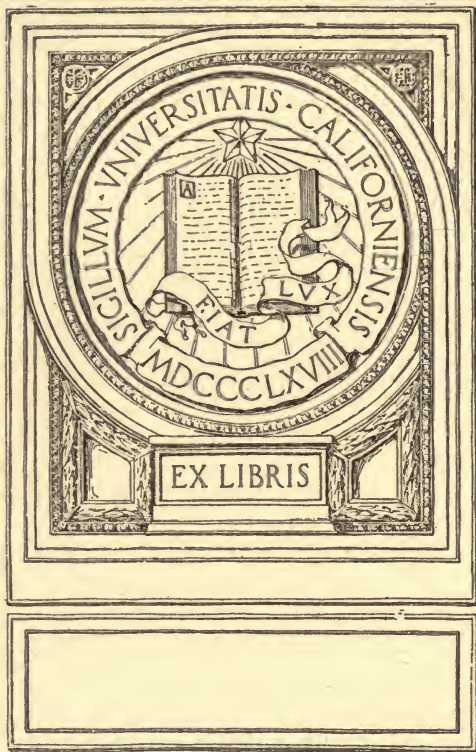


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Harriet J. Jephson

Notes of a Nomad

By Lady Jephson (*Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England*). Author of "*A French Canadian Scrap-book*," "*Letters to a D ebutante*" and "*A War Time Journal—Germany, 1914*" :: ::

*"And so I penned
"It down, until at last it came to be,
"For length and breadth, the bigness which you see"*

JOHN BUNYAN

WITH A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE AND
16 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS MOSTLY AFTER
PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



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TO VNU
ANNOUNCED

PREFACE

I FEEL that, in publishing these sketches of happy days abroad and in England, I must explain that I do not for a moment imagine that I am of sufficient importance to make anything I write about myself either interesting or desirable. I have, however, seen a great deal of Europe and America under conditions which are different from those existing in war-time, and it may interest others besides myself to recall these impressions.

It is difficult to write of places and things abroad without bringing in a personal note. Descriptions of countries are dry-as-dust guide-book reading unless one gives them human interest. Therefore, as :

“The proper study of mankind is man,”

I have written freely of people. To me it is exasperating to read of men and women masquerading under pseudonyms. I lose interest in an inscrutable “Mr. H.” and a mysterious “Lady T.” For this reason I spare my readers what I personally dislike, and if I sin through lack of reticence, I hope to be forgiven.

My thanks are due to the editors of *Literature*, *The World*, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Queen*, *The Gentlewoman*, *The Evening Standard*, *The Lady* and *The Lady's Realm* for allowing me to make use of material which I originally sent to their columns.

HARRIET J. JEPHSON.

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TO ARCHIE AND DOROTHY

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NOTES OF A NOMAD

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

“And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.”

JOHN BUNYAN.

MY earliest recollections are those of a long, low house built of stone, with a steep-pitched roof and a wide veranda which ran along the front. Dormer windows broke the monotony of the red-tiled roof, and the veranda and shutters were painted bright green. A wide, deep portico projected beyond the veranda, and a flight of stone steps descended to the gravelled sweep which lay before the house. Between the Corinthian pillars of the portico we children sat in summer, learning our lessons, sewing dolls' clothes, threading daisies, blowing “clocks,” making cats' cradles, loving and fighting, forgiving and making friends again as is the habit of children all the world over. About the house lay a park, not kept as an English one would have been, but beautiful with its firs and oaks, its maple trees, pines and sycamores. The land was undulating and densely wooded, and a stream ran at the bottom of the hill on which stood our home. The place was about three miles out of Quebec.

On one side of our house lay the garden. Was

there ever in this world such another ! A glorious tangled wilderness of currant and gooseberry bushes, crab trees, plum trees, Indian corn, cherry trees, pumpkins, marrow, beetroot, cabbages, apple trees, cauliflowers and potatoes. Each square of vegetables was bordered by flowers. Hollyhocks, dahlias, sunflowers, rose bushes, geraniums and carnations flourished together in utmost luxuriance. We children had each our spade and rake and hoe, and a little private and particular bit of ground we dug over and watered persistently, often pulling up the roots to see how they were growing, and sticking them back again. At some distance lay the River St. Lawrence, and on the opposite shore the town of Lévis straggled along a high bank.

Our mother had a stolid, solid, fat old horse called "Chunk," and a low phaeton, and what is called a "wagon" in Canada. The wagon had a shiny, black top to it and four slender posts with waterproof curtains which rolled up all round in fine weather, like huge German sausages, and let down and buttoned completely when it rained. We children possessed a shaggy pony we rode in turns, generally bare-backed, and our father walked into town every morning to the Court House, where his duties as Her Majesty's Prothonotary* for the Province of Quebec took him.

* As French law prevails in the province of Quebec, legal appointments are French in substance and in name. Thus, for instance, there is a *Bâtonnier* (Head of the Bar), a *Syndic* and a *Protonotaire*. The office of Prothonotary is one of some dignity and analogous with that of Recorder in the English law courts.

Our coachman for years was a simple-minded French Canadian called "Michel." His religion was of the simplest. He believed in a God, and in a Devil, in a Pope, and not at all in priests and nuns. We youngsters found out that he was an arrant coward and confirmed tale-bearer. He it was who informed our mother when crab apples lay strewn all over the ground that "M. Willie" had been seen shaking the trees, and when I, at great risk of breaking my neck, climbed to the tip-top of the great oak tree and was swinging comfortably in its upper branches, Michel lost no time in assuring me that Madame should know of it. Willie and I were adequately punished, and Willie swore revenge.

One night, when all in the house lay deep in slumber, two little white-robed creatures met on the landing outside the nursery door and hand in hand stole down the staircase. Michel slept in a room adjoining the kitchen and Willie draped himself in a sheet, tied antlers to his head as horns and marched to Michel's bedside.

The coachman awoke, cried out in horror and alarm: "Qui va là?"

"Le Diable," said Willie in a hollow, hoarse voice.

Poor Michel buried his head in the pillow and cried upon all the Saints in the Calendar to save him. He was ill next day, and we paid him visits of condolence and also of inquisitiveness. He told us that the Devil had come and done his best to carry him off to "l'Enfer," but that

he had struggled bravely, left his bed, flourished his whip at the Fiend and driven him to the door, bolting it upon him. "Then," said Michel, "Le bon Dieu appeared to me, and assured me that I should go to Heaven for having fought the Devil so bravely on earth." We nearly laughed ourselves hysterical over the story, and, being wicked children, encouraged him frequently to repeat the tale. Each time he told it Michel made himself out a greater hero. At last he imitated St. Dunstan in his adventure, and told us he had seized the Devil with red-hot tongs snatched from the kitchen stove. How we chuckled with delight when it came to that! I have never seen Orcagna's fresco (in the Pisa Campo Santo) of the fat old monk whom angels are endeavouring to carry to heaven and devils trying to drag down to hell, without thinking of Michel.

The great tyrant in our household was "Nin," our ex-nurse and our mother's housekeeper. She was an Irishwoman, faithful, devoted, strictly honest, but of an ungovernable, overbearing temper. All our sorrows as children came from her, and yet, in despite of this, we loved her. She told tales of our naughtiness, like Michel, and still, when we were shut up in loneliness and fed on bread and water, she comforted our sad hearts by the carnal delight of hot gingerbread or Johnny cake. Nin was an extraordinary and accomplished cook. No one could ever make or fry dough nuts as she could, nor toss a pancake, nor make jam. Her buckwheat cakes were a revela-

tion, her pastry as light and unsubstantial as swansdown, her cakes a dream. We all liked to be on good terms with old Nin when the dough nut season came round, and one and all, from my father and mother down to the youngest of the six children, we trembled before her. Strong personality and indomitable will were her weapons, and when in her softer moods no one could be more delightful. Nin came from County Cork and instructed us early in Irish ways and opinions. She was a devout Roman Catholic, and taught us to say at night :

“ I have four corners to my bed,
I have four angels overhead,
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on,”

greatly to the scandal of my mother when she discovered it. Nin told us the tales of the Apocrypha, and we knew all about the “ chaste Susanna,” but imagined that she was so called because the Elders had chased her. Also, we firmly believed that no country was so beautiful or wonderful as Ireland, and that the More-Smyths of Ballinatrav, upon whose property she had been born, were only a shade below Queen Victoria in grandeur.

We were a happy party of six—I was the third in order of birth. The eldest boy, Colin, was a beautiful Antinous with clear-cut features, golden curls and lovely blue eyes. The second, Willie, was not so handsome, but he made up for that in a remarkable intelligence, and the Baby (who

has since earned the D.S.O. and gold medal for saving life and been mentioned in dispatches) was the darling of the house. Of these three brothers, one, the eldest, lives in Canada; the second in Asia, and the third and youngest in England—so do families grow up and scatter.

My chief worship as a child was my godfather, a very handsome, charming young widower, who came often to our house, having an obvious admiration for the pretty young aunt who lived with us. One day he called as usual and I at once climbed his knees and stared searchingly into his clear, brown eyes.

“What’s the matter, child?” said he, “and what are you looking at?”

“Mamma said to Papa,” quoth I, “that you had a wife in your eye, and I’m looking to find her!”

Confusion of my poor mother and hapless young aunt and subsequent banishment from the drawing-room of the *enfant terrible*!

When intense heat and summer holidays came round, we left Thornhill and adjourned down the river to a *seigneurie* belonging to our family near Kamouraska. The house was a bigger one than that near Quebec, the rooms being large and lofty. It was built on a peculiar plan, the chief entrance being in the east gable. A long corridor went straight through the house and ended where a flight of steps led into the garden. The principal rooms opened off the corridor, the drawing and dining rooms commanding magnificent views of

the St. Lawrence, which at that point was eighteen miles wide. Constant ocean-bound steamers and small craft passed by. We knew by telegrams from Father Point when to expect the steamer from England, and we were on the watch for the outward-bound vessel which sailed on Saturday mornings from Quebec. The St. Lawrence was a never-ending source of interest to us small folk. To untravelled English minds it is hard to conceive of a river so broad that at parts the opposite bank is only dimly discernible. Between Murray Bay and the mouth of the Saguenay the St. Lawrence averages twenty-miles in width, and as it nears the Gulf the river broadens yet more. Its course is north-east and south-west, and fine ranges of mountains, the Laurentian and Appalachian, run along each bank. At intervals on its shores are villages which, in every essential, might have been brought from Brittany and put down without much alteration in their present places. Some of the settlements date back two hundred years. All are French in origin and in fact, and the *habitant* believes that he speaks the ancient and correct tongue as spoken in the reign of the *Grand Monarque*. In these villages the Church is the centre round which gather the houses of the *curé*, the notary, the *avocat* and the doctor. A remove from this gentility, lie the small, comfortable, wooden cottages of the peasants, and farther afield those of the well-to-do farmers. All are built of wood, generally "clap-boarded," and mostly on stone foundations. The roofs are

steep, red-tiled, and sometimes have as many as three tiers of dormer windows. A veranda often exists, and this is the playground of the family. Here, when the day's work is done, Jean plays the fiddle and the young ones dance. Snake fences divide the land, and a pleasant, rural, prosperous picture is to be seen of men tilling the ground and of women spinning at their cottage doors or carding wool. Those early French Colonists of Champlain's time must, indeed, have been men and women of individuality to have left their stamp so unmistakably on their descendants that more than a century of British rule has not in the smallest degree altered their habits, their characteristics or their language.

All the people about our *seigneurie* were French Canadians, and although their tongue was not that approved of by the French Academy, it was sufficiently expressive. The nautical expressions inherited from their Breton forbears, chiefly mariners, were most amusing. For example, your true-born *habitant* will tell you to *embarquer* and not to *monter* when he wishes you to climb up into his vehicle. A climb it is, indeed, since the *calèche* is the only carriage known in country parts, and it is perched on the top of two immensely high wheels, whilst the *cocher* sits on a hard little ledge in front, and urges his horse to *marche donc!* And how like in Canada everything remote from towns is to provincial France! Constantly, in these rough country roads, one comes across a crude Calvary with a devout peasant kneeling before it.

Rude is the carving and gaudy the painting, but the contortions of face and body are given with painful fidelity, and serve to impress upon the simple peasants the sufferings of their Saviour. Hard by the Calvary one sometimes sees a small shrine wherein is enthroned the Madonna holding in her arms the Holy Child. The Madonna bears small resemblance to Bellini's or Perugino's Holy Virgins, but it is none the less beautiful to the French Canadian peasant. The church is usually of the type known to our childhood as coming out of a little wooden box. The roof is steep and of a picturesque red, the walls are washed over with wholesome whitewash, and the spire keeps guard over the façade. Inside, the altar is a lamentable mixture of imitation lace draperies and artificial flowers in brass vases. The "Stations" are crude plaster work gaudily painted. Close to his church lives the curé in a neat house surrounded by a good garden. He is often to be found reading his breviary as he paces up and down between his hollyhocks and dahlias. As a rule, the French Canadian priest is a worthy example to his parishioners, and not seldom is he a man of deep learning. He rules his village for its good, and there is no appeal from the fiat of Monsieur le Curé.

Not only the shrines, and cottages, and ovens and convents are modelled after the French pattern, but all over the Province of Quebec avenues of poplars are to be seen planted by the early settlers in imitation of their beloved France.

The shops bear French signs and French names, wooden cradles are made on Breton lines, and beds follow ancient French models. I often used to wonder how Madame de St. Remy, the agent's wife, could cram her huge family into the modest cottage, until I saw her one evening putting them all to bed on the shelves of cupboards, in humble imitation of Brittany beds. Every *habitant* cottage has its black cross on its kitchen wall, and its gaudy chromo-lithograph of the Holy Virgin with flaming heart, its portrait of the Pope, and its spinning wheel. French Canadian women do all the gardening, and work also in the fields in the manner of their French Canadian ancestors. They are prodigiously industrious and thrifty; spin their own home-grown flax, make their own linen and blankets, as well as their husbands' "home-spun" garments. Tobacco and flax, Indian corn and onions are the principal things grown in *habitant* gardens. Dahlias and sunflowers and golden-rod are the favourite flowers. In the long summer evenings we children loved to go over to the agent's cottage to listen to good "Jacques Bon Homme" fiddling, whilst his wife's spinning wheel made a curious accompaniment, and the children's heads poked out at intervals from the cupboard shelves or drawers in which they had been laid. I can hear and see it now. "Jacques, méchant petit homme, dors-tu!—Jean, cher petit chou, silence!" Good Madame de St. Remy disciplined her family firmly but lovingly.

Those were halcyon days when the world was young and the worst troubles looming before us were Neander's "Church History" and Napier's "Peninsular War." Madame de St. Remy was most hospitable and often asked us children to tea. That was a treat indeed! We were regaled with black bread thickly spread with *lard*, covered with scraped maple sugar! It sounds horrible, but being a novel diet to us, we thought it delicious. As for the eggs fried in maple sugar *sirup*, that we considered worthy of a Brillat-Savarin. We drank butter-milk, helped Madame to churn, nursed the last baby in turns, and were altogether blissfully happy. Sometimes we moved in more exalted circles, and having been properly scrubbed and dressed, went in with our mother to tea with the Judge's wife in Kamouraska. Madame was an extremely clever woman, speaking both languages perfectly, read in the literature of each, and full of original ideas. Her house was the largest in the place, and was furnished with a deep, two-storied veranda and a very good garden. The teas live in my memory now. The table was laden with huge bowls of blue-berries and raspberries, jugs of cream, honey in the comb, jam and cakes of every description. Afterwards Madame sat in a rocking chair on the veranda and swung slowly to and fro, holding forth on literature and politics and the doings of her neighbours, while the Judge stood by with an amused smile on his fine, intellectual countenance. In the winter the family migrated to

Quebec, where they possessed a fine house in Ste. Ursule Street, and Madame entertained all the fashionable world.

At St. André we ran wild and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It was delightful to be free of our governess. We had lessons, it is true, for a short time every morning, and were obliged to read Neander's "Church History" with our mother and Macaulay's "History of England" with our aunt, but after these penances came absolution. We bathed when the tide allowed, scrambled bare-legged over the rocks, gathered blue-berries, sailed our boats in the stream which ran near the house and drove in *calèches*. When the time came for us to leave the *seigneurie* and return to the humdrum existence of regular lessons, a strict governess and masters, deep was our sorrow.

Another outing we loved, as children, was a visit to our old grandfather, Colonel Campbell, at Bampcell, his property in Megantic. These lands he received as a grant for his services in the wars which lasted from 1812 to 1825, and he settled upon them, calling the property after his name with the B and C reversed in order. Bampcell was a beautiful spot and the house overlooked two lovely lakes—Lake William and Lake George. My grandfather used to tell us that, when quite a young subaltern, he was hunting cariboo one day with a brother officer and came suddenly out of a wood on the crest of the hill, where stands the house at the present day.

“Here,” said my grandfather, “I should like to build a house. I never saw a more exquisite situation.” When the day arrived upon which he was granted land in Canada he achieved his heart’s desire!

I agree with Lord Redesdale that, “From the earliest times, and even in most savage races, men have been proud of such ancestry as they could lay claim to,” and since I have no cause to be anything but proud of mine, I will diverge here to say something of my forbears.

My grandfather, Col. Charles Campbell, was the son of Archibald Campbell, U.E. Loyalist, whose father, a scion of the House of Breadalbane, on retiring from the Army left Scotland and settled in Virginia, as it was much the fashion then to do. Archibald Campbell married Charlotte Saxton, daughter of an ex-Guardsman, Capt. John Saxton, a member of a baronet’s family now extinct. The marriage took place in Trinity Church, New York, during the occupation of that city by British forces in the American Revolutionary War. A military chaplain married them, and the record is, I believe, to be seen in a register at the Horse Guards. The Saxton seats were Circourt, Berks, and Caldecot House, Abingdon. One Sir Charles was for many years Commissioner of the Royal Dockyard, Plymouth, and there is a monument to him in Gloucester Cathedral. He married the only daughter of Jonathan Bush, of Burcot. Another Sir Charles Saxton, being a great friend of the Duke of

Richmond of that day, according to our family tradition, was his second when, as Col. Lennox, he had that historic duel with the Duke of York.

Captain Saxton, my grandfather's grandfather (it was always told in the family), saved the life of Queen Charlotte at her Coronation, as the canopy gave way, and, observing this, Captain Saxton, who was Captain of the Guard of Honour, sprang forward and held it up with the point of his sword whilst the Queen escaped from beneath. He was offered knighthood for this timely deed, but refused it, and as there seemed to be a craze at that time for young men of family to settle in Virginia and Pennsylvania, he went to America and bought the greater part of the site on which Philadelphia now stands. When our Colonies in America revolted against taxation without representation, and as a protest threw the chests of tea into the sea at Boston, Captain Saxton had to choose between loyalty to his King, George III., or throwing in his lot with the revolutionary party. He chose to be loyal, and forfeited all his property in Pennsylvania, going to Canada a comparative beggar.

There were many other gallant "U.E.L.'s" (United English Loyalists) in those days, and I never heard that George III. ever in any way recognized their loyal conduct, though they lost everything by it. Archibald Campbell, like his father-in-law, Captain Saxton, remained loyal to his Sovereign and lost his lands in Virginia in consequence. He migrated also to Canada and



Captain Sir Charles Saxton, Bart., R.N.

settled in Quebec, and Charlotte became the mother of twelve children. From all accounts she must have been a woman of uncommon intelligence and considerable cultivation. As her family was so large, and she had a great household to direct, there was little time for reading; but every night at ten o'clock she retired to the library, shut herself up there and read until 1 a.m. My grandfather was devoted to her memory, and spoke of her always as one of the best and wisest of women.

There is a record of Saxtons in the Town Hall of Abingdon, namely, two full-length fine portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte, "presented by them to Sir Charles Saxton, Bart., of Circourt, Berks, and Caldecot House, Abingdon." On the frames are the following inscriptions in Latin: "These two portraits, presented by the King to Sir Charles Saxton, Bart., while he was Commissioner of the Naval Dockyard, Portsmouth, he, moved by love of this town, gave to the Mayor and Burgesses for the adornment of this Town Hall."

My grandfather, Col. Charles Campbell, was an officer in the 99th Regt., and in his early youth was quartered in Montreal during the disturbed period of 1812 to 1825. Here, at a Mess dinner one night, he met a certain Captain Doxie, an Irishman, lately retired from the Army and just arrived with his large family to settle in Canada. The Doxies were passing through Montreal on their way to Kingston, their objective,

and my grandfather, having been asked to call, went to see them the following day, was introduced to several lovely daughters and fell violently in love with the youngest, Harriet. As the date fixed for the family's departure from Montreal was near, as travelling in those days was most difficult, and it was impossible in war-time for my grandfather to get leave, he married his enchantress at the end of a week's acquaintance, and Captain Doxie, having comfortably provided for one daughter, went on with the others to Upper Canada. Very shortly after this, my grandfather's regiment was ordered to the Front, and the newly-married Ensign wrote a frantic letter of appeal to his mother, asking her to send for and watch over his young bride in his absence.

A great-aunt of mine used to describe to her daughter the consternation in the house when this letter arrived. Charlotte Campbell thought marriage on such short acquaintance highly imprudent, but she was a noble soul and, being large-hearted and broad-minded, she rose to the occasion as she always did. An old family friend whose "adoption" had been "tried," was accordingly dispatched to Montreal for the forlorn little Irish bride, with instructions to bring her at once to the big house near Quebec. Travelling was no easy matter in those days, as I have said before. The journey from Montreal to Quebec was made by stage-coach, and took three days more or less, according to the state of the roads.

the degree of cold, and snow-drifts. The young bride and her escort had a cold, weary journey, but she arrived, looking very charming in her cloth pelisse and fur tippet, and met with a loving welcome from her husband's family. For two years Harriet Campbell lived most happily with her mother-in-law, until at the end of that time peace having been declared, Charles Campbell came back. Harriet's merry young sisters-in-law used to tease her, pretending that after so short an acquaintance Harriet would never be able to recognize her husband when he returned from the War. . . . To which the little Irish wife would answer indignantly: "Not know my Charles! Sure, I'd pick him out of a thousand men."

Mrs. Charles Campbell died young, leaving six children behind her. My father was only nine years old when he lost his mother, but he kept her memory green, and spoke of her with tenderness all his life. The impression I have gathered from less partial witnesses (great-aunts who, when I was a child, used, in the manner of old ladies, to talk of bygone days) was that my grandmother was beautiful, lovable, affectionate, very Irish in her inconsequence and happy-go-lucky ways, certainly a contrast in character to the able, intellectual, cultivated Englishwoman who was her husband's mother. Charlotte Campbell's eldest son, Mr. Archibald Campbell, had two daughters, one of whom married that distinguished man of science, Sir Andrew Noble,

then Captain Noble, R.A., and the other married Colonel Charles Brackenbury, R.A., brother of Sir Henry Brackenbury. My grandfather's eldest daughter, Sophia, married Sir Charles McMahon, a Captain in the 10th Hussars and son of the Right Hon. Sir William McMahon, Bart., Irish Master of the Rolls. Sir Charles retired from the Army and settled in Australia, where he became Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, and died in 1891. The McMahon property is in Tyrone. My Aunt Sophia was considered the most beautiful woman of her day in Canada. Her sister, Henrietta, who married a Cornish clergyman, Mr. Grylls, was also very handsome, but my father always declared that her beauty was as the moon to the sun compared with Lady McMahon's.

On my mother's side, too, I had interesting ancestry, since she was descended from the Earls of Breadalbane and Robert Bruce, had ancestors killed at Flodden, and traced her pedigree back to the reign of David I. of Scotland. Thus on both sides I had Campbell blood. A kinsman of ours, Captain Campbell, of the Black Watch, was the man who recited Gray's "Elegy" to Wolfe on the eve of the taking of Quebec. We were all proud of our Scotch ancestry and aggressively Scottish. We kept up St. Andrew's Day and Hallow E'en, adored the bagpipes and professed to love porridge. On Sundays the boys wore kilts (of course the tartan was that of our clan, the Breadalbane) and we girls had tartan sashes,

which we wore to our infinite sorrow, not considering them becoming.

My mother also had French blood in her veins, as her grandfather and grandmother on her mother's side were a certain noble pair, whose relations having all been guillotined, they fled from France at the time of the Revolution and went to America. There they taught French and deportment to support themselves. They were miserably poor, but my mother used to tell me tales (heard from *her* mother) of their patrician scorn of complaint and splendid pluck. I have a much darned fichu and a pair of earrings now which belonged to my French ancestress. She never learnt to speak even passable English, but always called her *petit déjeuner* "Break a face."

And now enough of ancestry! It is not so interesting to others as to oneself.

When my grandfather went to live in Megantic some of the non-commissioned officers and men of his Regiment settled about him, and became his tenantry in fact. They married French Canadian wives, and as time went on forgot much of their mother tongue. One of these appealed one day to my grandfather, as magistrate, to remedy his grievances.

"My neighbour's pigs," said he, "they get into my garden and eat up all my *shoes*" (*choux*). "What a curious diet for a pig!" said my grandfather, not realizing that the poor Serjeant meant cabbages.

Bampcell House was built in the usual Canadian country-house style, somewhat resembling what in the United States is called "Colonial" architecture, viz., that dating back to the days when the States were English Colonies, and Adams and Hepplewhite gave the lead to architecture and house decoration. The rooms were large and lofty, and the French windows opened on to wide verandas. Beneath the house a lovely garden sloped to the edge of the lake, and from the windows we had magnificent views over the twin lakes. My grandfather spent his early morning in walking over the farm, talking to the labourers and inspecting cattle and crops. We children loved to go with him, tried our hands at milking, and giggled with joy over the misadventures of dairymaids new to the art of milking, whom the cows sent flying as a protest against unskilful handling. We liked seeing the shearing of the sheep and the threshing of the corn, and hay-making was the most exciting of pastimes to us. My grandfather, after a round of the farm buildings, usually retired to his library, a delightful room on the first floor, and there read or wrote until luncheon. This room had books from floor to ceiling and it was my favourite haunt. I have all my life been devoted to reading, and here, when a tiny child, I first read Boswell's "Life of Johnson," "Plutarch's Lives," "Tom Jones," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphry Clinker" and "Tristram Shandy," greatly to the scandalizing of my mother, who kept all such books locked up

as unfit reading for babes and sucklings. She, dear soul, gave us "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" and "Kitty Trevelyan," by way of pudding after the solid meat of "The Peninsular War," and "Ferdinand and Isabella." Bowdlerized Shakespeare and Walter Scott we might read at any time, but Dickens and Thackeray were read to us, with, I have no doubt, many excerpts.

The result of indiscriminate reading in my grandfather's library was that on one occasion, when my mother had friends lunching with her, I caused her much mortification. Our guests and mamma sat on the veranda discussing how Miss So-and-So had tried to marry Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em and failed. My sister and I were playing with our dolls in a remote corner, but I was listening to the conversation with intensest interest. Suddenly I asked: "Why didn't Miss So-and-So get someone to do as Haulbowline did when Miss Grizel wanted to marry Commodore Trunnion? He let a rotten herring down the chimney and called from the roof: 'Trunnion! Trunnion! Get up and be spliced or lie still and be *damned*.'" My poor mother, who prided herself on bringing up her children in a godly manner, was unutterably discomfited.

George Eliot's books, "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner," were in the Index Expurgatorius, together with all Miss Braddon's and Rhoda Broughton's novels. My father, who sympathized entirely with me as to catholicity in reading, introduced us as

small children to Byron and Walter Scott, to Tennyson and Moore, and indeed to many books of which my mother strongly disapproved. On one occasion he was reading "Childe Harold" to us all at breakfast, when my mother, who, being delicate, invariably breakfasted in bed, appeared. My father earned a remonstrance couched in no feeble terms, and we children were condemned to learn by heart a poem beginning: "Satan his harp to Byron gave and said 'Go, sweep it well.'" I cannot remember exactly what came after this, but I have a vivid recollection that there was something about "the lowest themes of Hell" which thrilled us all. I believe that my father was right and my mother wrong. The innocent mind of a child does not understand grossness and immorality. I read Richardson and Fielding, Smollett and Sterne before I was ten, and the character and plot and humour of those inimitable books remain with me to this day, whilst it was only when a few years ago I read again "Tristram Shandy" and "Tom Jones" that I recognized and was astonished at their coarseness. But my precocity and thirst for knowledge was once a source of pride to my mother and ultimate sorrow to me. I was staying with her in Montreal, and we went to see an old cousin, who, being a man of most cultivated taste and also of means, continually bought works of art, either in London or in New York. He had lately acquired a bronze statuette which represented a strong youth carrying on his back an old man. There were

several ladies vaguely looking at this when we appeared, and none hazarded a guess as to its meaning. Our old cousin turned to me, patting my cheek, and said, "You, my dear, don't know what this bronze represents, do you?" "Oh, yes!" I said. "It is Æneas bearing the aged Anchises on his shoulders." "Quite right!" said our astonished old cousin. "Now, as you are such a well-informed little girl, I shall give you as a reward a gold dollar to buy what you like with, and here it is."

My mother was very pleased and proud of her infant prodigy, and I was simply overwhelmed with the prospect of such riches. To me they seemed boundless. I clasped the wonderful little coin and tried to make up my mind what I should buy with it. For nights I could scarcely sleep, the burden of wealth was so great. Should I invest in a pony, or a new sleigh, a toboggan or a library of books? I could not decide, so I kept my little gold dollar, taking it out at intervals to look at the Queen's head and admire it.

