it had to do with her young man from the grocery, and one morning to open the subject, I asked her how he was. To my surprise, she shrugged her shoulders nonchalantly and replied that he had been sent by the firm to Iquique.

“Iquique!” I cried. “But — Harriet, why what has he done?” “I am sure I could n’t say,” she replied, as though the question did not interest her in the least. “Well I hope he will live through it,” I said feebly. “Very few of them do, I am told.” “I hope so too, madam,” she murmured and that was all I could get out of her.

Clara knew why, of course, and, after some fencing, informed me that the manager of the stores had taken a fancy to Harriet, himself. Not wishing to be drawn into an undignified competition with one of his own clerks, he had dispatched the luckless youth to drink himself to death or die of fever — the invariable end of

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the white man in Iquique — at his leisure. After that the manager took her out himself every night, and Clara, of course, had to take her young man elsewhere.

The sequel was not long in coming. Mr. H——— — the manager aforesaid — was a serious man, and Harriet was too good a cook and too good looking a woman to be wasted on anything but a husband. One afternoon, about tea time, Clara entered the drawing-room where I was sitting alone and asked me if I would accord Mr. H——— an interview. With a foreboding of what was in the air, I told her to show him in, and, without a second's delay — he must have been waiting just behind her — there appeared a stout, side-whiskered Englishman, obviously ill at ease, but very determined.

It did not take him long to come to the point. He had come to me, he said, in preference to disturbing His Excellency — wherein he was well advised, I could not help thinking. He was a bachelor. He recognised that I stood, as it were, in the position of guardian towards Harriet, whom he adored, and whom, if I saw no objection, he proposed to marry as soon as possible. When I had recovered my breath, I replied that Harriet was under a three years' contract, that I had brought her out at considerable expense, in order to make certain of my husband's comfort, that she had not been with us for quite a year, and that the whole thing was a deliberate breach of faith. Thereupon he became sentimental, and assured me that they were made for each other and that he was certain I should not be

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so cruel as to stand in the way of the girl's happiness. He was rich, I knew, and I knew, too, that Harriet would never in this world get another such chance, besides which I was very fond of her. I asked for a few days' grace. I had, I told him, some one else to consider besides myself. Of course, he said. That was quite natural — and would I tell His Excellency?

After that he left, and, as soon as he had gone, Clara appeared. Harriet had asked her to tell me that she firmly intended to marry Mr. H——, — I can see Clara's demure smile at the trouble she was helping to raise, — and would I be kind enough to inform Mr. Fraser of her intention?

“I will,” I answered, “I'll tell him, but I don't know what will happen.”

An hour later Hugh appeared, and when I had an opportunity I told him.

To say that he was furious is to put it very mildly. He laughed at my description of H——, and sympathised with me, but as for Harriet he would see her further before he would allow her to break a contract in that light-hearted manner. He would write to the fellow, and that would be the end of it. If he had any more trouble with her he would send her home on the next ship.

But Mr. H—— was not so easily discouraged. That evening he arrived at the Legation, and said that he wished to see the British Minister. The butler — who was in his confidence, of course — brought him up and showed him to Hugh's study, where he apologised for

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intruding, and said that he had tried to come and arrange the affair on a friendly footing.

Restraining, as he told me afterwards, an inclination to throw an ink bottle at him, Hugh asked him what he meant by a "friendly footing" and demanded an explanation of his outrageous conduct. After all the expense and trouble of bringing the girl out, no sooner was she landed than she wanted to leave him!

Mr. H——— pleaded that she was an extremely refined character, quite out of her place in the kitchen, that he was violently in love with her, and that it hurt him keenly to think of her in a servile position — also that he would willingly pay all the expenses that we had incurred.

That last suggestion almost closed the interview. I had to be sent for to smooth Hugh down and make him understand that Mr. H——— was really trying to do all that he could, at the same time explaining to him that my husband did not really call him an impudent rogue, and that, in the excitement, he must have misunderstood the words. It was a long business, for Hugh had entangled himself in the depths of that Highland temper of his, where I could not follow him, and every word that Mr. H———, who accepted my suggestion very sensibly, could say, only made him worse. At last, though, Hugh came to the surface, and, after the other's repeated promises to scour South America for a cook for us, he consented to think it over.

When it was all settled I was rather glad. Harriet was a dear, good woman and she deserved the happiness

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she got. H—— would not have it known that she was a cook—Englishman that he was—and so circulated the report among his friends that she had come out as a companion—and had been good natured enough to help in the kitchen. I do not know how Harriet got on in her new circle of friends, with her carriages and dances and servants, but she was always very happy. She had a big new house filled with new furniture. “He has even provided new tooth brushes, madam!” she told me proudly, and everything else that her heart could desire. But she never lost her head. Even on her wedding morning, when I came in to put her veil on for her and she had got herself into the really beautiful wedding dress he had bought her, with the diamond earrings and brooches that had been his wedding gift, I found her standing before the glass, crying. The wedding party was downstairs already, and thinking that it was the actuality of the approaching change in her life that had affected her, I patted her shoulder and told her that she could not help being as happy as she was good.

“Oh, it is n't that, madam,” she exclaimed, “thank you all the same. It's them jams! I am near sure they are going wrong! I could n't leave you with them like that!”

She took off her dress, put on an apron and, though the carriages were waiting, went to the kitchen, and inspected and resealed every one of some dozen jars, before she would consent to go upstairs again.

She used to come to see me regularly afterwards,

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never failing to bring with her some little thing of her own making. The last time was when we were preparing to leave for England, and she was very much distressed. "You are not well, madam," she said, "I don't know how you will bear the journey, so I brought you a few jars of mincemeat — I made it myself!"

Her departure brought Don Justo Naranjo — Sir Just Orange — into the kitchen, and, with him for an assistant, a boy whom I only knew as Juan. Between them they did very well, though Juan gave us at least one adventure which was rather fatiguing.

Don Justo would not go to the market himself while there was any one else to send, and so the duty fell upon Juan, who was consequently entrusted with the market money, sometimes as much as forty or fifty dollars.

One afternoon I received word through Willis that Juan had not returned. He had gone out very early, in the best of health and spirits — and with about fifty dollars (one hundred "pesos"). It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Don Justo had not wished to disturb me until it was absolutely necessary, but he was growing nervous. I wasted no time, but went to Hugh and laid the matter before him. The police, I said, must be roused.

"Very well," said Hugh, blotting the letter he was writing. "We will go and rouse them. The walk will do you good, my dear."

I had not expected this, but I was feeling very much better, and, knowing that a personal visit might bring the guardians of the law out of their usual lethargy, I got ready. We had never before been under the neces-

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sity of interviewing the police personally, and it was only when we were out in the street that we discovered that the nearest police station was in an entirely different quarter of the town and a very long way off. I suggested a cab, though cabs were scarce in Santiago. We could send for one, I said. But no. Hugh had come out for a walk and he was going to have one. Square after square we crossed, street after street, and I was nearly ready to sit down on the pavement when, at last, we came upon the station. The inspector, when I told him our story — Hugh, by the way, though he knew Spanish perfectly, became afflicted with the same complaint as Clara soon after we landed, and insisted upon being interpreted — was, first of all, considerably, though very respectfully, amused at the idea of the British Minister, not to mention the British Minister's wife, having come all that way on foot to inquire about a miserable kitchen boy. But when I went on to say that the latter had a hundred pesos the amusement vanished. He could understand the anxiety over the pesos very well — that part of it was perfectly natural. He would put the net of his police over the city, he assured us. He would drag it to the depths, and the boy should be recovered if he were alive. "He may have been murdered though," he added, pursing his mouth. "Such things have happened in my experience — yes, indeed!" I should think they had! Manslaughter is as common as stealing in the capital of Chile.

It was the next evening that a policeman appeared at the door, leading Juan, very grimy and blear-eyed, by

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the ear. He had been discovered in some horrible den — without, of course, a penny piece, and this was his excuse :

“As I started to the market, Señora, I felt a little sickness in the — with respect — the stomach — and I stopped at a chemist’s to alleviate the pain. The assassin gave me something in a glass, and, before all the saints, I remember no more until this kind gentleman woke me up an hour ago.”

I wanted to dismiss him, but Hugh said that it would do the boy no particular good to turn him out, and that we should have to get some one else. Besides, they were all equally dishonest and unreliable, and so Juan stayed.

Later, he developed into a really excellent cook. He had ambitions, and if a single dish of his were untasted he would mope for half a day. This sentiment of his got me into trouble more than once, for Juan, when the dinner was brought up, would hide himself behind the curtains of the dining-room door to see for himself what happened to his creations. On Good Friday of one year, Sir Just Orange being on leave, Juan cooked the dinner and, as usual, stole upstairs and hid behind the curtains. It was a *maigre* dinner, of course, but Juan had seized a chance to give his ambitions an opportunity and had displayed himself in seven or eight different dishes. I knew he was behind the door, and I did not want either to hurt his feelings or dampen his ardour, so, although I was not in the least hungry, I attempted to sample every one.

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Presently I caught sight of Hugh's face, and the growing gloom of it told me that something was badly amiss. Willis wore a haggard look, too, and the only person who did not seem to be under the general influence was the footman.

Not a word did Hugh say as dish succeeded dish, and, as long as Willis remained behind his chair, I could not ask any questions. So the meal went on, the silence growing thicker and thicker. It chanced that day that Juan had seen fit to crown his efforts with a genuine English pudding, something without which, in the ordinary course of events, Hugh would not have thought himself to have either lunched or dined, and I, praying that the crisis would soon be over, took a tiny piece. That was the fuse. Hugh began, and, as Willis instantly found something to do elsewhere, I got the full benefit of his stored-up wrath. "And this," he said, "is what you call a meal for Good Friday? I thought that Catholics made some attempt, at least, to set the day apart! I have never seen such a lack of all decent feeling in my life. That cook — of course he is a Catholic too — knows no better, but you — I am shocked and astonished!"

So was I, but it was no good saying so. Once Hugh got on to that subject there was no arguing or pleading with him. His views were deeply rooted in the heavy soil of the early "walnut and antimacassar" period and, the soul of sweetness and reasonableness in every other relation of life, let that topic creep into any discussion and he was another person in an instant.

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It was an hour, that day, before I persuaded him that the whole thing was not a premeditated insult to Holy Week, especially prepared by myself and Juan and that my only fault had been one of kindheartedness.

I remember in London a still more trying occasion soon after our arrival from Rome and just before we left for Chile. We were in lodgings, and one Sunday afternoon, I was sitting by the window, wondering whether the interminable day were ever going to end, when, faint but distinct, from somewhere below came the sound of a bell. I started, and glanced at Hugh, sitting on the other side of the room, patiently and laboriously wading through a Sunday Journal. Now, in the cities from whence I had come and where, until then, I had lived most of my life, a bell in the street meant only one thing—the procession of the Host. I had only just come to London; I had never been there since my childhood, and I was an utter stranger to its habits. I did not attempt to think of any other meaning. The bell came closer, and I continued to regard Hugh, my heart in my mouth and my knees trembling, for I was resolved to pay the Blessed Sacrament its due. I would kneel, if I were pitched out into the street for it. Hugh continued to plod through the paper he was reading, as the bell came closer and closer, and then, just as I was about to slip to my knees, he looked up. I do not know whether he had any idea of what was in my mind or not, but he glanced out of the window and then back at me. “Ah—muffins!” he said, and fell to his reading again. In another moment, he would have caught me kneeling to the

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muffin bell! I should not have heard the last of it for years.

It was not very long after we had settled down in Santiago that I made up my mind to have the English servants given some idea, however rudimentary, of the language of the people amongst whom they were living. Hugh, as it has been said, knew Spanish, but quite refused to condescend to its employment. I picked up a smattering of it, before long, but it seemed to me that unless some one besides myself in the establishment could speak and write it, we were in danger of all sorts of complications. So I sent for a tutor and ordered Willis and Harriet and Clara to attend classes. They had no great objection at first. Any excuse for doing nothing was a boon, and so they gave an hour a day to the little Chileno schoolmaster. Once or twice, as the weeks went on, it struck me that he looked rather done up, and, at last, I asked him if all were well.

"Señora," he said, "of your graciousness you have employed me to teach the Señor Willis and the two Señoritas our tongue, but — I have struggled with myself, Señora — I cannot take your good money any more. I have done my best to earn it, but I am only a man. My poor brains are not equal to the task. No doubt the Señor Willis means well," he added.

So another of my attempts to do good to others failed, but, like the "Señor Willis," I also meant well.

Clara, who, in spite of her hot temper and her love of amusement, had nursed me devotedly through many illnesses, finally decided to marry an Irishman, a very good

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fellow, whose only failing, in her eyes, was his obstinate attachment to his Church. She described his ultimatum, on this point, with little snorts of fury.