One day a clergyman called to see my mother. He was on begging intent, and explained that he was building a church. "Every shilling you give," said he, "provides a brick towards its construction." My mother looked at me with an interrogative eye. "My child, don't you want to give five bricks to Mr. Jones's church?" I was inarticulate from horror, feeling that danger menaced my beloved little gold dollar. "My small daughter," said mamma, "will be delighted to give you a dollar she

has towards it." Nearly heart-broken, I parted with the adored little coin which meant so much to me and so little to the parson. I don't think I have ever much liked clergymen since.

In the afternoons at Bampcell we drove with my grandfather to see the Curé, or Judge, or Avocat, the only people of education who lived anywhere near him. The Curé lent me the first French novel I ever mastered—Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." My grandfather even as an old man was very good-looking, and when young he was known in his regiment as "Beauty Campbell." He was a man absolutely without fear, and a marvellous swimmer. During his lifetime he saved no fewer than sixteen people at different times from drowning.

In those days offenders were punished in the Army by the penalty of the log—a log being chained to one leg as a mark of disgrace. A serjeant in my grandfather's regiment, being thus punished, felt so humiliated that he threw himself into the Rapids above Niagara Falls, where the 99th was then stationed. The cry was raised for Ensign Campbell to save him, and in he went, *feet* foremost, and actually rescued the man. Next day the poor serjeant jumped out of a window on the top story of his barracks, and thus ended the life my grandfather had saved at such peril to his own.

His second wife, the grandmother we knew, was my father's stepmother, and interested us very little. She was a placid, handsome old lady, who sat like Lady Bertram in the corner of a sofa and did yards of woolwork. I think with my grand-

father's fiery, energetic temperament and boundless vitality it was as well that his partner in life should have been calm and commonplace.

My mother had an entirely original way of punishing her children. When they were more than usually naughty she prayed over them. How vividly I recall the horrors of those moments, and the terrible self-abasement which followed. We were led into her bedroom and bade to kneel by her side, and then the dreadful aggregate of our misdoings was brought in arraignment against us. There was no possible way of escape from the sum-total of our sins. We had no chance of defence, could put in no plea of extenuation, could ask for no mercy. Our mother carried all our sins of omission and of commission to the highest of all tribunals for judgment, and we poor, helpless little wretches writhed in unutterable misery and humiliation. How infinitely we should have preferred a birch-rod or bread and water in solitude! The boys were usually handed over to my father for punishment, and his methods of correction were not those of prayer. We always considered that, as far as penalties for naughtiness went, our brothers had much the best of it.

My mother, being a very cultivated woman, had a great desire that her children should be well educated. Once she took me, when a very small child, to a lecture on science, adapted to children's understanding. The lecturer explained that the flame of a candle was hollow, and that by holding a piece of paper over a lighted candle a distinct

ring became visible on the paper. That evening when, for some reason, our nurse had left me alone in the nursery, I proceeded to prove the truth of the lecturer's premises. The piece of paper held over the candle-flame caught fire; I promptly dropped it into a waste-paper basket and great was the conflagration. Happily, small though I was, I had my wits about me, and I dragged the blazing basket to a tap in the housemaid's closet just outside the nursery door, and turned the water on it. My mother did not pray over me that time, but she took me to no more scientific lectures.

CHAPTER II

“OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS”

“Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.”

WORDSWORTH.

QUEBEC in my childhood was as absolutely foreign a city to English ideas as anything to be found in France. Houses were the counterpart of those we see in Northern French towns to-day. Roofs steep and with rows of dormer windows, houses for the greater part two-storied and the streets narrow. The city was strongly fortified with walls and gates, fosses, ramparts and a fine Citadel, whose situation on a steep cliff overlooking the river was extraordinarily picturesque. The market-place in those days lay under the shadow of the French cathedral, as so many market-places abroad do, and the old French women sat in their carts, surrounded by frozen pigs (in winter) and dead turkeys and geese, cheese, known as *fromage raffiné*, maple sugar and potatoes. In summer lamb, cabbages and turnips, pumpkins, Indian corn and buckets of raspberries and strawberries and blue-berries supplanted the frozen

pigs, and carts took the place of sleighs. As in France and Italy, we had always to bargain. For example, the would-be buyer asks: "Quel est le prix, Madame?" "Oh! mon dernier prix, Monsieur—un *dollar*." "Mais, Madame, ça est beaucoup trop! Je vous donne trois shillings." "Impossible, Monsieur! impossible! Regardez comme il est beau, comme il est gras, ce dindon!" "Je vous donne, Madame, quatre shillings, pas plus!" "Non! rien à faire!"

The buyer moves off, followed by shrill cries from Madame, who entreats his return, thrusts the turkey into his arms, and cries: "Monsieur! je vous fais cadeau de ce beau dindon!"

The first preparation made for the coming of winter in Quebec was the replacing of double windows. Then a paste-pot and brush and strips of brown paper followed, and the windows were carefully pasted with paper, where any possible chance of draughts might occur. Every double window had its *guichet*, so that rooms could be aired. The next means of defence against the invasion of King Frost was the laying in of firewood for the winter consumption. This was sold by *habitants* at so much the "corde" and stacked in a huge barn. My father bought quantities of turkeys and they were packed in snow in barrels. When our cook needed one she took a chopper, went to the barn and hacked out a turkey, which was gradually thawed and proved tender and delicious. Barrels of apples ("St. Laurent" and "Fameuse") and kegs of oysters (great, fat, delicious things,

not like the brassy-tasting English substitutes) were also laid in, so that if the roads were blocked with snowdrifts, the garrison of Thornhill should not be starved.

At the first fall of snow out came our toboggans and sleighs, our snow-shoes and moccasins, our skates and snow-shovels, and if we could have used all at the same time we should have been happy. The sleighs in which we drove were often repainted for the winter a gay colour, and rosettes to match decorated the horse's head, and a high, silvered arrangement of bells reared itself above the horse's back and made merry music as we went. We sat half smothered in buffalo or bearskin robes, wrapped up in furs, and wearing “ bloomers ” of cloth or flannel underneath our dresses. The brilliant effect of sunshine on the snow, the merry tinkling of the bells, the exhilarating air and the constant *cahots* which jerked us backwards and forwards gave us in their different ways intense pleasure.

Quebec in winter was a dream of beauty, a fairy-like city. The tinned roofs and pendant icicles glittered in the sunshine. Snow lay in heaps in the streets, the bare branches of the trees were coated with ice and glistened as if hung with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and the dark pine trees bent their heads and branches under their weight of snow.

When I was a tiny child Quebec was garrisoned by English regiments. They were stationed at the Citadel, at the barracks, facing the French

Cathedral and in St. Louis Street. Bugle calls and bands made the air lively and society was gay and amusing. Constant balls and dances and dinners took place, and no regiments ever came to Quebec without taking Canadian wives back with them. Lady Dillon, the late Lady Stanley Clarke and the Dowager Lady Albemarle were a few of these Canadians. All the military men joined the Quebec Tandem Club, and there were meets and drives in the winter to the Montmorenci Falls, to Lorette and to Beauport. Chaperons, of course, accompanied the party, though, as the sleighs held only two people in front and the groom behind, each officer drove the lady of his choice, and she was seldom the chaperon. Then there were snow-shoeing parties by torchlight, and skating and sliding. The blanket coats worn by the snow-shoers were most original, and the effect of torchlight on the snow and dark fir and pine trees was singularly beautiful.

We children were accomplished in the arts of snow-shoeing and sliding; but our mother never allowed us to skate at the Quebec Rink, where all the young officers went and waltzed (on skates) with their partners. The cold at times was intense, but the air was so dry that the climate was seldom prejudicial to health. Houses were heated throughout with big stoves and stove-pipes where hot-air or hot-water pipes were not the rule.

Moonlight sliding parties were another favourite pastime. Generally high wooden stands are put up at the beginning of winter, and when snow covers

them toboggans are dragged up steps at the side, and come down flying with their freight of boys and girls, or young men and maidens. A toboggan, by the way, is made of bark rolled up at one end and, rendered firm by wooden rods across and at each side. It holds several people, seated one behind the other. The last man steers either with hands or feet. A sleigh seldom holds more than one. To snow-shoe properly you require a fresh fall of snow and your foot must be pliant and not stiff, so that all boots are discarded and moccasins are worn. I know of no more pleasurable exercise. English novices used to cause us children immense amusement. They usually caught one snow-shoe in the other and tumbled head over heels in the snow.

At the foot of the rock on which Quebec stands are sheltered coves in which are moored rafts; great balks of wood tied together and waiting for shipment to England or other countries. Often, on our way to Montreal by the river boat, we passed at night these rafts, floating over the St. Lawrence, and saw the lumbermen sitting round their fires on the timber, singing :

“ En roulant ma boule, roulant,”

or

“ A la claire fontaine.”

While I am on the subject of lumbermen and their songs, I cannot do better than insert an article of mine on the Chansons Populaires of Canada, which appeared in *Literature*.

A LITERATURE OF SONG

The peasant literature of Canada is unique. It does not find expression by means of "penny dreadfuls" and "shilling shockers." Even the *Family Herald* has no compeer in the Dominion, and the *Police Gazette* is unknown. Yet, though French Canadian literature is devoid of blood-curdling themes and thrilling adventures, is neither tragic nor heroic, it is a far remove from dullness. The topics chosen are domestic and religious, often sporting, and not seldom sentimental.

For the greater part these songs are those of the Provinces of France, but, in comparing the ballads of French Canada with those of the Mother Country, we find marked differences. Everything likely to offend in point of morality or gross expression has been carefully expurgated from the French Canadian version. The early settlers were men of proved mettle—deeply religious, strictly moral, and not of a stamp to encourage loose verses. Moreover, these pioneers were surrounded by a community of priests and nuns. If we are to believe contemporary evidence the life of colonists in the young days of "New France" was almost that of a religious community. Parkman describes it as follows: "A stranger visiting the Fort of Quebec would have been astonished at its air of conventual decorum. Black Jesuits and scarfed

officers mingled at Champlain's table. There was little conversation, but in its place histories and the Lives of the Saints were read aloud as in a monastic refectory. Prayers, masses and confessions followed each other with an edifying regularity, and the bell of the adjacent chapel, built by Champlain, rang morning, noon, and night." It follows as a matter of course that the song literature of provincial France should be considerably modified in the new country, the morals taught by the Recollets and Jesuits of Canada being scarcely those in vogue at the Court of France.

In studying the songs of Canada we find, among a certain number of original ones, a large proportion which we can clearly trace to the French Provinces. Many in constant use in the Province of Quebec are to this day sung in France. From Ernest Gagnon's interesting preface to "Chansons Populaires du Canada" and other sources we learn the derivation of many of these songs. In Poitou, for instance, the popular sonnet, "J'ai tant dansé, J'ai tant sauté," is constantly heard. "J'ai tant d'enfants à marier!" is sung in the north and west of France. "Je n'ai pas de barbe au menton" we find in La Rochelle. "Dans Paris ya-t-une brune plus belle que le jour" is sung in Provence. "A Saint Malo beau port de mer" is a Breton ditty. "Au jardin de mon père un oranger lui ya" comes from Normandy. "La Bibernoise" is sung to this day in Dauphiny, and lastly, the "Claire Fontaine," the national song of the French Canadian, hails from Normandy.

The proportion of original French Canadian songs is not remarkable for poetic excellence. Very often these ballads are rude in metre, unmusical in sound, but they are not wanting in imagery, and they are eminently characteristic of the people whose ways of life they represent. Sometimes these songs display graceful fancy; a vein of humour invariably runs through them, and they are on all occasions religious in tone. The music which accompanies them is generally monotonous. "A la claire fontaine" and "En roulant ma boule" are the two songs most often heard in Canada. The former runs as follows :

" A la claire fontaine
 M'en allant promener,
 J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
 Que je m'y suis baigné.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

" J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
 Que je m'y suis baigné ;
 Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
 Je me suis fait sécher.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

" Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
 Je me suis fait sécher ;
 Sur la plus haute branche
 Le rossignol chantait.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

“ Chante, rossignol, chante,
 Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
 Tu as le cœur à rire,
 Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

“ Tu as le cœur à rire,
 Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer :
 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
 Sans l'avoir mérité.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

“ J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
 Sans l'avoir mérité,
 Pour un bouquet de roses
 Que je lui refusai.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

“ Pour un bouquet de roses
 Que je lui refusai ;
 Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

“ Je voudrais que la rose
 Fût encore au rosier,
 Et que le rosier même
 Fût à la mer jeté.
 Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai.”

“ En roulant ma boule ” comes from the west of France, but by adoption it is a national song of Canada. Lumbermen sing it as they float down

the broad river St. Lawrence on wooden rafts. "Jacques Bon Homme" fiddles its tune at his cottage door, and *gamins* hum it in the streets. No *habitant* merrymaking can take place without this song forming some part of the programme, and at weddings and christenings alike it is sung. *Habitant* weddings are curiously quaint in their customs. The marriage ceremony takes place early in the morning, and is followed by a long drive, in which the wedding guests join. All but the poorest *habitants* own horses and *calèches*, or buckboards; therefore such an outing is not the expense to them that it would be to English peasants. When a long procession of *calèches* or sleighs (according to the time of year) passes along a country road, all the world knows that wedding bells have been ringing not far off. Faithful to their religious traditions, they return for vespers, and then comes a supper, followed by a dance and songs. An American writer has graphically described a part of the ceremonial observed at these weddings. "When they rise from the table the bride keeps her seat, and someone asks her with great dignity, 'Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?' She replies: 'Somebody has stolen my slipper, I can't walk.' They carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque, ragged vendor of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size, till at last he finds her missing shoe. The groom

redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. . . . The Church forbids round dances, so they content themselves with country dances. The event of the evening is a jig, in which a guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful the victor demands a prize from the groom.”

“ Dans les prisons de Nantes ” is a favourite song of the Canadian *voyageur*. “ Nos bateliers et voyageurs Canadiens,” says M. Gagnon, “ la chantent sur deux airs également beaux. Le premier se chante surtout en canot, chaque coup d’aviron marque le premier temps de chaque mesure. Le mouvement du second est plutôt celui de la rame : c’est un air de chaloupe. Cette chanson paraît être complètement ignorée en France.” It runs :

“ Dans les prisons de Nantes,
 Dans les prisons de Nantes,
 Lui ya-t-un prisonnier, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Lui ya-t-un prisonnier, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Que personne ne va voir,
 Que personne ne va voir,
 Que la fill’ du geôlier, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Que la fill’ du geôlier, gai, faluron, falurette.

“ Elle lui porte à boire,
 Elle lui porte à boire,
 A boire et à manger, gai, faluron, falurette,
 A boire et à manger, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Un jour il lui demande :
 Un jour il lui demande :
 Qu’est-c que l’on dit de moué ? gai, faluron, falurette,
 Qu’est-c que l’on dit de moué ? gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Le bruit court dans la ville,
 Le bruit court dans la ville
 Que demain vous mourrez, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Que demain vous mourrez, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Puisqu’il faut que je meure,
 Puisqu’il faut que je meure,
 Ah ! déliez-moi les pieds, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Ah ! déliez-moi les pieds, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ La fille encore jeunette,
 La fille encore jeunette,
 Lui a lâché les pieds, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Lui a lâché les pieds, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Le garçon forte alerte,
 Le garçon forte alerte,
 A la mer s’est jeté, gai, faluron, falurette,
 A la mer s’est jeté, gai, faluron dondé.

“ De la première plonge,
 De la première plonge,
 La mer a traversé, gai, faluron, falurette,
 La mer a traversé, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Quand il fut sur ces côtes,
 Quand il fut sur ces côtes,
 Il se mit à chanter, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Il se mit à chanter, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Que Dieu béniss’ les filles,
 Que Dieu béniss’ les filles,
 Surtout cell’ du geôlier, gai, faluron, falurette,
 Surtout cell’ du geôlier, gai, faluron, dondé.

“ Si je retourne à Nantes,
 Si je retourne à Nantes,
 Oui, je l’épouserai ! gai, faluron, falurette,
 Oui, je l’épouserai ! gai, faluron, dondé.”

The *voyageurs* of the Red River sing a joyous ditty :

“ Par derrièr' chez ma tante un oranger lui ya
 Qu'est si chargé d'ranges qu'un croit qu'il en rompra,
 Mon cri cra, tir' la lirette, mon cri cra, tir' la lira,” etc.

Where the songs are so many and so varied in theme, the difficulty is in choosing between them. At best it is impossible to give within the compass of the present article more than a few characteristic songs. Patriotism vaunts itself in “ Vive la Canadienne,” of which the air comes from Franche Comté :

“ Vive la Canadienne,
 Vole, mon cœur, vole,
 Vive la Canadienne,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux.
 Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
 Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux.”

Love is a fertile source of inspiration ; it is frequently treated in a humorous fashion, as, for instance :

“ Je me suis au rang d'aimer
 Qu'une seul' fois dans ma vie ;
 Mais à present je reconnais
 D'avoir fait une folie,
 D'avoir aimé si tendrement ;
 Mais à présent je m'en repens,” etc.

Cradle-songs are numberless and delightful. In

most instances they are dished up with a garniture of religion.

“ Sainte Marguerite,
 Veillez ma petite !
 Endormez ma p'tite enfant
 Jusqu'à l'âge de quinze ans !
 Quand elle aura quinze ans passé
 Il faudra la marier
 Avec un p'tit bonhomme
 Qui viendra de Rome.”

The unromantic theme of domestic life finds many to celebrate its happiness or misery in verse. Take, for example :

“ Dans tous les Cantons
 Ya des fill's et des garçons
 Qui veul'nt se marier,
 C'est la pure vérité.
 Les garçons vont les voir
 Le plus souvent le soir ;
 Les fill's se réjouissent
 Quand ell's voi'nt leurs amis :
 Ell's se dis'nt en souriant :
 ‘ Le voilà mon amant ! ’

“ Jeune fill's, écoutez !
 Qui voulez-vous marier ?
 Votre engagement
 Vous causera du tourment,
 Vous prenez un' état
 De pein's et d'embarras ;
 Bien souvent du chagrin,
 Sans en connaître la fin,
 Qui vous f'ra regretter
 La maison qu'vous quittez.

“ Etant mariée,
 Il faut tout abandonner,
 Tous les agréments
 D’être avec les jeunes gens,
 Faut rester au logis
 Pour plaire à son mari ;
 Vous êtes mariée
 Par votre propre volonté ;
 Vous avez pris mari,
 C’est pour lui obéir,” etc.

One might for ever multiply instances of humour, or satire, or tender sentiment, if space allowed. In those I have given, “ who runs may read ” a simple, natural, wholesome feeling throughout. The *chansons* of the French Canadian *habitant* form a literature which, if not exalted in aim or musical in rhythm, is none the less one of which no peasantry needs to be ashamed.

Most men born in Canada are good sportsmen, and my father and brothers were celebrated as yachtsmen, fishermen, good swimmers and fine shots. My father was widely known for the grace with which he played a fly, or landed a salmon. He was also noted for the many lives he had saved from drowning and his daring exploits. Once, when a very young man, he rode up a wooden staircase from the Lower Town to the Upper for a wager. He was agile, beautifully made, upright and athletic, moreover, a *very* handsome man. I have seen him, when in his fifties, vault over a horse with the lightness of sixteen. He would never trouble to open gates or bars of snake-fences, but,

putting his hand on the top, would fly over the obstruction like a bird. Once, when we were children spending a few days at Murray Bay, a summer place on the St. Lawrence, we went to the wharf to see the steamboat come in—a daily event. There happened to be a number of Americans on board, and, in foolish compliment to them, the Captain had hoisted the Stars and Stripes above the Union Jack. Everybody on the wharf was indignant, and my father sprang on board and asked the Captain to lower the American flag and put the English one in its proper place. The captain refused very rudely. At that my father sprang like a cat up the mast, penknife in mouth, cut the offending flag down and flung it overboard. He then descended, amid hisses and execrations from the Yankees and wild cheers from the English. The captain meanwhile, in his fury, had given orders to shove off, which was done. “Captain,” said my father, “will you land me?” “I’m d—d if I will!” said the Captain. “All right,” said my father, “I’ll land myself!” and overboard he sprang. We infants saw a revolving paddle, a vanishing father, and loud were our howls of grief, until the dear, handsome face smiled at us from amid the waves, calmly striking out for the shore.

In his methods of bringing up our brothers to be fearless and self-reliant, my father was, I must confess, Spartan in his discipline. He taught us all to ride by putting us on bare-backed ponies and picking us up when we fell off. If we cried

we were told about the Spartan boy and the fox. How we hated that boy!! My brothers learnt to swim by being taken out into deep water and thrown out of the boat. When they came up gasping to the surface and clung to the gunwale, they were ordered to “play the man” and strike out for themselves. Between the “devil and the deep sea” they soon learnt to swim. My father inherited no caution from his Scotch ancestry, but considerable dare-devilry from his Irish mother. Once I remember he was driving full speed downhill and my mother remonstrated on such recklessness. “All right, darling,” said he, “the fence will bring us up at the bottom!” We children were adjured to watch papa’s hat, and when that was seen inclining towards the ground we had permission to cry out, not before. It was a fine though painful training, and resulted in our becoming absolutely fearless.

Shooting a Rapid is a Canadian experience dissimilar to other sports. It is at once exciting and transitory. I did it with an Indian as my pilot and the Rapids were those of the Murray River. Our canoes were birch bark, fourteen to eighteen feet long and about two feet broad, strengthened by cross battens, yet light enough for a man to “portage” them on his head. Where the seams occur, they are made watertight by a mixture of gum and resin, and this preparation no canoe-man worthy of the name ever goes without. I prepared for the contingency of drowning by wearing bathing clothes,

with a serge skirt over them by way of decorum. The first few strokes of the Indian's paddle took us over calm water and then suddenly we found ourselves in the tumult of the Rapids. The noise was deafening, the sensation alien to anything I had gone through before. The pressure of waters seemed to bend the canoe; the pace became furious and terrifying; we grazed boulders, just escaped by a deft stroke of the redskin's paddle being dashed to pieces against a rock, and finally came out of the seething, swirling stream, breathless but triumphant.

"Camping out" is another favourite amusement for young people in Canada, and moose and caribou hunting. I cannot dwell on Canadian sport without allusion to the Montmorenci "Cone." Near Quebec are two fine waterfalls—one the Montmorenci and the other the "Chaudière." The Montmorenci, being high, throws its spray some height into the air, and it freezes and forms a cone, down which people slide. As the cone is a sheer wall of ice, the sport is exciting but exceedingly dangerous.

One of the most delightful remembrances of my youth is that of the original personality of our great-aunt who lived in Montreal, and was extremely well known in her day. No one of any distinction came to Canada without bringing letters of introduction to her and profiting by her kindness and hospitality. She had as much character in her little finger as average mortals possess in their entire bodies. Shrewd, clever,

far-seeing, she yet had what my parents considered most heterodox views on education. She held books in contempt, declaring that over-education was worse than none at all, since it deprived people of all originality. “Nothing is easier, my dear,” she used to say, “than to accept the views and reasons of others, and not argue out things for oneself. People read criticisms of pictures and then go and look at them, instead of seeing the pictures first and judging of them with an unbiassed mind. The reason why people are all of a pattern is because they read too much, and take cut and dried opinions from books and let their own brains lie fallow. I am not a dull old woman because I never allowed anyone else to arrive at conclusions for me.” Aunt H. was an extraordinarily good head of a household, and as she was a rich woman and had a beautiful house, she entertained continually. Winter and summer, punctually after breakfast my aunt’s carriage or sleigh came to the door, and she went to the *Marché Bonsecours* to market for herself. She spoke French fluently, even *argot* and *patois*, and knew how to drive an excellent bargain. She could joke with the *habitants* while she felt the breasts of chickens, examined lobsters, stripped the sheaths of silky green from the Indian corn to see if it were ripe, and tested pears with her thumb. All the market people liked her, and she was so kind and generous that her dislike of being cheated and firmness about just weight was forgiven her. If they could not rob her of

“galette,” at least, they respected her for her shrewdness.

My great-aunt had a strange and diverting habit of misquoting. She never was in the least (as I have said) a student, and, perhaps only learning by hearsay, she muddled quotations. Once upon a time she had asked all the chief people in Montreal to meet a very great person from England. The expected guest fell ill and could not come, and her comment was: “Man appoints and God *disappoints*.” She inherited much of her charm, I think, from her Scottish ancestry. Are there any old ladies so entrancing as Scotch ones?

My aunt often came to England to stay with her only daughter, who had married a Devonshire squire of ancient lineage. Her daughter’s home, Great Fulford, was Tudor in architecture, panelled and beautiful. The plaster-work of its ceilings was an achievement of Italian artists who, having left Italy for the Court of Francis I., afterwards wandered in search of employment into remote Devon. My aunt’s practical mind overlooked the distinction of architectural beauty and was keenly alive to the want of modern luxuries. One day she confided to me that she was often glad the house did not belong to her, since the omission of electric light, dinner-lifts and speaking tubes showed a backward state of civilization. “A tub in your bedroom!” said she, “that’s ante-diluvian! I am glad Charles the First never hid behind a panel in *my* house in Montreal! and that

Fairfax never besieged it! You see what reading and dwelling on the past comes to! People don't live in the present, otherwise they'd have shower-baths, dinner-lifts and speaking tubes—much more necessary than family ghosts and silly old traditions.”

Of my mother it is difficult for me to write. She was not so handsome as my father, but she had great charm and uncommon personality. Her feet and hands were the smallest I have ever seen on a grown-up woman, and she had beautiful rich brown hair which never lost its colour up to her death in her fifties. She was an excessively religious woman of the strict Evangelical type, speaking of the Roman Church as “the scarlet woman,” and abhorring everything “Papistical.” I have seldom met anyone so Protestant. My mother was a woman of great intellectual power, if narrow in her views. My father adored and admired her, deferred to her opinions, which were never fatuous, and thought her at once the loveliest and cleverest of women. When she died he was broken-hearted. In Canada my mother was well known as a writer. The most famous of her books are “Rough and Smooth” and “The Inner Life.” She wrote charming verse, and the best of her poems is one on a maple leaf.

All Society in Canada centres round the Governor-General and his Staff. Lord Dufferin came out as Governor when I was a child, but I married before he left. With the exception of the last Governor-General (H.R.H. the Duke of

Connaught) he was of all Governors the most beloved and popular. His gifted, sunny, charming Irish nature won all hearts. The Duke of Argyll, when Lord Lorne, was greatly liked and respected, and Princess Louise's beauty and ability much admired, but Irish "blarney" perhaps carried the day. Lord Dufferin was of middle height, with a strong face, delightful smile and an eyeglass which seemed to be an inseparable part of his very distinctive personality. He was fastidiously neat in his dress, and having discovered that a red silk tie was peculiarly becoming, generally wore one. In those days Lady Dufferin was perfectly lovely. Her straight, short nose, short upper lip, brown eyes and hair and sweet smile were striking; added to this she was in every movement what Mr. Collins called an "elegant female."

The Vice-Regal residence at Quebec was at the Citadel. The drawing-room windows opened on to a wide terrace which overlooked the St. Lawrence and commanded surely one of the most glorious of views. The Island of Orleans lay in the distance, the opposite shores of Pointe Levis and Beauport on either hand, and the distant Falls of Montmorenci were visible. Beneath lay the Harbour and shipping.

Lady Dufferin gave her afternoon parties on this terrace, and I remember going as a shy young creature in my early teens with my parents to one of them. Our governess, Miss Strickland, came to us from Lord Dufferin's house. She was a

niece of Agnes Strickland, and well versed in the “Lives of the Queens;” on the whole, a well-educated, accomplished and unsympathetic woman. It was characteristic of Lord Dufferin—who, when Miss Strickland first came out to us, was still in England—to think of her in her expatriation at Christmas-time, and send one of the most charming of letters to her, enclosing a five-pound note, which he begged her to lay out on a Christmas present.

Lord Dufferin took the deepest interest in our love story. Nothing appealed to him more than romance. Years after I met him one night at dinner in London. Naturally enough he and Lady Dufferin did not recognize the little girl they had known in the married woman. After we ladies had withdrawn he inquired of our host who I was, and shortly came into the drawing-room with both hands out to shake mine. “Oh!” said he, “you are the heroine of that delightful romance—the little girl whose husband fell in love with her when she was twelve.” Then he talked with the utmost warmth about the story, and inquired after my father and mother, writing me the following day this charming note :

“ 26 Milner Street, S.W.

“ May 21st, 1898.

“ MY DEAR LADY JEPHSON,

“ It was indeed very kind of you to think of sending me your pretty little volume, and I hope some afternoon to come and thank you in person for it.

“ I need not add what a pleasure it was to me to renew

my acquaintance with you, as well as to make the acquaintance of your husband, whom I have always regarded as a paragon of romantic fidelity ; for the story of your marriage made at the time a great impression upon me, and nobody who sees you both can doubt of the happiness it has produced.

“ In saying this, I hope I have not exceeded the bounds of discretion.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ DUFFERIN AND AVA.”

Being a man of brilliant cultivation and accomplishments, it must have been a trial to him in his many posts abroad to be deprived of the mental stimulus which London gives. He said once to a friend of mine : “ When I come back to London, and its interests and Society, I feel as if I had been dining in the servants’ hall.” He said this in no wanton spirit of unkindness to other countries, but because he felt his own so sympathetic.

Of political leaders in Canada when I was a small child, the great names were those of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Etienne Cartier. They both had evanescent renown, popularity and great gifts. I cannot remember having seen either, but Sir John had a curious resemblance to Disraeli, and by the manner of wearing his hair, and high collars and necktie, he accentuated purposely the likeness. His widow was created Baroness Macdonald of Earncliffe, and lives in England.

Nature in Canada wears many aspects, and it

brings about each year distinct epochs. The thawing of the ice-bound rivers, the break-up of the ice bridge across which one drives from shore to shore, is an event only comparable to the melting of the ice-bound Neva at Petrograd. Spring brings with it, too, the annual tapping of the maple trees for syrup, the melting of snow, and the first adventure on wheels after months of sleighs. Then comes summer and glorious heat, and fruit and flowers, and bathing and trout and salmon fishing, and the annual Hegira to “salt water.” Next the beautiful maple trees “blushing at autumn’s breath” crimson and pink and golden and russet. With them come “lacrosse,” and then snow, and moose and caribou hunting, and the other sports of which I have written. These are wonderful happenings indeed. Canada is considered a new country, but when one realizes that Quebec was founded in the reign of Francis I. there seems a somewhat respectable antiquity about its hoary walls.

My sister (who is extremely clever) and I were educated at home. We had governesses, and went for French to Madame Muraire, the wife of the French Pasteur in Quebec, and for German Herr Ritter (a German tutor) came to us. The last three years of our school life we attended lectures at Morrin College, and learnt Latin from Professor Weir, elocution from Mr. Morrison, and chemistry, history and other subjects from such men as Dr. Cook and Dr. Miles.

All the masters of the college were Edinburgh University men, and wonderfully learned they were, and as wonderfully simple and unpretentious. Dr. Weir was a man for whose influence in training our intelligences we never can cease to be grateful. He was extraordinarily emphatic and enthusiastic, and, as he taught us in class, waved about a big stick, rapping it on desks and floor, and sometimes toes, indiscriminately. We read Virgil with him, and he beat time to the rhythm of the "Æneid" invariably, his fine, intelligent face beaming with appreciation meanwhile. I was his favourite pupil, and he came to England and stayed with me in the Isle of Wight after my marriage. With Mrs. Weir we studied French literature and read the "Henriade," "Télémaque" and "Charles Douze." She was as adorable as her husband, and we all loved her, albeit she used sarcasm as a rod of correction, and we trembled before that clever, unsparing tongue. Their eldest girl was singularly gifted, a Latin and Greek scholar, a first-rate mathematician, and no dunce at French or German. She married a naval officer and was left a widow and in very poor circumstances quite young. Her parents had died before this sorrow came to her, and after struggling valiantly for her children's sakes, she married again. Then came a brief time of sunshine and prosperity, afterwards a long struggle with poverty and delicate health, and finally she died, worn out, although still a young and pretty woman. Poor, clever, brave Jessie!

Of the young aunt, my mother's sister, who lived with us, and was, indeed, a second mother to the children of Thornhill, I must say a word. She married Captain Browne (7th Royal Fusiliers), of Mellington Hall, Montgomeryshire, and their only son was killed in 1914, doing glorious deeds at Antwerp. The Brownes had reverted before this happened to their patronymic Pryce—being really Pryces of Cyfronydd—but my uncle's father succeeded his mother in the Mellington property and took her name. Major Pryce-Browne, R.M.L.I., was a very remarkable and beautiful character. Of him a writer in the *Church Times* wrote at his death: “It was for Church and King that he fought the good fight, leaving us an example of purity, honour, and devotion even unto death which will ever be our precious possession. For such Christian soldiers as William Herbert Pryce-Browne let us give thanks and praise.” My cousin lies in Belgian soil not so very far away from his great-grandfather, who fell at Waterloo, and his cousin, Captain Pryce-Hamilton, Scots Guards, who both died, like he did, for King and Country.

My dear father passed away not long ago. In the “Canadian Biographical Dictionary” his biographer, writing of him as a distinguished barrister, concludes his article thus: “He was at all times noted for his energy and zeal for his clients, as well as for high spirit, strict integrity of conduct and unblemished character.”

CHAPTER III

THE ANCIENNE NOBLESSE OF CANADA

“ Les vieilles coutumes sont les bonnes coutumes.”

BRETON PROVERB.

THE “ Ancienne Noblesse ” of Canada has a peculiar and delightful *cachet* of its own. Many of its members are descendants of those who fled from the horrors of the Reign of Terror. Others, like connections of mine, the de Lotbinières, received their Seigneuries in Canada under Charters granted them by Louis XIV. The privileges of French Seigneurs were theirs; life and death lay in their power, and some of the immoral concessions made to French Seigneurs were permitted them. About the Court of the Viceroy of New France were men of birth and breeding, men who had fought in the wars of Louis XIV. and were brilliantly accomplished socially. If the first settlers in New France were humble mariners, those of Louis' time were distinctly patrician. Louis XIV. encouraged emigration to his new lands. The de Lotbinières were Marquises in France, and the tale runs that, as their daughters were signally plain, the heads of the House were

forced to settle large *dots* upon the Mles. de Lotbinières, so as to tempt men of birth to marry them. In this way the family became so impoverished that Louis XIV. offered the then reigning Marquis wide lands in Canada, and bestowed upon him the Seigneurie of *Platon*. My second cousin, Edmond de Lotbinière, showed me once the Charter granting the Seigneurie to the then Marquis, signed by the "Grand Monarque" himself.

In the new hemisphere the daughters' looks improved and they are nowadays considered as handsome as their ancestresses were supposed to be the reverse. The head of the House (quite a young man) is now fighting in France in the English Army. His grandfather, Sir Henri de Lotbinière, Governor of British Columbia, was as courtly and polished a gentleman as ever adorned the salons of Fontainebleau or Versailles, and his son was a worthy successor. There is something in birth and breeding, despite the Socialists!

The de Salaberrys are a very ancient French family also, and most high-bred and polished in their manners. When Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, was stationed in Canada, he was extremely intimate with the de Salaberrys, and after he left continued to write to them until his death. I have heard that the family possesses quantities of his letters, and that Queen Victoria asked to see them. Certainly, when Mlle. de Salaberry came to England Her Majesty commanded her to Buckingham Palace, and there received her most graciously.

numbers

The first Bishop of Canada had the blood of the de Montmorencys in his veins, and the famous Regiment, "Carignan Salières," was composed entirely of men of noble birth.

As in old France, so in the new country; fealty and homage were rendered by the Seigneur to the Governor, who represented the King, and in his turn the vassal rendered homage to the Seigneur. How infinitely picturesque these stately scenes must have been in the beautiful new theatre! Ferland describes *Foi et hommage* as rendered in New France. One Guion, for example, "with bare head and without sword or spurs," kneeling and saying three times these words: "Monsieur de Beauport, M. de Beauport, M. de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on account of my fief Da Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your Seigniory of Beauport."

The offices in those days were all French. The *Intendant's* Palace faced the St. Charles River at Quebec, and the Town Gate, leading to the quarter where the ruins now exist, is called Palace Gate.

Among the old French Viceroy's were Comte de Frontenac, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Marquis de Beauharnais and Marquis de Tracy. They lived in the ancient château on one of the most glorious sites in the world, overlooking the St. Lawrence. A curious anomaly one meets with in the Province of Quebec is that of finding such combinations in names as "Etienne Cameron," "Jean MacPherson," "Delphine Macdonald" and "Marie

Louise Grant," in the *habitants* who hawk eggs, butter and poultry about the streets of Murray Bay village. They tell you with pride that their grandfathers spoke English and regret that *nous autres* were never taught the language. They are proud of their Scotch ancestry, yet have the same traditions as their French forbears. The Scotchmen who married French wives and who represented in their day the Conquerors became in all essentials the Conquered. They adopted the domestic and ecclesiastical architecture of France, the *patois* of Brittany and the religion of France Truly *les races se féminisent*. To this day the Lower St. Lawrence region in the Province of Quebec is essentially and picturesquely French, whilst Ontario is as markedly English. Of the great new settlements stretching across the American Continent and the brand-new cities I cannot speak, never having been further west than Niagara.

Canadians are magnificently patriotic, but curiously sensitive to even the kindest criticism of their country. Rudyard Kipling aroused a storm of indignation by dubbing Canada: "Our Lady of The Snows," a really *beautiful* name, in my opinion. Some time after this he was asked to write a verse in a Quebec lady's album, and certainly he took his revenge, since this is what he wrote:

" There was a small boy of Quebec,
 Who was buried in snow to his neck.
 I asked: ' Are you *friz* ?'
 He said: ' Yes! I *is*,
 But we don't call it cold in Quebec! ' "

As a general rule Canadian women, English and French, dress well, having recognized that Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke truth when he wrote: "Dowdysm is clearly an expression of imperfect vitality. The highest fashion is intensely alive." They read more than English women, and talk well, but being debarred from contact with the Continent of Europe—except at rare intervals—they are not good linguists. I speak of the average Canadian woman.

Christmas is kept by the English Canadian, who hangs up the stocking and lights the Christmas-tree, as *we* do. The French Canadian observes the *Jour de l'An* as an Italian does the *Capo d'Anno*, and all is fun and festivity then. New Year visiting is a pretty, kindly custom, when men friends call to wish "a Happy New Year" and hostesses sit behind bubbling urns and dispense tea and coffee and chocolate.

CHAPTER IV

THE FRENCH CANADIAN SEIGNEUR

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

POPE.

THE unsophisticated Englishman who lands from the “Old Country” at Quebec, expecting to find a brand-new civilization and crudity, is not a little astonished to meet with crumbling ruins, an old-world picturesqueness, and a melancholy look of bygone prosperity in the grass-grown streets. For the sight of log huts, snake fences and saw mills he is prepared. Perhaps his imagination had even conjured up a possible Red Indian, and he is in no wise taken aback at corduroy roads and buck-boards. The phenomena of ancient French architecture however, of steep dormer roofs, of a walled city, of fosses, embrasures, glacis, ramparts and bastions, of Bourbon relics and feudal antecedents, are such as he had not expected to find in the New Continent.

As he mounts the narrow, tortuous streets which lead to the upper town his astonishment increases. Here are flights of steps in Champlain Street as pictorial in effect as any to be seen on the Riviera

di Levante or in Malta. Dirty, bright-coloured rags drape black window-sills; picturesque, if sluttish, women sally out, like Hood's heroine of "The Lost Heir," from spots whence "pigs and Irish are wont to rally." Loafing, smoking ruffians, with pipes in their mouths and hands in their trouser-pockets, bask like the *lazzaroni* of Naples in the brilliant sunshine. Our Englishman sees the results of an effete civilization rather than that of a virile modernness. Emerging from squalor and artistic picturesqueness, he finds the unmistakable achievements of Bourbon rule in the city walls, the batteries, the old gates, and the French names to be found at every street corner. Quebec street nomenclature mainly owes its inspiration to the Bourbons. Anne of Austria is not forgotten, nor is the haughty Cardinal who persecuted the Calvinists and humbled the House of Hapsburg. Louis XIII. and his descendants of that name are remembered in the street which is known outside the walls as the "Grande Allée." There is in Quebec an open page of French history for him who runs to read. It is, in fact, essentially un-English and overpoweringly foreign. Groups of seminary students and priests, decently robed to their heels (as they should be in a Roman Catholic country), perambulate the streets. Charming *Sœurs de Charité* emerge from a basilica of very respectable antiquity. An Ursuline Convent, which dates back to 1641, and a "Hôtel Dieu" of about the same period, bear testimony to the religious instincts of their founders. Finally, the *calèches*

of antique French pattern, the ancient and incomprehensible *patois* and the Gallic names to be read on every sign-board, recall Goldwin Smith's description of Quebec as "a surviving offset of the France of the Bourbons."

In the history of colonial enterprise there is no parallel for the foundation of Quebec, unless it be that of the settlement of Virginia. Quebec and its neighbourhood owe their origin, not so much to the pluck and perseverance of the middle classes or lower orders as to the bravery and endurance of the *fine fleur* of France. It is true that trade gave its first impulse here to discovery, and that in the year 1600 French fur-traders bartered with Indians about the regions of the St. Lawrence. The actual settlement of New France, however, was the work chiefly of gentlemen. The wife of Champlain, its founder, was the daughter of a courtier. The Abbé Fenelon, parish priest of Montreal, was a brother of the Archbishop of Cambrai. The Comte de Soissons and Prince de Condé were successively appointed Viceroys of New France, and although they deputed Champlain to do their work in the new Colony, we have documentary evidence to show the interest they took in it. In 1627 the Duc de Longueville and Duchesse de Villars became sponsors for a Quebec boy, landed at the city of Rouen. The "Relations" of the Jesuit missionaries in New France, sent to the Superior of the Order in Paris and printed and published there, induced many people of social pretensions and small means to try to better their

luck in the El Dorado beyond the seas. Louis XIV., to encourage emigration, granted concessions of land, called seigneuries, on or about the banks of the St. Lawrence to such of his *noblesse* as were adventurous enough to court fortune in those latitudes. From these noble forbears are descended the de Lotbinières, the de Longueils, the de Salaberrys, the de Gaspés, and many other Canadian families of to-day.

The Marquis de Tracy, who arrived as Viceroy in Quebec in 1655, brought with him (so says the Canadian historian, Sir James Le Moine) a large measure of the pomps and vanities of the old world for the enlightenment of the new. He was attended by a brilliant staff, guards, pages and valets, the first "Intendant," M. de Talon, and the "Carignan" Regiment. When the war with the troublesome Iroquois was over, a number of the officers belonging to the "Carignan Salières" were tempted to settle on seigneuries in New France, granted them by the Government. One officer (M. de Saint Ours) was lucky enough to have as much as 98,784 acres of good land conceded to him. These grants were chiefly on the shores of the St. Lawrence, below Quebec, and in the district of the Richelieu River. In many cases privates of the regiment settled on the lands conceded to their officers, and became ancestors of the present race of French Canadian *habitants* in those parts. The seigneuries and settlements of St. Ours, Chambly, Sorel, Verchères and Berthier date from this time.

By law the seigneurs (or landowners in New

France) could not refuse to grant lots on their lands to people who wished to settle on them. These settlers were termed "censitaires," because their allotments were usually about one hundred arpents in size. Withrow, in his "History of Canada," says :

"The censitaires paid to the seigneur a nominal rent, but they were required also to pay a small annual tribute in kind, as a goose, a pair of fowls, or the like ; to labour for his benefit a certain number of days in the year ; to get their corn ground at his mill, paying a fixed toll therefor ; to give to him one fish in every eleven caught ; and, in case of a sale of their lands, to pay him one-twelfth of the price received. This, when the value of the property was increased by buildings or improvements, grew to be an intolerable tax. This system of seigneurial tenure was only entirely abolished in 1854."

One cannot but be struck by the likeness of the "Droit de Seigneur" in Canada to the "Mezzaria" system existing in Italy at the present time. If we substitute the name of padrone for that of seigneur, and contadino for that of censitaire, we have practically the same system of land laws. The contadino is a hereditary tenant who pays no actual rent, but yields half the produce of his holding, and so many days of labour a year to his padrone. At Easter a tribute of capons is paid to the landlord, and when a pig is killed a ham always finds its way to the "Palazzo." Thus we see the establishment of European feudal laws in New France !

That most racy and prolific of letter-writers,

“Madame,” the second wife of “Monsieur,” brother of Louis XIV., in a letter addressed to the Raugravine Louise, and dated March the 2nd, 1709, alludes thus to the visit of a Canadian seigneur to the Court of France :

“Ten years ago a French gentleman, who was once page to Marshal Humières, and who married one of my Ladies-in-Waiting, brought back (from Canada) a savage with him to France. One day whilst at table the latter began weeping and making faces. Longueuil (for that was the gentleman’s name) asked him what was the matter. The savage said : ‘Force me not to tell thee, for it is thee that it concerns, not I.’ At last he continued : ‘I saw out of the window that thy brother has been assassinated in such a place in Canada.’ Longueuil began to laugh, and said : ‘Thou art crazy !’ The savage answered : ‘I am not crazy ; write down what I have told thee, and thou wilt see whether or not I was mistaken.’ Longueuil wrote it down, and six months after, when the vessel arrived from Canada, he learned that his brother had been assassinated at the exact time and at the place where the savage had seen it in the sky through the window. This ” (says Madame) “is a true story.”

The Seigneurie of Longueuil was converted into a barony by Louis XIV., and the patent of nobility is to be seen in the archives of the Superior Council of Quebec. To make a long story short, it sets forth that Charles Le Moyne, who left France in 1640 to live in Canada, had been conspicuous for his “valour and fidelity.” It goes on to mention the gallantry of his sons, and to enumerate their services to the Colony, and declares that “it is our pleasure he shall designate and qualify himself baron in all deeds, judgments,”

etc., finally winding up with the command "that he shall enjoy the right of arms, heraldry, honours, prerogatives, rank, precedence in time of war, in meetings of the nobility, etc., like other barons of our kingdom."

The original houses of Canadian seigneurs were built—like the castles of England, Ireland and Scotland—for purposes of defence, and hence became a mixture of fortress and dwelling-house. They were usually of stone, and were so designed that if necessary they could be speedily converted into forts. In Montreal at the present time are two old stone towers, dating back to the seventeenth century. Wooden palisades generally surrounded these houses, and sometimes earthworks were thrown up for defence against the Indians. At Quebec an old redoubt was unearthed in 1854, and the date of its erection in 1693, under Frontenac, was discovered. Baron de Longueuil's Royal patent describes his house as "a fort, supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard-house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility, a spacious farmyard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep-pen, a dove-cot and other buildings." This was in the year of our Lord 1700.

The lot of a Canadian seigneur in the early days of the Colony, however, was far from being an enviable one.

"Persons of noble birth," says a Canadian historian, Dr. Miles, "had great difficulty in obtaining means of living in Canada. They could not support their rank,

and it had been contrary to custom and the law for such persons to derive revenues from entering into pursuits connected with traffic or labour of any kind. The King of France, in pity for their case, and on account of the large families which many of them had to maintain, took off the restraint upon them, and they were allowed to traffic in Canada and to work at agriculture without being held as heretofore to forfeit their rank. We must recollect that this was something in those days, because nobles were exempt from many taxes required to be paid by people who had no rank to keep up."

Nor was it altogether plain-sailing for the gentle ladies who braved with their lords the terrors of seas and Indians, of a rigorous climate and expatriation. They had chosen no bed of roses to lie on. A life of constant danger from the treacherous attacks of Indians was their lot. When peril came, it did not find the early Canadian ladies wanting in courage. Madame La Tour defended the fort of St. John in her husband's absence with the bravery of a Jeanne d'Arc. Madeline de Verchères, brave Laura Secord, Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation were a few among an army of heroines. Delicate nuns, accustomed to lives of peaceful devotion and of safety, joyfully laboured in utmost danger and hardship among the redskins. From time to time the Indians made descents on seigneuries and towns, committing horrible barbarities. The Massacre of Lachine, in 1689, fell little short in horror of that of Cawnpore. Women and children were impaled and burnt, two hundred put to death in an hour, and many carried away for further

torture. It is recorded of Mademoiselle Mance and the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu that they "heroically toiled for the souls and bodies of those who lurked in their convent garden waiting for a chance to tomahawk the 'white girls.'"

The Jesuits, "with breviary and crucifix," says Withrow, "at the command of the Superior of the Order of Quebec, wandered all over the vast country stretching from the rocky shores of Nova Scotia to the distant prairies of the Far West. . . . Braving peril and persecution and death itself, they persevered in their path of self-sacrifice for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, the advancement of their Order, and the extension of New France." One priest, Bressani, was tortured, mangled, burned and maimed; yet he lived, and wrote that he could not have believed "a man was so hard to kill."

As years went on, however, peace and plenty came to reward the sturdy pioneers and their descendants. M. de Gaspé, in his charming work, "Les Anciens Canadiens," describes as follows a seigneurie of the year of grace 1757 :

"Le Manoir Seigneurial, situé entre le fleuve Saint Laurent et le promontoire, n'en était séparé que par une vaste Cour, le chemin du roi et le bocage. C'était une bâtisse à un seul étage à comble raide, longue de cent pieds, flanquée de deux ailes de quinze pieds avançant sur la Cour principale. Un fournil, attenant du côté du nord-est à la cuisine, servait aussi de buanderie. Un petit pavillon contigu à un grand Salon au sud-ouest donnait quelque régularité à ce manoir d'ancienne construction Canadienne.

"Deux autres pavillons au sud-est servaient l'un de

laiterie, et l'autre d'une seconde buanderie, recouvrant un puits qui communiquait par un dalot à la cuisine du logis principal. Des remises, granges et étables, cinq petits pavillons dont trois dans le bocage, un jardin potager au sud-ouest du manoir, deux vergers, l'un au nord et l'autre au nord-est, peuvent donner une idée de cette résidence d'un ancien seigneur Canadien."

In the chapter headed "Un Souper chez un Seigneur Canadien," M. de Gaspé gives us some idea of the mode of living peculiar to the upper classes of that date and country. As the account is a long one I translate it :

"The table was laid in a low, wide room, which was furnished without luxury, but boasted every possible comfort. A square woollen carpet, of considerable thickness and Canadian manufacture, covered three-quarters of the floor. Bright-coloured woollen hangings decked the walls and clothed the sofa, arm-chairs and mahogany straight-backed seats. The legs of the chairs were carved in imitation of animals' feet, and the backs were ornamented with gigantic birds, whose classification would have driven an ornithologist mad.

"An immense sideboard, almost touching the ceiling, bore upon its shelves a service of blue 'Marseille,' thick enough to defy destruction at the hands of the clumsy servant who should let it fall. Above the part of the sideboard which served as a cupboard, and which might be called the ground floor of this solid erection, projected a little shelf, at least a foot and a half wide. On this stood a sort of high casket, arranged in compartments bordered with green cloth, and filled with silver-handled knives and forks for dessert. The shelf contained, in addition, a large silver jug full of water for those who desired to dilute their drink, and also some bottles of wine.

"A pile of old blue china plates, two decanters of white wine, two tarts, a dish of 'œufs à la neige' of cakes, and

a jar of jam were placed upon a little table covered with a snowy cloth, close to the sideboard.

“ In one of the corners of the room stood a fountain in the shape of a blue-and-white porcelain barrel, with tap and basin, which served for the family ablutions. In an opposite corner was a large chest bristling with square bottles (containing brandy, absinthe, liqueurs of noyau, or raspberries, of black currants, of aniseed, etc.) for daily use. This completed the furniture of the room.

“ The table was laid for eight people. A silver spoon and fork wrapped up in a napkin were placed to the left of each plate, and a bottle of light wine to the right. No knife was laid on the table during the meat courses—each guest provided his own. If the knife were not a pocket one, it hung from the neck in a sheath of morocco, of silk, or of birch bark, artistically embroidered and ornamented by the Indians. The handles were generally of ivory, with silver rivets, and for ladies' use they were sometimes made of mother-of-pearl. To the right of every plate was a silver cup or goblet, each one differing in shape or height. Some were of the utmost simplicity, others with handles, some in the form of a chalice cup, some with stands, others chased, many gilt inside. A servant, carrying upon a tray the ‘*coup d'appétit d'usage*’—that is to say, brandy for the men and mild liqueurs for the women—announced that supper was served. Eight people seated themselves at table. The mistress of the house gave the place of honour to the venerable Curé, whom she put on her right hand.

“ The meal began with an excellent soup, which was *de rigueur* both for dinner and supper. Next came a cold pasty, called ‘*pâté de pâques*,’ which was served (on account of its size) upon a board covered with a napkin or little white cloth. This pasty would have given Brillat-Savarin cause for envy. It contained a turkey, two chickens, two partridges, two pigeons, the backs and the legs of two hares, the whole covered with slices of fat bacon. Besides all these, two hams were made use of in

the pie, as well as big onions sprinkled here and there and fine spices. A very important part was the baking, since if the giant broke it lost fifty per cent. of its goodness. To prevent such a deplorable catastrophe the crust which lay underneath, and also formed the sides of the culinary monster, was not less than an inch in thickness. This pastry, soaked with the juice of all these good things, was a delicious part of a unique dish. Chickens and roast partridges covered with double layers of bacon, pigs' feet à la Sainte Ménéhould, and a ragout of hare were among the other dishes that the hospitality of the Seigneur of Beaumont could offer to his friends."

Certainly, on M. de Gaspé's showing, the Canadian seigneur in the "good old days" starved neither himself nor his guests!

Of manners and customs outside the Manor House we also glean much information from M. de Gaspé. I translate from the chapter called "La Saint Jean Baptiste."

"Each parish formerly kept the fête of its Patron Saint. The Patronal Fête of the Parish of St. Jean Port Joli fell in the most beautiful season of the year, and attracted a number of pilgrims from far and near. The Canadian husbandman on these occasions enjoyed a well-earned rest, and the fine weather tempted him out of doors. Every family made great preparations for this solemn event. House-cleaning was carried on with vigour—stones were whitened, floors were washed and afterwards strewn with pine branches; the fatted calf was killed, and the merchant drove a brisk trade with his drinks.

"On his part the seigneur offered *pain bénit*. He also provided from among his friends (be they even so far off as in distant Quebec) two young men and two girls to make a collection during the solemn Mass in honour of the Patron Saint of the Parish. It was no small work to

prepare the *pain bénit* and its accessories of *cousins* (cakes) for the many who crowded not only into the church, but also outside it. All the doors of the church meanwhile remained open in order to allow everybody to take part in the Holy Sacrifice.

“As a rule the seigneur and his guests dined that day at the Presbytère, and the Curé and his friends supped at the Manor House. Many peasants, finding the distance between their homes and the church too great to admit of their going back and returning between Mass and Vespers picnicked in the little wood of cedars, firs and pines which covered the valley between the church and the River St. Lawrence. A gayer or more picturesque sight than these groups, seated round snowy tablecloths spread on carpets of moss or fresh grass, could not be imagined. The Curé and his guests never failed to visit them, and to exchange pleasant words with the principal people.

“On all sides shanties were run up. These resembled wigwams, and were roofed in with branches of maple-tree and resinous wood. Refreshments were sold, and the vendors unceasingly cried their wares in monotonous, sing-song voices, strongly accentuating the first and last words: ‘A la bonne bière!’ cried one. ‘Au bon raisin!’ shouted another. ‘A la bonne pimprenelle!’ screamed a third. And fathers and lovers, to do honour to the occasion, opened their hearts and emptied their pockets for the benefit of their children and womenfolk.

“Country Canadians preserved in those days a very quaint ceremony, handed down to them by tradition from their Norman ancestors. It was the ‘Feu de Joie,’ which took place on the eve of Saint Jean Baptiste. An octagonal pyramid about ten feet in height was built opposite the principal portal of the church. The Curé, accompanied by his clergy, came out from this door, recited the usual prayers, blessed the pyramid, and set fire by means of a torch to the little bundles of straw placed at the eight corners of the green cone. The flames at once leaped up, crackling and hissing, amidst cries of joy,”

In a chapter headed, "Le Foyer Domestique," M. de Gaspé paints a little fête given in honour of the return of the seigneur's eldest son. The Curé, as usual, took a leading part in the innocent and cheery festivity. Much lively talk and badinage was exchanged, and before leaving the table each one contributed a song, followed by a chorus, in which all joined. A guest sings as follows :

" Dans cette petite fête
L'on voit fort bien—L'on voit fort bien,
Que Monsieur qui est le maître
Nous reçoit bien—Nous reçoit bien.
Puisqu'il permet qu'on fasse ici
Charivari ! Charivari ! Charivari !

" Versez-moi, mon très cher hôte
De ce bon vin, De ce bon vin,
Pour saluer la maîtresse
De ce festin, De ce festin.
Car elle permet qu'on fasse ici
Charivari ! Charivari ! Charivari ! "

To which the hostess replied :

" Si cette petite fête
Vous fait plaisir ; Vous fait plaisir,
Vous êtes messieurs les maîtres
D'y revenir, D'y revenir ;
Et je permets qu'on fasse ici
Charivari ! Charivari ! Charivari ! "

" At the end of each couplet," says M. de Gaspé, " chacun frappait sur la table, sur les assiettes, avec les mains, les couteaux, les fourchettes,

de manière à faire le plus de vacarme possible.” It is a pity to mar the story further by putting it into any words but those of M. de Gaspé’s, and, at the risk of giving my readers an overdose of French, I must allow him to finish the evening.

“Après le café, et le pousse-café de rigueur, toute la société sortit dans la cour pour danser des rondes, courir le lièvre, danser le moulin tic tac, et jouer à la ‘Toilette à Madame.’ Rien de plus gai, de plus pittoresque que ce dernier jeu, en plein air, dans une cour semée d’arbres. Les acteurs, dames et messieurs, prenaient chacun leur poste auprès d’un arbre, un seul se tenait à l’écart. Chaque personne fournissait son contingent à la toilette de Madame ; qui une robe, qui un collier, qui une bague, etc. Dès que la personne chargée de diriger le jeu appelait un de ces objets, celui qui avait choisi cet objet était obligé de laisser son poste dont un autre s’emparait immédiatement ; alors, à mesure que se faisait l’appel des différents articles de toilette à Madame, commençait, d’un arbre à l’autre, une course des plus animées qui durait suivant le bon plaisir de la personne choisie pour diriger le divertissement. Enfin, au cri de ‘Madame demande toute sa toilette,’ c’était à qui s’emparerait d’un arbre pour ne pas l’abandonner ; car celui qui n’avait pas cette protection payait un gage. Tout ce manège avait lieu au milieu des cris de joie, des éclats de rires de toute la société ; surtout quand quelqu’un, perdant l’équilibre, embrassait la terre au lieu du poste dont il voulait s’emparer.”

“When,” says M. de Gaspé, “the play had been sufficiently fatiguing to tire out the ladies, everybody went back to the house and engaged in less exhausting games—such as, for instance, ‘La compagnie vous plaît-elle ?’ ‘Cache la bague, bergère,’ ” etc., etc. Indeed, as he sagely remarks,

“ Les anciens Canadiens, terribles sur les champs de bataille, étaient de grands enfants dans leur réunions : ” and he goes on to explain that as the “ ancienne noblesse ” of Canada were more or less related by ties of blood or of lifelong friendship, their merry-makings were like family frolics rather than prim entertainments. Music, then as now, played an important part at every social function in Canada, and people were patriotic enough to content themselves with their national songs.