“You know, Madam, he has been pestering me for months to marry him, and when at last I did consent, what do you think he said? ‘*That’s* all right. We’ll be married as soon as ever Mrs. Fraser can let you go. But first of all, my girl, you must go to the Priest.’ ‘I’ll do nothing of the sort!’ says I. ‘Oh yes, you will,’ says he. ‘Devil a bit do I marry a heretic!’ So I told him to go about his business — but oh, I do love him, and whatever I am going to do without him, I don’t know! He takes it all that quiet, too! Says I am sure to come, sooner or later, and he’s got a house — it’s almost furnished now! He’s a *beautiful* carpenter — oh dear, oh dear!”

“Why are you so afraid of our religion?” I asked, knowing that poor Clara had none of her own.

“I just can’t and won’t go to Confession,” she answered hotly, “and that’s an end of it!”

Very soon, however, she mustered up courage to go and have a talk with her lover’s particular Padre, and returned much comforted. “There’s one thing about Catholics, anyway,” she informed me, “they can’t divorce their wives because they go and take fancies to other women! If I do marry Lawrence, he’s mine for all time.”

A few weeks later a very happy and smiling Clara was received into the Church (of which, let me say, she became a most faithful member), and soon afterwards, in

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my best garden-party frock and with my own lace veil on her pretty head, she and "Lawrence" were made man and wife. This was only a few days before our own departure from Chile, and the kind-hearted girl cut short her honeymoon to come and pack up for me. After telling me of all her husband's goodness to her, she went on to say, "And if you could just see my house, Madam! It's *perfect*, and he made every single thing himself!" Then looking at me with evident pity, she added, "What *do* people do who *don't* marry carpenters?"

I lost sight of Clara in after years. If this book falls into her hands, let it tell her that I have never forgotten her and have often wished to hear from her again.

XIV

IN A SOUTH AMERICAN CAPITAL

Sarah Bernhardt in Santiago — The Luxury of Tears — A Paternal Impresario and a Forsaken Opera Company — Dangers of Dining Out — The Nitrate War — The Arbitration Courts — An Official Surprise — The “Impartial” Brazilian — “Think of Our Wives and Families!” — The Cholera Comes over the Passes — Death Traps in the Andes — Two Errors of Judgment — A Gruesome Caller — Señor B.’s Brilliant Idea — Santiago Apaches — A Discriminating Thief — Those Honest Policemen!

SOCIETY, — respectable, unofficial society in Santiago, and all over Chile, for that matter, is divided into two camps, the extremely pious and the merely pious, and there was a distinct flutter when it was announced that Sarah Bernhardt proposed to enliven the winter season with a series of her best known plays, which, I suppose, she imagined to be admirably adapted to the climatic conditions — the divine one’s favourites, in fact. The extremely pious, who had, of course, only heard of the wonder of the age by hearsay, would not have put foot inside a theatre to see a person of such, let us say, precarious, character for all the money in the country, but the others, many of whom had seen Paris, if not Bernhardt, were crazy with excitement. True Latins, it was not so much the artistic treat they desired, as the opportunity to weep, and they knew that Sarah was an infallible tear producer.

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Of these, my friend Mercedes was a fair specimen. Perfectly happy in her own well-ordered life, she had never touched the hem of sorrow's garment, but I know, for she boasted of it, that she was never *supremely* happy until she had found something to cry over. I remember, once, she burst into the drawing-room, her eyes streaming, and tossed a book which I had lent her some days before, down on the sofa.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked, with ready sympathy, "what has happened?" But Mercedes only wept afresh on the arm of the sofa where she had followed the book. I was intensely concerned, and, sitting beside her, attempted some sort of consolation; but Mercedes had, as the sailors say, "too much way on her" to be stopped at once and it was all of five minutes before she lifted her head and mopped away her tears with her glove.

"It is too beautiful!" she sobbed brokenly, "it is the most beautiful thing I ever dreamt of."

"What is, my dear?" I asked gently, "and if it, whatever it is, is so beautiful, why should you weep your heart out over it?"

"Weep — but —" she stared at me, "of course I weep, I have never enjoyed anything so much as that book — it is the work of a genius — I have been crying over it all the morning!"

Sarah, as always, justified herself. I was living then in a wheel chair or nothing then would have kept me away, and when Mercedes appeared the morning after "La Dame aux Camellias" I knew she had revelled in a paradise hitherto closed to her.

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“Ask me not!” she cried. “It is not a thing to speak of. I saw it only dimly. I was overcome. I cried twelve pocket handkerchiefs full — I was in heaven!”

It was the measure of her estimation of the actress's talents. That she had thought of taking twelve handkerchiefs with her beforehand, spoke volumes. It was as fine a tribute as the Bernhardt ever received, and I was sorry that she could not hear of it.

Speaking of theatres reminds me of an experience which our Italian colleague underwent soon after. An opera company, travelling under, apparently, the most reputable auspices, was committed to his good offices by some friends in Italy, and C——, delighted with the idea of hearing his native music again and of showing the Chilenos what real opera was, made us all promise to patronise the company and imbue the natives with its desirability.

The Company came, some fifty or sixty strong, including “Ballerinas,” all under the management of and carefully chaperoned by a suave, well-mannered, soberly-dressed Roman, — an artist, and, as far as any one could see, a person of responsibility and importance in his own world. With touching solicitude for the morals of the little ballet girls, he invariably accompanied them wherever they went, and, as they always went about together, it may be understood that his hands were full.

But his praiseworthy vigilance never relaxed, nor did he so much as complain when the corps de ballet, thirty or thirty-five strong, suggested an occasional, and more than occasional, restaurant. “What would you have!”

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he would say, when complimented upon his good nature. "These young ladies are under my care. Children — mere children. They must have their little amusement, you understand — it is nature!" They became an institution after a while — and the opera was good.

The dénouement came at the very end of the season, and C—— woke up one morning to find the entire opera company — minus its paternal manager — at the front door, demanding justice and breakfast. How the man had gone was never discovered, but he had vanished, with, needless to say, the cash-box, and that at a moment when there was not a ship in the harbour of Valparaiso which would have taken him anywhere. Nor could any signs of his departure be found at the railway station. Nothing at all like him had been seen. He had simply dematerialised himself into thin air.

As a result C—— had to keep his forsaken company fed and housed for a month and more, before he could embark them on a home-bound ship, and, for once in a way got some real work to do. For the care of fifty or sixty people in such a city as Santiago is a business by itself. C—— was rather pleased with the mild excitement, for the principals kept themselves to themselves and left him free to chaperon the ballet, which he did with industry. "To them" (the principals), he told me, "it is a rehearsal in tragedy — they develop new effects every day. But to the little Ballerinas — all that I have to do is to take them in a body to a restaurant and provide them with macaroni and the horrible wines of the country — and behold they laugh and sing like

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little birds. If I were not there to prevent it, I believe they would dance on the tables!"

Speaking of the extremely and the merely pious, I forgot to say, that my friend Mercedes had one of the former as a companion — a link, so to speak, with serious things — for Mercedes was not over serious. A young woman was this companion, and of a very real piety, one, indeed, that verged on sanctity. Her, Mercedes took to see Bernhardt in the *Dame aux Camellias*! The girl, fortunately for her, did not understand much of dialogue, but even so, a great deal of the story was plain enough, and, with the daylight, Mercedes told me, she flew to her confessor. That, to Mercedes' way of thinking, crowned the event with glory. Twelve handkerchiefs full of tears — and her companion so affected that only a Priest could restore her to herself!

Piety takes strange directions with some people. I remember two old ladies — perhaps they were not really old, but everything is a matter of comparison — both devotees and both as sincere in their devotion as ordinary human beings could be. In one, however, it took the shape of asceticism. She wore nothing but black, abjured finery, ate sparingly, and never appeared in the world at all. In the other, it became a cheerful good-nature which seized eagerly on such harmless pleasures as pretty clothes and entertainments for herself, and spilt itself over in providing cheer for others. The result was that the ascetic was always fearful of the results of self indulgence on her sister's soul, and the other was equally fearful of the possibilities of Pharisaism on that of the ascetic.

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The anxiety was genuine, too, for they loved each other dearly, but, at times, it came near to spoiling both of their lives.

Society, in our sense of the word, there was none, except that of the Corps Diplomatique. The natives seldom invited us to any functions and we, consequently, did not invite them. True, the very rich and distinguished occasionally gave a dinner party, but those fearful affairs were, thank Heaven! few and far between. There was also the once-a-year lunch which the President gave the Corps, but, as he disliked them, and they, without an exception, returned the compliment, the official functions were confined to them.

The Chilean dinner was usually eaten five or half-past, but when Europeans were invited, it was put off until the European hour, by which time the family was half famished. The Season, if such it may be called, was a winter one, which helped not a little to make the occasion a serious risk at times. The houses are built around patios, there is a total absence of any artificial heat, and the rooms are draught traps. Despite all this, one had to put on evening dress, and, after gathering in the drawing-room on one side of the patio, cross the court-yard in the open air, without any wraps over our bare shoulders, to the dining-room on the other. The kitchen, as invariably, was on another side, so that when the door was opened and shut, the night air romped through the room. Accepting invitations to dinner, it can be seen, was accepting a considerable risk, and one unfortunate foreigner, an Italian, nearly died of pneumonia in consequence, while

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we were there. The dinner itself was very elaborate, but the chef d'œuvre was almost always the same. This consisted of a clear jelly, in which was imbedded a number of naked china dolls. The effect of these little white corpses taken in conjunction with the walk across the patio was rather startling — they assumed a certain significance! At other times flowers were substituted, but even these, pretty as they were, had a cold, waxy, memento-mori look.

I have known many nations that ate heartily, not to say greedily, but the Chilenos are alone in the consumption of solid food. They went through every course from soup to sweets, and often an extra dish of their own besides, sparing nothing. At lunch, when that was done, a savoury was brought on — a digestif — of red beefsteak in the ration of a pound to a person, and what is more, they ate it up.

When the women had retired across the patio to the drawing-room, tea was brought. At this stage the children upstairs were wakened — for tea is a rite — to drink the stewed, sugary stuff. More than once I have seen babies of four and five years old sleeping under the table in the drawing-room like puppies when we came in. Their mothers did not see the use of putting them to bed only to awaken them again. Yet they must have the evening tea, therefore they stayed up. Later when the men came back, and an ordinary party would have broken up, the servants relaid the dining table with all the remains of the dinner, and we were marshalled back across the patio with the same partners. There we resumed

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the same seats we had occupied before and had to pretend another appetite, while the hostess and her friends ate as though they had not dined at all.

That same beefsteak is the invariable accompaniment of every meal from breakfast onward. The women go straight from their beds to Mass. A skirt is thrown on, and, for the rest, the long Spanish veil covers them over, and one does not ask what is beneath. Breakfast comes at ten-thirty, and they do not wait to dress before satisfying their appetites. This begins with Casuela, a soup covered with a special and rather repulsive yellow grease, and full of mangled chicken, which was alive and hearty when the women left the house. I know very few things quite so unappetising as that same Casuela. Afterwards two or three dishes, and the pound of steak to each person, child or adult. The lunch or "las onces" (eleven o'clock) is at two as a rule, and this is a succession of cold meats and sweets, and then beefsteak again. The supper is at five-thirty, and we have seen what that is made of. Altogether they consume three huge meat meals in seven hours, to say nothing of tea, which is a meal in itself.

Of course rheumatism is endemic. I have known children of five years old to be completely bedridden.

The chief reason for our having been sent to Chile was that the choice had fallen on my husband to complete the settling of the claims resulting from the war

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between Chile and Peru and Bolivia, and I think a few words on that now forgotten subject will not be out of place.

The war was due to the exploitation of nitrate of soda in the desert of Atacama, and has, in consequence, gone down to history as the nitrate war. The name has, at least, the somewhat unusual merit of frankness, but, looking behind the object, one meets the invariable reason of all wars that have ever been fought since the beginning of time. One party to it — Chile — was healthy, strong, and prosperous; the others — Peru and Bolivia — were weak, bankrupt and desperate, and when those ideal conditions exist, one reason is generally as good as another.

After the end of the war with Spain, in 1866, a convention between Chile and Bolivia threw the desert open to both to exploit in common, though all concessions for exploitation were to be granted by the Bolivian Government — an arrangement which was a solid guarantee of trouble, as soon as either one or the other felt equal to it. All that was needed was a match to light the bonfire, and this was provided by Peru in 1878, when, financially exhausted and on the extreme edge of bankruptcy — her guano deposits were pledged as security for the foreign debt in 1875, and only her hopelessly inadequate internal revenue was left — she devised an export duty on nitrate of soda. This, of course, brought her output into competition with the untaxed product of Chile and, by consequence, the European ships deserted the Peruvian and flocked to Chilean ports. Peru, with ruin staring her in

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the face demanded that Bolivia tax her nitrates in Atacama and Bolivia yielded, thereby breaking her treaty of 1874 with Chile. Chile, strong and ready, was only too glad of the chance, and war followed.