And thus in peace and plenty, beloved, respected, religious, law-abiding and contented, we leave our French Canadian seigneur of a hundred and forty years ago.

CHAPTER V

OF THINGS NAUTICAL

“It is on the Navy, under the good Providence of God, that our wealth, prosperity and peace depend.”—Preamble to the Naval Discipline Act (*tempo* Queen Elizabeth).

THERE are no two love-stories alike, just as in the whole human race there are no two noses or mouths or chins exactly counterparts. My romance came to me when I was a child galloping a shaggy pony down an avenue. A Naval officer walking on the road politely ran forward to open the gates for me. As I had been forbidden to go out alone beyond our own grounds I shook my head emphatically, and trotted back to the house, never even thanking the kind janitor. A few years later he came out to Canada to marry the little girl he had fallen in love with then, assuredly not for her good manners!

My husband was a Commander in the Navy when I married him. He had seen considerable active service, and been wounded and mentioned in dispatches, and his certificates from every captain he ever served under were of the highest character. As a Naval Cadet of twelve he joined

The Queen and went out to the Crimea. His Captain's greeting when he came on board was, "Well, youngster! have you entered the Navy to avenge the death of Nelson?" He was appointed the Captain's A.D.C. and ordered once to fire off a gun, but was so small that in order to look along the sight he had to be lifted up by a lusty marine. This was such a terrible blow to his pride as a Naval officer that he burst into tears and rushed away to hide his mortification. When he left his home to join his ship an old gardener who had been in the family for many years took charge of him to Portsmouth. The poor little boy naturally felt sad at parting from his mother and brothers and sisters, and the gardener's method of consolation was certainly an original one. He provided himself with a basket of plums, and whenever he saw a tear beginning to roll down the small cheek he popped a plum into the boy's mouth. When my husband returned from his first cruise round the world the gardener met him with the cryptic remark: "I hear, Master Alfred, as how you've bin round the world in a *globular* form!" In the great gale off Sebastopol my husband was all but drowned in his own gun-room. He was lying in a bunk desperately sea-sick and fainted away, and as they shipped seas either through skylights or port-holes, he was found insensible and being washed from one side of the gun-room to the other. It took some time to bring him round. One of my husband's mess-mates in *The Queen* was Sir Evelyn Wood, who was some years older than he. After

Sir Evelyn was wounded, Florence Nightingale walked on one side of his stretcher and my husband on the other, when they carried him to the ship bound for England. To the end of his life Sir Alfred liked to recall his walk with that fine creature, Florence Nightingale. Sir Evelyn deserted the senior service, in which he won his first medal, and returned to the Crimea as a soldier. Years after, the late King, when Prince of Wales, gave a dinner-party to "Distinguished Naval and Military Men," and by a curious coincidence Sir Evelyn Wood and my husband, who had begun their careers together, sat on that occasion side by side.

Midshipmen in that remote day differed not at all from those of the present age in their awe for, and reverence of, an Admiral. Soon after joining, my husband was invited to breakfast with his Chief; and his terror of the ordeal was great. As it happened, he was given a bad egg, but, seeing the Admiral's eye upon him, he dared not reject it, and in great misery and repugnance he ate it all! The warmest of friendships often begin as mess-mates in the gun-room or ward-room, and last for life. My husband's most beloved friends were Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson (now Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod), Admiral the Honourable Algernon Littleton and the late Lord Hardwicke, known in the Navy as "Johnnie Yorke." Admiral Littleton was a year younger than my husband, and on the score of his great seniority Sir Alfred constituted himself his "Sea-Daddy" and set to work to bring him up in the way he should go.

Admiral Littleton was a nephew of the then Duke of Northumberland, and very naturally, in talking of his relations, often mentioned his uncle, the Duke. This the Gun-Room decided savoured of "side" and must be corrected. "Algy," said his Sea-Daddy, "say 'my uncle the Duke of Northumberland' once more, and I lay you flat on the table and smack you!" which, indeed, he did. Years after, dear Admiral Littleton said to me, "If I possess any virtues I owe them to Jeph's smackings." Certainly the gun-room is an admirable training school.

My husband, as a Naval Cadet, was at the Crimean War until the end of it. He was a midshipman in the *Sanspareil* at Calcutta during the Indian Mutiny, then served in the China War, landing with the Naval Brigade at the assault and capture of Canton, and afterwards landing a second time and serving ashore. At the sacking of the Palace at Canton looting was permitted, and he then saw a curious antithesis: a soldier laden with valuables on one side of the street, and on the other a blue-jacket rolling along perfectly happy, with a bowl of gold-fish under one arm and a cage of birds under the other!

Those were the closing days of Palmerston's administration, when Englishmen were protected and respected all the world over. Fine old Sir Harry Keppel landed his Naval Brigade once and stormed a jail in China, breaking into it and carrying off an Englishman who had been unjustly imprisoned. My husband used to tell me many

curious things about China—a country he knew extremely well. Although Chinamen in those days poisoned the wells, and hung Englishmen up in cages, and resorted to other primitive methods of ill-behaviour, he said that you could always believe the word of a Chinaman. Contempt of death among the Chinese is a very remarkable feature of a nation which is the reverse of warlike. A Chinaman condemned to death at that time could always buy a substitute who, with extraordinary altruism, cheerfully laid his head on the block for the sake of a provision for his wife and children. My husband, when Lieutenant of the *Euryalus*, was wounded twice at the attack on the batteries of Kagosima, Japan. He was reported killed, and, as news travelled slowly in those days, his family mourned his untimely death for some weeks. One wound was facial, and smashed the bridge of his nose, disfiguring a fine, expressive face. He was Lieutenant of Company of the Naval Brigade at an attack on the batteries of Simono-seki, Japan, when he was specially mentioned; and he had five medals and three clasps. As he had always a keen sense of humour, and, indeed, possessed that rarest of all gifts, *wit*, his yarns about Naval matters, and especially his stories of blue-jackets, were worth hearing. One of his favourite tales was that of a petty officer who, having been told off to muster at a particular pump, arrived first, his men following too slowly for the old man's ideas of smartness. Thereupon my husband heard him say: "You fellers is very *literary* a-comin' to this 'ere pump."

Younger and educated Seaman : " No, Jack, you mean *dilatory*, not *literary*." Petty Officer : " I don't know whether I means dilatory or whether I means literary, but what I means is that you fellers don't seem to care a damn whether you comes or not."

He was once in a ship in which the Commander was an Irishman known as " Paddy Roche." Paddy had commanded silence in the forecastle, and hearing talking there, put his head over the hatchway and called out : " I don't *hear* that *entoire soilence* I commanded ! "

The cheerfulness of blue-jackets under difficulties and dangers was a feature on which my husband laid great stress. In the march to Kumassi (Lord Wolseley's Campaign) he said that their lively sallies kept up everyone's spirits. He used to tell a story of the Egyptian Campaign, in which a staff officer rode up to a blue-jacket who was staggering under a truss of hay and asked him : " What are you ? " To which the poor sailor replied : " I used to think, sir, that I was a British blue-jacket, but I'm damned if I don't begin to think I'm a commissary mule ! ! "

In Japan my husband volunteered to take charge of a smallpox hospital, and was a long time in quarantine there.

In those remote days the Japanese much resented foreign intrusion, and kept their picturesque customs and ways of life immune from contamination with other countries. My husband described life there as the reverse of commonplace. It was

like cutting the pages of a new book, one full of surprises and incidents. There was nothing grotesque in that volume, but much simplicity and the dignity that goes with simplicity and unpretentiousness. Life was too serious for buffoonery, but the impression left on my husband's mind was that of a primitive people, grave, intelligent, fiercely insular, of an amazingly old civilization, religious in their habits of life and thought (be the creed Buddhism or Shintoism), and marvellously artistic. Japanese fecundity of design astounded him. No one, indeed, but a Japanese artist can manipulate curves and lines to produce such subtle effects. He scorns rules of symmetry and yet somehow produces an impression of symmetry. His composition is alien to ours, and how beautiful! His restraint in art is singular and commendable. Instead of covering his walls, as we do often, with worthless daubs, he has one good picture for each month, and when that has been properly digested another takes its place. Throughout the rest of his life my husband cherished a warm admiration for the Japanese nation.

Of Admirals under whom he served, my husband thought none comparable to Sir Geoffrey Hornby; "Old Geoff," as he was affectionately called by the Navy. He considered him the ablest of sailors, although he always said that few men could handle a fleet with the ability of the Duke of Edinburgh. His Royal Highness was indeed a fine sailor, and absolutely devoted to his profession. I knew the Duke in the later years of his life pretty well, and

always found him most kind and agreeable. He was certainly extremely handsome, with his deep blue eyes, black hair and regular features. As a collector of glass and silver he had some success, and knew a great deal about many things, especially music.

We owe the Albert Hall to him. I have often wondered why English people did not more appreciate Her Majesty's second son. The Navy did; and the Duchess was greatly beloved by sailors and their wives. Her fine, frank character and accomplishments made her a striking personality. I can see her now as I look back, standing at the top of the staircase of Clarence House, receiving guests, beautifully gowned and jewelled, a figure of significance.

Once, when my cousin, Sir Archibald Douglas,* was Captain of the Dockyard at Plymouth, I chanced to sit next the Duke, who was dining with him. His Royal Highness noticed some old silver salt-cellars, and pronounced them to be Georgian. "Yes, sir," said I, "those salt-cellars have an interesting history. They were given by the Queen of George II. to a favourite Maid of Honour, my cousin's (Mrs. Douglas') great-grandmother." "Ah!" said he, "given, then, by Queen *Charlotte!*" Apparently the Duke's history was not so impeccable as his knowledge of curios! His Royal Highness had great sense of humour and

* Sir Archibald Douglas' sailor son, Lieutenant-Commander of the *Black Prince*, was killed at the Battle of Jutland, and his soldier son, Captain Jack Douglas, died of wounds at the Front.

could tell a story well. I remember a favourite tale of his was that of a boatswain who had picked up somehow, somewhere, a few heraldic terms, and one day innocently pointed out to the Duke what he believed to be his "*bar sinister*"! Admiral Sir William Dowell, Sir Houstoun Stewart and Lord Charles Scott were other distinguished Naval men my husband admired and loved with all his heart, and (in his early days) Admiral Robert Hall, a former captain and life-long friend from mid-shipman times, and, more recently, Sir Nathaniel Bowden-Smith. My husband was beloved always by his ship's company, and once, when he paid off at Portsmouth, they followed him through the streets cheering until he took to his heels and *ran*, being modest and averse from such parade of popularity.

The Jephson family were Irish in origin and came from County Cork. Cusack's history of that county mentions in remote days the Jephsons of Mallow Castle, and my husband always said he was descended from them. My husband's branch of the family migrated to England, and there one of them became a celebrated man in his day, as a really great doctor. The name of Henry Jephson of Leamington was as well known in the middle of last century as ever was Abernethy's. He was physician to George IV. and attended Queen Victoria in her youth and many other Royal people. He it was who discovered the virtues of Leamington waters, and by his ability attracted all the gouty and dyspeptic society of the day to the lovely little

Warwickshire spa. Leamington, through him, evolved from an obscure little town into a fashionable watering-place, and everyone who could, consulted "the great Dr. Jephson" as he was then called. The public gardens of Leamington are named after him, the "Jephson Gardens;" and his portrait hangs in the Pump-Room and his statue stands in the Park. On the foundation stones of bridges and public buildings his name is carved, but how evanescent is fame! When in Leamington a year or so ago, I tried to discover his grave, and no one could tell me where he was buried. At last I found it in a little village churchyard, covered with nettles and utterly neglected. Queen Victoria offered him a baronetcy more than once, but as he had no son to succeed him he refused it. There are many good stories told of Dr. Jephson. How a certain Scotch duke (who liked him greatly, as all his patients did), sent him every autumn a haunch of venison and told him he should never forget to do this as long as he lived. However, one year no venison came, and later the Duke wrote to ask for a prescription which had done him good. Dr. Jephson sent it, and in doing so, added in his note: "I must draw Your Grace's attention to a wonderful cure for bad memories to be found in the Forest of —." The annual haunch arrived punctually after that! Once Dr. Jephson had a tiresome old lady as patient, who was always imagining herself ailing. He became thoroughly bored with her and her visionary diseases, and at last, to get rid of her, ordered a change to Cheltenham.

“ Will you please give me a letter of introduction to the best doctor there ? ” she asked ; “ and, oh, *may* I beg you to describe my case exactly ? ” Dr. Jephson promised he would do as she wished, wrote the letter, and handed it to her. Curiosity to know what he had said about her overcame the good lady’s sense of honour, and she opened it, only to read :

“ MY DEAR SO-AND-SO,

“ I send you a fat old goose ; when you have well plucked her, send her back to me ! ”

In middle life Dr. Jephson was stricken with blindness and retired from practice. At one time he was making £20,000 a year, yet he never took a fee from a poor person, and was nobly generous in his charities. Streets of jerry-built pseudo “ artistic ” villas nowadays cover the lawns and gardens of what used to be his home, Beech Lawn, and a gymnasium in close neighbourhood disfigures the front of the really handsome, dignified house. As my husband lost his parents when quite young, he spent his holidays and leave chiefly with his uncle and guardian or with his sisters ; but he was nearly always at sea or fighting in the early part of his career. His last active service was on the West Coast of Africa in 1894, against the Chief Nana.

We were married in the Quebec Cathedral by the Bishop of Quebec, who, curiously enough, had

been my husband's master at Leamington College. At our wedding breakfast the Bishop, after saying that there was no need for him to eulogize the young bride, since all those present had known her from infancy, went on to observe that he alone could speak of the bridegroom in youth. I may, perhaps, be forgiven for remembering and repeating what he said: "The medals which adorn his breast and are the outward signs of his valour, cover no nobler heart." When my husband replied, he said that after what the Bishop had done for him that day, he forgave him wholly for the many painful canings he had administered to him in his youth.

CHAPTER VI

ITALY

I

“To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

“LYCIDAS.”

I WAS very young when I first went to Italy. The world seemed then to me “mine oyster,” which I, with the help of Baedeker and other dry-as-dust guide-books, meant to open. I had read all Ruskin’s books, and knew what to admire and what to abhor, before I went there. Later I felt sometimes a guilty pleasure in admiring what he ordered me to abhor, and in abhorring what he called upon me to admire. But at first I was his most docile and obedient pupil. When I heard ribald talk, profane enough to doubt his judgments, I never swerved from my allegiance. Was he not my master and teacher, Mr. Godly Man, assailed by the demons, Prejudice and Ill-Will! My husband, being of more virile mind than I, and much older, proclaimed his independence of thought, and had the temerity to prefer Ghirlandaio to Giotto. I admired his lion-hearted bravery in daring to differ from Ruskin, but then he knew nothing of art! Afterwards, I modified

this judgment, since he knew enough about it to avoid perpetuating the Leaning Tower of Pisa in crudely sculptured white marble models, and he did not buy a bad copy of the Cenci. Like many neophytes, Italy in those days meant pictures and sculpture and architecture to me, whereas, to my husband's wider range of vision, it was full of warm, human interest. He was quick to appreciate the gifted, poetic, artistic, beautiful race, with their passionate temperaments and complex characters. The glory of sunrise and sunset, the beauty of mouldy, mellow walls, the sharp contrasts of light and shade in the landscape and of poverty and riches in the people, were not lost upon him. The flowers and trees and shrubs, the mountain ranges, the market-places, the lively, teeming streets, all were of intensest interest. I, meanwhile, chose to dwell amid the blanched bones of skeletons in museums and art galleries, and he with the throbbing human life outside them.

We travelled to Rome by way of the Riviera, spending some days in San Remo, Genoa and Pisa. The narrow, dark streets, crossed by arched buttresses of the old town of San Remo, the picturesque figures going up and down the flights of stone steps, the indigo cypresses crowning the amphitheatre of hill behind it, the olive woods, the almond blossom, the blue sky and sapphire sea, were all new and intoxicatingly delightful to us both. Then came the journey from the threshold of Italy to Genoa. A journey of exquisite beauty, worthy of Paradise one moment, and of

abominable tunnels only fit for the infernal regions the next. A journey of the sharpest antitheses throughout.

The expansive and commonplace German ladies in our carriage reduced us to silence by their rhapsodies. They could think of nothing more original to say about the Corniche Road than that it was "Kolossal!" "Wunderbar" and "Prachtvoll." At sight of Genoa in the distance they screamed a chorus of "Genua la Superba!" We made a compact there and then that never would we allude to Genoa as "La Superba," Florence as "La Bella," or Rome as "The Eternal." These weary epithets have come down through the ages, and no third-rate writer on Italy ever omits them. We felt sure that the ragged urchins tumbling about in the sand by the side of the train, standing on their heads, and clamouring for *soldi* would at least prove more original. Such jolly, sun-browned, bright-eyed brats were they. My husband—ever tender-hearted where children were concerned—emptied his pockets in a Danaë-like shower on their curly pates. Meanwhile we slowly came round the Bay and past tall houses (frescoed brilliantly, or with plaster peeling off and ugly patches of decay upon them) into the Railway Station. Our Genoese hotel in its remote youth had been a palazzo. Occasionally, embedded in the stucco, we discovered little columns of verde antico or Carrara marble. There were marble floors and a marble staircase, and a sense of spaciousness and

bygone grandeur over all. Even ancient portraits hung in some corridors, but they bore a closer relationship to history than to art. They were all (the padrone told us) Marcheses or Marchesas who had trodden those same galleries and mounted those steps, and passed on to the family vault and Campo Santo. Our bedrooms were lofty and somewhat dark. We were glad to leave them for the noisy cheerfulness of the *salle à manger*.

The fashion of separate tables in the hotel dining-rooms had not then been introduced. People were content to make themselves agreeable to their right and left hand neighbours, and I never heard of any harm resulting. To me, then, it was like a perpetual dinner-party, with commendable variety of guests. On that occasion I remember making great friends with a delightful old English lady. She adored Italy, raved about its beauties, and was versed in its lore.

“Once you have seen the sun set behind an Italian campanile,” said she, “it will be all up with you!” Meaning that I should promptly surrender myself to Italy’s charm.

The old lady was not far wrong, and, happily, Sir Alfred shared my love for Italy. The sunshine and climate appealed to us, and one would need to be as blind as Bartimæus not to appreciate Italian architecture and archæological and artistic treasures. So, in process of time, we made an annual trip to Italy and bore with patience even the beggars and fleas—for the sake of its many joys.



An Italian Campanile.

From a water-colour drawing by Lady Jephson.



In Genoa we visited the fine old palaces, and nearly ruined ourselves buying filigree jewellery in the Via degli Orefici or "Street of the Goldsmiths." That not only Benvenuto Cellini excelled in the goldsmith's art the treasures of the Pitti and Uffizi alone testify. One likes to think of these marvellous craftsmen working out their beautiful designs on the Ponte Vecchio and gaining inspiration as they raised their eyes to the glorious hills beyond. Venice, Florence, Genoa, these are chiefly the goldsmiths' haunts and strongholds, but even the smallest town in Italy had its skilled workmen.

In Pisa we found far more to learn than in Genoa. It is manifestly a dead city, and tranquillity and silence are its portions. There is a hush in its streets subtly obvious. But the grey walls and streets and bridges, the river and the distant Carrara mountains are each and all alluring, and the longer we remained in Pisa the more did we fall under its spell. A gallant but unenlightened soldier at Genoa had told us that there was "nothing to be seen in Pisa" beyond what we should find "lumped together" on the grass outside the town. "There they are," said he "Campo Santo, Campanile, Cathedral and Baptistery, all most convenient. Allow a morning for visiting them, and you can see everything perfectly, and yet catch the midday train to Rome!" We found the marvellous frescoes of the Campo Santo an inexhaustible source of study, and Benozzo Gozzoli and Orcagna not to be mastered in many mornings.

That most engaging of all cities, Rome, we saw first by moonlight. I am not going to write platitudes about it. There are hundreds of books, good, bad and indifferent, on Rome, and all describe the traveller's first sensations. We know *ad nauseam* how the coachman in the olden days pointed his whip at the distant city, and cried, "Ecco Roma!" Of course every properly constituted and well-educated person is moved and thrilled when the dome of St. Peter's first appears. The Acropolis and Athens stir one mightily, but not as Rome, the cradle of Christianity, does.

And assuredly Rome then was enchanting. The Ludovisi Villa had not yet been despoiled of its shady avenues of cypress trees. The mysterious groves of ilexes, the high, clipped hedges and broken statuary were still there. Fountains played softly into moss-grown basins and sarcophagi placed here and there glistened white against the myrtle hedges behind them. No hideous many-storied buildings had ousted as yet the almond trees. Children and nurses, artists and tourists, a happy community, shared this enchanting Villa between them. And the Borghese Villa, too, was in those days unspoilt. The original stone balustrades of the terrace in front of the house had not then been sold to Mr. Astor for Cliveden and replaced by stucco imitations. The greensward under the distant Pincio had not been traversed by a dusty road, and anemones dotting that slope were as plentiful as Botticelli's in his "Primavera." The peculiar

atmosphere and distinction of Italy were manifest everywhere. Later came the episode of a mediocre statue of Goethe, presented by "Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite," which found a singularly infelicitous situation in this charming villa. A "Sieges Allee" is bad enough in the Thiergarten. In Rome it is an outrage.

The Villa Borghese has always been Rome's playground. On Sunday afternoon all Roman society listens to the band on the Pincio, and then drives round and round the Borghese. In those prehistoric days Queen Margherita was always to be seen in a "barouche landau" (like Mrs. Elton's sister*), attended by the Marchesa Villemarina and her gentleman-in-waiting. King Umberto "took the air" in the most modest of victorias with his equerry, and occasionally Their Majesties drove together in a high phaeton, the King himself driving. The Queen was (and is) always beautifully dressed, her hair exquisitely arranged, and her strings of pearls are among the finest in the world. It was said that Umberto added a fresh row on each of the Queen's birthdays. What an infinite consolation for advancing years! Queen Margherita never wore a veil, having one of those dazzlingly candid skins of pure creamy tint and finest texture, which defied the searchlights of even an Italian sun to discover imperfections. She bowed with admirable dignity and grace.

The English Colony in Rome then was a large

* Jane Austen's "Emma."

one. It inhabited chiefly the regions of the Piazza di Spagna, the Corso, the Via Sistina, the Gregoriana and the Babuino. The greater number of English lived in patrician suites of rooms in old palaces, or in plebeian lodgings over shops. No one ever talks in either case of a "flat" in Italy. It is always "an apartment." The word at first has a smack of pseudo gentility about it, but one gets used to its Italian meaning. English entertaining went on merrily then, chiefly in the way of afternoon parties or evening crushes.

Among leading and representative English were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walpole, brother and sister-in-law of Lady Dorothy Nevill. Mrs. Walpole was excessively plain, her complexion being of a deep purple hue and her features most rudimentary. Luckily Mr. Walpole could not be affected by her want of good looks since he was blind. Lady Dorothy told me once that, when Mr. Walpole announced his engagement, her father's remark was: "Well! I only hope he won't expect *me* to kiss her!" Mrs. Walpole, however, was a charming woman, kindness and goodness itself, and the marriage turned out most happily.

Wise Mr. Walpole! Like Coleridge, he might have said:

"I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why love must needs be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold,
 His eyes are in his mind.
 What outward form and feature are
 He guesseth but in part;
 But what within is good and fair
 He seeth with his heart."

Colonel and Mrs. Balcarres Ramsay were another old and delightful pair, who lived in a palace in the Corso, and were most hospitable. He was a strikingly handsome and high-bred old man, with courtly manners and much kindness of heart. We went a good deal to their dinners and afternoon parties, and always met interesting people in "Casa Ramsay."

The British Ambassador in my early Roman days was Sir John Savile. He was a charming host, and always most kind to us. I remember dancing merrily at a charming ball he gave, and thinking him a delightful old man. Sir John's views on art differed widely from those of his predecessors, Sir Augustus and Lady Paget. He disliked the "greenery yallery" school, and pre-Raphaelitism and ambiguity in art, and removed most of Lady Paget's carefully thought out schemes of decoration.

Entertaining in Rome then was simpler than it is now. Since the great hotels "Excelsior" and the "Grand" have been built, American hosts have supplanted Roman ones, and asparagus and strawberries out of season are vastly more expensive than *minestra* and *maccheroni con pomidori*, as all the world knows. Every great Roman lady then had her weekly reception, generally at night. Guests arrived about nine, to find the beautiful suites of rooms illuminated by countless wax candles. Rare tapestries often hang on these old walls, and wonderful pictures and antique Venetian mirrors. Roman society then (as now) was

catholic in its embrace of all people distinguished in every grade. Monsignori, princes and princesses, painters, politicians, dukes, sculptors, writers, musicians and diplomats mingled in these salons; we listened to beautiful music, good talk, merry repartee, and enjoyed our evenings to the full; about ten o'clock gorgeously liveried servants brought in a table and placed it before the hostess; a bowl of punch was brewed, a silver urn placed in friendly neighbourhood to the teapot, and a plate of biscuits and another of cakes provided the refreshment. When a ball was given everything was done lavishly, and the traditions of the princely houses upheld to the utmost, but usually the great Roman families live frugally.

A specially charming hostess was the Contessa di Campello, who lived in the Palazzo di Campello in the Via Sistina. She was by birth a Bonaparte, being a daughter of Prince di Canino, who was a son of Lucien Bonaparte. In youth, I believe that Contessa di Campello was most beautiful, and certainly even in late middle life she was very handsome. People in Rome told us that her cousin, Napoleon III., had been an ardent but unsuccessful wooer. She was charming in manner, kind and good; everyone adored her, and justly. It amused me to think what changes the whirligig of time had brought about. Contessa di Campello's only daughter and Princess Massimo's were devoted to each other and inseparable. Yet Princess Massimo was of Bourbon stock, being the child of the Duchesse de Berri (herself a Bourbon)

by her second husband, so that Bonapartes and Bourbons, having striven mightily in the past, now "ate and drank as friends." I was one of the few privileged people who were admitted to Palazzo di Campello on days other than the "At Home" ones. The palace then was in semi-darkness. I was led through the rooms, which were feebly illuminated by two candles each, into the Contessa's boudoir, where I usually found her attired in a tea-gown and surrounded by monsignori, for she was deeply religious. The Italians of every station love to *fare una buona figura*, and don't mind living frugally for six days in the week if they can launch out on the seventh. Contessa di Campello was staunch in her loyalty to the Napoleonic dynasty, and used to sigh over the tragedies and deaths of Napoleon III. and his son, the Prince Imperial. Her cousin, "Plon Plon" Jerome Bonaparte, who married Victor Emmanuel's daughter, was often in Rome in those days, and frequently at the Palazzo di Campello, although his society was not appreciated at the Quirinal. He was a heavy-looking, square-jawed man, with high shoulders and a disagreeable expression, certainly amazingly like the pictures of the great Napoleon. He was quite conscious of this, and posed accordingly, standing in the St. Helena attitude with folded arms. At Palazzo di Campello he was always received with Royal honours, and we used to stand in his presence and curtsy and devoutly wish he were away. I have talked with him, but cannot recollect that he ever said anything worth

chronicling. Of his wife, Clotilde, nothing but praise was ever heard, and she was known to be saint-like in character; the antithesis of the unsympathetic creature she had unhappily married. I never saw Clotilde, but her sister, the Queen of Portugal (mother of Carlos), I met at Aix-les-Bains a few years ago. She was most attractive in appearance, graceful in carriage, and always exquisitely dressed. I particularly remember her abundant and beautiful auburn hair and white skin. In tastes she was more mundane than Jerome's wife, and the Portuguese accused her of unlimited extravagance. Certainly the cobweb-like muslin and lace gowns she wore at Aix-les-Bains, the dainty lace petticoats and pretty hats and parasols must have cost a fortune. In manner she was all that was gracious and charming. She left Italy at fifteen to marry Louis, King of Portugal.

Another house to which I always enjoyed going was that of Marchesa Chigi, an Englishwoman, and daughter of Mrs. Minto Eliot, "The Idle Woman in Sicily." Mrs. Eliot, when I knew her, was quite old, yet she retained traces of great beauty in her delicately-cut features and well-shaped face. She was clever, and most agreeable and entertaining in society. Her second marriage, with the Dean of Bristol, had turned out a failure, I believe, but neither owed the other any grudge in consequence. She lived in Italy and he in England, and when they met at rare intervals they discoursed most amicably on the topics of the day. Mrs. Eliot's

daughter, the Marchesa Chigi, is one of the kindest and sincerest of women, tall, graceful, with a wonderfully slight figure and willowy movements, always interesting. Her son, the present Marchese, married a daughter of the late Prince Colonna, and sister of the beautiful Princess Teano. A daughter was our Ambassadress in Vienna when Sir Fairfax Cartwright was at the British Embassy. I met Prince Colonna at dinner at the Marchesa Chigi's a few years ago. He was *grand seigneur au bout des ongles*, but I hoped devoutly I should never draw him for my partner at bridge again. Among other houses to which we went was that of the Marchesa Theodoli. She was, when younger, a gloriously beautiful woman, very tall, with a fine figure, an absolutely perfect complexion, lovely features and golden hair. Marchesa Theodoli was American by birth, like so many of the Roman aristocracy, and she was not without ability and wit, since she wrote an excellent novel of Roman life, much in the style of Marion Crawford. Princess Gabrielli's receptions we went to in our early visits to Rome, but the only political salon I ever frequented there was that of Donna Laura Minghetti, mother of Princess von Bülow. In recent visits I knew the Marchesa di Rudini, widow of the Prime Minister, a charming woman, agreeable, cheerful and an excellent bridge-player.

Among fine artists when I first went to Rome were Costa, Carlandi and Roessler-Franz. There were hosts of others, mediocrities for the most part, but Costa was a man of genius and intense refinement

in his art. Carlandi and Roessler-Franz were delightful water-colour artists. Their work is broad in treatment and they are both alive to atmosphere. Roessler-Franz was absolutely self-taught. Just as Chartres Cathedral made an artist of Burne-Jones, so did the Villa Borghese do the same kind office for Franz. I had the story of this evolution from his own lips. He started life as a banker and partner with his brother, who was also English Vice-Consul (being an Italian of German descent!). One day he was strolling about the Borghese, and the beauty of its dark groves and sunny slopes made such an ineffaceable impression upon him that he felt an irresistible desire to draw what he saw. He accordingly bought pencils and paper, a drawing-board and a camp-stool, and set out on his voyage of discovery. At first his pictures were crude enough, and he felt in despair at his impotence to reproduce things as he knew they ought to be drawn. But he experienced such an extraordinary pleasure in his work that he persevered. Growing bolder, he bought a paint-box and brushes and drew and painted olive-trees and fountains, copying nature with conscientious fidelity. He felt himself growing daily more alive to values, gaining freedom in execution, laying less stress on detail. Then he began to feel the hours on an office stool irksome, and his dryad-like life all that was desirable. Finally he exchanged his banker's career for that of an artist, and, like the heroes of fairy-tales, "lived happy ever after." He spent his winters in Rome and his summers at Tivoli, always work-

ing from nature, and in time he became an admirable artist. The Municipality of Rome bought a series of his drawings of the Tiber before its picturesqueness was destroyed, and its sanitary condition assured, by the Embankment.

Franz had more influence on my art-life than anyone I ever came across. He was most kind and encouraging to me, paying me the immense compliment of saying that I "drew like a man." I sometimes went out sketching with him in his beloved Borghese. The late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, when Lord Henry Scott, was a patron of Franz's art and the Roman artist stayed more than once at The Palace, Beaulieu. He was an enthusiastic admirer of English landscape, atmosphere and fog effects. Our grey skies and trees delighted him, but he confided to me that English country houses were "no places for an artist who wished to work." "I go out," he said, "and settle to my easel, and set my palette, about seven, and 'tinkle, tinkle!' I hear. What is that? Breakfast. So I lay down mahl-stick and palette to go indoors. When I can get leave to quit the eggs and bacon and sausages and ham I go out again. Meanwhile the wind has blown down my easel, a cow has trodden on my paint-box, and I lose my temper and swear. All the same, I begin again, and am in the midst of an important wash when 'tinkle! tinkle!'—that infernal bell again! I pretend not to hear, and go on painting. Out comes my hostess or one of the house party.

" 'Oh, Signor Franz! you must come in to

luncheon!' I say I don't want luncheon, I prefer to paint. She says, 'Oh dear! you will make yourself ill. You *must* come.' So I collect my brushes and carry in my box and easel for fear of the cow, and waste an hour over a luncheon I could have eaten in ten minutes. Then I begin again. *Diavolo!* in no time that bell is heard once more. I try to hear nothing, but everyone comes out this time. 'Oh, Mr. Franz, you *can't* go without your *tea*, or shall we bring it to you?' I swear *sotto voce*, but I go, and my picture suffers. *Ecco!*"

Franz died of influenza and pneumonia a few years ago, in the prime of life. Carlandi, I am happy to say, lives to delight the lovers of sound water-colour painting. Corrodi was a fashionable painter among English and Americans who were ignorant of true art. He covered yards of canvas with garish sunsets on the Nile or desert scenes. His pictures were hard and brilliant and essentially commonplace, but he painted and prospered. No studio in Rome was more luxurious. In summer Corrodi migrated to Homburg, where his good looks and pleasant manners gained him many friends. A really fine but supremely conceited American artist was one Theodore Tilton. He used to say: "In painting there are but three T's—Titian, Tintoretto and—I would rather not mention the name of the third!" A witty American lady said one day: "Until I met Tilton I always believed that Titian's 'Assumption' was the greatest in the world." Then there was Benson, a charming man and good painter, step-

father of "George Fleming" the novelist, and Mr. and Mrs. Corbet, who both painted with real artistic feeling, good draughtsmanship and extreme refinement. I remember the Walter Cranes, too, both pleasant and kindly. Each night he used to draw a picture in one of his children's albums, taking them impartially in turn. What a possession those books must be now! He indeed was an artist, and his imaginative, creative brain guided the most skilful of pencils. Daniele Bucciarelli was a water-colour painter of the third rank. Originally his work was good, if not great, but the cares of a large family and the hindrance of a worthy but ignorant wife militated against his success in art. He steadily deteriorated, painted pot-boilers, and lost all ambition to excel. As a master he was not unsuccessful, and I often went to his studio and drew there from the life. He was a big, fat, jolly creature, the kindest and most considerate of teachers. Modelling I studied with Tadolini, a delightful old man, whose father had been a pupil of Canova. Tadolini possessed several of Canova's original clay models. He worked much with his hands, discarding his tools and saying: "*Carne fa carne*" ("Flesh makes flesh"), "as Canova used to say." Certainly fingers give a texture often where tools fail. No amateur can excel in sculpture. If you leave your clay for long it hardens and needs to be kept moist with wet cloths, and, in short, the art requires entire devotion to it.

Of course everyone who went to Rome knew the

Storys. They lived at the top of the Barberini Palace in a beautiful apartment, and received once a week all Rome, indigenous or exotic. One of the sons married Miss Broadwood, a dark, handsome woman, whose portrait Sargent painted. Talking of him one day, as the greatest of living painters, Mrs. Story said: "Well! my daughter-in-law's criticism of her portrait was: 'He has made me look like the queen of hell!'" As a sculptor Story had an enormous success in his day, and he wrote a delightful little book, "Roba di Roma." The Storys were quite aged when I knew them, and I recollect him as a fragile-looking old man, whose black velvet skull-cap contrasted becomingly with his silvery hair. Another well-known American sculptor was Greenhough. My husband's predilection for studios was great. To him it was a novel phase of life, and nothing pleased him more than dropping in upon the artists while they were at work. One day he found Greenhough modelling a Psyche from a fine young woman, who sat quite unabashed, although, as he said, "She had not as much as a pocket-handkerchief to cover her!"

I wonder if she thought, like Pauline Borghese, that there was no cause for embarrassment while "there was a fire in the room."

CHAPTER VII

ITALY

II

“ Wenn Jemand eine Reise tut,
So kann er was erzählen.”

LOVERS of Rome for Rome's sake tell you that enjoyment of its many delights only begins when the tourists and strangers depart. Not being of a hermit-like disposition, I am content with Rome as I know it. I can enjoy the marbles of the Vatican, the gaunt ruins of the Forum and the dusky stones of the Coliseum undisturbed by the presence of tourists. The attitude of mind which requires solitude to sentimentalize over the surpassing beauty of the Roman villa or the views from the Pincio is foreign to my nature. Therefore this chapter deals chiefly with the people who have made Rome so pleasant to me, and whose society has never disturbed my æsthetic appreciation of its glories.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope and his wife lived, when first we went to Rome, at the top of a modern palace in the Via Nazionale. He was very old when I knew him, but possessed the *joie de vivre*

of a boy. Having literary skill, joined to an infinite capacity for hard work, Trollope wrote much, and he wrote well. For over fifty years of his long life he lived in Italy and his best books are undeniably those dealing with Italian history and Italian character. In these subjects he was thoroughly at home. He said to me one day, with the honest frankness and simplicity which was a leading trait of his uncommon character: "My English novels I cannot recommend. I know practically nothing of English life, but all that I have written of Italy and of Italians is worth reading." And who that has read "Marietta" doubts the truth of this? In exquisite portraiture of the subtleties of Italian character, in unswerving fidelity to life, in delicate humour, it is a rarely good book. Take, for example, his portraits of Guido Guidi, the treacherous priest, the Contessa di Lunardi, Nanni Palli, the ingenuous youth, fresh from the Casentino, Carlo Palli, his delightful father, and Simone Boccanera. For keen insight into Tuscan life and manners "Marietta" stands unrivalled. Yet this fine novel, with "Beppo the Conscript" and "Beata," are unknown to the majority of English readers, albeit all Italians have read them. Nothing Anthony Trollope ever wrote, although, indeed, he was the creator of Mrs. Proudie, Archdeacon Grantley and Mr. Quiverfull, could compare with them.

Those privileged to know Anthony Trollope could not fail to esteem and love him. The man's nature was so simple, so honest, so grand in its rugged

sincerity and humility. His opinions were so wholesome and his manner of delivering them so straightforward; his nature so generous and true. In acquirements Trollope shamed many a younger man. He was an accomplished linguist and admirable talker, and a charming letter-writer. Few could equal him in conversation, he spoke to the point and fluently, illustrating his argument by quotations and enlivening it by humour. His memory was prodigious, yet he never gave one the impression that he thought himself Sir Oracle, or despised the "bark" of dogs less gifted than he. Trollope had a perfect genius for friendship, and the long drawing-room at the top of the Via Nazionale was once a week crowded with most of the interesting people in Rome. Such a background as that room was, with its Italian hangings, inlaid cabinets of Italian workmanship, rare Venetian glass and Urbino and Gubbio pottery! From the windows we had a bird's-eye view of Roman roofs and chimney-pots, with the polychrome campanile of the American Church in the immediate foreground. Italians frequented the Trollope salon in numbers, sure of the unusual treat of hearing their beautiful language correctly spoken by *forestieri*.

It was characteristic of Trollope, and showed his broad mind and liberal nature, that, although as sturdy a Protestant and as conservative in his politics as any man, his friends were to be found in all sects and of all political creeds. When he broke up his Roman home and went to bid adieu

to a Cardinal who was a great friend of his, he showed his intense enjoyment in living by the answer he made to His Eminence.

“Good-bye, Mr. Trollope,” said the Cardinal. “I hope we may meet before long in Heaven.”

“Well!” demurred Mr. Trollope. “If Your Eminence does not object, I should prefer for the present an earthly rendezvous.”

It was at Trollope's house I met Alfred Austin, and we became friends from the first. Mr. Trollope's only daughter, “Bice,” died before I ever went to Rome, but her fame as a sweet singer and charming woman lived after her. She married Mr. Charles Stuart Wortley, and died the year after her marriage. Mrs. Trollope was many years younger than her husband, and she was his second wife. Her accomplishments were many. She spoke French and Italian absolutely perfectly, and was well read in the literature of both languages. She was a good classical scholar, and could speak German well, and under the name of Frances Eleanor Trollope she wrote several clever novels. In person she was small and decidedly good-looking. Her face was beautifully modelled, and she had a creamy, lovely skin and perfect teeth. Her tender devotion to her old husband was touching, and they were inseparable companions.

Trollope always declared that he meant to “lay his bones in his own country,” and when he gave up his appointment as correspondent in Italy for *The Standard*, he settled in Devonshire. He went to bed one night, apparently in the best of health

and spirits, and passed peacefully away. Mrs. Trollope died about two years ago, after a long and painful illness. I, for one, am poorer by her loss. Hers was a richly endowed nature, and one of singular constancy in friendship.

Augustus Hare was another of our Roman friends. He was the literary lion of every old English lady in Rome, and no tea-party during his sojourns there was considered orthodox without him. He was most kind and amiable, and an exceedingly good *raconteur*. He also drew well, for an amateur. One day he told me he was leaning out of his hotel window, watching the animated scenes below, when two elderly ladies stepped into a landau at the hotel door and gave orders to be driven to the Campagna. Suddenly one cried: "Stop! stop!" and looking up to the maid who was at the window above, she said: "Eliza! Eliza! I have left my hair on the dressing-table! Pray bring it down at once." Hare said that he anticipated a most peculiar scene and was quite disappointed when his familiar black and red volume (Hare's "Walks in Rome") was handed to the lady.

On another occasion he was taking a party of friends over the Palatine Hill. A clergyman hovered near, listening with obvious attention to his lecture. At last His Reverence interrupted Hare's explanations by saying, in an aggressive manner, "Ladies and gentlemen! I think it only right to inform you that everything your guide has told you he has taken barefacedly from Hare's 'Walks in Rome.'"

Two great friends of Augustus Hare's were old Scotch ladies who lived in an apartment at the top of the Palazzo Zuccari. Mrs. Ramsay was a very striking-looking and handsome old lady, with snow-white hair drawn over a high cushion. I am not sure that much of her distinction did not arise from her bonnets. They were certainly the most singular combinations of flowers, feathers and lace I have ever beheld, and she wore them on the top of her Pompadour coiffure and tied under her chin with broad white strings. Miss Gardiner, Mrs. Ramsay's sister, was like a feeble copy of a fine original. In beauty, in intellect, and in everything except goodness and kindness, she was inferior to her sister. Mrs. Ramsay was a woman of cultivation and attainments. She had once upon a time translated the "Inferno," and she was considered an authority on Dante. Every afternoon at the same hour those old ladies emerged from the queer rococo doorway of the Casa Zuccari and went for their daily drive. They sat up straight and stiff in their landau and bowed seriously to their friends. Nothing of a frivolous spirit ever entered into their methodically planned lives. When last I visited Rome I went to the little heretic cemetery close to the Porta di San Paulo. There, shaded by cypresses, and in company with illustrious ashes, such as Shelley's and Keats', I found their graves.

There was a glorious assemblage then of intellects in Rome. Lanciani, the great archæologist; Sgambati, the musician; later, Boni, who has done so much for the excavation of the Forum, and many

more. I recollect Mrs. Lynn Linton, a woman who wrote much and well in her day—a charming personality. One of her books, “By a Silken Thread” is a shrewd and clever analysis of life and character.

But all the people we met were certainly not gifted, and some of them we thought amazingly ignorant. There is a certain meeting-ground in the Piazza di Spagna for English and Americans, called “Piale’s Library.” Mr. Piale’s wares are chiefly books and photographs, and I was choosing a book there one day when an American lady came in and asked to see a photograph of “Poverty and Virtue!” Mr. Piale was nonplussed, he “had never heard of such a picture,” “he did not believe that such a picture existed.” The lady expended much garrulity in explaining that she had seen it “with her own eyes.” “It hung in the Borghese Palace.” Piale looked more than ever incredulous, until I suggested that probably his client meant “Sacred and Profane Love.” “My! Yes! of course,” said she, “with the lady who is too poor to buy herself clothes” (Sacred Love) “and the other who is modestly covered” (Profane Love). Thus can opposite meanings be read in the same picture by minds cultivated or ignorant.

Sometimes we were seized with archæological fever and explored the Forum or Palatine with Lanciani. There was a guide then in Rome, an Englishman who had by diligent study of guide-books amassed considerable knowledge of ancient monuments. Never having had a classical educa-

tion, however, his false quantities were (to educated ears) distressing, as when he talked of the "*Clawka Maxima.*" We were diverted one day by an Englishwoman who continually interrupted the lecture by idle questions. At last she outdid herself by saying, "Mr. —, I really should like to know which of the Cæsars *was* Cæsar!"

Of course, like all the world, we attended a Court; our first being during the latter years of Umberto's reign. I have repeated the experience under the present régime, but the ceremonies differed widely. Queen Margherita's Court was held at night, and we were ranged round the ball-room according to the precedence of our Ambassadors; husbands and wives and daughters in this room, bachelors in the adjoining one. The Queen entered, attended by her principal lady-in-waiting, and addressed a few gracious words to each person. She looked extremely handsome, but rather disappointingly short. With the English she spoke English, with the French, French, and with the Germans German. As I was very young at the time she imagined me to be a bride, until I dispelled the pleasing illusion. Turning to my husband she said: "Ah! you have medals! You are a soldier!" "No, Your Majesty! I am a sailor!" "Ah! then you have *navigated* a great deal!" Near us stood an American general. To his intense astonishment she asked: "Were you educated at West Point, General?" Her technical knowledge of most subjects is prodigious.

Under Queen Elena, presentations take place in

the afternoons. As in the previous reign, you submit your name as a candidate to your Ambassador, and no one is received who has not been presented at his, or her own Court. In due course a communication, couched in the following words, reaches you :

“ Sua Maestà riceverà Lady So-and-So, Giovedì, 7 Corrente, alle 17½ (5¼ p.m.).

“ La Dama di Corte di Servizio,

(Signed) “ Duchessa d' Ascoli.

“ Vestito da visita (Capello).”

Afternoon dress, of course, is worn, but there are no limitations as to its beauty or costliness. When I went, obviously Worth and Paquin, Doucet and Callot had been called to the aid of many present. We were offered tea at a buffet in the first room, and then passed on through the beautiful suite of salons until, after waiting a little time in each, we reached the ballroom. At the threshold the lady-in-waiting announced my name, and I saw a radiant vision of a very tall Queen standing under a palm-tree. Queen Elena has a fine figure, magnificent dark eyes and abundant glossy hair. Between the Queen and myself intervened a wide expanse of highly polished floor. I have done many things in my life which required nerve, but none more trying. To walk gracefully and without slipping on the waxed floor, to execute a deep curtsy on the threshold, another midway, and a third close to, were indeed achievements. I trembled lest I should measure my length on the

floor, but happily arrived without misadventure. The Queen asked me (in French) if I had ever been to Italy before, and then if I could speak Italian. I said that I had been to Italy often, and that I spoke tolerable Italian. Then a very trying moment arose when Her Majesty asked me where my husband was. I did not like to shock her by bluntly saying, "È morto, Maestà," so I simply said, "Non sta qui, Maestà," with which answer the Queen was satisfied.

At first the great popularity of "la Perla di Savoia" rather militated against her daughter-in-law's success; Margherita, with her beauty, richly endowed mind, cultivated intellect and remarkable charm, was hard to follow. Queen Elena was allowed to be "una buona madre di famiglia," and the best of wives, but her love of a retired, simple domestic life did not appeal to Italians, who adore gaiety, display and splendour.

But the element of success was in Elena, and an opportunity developed it. When Messina's walls were tottering after the fearful Sicilian earthquake, Queen Elena showed a noble courage and a tender sympathy. She tended the sick regardless of danger, bandaged their wounds, and solaced the dying. The homeless and starving she also made her care. Nowadays, she is loved as the "buona madre" of the nation, not only of her nursery.

An Italian State ball leaves little to be desired in the way of brilliancy, crush, beauty, fine jewels and varied uniforms. Yet, somehow, it just lacks

the stateliness of Buckingham Palace. At a democratic Court like that of Italy, eclecticism is impossible, and people in every grade of life are invited. An ill-natured story I heard in Rome told of a great Roman Prince who gave in his adhesion late to the Quirinal, having always strenuously upheld the cause of the Vatican. Queen Margherita asked him once who a certain man present was. "I have not an idea, Ma'am," said he; "I only see him at Your Majesty's balls."

Every lady who goes to a Roman State ball gets a charming souvenir in the shape of a *carnet*. My first one was a beautifully painted white satin tambourine, with the Royal crown and monograms in silver, set with tiny pearls. Later, *carnets* have taken a more enduring form, being of silver, enamelled with the arms of the House of Savoy. Queen Elena sits at the beginning of the ball on a low dais, surrounded by the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. Afterwards she moves about the room, greeting those she knows. It says much for the proverbial Royal memory that she recollected me on my last visit to Rome, although three years had elapsed since I had been there.

In 1910 I had a private audience with the Pope (Pius X.). A Roman lady (Papalina to the heart's core) went with me. We looked most funereal in our black gowns, black kid gloves and lace mantillas covering "the plaiting of hair" which is supposed to be so seductive. I left my hotel at 9 a.m. and called for my friend *en route*. Up the long Scala Grande, past the Papal Guard we climbed and

presently, amid the medievalism of the Vatican, we came upon a twentieth-century lift. It was hideously out of keeping with Raphael's frescoes and the picturesque uniforms of the Guardia Nobile, but we were too tired out when we reached it to trouble about anachronisms. The lift landed us on the Pope's floor opposite exquisitely carved doors. Entering these, I found myself, not without a feeling of deep reverence, in the rooms of the Head of the Catholic Church.

My first impression was one of a hush and stillness full of symbolism. It was meet and right that this atmosphere of peace and quietness should mark the antithesis between the Church and the noisy, struggling world in the labyrinth of streets below. Coming as I did from the hooting of motors, the rumbling of trams, the screech of whistles—all that marks modern and cosmopolitan Rome—the almost audible stillness of the Vatican seemed unearthly. Cardinals and Monsignori passed through those rooms, but their footsteps fell muffled in the thick pile of the carpets. When they spoke, they did so in whispers. The deep recesses of the windows showed the enormous thickness of Vatican walls. All were curtained alike in straight, cream silk, edged with gold fringe, and the stately simplicity of everything was beautiful to see. There were no fussy efforts at spurious ornamentation, no worthless decoration. The walls were hung in satin brocade, and in each room were a few fine marble-topped tables. Here and there, gilt consoles of rarely fine workmanship

supported beautiful vases. Sometimes an exquisitely carved ivory crucifix stood on a table. The chairs were ancient in form and covered with old silk ; one or two rooms were hung with tapestry and there were a few pictures.

In a large room next to the Pope's ante-chamber we found a number of people waiting for the General Audience. Rampolla passed through our salon, black-browed and Spanish-looking, his face one of extraordinary power. In the bravery of their mulberry-coloured silk robes, many Monsignori rustled past. At last a priest approached and told me that His Holiness would now give me a private audience. I followed him, terribly frightened, into the small room which is the ante-chamber to the Pope's study. Presently a door opened, and in came the whitest vision I have ever beheld. White skull cap, white hair, white cloth dress and white silk sash—the only relief a jewelled cross. Pope Pius X. had a noble, beautiful presence, albeit he was of peasant origin. The beauty of holiness shone in his face, the outward expression of a saintly life. I knelt and kissed the ring he held out to me, remaining on my knees until he said : “ Su ! Su ! ” (“ Up ! Up ” !), seizing my hand to help me. Happily I had been warned that, if I should speak in Italian with the Pope, I must use the pronoun employed in the second person plural instead of that of the third person singular. Thus “ Vostro ” and not “ Suo ”—a departure from the ordinary rule in society.

His Holiness asked me in French if I spoke Italian. "Si! Santo Padre," said I, whereupon he talked a long time about the monks and nuns who had lately been obliged to leave France, and who had taken refuge in England. In the most charming manner he expressed his gratitude for the kindness shown to these people by a noble Protestant country. Lastly he gave me the following beautiful blessing—"Io la benedico, e che questa benedizione possa illuminare la sua anima e attira-la alla Chiesa Cattolica se Iddio lo permette." ("I bless you and may this benediction illuminate your soul and draw it to the Catholic Church if God permits!") Then the holy white vision passed on to the next room where the faithful knelt, and he held up his hands and gave them a general blessing. I knelt as he passed back to his study, and he gave me a radiant smile. The following day he sent me his photograph signed, and yet another blessing—this time in Latin. Pius X. was not a man of consummate ability like his predecessor, but he was infinitely more lovable. He had not the witty, biting tongue of Leo XIII., but the Cardinals, who trembled before the patrician Pope's sarcasms, loved the gentle, humble proletariat.

Of Leo the Thirteenth's gift of ready repartee many stories are told. Once, when Papal Nuncio at Brussels a young Marquis there laid a wager that he would show the Nuncio a snuff-box enamelled with a picture of a perfectly nude Venus. Leo handed the box back after a cursory glance



*Dei omnipotentis benedictionem in vobis.
Pius P.P. X*

Portrait given to the writer by His Holiness Pope Pius X. and signed by him.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, including the number '11' on the left and a series of illegible characters or symbols.

at it with the question: "Très beau! Est-ce le portrait de Madame la Marquise?" On another occasion a young Italian in his presence was offered a cigarette. "Grazia!" said he, "ma è uno vizio che io non tengo." "Se fosse uno vizio," said the Nuncio, "Lei arrebbe." ("Thanks! it is a vice I don't possess." "If it were a vice you would have it.")

Perhaps the most delightful example of Leo XIII.'s wit was the reproof he administered to Count Herbert Bismarck when he went to Rome in attendance on the present German Emperor. The Pope had granted a private audience to the Kaiser, and was much annoyed by what he considered Bismarck's impertinence in pushing his way uninvited into the audience-chamber with his Imperial Master. His Holiness made a pointed remark to the effect that he had not invited anyone but His Majesty. "Do you know who I am?" demanded the Count. "I am the great Bismarck's son."

"Ah," said the Pope, "that *explains*, but does not *excuse* your conduct."

Wit and brilliancy were not assets of Pius the Tenth, but he reformed the clergy, and by his holy life commanded respect from all sects and all creeds. He was unpretentious, simple and humble. When he left Venice (where he had been Patriarch for many years) to attend the Conclave at Rome he took a return ticket, never imagining in his humility that the highest place in the Roman Catholic Church could ever be his.

The first night he sat down to dinner as Sovereign Pontiff he viewed with distaste the beautiful glass and silver and china set before him. "Via con questo lusso," said he, "me piace più la vita semplice." "Did Our Blessed Lord, our Example, break bread at a table tricked out like this? And shall I, his humble servant, do it?" After that his meals were of the simplest, "minestra," "maccheroni con pomidori," or "fritto misto" with fruit. Every night his two old sisters came across the Piazza di San Pietro from their lodging opposite to share this frugal meal. The tenderest affection existed between the Pope and his humble sisters. It was said in Rome, however, that, with all his affection, he did not scruple to rebuke them. When the poor ladies came to Rome, and paid their first visit to the Head of the Catholic Church, they went dressed in black silk to do honour to the brother raised to such eminence. "Why do you come here dressed in silks?" said he. "What comedy is this? You are peasants, and should not masquerade as ladies. Go home, my sisters, and put on your woollen gowns and aprons!" I have always felt sorry for those poor old dears!

CHAPTER VIII

ITALY

III

“In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.”

“THE BAS BLEU.”

ONE afternoon, about five or six years ago, I was at an entertainment given by the ex-American Ambassadress. Sometimes I amuse my friends by doing a little amateur fortune-telling, occasionally, when the cards are kind, I make a happy hit. This particular day I had promised to try and peer into the future, on behalf of the young daughter* of the house. We stole away to the ball-room in search of privacy, but, alas! *nearly every old man in the gathering followed us.* They seemed to be consumed with curiosity about their future. I felt it an embarrassing moment, since obviously there remained so little future before them. “Messieurs,” said I, “je ne puis être prophète pour tout le monde, c’est impossible.” A general protest followed! One old man, however, persisted, entreating :

* Married last October to Prince Andrea Boncampagni.

“Madame, je vous en prie.”

At last, worn out, I yielded. Now, I had never seen the man before to my knowledge, and certainly had no idea of his identity.

“Monsieur,” said I, “dans votre vie vous avez eu un grand succès. Vous avez été inondé de distinctions et d’honneur. Vous ferez bientôt un voyage, le voyage sera entrepris dans un but d’affaires, et vous y gagnerez de la galette.”

He replied: “Madame, vous êtes vraiment sorcière: c’est vrai que je vais faire un voyage, il est encore vrai que je partirai pour affaires, et étant chargé de faire un portrait j’espère un résultat sérieux, il est encore vrai que je me suis fait un nom. Je suis Carolus Duran.”

In that manner I made acquaintance with the President of the French Academy, and we became fast friends. Once a week Madame Duran was “at home” in the Studio. Now the Villa Medici, where the President lives, is one of the most entirely enchanting spots in all Rome. It has bosky depths and sunny open spaces, and mossy stairs and flower-beds and a rococo but picturesque Casino, now the *Académie de France*. Carolus Duran’s essentially modern and commonplace studio struck me as incongruously placed in the midst of the ilexes and clipped hedges, and statuary and olive trees of the Villa Medici. However, Monsieur painted here, and Madame dispensed tea amid the easels, and Mademoiselle handed the teacups. All three kind, agreeable and interesting people. Duran was the master of

Sargent, that will be his most enduring claim to fame. His earlier portraits were some of them charming, well painted and well posed, but more recent ones show, alas! the failing brush. Duran wrote in my album the following :

“ L’artiste doit aimer la gloire plus que l’argent, l’art plus que la gloire, la Nature plus que l’art.”

That same winter of which I write, two well-known novelists, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, were in Rome. They lived in an enchanting house in the Via Gregoriana and entertained most pleasantly. Father, mother and daughter are excellent linguists, accomplished and delightful. Other charming hostesses were Mrs. Lee and her sister, Mrs. Hurlburt, Americans who have long made their home in Italy. Mrs. Lee was “chez elle” every Monday night to the bridge world; four or six card-tables were set out in each of the pretty salons. It was, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan gathering of any. All the Embassies and Legations were represented, and there were many Italians, Americans and English there. One played bridge in French, Italian, German, English and American. I say “American” advisedly, because American bridge expressions are different to ours. It was puzzling at first to hear of “two spots” and “five spots;” and “Up to you, Partner!” and “I go over.” Americans play bridge extremely well, and I felt a neophyte among them.

Several years before, when my husband and I

were in Rome, Princess Alexis Dolgorouki (then Miss Fleetwood Wilson) was a successful hostess. She was living in a most luxurious and beautiful "apartment" in the Palazzo Antici Mattei, belonging to an American, Mr. Würts. Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Julia Wombwell, Miss Peel and Mrs. Henry Hohler (then Miss Wombwell) were staying with her, and they all had the merriest of times. The Duc d'Aosta was a constant visitor, and cotillons, dinners and luncheon-parties were the order of the day. I remember dining at the Palazzo one night and meeting George Augustus Sala, who amazed me by eating his dinner without removing a pair of black kid gloves he wore! I heard afterwards that he suffered from a disfiguring skin disease in the hands, but why should he have elected to wear *black* gloves?