After the treaty of Ancon, courts were formed in Santiago to deal with the claims of foreign subjects in the ceded provinces of Tacua, Arica, and Tarapacà — one court for every country concerned. These were composed of three members, the Head of the Mission, a Chilean Judge, and, as a final and unbiased arbitrator, a Brazilian. The three provinces had been ravaged and pillaged in the gentle fashion of South American warfare and a mountain of claims awaited each court, some genuine, many fraudulent, but all requiring the closest investigation. Besides and beyond all these, the holders of the Peruvian nitrate bonds in London and elsewhere were howling for their money, and when it is borne in mind that Chile had annexed a large part of the Peruvian nitrate fields without, as yet, assuming any obligation towards the holders of the bonds, the cries — to any one acquainted with the psychological make-up of the average British investor — can be imagined.

It is curious, too, that of all people, the British, proud, and rightly so, of their coolness and their strength and their sanity, should, immediately the question of a dividend, however small, is concerned, lose every one of their national attributes; yet it is so. The Englishman is apt to be somewhat scornful of Transatlantic nervousness and “brain-storm.” He will not demean himself by entering his office before nine or staying a moment after three

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unless he is held down in his chair; while as for discussing business at lunch, he would as soon eat in public in bathing clothes, and I, for one, would be the very last to encourage him to break any of those excellent habits of mind. But have you, my dear reader, ever been present at a meeting of British stockholders? Have you ever seen the badgered chairman moisten his lips and steady himself against the table while he announces to the gathering, a drop, however small, however necessary, in the year's dividends? On the other hand, have you ever seen a meeting of American stockholders? Perhaps a dozen people present, perhaps less? The business carried on in monosyllables, a dividend doubled or wiped out with a nod of the head? Every individual stockholder so confident of the wisdom of the person to whom he has given his stock to vote that he would not cross the street to be present? It gives one to think, sometimes.

To return to the nitrate bonds. One simultaneous yell went out from England. Suggestions poured in with every mail—suggestions not untinged with abuse. Hugh was very patient, and his Highland ancestry had given him a sense of humour, that sword of the afflicted, grim and keen, against whose edge the storm burst in vain.

To be sure, every representative expects the same treatment from his countrymen and most of them are steeled against it by the approval, whether spoken or not, of their official superiors. After all, a little abuse is no bad advertisement sometimes, and it has happened that discontented people, sick of their posts and worried as

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to their chances of recognition, have been known deliberately to stir things up in order to bring the eyes of the Permanent Under Secretary upon themselves. That dispenser of posts, maker of ambassadors, framer of policies, that Czar, in short, of the service — more powerful than any Secretary of State and infinitely more knowledgeable — does not figure either in the Press or in the House, and the reason is not far to seek. He is much too busy. But he is absolute Lord of the department. He it is who sees to it that, whatever be the party in power, and however often the fickle wind of popular opinion may shift, the great ship shall keep its course.

We were surprised, however (a distraction not often afforded to us), by a communication from a personage high up in the service itself, who, it appeared, had been dabbling in Peruvian nitrate bonds, a practice stringently forbidden to officials and for the best of reasons. He had kept the fact very quiet up till then, but the prospect of having his pocket touched overcame even his fear of the P. U. S.'s wrath and he poured out his soul in bitter reproaches — on official paper. Hugh was rather a queer person in some ways. When he might be expected, and reasonably, to lose his temper, he would be quite likely either to laugh, or to display a gentleness so utterly impersonal and yet so understanding, so sympathetic, and so selfless, that one looked up to him with a certain awe, as not being entirely of this world. At others, a trifle, unnoticed by any one else, would stir that Scotch nature to its depths, and for days he would brood over it, never speaking. One was left to conjecture what it might

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have been, but one never, never found out — except by accident.

This time he did not laugh. His sense of discipline was outraged. What he said in his answer I can only imagine, but I have an idea that all the things he would have liked to have been able to say to all the others, all the stored-up bitterness which he felt for the Brazilian arbitrator on the Court of Claims, and the Chilean Government — everything that he felt for everybody, was compressed into it, because he went about his business afterwards with the lightened mien of a man who has taken a moral cooling draft.

The rancour of the recipient followed us about for years afterwards, but a little more or less of that from any quarter we should hardly have noticed, I am afraid. When a man is being lampooned in every paper in the city in which he is living, when he has faced and overborne envy, injustice, and uncharity at home and abroad, he gets careless of the venom of individuals. I do not think Hugh would have been happy if he had been popular. He would have thought himself to have failed, in some respect, of his duty.

I spoke just now of the Brazilian member — the supposedly unbiased arbitrator. Whoever it was who picked on the Brazilian for a post like that, must have been a humourist of parts. In our own court, it was the Chilean who turned out to be the unbiased party, and thanks to his unshakable uprightness, the Brazilian was no more than a dummy at the board. The latter lived in constant fear of the inhabitants of Santiago, and he

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could not be induced to agree with anything that Hugh (at that time, probably the best hated man in South America) said or did. For some time Hugh and the Chilean bore with him, striving, always in vain, to implant a seed of courage and honesty in his heart. The soil was too mean, however, and they had to abandon it at last and get along without him, he protesting to everyone that Hugh was a bully and a tyrant and the good Chilean a corrupt traitor.

Besides the three members, every court had its secretaries — and nicer, easier, better paid pieces of jobbery never existed. Everything that they could do to drag out the proceedings was done — at several thousand pesos a year.

For two years Hugh endured it, while claim filed on claim. Of all, perhaps one in thirty was honest, and two, after the miasma of perjury had been cleared away, debatable. In one typical case, a landed proprietor in Peru swore on the Scriptures that he had legally transferred his entire estate to the English governess of his children, long before the war. In another, it was solemnly sworn — but with tears, that on account of the generosity and love that Britain had always shown to Peru, a rancher had given everything that he possessed to his English butter-maker, also before the war!

For two years Hugh bore with it, and then, seeing that unless a halt was called the Court would have to sit indefinitely — he had besides the whole business of the Legation to handle — he announced that the majority of the Court, — himself and the Judge, — had decided to

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compromise the rest of the claims for one hundred thousand dollars.

The first visitor he received the next morning was the Secretary of the Board, an Englishman, almost hysterical with the shock. "But you are taking the bread out of our mouths, Mr. Fraser!" he pleaded, "think of our wives and families. Why, I assure you, we could keep this going for years — years, sir! It makes no difference to the Government at home — it is only a tiny little sum which they will never miss — and to us it means everything! Let me beg of you, sir, to reconsider your decision."

The "tiny little sum" was three thousand pounds a year.

It was at about this time that Santiago had its first experience of cholera. The scourge came in with a drove of cattle from Argentina, some of whose herders were infected. Why it had not happened before is difficult to understand when the habits, civic and domestic, of the Chileans are considered. Two of the herders died on the top of the mountain where the cattle were rested, and the remainder came in, bringing the dread visitor with them.

Any one seeing the passes over which travel moves between the two countries would believe it to be impossible to drive cattle through them at all. The only road is a rocky path, perhaps three feet wide at the best; in places there is not room for two people to pass one another. There are dark stories about the road when men, far on their way, and anxious to push on, have met

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in the passes and decided the matter with their knives rather than turn back. It is told how a party — few people care to undertake that journey alone — passing a turn in the rock, saw an object sticking out of a cleft high above their heads. So far up was it that at first they could not make it out, until one of them, in a scared voice, cried out that it was a boot — and a boot it was, but how, they asked each other, could a human being have climbed up that far! The thing was impossible — utterly impossible. Fascinated, they stood there staring until, after some time had been spent, a dot appeared in the sky above them, circling down, which, as it approached, resolved itself into a huge condor that swooped down upon the protruding boot and settled there, glaring down at them. The mystery was solved and they hurried on their way, shuddering.

To return to the cholera. Santiago was true to its traditions. The doctors did what they could with the strange horror when they realised it, but it was too new and too appalling for them at first. It lit on the city in a night and the city hugged it to its bosom. There were no drains in Santiago and the hygiene was that of Carthage. The favourite diet of all classes was raw fruit and *aguardiente*. In a week the burial carts were out — open carts, whose drivers mingled freely with the rest of the world. No attempt was made for a long time to isolate, and when the order went out nobody paid any particular attention to it.

To us, who had lived so long in the East, the thing was no stranger, and, as soon as the first symptoms ap-

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peared in the town we took our precautions with the practised accuracy of an evolution. All raw fruit was confiscated, the water boiled, medicines prepared, the filthy paper money baked in an oven, and a state of siege proclaimed. Every day I used to go through the house, into every nook and corner, to find out what contraband the servants had smuggled in over night. They were all offenders, but my English Clara was the worst. That well-brought-up person — she was educated for a school mistress — listened with deep and respectful attention to my sermons, and was at all times ready to denounce the stupidity and wickedness of the native domestics. They were ignorant people from whom nothing else was to be expected. I believed in her implicitly until I looked into her bedroom one day, when I discovered an enormous watermelon hidden under the bed, and never afterwards when I made my rounds did I fail to find one — always under the bed.

After a while the Government instituted a series of lectures to try and make the public understand something of the nature of the infection and the more elementary defences against its spread. But without much success. The Chilean of the lower classes is not quick of understanding. On one of these occasions, when the lecture had finished, an old peasant got up in the back of the hall and, being invited to speak, called out, "Doctor, tell me now what kind of a bird this cholera is, so that I may know it when it comes! I am a good shot, a very good shot — and I will kill it."

At another time, when the lecturer was explaining the

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necessity of placing a cordon of police around the infected quarters, he was asked by a woman present if he could give her a little bit of cordon which she could tie around the house and so keep away the plague. She thought it to be a sort of charm.

Then the medical students, filled with misguided enthusiasm, took to visiting houses on their own account to rout out stricken ones. Discovering a woman, evidently very ill, in her bed, they pulled her out, disregarding her entreaties, and hurried her off to the hospital in a cart. This was some distance away, the cart had no springs, and the road was rough. Her groans and supplications continued until they reached the door of the hospital and lifted her from the cart, when she fell down on the pavement and — gave birth to a baby.

A short time afterwards they came one evening upon what they took to be a corpse in the street. Nobody wanted to waste any time on it, so they slid it into the death cart and resumed their journey to the lime pits where the corpses were buried, threw it in with the rest, and emptied a bucket of chloride of lime over it. Imagine their feelings when it woke up, cursing like a maniac and scrabbling at the sides of the pit! The "corpse" had been hopelessly drunk and was lying down to sleep it off when they found him. The lime on face and hands had recalled the sleeper to consciousness!

At last the authorities woke up to the danger of aguardiente, and decreed the destruction of all that could be found. It was declared to be a public danger, and the emissaries of the city council started on their

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rounds. At every place where they came upon it, they brought the casks out into the street and tapped them. Santiago was one wild debauch for a week. The streets were running with spirits.

For two years the cholera raged and then, satiated with victims, passed on; but not before the gentle inhabitants had had an opportunity of showing their feelings for Hugh. One dark night a cart drew up before the Legation and, when the door was opened, a man in filthy clothes, reeking of disinfectants, attempted to enter. Being asked what he wanted, he seemed surprised. "I have come for the British Minister," he said, "let me in." "But what do you want of him?" asked the terrified servant. "I want to take him away," replied the other, "do not attempt to interfere with me or you will suffer for it." "Take him away," stammered the servant, "but what do you mean?" "I am the collector of corpses," was the answer. "They told me that he was dead of the cholera and that I was to take him off with the others — there is the dead cart right there!"

Hugh laughed, as he was told, and seemed to find it quite amusing, but I did not get over the effect of it for a long time.

The more civilised inhabitants of Santiago, indeed, the better class all over the country, loved to speak of the capital city as the Paris of South America. If Paris is the place where all good North Americans go when they die, it is the place where all good — *i. e.* rich — South Americans go when they are alive. It is the Valhalla of the struggling merchant and the sanctuary of the

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distressed president. Not a person in high places, stealing judiciously from the public purse, not a rancher, spending summer and winter in the arid country, but dreams of it, reads of it, lives for the prospect of it; even to possess something, a dress, a hat, a pair of shoes, a teapot, a piece of linen that came from Paris, is to be a source of envy to all. In spite of heavy customs duties, everything Parisian, from hats to novels, finds a quick sale in Santiago. But the inhabitants, like Gilpin, never forget the principles of frugality. They will eat and drink and play with the best that Paris affords, when they are there, but they will not neglect any chance to recoup themselves, as the following story will show.

The B.'s, a family of our acquaintance, well-to-do financially and politically, at last found themselves able to make the journey to their earthly Paradise. They desired, without telling anybody, to bring back with them a great luxury, a French tutor, the effect of which would be to give them a position at home somewhere a little above the cabinet. Once in Paris, after a morning or two amongst the shops, it occurred to Papa B. that with a little expenditure of time and money, not only could the fares to and from home be paid for, but a tidy little profit might be made off of the trip as a whole. Knowing his countrymen's passion for everything Parisian, and counting on their ignorance of values and prices, he set about collecting a pile of odds and ends, remnants and clearings of all sorts, from jewelry to handkerchiefs, paying particular attention to "plaqué" and gaudy porcelain. In a very short while he had accumu-

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lated all that he could carry and then, secure and content, turned his attention to pleasure.

When, months afterwards, they returned and settled down once more in the family palatio, they sent out cards inviting their acquaintances to a sale of Parisian goods specially brought over by Señor B. for the benefit of his friends. It was so put, I remember, that the entire burden of obligation rested on the acquaintances' shoulders for the Señor B.'s unheard-of thoughtfulness — it takes a Latin to do it. Of course everybody attended, the Diplomatic Corps with all the rest, for false pride does not exist down there. There is no leisured class. Everybody does something. It was rather a jar at first to have a young Englishman brought to me, as a particularly eligible person, and, after asking him to dinner on one night, to run across him behind a counter on the next afternoon, but I very soon got used to it. I was not a snob — but I had never had such a thing happen to me before. The world I knew moved around its individual countries, services, and affairs. It worked as hard as any other, but it worked at other things.

Well, people trooped to the B.'s, as much to see the family and hear the account of their adventure as for the prospect of picking up something useful. And very few were disappointed. Papa B. had not been a successful politician for nothing and he had common sense if he had not taste. Predominating and gorgeous, were sets of plate — “magnifico plaqué” as it was called — and these disappeared first, being literally scrambled for. Just

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why, in a country where silver is almost everywhere, plated ware should be so desired may seem strange. The reason is that the Chilean is the worst and cleverest thief in the world. There is nothing that is beyond him, and the careful housekeeper feels the risk of having anything of great value where a thief may be able to find it. For all that, sparkle and glitter are essential, wherefore the plate. It is too heavy and profitless for a burglar to burden himself with.

The sale was conducted by the tutor, who was a charming young man with a most seductive manner, and, by the time he had finished, there was very little left, and Papa B. was rubbing his hands and patting the tutor on the back. Well he might. He had had his trip. For the rest of his life, like the green-turbaned Mohammedan, he could lift up his head above his fellows, as one who had been to Mecca — and he had made a profit on it too, besides the continual glory of the French tutor in his household.

Speaking of the thieves, it was, as I have said, and probably is still the habit, winter and summer alike, for all the population to dress itself up in its best clothes after supper and walk for a couple of hours or so around the band stand in the *Commercio*. In winter it was dark, and then the Apaches gathered their harvest. Not so much by any gentle pocket-picking in the *Commercio*, but in the more lonely streets among stray couples returning home. On more than one occasion people have been found, men and women alike, stripped naked in the street with not so much as a shift between them. The favour-

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ite method, though, is by means of long fishlines to the end of which are attached a cluster of enormous hooks. These they throw through the gratings of open windows of the basements and the ground floor, and the hooks are strong enough to bring down curtains or drag cabinets. They are as clever with them as a good fisherman with a fly and they can empty a room in an incredibly short time, as a woman who had incautiously left her baby asleep with the window open in the twilight found out. She was not away for more than a quarter of an hour, but when she returned she found the baby howling with the cold, its very blankets taken, and the room as bare as a hand.

A friend of mine told me of one experience she had, which made me very cautious of strangers, however respectable they might seem. Coming in from a drive one afternoon, she saw a man, faultlessly attired and of quite unexceptionable bearing, walk out of the door as she crossed the court. She did not know him, but, as he met her eyes with perfect self-possession and bowed to her, not too deeply, but as equal bows to equal, she imagined that it must be some friend of her husband's, who had been to see him. Inside she inquired who had called in her absence, and the servant, to her astonishment, replied that no one had been there at all. "But who was the gentleman who had just left?" she asked. The servant shook his head. He had seen no one. What did the gentleman look like? Of course, he immediately conceived that his mistress had seen a ghost, and shut the door, which he had been holding open, abruptly. My

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friend, however, began to suspect something else, and went to her husband's room where the valuables of the family were kept, tightly locked up in a safe.

There, when she looked in, she saw a heap of rags on the floor, the drawers of the presses open, shirts, ties, handkerchiefs tossed in every direction, together with coats, waistcoats, and trousers.

The man had calmly walked in and taken the pick of the clothing, without hurrying, and choosing everything carefully. He had brushed his hair, washed, and then, comfortable and clean, had walked out again.

The police are no great protection either. It is recorded that, in our predecessor's time, when the Legation was in another house, a hole was discovered one morning in the basement adobe wall big enough for a man to walk through and a further search revealed the fact that a large part of the silver had disappeared from the dining-room. The police were sent for and went diligently to work, sympathising deeply and apologising for the state of things that permitted of such depredations. They were too few, they said, to deal with all the ruffians in the city. The people were, as the Excellency knew, carelessness itself — actually they were afraid to complain! Could the Excellency believe it? The Excellency could, I have no doubt. For a week the indefatigable police worked, measuring the hole and searching for clues and, incidentally, being well cared for by the servants who regaled them with the Minister's stores, until the latter grew tired of their continued presence and went into the matter himself. He studied the hole for a

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while, looking at the marks of the implements, and, presently, it struck him that the slashes had been made with a blade, not with a knife; they were too long and too broad for that. The robber had used a sword — but only the police carried swords — the police and soldiers. There were no cavalry there at the time, and very few infantry. The affair seemed to narrow itself down to the police. To have accused them would have been somewhat rash, even for so important a person as the British Minister, however, and it was only by careful inquiry below stairs that the truth was finally brought to light. It was the police.

In the same connection, I remember a little Englishman who used to keep a grocery shop, I think, and who, on occasions of state, would come in and wait at table. One night, having finished his work at the Legation, he started home with his pay for the evening in his pocket. It was late when he left, but there was a moon, and his way led through the most civilised part of the town, so that he felt reasonably safe against the Apaches who, as a rule, did not venture to any great distance from their own warrens. But, as he found before he had gone very far, there were several kinds of Apaches, some in uniform and some out; for two of the former fell upon him at the corner of the street and cleared him out completely, down to his watch-chain. When the attention of the police was drawn to the affair — “drawn” may be somewhat inexpressive — they were politely astonished that a person in his Excellency’s position could bring such accusations against honest men. They were

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smitten to the heart by the injustice. As it happened, they said, two policemen's uniforms had been stolen a few days before and the men who had attacked our little friend were, of course, the thieves who had taken them!

XV

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAYS AND TRADITIONS

Treacherous Sisters — The "Toothache" Signal — A Young Diplomatist in Guatemala — Forgotten? — An Unauthorised Flight — Remembered Music — A Little "Pronunciamento" — The Christmas Fair in Santiago — A Tireless Dancer — Turn on the Hose! — Country Dandies and Their Splendours — What the Girls Learn — Strange Funeral Customs — Unexplained! — A Were-wolf of the Campagna.

AS has been already said, the custom of gathering all the daughters' husbands and their children under one roof, gave rise to developments, sometimes. The men, of course, stayed out all day, only returning for their meals. Whether they were working or not, out they stayed. It was a hard and fast law and, no doubt, a very good one.

Some of the women had a sense of humour, too, though it is a rather rougher one than our own. One young friend of mine, recently married, and who, being an orphan, was to be taken into her husband's family, told me that, just after her return from her honeymoon, her sisters-in-law came to her one morning and suggested that they should all go to the opera that evening. "But," they added, "let us not dress — let us go just as we are." She looked from one to the other. Go to the opera in morning dress? Lose the one great chance of the year of putting on all one's jewels? But they seemed

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to be perfectly serious, so, for the sake of politeness, she acquiesced. "Now you will not dress and put us all to shame?" they said, as they went. "I would not put you to shame for the world, my dear sisters," she replied, and they went on their way.

Not dress? she laughed. The others could look after themselves. She was not going to be ridiculous to please them or any one else, and when the time came, she put on her most beautiful frock, and waited, a blaze of jewels, for the signal. "Come on," cried one of the sisters, through the door. "The carriage is waiting. Put on a shawl and be quick." "I am coming, my dears," she called back. "I shall not be a moment." And, when she was sure that the other had gone on, she left her room and went downstairs, to find her sisters waiting, only in the fullest of full dress, and ready to shriek with laughter.

The main characteristic of the Chilean is an almost sumptuous carelessness, a conservatism that makes Russia seem a home of progress by comparison, and a pride in the pure Spanish blood that is worthy of an Austrian.

A trace of Irish, to be sure, is esteemed, as well it may be when one remembers that it was an O'Higgins who liberated them — and many of their names are as Irish as their habits.

To cite an instance of the latter, when a friend of ours — none other than the Judge who had sat with Hugh on the Court of Claims, built himself a gorgeous new palatio, on the very day that the family moved in, it rained all night and well into the following morning. One

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question only was asked of them by their acquaintances when they showed themselves in the Comercio that evening. "In how many places?" What they wanted to know was, in how many places the roof leaked. "Not in one," the family cried. "Not in one," they were honestly prouder of that than of anything that had happened to them for a long time.

Our own roof leaked copiously — like all the others, it was made of mud — and when it rained, I had to put pans all over the drawing-room to save the carpets. At first I used to be rather ashamed of them but, as nobody else seemed to notice them, I ceased to worry, after a time.

The worst curse of Chile is that same "aguardiente" of which I spoke. In all the countries which I have visited, I have seen nothing at all like the drunkenness in Santiago. It is taken as a matter of course, and nobody seems to think the worse of a man for being overtaken.

For some time after our arrival, Hugh and I used to be puzzled at the prevalence of toothache in the town. Every day one would see men in the streets, frock-coated and top-hatted, their faces almost hidden by a great handkerchief tied around their jaws — not one or two or occasionally, but half a dozen at a time and on every day of the week. Later we found out that it was a signal and meant, "I was drinking last night. Do not speak to me!" It was respected, too, by men and women alike. Hugh's first sight of it was when he called upon the President. After ringing the bell three or four times, he was preparing to depart, when the door was opened by a villain-

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ous-looking creature, unshaved and unwashed, in clothes that hung on him like tattered sails and with a grimy towel tied around his head. Hugh thought he must have come to the wrong door, but no. The apparition was the President's butler — and the President did not seem to notice anything amiss with him.

These things were more of a shock to me than to Hugh, for it was not his first experience of tropical and semi-tropical America. Early in his career, after a delightful time at Copenhagen, the Eye turned for a moment in his direction, and decided that he had enjoyed himself to the extreme limit permitted a public servant of his years and service. It was time to give him a glimpse of the other side of the picture, and he was transferred to Guatemala, where, his chief instantly going on leave, he remained, as representative, or *Chargé d'Affaires*, or anything that he chose to call himself, with responsibilities in five separate Republics.

His headquarters were in the new town of Guatemala, his staff a native clerk, and his only means of travel was a mule. He used to tell me how he would journey from capital to capital through the forest, in uniform, cocked hat and all, this latter for the benefit of any stray bandits that might have been driven there for shelter. They would not touch a foreign representative, in a cocked hat and gold lace, though they might have made a mistake and cut his throat in mufti. England was a word to conjure with in those times. Of all the powers she was the only one who persisted in the reprehensible practice of exacting an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. In

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times of trouble, the number of foreigners, including, it must be said, citizens of the United States, who would flock to the British Consulates to register their allegiance to Queen Victoria was an amazing tribute to the business-like habits of the F. O., in those departed days.

It was not until a year and a half had sped that a dreadful doubt began to enter Hugh's mind. His mail grew scantier and scantier. His chief had not returned. Appeals for directions were unanswered, and the F. O. turned a deaf ear to his suggestions of an exchange. They were beginning to forget all about him! Stories came back to him of the fate of other promising young diplomatists in similar positions — stories which he had enjoyed heartily in the safe legations of Europe. He began to brood over his troubles, even going so far as to cuff the native clerk at times. At last, he saw plainly that his only salvation was to break the shackles of discipline and save himself. Whatever trouble he got into on his return would be as nothing compared to a protracted and neglected existence in Guatemala. So, early one morning, before the native clerk appeared, he dressed, packed up his things, locked up the Legation, put the key under the door, and sailed away for England.

Arriving, shamefacedly, and, by this time, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his precipitancy, he was shown into the office of Authority and told his tale. Authority was infinitely amused. "Good Lord, my dear boy!" it said. "We expected you home ages ago — we had no idea that you would last it out as long as that!"

But, in spite of the climate and the loneliness, Hugh

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found several things there which were pleasant enough. He was of a philosophic temperament and he never wasted time and effort in complaint when complaint was useless. Later in life he appeared not to notice ordinary discomforts and inconveniences at all. If he did, he never allowed any one to know of it. I remember once in Japan, when I had been away from the Legation for a couple of days, I asked the English butler what he had given him for dinner the evening before. "We gave his Excellency a very good dinner, Madam," he replied assuringly, "a real old-fashioned English dinner — boiled bacon and cabbage, Madam!" and Hugh had never said a word!