Old Princess Massimo I met more recently in Rome. She is *dévoté*, and belongs to serious Roman Society, a world which concerns itself more with the Vatican than the Quirinal, and with the next world than with this. As I have said before, Princess Massimo was a daughter of the Duchesse de Berri by her second husband, an Italian. The Duchesse was remarkable for her exquisitely shaped and tiny feet, also for her madcap pranks and love of doing daring, unconventional things. One day, when bored with the dullness and primness of the Tuileries, she cast about in her mind for something that might be a refreshing contrast. A ride in a Paris 'bus seemed to Her Royal Highness about the most shocking thing a Princess could do at the

moment. So she set off (heavily veiled) for her exciting adventure. No one, she imagined, could possibly recognize her in such a cloak and veil. However, as she put her tell-tale foot on the top step of the 'bus the conductor saw it. Off came his cap, low was his bow, as he said in accents of profound admiration :

“ Le pied de Madame ! ”

I told this story to the Princess. “ Extraordinaire ! ” said she. “ Voilà une histoire que je n'ai jamais entendu ! Quoiqu'il soit vrai que ma mère eût le pied le plus petit, le plus parfait, le plus mignon, le plus exquis. ”

A great pleasure to me has always been that of visiting the Roman studios. The Via Margutta, below the Pincio, is chiefly the artists' quarter. Here the annual Artists' Ball used to take place, and most original it was. Sometimes the ball-room is decorated to represent a French château or a Swiss chalet, even an Italian podere. At the ball to which I went the decoration was German and medieval. There were old-fashioned German chimney-pieces, constructed of wood and canvas, painted, and mottoes written up on the walls pious enough in their sentiments to please even Kaiser Wilhelm. The ingenuity of the Roman artists was wonderful, and indeed all was most artistic. A fascinating personality in the early Roman days was Signor Ricci, an artist, although not of the first rank. He was an extremely handsome, charming, impressionable, emotional and child-like creature. His wife was a lovely American, and he adored

her ; I have seen him in tears because she had a sore throat, and his constant care for her health was almost wearying. "Emma mia! you are in a draught." "Emma mia, per l' amore di Dio! pull that lace scarf over your shoulders." "No! Cara! you mustn't eat maccaroons! They are bad 'per lo stomaco' "—and so on.

Ricci asked me to be his model for two of his pictures. I posed as Bianca Capello, and as a Nun—a rather worldly one, who sees two birds kissing in a convent garden, and looks as if they recalled what was not unpleasant. Sometimes on entering the studio I used to find Ricci in the wildest spirits, bubbling over with fun and gaiety, at others plunged into profound melancholy. Once he looked so intensely miserable and sighed in such a heart-rending manner that I begged him to tell me what had happened.

"Ah! I am *so* sad! *so very* sad! Mia Madre is seventy to-day. She cannot live as long as I do and what shall I do without my mother?" Poor, warm-hearted, delightful, childlike Ricci! Alas! he suffered much, although his mother outlived him. The graceful, lovely American wife went into decline and died early, and his passionate grief for her loss and anguish of mind practically killed him. I never pass the Rospigliosi Palace, where they lived, without thinking of those interesting early Roman friends and the tragedy of their lives.

Italians possess many delightful and estimable qualities, but sincerity is not always one of them.

How often have I been in Italian salons and heard the effusive greetings : “ Cara Gwendolina, come tu sei bella ! sempre bella ! ” and when poor, deluded Gwendolina leaves, the chorus of criticism which speeds the parting guest : “ Come la Contessa ha vecchiato ! ” “ Si ! ha ragione ! non è più bella per niente, e che gusto ! ma che ! ” etc., etc. Probably Gwendolina at her next house of call remarks : “ I have just been to see the Corina ! She gets duller every day. I do pity the Prince ! ” or “ It is really a scandal that Tiberio Gigi should never leave her side, and where her *fascination* is goodness knows ! She has lost her figure completely, ”—and so on, and so on. Feline amenities are pretty much the same all the world over.

The Italian is, perhaps, the most childlike of grown-up human beings. He is keenly and intensely interested in himself and in all about him. He preserves his enthusiasm and fire to the last. He never grows *blasé*, or cold, or indifferent. He is whimsical, perhaps, and unmethodical, and certainly money-loving, but in all the harmonies or discords of the Italian character one trait of inestimable worth stands out. The Italian has a heart, and his affections are of the warmest. Let his shortcomings be forgiven him on that score. He is romantic and sentimental, but not with the sickly sentimentalism that sits so badly on the podgy German. He is gallant and chivalrous, and above all a devoted admirer of woman. Faithful he is not, like the bee he likes to go from flower to

flower—but he is seldom unkind. His tenderness and devotion to children is indisputable. For animals he has little pity. For his country a passionate affection. For his religion a benevolent tolerance, which in Italian women is intense devotion. The Italian has a charm which is intangible and eludes your power of analysis. You can feel it, and cannot define it. Of course the race is a beautiful one, and the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky temperament is always winning. Italians are vividly and keenly interested in the great people of the past who have made Italy famous. They talk of “our little Donato” (“Il nostro Donatello”) “Il nostro Ghiberti” and their tones are caressing as they speak of them.

A friend of mine, an Italian, once moved from Rome to San Remo and sent his cook on in advance to get his villa ready for him. She was a handsome young woman of the fine Roman type, accustomed to admiration and society of her own class. Feeling bored and disconsolate, she sat the first Sunday on the garden wall, thinking regretfully of the Pincio and Borghese and of all the joys she had left behind her. Suddenly a very proper-looking young man appeared in the road below.

“Venga quì,” said the maiden, “dar mi un poco di compagnia!” The man looked surprised at this invitation, as well he might, but he seemed not averse from accepting it.

“Di che paese sei tu?” said he. (“What part of the country do you come from?”)

“Io?” said she, “Io vengo dalla patria di

Cicerone.” (“ I ? I come from the country of Cicero.”)

“ Che cosa è Cicerone ? ” said he, anxious to find out if she knew what she was talking about. “ Qualche cosa da mangiare ? ” (“ What sort of a thing is Cicero ? Something to eat ? ”)

“ Asino ! ” cried she, with withering scorn, “ che non conosce che Cicerone era nato in Arpino.” (“ Ass ! not to know that Cicero was born in Arpino ! ”)

Another acquaintance of mine heard an old beggar woman petitioning for *soldi* at a church door. Two ladies passed and curtly repulsed her. “ Horrid nuisance, these beggars ! ” said one. “ Government ought really to suppress them,” remarked the other.

“ Essere grande,” said the beggar, “ è caso non è virtù.” (“ To be great is *chance*, not virtue ”)—actually quoting Metastasio.

Italian children are very unlike the somewhat bovine, stolid type one sees in Germany. They are all fire and energy, enthusiasm and passionate temper ; and no one has ever found them wanting in affection. Their soft cadences and the beautiful Italian tongue make their speech a pleasure to listen to, and they have pretty, graceful ideas and original thoughts. I heard a pathetic little tale when last in Rome of a small peasant girl who, before *Natale* (Christmas), knitted a pair of stockings and sent them to the Quirinal as a present to the Queen. On *Capo d'Anno* (New Year's Day) the Queen sent the child a little purse filled with

money, a box of sweets, and a charming little note of thanks. The girl wrote back :

“ DEAR QUEEN,

“ I thank you for your kindness, but alas ! my father took the money and my brother ate the sweets ! ”

Many were the novel sights, apart from conventional ones, which astonished us on our first visit to Rome. It was startling on the slopes of the Coelian to encounter a man walking about with a tin box on his head, and to know that it contained the family dinner. These boxes are furnished with a charcoal brasier at the bottom, and above this a series of trays into which the dishes fit. Everything arrives hot, and generally extremely well cooked. Thus the *trattoria* system enables people in Italy to dispense with that very doubtful advantage, a cook, and yet be fed ; a *donna di casa* to do housework, a manservant to wait at table, open the door, clean silver and valet the master, and there is the simple life exemplified !

There is always a large American colony in Rome, chiefly feminine. For the most part they are handsome, restless, brilliant, exquisitely dressed women. They go to Rome principally for social pleasures, and their interests don't lie much in archæology or serious art. Many of them have improved their “ shining hours ” by a gradual evolution from an American “ Miss ” into an Italian princess. The history of Roman great houses show many alliances with American beauty and *baksheesh*. Of these Princess Ruspoli, Princess

Brancaccio, the late Contessa Giannotti and Princess Andrea Boncampagni are only a few. Contessa Telfener was one of the most singularly delightful women in Roman society. Without having ever possessed the beauty of her sister, Mrs. Mackay, she had all her charm and the liveliest intelligence. Her spirits and fun and repartee made her society an unfailing pleasure. Mrs. Hungerford, Mrs. Mackay's mother, lived with her younger daughter, Contessa Telfener. She also was full of character and originality, and, like both her daughters, absolutely sincere. Mrs. Hungerford died in Rome in the fullness of years. Contessa Telfener passed away a few years ago in her prime, deeply mourned by all who knew her.

In our early visits to Rome a delightful American General was chargé d'affaires in the absence of his chief. He was dining out one night, and sat next to a stupid Englishwoman who, by way of conversation remarked: "How many Americans there are in Rome! One hears their twang at every street corner."

"I must tell you," said the General, "that I am an American."

"Dear me!" said the idiot, "I must pay you the compliment of saying that I should never have thought it. You have absolutely no American accent."

"Madam," said the General, "I am distressed to think that I should have been defrauded of my birthright."

The General's wife was a wonderful woman, of

surpassing energy, and she possessed the *joie de vivre* which makes American women so attractive. In her youth she had been a beauty and she retained obvious traces of this in her eyes and features, although her skin had wrinkled and lost its freshness. Her gaiety of heart and eternal merriment were unfailing. Every happening in life to her was a joke or a joy. She was prodigal of sympathy and affection, never pessimistic or depressed. A born narrator, she had the gift of making a most commonplace episode thrilling or amusing by her manner of describing it. The same tale told by others was a very different story, and often fell embarrassingly flat. Every Wednesday in the week Mrs. R. was "at home," and so great was her popularity that the small *mezzanino* in the Via Condotti was crowded to excess. She would come bustling in, perhaps a few minutes late, and explain that her hairdresser had "kept her waiting," or that his tongs had not been "hot enough," or that his "methylated spirit had run out." She was the most candid and frankest of creatures! but—her French was like nothing I have heard before or since. She spoke it with the greatest fluency, never hesitating for a word, and the construction of her sentences was absolutely English. She reproached her *cocchiere* one day when I was with her, for not having "sent word" that he had come to her door, and this is how she said it: "Giuseppe! pourquoi n'avez-vous pas envoyé moi le mot que vous êtes ici?"

Once I went to the American Church in the Via

Nazionale with her. The preacher that day had a melancholy air and plaintive voice, and affected a sorrow-stricken pose, as if the wickedness of this world were too much for him. At what he intended to be a most telling part Mrs. R. whispered to me: "What's he *fretting* about now?" It was irresistibly funny as she said it.

A well-known host in Rome is Count Primoli, whose mother was a Bonaparte. His palace was on the Tiber, and before the Embankment was built and the river was given to overflowing its banks, occasionally his guests were known to arrive in carriages and depart in boats!

To write of the sights of Rome would be fatuous. It offers an eternal problem to those who try to learn of it. They who take it as their theme must bring to bear absolute sympathy, love and exact knowledge if they would do any sort of justice to their subject. There are deluded people who profess to "see it all" in a week. There are others who spend a lifetime in learning it, and at the end of years have forgotten what they knew in the beginning—so vast is the theme. All of us have met the familiar and dreamy bore who talks of the "Eternal City," and quotes Byron in the Coliseum and Gregorovius in St. Peter's. And who would not avoid the lady with the thirst for knowledge who walks about the Galleries with a Baedeker and reads extracts aloud in a brassy high key. One meets these sort of people in the antiquity monger's, and they show you their faked furniture and modern majolica, and call

them "marvellous finds." They go to St. Peter's whilst High Mass is going on, and read their guide books unabashed. They even smile compassionately with superior air whilst monks and nuns go by. "Poor silly creatures! Do they really suppose they please God by their abstinence from human joys and duties?" So the people of futile lives sit in judgment over those who live with the highest of objects before them.

There are those, of course, to whom the subtle spirit of Rome can never appeal. It is said of the late Mr. Sam Lewis that once at Monte Carlo he was urged by a friend to visit Rome. He was told that "everyone ought to see it." "Rome was part of a man's education"—with like threadbare commonplaces. So Mr. Lewis regretfully quitted the carnal delights of Monte Carlo for the intellectual ones of Rome. Within three days he was back at the tables, and that night, whilst discussing lobster stewed in champagne at "Ciro's," he saw his counsellor and friend. "Look 'ere," said he, "you can 'ave Rome—give me Monte Carlo!"

Thus you must be in sympathy with the yellow Tiber, with the time-worn bridges, with classical architecture, Byzantine mosaics and Opus Alexandrinum pavements—to enjoy Rome.

But all is not "beer and skittles" even in the most enchanting of cities. There are mean streets with incredibly bad smells, shops which repeat to tautology the same rubbish. One is afflicted to nausea at last by the everlasting sight of lapis

lazuli necklaces, Etruscan ramshead ornaments and cameo pendants. The pedlar pursues you across the Piazza di Spagna with his tray of spurious jewellery, entreating you to buy. The *valet de place* lies in wait and pounces upon you from some unsuspected orifice. The beggars whine, the vehicles rattle over the stony streets, the dealers get the better of you in a bargain, there are many shadows in the picture, yet, taken all in all, I don't know of a better. Think of the glorious churches and time-blackened ruins, the ancient sculpture and some of the pictures, the soft evening air and the Alban and Sabine hills! Then the low, arched doorways hung with fruit and vegetables, the flower sellers by the fountains, the monks and nuns, the Campanili, the Villas, the Tiber. Goethe said with truth: "Eine Welt bist du, O Rom."

CHAPTER IX

ISLE OF WIGHT MEMORIES

“ 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.”

“ NIGHT THOUGHTS.”

THE only county my husband and I lived in during our married life outside of Middlesex was Hampshire, and in the Isle of Wight we spent several happy years. The scenery of the Island is neither thrillingly beautiful nor uplifting. As all the world knows, there is no grandeur of mountains, or forest, or river to be found there, but instead is a subtle charm which endears it everlastingly. One gives instant absolution to its physical mediocrity because of its undeniable fascination. There are charming sea-views, breezy downs, splendid timber, lovely lanes and ideal villages. The beautiful old Isle of Wight manor houses are as ancient as any in England, and, what is more to the point, they are unspoilt by bungling restoration. Drive where you will, there are scenic effects to be had which charm. You look down streets which end in blue water ; you drive along roads so shaded by fine trees that you seem at points to be entering dark tunnels ; or,

if you are a follower of Jane Austen's Mrs. Elton, you can have cliffs and chines, coves and ancient churches to "explore."

Our house at East Cowes was undoubtedly an anachronism, since it was an Italian villa placed in an English park and called by a Brazilian name. The park was not ours, but Lord Gort's; however, we looked out on bosky slopes and really fine trees and reaped many advantages from the situation. There was no sort of sympathy between that house and its surroundings, but it was eminently comfortable. The long French windows of the drawing-room opened on a wide terrace, and from it we looked over rose garden and tennis ground. We were not far from the gates of Osborne, and thus saw a good deal of members of the Household.

The Isle of Wight socially has changed a good deal since those days when our venerable Queen was the *genius loci*. The force of her own high character and goodness created about her a wonderful atmosphere. The men and women who served her were all people of remarkable personality and unique gifts. There was Sir Henry Ponsonby, a tall, high-shouldered, stooping figure, with a care-worn expression on his face, the most able and reliable of private secretaries and charming of men. He often used to look in upon us at tea-time, bringing with him Sir William Carington or Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton or General Du Plat. Then there was that gallant soldier, Sir John McNeill, a man of "infinite jest," cheery

presence and most lovable qualities ; and Sir Fleetwood Edwards, Assistant Private Secretary, one of exceptional charm and beautiful character. I remember his telling me that, when first summoned to Balmoral, he had never been brought in touch with Courts before, so, by way of a guide to behaviour in Royal circles, he rushed out and bought the Queen's Journal of "Life in the Highlands." Two days after his arrival at Balmoral the Queen presented him with her books. General Du Plat was a man of the most buoyant spirits and rollicking gaiety, never depressed, never sad, a very handsome man and universally popular. Perhaps our most beloved friend was Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household. Possessed of intellect, a considerable bent towards science, a business capacity above the average, and a wonderful power of organization, he was yet ever modest, unassuming and simple in his ways. Above envy or pettiness of any description, he could rejoice with those upon whom fortune smiled as he did sincerely mourn with those in need of comfort. His devotion to duty was only one feature of a high and serious character, yet he could be "merry withal," and in his own family he was intensely beloved. Both his sons became soldiers, and the second son, a most gallant and splendid young gunner, was wounded in the abortive Dardanelles expedition, and died four hours afterwards. He was, indeed, a worthy son of exceptional parents. Lady Ely embodied in her very distinguished presence the best type of

a great lady, handsome even in old age, dignified and simple. The Queen had no more devoted servant. Jane, Lady Churchill, too, and Lady Erroll and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe were all women of high traditions and exemplary lives. Miss Hughes and Miss Adeline Loftus, to mention only two among the Maids of Honour, were both very good-looking, charming and accomplished, and Sir James Reid and Sir Arthur Bigge were well liked by everybody.

A strange and complex character was that of Hofrath Muther, Her Majesty's German Secretary. He was by birth a Coburger, and typically German. His formal low bows and clicking of the heels were after the best Teutonic models, he was extremely learned, a very worthy man and absolutely devoid of humour. Naturally, as he could never see a joke, he became a target for arrows of fun. On one occasion a German was staying at Osborne who took a fiendish delight in tormenting the excellent Hofrath. Graf Z. went once to London to see a ballet, and on his return at the Household luncheon, fired (metaphorically speaking) a torpedo at poor Herr Muther. "Do you know," said he, "that all the beautiful ladies of the ballet came crowding round me when I went behind the scenes, begging me to tell them how their darling Muther was." The Hofrath's indignation and fury deprived him of speech, but after luncheon he went the round of the Household, putting his head into each member's room and saying the same thing: "I have come to tell you that Graf Z. is a liar!"

Herr Muther held the orthodox German views about women and their place in the universe, which, indeed, was very low down. Once he found me reading Dante in Italian, and asked me why I was doing it. "You see," said he, "whatever you may know, you can never attain the exact knowledge of a really learned man, therefore why trouble your brains about it?" Could any theories be more depressing and discouraging, or better calculated to foster ignorance and laziness? When first we knew Herr Muther he was tutor to the present Grand Duke of Hesse, and often pressed us to visit Darmstadt, promising to show me the sights there. We went to Wiesbaden one summer, and I wrote to tell him that we meant to visit Darmstadt before returning to England; adding, "I hope you have not forgotten your promise to show us the lions of Darmstadt." He answered, expressing effusively his delight at the prospect of seeing us again, "but," he added, there are *no* lions in Darmstadt, only two very fine wolves, which the Grand Duke acquired lately!" Poor, literal, touchy, worthy Hofrath Muther! Some time before Queen Victoria's death he retired to Munich on a pension, and there he died two years ago. His last appearance in England was at the funeral of the old Queen, when he was deeply offended by being put to walk in the procession with the Munshi.

A very versatile member of the Household was Mr. Alick Yorke, who was accomplished in many ways, and always agreeable and kindly. His

brother, "Johnnie" Yorke, afterwards the seventh Lord Hardwicke, was a typically delightful sailor and one of my husband's dearest friends.

Whippingham Rectory lay not far from our house—a pleasant drive through sinuous Isle of Wight lanes. The Rectory was an old-fashioned, comfortable house covered with creepers. From the lawn one had grassy vistas in all directions, rolling green meadows and hedgerows, with a river of iridescent hues to break the monotony of too much green. In Whippingham Rectory Canon and Mrs. Prothero then lived. The Canon, a singularly lovable, simple-minded old man, a second Parson Adams or Vicar of Wakefield, "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no guile." His wife was an extremely clever woman, and one of wide cultivation. A very familiar picture I recall is Mrs. Prothero seated in a low wicker chair on her lawn, surrounded by the latest books from Rolandi's Library. She read pretty much all that came out in several languages, and was an admirable talker. Her son Rowland (now President of the Board of Agriculture) shared her intellectual tastes and was, indeed, her *alter ego*. Together they wandered every summer in Central France, away from all beaten tracks. I have never seen people of alien race who knew their France and her peasantry as they did.

Many interesting people used to come to Osborne and find their way to Olinda some time during their stay. German artists were (unhappily) often commissioned to paint portraits there. Queen Victoria

favoured that essentially commonplace Düsseldorf School, to the exclusion of much real genius in her own realm. Holbein has immortalized the Tudors, Velasquez the Court of Philip IV., and Vandyke the Stuarts. Queen Victoria, alas! (great Sovereign though she was) lives only on inferior canvasses. There were in England during her reign such giants as Sargent, Whistler and Watts, yet men like Carl Sohn, Schmiechen and von Angeli, without inspiration, sentiment or technique, painted for her. It is lamentable to think that no portrait of outstanding merit exists of one of the greatest Sovereigns that England has ever seen.

Those days in the Isle of Wight were full of happiness. I was quite young and bubbling over with energy and good spirits. We drove our dog-cart about the lanes, gardened, played tennis, boated, yachted, dined out occasionally, and were intensely happy.

My husband commanded the Northern Division of the Isle of Wight Coastguard, and I looked after the bluejackets' wives and children to the best of my ability. They were infinitely amusing sometimes, as when the mother of fifteen lamented with a shake of her head that "none of 'em" had been "*diers*." Another woman told me she had settled on the names of "Gladys Clauda Gwendolyn" for her unfortunate new baby. I suggested Anne, Mary and Jane as more practical, being shorter, but the amendment was not carried.

The cheeriest time, of course, was when the

Court came down to Cowes. Then Royal carriages went up and down the hill to Osborne, and frock-coated, tall-hatted men were in attendance, and outriders and postilions and white horses and scarlet liveries made our quiet road gay. The centre of all this movement, although in old age and long past all beauty, was yet an extraordinarily impressive figure. There was something impenetrably tranquil and unutterably dignified in her bearing. She looked what she was, a great Queen. The habit of living in the open air, breakfasting out of doors, and driving about the Island for hours made her healthy and fresh-looking. Queen Victoria led a sane, wholesome life, and the result of it was a negation of the nervous ailments from which idle, luxurious women suffer. Her constant affection and friendship for a less fortunate Sister Sovereign was touching. Osborne Cottage was frequently lent to the Empress Eugénie during the Queen's stay at Osborne House. It was pathetic to see the aged ladies driving together, always talking in the most animated fashion. I used to wonder if they discussed the glories and the failures of the ephemeral Second Empire.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany (shortly after Emperor and Empress Frederick) were often guests at Osborne with their younger daughters. Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen had been married some time then, but the present ex-Queen of Greece and Princess Charles of Hesse were with their parents always. The Empress

Frederick, although not in the least handsome, had one of the finest faces I have ever seen. Intellect and lively intelligence were manifest in her splendid brow and fine eyes, whilst the expression of her face was that of candour and fearless frankness. The Emperor Frederick was a noble figure, tall and commanding in appearance, with blue eyes, golden hair, and beard slightly streaked with grey. He was always badly dressed in mufti, but in uniform was a very Lohengrin. He must have been an especial favourite of the Queen's, because I remember how tenderly she embraced him at the Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey. Our seats in the Household Stand overlooked the dais on which the Royal Family sat, and I never can forget that splendid figure in white.

Princess Beatrice's wedding took place in the first year of our stay at Cowes, and we were honoured by invitations to it. The day was glorious, the best July could do, brilliant sunshine and balmy air. Estrades, covered with red cloth, reached on either side of the pathway from the lych-gate to the porch of Whippingham Church. As many of Her Majesty's guests came that morning from London they were allowed to appear in high dresses with trains and *bonnets*, but all the Royal people and their suites were in evening dress. Never were seen four more amazingly handsome brothers than the Battenberg Princes. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, tall and fair in colouring; Prince Louis, tall and dark, the bride-

groom splendidly good-looking in his white uniform, and the youngest brother, who married a Montenegrin Princess, quite able to hold his own as regards comeliness.

Whippingham Church, being somewhat small for so large a company, was reserved for the Royal Family and their guests, Court functionaries, Cabinet Ministers, Members of the Household and very great people. Lesser lights sat on the estrades and had an admirable view (at very close quarters) of everybody.

No one looked lovelier among the young Princesses than the present ex-Empress of Russia and the Queen of Rumania. A most dignified and striking figure was that of the late Duchess of Buccleuch, then Mistress of the Robes. The thrilling moment, however, was when the Queen arrived with the bride at the lych-gate and walked with her to the church. The Queen was, indeed, a regal figure in her small crown of diamonds, her orders and her exquisite old lace, and she walked with a presence and majesty no one else attained. Princess Beatrice looked beautiful in her white satin draped with rare Flemish lace. She was pale and deeply moved as she went to the church, but came back radiant with her splendid Antinous by her side.

After the ceremony we all drove to Osborne in the Queen's carriages, and stood about the corridors and drawing-rooms until Prince and Princess Henry left for Quarr Abbey. At night we drove up to Osborne again, having been commanded to

dine. Two huge marquees were pitched on the terrace, and in one all the Royal people dined, and in the other the Queen's un-Royal guests and the Household. I recollect Lady Ely receiving us in a drawing-room, note-book in hand, sending messages, scribbling notes, beaming on her friends, busy until dinner was announced. I had Prince Lichnovski on my right, and opposite to me was Miss Ethel Cadogan. After dinner we went to the drawing-room, where Her Majesty appeared later with her Royal guests.

Osborne being limited in point of accommodation for so large a company, Lord Gort offered to entertain some of the people invited by Her Majesty at East Cowes Castle, and we put our house at the Queen's disposal. General Bateson, in waiting on the Duke of Cambridge, and a German, in attendance on a Grand Duke, were our guests. The Queen asked our German how he was getting on at Olinda (our house). "I thank your Majesty," said he, "I find my *landlady* charming." After that I was dubbed "the landlady."

A few days after the wedding the Queen sent me two beautiful stone engravings of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with a gracious and charming note written by Lady Ely.

At Christmas Queen Victoria used sometimes to give a children's party at Osborne, and there was an age limit to the little people, a source of poignant regret to their elder brothers and sisters. The children of the Captain of the Guardship, of the Royal yachts and of neighbours, were bidden,

but not their parents. One Christmas the two younger children of Captain Fane (afterwards Sir Charles) were invited, and their nurse, an Irishwoman, took them to Osborne. When told she must wait in an ante-chamber, Ryan objected. She "was sure that Master Teddy or Miss Dollie would cry without her to support them in such grand company." As crying in the Queen's presence was not to be thought of, Ryan was admitted to the room where the tree stood. Presently Her Majesty entered, whereupon down flopped Ryan on her knees, with her charges on either side of her, all three holding up their hands in the manner of the stone ladies and their offspring on medieval tombs. "You need not kneel to me," said the Queen, much amused.

"Oh!" said Ryan, "I know my dooty too well, O Queen! O Queen! live for ever," and to the Queen's intense delight, when she spoke to the children they answered, "Yes, O Queen!" "No, O Queen!" When Ryan returned, Mrs. Fane inquired with some anxiety if the children had been good, and behaved properly in the august presence, to which Ryan replied loftily, "I knew my manners at Court, mem, and I taught the children; I haven't read my Bible for nothing." It was only when Captain Fane dined with the Queen a few nights after, that this cryptic answer was explained. The Queen told him the story with much amusement.

It used to be a constant source of interest to us seeing the Royal carriages going up and down

the hill, and the "dine and sleep" visitors coming and going, Gladstone and his colleagues among them. Once each time of the Queen's stay at Osborne my husband was commanded to dine, and by bad luck it generally happened that the command arrived on the afternoon of the day we happened to be giving a dinner party. Sometimes our guests were commanded too, and I was left in despair with an utterly spoilt table. It was at Osborne that my husband was first presented to the late King, during Cowes week. I was at a ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Ward, where it was arranged that my husband should join me. Suddenly, looking up, I saw him enter with the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Connaught I had met and known on the Continent, and Lord Lorne in Canada, and they both came at Cowes to see me.

The late Duke of Argyll, when, as Marquis of Lorne, he arrived in Canada to rule over her destinies, had a difficult part to play. The reputable solidity of Lord Dufferin's fame as a public man had long been established. He had, before going to Canada, been Under-Secretary of State for India, Under-Secretary of State for War, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Paymaster-General. Lord Lorne came to the task as a neophyte; a cultivated man of letters, a dilettante rather than a statesman, absolutely new to the rôle he had to play, and the scene shifting on the stage of the American Continent. His entire sincerity, absence of pose, simplicity

and geniality, combined with real dignity, won all hearts. The appointment was peculiarly acceptable to the Scottish people of Canada—who, indeed, are numerous enough.

My father had an ox roasted whole in the fields of Thornhill in honour of a clansman coming as Governor-General. Certainly Princess Louise played her part supremely well. She had valuable assets in her beauty and talents, and these the Canadians were not slow to recognize. Moreover, she was the daughter of a Sovereign adored and revered in both Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. From first to last Lord Lorne's time in Canada was a success. With conscientious application and considerable intelligence, he grasped Canadian politics. He entered into Canadian life and sports with zest, and he genuinely loved Canada. Writing to me once about my little book, "A French Canadian Scrap-Book," he said: "I think you feel with me that it is a refreshment in thought to dip into memories of the Great Sunny Land." When Lord Lorne and Princess Louise left Canada the regret was profound. Lord Lorne had been an able Governor, and he had never offended the susceptibilities of anyone. He and Princess Louise had made Rideau Hall a centre of hospitality, and everyone regretted their departure.