At first Hugh thought Guatemala and his new-found honours and responsibilities delightful — in the light of four pounds a day — and, as soon as his chief had departed, he determined to carry out his duties and visit each of the five Republics under his charge. Having been advised by his father to sleep under a mosquito net if he wished to avoid fever, — old Sir John had discovered the secret of malaria, in India, sixty years or more before science tumbled upon it by accident, — he kept his health, and, altogether, he did not have a bad time, despite the scorpions and snakes in the houses where he stopped. There were many interesting things to see, and, among others, the Copan stone monuments. On these he wrote a monograph asserting that the builders were Mongolians who crossed over the straits from the north and wandered down — a theory, by the way, which has lately been upheld by archaeology.

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It is difficult, at this time of day, to believe it, but when he got to Honduras and sent in his card as British Chargé d'Affaires to the President, or whoever it was who sat on the throne, that Dignitary looked it over and then burst out: "Who the Devil are you! I never heard of any such person!" He never had, either, and it took Hugh some time to explain himself.

At another place, where he was able to discard the mule for a while and arrived in the capital in a stage wagon, the waiters rushed out of the hotel with blankets. These, it seemed, were to cover up the nakedness of the travellers who, thanks to the brigands, arrived, as often as not, in a state of nature.

One thing, he always said, was really delightful, and that was when, the glaring day done and the magic of the darkness fallen over the city, the young men would come out with their guitars and sing to the girls, who listened from behind the grilled windows. There it was that he got his guitar, which afterwards proved to be one of the great comforts of his life, a friend that never failed to soothe his soul when it descended into the pit of Celtic depression. And the marvellous airs! I cannot remember them, I am afraid, but I know that no music that I have ever heard was sweeter than that which he would whistle sometimes of an evening, strumming the accompaniment on the guitar. The songs had a lightness and a cheer which Italian music lacks, and an enchantment which brought the dark, cool street, the pungent smell of the dust, the whispering girls, and the whole half-savage, half-civilised romance of the place before

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one, as though one were there oneself, leaning over the balcony and drinking it all in.

He used to tell me, too, of the strange entertainments, where all the men gathered on one side of the room and all the women on the other, and where only two sorts of refreshments were served — brandy for the men and rosolio for the women — this latter, a concoction not unlike the peach or cherry brandy of our own country.

Latin America has not changed and never will change. It was not so very long ago that an Englishman, landing somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lima, one evening, walked up the street, admiring the music of the bands and the wonderful sprightliness and cheer of the inhabitants, and cast his eyes up to the steeple of the Cathedral. Far up in the darkening blue he perceived two shapes suspended. Thinking it to be one of the queer semi-pagan, semi-religious customs to which Latins are supposed to be prone, he turned to the man who was carrying his bags, and, pointing up, asked him what it meant. "Oh, those," said the porter, "with respect, we had a little affair yesterday." "Yes?" said the Englishman, leaning back on his stick, "something to do with the Church, I suppose — some festival, eh?" "In a sense," replied the porter. "A little — how shall I say — pronunciamiento! Yes," as the Englishman started, "and those two are the late President and the Minister for War."

At Christmas time, the city of Santiago devoted itself to a three days' Fair. From far and near the country people came trooping in, bringing their entire establishments with them. So great was the fear of the brigands that

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no one left anything, on the farms or in the houses, that could be stolen. They settled themselves down all along the Alameda, on which the Legation stood, and camped on the pavement, with their horses, their cows, calves, chickens, dogs, and cats by them — all in sheds, which were also used, in many cases, as booths for the sale of the horrible chicha, a ferociously raw wine, besides cakes and sweetmeats of brilliant colours and unknown ingredients. Christmas, in those latitudes, is, as everyone knows, the mid-summer, and the memory of that one will remain with me for ever. I had to shut every window in the house, in spite of the suffocating heat, and, even so, the sounds and smells from the Alameda found their way in. When it is remembered that rain falls only in June and July and at no other time, our sufferings may be understood.

It was interesting, though, when we could forget the heat, to watch the activities outside. In front of the drawing-room windows a dancing girl had spread a square of carpet, and all the young country dandies, in their huge hats, velvet clothes, high boots, and silver spurs — the rowels of the latter were seven or eight inches long and the boot heels so high that only the toe touched the ground — came up one after another to dance with her. All day long she whirled around, never ceasing. As one cavalier tired, another came up, and went on, but she never paused even for breath, that I could see. The last thing I saw as I looked out of the window, at night, was the girl, weaving her figures in and out, her scarf now held out behind her head, now sweeping the ground,

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gleaming like a fire-fly in the smoky light of the lanterns. And the first thing that met my sight at half-past six the next morning was the same girl, still dancing, still smiling, still crying encouragement to the partner of her dance.

And how they all drank! All the time, all night and all day, and at every moment of it. And when a man could do no more, he was laid on the mats behind the booths to sleep it off. On Christmas morning when I went to Mass, I had to pick my way over rows of them.

At the end of the three days they had arrived at the point of refusing to leave. The municipality dispatched a corps of police to send them away, but the police were a joke to them. They were there in thousands, all, or nearly all, either hopelessly or hilariously drunk, and the police did not press the matter. At last, his patience exhausted, the Mayor brought out all the fire engines in town and, for once in a way, made them of some use. These he placed at both ends of the Alameda and then opened fire with the hose briskly. The rout was complete. The helpless were thrown upon carts, and the rest, cursing and drenched, pitched their possessions on the top of them, the cats and chickens over all, and in half an hour the place was clear.

That was the only time I ever saw the celebration, for the cholera came afterwards and remained with us for two years, summer and winter, and the Fair was prohibited.

I spoke of the young country dandies just now. Never did more gorgeous figures strut in any country in the

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world. The guaso (pronounced *wasso*) is a creature by himself. His clothes and saddlery are literally crusted in silver from the band of his hat to the huge spurs that ring like church bells as he walks. Our milkman, I remember, affected the guaso's splendour and rode in fifteen miles every morning, his cans tied on to his saddle, jingling like a carriage horse. He was a humourist, too. One morning I watched him ride into the court-yard, and, when a servant appeared, open a lid of a can, dive his hand in, and extract a fistful of butter — churned by the ride! We drank very little fresh milk after that.

The girls are the best things that South America produces. They age quickly, to be sure, and, aging, lose their figures and complexions quickly. But while they are young, they are splendid. They have a freshness, a contagious enthusiasm, and an unspoilt sweetness that are not found in many places nowadays. Their education is always conventional and extremely simple. It is centred on two things, which, above all others, are deemed to be essential to a well-bred gentlewoman — embroidery and the making of sweetmeats. They are taught to read and write and are given a few other elementary scraps of knowledge besides, but those two are the really important things. Once they have left the convent behind them, reading is not encouraged and writing is confined to a few letters three or four times a year. One little girl I knew, who afterwards became a Sister of Charity, was very fond of reading — and, by reading, I mean of real reading — but, whenever her mother caught her with a book in her hand, she would take it away and tell her

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to go to the drawing-room and embroider with her sisters "so as not to waste her time with useless things."

When a girl becomes engaged — they are as free, by the way, in their choice, as our own — she embroiders the covering for her entire drawing-room furniture before she marries. One girl of my acquaintance even forbade her fiancé to call in the morning at all, on that account. "I must not waste my time," she said, "I have important work to do!"

These good habits are probably traceable to an overseas civilisation, but there are others that are somewhat more obscure, unless one attributes them to the Indians. When, for instance, among the poorer classes, a baby dies, far from expressing any sorrow, the whole neighbourhood is called in to rejoice. "The child has gone to heaven," they say, "what is there to weep over?" Then the little body is waked in a way that would make the Irish envious. A feast is prepared. Gay songs are sung to cheer up the mother. Aguardiente flows — I need hardly have put that in — and everyone eats and drinks until they can hold no more. Afterwards — and here, I cannot help thinking, the savage peeps out — the poor little thing is dressed up, its face is painted — painted! — and it is borne round by two of the women to visit the neighbourhood. It is considered a great honour, too, and a bringer of luck. It is an "Angelino," — a little angel. Of course, no baby is ever christened Angelica, and the only exception that I can remember was one so hopelessly crippled at birth that the suggestion was thus politely laid before Providence to remove it.

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Providence, however, had other views, and it lived. I shall never forget my first sight of one of these processions coming down the street. I cannot dwell upon it. Not until it came quite close, did I realise what it was that the woman was carrying with such a happy smile on her face.

Santiago is rich in gruesome things, but the most terrifying that I ever saw there was when I was leaning out of the drawing-room window one night, just before I went to bed. It was late, and there was a bright moon that threw out the whole of the Alameda into vivid relief. I had been absorbed in my thoughts for some time, trying to dream myself back into Italy, and see, in the stucco palatios, the real palaces of Rome, — wondering what all the dear people there were doing — one has to snatch at the tricks of childhood sometimes in the ends of the earth, to help quiet the Heimweh — when, suddenly, from far up the street, I heard the howl of a wolf. There was no mistaking it. It was not a dog. No dog had ever lived that could imitate it. Staring down in the direction from which it came, I saw the figure of a man lurch out of the trees into the full light of the moon — a man, dressed in evening clothes — I could see the white shirt front clearly. On he came, staggering from side to side, and bumping his head crazily against the trees as though trying to break them down, — and not by accident, for I saw him, three or four times, lower his head and run at them. And all the time he howled — that awful howl of the wolf!

The street was quite deserted, not even a policeman

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being in sight, and I had a full view of him as he passed beneath the window. His eyes were shut — his lips were drawn back in a grin that showed his teeth, and his mouth was wide open. I could not leave the window though my teeth were chattering like castanets and I was trembling all over. Down the street I watched him go, weaving from side to side in the moonlight and rushing head-on against the trees, howling, until at last he disappeared in the distance. But the screeching came back to me for two or three minutes after he had vanished himself.

What was it? The good God who made him only knows. He was not drunk, for no drunken man could have thrown himself at the trees in that fashion — and no sober man, either, that I have ever seen or heard of. The howl, at least, was not that of any human being, whatever the body might have been. It was that of a famished wolf and not anything else. Does that sound like superstition? Well, superstition it may be. But which is the worst offender, he who, having seen much and experienced many strange adventures, prefers to think all things possible in the creation of an omnipotent God, or he who fastens down that word “superstition” over the entrance to every avenue of knowledge that pertains to the Twilight Kingdom?

I am reminded of an article I read some time ago on the subject of miracles by a divine of one of the Free Churches, whose name I forget. Having set forth his belief in an Almighty and All-powerful Providence the writer set himself to the task of attempting to prove that

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miracles could not happen in our day — and this is how he went about it. Compelled by the incontrovertible evidence of the Gospels, he acknowledged that our Lord performed many in his time and that his followers performed many more. But, he went on to say, such things, then, were obviously needed to convert the heathen and give the Church a start. Leaving it to be understood that no such necessity existed nowadays, there being, presumably, no more heathen to convert, he let fall the astounding observation that should an All-just, All-seeing, All-understanding God, in His infinite wisdom, do such a thing in our time — and fly in the face of the writer's personal opinions on the subject — He would cease (Cease! the Eternal would cease, that was his word) to be a just God, thereby, of course, ceasing to be God at all! Put into plainer words, the Almighty might continue to sit on His throne as long as He behaved Himself in accordance with the reverend gentleman's idea of how a God should behave — but not a moment longer. And the writer was — will you believe it? — a Professor of Theology at a Nonconformist Seminary.

It is a strange attitude of mind that acknowledges Omnipotence in one breath and sets rigid limits to it in the next.

But, to go back to the man-wolf. One of our old Italian servants used to tell a fearful story — and she spoke of it as though it were of common knowledge. It was about a certain hunter who lived far out in the Campagna by himself, in a small stone house. One evening, just as he was preparing to go to bed, he heard

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some one knocking at the door and, opening it, saw a man and a woman of the better class standing outside. They were well-dressed, although the woman was dusty and tired, and they begged him to let them stay the night, the man saying that they had gone for a walk earlier in the day, taking some food with them, and intending to return to Rome in the evening. After eating, he had taken a little nap and, when he woke up, found that his wife had disappeared. She had wandered away to pick some flowers, from her own account, and had lost herself — a simple enough thing to do thereabouts. They were ready to pay handsomely, they said, for the night's lodging, and he, glad enough to earn money so easily, let them in and, having given them something to eat and drink, led them upstairs and left them there. The next morning, as he was leaving the house, the husband called out to him that he would be very glad to buy from him any game that he might get, and added that he was going back to bed again — for he was singularly sleepy.

The man started off — cheerfully, as one may understand, and the other went back to bed where he slept until the early afternoon. On awakening, he saw that his wife was sitting by one of the windows, wrapped up in a shawl. She was cold, she said, and anxious to start for home again as soon as possible. He assured her that he would not keep her waiting for long, dressed himself, and went downstairs, leaving her by the window.

Having refreshed himself, he sat down by the door, borrowing his host's pipe and tobacco, and waited for the

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latter's return. After some time had sped, he left the house and walked a little way in the direction which the hunter had taken in the morning, but he had not proceeded far before he met him. The man was evidently labouring under some great excitement, and he also seemed to be very dizzy, for he staggered as he came up, and sat down abruptly. His game-bag was empty, but the other noticed a smear of blood on his coat, and thinking him to have met with some accident, stooped down. But the hunter waved him back. He could not speak for a minute or two, and only after he had recovered himself somewhat he told his story. A mile or so from the house, he had sat down to rest and look about for the signs of any game. The day was very still and he had been listening and watching intently, when, without an instant's warning, a heavy body leaped on him from behind, threw him over, and held him in a pair of mighty jaws by the coat collar, face downward. So stunned was he with fright and astonishment that, at first, he lay still. But presently, as the teeth began to work upwards towards his neck he wriggled his head around and saw, a few inches away, the paw of an enormous wolf. Wolves there were, as he said, and wolves, but nothing like this one had he ever heard of. In proof of which he showed the barrel of his gun which had been slung on his back, bitten almost in two. His hands had been free and he had managed to get out his knife, hardly knowing what to do with it till his eyes fell once more on the great paw by his head. In desperation, he slashed at it, and the long, razor-edged blade went through bone and flesh;

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when, with a howl, the wolf jumped away from him and he fainted.

How long he lay there he had no idea, but when he came to himself and got to his feet, the paw was beside him. So saying, he produced it — and it bore out his story, for it was larger than a man's hand. Together they returned to the house, where, after making sure that the hunter was none the worse for his experience, the visitor asked if he might look at the paw again. In the hasty glance he had had of it by the side of the road, he had not had time to satisfy his curiosity. Such a thing was not to be seen twice in a lifetime. The hunter agreed with him and put his hand into his leather game-bag — only to withdraw it with a scream. "Do not go near it!" he begged, as the other approached. "As you value your soul, do not touch it!"

But the visitor was made of sterner stuff and, despite his host's pleadings dived into the game-bag and brought out — a human hand!

Dropping it on the floor, he sprang away, but his eyes were drawn back to the gruesome thing in spite of him, and he saw the glitter of a ring. There was something diabolically familiar about the hand. He looked again and closer. There was something familiar about the ring, too. He had seen it elsewhere and very lately. He left his host in the chair where he had collapsed, ran upstairs and burst in on his wife. She was still sitting by the window and when she heard his voice she turned and looked at him. Her face was changed almost out of recognition and the hate of the other world was in her

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eyes, but he seized the shawl she had wrapped around her, though she bit and struggled. At last he tore it off and a glance showed him the rough bandages over one arm where the hand should have been. It was her hand that he had taken out of the game-bag! The end of the story (which I can only tell as it was told to me) is that the woman was burnt as a witch.

XVI

“BATTLE, MURDER, AND SUDDEN DEATH!”

The Curse of the Latins — Mademoiselle Jaurés and the Broken Crucifix — Santa Maria Desecrates the Cemeteries — A Clandestine Funeral — Chilean Heroines — The Tram-car Riot — A Resolute Mob — A Massacre of the Innocents — Stolen Bullion — The President in Hiding — The Children's Game and the Tyrant's End.

CHILE had not recovered entirely from the effects of the war when we were there. Successful though she had been, it had put her back badly. The country outside the cities was infested by brigands of all sorts, and we never took a drive without carrying pistols with us in the carriage — huge affairs that I used to be horribly afraid of. I never could quite assure myself that they would not go off by accident and blow somebody into pieces. There were brigands inside the cities, too, both in uniform and out of it, but they had, unwillingly I am sure, to draw the line somewhere — in our time at least — just outside the Legation.

Though not so prosperous as in former years, Chile was better off than either of her two opponents, for their paper money had depreciated to about two cents on the dollar. As some Peruvian friends of mine told me quite solemnly, “Before the war, our servants used to go to the market with a handkerchief for the money and a

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basket for the provisions. Now, they take the handkerchief for the provisions and the basket for the money!”

Inevitably, too, the world-wide curse of the Latins — that madness which takes them, as light-headedness takes a fever patient — whenever they are worn out by war or pestilence, the thing politely known as Liberalism, had them in its grip. The nature of that affliction needs no explaining to Catholics, who, high and low, rich and poor, contend with it daily in every quarter of the earth; but, for the information of those of other Communion, who are real believers in the Divinity of Christ and the Gospel of Human Liberty, I will try to make its meaning clear.

In the first place, it has no more to do with any sort of Liberality, political or personal, than with the gates of Heaven. Its best and most enthusiastic exponents have always been the French Republican Governments, who, lately, have outdone themselves. Not content with robbing the Church of its own private property, and putting the profits into their own personal pockets, not satisfied with turning defenceless monks and nuns out of houses which their Orders had built with their own money, and with stealing their pitiful little personal possessions; not shaming to use soldiers — save the mark! — to hustle these poor women out of their own doors by the shoulders and in many cases with the butts of their rifles (think of it, you placid, self-contented, “broad minded” Christians of England and the United States, who profess once a week, and with such pious unction, to be the true followers of the Christ whose servants these

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good and holy women undoubtedly were; you who could find it in what you call your consciences, idly to watch their pain, never once lifting voice or finger in protest!); not content, I say, with all this, they proceeded, openly and in the Legislature of their country, to glorify themselves and their deeds, for all the world to hear.

“ We have turned Christ out of the schools, the Army and the Navy! ” cried their leader. “ Now we will turn Him out of the country, too! ”

Good Friday, the anniversary of the Redemption, was selected as the most propitious day for the destruction of the wayside Crucifixes which had offered rest to the weary and consolation to the sorrowful of former generations. How pitiful is Mademoiselle Jaurés' account of her finding the image of the suffering Saviour broken by hammer blows and flung down to be trampled upon; of the irresistible impulse which made her reverently lay the fragments together, while her girl friend looked scornfully on; and of the pang at her heart when this same friend, a well-educated young French lady, came and *kicked* the desecrated symbol to pieces again, laughing as she did so!

Doubtless the Divine Mercy which led Mademoiselle Jaurés to embrace the Carmelite life of penance and prayer, in atonement for her father's sins, has inspired other generous souls with a like resolve, at sight of the same sacrilege; but what retribution has Divine Justice in store for the nations that submit to these outrages, for the rulers who perpetrate them and of whom the great Dom Gueranger said so truly, “ The Jew servants of

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Pilate once raised the Cross; now they are employed in tearing it down!

And, with the Cross, the whole social fabric. This cannot stand without that. When the scum of Rome, hounded on by its “ progressive ” Mayor, Nathan the son of Mazzini, howled and leapt round the bonfires lighted under the windows of the Vatican a little while ago, the yells of “ Death to Christ! Death to the Pope! ” found their necessary complement in the cry, “ Death to the King! ”

When Authority struck at the Crucifix it dealt its own death-blow for all but its own master’s work — Evil. Its waning energies are concentrated on that, for the present. The name of God, so mighty that under the Mosaic Law only the Priests and Levites were privileged to pronounce it, may not be spoken in the schools lest some child should come to believe in Him.¹ The civilised, progressive rulers sent their emissaries all over the country solely to corrupt the minds of the little children. They forbade officers or soldiers to go to Church — and only a few of the former were found, in that army which was once the glory and the wonder of its age, men enough to resist the infamy and stand by their God, their conscience, and their traditions. Some did — all honour to them! — but they were only a remnant.

That is Free Liberalism. It is a hate of all that is good, and a worship, for its own sake, of all that is evil.

¹ In the spelling-book lists the names “ Adam ” and “ Eve ” have been replaced by “ Albert ” and “ Emilie ” — the Liberals have lost the sense of humour with their other qualifications for salvation!

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It is the child of Freemasonry, against which the Vicar of Christ warned the Faithful, hundreds of years ago. Let the Freemasons of England and America say what they will, it is one body all over the world. That the "personnel" of the former is infinitely higher than that of the latter, is an incident; it does not affect the fact. That many English and American Freemasons are good and upright men, I am ready to confess — and gladly, since those very qualities will bring them out of the Army of the Beast, when once they catch a sight of their Commander's real face. As things are, whether consciously or unconsciously, they gather under the same banner and we must not be blamed if we see in them the same enemy.

Chile, as I have said, was in their hands. The President, Santa Maria, was a virulent one and he put out his whole strength. Not that his whole strength was much, pitted against such an adversary, but he contrived to make good Christians uncomfortable and unhappy, which was something, from his point of view.

For one thing, he had a law passed, ordering that everyone, atheist, murderer, or suicide, should be buried in consecrated ground. That this was the merest spite, nobody pretended to disbelieve, nor was the motive disavowed. But the Chilenos were not sufficiently "educated" to allow themselves to be trampled upon in that fashion, though Santa Maria used every method that came to his hand to compel obedience — and those who have never seen the interior of a South American prison can hardly appreciate what that means.

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It was at about this time that two young acquaintances of ours lost their father. The good man had laid it upon them with his dying breath to bury him decently, and they would have undergone any punishment rather than fail him. After much thought they hit upon an expedient, and, the perfunctory coroner's inquest over, took the body up into the attic and locked it in. The coffin, which was awaiting him downstairs, they filled with stone and brick, and this, the same evening, was solemnly borne to the cemetery and interred. When that was over and they were back in their house again, they dressed their beloved father's body in ordinary clothes, and waited for the dark. Under the cover of night they got out their own carriage — a covered one — smuggled the corpse inside, and placed it sitting up in one corner. One sat beside it, the other drove, and when they reached the gates and were interrogated by the Guard as to where they were going, the former replied that he was taking back to his home a friend who had been staying with him. They were let through and, after a long drive, arrived at their destination, a Convent of, I think, Benedictines, where the body was brought out and properly buried by the light of the moon.

To the women, however, belongs the honour of having shown the Liberals the barrier beyond which they dared not pass. A certain measure was about to become law, and compliance with it would entail absolute excommunication. The Liberals had never gone to quite such lengths before, but, sure of their power — having care-

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fully revised the suffrage to insure its continuance — they began their attack in real earnest. Now the women of Chile are not only housekeeping, home-loving creatures, but they are also full of courage and self-respect; their Religion is everything to them, and they have an influence over their men which absolves them for ever from the tedious necessity of actually voting themselves.

The Liberals, rejoicing in their strength, rushed on, and, perceiving no immediate resistance, framed the new law so as to make it impossible for any one to obey it and remain within the pale of the Church. Then the women rose up. Some twenty or thirty of them met together — all wives of prominent men, and some of members of the Government itself. "This is enough," they said. "If the men have gone mad, it is for us to cure them!"

They settled their plan of campaign in a very short time, and that evening, when supper was over, each one handed in her ultimatum.

"If you do this thing," they said, "you are excommunicate. Very well, that is your own affair. But the Church does not compel us to live with excommunicates. We shall take our children and leave you. We can all earn our own livings, if it comes to that, and every one of us would rather starve and watch her children starve than soil her soul and imperil theirs — now choose!"

They would have done it, too, and the men knew it. The law was not passed. Never was a surrender more swift or more complete.

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Some evil genius must have inspired Balmaceda. Nothing that he did, but turned to hurt for him. Not a sling did he cast at his enemies but proved a boomerang. That the man was weak and vain does not altogether account for the procession of misfortunes that overtook him.

Just after he was elected a local storm burst in Santiago and showed his nature up very well.

The tram-cars in the city were private property, and the tram-car Company, like its brethren farther north, had got into the habit of thinking that the streets were their own private property, too. The fares on these cars had been established at two and a half cents, but the Company — thinking the public helpless to resist — put them up, without warning, to three. The people promptly made a public demonstration, and went to interview Balmaceda on the subject.

He promised — swore — that all should be put straight at once. But they did not trust him any too completely, and announced, to stiffen his back, that if the fares were not lowered, in a week there would not be a rail down in Santiago. Again he promised, and they dispersed after reiterating their threat.

Three days went by and nothing happened. The fares remained at three cents and the Company was much amused. On the fourth day, the citizens, somewhat indignant by now, gathered again and set out to pay Balmaceda another visit. This time, however, he had had word of their intention and they spent several hours in tracing him before they ran him down at his mother's

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house where he had hidden himself. They haled him out into the patio and reminded him that time was flying and their patience with it. Balmaceda, in tears, implored them to calm their indignation for a day or two and to trust him to see that they got their rights — he was even then, he assured them, arranging matters with the Company. "Very well," they said, "this is the middle of the week. You have until Sunday, Señor Presidente. After that we will settle the matter ourselves — in the way that we spoke of!"

Saturday went by, but there was no sign of any change of heart on the part of the Company, the directors of which seemed, from the few glances obtained of them, to be enjoying the situation very much, and Santiago went quietly to bed.