But to return to the Isle of Wight. Cowes Week I always thought the most delightful time of the whole year. The racing was so interesting, the scenes so lively and society so pleasant.

When the Prince of Wales came ashore crowds of people stood about the Squadron Gardens to get a glimpse of him. They pressed their hot, perspiring faces against the railings, gazing in at the Holy of Holies where sat the elect. The audible and often unflattering comments were very funny. At that time a man called Ogilvy was signalman, and he used to guard the entrance to the gardens as vigilantly as ever the son of Typhaon guarded the entrance to Hades. One day the late King of Sweden appeared at the gates. After a little conversation with Ogilvy, the King went back into the town. The Prince saw this and wondered, and dispatched Sir Francis Knollys to inquire into the matter. When Sir Francis asked why the King of Sweden had not come into the gardens, having got as far as the gate, Ogilvy said: "Is he *really* the King of Sweden, Sir Francis? If he had told me he was the King of Sweden only, I should have believed him, but when he said he was the King of Norway *too*, I took him for an impostor."

My husband often raced in the *Britannia* with the Prince, who was amazed to find him a sufferer from sea-sickness. "What, you, a *sailor*, sea-sick," said the Prince, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "Not at all, Sir," answered my husband, "Nelson was the same." The Prince could stand the roughest weather without the smallest discomfort. My husband all his life was miserably sea-sick. He has often told me that in storms he has carried on in the greatest misery,

holding on to the bridge rails in abject wretchedness. I think it was not the least trait in a very fine character that his love for his noble profession triumphed over all physical discomfort.

The Squadron Lawn nowadays is peopled with ghosts for me. The King gone, and Sir Allen Young, Mr. Montagu Guest, Mr. Christopher Sykes, dear old Sir Harry Keppel, Lord Llangattock, and many more. They were most of them old in those days, but no one seems exactly to fill their places now.

The present German Emperor often came to Cowes for "the Week," and made himself uncommonly agreeable to everybody. The Prince presented my husband to him at a Squadron dinner, and His Majesty talked long and learnedly to a very appreciative listener on Naval matters. My husband was amazed at his technical knowledge, and told me afterwards that he had never met any "landlubber" so absolutely well versed in nautical things. When a Naval Exhibition at Kiel took place a year or two after, the Emperor nominated my husband as a member of the Committee.

We had a delightful trip, afterwards going to Denmark and through Sweden in a canal boat, and returning from Stockholm to Lübeck by sea.

CHAPTER X

THE NAVAL EXHIBITION

“Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and kings.”

MY husband was asked to be Honorary Secretary of the Royal Naval Exhibition, which took place in London in 1891. When first the idea of such a Show was suggested—one which should stand in symbolic relation to a great and historic Service such as our senior one—the question of an efficient secretary was discussed. “Jephson’s the man, ask him,” said the Duke of Edinburgh, cutting thus effectually the Gordian knot of difficulty. Now, my husband felt that the organization of an Exhibition was one for which his previous career had not fitted him. He knew all that there was to know about yard-arms and topsails, torpedoes and quick-firing guns, but less than nothing of booths and peep-shows, and the trade devices which make an Exhibition pay. He was ever modest in his estimate of his own powers, though he really possessed abilities far above the average; accordingly, he wrote to tell me that he had been asked to be Honorary Secretary of a proposed Naval Exhibition, and had made up his mind to say “No!”

I was staying with cousins in Northumberland

at the time, and I telegraphed at once to beg my husband to send no answer until we had talked the matter over together. Then I took the earliest train I could get for London.

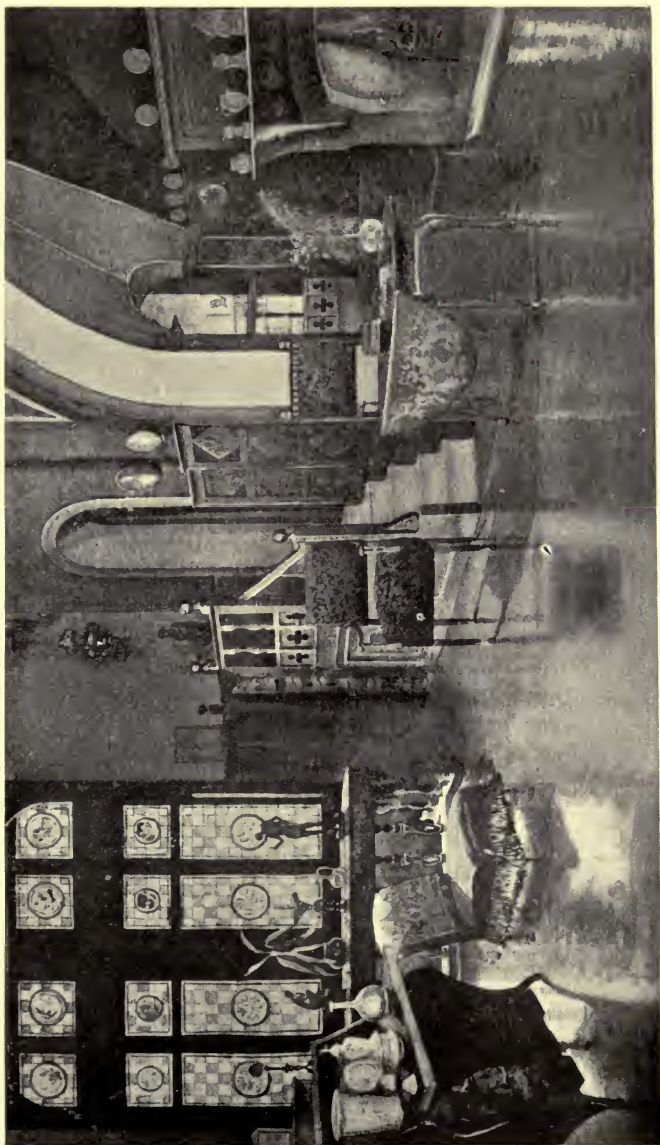
I had always felt that my husband's services, his abilities and his high character had never received proper recognition at the hands of the Admiralty. They had suffered him to remain (in spite of excellent certificates and wounds and active service) eleven years a lieutenant. "Perhaps," thought I, "his chance to show what is in him has come at last." Therefore I told my husband that it was his duty to do what he could for the honour and glory of the Service he loved, and I assured him that my judgment was exceedingly sound, and that I considered his capacity second to none. I reasoned, urged, begged, and I knew that my cause was won when he looked at me with a quizzical smile and said: "No man ever prospered who was not ruled by his wife."

It took a year to prepare the Exhibition, gather together the exhibits, tabulate them, hang pictures, compile a catalogue, make a miniature lake in the grounds, erect the necessary buildings and put up wooden stands for visitors from which to see the drill and water shows. To the organization of all this, under the Committee, my husband gave unceasing toil and devoted work. Letters came in concerning the Exhibition from every country, and the French, Italian and German letters I translated to help him. Sometimes, just as I was leaving my door, a breathless messenger would

arrive, bringing important German documents for me to translate at once, and I had to forego my garden-party or concert and bury myself in cryptic and odious German handwriting. The reward of virtue came later, when I received a diploma for translations, signed by the Prince of Wales.

We lived then in our first London home, a very charming one in Tite Street. It was built by the architect Waller for his brother-in-law, John Collier, the artist, from whom we bought it. I gloried in my studio, which was really beautiful, panelled in oak, with an oak floor and ingle-nook hung with old Spanish leather. The drawing-room, which opened out of the studio, was all white and yellow and sunshiny and delightful. It chanced, fortunately for us, that the Naval Exhibition was held in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, and one of the principal entrances to it was in Tite Street, nearly opposite our home.

Before its opening there were sundry croakers among experienced sailors who disapproved of the Exhibition, and condemned it as lowering to the dignity of the Navy and unworthy of its great traditions. Happily the result of the Exhibition proved the croakers mistaken. The steady conduct of the fine body of men who came from Portsmouth and Plymouth to exhibit gun drill in the arena, and give benighted landmen an idea of marine warfare, added to the dignity of the Navy instead of detracting from it. As England is the first Naval Power in the world, it was surely only right that English people should know something of their



“My Studio,” Tite Street (on a tidy day).

From a water-colour by Lady Jephson.

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defenders and of the Naval science of defence. Many poor country folk live remote from seaports, and a journey to Portsmouth, Plymouth, Sheerness or Pembroke Dock is out of the question. Even supposing they had made the journey and gone over a dockyard, many mysteries would still have remained unexplained. The Naval Exhibition brought within a small compass every mechanical appliance connected with Naval warfare and nautical life. The *Victory* was faithfully reproduced as a perfect presentment of a man-of-war during the eighteenth century, and such was the interest taken in the cockpit where Nelson died that quite poor people paid their pennies often three times over to see it again. "These 'ere land-lubbers, ma'am, is wonderful ignorant," said a bluejacket showman to me!

As a contrast to the *Victory*, Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. showed the main-deck of a man-of-war as it was in the 'nineties of the nineteenth century. Visitors learnt what 110-ton guns meant, and realized what they had to pay for defence of the realm when each round cost £176. They learnt what the horrors of a torpedo could be, and the look of a torpedo-net. They became versed in the action of quick-firing guns, with their 600 and 800 rounds a minute. They began to understand the use of air-compressing machines, electro-contact mines, searchlights and mines and counter-mines. The Navy has marched with the times, and no doubt these offensive and defensive weapons are increasingly terrible nowadays and amazingly

scientific, but everything that was shown in the Naval Exhibition of 1891 was of the most recent invention. Taken all round, therefore, instead of the Exhibition lowering the dignity of the Navy, it exalted it, by clearly demonstrating that what all knew to be a noble, brave profession was also a deeply scientific one. Again, the collection of letters and relics were such as to raise opinion of the heroes who wrote the letters and bequeathed the relics. Could anything be more touching and manly than Byng's defence of the conduct for which he suffered death, or more pathetic than the Franklin relics? The Picture Gallery, with its record of Naval battles, was what no other country in the world could show. Above all was the undoubted fact that the Exhibition added to the popularity of the Navy, and achieved a practical result for the Senior Service by increasing recruiting 20 per cent. during the time it was open. The sum of money cleared, after all expenses were paid, formed the nucleus of a new and much-needed Naval charity, that for the immediate relief of widows and orphans of British bluejackets. The President of the Exhibition was the Prince of Wales, the Chairman Admiral Sir William Dowell, and the Vice-Chairman Admiral Sir Houstoun Stewart. A very strong Committee was formed, and in May the Exhibition opened.

From beginning to end the Prince of Wales took the liveliest interest in the whole thing. Every detail of that proposed opening ceremony was submitted to His Royal Highness for approval,

and he altered and suggested, invariably for the better.

Perhaps here I may say without impropriety that my husband (who was for several years in almost daily communication with His Royal Highness) considered him to be one of the ablest men he had ever been brought in contact with. The Prince's intuition where character was concerned was extraordinary, his judgment sound, his tact unrivalled, and his power of observation amazing. Nothing escaped his watchful eye, and he had a remarkable gift of extracting information from men in every sphere of life. My husband, who was the last remove from sycophant, simply worshipped the Prince. He loved him for his beautiful, sunny nature, his whole-hearted enjoyment of life, his warm heart and his many sterling qualities. No man ever yet was more upright, sincere or kindly. Without marked literary or artistic tastes, the late King's gifts of tact, memory, judgment and diplomacy were the most valuable assets which in his position he could have had. He possessed presence, individuality and singular charm. I have been at Cannes, at Homburg and at Monte Carlo when the late King was there, and Royal people abounded, and I have remarked with pride that no one ever excited the interest that King Edward did. Nobody, English or French, thought of looking at anyone else when "*the Prince*" was there. His was a strong and truly delightful personality. To serve such a Prince was to my husband absolute joy. It was significant of the Prince's care and

thought for the Princess, even in trifles, that before the Exhibition opened he sent for my husband and told him that he must see that white tape be laid to mark each step of the staircase leading to the dais, so that the Princess on the opening day, as she bowed right and left, could by no possibility miss her footing. The ceremony went off brilliantly; most of the Royal Family were there, and everybody seemed pleased.

All that summer the Naval Exhibition was the playground of Society. The Royal Family occasionally spent evenings there, and dined in the Royal Pavilion. The Prince preferred to visit the Exhibition on Sunday afternoon, when there were no crowds to recognize and mob him. He brought a few friends with him and my husband was in attendance, the Prince taking the deepest and most intelligent interest in everything. The Duke of Coburg (then Duke of Edinburgh) needed no explanations of nautical things, being a sailor. He came to tea with me afterwards more than once, and, loving the Service, did not hide his chagrin that the Prince of Wales and not he should have been chosen President of a Naval Exhibition. The Kaiser wrote to my husband in his character of Secretary, to ask for a plan of the Exhibition. This the Prince would not allow my husband to send, but the Emperor was not to be balked in his desire to see the latest Naval inventions, and early in the day he came to England and studied everything in the Exhibition for himself. The Prince of Wales went round with the Kaiser, and the Admirals

were in attendance to explain things. Meanwhile the Kaiserin fell to my husband's lot. As the Empress's interest in big guns and torpedo-nets was not profound, she soon wearied of the Exhibition and asked Sir Alfred if he would send a messenger to the Kaiser to ask what she was to do next. My husband dispatched a bluejacket to Sir William Dowell with the Kaiserin's message, which he duly delivered to the Kaiser. By and by the honest bluejacket came back, touched his cap and said: "'Is Imperial Majesty says 'er Imperial Majesty is to go 'ome and shift 'erself.'" How the Empress (who is an excellent English scholar) laughed!

Of all the foreign Royal people my husband took round the Exhibition, no one in his opinion showed a keener intelligence or a more profound knowledge of history than the present King of Italy. On looking at the pictures in the Hall of Battles, he put the date to nearly every Naval engagement, and always correctly. He afterwards invited Sir Alfred to lunch with him at the Italian Embassy, and my husband was struck by his lively, interesting conversation, full of information without a suspicion of pedantry. Umberto was not a man of high intelligence, nor was Victor Emmanuel, but Queen Margherita's intellect and her attainments are far above the average. Obviously King Victor inherits his good brains from his mother.

One morning the Prince of Wales sent for my husband and said: "The Princess is most anxious to go to the Exhibition at night and to dine in the Royal Pavilion. I don't half like the idea, for fear

she should be mobbed. However, if you promise me that no harm can come to her, and that you will take care of her, I will trust her to you." My husband assured the Prince that he would do his best, and the Princess and the Princesses arrived that night, with their ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting and Sir Harry Keppel. All went serenely before and during dinner, but afterwards, as she walked about, the Princess was recognized. To my husband's horror, a huge crowd surged after them. All wanted to look at the beautiful Princess of Wales, and only the sternest Naval discipline applied by my husband's orders, saved the situation. It was a most anxious moment, especially as one of the Princesses and Sir Harry Keppel had been separated from the party by the crowd. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck and the Duke were frequent visitors, with different members of their family, to the Exhibition. Princess Mary was watching the drill from the Pavilion one day and said suddenly, "Oh! I used to do those exercises when I was young," trying to make her hand meet behind a back which had lost its sylph-like proportions. "Ah, Mary!" said the Duke, "it is many a long day since you have been able to do that," whereat this most amiable of Princesses laughed merrily.

Queen Victoria's visit to the Exhibition was, of course, a memorable event, and to perpetuate it she was photographed with the members of the Royal Family who were with her and the entire Committee. After two years' toil, one of prepara

BACK ROW.—*At the top: Sir George H. B. ... Hon. Rosa Hood, Lord George Hamilton, etc.*
Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., Sir Edward Birkbeck, Bart., M.P., Miss Minnie Cochrane, Hon. Rosa Hood, Lord George Hamilton, etc.



*Lord Brassey—
 Captain Sir Alfred
 Jephson, R.N.—
 Admiral Sir
 William Dowell—*

*Group taken at the Royal Naval Exhibition.
 Her Majesty Queen Victoria, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, H.R.H. The Princess of Wales,
 H.R.H. The Duke of Clarence, H.R.H. Princess Maud of Wales, H.R.H. Princess Victoria of Wales.*

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tion and the other of achievement, the work of the Committee was over, and everyone declared that my husband's share of it had been in every way a success.

One fine morning he received the following from Lord Salisbury :

“ Hatfield,

“ 3rd October, 1891.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I have great pleasure in informing you that, on the recommendation of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Queen has been pleased to confer upon you the honour of knighthood in recognition of your services as Secretary of the Royal Naval Exhibition.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours very truly,

“ SALISBURY.”

Lord George Hamilton, then First Lord, wrote him the following charming letter :

“ Admiralty,

“ Whitehall.

“ DEAR CAPTAIN JEPHSON,

“ I am sure you most fully deserved the honour the Queen has bestowed on you, and I am sure that the whole Service will appreciate the reward as one well bestowed. The Naval Exhibition has from first to last been an unmitigated success, and this is to a large extent due to your exertions. The Press, the Public and the Service had to be considered and their idiosyncracies recognized. This you have done with great skill and tact.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours truly,

“ GEORGE HAMILTON.

“ November 6th, '91.”

Certainly this was great praise, from the First Lord, and my husband was much touched by Lord George's kind thought in writing to tell him that he recognized the difficulties of his task, and approved of the way in which he had discharged his duty. Nothing, however, gratified him more than the few lines he had from his beloved Prince, in which His Royal Highness wrote of the "well-earned recognition by the Queen of your valuable services."

My husband was asked if he would take out letters patent or be dubbed by the Queen, and he replied that he would feel infinitely more honoured by receiving the accolade at the hand of his Sovereign. The Queen was at Windsor at the time, and when my husband entered the presence on the appointed day, Her Majesty greeted him with the most charming smile of recognition. Sir John Cowell (Master of the Household and our dear friend) telegraphed to me when all was over, saying that my husband had been introduced to the Presence and dubbed, and wishing me much happiness as "Lady" Jephson. When the Exhibition closed, the clerks, messengers and others presented us with the following illuminated address :

" To Captain Sir Alfred Jephson, R.N.,
" Hon. Secretary Royal Naval Exhibition,
and
" Lady Jephson.

" We, the undersigned employés of the Executive of the Royal Naval Exhibition, 1891, beg most respectfully to tender to you our heartfelt congratulations on the

honour conferred upon you by our most gracious Patron Her Majesty the Queen, an honour of which in our opinion you are most worthy.

“ We further desire to take this opportunity of acknowledging the extreme kindness and courtesy we have at all times received at your hands, and beg to subscribe ourselves,

“ Your obedient servants,

Here follow the signatures.

I was much touched by my name being coupled with my husband's, and I cannot imagine what I ever did to deserve it.

CHAPTER XI

NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE DAYS

“ Man sieht sich, lernt sich kennen,
Liebt sich, muss sich trennen.”

BETWEEN 1892 and 1898 were most busy, happy years for us both. My husband, after the Naval Exhibition closed, was offered and accepted the appointment of Agent-General of the Niger Coast Protectorate. The Head of the West African Department at the Foreign Office was then Sir Clement Hill, a great friend of ours and a particularly charming man. To be under his authority was a pleasure to my husband, who had the sincerest esteem and admiration for Sir Clement's high character and many delightful qualities. But, to Sir Alfred, with his strict ideas of Naval discipline, the Foreign Office seemed amazingly lax. One day he was in Sir Clement's room, and there happened to be some discussion and inquiry about a missing and important document, which eventually turned up. Sir Clement reproved the young man who was to blame for this carelessness, to which he airily replied: “ Mistakes *will* occur in the best-regulated Foreign

Offices." My husband's comment to me on this impenitent rejoinder was: "If one of my youngsters had ever dared to answer me like that I should have stuck him under the mainsail with a good draught blowing down his neck, to think over and repent of his sins."

Sir Alfred had an unanswerable argument for all midshipmen. If, rebuked for wrongdoing, a poor boy said in excuse: "I didn't think, sir"—"Then, my boy, you *ought* to have thought." If the culprit in extenuation of his fault said: "I thought, sir"—"Then you had no business to think," so he had them on either tack. The affairs of the Niger Coast Protectorate were directed on the West Coast of Africa by a Consul-General and Commissioner, at that time Sir Claude Macdonald, who later became Minister at Peking and Ambassador at Tokio. Sir Claude was immensely popular among his young Vice-Consuls, who all adored him and his capable and good-looking wife. The District Commissioners and Vice-Consuls were a wonderfully energetic, able and gentlemenlike set of young men. Among them were Mr. Kenneth Campbell, brother of Admiral Henry Campbell, of Ardrpatrick, Mr. Ernest Roupell, my brother, Kenneth Campbell (seconded from his regiment, "The Carabiniers"), and Archibald Douglas, son of the late Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas. A singularly able and gifted man who afterwards succeeded Sir Claude as Consul-General and Administrator was Sir Ralph Moor, and he it was who organized the expedition against Benin City in

1897. Sir Ralph, after gaining the K.C.M.G. and C.M.G., died most sadly whilst comparatively a young man. The insidious poison of African air had undermined his health, and he suffered from constant insomnia. One night he took an overdose of a sleeping-draught, and was found dead the following morning in his bed. My husband was a devoted admirer of Sir Ralph, and considered him a remarkably able administrator. Poor Kenneth Campbell, charming, gay, fond of society and universally popular, did splendid service on the West Coast and fell in action. I had the terrible task of breaking the news to his relations.

The offices of the Niger Coast Protectorate were in Suffolk Street, and Mr. Clive Bayley (now Consul in New York) was treasurer, and a most capable colleague. We lived mentally in African jungles in those days, and discussed with liveliest interest West African affairs. My initiation into African matters was vastly helped by "the boys," as we called them, who came to our house (5, Seville Street) and talked shop. They admitted me as a silent member to their councils, and I received the chrism as one of the Protectorate. It was all most absorbingly interesting. In 1894 my husband was sent out to the Niger Coast Protectorate to inspect and gain a practical knowledge of its requirements. On arrival he found an expedition being organized against the Rebel Chief, Nana, and immediately joined it. This Nana, a hideous old Caliban, was the most powerful Chief of the Benin District, and he had lately been giving considerable trouble. At

last he sent word to the Protectorate authorities that he refused absolutely to recognize the Queen of England's suzerainty over his country. Moreover, he declined to attend any palavers, gave notice that he meant to stop all trade, and defied the British Government. This insubordination amounted to a declaration of war against British authority and British trade. Sir Ralph Moor (then acting administrator in Sir Claude's absence in England) gave Nana every chance to mend his evil ways. He promised that if the Chief would attend the palaver and listen to reason, swear not to interfere with the freedom of trade and to conform to the laws of the Protectorate, he would guarantee him protection. Nana, however, stubbornly refused to appear, defied all authority, and took prisoners among the traders, whom he brutally ill-treated. One of them was rescued by our men, who found him with both ears cut off by Nana's orders.

The Administrator (Moor), wisely determined that no advance should be attempted until more ships and troops arrived, but a steam pinnace, from the *Alecto*, with ten men, in charge of Captain Heugh, went up the Bohemie Creek to reconnoitre. The pinnace had gone some way up the creek when suddenly heavy fire was opened upon it. The enemy guns were served with canister shot, made of bits of nails, bottles, old rusty iron, and such-like ammunition, enclosed in hollow bamboo canes. Wounds from such shot must have been frightfully painful, and more than one died from the

after-effects. The leading stoker and fireman of the *Alecto* were both wounded and disabled. As a result the launch was stopped, and whilst it lay broadside on, helpless and exposed to the Bohemie Creek battery, a poisonous fire was poured into it. Captain Heugh asked if anyone understood the engines enough to start them, and one of the poor wounded men, with his foot hanging half off and leg roughly bandaged, gallantly dragged himself to the engines and started them afresh. In no time after that the steam pinnace was alongside the *Alecto* and out of the range of the enemy's guns. Several men were severely wounded, among them Major Crawford and Captain Lalor, of the Protectorate, and two or three died. Captain Lalor only lived a week after the expedition; the good achieved by the adventure was that our troops learnt where Nana's dangerous batteries lay. The Protectorate force decided to abandon the waterway and attack the enemy through scrub and bush and mangrove swamp. The ground was one of unbroken quagmire and the difficulty of getting guns over the morasses was incredible. Nevertheless our splendid bluejackets set to work with a will, cut away the bush, and laid down planks to prevent our men from sinking in the swamp. One Herculean bluejacket actually carried a 7-pounder gun on his shoulders, propped up on either side by two shipmates. The cutting of the bush and this flank movement was successful, and Nana's troops fled, leaving their battery and guns in the hands of the English. Our men took

75 cannon, 1,500 barrels of gunpowder and other ammunition. My husband, the Administrator, and other officers of the Protectorate, with men from the *Evangeline*, entered Nana's town in the face of heavy fire and burnt a portion of it. Nana disappeared, but his troops laid down their arms and gave in their adhesion to a wise and humane Government. Throughout the advance British bluejackets led the way, but the Protectorate troops, who had never before been under fire, behaved with coolness and gallantry. For their share in this expedition my husband and brother were mentioned in dispatches, got the Benin River medal and clasp, and Kenneth was awarded the D.S.O. How proud I was of both !

During part of the time my Carabinier brother was Vice-Consul in Africa he lived on board a hulk moored in a river. One night he was dining in his aft cabin when he heard the cry, "Man overboard !" and saw a curly black head being swept past in the stream. Out of his stern port went my brother in his evening dress and patent leather pumps and saved the negro. As the river was infested with sharks and he knew it, the action was considered a gallant one, and the Humane Society conferred their medal for saving life upon him. My brother later retired from the Army as quite a young man, but love of adventure and daring coloured his after-life. He acted as War Correspondent in China, and was present at Tientsin and Peking in the midst of the troubles there. During the present war my brother has done good

service mine-sweeping, being an expert yachtsman and a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Kenneth's stories of the natives used to entertain me vastly. He found his tooth-powder on the West Coast disappearing amazingly fast, and discovered that his servant used to *eat* it, having seen his master take quinine with good results! The curious African language, which passed for English, was at first difficult for Englishmen to grasp. A friend copied from a board over an eating-house in old Calabar the following for me :

“ PUBLIC NOTICE :

“ I herewith having prepared a suitable place in this premises called ‘ Hotel,’ just stepping in and request about the prices, and I’ll soon attend to you to let you know what I charge for those things whenever you were in hunger. Just call for a moment and taste them and they will be a comfortable to you. A suitable time is given. Breakfast will be at 11 o’clock to 1 o’clock p.m. and dinner and tea at 6 o’clock to 8 o’clock. N.B. the reasons why established this Hotel is, because it will a travellers, strangers and unmarried persons therefore this manner will be kept here as usual and the work now being carried on here under the care of mine.

“ By order,

“ E. C. Eyo II.”

My husband retired from the post of Agent-General when Niger Coast affairs were transferred from the Foreign Office to the Colonial Office. I was deeply sorry when my connection with the Niger Coast Protectorate was severed. I had become intensely interested in the development

and prosperity of that region, still more in the people who were developing it. We had always been a most happy, united little family, and I can recall no instances of friction or quarrelling among us. I had launched the Protectorate yacht the *Ivy*, and gained great insight into West African affairs from talks with the Vice-Consuls and other officials. When the sad day came that saw my husband no longer Agent-General I turned my face to the wall and wept.

But, though retired from the Navy and then from the Protectorate, there was no *otium* yet for Sir Alfred. The Prince of Wales wished him to take the Imperial Institute (then at a very low ebb in its fortunes) in hand and see what he could do with it. Sir Frederick Abel (at that time quite old) was Secretary, and Sir Somers Vine Assistant Secretary. The Prince, like his son King George, was an Imperialist, and wished to bring together at a common meeting-place his subjects from every quarter of the earth. Unfortunately, although the idea was a fine one, its development was a failure. The building was too big and too far removed from business centres to be of practical use to busy colonists, who had not time to spare for journeys to South Kensington. As my husband's powers of organization were great, the Prince thought his energy and strength of character would infuse new life into the moribund Institute. The work was Herculean and the Imperial Institute beyond any possibility of salvation as then constituted. My husband worked hard and in many

ways achieved reforms. He put an end to waste and extravagance in the management, and brought a man-of-war discipline into the building, but he could not do what was impossible. The ground-rent of the building was alone enormous, its up-keep expensive, and finally it was proved unsuitable for the purpose for which it was built, and it was turned to other uses. Sir Alfred's life in those days was a very busy one. He was on the Committee of the Marlborough Club, Secretary-General of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, Assistant Secretary of the Imperial Institute and chairman of many companies. When February came we always went abroad, chiefly for a holiday and rest for the hard-worked head of the house, but also because my chest, being delicate, required a warm climate. We usually found at that stage of our winter that we had had enough of what St. Francis of Assisi so poetically calls: "My brother the wind and my sister the rain," and were no longer fraternally inclined to either. What happy creatures we were as we steamed out of the prelude of fogs and gloom of London and drew vivid pictures of the sunshine, and flowers, and open-air life which awaited us on the golden shores of the Riviera. Sometimes we went to Italy, but oftener halted in the south of France, as nearer. In those days King Edward (then Prince of Wales) used to go to Cannes every spring, and my husband often yachted with him in the *Britannia*; sometimes His Royal Highness went for a change to Monte Carlo and once, when we were staying there, he

invited us both to dine with him. The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby were of the party, she looking radiantly handsome and, with commendable taste, exhibiting the utmost eclecticism in the way of jewels, which were few but rarely beautiful. After dinner we went into the Casino and some of the party tried their luck at the tables. A rather comical thing happened to me that winter. We were engaged to dine one night with Mrs. Mackay, and just before dressing-time Sir Alfred received a message from the Prince, saying that he wished to see him at the "Metropole," where His Royal Highness was then staying. I admonished my husband against being later than he could possibly help, and began to dress for the dinner-party. When the time came for putting on my gown, my maid demanded the key of the wardrobe, and I remembered with horror that it lay at that moment in my husband's pocket. As great stress had been laid by the hotel people on the necessity for locking up all valuables, I had closed my wardrobe, which contained a modest jewel-case, and entrusted the key to safer pockets than mine. I waited, therefore, in much anxiety Sir Alfred's return; but when eight o'clock came and no husband and no key, I wrote a note to our hostess explaining the situation. I begged her on no account to wait dinner for us, and tried without success every key I could find. About five minutes before the dinner-hour my truant returned, and I scrambled into an evening gown and we made a belated appearance, finding, to our relief, a kind and forgiving hostess,

and to our dismay, hungry guests resentfully waiting for their dinners.