Towards noon on Sunday, the Alameda began to fill with men — there were hardly any women at first, though plenty came out afterwards when the fun began. Each man carried in his hand a bottle of petroleum and a number were armed with crowbars. Within an hour the street was packed. There was not much talking; but at a given signal the first of a line of cars, that were approaching at a foot's pace to avoid crushing some one in the mass of humanity that covered the street, was held up. I watched the whole thing from my window. The proceedings were perfectly orderly. The horses were taken out, and led down a side street, the passengers politely requested to descend, the driver and conductor lifted down and passed along from hand to hand until they were well out of the way. That done, the

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bottles were produced and poured liberally over the car, which was then set alight amidst the cheers of the bystanders. The remainder of the six cars that waited behind were similarly treated. The flames shot up and new cheers shot up with them, while the crowd, now thoroughly roused to its duty, set to work to tear up the rails. Those in the Alameda were soon up and piled, women and children joining in, and the “aperitif” disposed of, the mob — for it had grown into those proportions — set about the real business for which it had assembled. It wrecked the barns, burnt more cars, smashed the doors and windows of the directors' houses, and, long before night had every line in the city hopelessly crippled. Filled with a comfortable sense of duty done and having still a little time on their hands, the people attempted to put a finishing touch on the morning's work by dragging out Balmaceda and telling him what they thought of him. But the President had anticipated that and had left home as soon as he heard of the crowd on the Alameda, so they were obliged, reluctantly, to disperse.

It was a real festa for the whole town. There was no fighting, no one was injured, not a horse was hurt. Needless to say, there was no further argument over the subject, and, after the rails were relaid, the fares went back to their old price, where, I imagine, they have remained to this day.

Like most weak and vain men, Balmaceda was, as has been seen, easily frightened, and that failing, grafted on to the others, produced its natural fruit of cruelty.

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It may be said with truth, that it was he who began Civil War in Chile, and he had to go to some considerable pains to do it, for the Chilean is not, by nature, a quarrelsome person, and will bear with much rather than appeal to lead and steel. He even endured Errazuriz and Santa Maria without bloodshed. Of course the Liberals helped, as always. Balmaceda, bad as he was, had not the strength to be wicked enough to suit them, and when, impelled by the vanity which was himself, he proposed to name his successor, Santafues, instead of telling him quietly not to be silly, they made an open fuss. Balmaceda retorted, à la Charles I, by proroguing Parliament, whereupon a Committee of the two Houses, as it called itself, "summoned the people to rise." Balmaceda increased the pay of the army and navy, proclaimed martial law, and smothered the Press. This latter would have been perhaps a laudable and entirely praiseworthy act in itself or from any other motive, but he had chosen the wrong moment.

I cannot help saying, here, that I have never been able to understand why interference with the Press should always be the breaking point of a people's self-restraint. It is queer when you come to think of it, because it has nothing to do with the people. Its opinions are not those of the mass of the public. It is not sufficiently well-informed about any single thing in the whole world to be able to define it clearly, yet it never ceases to deafen our ears with the cry that its mission is one of education. It is founded on, managed for, nothing in the world but personal gain. And yet with all this a matter

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of common knowledge, the myth is still with us, and the worst accusation — in the eyes of the world — that can be levelled at a government is that it seeks to “muzzle the Press.”

Balmaceda's was the weakness which breeds cruelty. The reasonable sternness of the Northern man at arms always seeks to confine the pain of war to himself and his adversary, and he far prefers to suffer himself than to inflict suffering on helpless non-combatants. Smaller peoples seem, rather, to enjoy the sight of the hardships and injuries which they bring on the unwilling spectators. It gives them a sense of power, I suppose, and importance, thus affording an outlet to the mean man's natural tastes.

Balmaceda could have held his own had he been willing to fight for it. He had 30,000 men, all the money in the Treasury, and, at first, the support of all the cities; but, though ready enough to create war, he could not bring himself to face his own creation when it materialised. One is reminded of Macaulay's lines,

“. . . shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture and dare not look on War!”

They are applicable, too, for he had no objection to shedding blood at all, so long as he was not called upon to take any personal risk in the shedding of it.

In the early days of the rising, a demonstration was made by some innocuous sympathisers with the revolutionaries, who were reported to be approaching, victoriously, to a point a few miles to the north of Santiago.

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It was an affair of flags and music, silly songs and sillier speeches. It was hardly an affair for the police. Some forty boys of good families, all eager for novelty and full of the cheerful unwisdom of youth, determined to go forth and welcome the "liberators." The eldest was not, probably, more than eighteen, the youngest, fourteen, and, of course, they had to have some part in any protest against constituted authority.

But Balmaceda saw, instantly, what appeared to be an opportunity of asserting himself and showing the country what a terribly stern person it had for its Chief Executive, and at the same time, of cowing the spirit of the nightmare which was only biding its time to descend upon the capital.

He sent after them, and they, elated by such unhopedor luck, were brought back and locked up.

It was generally understood that they would be released in the morning and everyone agreed that a night's incarceration would do them no harm, even though it seemed to be paying them a somewhat distinguished compliment.

Conceive of the feelings of that peacefully inclined, easy-going city, when, late on the next afternoon, it heard that they had been lined up against a wall and shot without trial!

That was the beginning of the end, for many influential people who, until then, had preferred to continue under the devil they knew rather than take any chances with the problematical devil of the "Comicion," were filled, to the exclusion of any question of the

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public weal, with the single desire to kill Balmaceda slowly.

After the battle of Placilla, where the Government forces were ignominiously routed, the whole of Santiago became a hive of revolution, and Balmaceda saw that the hour had arrived to say good-bye to his ungrateful country, before it had an opportunity of choosing his exit for him.

He had already collected the remains of the public funds in the Treasury, and now, under the cover of night, betook himself to the British Representative who, very unwisely, consented to the President's request. Balmaceda saw that it was hopeless to attempt to get on board a British ship, himself, as had been his intention, but, assuring his English friend that the gold was his own private property, he begged him to have it placed in the keeping of a British captain and carried into safety. One cannot but think that the gentleman must have been, for a trained servant of the Queen's, of a curiously confiding and trustful disposition, for, although he must have known the personal character of the man with whom he was dealing, he took his simple word for it, and authorised the British officer to take charge of the bullion and steam away with it.

Assured of the safety of his spoils, Balmaceda made for the Argentine Legation and threw himself upon the charity of my old friend, Madame Uriburu, who took him in. Both she and her husband knew that if he were seen in the streets he would be torn in pieces, and their charity overcame their official scruples.

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They hid him in two little rooms, leading off a remote staircase, and, in the night, brought up food and drink for him. This went on for some weeks, while the whole of Santiago was searching for him, high and low.

The man must have gone nearly mad with the strain. His naturally nervous temperament, working with the solitude, the never absent fear of capture, and the memory of the blood he had shed so uselessly and so wantonly, could not but have come to a tension where the slightest shock would break down his self-control.

One day, two of the Uriburu children were playing on the staircase, bouncing a ball up and down the steps. They were close to a landing, on the opposite side of which was a door. As children will, they began to throw the ball at it, enjoying the scramble. Gently they threw it at first, then, by degrees, harder and harder, until, suddenly, from the inside, came the report of a pistol, followed by the thud of a body on the floor, and they, terrified, fled shrieking to their mother.

Balmaceda in his half-demented state, had thought the impact of the ball against the door and the voices of the children to be the forerunners of the mob, and had shot himself rather than face them.

With him, the Civil War came to an end and it was not long before Liberalism came to lose its attractions.

XVII

A WATERING PLACE IN THE ANDES

A Trying Situation — Degenerate Spanish — “No Doctors or Lawyers!”
The Mystical “Manto” — Pretty Prayer Carpets — A Startling Sight —
The Parrot in Church — The Ways of Good Women — A Piously Con-
ducted Pilgrimage — The Baths of Cauquenes — Conservative Grandees —
White Acacias — A Lonely Bloom — The Dream-letter — Where Our
Marching Orders Found Me — A Memory and a Farewell.

SOME wise person once told me that in renting a house the great thing is to make one's selection in bad weather. This doubtful advantage was certainly ours when we chose our Santiago dwelling-place, chiefly attracted, I think, by the unusual feature of one or two chimneys which would allow of our putting in some heating stoves. This we at once did, in spite of the protests of our friends, who solemnly assured us that warming the house meant opening the door to the doctor — it would be the source of constant bad health to us and our servants!

We had made several friends already, although at first my difficulties with the language left most of the conversation to them. One day, indeed, a week or two after our arrival, my sitting-room at the hotel was suddenly filled by quite a crowd of ladies, wives of officials, not one of whom could speak a word of French. I had been warned not to draw on my Italian for any Spanish,

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because of the similarity in sound and disastrous difference in meaning of many words, so I was prudently dumb, and they entertained one another until help was sent me in the person of an amiable woman whose husband was in the Chilean diplomatic service. She had lived in Europe, and at once took on the office of interpreter, to my great gratitude and relief. A few weeks later I needed no interpreter, having picked up enough to get along alone. I had no time to take lessons, but I read the daily papers, and provided myself with Spanish novels — an excellent way of learning a language in a hurry, because of the much dialogue and the thread of interest which makes one want to see what is in the next chapter. My husband also helped me a good deal by refusing to remember or read a word of Spanish as soon as he found out that I could talk for him and translate letters and such extracts from the papers as he wanted. Nevertheless I always spoke it badly; the harsh gutturals and hissings offended my Italian ear; and whereas in Italian every letter is pronounced, in American Spanish half of them are suppressed, a caprice which throws many obstacles in the path of a beginner.

The Spaniards look upon Chileno Spanish as a degenerate dialect, and I remember that Madame Carcano, the Spanish wife of the Italian Minister, was never tired of ridiculing the local idioms, particularly the "Como nó?" (How not?) which was as universal a form of assent as is the famous "You bet!" in my present home on the Pacific Slope. But they had some pretty phrases, "Vayase con Dios" (Go with God) and "Hasta la

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vista" (Till sight) for farewell. How much more there generally is in the farewell than in the greeting! My dear brother's favourite was such a friendly one, "Be good to yourself!"

Madame Carcano was really my chief standby in the first weeks of my residence in Santiago, for she was able to warn me against the many mistakes that Europeans are apt to make on plunging into a Transatlantic society with a modern face — and customs and ways of thought that have changed but little since the colonisers were sent out from Spain hundreds of years ago. It seems that they were not very easy to get. Cortéz, writing home on the subject, said, "Send me anything you like, only I will have *no doctors and no lawyers!*" It was, as the times went, a wise discrimination, for the doctors of the 16th century must have killed many more than they cured, and where there are no lawyers quarrels are usually short lived. But the two enlightened professions have had their revenge on Cortéz, — every other door in Santiago hears on its brass plate the title of "Medico" or "Abogado."

The first "bêvue" from which Madame Carcano saved me was that of attempting to go to church in a bonnet. "You would be mobbed," she told me. "You must buy a *manto* at once, and I will show you how to put it on."

I had imagined the *manto* to be something like the mantilla of Spain, so becoming in its lacy softness, but no, it was a very large square of opaque black, heavy crêpe de Chine for choice, of which one corner was wrapped

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over the head and the point drawn as tightly as possible round the throat; then the thing was deftly thrown over the shoulder so that the opposite corner very nearly touched the ground behind, exactly in the middle of the skirt; the folds were drawn close to the figure and finally fastened somewhere on the left shoulder with a brooch. It sounds like nothing earthly, but on a slight, graceful woman it was one of the prettiest coverings possible, besides being the most comfortable. Young faces looked very sweet with the black frame round rosy cheek and chin, and the little curls of fair or dark hair escaping over forehead and temples. The hands were quite free, when the manto was properly put on, and they usually carried a prayerbook and a mother-of-pearl rosary, while a gaily embroidered "alfombrita" (or prayer carpet) hung neatly folded over the left arm.

The prayer carpet is as necessary a part of the outfit of a Chilean woman as of a good Mussulman, for there are only a few seats in even the most modern churches, and the congregation generally has to sit or kneel on the stone floor. Hence the use of the "alfombrita," a square of cloth, usually black, with quilted lining and border. The richness of the embroidery and the quality of the lining proclaim the status of the owner, and there is no article about which a Chilean woman is more particular. Embroidery being one of her most admired accomplishments, it is lavished on the prayer carpet, the sombre background of which usually displays all the colours of the rainbow in its silken net of roses and forget-me-nots and jessamines, often picked out with

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gold and crystal beads which must make anything but a comfortable material to kneel upon.

On entering the church the Señorita goes at once to her accustomed place which only an utter stranger would venture to usurp; the carpet is spread on the pavement at exactly the right angle; and then all colouring disappears as the black figure sinks down and hides it. The first time I went to Mass in Santiago, I gasped as I entered the Church, for a stranger or more mournful sight had never met my eyes. I was a little late, for Mass had begun, and the building, from one end to the other, was an unbroken sea of black — hundreds of women, all, of course, with their backs to me, kneeling shoulder to shoulder, with deeply bowed heads, and not a single countenance or a touch of colour visible anywhere. It was startling!

The very pious ones, and older women generally, draw the manto far over the forehead and cheeks so that nothing is seen of the face in profile and very little in the front view. The first missionaries taught that a woman's head should be entirely covered in church and that Our Lady set the example, as shown in her pictures, by wearing a voluminous head-veil. Madame Carcano told me that on her arrival she had trotted gaily into Church in her lace mantilla as she was accustomed to do at home, but she never did it again. The woman beside whom she found herself kneeling turned a shocked countenance towards her and said, "You might at least try to be *decent* when you come to church!"

One saw queer sights in church occasionally. I re-

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member one morning, on entering San Borja, seeing an old Indian woman who had just settled herself on the pavement with her most precious belongings laid out all around her. There were market baskets, bundles of clothing, bunches of herbs — it was a wonder that she could carry so much about her, but to all this was added a large cage containing a parrot which she had apparently feared to leave at home. In a few minutes she opened the door of the cage, and the creature, a splendid fellow all in green and blue, walked out, climbed on her shoulder and settled down there to wait till she had finished her prayers. The two were evidently old friends and quite understood each other's ways.

The lower classes in Chile are closely allied to the Indians and have very few of the foreign characteristics noticeable in their social superiors. These latter can scarcely be called Spanish; even their names — and those the best ones — are often Irish or German, and they are more proud of their Hibernian or Teuton ancestors than of their Iberian ones. Indeed, there is still much hatred of Spain, and the resentment kindled by the bombardment of Valparaiso has not yet died down. One of my friends, a most gentle and pious woman, sometimes spoke of the "tyrants" from whom Chile had been freed, and her eyes flashed very angrily when she did so. Like most of the other women, she was well posted on the past history and actual politics of her country, but everything outside of that was a closed book to her as to them. She could not understand my rather omnivorous taste in reading or my eagerness to hear what was going

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on in Europe. Her range of subjects was limited, being confined to local and religious ones, but she talked well, and so untiringly that it was she who really taught me Spanish, though to the end she used to go into fits of laughter at my Italian pronunciation, particularly of the "r;" clear and pure enough, in all conscience, in our Roman tongue, it could never approach the Spanish sound, which is like the screech of an alarm clock.

Pastora — was an old maid who, with her still older spinster sister, Paola, lived with a married brother and helped to bring up his many daughters. "Las chiquillas" (the small ones) ranged in age from nine to nineteen, but they were never all at home together, two being always "con las monjas" in the Convent School. As the younger ones began to grow up the bigger ones had to come back, the family's means being somewhat restricted; and coming back meant the cessation of all study except that of music, and the devotion of most of the day to embroidery, which the mothers insisted on as a serious occupation. A book even of travel or biography was considered "mundano" in the morning — the "Niñas" must employ that usefully! At the Convent, at the distribution of prizes, there was always a grand exhibition of embroidered cushions, divans, and chairs, the parents paying generously for mounting and upholstering if their daughter's work was considered worthy of it. The ambition of each girl is to have all her drawing-room furniture embroidered by her own hand, and the result is often quite sumptuous and beautiful. With marriage all this comes to an end, as the Chilean lady

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is expected not only to superintend, but to assist her servants, and to take the chief care of her children upon herself, tasks sufficient to give her plenty of occupation, but so eagerly shared, as a rule, by sisters, cousins, or some confidential companion that they never become very burdensome.

The status of domestic servants is not nearly so good as it is in Italy. The maids, in a well-regulated household, never go out except to execute some small commission — there must be no dawdling on the way, and only the elderly ones are trusted so far as this. In the house, with its two or three patios, they have great liberty, and seem to interchange jobs at will, much as our Japanese maids used to do. They are not well-trained, in our sense of the word, but very amiable and devoted, and I regretted having brought our expensive trio of English servants when I saw how well our colleagues got on with those they could find in the country.

The English servants complained bitterly of the dullness of life in Santiago. They could not understand that we should be satisfied with it. There was a little place in the mountains near by where I sometimes went with my friend Pastora for the baths. The first time my maid Clara accompanied me; when next I was preparing for a fortnight at Cauquenes she entreated, with tears, to be left behind — another experience of such monotony would send her mad, she declared!

I was fond of the strange spot, which had a certain beauty of its own. Pastora and I, and as many of the "Niñas" as could be packed into the flat-roofed Mex-

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ican "carruaje" would leave Santiago early in the morning to drive for three or four hours, over roads knee-deep in dust, across the plain. Here and there the straggling walls of some big "Hacienda" enclosed an oasis of greenness, but for the most part the landscape was that of the desert, with some of the desert's beautiful brown and gold and amethyst tints veiling its heat-smitten distances as the day went on. Pastora and the girls talked incessantly till a halt was called for lunch; when we started again I was feeling rather sleepy and was about to settle back into my corner when Pastora pulled out her rosary, and, looking round with a bright smile, said, "Now we are going to pray *thick!*" (Ahora vamos a rezar tupido.) Of course we all responded at once, and there was not another pause till my dear little friend had led us through the whole fifteen decades of the Rosary, the prayers punctuated every minute or two by some monstrous lurch of the carriage into holes or over boulders on the road.

That ascended steadily for a long time and the sun was nearly setting when the driver suddenly turned into a ravine of the hills, full of trees and the sound of running water. It was heavenly, after the many hours of dusty travelling across the plain! We alighted at the foot of some steps and mounting them entered a wide space, surrounded by buildings on three sides and planted with acacia trees, just then in full bloom. The court was quite a garden, gay with the scarlet geraniums which grow to gigantic size in Chile, creeping up to the roofs of the mud cottages and often supplying the only note of fresh-

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ness and colour in the desolate landscape. Very soon we were installed in some bright, pretty rooms on an upper floor, opening on a balcony which ran the whole length of the building and where one could sit, looking down into the garden and listening to the lively hum of chatter from other apartments, mostly full at that time, as it was the approved season for the mineral baths. On descending to the table d'hôte, Pastora and the girls found various relations and acquaintances, and I had the amusement of watching the arrival of a family from Santiago, who, according to old Chilean custom, brought all their own furniture, including cooking utensils and provisions; a tribe of servants accompanied them, and they took up their quarters in the chief wing of the hotel, where suites of rooms were left unfurnished to accommodate the conservative grandees who maintained the respectable old traditions. It reminded me of our journeys in the north of China, when the servants moved all our paraphernalia every day, and, when they judged it necessary, re-papered the rooms of the inn or temple where we were to pass the night, so that all might be clean and inviting when we entered.

My first visitor the next morning was an enterprising and highly picturesque Indian woman, who, I found, came every day to sell small hot rolls to the guests. They were most palatable when fresh, but, if kept, attained the consistency of marble in the course of twenty-four hours. I had, at Cauquenes, to fall in with Chilean hours for meals, and rather trying they were, especially the ten o'clock "almuerzo" with its huge plates of "casuela"

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patterned with saffron, and the inevitable "Bisteca" all but raw after its slight bow to the fire. No wonder Cauquenes was a favourite resort! Its waters had a fine power of subduing rheumatism!

One of my great pleasures up there was in the grove of acacia trees; their ivory white clusters hung close within reach and my room was always full of them. In the afternoons we walked a good deal, exploring the hill-paths, which, my companions told me, led to many a gold mine sealed up by the Indians when Cortéz was roaming the country for the precious stuff — of which he died, for the outraged natives having got him into their power poured molten gold down his throat, with the taunt, "Gold thou didst desire — now of gold have thy fill!" The knowledge of the localities of these hidden mines are supposed by many to be still preserved among the Indians, and I remember embodying the idea in a novel I wrote many years ago, "The Looms of Time."

If the hills held gold, they held very little else. The scant, burnt herbage could not soften the crumbling scoria underfoot, and except for a certain poetic vastness, there was not a single attractive feature in the view of the far-stretching plain. Other plains that I remembered — the Campagna and the great plain of northern China — set the imagination tingling with storied possibilities; but here nothing had happened and nothing worth remembering would ever happen; the few Indians one met were stupid and smilingly happy, all devoutly wearing their rosaries round their necks, quite contented with this world as they found it, and sure, if they said their

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prayers and neither robbed nor murdered, of being perfectly satisfied with the next. That they were Christians was rather surprising, for the country away from the towns is terribly undermanned with priests; to meet the most crying needs, the chief landowners and employers of labour arrange for periodical missions on their haciendas once in two or three years. Then two or more Padres stay for a fortnight, preach twice a day, instruct the young ones, marry dozens of couples, and baptise all the children born since their last visit. When they leave, everything has been straightened up, spiritually, and everybody goes ahead in faith and patience till they can return.

I spoke just now of the desolation of those barren hills, but in justice I must describe one flower that I found there which I have never seen anywhere else. It is called the "chagual" (pronounce "chawal"), grows on the hottest, stoniest spots of the soil, and shoots up a single stalk, six feet in height, and for three or four feet of its length is covered with pale greenish-blue flowers, lily shaped and of the most waxen texture. The blossoms, of course, open first nearest the ground, while the last are still barely visible on the last point of the tapering spire high in air. The lower ones are quite large and at that stage the whole looks like a giant parasol, closed and fringed with turquoise-coloured lilies. The stalk is like that of a young sapling, and the chagual is a solitary, each bloom far away from any of its kind, so that one wonders how the seeds are conveyed to its chosen growing place.

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On our return journey from Cauquenes I persuaded the driver to cut one down for me to take home. The only way to transport the huge thing was to bind it on the roof of the carriage, a device which caused much amusement in the street when I drove up to my own door in Santiago. We got it safely upstairs, and for the next few days all my time went in painting its portrait, both in the whole and in detail. As the intelligent reader has doubtless discovered, I scarcely know a botanical term, but one of the great delights of my leisure hours has been to paint flowers, not for decorative purposes, but to *know* them — every twist of stem and wilful curl of leaf — the flush and wane of colour, the treasure of the black or golden heart which to me was like an eye, telling many things that the ear could never receive.

My second visit to Cauquenes was paid under rather melancholy circumstances. I had a dream — one of those which have nothing to do with the ordinary wild gyrations of the brain, dreams which we know to be nonsense almost before we have waked from them. This was in the nature of clairvoyance, and carried absolute conviction with it. I dreamt that I was holding in my hand a letter from my sister-in-law, Miss Fraser, in which she said that our eldest boy was very ill with bronchitis. She described how he had caught cold through putting on his jacket, which he had thrown down on the wet grass while he played cricket. She went on to say that of course he was having the best of care, but that she did not believe he would recover, and, in any case, felt that she had no responsibility in the matter.

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I woke up, *knowing* that I had read a real letter and my state of mind may be imagined. I told my husband about it and entreated him to cable for news, but of course he pooh-poohed the whole thing. Spend pounds and pounds on a cable because I, who was always worrying about the children, had had a bad dream! Who ever heard of such nonsense?

Six weeks must go by before the letter itself could arrive. I had read it, as I well knew, as Fanny, over there in Bath, was writing it. I stood the suspense for a time, but at last I told my husband that it would be better for me to go away and see out the last fortnight by myself. His incredulity, and the little social round in Santiago, were more than I could bear. Hugh was very kind and let me go to Cauquenes, where, two weeks later, the letter reached me, almost word for word as I had already read it, including the final repudiation of responsibility. The only omission was that of my sister-in-law's disbelief in the boy's recovery. That fear was in her *mind* as she wrote, on the date of my dream, but consideration for us had led her to suppress the expression of it.

I was standing in the same court-yard at Cauquenes, under the acacia blossoms, in the spring of 1888, when another letter came to me, from my husband in Santiago, telling me that our marching orders had come — for Japan. It was a very welcome promotion for him, for he had looked forward with apprehension to a long course of South American Republics. It usually takes a diplomatist at that stage seven years to be recalled north

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of the line if he has held a Mission below it. As I read his joyful letter my thoughts travelled back to a spring morning in Vienna, when, leaning out of a window in the Hofburg, waiting for the appearance of the splendid Holy Thursday procession of the royalties accompanying the Blessed Sacrament, I had turned to my companion, Lord Tenterden, and asked him to send Hugh as Minister to Peking, a post which my husband knew so well and desired for many good reasons. Lord Tenterden had been one of Hugh's fags at Eton and had always been a good friend of ours, also a powerful one, as he filled for several years the post of Permanent Under Secretary at the F. O.

"No," he said, "I shall not send Hugh to Peking. I think you would like Japan better. That is where I mean you to go." And he smiled down at me, his kind, ugly face beaming with friendliness and the pleasant sense of being able to make other people happy. Now he had kept his word. From the little city on the arid plain at the foot of the Andes we were to go to the greenest, sweetest land on earth, the place which in after years became truly home to me, a home gladdened by much sunshine and destined, as all true homes are, I think, to be hallowed with tears.

MARY CRAWFORD FRASER.



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