Cannes in the 'nineties was a miniature London in the season. Balls, concerts, afternoon parties and picnics were the order of the day, and there was little cessation of a constant round of gaiety. The town stretches up encircling hills picturesquely enough; dotting the olive groves and pine woods with modern yellow and white villas. French society prefers the Croisette and neighbourhood of Mediterranean shores, whilst the English quarter sprawls over the Californie Hill and the Route d'Antibes and up and down the valley lying between. The Harbour, with its red sails and yachts, is gay with colour; and the bold outline of the Esterel Mountain is a beautiful feature of Cannes. There is little in the place, nevertheless, for artists to sentimentalize over. There are no decaying campanili or discoloured, peeling, battered walls. No rustic frescoes, or votive tapers burning before wayside shrines. No low archways, or buttresses propping up unstable walls. All in Cannes is spick and span and swept and garnished. Even the cloudy green of the olive and its weird, untidy, straggling shapes are supplanted where possible by prim palms. I confess that Cannes, beautiful as it is, never had for me artistic allurements. Mentone and Cimiez are infinitely better subjects for a painter. As for Monte Carlo, that is, artistically speaking, hopeless! In Cannes there is always a large representative French society. The first winter we were there, Comtesse

Edmond de Portalès lived at the Villa St. Priest. She had been one of the beauties of the Second Empire, and was, even as an old lady, handsome. I thought her perfectly charming, and enjoyed much going to her receptions. Her manners were supremely dignified and yet most gracious and sweet. Then there were Baron and Baronne de Charette, the Baronne Baude and her sons and daughter, and the Sagans, Gallifets and many more. In a villa by the sea live interesting Bourbon Royalties, Comte and Comtesse de Caserta. If the Comte had his legal rights he would now be King of Naples, as his father, Ferdinand II., and his brother, Francis II., were before him, but the entrance of Garibaldi into Naples in 1860, and the proclamation of Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, combined with the plébiscite of October 21st, 1860, to deprive King Francis of his throne. Comte Caserta succeeded his brother as heir legally to the throne of Naples; but he lives probably a happier, certainly a more peaceful life in comparative obscurity at Cannes. The Comtesse was a Princess of Bourbon-Sicily, daughter of Comte de Trapani. She always struck me as a very great lady, despite her rather frumpish clothes. She has had an enormous family, is deeply religious and a devoted wife and mother. Once a week the Comtesse is at home to her friends, and more than once I attended her receptions. She sits on a sofa in a small, rather dark room, and facing her are placed a circle of chairs. Each guest is graciously bidden in turn to sit by her

and talk on the trivial topics of the hour; then politely dismissed. I found it nervous work to remember that I must in French address Royal people in the third person singular: "Votre Altesse va-t-elle souvent au golfe?" "Votre Altesse joue-t-elle au Bridge?" and such-like intellectual and original conversation. The young Princesses are charming, unaffected and pretty girls with sweet, gracious manners. One of them married Prince George of Saxony, and went to live in Dresden. I heard when last in Saxony that the Germans did not admire Princess George's dainty dressing and French coiffure. They preferred, like Ben Jonson, "Robes loosely flowing, hair as free," and reckoned as "adulteries of art" her trim smartness. In a villa on the Californie lived the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, most hospitable of entertainers. We dined with them once to meet the Prince of Wales, and I remember Lord and Lady Savile, Miss Muriel Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. George Keppel being of the party. Prince Nicholas of Nassau, Countess Torby's father, and his wife, Countess Merenberg spent every winter in a small villa at the foot of the Californie Hill. The Prince was most agreeable and charming, liked society, and was to be seen at most of the English entertainments. Countess Adda Merenberg was as handsome in her way as Countess Torby, and both sisters had immense charm. The Prince's devotion to his wife was beautiful to see. A friend of mine was at Schwalbach one summer, and was struck by

Prince Nicholas' concern because Countess Merenberg suffered so intensely from the heat. She sat fanning herself on the tennis ground, apparently in a state of utter collapse. At last Prince Nicholas took Countess Adda aside and said to her in my friend's hearing: "Ne dis pas à ta mère qu'il fait chaud; tu le lui rappelle inutilement. Dis-lui plutôt qu'une bonne brise fraîche soufflera bientôt." Could tender care and thought for a beloved one go further!

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Walker, most kind, charming hosts, entertained all the world of Cannes in their beautiful villa, Mezzo Monte. Mr. Walker was Captain of the Golf Club, and a pillar of St. George's. When he died three or four years ago all Cannes, French and English, mourned him. The Duke of Cambridge was a yearly visitor to Cannes, and extremely popular there. During the Boer War French Cannes became pro-Boer and anti-English, which so incensed the patriotic old Duke that he left it for Monte Carlo. I am sure he missed the dinner-parties, since no Prince was ever more socially inclined, and how extraordinarily and universally beloved he was in the Army! My brother was once walking behind two soldiers when the Duke drove past. "There goes *dear* old Garge," said one, "Long life to him!" Of the Duke's forcible language many good stories are told. Once on parade he was storming against the habit of swearing in the Army, and wound up his tirade by saying: "I was talking it over with the Queen

last night, and Her Majesty says she is *damned* if she will have it." I met the old Duke on several occasions at Cannes, and always found him most genial and kindly. Leyds' campaign of calumny turned our present gallant Allies into enemies for the time being. The French are a supremely chivalrous people, and, believing the Boers oppressed by an aggressive, grasping nation, they naturally sympathized with the Boers. I recollect going to the Crédit Lyonnais once to read the latest war telegrams and seeing, to my horror, chalked up on a board: "Mille Anglais morts sur le champ de bataille," and hearing a French lady behind me say: "Grâce à Dieu!"

The rage for golf put an end to the afternoon parties at Cannes, which was a pity, as much good music was heard at them, and all the world does not golf. Of late years Cannes has started a Casino, and you can gamble, if so minded, without the trouble of going to Monte Carlo.

The change from cold, fogs, gloom and hard work to sunshine, flowers, exhilarating air and the beauty of the Riviera was to us intensely delightful. Sometimes we took villas for a month or two, and then our gardens were our joy, and it required much to tempt us out of them. I spent my mornings usually sketching in the olive-woods, and my husband enjoyed his *dolce far niente*, aided by a pipe, and his *Times* whilst he watched uncritically the progress of my picture. He had no idea of art, plastic or pictorial, but of the sister art, music, he knew more than I, and possessed a

most correct ear and a beautiful voice. He liked to go with me to studios, but could never be educated to make apposite criticisms. Once he heard me describe a picture as "tinny" in the quality of its paint. "Ah!" he thought, "now that is a good technical expression, or my wife would not make use of it; I must remember 'tinny.'" Some time after we went to the studio of a famous artist, and Sir Alfred was called upon to give his opinion of a picture. He regarded it with his head first on one side and then on the other, assumed an air of wisdom which filled me with foreboding, and then, as who shall say "I am Sir Oracle," declared it to be "very tinny, very tinny indeed!"

CHAPTER XII

SOME PILGRIMS IN THE WILDERNESS

“Men exist for the sake of one another.”

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

AMONG delightful elderly personalities in society was, until three years ago, Caroline, Lady Wynford. In her remote youth she had been a great beauty, and she preserved the shape of her face, the deep violet colour of her eyes and attractive looks to the last. She was, perhaps, more keenly intelligent than precisely intellectual, and, although she was certainly not Mrs. Malaprop's “progeny of learning,” she had travelled widely, was observant, and possessed a rare sense of humour with a happy, epigrammatic way of saying things. Nothing funny ever escaped her, and the twinkle of her eye and merry laugh were delicious. Her talk was racy and full of humour, and her memory “prodigious,” as Dominie Sampson would have described it. One great secret of her popularity was the intense and unaffected interest she took in other people and in their concerns. Nothing ever bored or wearied her; never did her spirits flag. She passed through

the cycle of her appointed time, delightful to the last. Although so many years lay between our ages, I have seldom found a more sympathetic friend.

Lady Wynford's brother-in-law, Sir William Colville, Master of the Ceremonies, was another friend I valued. He was extremely fond of water-colour painting, and his pictures often appeared in Amateur Art Exhibitions. Lady Colville, by the way, is a remarkably good copyist, one of the best I have ever known. Her fidelity to the original in reproducing the tone and colour and drawing of a picture is extraordinary. Sir William was an accomplished and charming person, musical as well as artistic. A friend of mine was once staying in the same country house with Sir William and Mr. Harry Cust. At daybreak one morning Mr. Cust looked out of his window and, to his astonishment, saw Sir William Colville walking in the garden.

"Who did you come out to meet at this hour?" asked Mr. Cust.

Sir William answered, "*Quand on est né vertueux, on aime voir le lever d'aurore.*"

At breakfast Sir William found the following lines on his plate :

" Since Venus now no longer breaks
Her night's repose, tho' I adore her,
I quit my lonely couch and make
Rheumatic love to rouged Aurora."

A delightful old couple in the 'nineties, who were devoted to society, and always most popular,

were Lord and Lady Esher. To look at Lord Esher's merry, apple-cheeked face was enough to cheer even the lachrymose Mrs. Gummidge, and his witty sallies and intense enjoyment of life were refreshing. Wherever the Master of the Rolls was to be found there were laughter and merriment. I recollect once, at an evening party at L—— House, when a certain dignified decorum, not to say solemnity, prevailed, seeing Lord Esher come into the room. In no time peals of laughter were heard, the Judge was surrounded by people, and everyone who left that group came away with a smiling face. He possessed the invaluable gift of good spirits, was the very incarnation of fun, and looked always on the bright side of life.

Lady Esher had been extremely beautiful, and her portraits once adorned the "Book of Beauty," with other Early Victorian belles of miraculously sloping shoulders and abnormally long throats. It was to her credit that, although her admirers were legion, she married for nothing in this world but love. Lord Esher told me that at the time of his marriage his only assets were a clear conscience, a good constitution, and a power of work. He was by birth a gentleman, by profession a barrister, the second son of a clergyman and poor. The match seemed a very bad one for the beautiful step-daughter of Colonel Gurwood, but Lord Esher swore that his wife should never regret it, and he kept his oath. By ability and hard work he rose to be Master of the Rolls, a Privy

Councillor and a Peer. The reward of Lady Esher's unworldliness was that they were intensely happy together all their lives. Wet or fine, the model wife never failed to call each afternoon at the Law Courts for her husband; and it was a pretty sight to see the old people talking together with the utmost animation as they drove through the streets or park. Lady Esher was not so generally popular as her husband. She was, perhaps, more difficult to know, and certainly more pronounced in her likes and dislikes. Those who knew her well, however, realized her absolute sincerity, and they loved her for her warm, generous heart, her outspoken frankness and bright intellect. Long before they died, the Eshers prepared their tomb in Esher churchyard. Portrait effigies were sculptured of both, lying side by side on a marble slab, covered by a canopy. The Judge appears in wig and gown, as he was "known of men" in his old age; whereas Lady Esher, with characteristic independence of action, refused to be handed down to posterity with wrinkles and a flabby chin. Her features, beautiful even in age, are faithfully reproduced, but the roundness and smoothness of youth are given. A sort of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, therefore, result, an old husband and a young wife, and they who "tifted a little going to church and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing" were very unlike my beloved old friends, Lord and Lady Esher.

I have always found men of the legal profession

most entertaining. As a rule they are cultivated, ready-witted and apt at repartee. Among such we reckoned as our friends the late Lord Ludlow and Lord Davey. Many a time have I sat on the terrace at Nauheim between those two and listened with intense delight to their brilliant talk, epigram, quotation, quick retort and solid analysis. Lord Davey was peculiarly racy and delightful in his conversation, which made it all the more lamentable that the politics he so ably advocated were, to my way of thinking, altogether pernicious.

First and foremost among our dear old friends were Lord and Lady Haliburton. He, alas! crossed the dark river some years ago, but Lady Haliburton happily lives to delight her many friends. Lord Haliburton was by birth a Canadian, a son of Judge Haliburton, the writer of "Sam Slick," and no one had a sunnier nature or kinder heart than he. Lord Haliburton was a tall, very handsome old man, with the white and pink complexion of a boy, and a most ingratiating twinkle in his eye when anything humorous was coming. He could say witty things too, like Lord Esher, was extremely well-read and full of information, very able, the best of friends and most devoted of husbands.

Of the living it is more difficult to speak; and Lady Haliburton's distinct and remarkable personality is well known. She is an extremely capable, clever and well-informed woman, most generous and open-hearted, a good musician and perfect hostess. Her dinner-parties might cause envy to

a Soyer, so choice is the menu, and she possesses the gift of bringing together people who are congenial and of making everything go off successfully by her lively, animated talk and sense of humour. To stay with her in the country is, indeed, a happy experience. The motor-drives, games of croquet, long talks and walks and the evening bridge, all made enjoyable by a sympathetic, able hostess.

For a couple of summers Lady Haliburton took Lord Estcourt's place in Gloucestershire, and when staying with her there I once drove with other guests to a village in the neighbourhood. We stopped at the church and went sight-seeing; finding, to our disappointment, a building constructed at the most debased period of architecture, pseudo-gothic with galleries; iron pillars painted to look like stone, and every other abomination. Just as we were leaving the church, however, I espied in the porch the following epitaph :

" Under a stone
 Beneath this wall
 Lie several of the Saunderses.
 Further particulars
 On the Day of Judgment.
 Amen."

We felt that our afternoon had not been wasted !

One of the most striking and attractive personalities I have ever come across was Lady Dorothy Nevill. She was small and pretty to the last, and Watts' famous portrait of her in youth was like her even in old age. She preserved a remarkably

fine, unwrinkled, pink and white complexion, and she always reminded me of a little Dresden china figure. Her Sunday luncheons were famous, ambassadors and actors, writers and artists, pretty women and really great intelligences met, and the little old lady who sat at the head of the table scintillated with wit. She used to say amusing things in a dry, rather sarcastic way, seldom even smiling at her own sallies. The talk was indeed "a liberal education," and one of the most brilliant of conversationalists was the late Mr. Moneypenny, who wrote the first part of "Disraeli's Life" and died of consumption at forty-five. I remember one Sunday we were discussing Lady Cardigan's book, in which she says, among other things, that Lord Beaconsfield proposed to her after the death of his wife. Mr. Moneypenny told us that, in going through Lord Beaconsfield's letters, he found one from Lady Cardigan proposing to Lord Beaconsfield. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, but I think it is only fair to Dizzy's memory to clear it from such an aspersion. Lady Dorothy was amazingly catholic in her tastes and wonderfully broad-minded. Her friends ranged from King Edward and Queen Alexandra to John Burns. Chamberlain was a great friend of hers, and all the world knows how devoted Dizzy was to the gifted little lady. She always preferred the society of men, and had, I think, a slight contempt for feminine intelligence. For some years I was conscious that she only tolerated me for the sake of my husband, to whom she was devoted, and when I was quite

young she terrified me. Whether she became more tolerant of women and their foibles in her latter days, or that she grew to like me, I cannot say ; but I laid the flattering unction to my soul that at least she did not consider me a bore. She said one day : “ I never ask dull people to my house ; I can't stand 'em,” and I felt a happy sense of elation, knowing that I was very often asked !

King Edward was always fond of Lady Dorothy ; and her bright intelligence and wit delighted him. In these attributes Lady Dorothy's daughter is not deficient, as the following tale will show. One day King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was lunching in Charles Street, and noticed that Miss Nevill was wearing a Guards' tie. Being always a stickler for correct dress, and not understanding why she should wear Guards' colours, he observed :

“ I see you are wearing a Guards' tie, Miss Nevill.”

“ Yes, Sir,” answered the delinquent.

“ And *why*, may I ask, are you wearing it ? ”

“ Because, Sir,” replied the transgressor, “ I think it *becomes* me.”

“ Ah ! ” said the Prince, “ *that* is an unanswerable argument.”

Lady Dorothy, like many old people, had a prejudice in favour of being very early for trains, and a horror of ever missing them. Her daughter, on the contrary, disliked standing about stations, and distressed her mother by not being as eager to leave before the necessary time as she was. Once at Frankfort Miss Nevill lingered over a bookstall and arrived at the train only in time to see an

agonized and reproachful mother at the window who, as the train moved away towards Homburg, cried : “ I *told* you, Meresia, I always *told* you what would happen ! ” Miss Nevill, remorseful, inquired the hour of departure of the next train for Homburg vor der Höhe, and learnt to her joy that a “ Schnell Zug ” was leaving directly, which would arrive, in fact, before her mother’s “ Bummel Zug.” What was Lady Dorothy’s amazement to find a smiling and triumphant daughter (whom she had left lamenting on the platform at Frankfort) awaiting her in Homburg !

Lady Dorothy, for all her sarcasms, had the gentlest of natures, and could never say an unkind or fault-finding word to anyone. Thus she was much under the dominion of her maid, a stern, unbending female. Lady Dorothy loved old and comfortable clothes. Her maid detested them. Lady Dorothy expressed much of her individuality in her clothes. Her maid would have preferred in these garments an expression of the dressmaker’s personality and not Lady Dorothy’s. Once, when Lady Dorothy was invited to Sandringham, the maid issued her ultimatum. “ Unless,” said she, “ your ladyship gets a new dressing-gown I decline to go with you among such grand company, where they all wear dressing-gowns of silks and satins.” Lady Dorothy, meekly and ineffectually protesting against such expense and crying : “ I will ne’er consent,” consented. The new dressing-gown was bought, the trunks packed, and the maid departed in the cab for the railway station. Then a dreadful

temptation assailed Lady Dorothy. She spied in her room beloved and time-honoured friends in the shape of a pair of red flannel slippers. To seize them, stuff them into a handbag (already suffering from a plethora of contents) was the work of a moment, and congratulating herself that the dreaded Abigail was not there to see this heinous act, Lady Dorothy stepped into her brougham.

But alas! ill-luck followed the dear little old lady that day. The bag burst open and the slippers fell into the gutter, and were retrieved rather the worse for the experience. She arrived at Sandringham to find the Prince and several men just come back from shooting, standing at the hall door. His Royal Highness offered to disembarass her of a rather bulky handbag which lay in her lap. As he did so the badly behaved bag burst open, and, to Lady Dorothy's infinite horror, out fell the muddy slippers. The Prince picked them up, and, holding one in each hand, cried with wicked glee:

"I call upon all of you to observe the kind of clothes Lady Dorothy Nevill thinks are good enough to wear when she comes to stay with me."

"Yes, Sir!" said the dauntless and ready-witted little lady, "I never desert my old friends."

On the last Christmas Day of her life I lunched with Lady Dorothy, and she seemed that day as vigorous mentally as ever. Latterly there had been a diminution of the brilliancy of repartee, the sarcasm and piquancy of conversation which made her society so delightful. She said one day with infinite pathos that nearly all her old friends had

died, but that Death had forgotten her. Still she read all the new books, was a regular "first nighter," never missed an exhibition of pictures, went every week to a hospital, entertained her friends, and, indeed, retained her *joie de vivre* until the last. Then one day at Nice I read in a Riviera newspaper, to my infinite sorrow, that the bright, radiant personality which for so long had delighted society had passed to better things. The world seemed darker and drearier for me that day.

We used to see a good deal of the Peel family in the 'nineties, as Sir Robert Peel's daughters were great friends of mine. Sir Robert and Lady Emily often came to our house, and we became much attached to them both. Sir Robert was quite irresistible. He wore his hat at an angle, even more pronounced than that of Lord Redesdale, and had a refreshingly distinct character about him, like Sir George Wombwell. He had known everybody, gone everywhere and done everything, so that a talk with him was always enjoyable. Lady Emily is one of the cleverest and most cultivated women I have ever met. The last time I saw her was at Pisa, and she came in to see me from Bocca d'Arno, where she spends every winter.

At the Bocca her chief friend is Padre Agostino, the celebrated Italian priest, and she passes her days in study, walking in the Pineta, or attending lectures on Dante given at the University of Pisa. Thus in intellectual pursuits she spends the evening of a life which, in social brilliancy and in everything

which the world could give, was at one time unsurpassable.

The family of the eighth Lord Tweeddale were, indeed, remarkable for their high intelligence and cultivation. I have only known them in their old age, but few can surpass Lady Jane Taylor in shrewd capacity and ready wit, Lady Emily in cultivation, and the late Lord John Hay in sound ability.

My two great friends in the 'nineties were the present Lady Galloway and Mrs. Arthur Somerset, both of whom I reckon still, happily, as among my best friends. This cruel war, alas! has robbed each of a gifted son. Keith Anthony Stewart, a singularly brilliant scholar and athlete, a most lovable character and gallant soul, fell leading his platoon at Aubers Ridge on the 9th May, 1915. His noble, dauntless spirit showed itself even as a small child. At one time he had a great idea of the Navy as a future career, which Lord Galloway discouraged. One day Keith was out in a boat in Galloway Bay with his father, and the sea being very rough, poor Keith was desperately sea-sick.

"Aha, my boy," said his father unsympathetically, "what about the Navy *now*?"

A small, very white face raised itself from the bottom of the boat, and a weak little voice replied:

"I would never allow *this* to deter me."

It was curiously characteristic of the brave, bright lad whose early and glorious death left a void in more hearts than those of his immediate family.

Again I remember an instance of his baby pluck and unquenchable spirit. When living in Bolton Street we gave annually a children's party at Christmas. Once I had dressed up my husband as Father Christmas, discreetly turned all electric lights out, and after much rustling of paper in the chimney and a noise as of a colossal cork coming out of a Brobdingnagian bottle, the lights were turned on and there stood Santa Claus in all his bravery of meretricious icicles and woolly snow! Father Christmas perjured himself by announcing that he had come all the way from the North Pole to give English children their Christmas presents. He went on further with Munchausen tales of adventures in snow and ice; told how the children at the North Pole lived on puddings made of whales' blubber and pies of seals' meat. Finally he wound up his peroration by saying:

"I return to the North Pole to-night. Now, will any of you children come with me?"

There was dead silence for a moment, then up stood Keith (almost the smallest child there) and said:

"I will go with you, Father Christmas!"

Dear, dauntless boy and gallant soul! Keith's only brother, Lord Garlies, is still a prisoner in Germany, where he has been, alas! since 1914, spending the springtime of his life in captivity.*

Norman Somerset was killed the same year as Keith Stewart, shot whilst cycling to deliver messages from a superior officer. He was a

* Lord Garlies was sent to Switzerland December, 1917.

beautiful lad, tall, graceful, blue-eyed, and altogether striking in appearance, chivalrous, brave and a born soldier, loving his profession ardently. Sadly enough, he was the only son, and he was intensely beloved; indeed, wherever he went his sunny, cheery nature gained all hearts. Happily for us who mourn:

. . . . "the high soul burns on to light men's feet
When Death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

Keith was Second-Lieutenant in the "Black Watch"; Norman Somerset was in the Grenadier Guards. As Goethe says:

"Wen die Götter lieben
Den führen sie zur Stelle, wo man sein darf."

But in the 'nineties we none of us thought of war, or rumours of wars, and life was a gayer, happier thing than it is in 1917. We danced and raced, and yachted and travelled. I look back, and an amorphous-like vision passes before me. The Marlborough House garden parties, the Buckingham Palace ones, delightful Osterley, the State balls, Lady Spencer's stately parties at Spencer House when her husband was First Lord, the Duchess of Buckingham's evening parties, Lansdowne House, the Lambeth garden parties, the Opera, and the beautiful concerts given by Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. D'Arcy, Lady Wernher and Mrs. Cazalet.

Of historical pageants in England during that time we all had our full share; the marriage of

the Duke and Duchess of York, that of Princess Maud of Wales to a handsome Danish Prince, and the old Queen's Jubilee. The late King, with his unvarying kindness, sent us tickets to view the Duke of York's wedding procession from a stand built just outside the door of the Chapel Royal in Colour Court. I shall always regret that I did not go there. My husband did, and enjoyed it all amazingly—but, as I was not well at the time, I dreaded the heat and crowd and difficulty of getting through the streets; moreover, temptation assailed me in the shape of a kind invitation to Apsley House, which was infinitely more accessible for me than St. James' Palace. From my house in Seville Street, therefore, I walked comfortably through the Park, and saw the carriage procession from between the pillars of that historic house. I am bound to confess that what I saw best was the tops of the carriages, but the impression stamped for ever on my mind is a continuity of scarlet and gold and silver—royal liveries, gorgeous uniforms, steel breastplates flashing in the sun, gilded State carriages, white horses, flag poles, flags, heat, sunshine and enthusiasm. There was, to be sure, a fugitive glimpse of a white-robed vision one knew to be the bride, and one could not doubt her identity, nor that of the old Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, by reason of the extraordinarily affectionate greeting they met with. I recall especially the admirable behaviour of the homelier

crowd below us. They were patient and good-tempered, amenable to discipline, and in the liveliest of spirits. Only one nation can rival the English in the demeanour of a crowd, and that is the Italian. Once, returning on Sunday evening from the Villa Medici at Fiesole, I found the tram crowded to asphyxiation. People stood welded into a solid mass, unable to move their elbows, desperately uncomfortable, and laughed and joked at their plight until they cried. "È terribile," said a fat, good-natured-looking man, who had been squeezed nearly flat, "è terribile, ma è *divertente*!"

It was on the occasion of King George's Coronation, I think, that a friend of mine witnessed from a window in Piccadilly the discomfiture of a suffragette. The girl persisted in pushing herself forward despite the polite remonstrances of a policeman, who repeatedly told her to stand back. "If you won't keep your proper place, miss," said he, "I shall have to carry you out of this altogether." The damsel retorted, with a sniff of contempt: "If you dare to touch me I shall slap your face." "Ah," said the long-suffering policeman, "that's nothing! I'm used to slaps now." "Well! then, if you dare to lay hands on me I'll—I'll—*kiss* you!" "I shall do my dooty," said the policeman, "'owever 'orrible," and he lifted the struggling, kicking suffragette and carried her to the back of the crowd.

I think the most beautiful woman of that time in society was Lady Curzon, *née* Miss Leiter.

Never can I forget seeing her one night at Derby House, an exquisite vision in pure white, her small, classic head and shapely throat rising from billows of tulle, her dark hair encircled with diamonds. Well! *da tempo al tempo* a measure of these gay things may come back to us in time, but the world can never be the same without its masculine youth. Vitality is lacking, enthusiasm, energy and the glorious tradition of boyish strength. Let us hope we may never arrive at the condition of the good spinsters and widows of "Cranford," who consoled themselves for the absence of males in their little circle by observing to each other that a man was "*So in the way in the house.*"

When the end of July came, my husband and I went to Cowes, sometimes (but rarely) to Goodwood, and after Cowes week we left England for a German spa. One year we varied our programme by a visit to Denmark and Sweden. Generally, however, our playgrounds and cures were Schwalbach, Wiesbaden, Kissingen and Nauheim, with an occasional week at Homburg. I shall always love, for their happy memories, the great dark forests of Germany, the timber-framed villages and the delicious air scented with pines. "Remembered joys for ever last." As for the people! Those of the Taunus Wald were then harmless enough: civil, apparently simple-minded and kindly. What evil spirit has transformed Germans into the bombastic, untruthful, cruel monsters this terrible war has shown them to be!

In those days the Prince of Wales went yearly

to Homburg. He did his cure with the conscientious thoroughness which was a trait of his strong character. No one was earlier at the Springs than he, nobody walked up and down the shady *allees* more energetically. He lunched on Ritter's pleasant terrace and dined at the Kur-Haus, always having his meals out of doors.

The Duke of Cambridge and blind Grand-Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz were much with him, as were M. de Soveral and Mr. Christopher Sykes. When Mr. Sykes died the Prince mourned him sincerely. Now Mr. Sykes, like most people, had an inherent weakness for Royal acquaintances. Therefore, a witty lady, when King Edward lamented his old friend's death, consoled His Majesty by saying, "I would not worry, Sir, about poor Christopher; you know he was always appreciative of Royalty. I have no doubt he is quite happy in Heaven now, flirting with Queen Elizabeth."

CHAPTER XIII

SOME POETS AND PAINTERS

“ I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.”

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

GEORGE THE FIRST spoke with ignorant scorn of “*boets* and *bainters*.” There were few of either in Hanover, if indeed any, and neither the “Elephant” nor the “Maypole” was much addicted to the fostering of literature or art. It says much for the mental virility of Britons that their record in both realms of art is so glorious, considering that Great Britain has no state patronage of literature and small encouragement for art.

None the less “*boets* and *bainters*” are bound to be interesting people, and in my experience of it I have found Bohemian society to be quite as alluring as that of Mayfair.

When we lived in Tite Street we were surrounded by genius. Opposite to us lived Sargent; in art a very Triton among minnows. Close to us dwelt Oscar Wilde, and across the street was the studio of a singularly delightful sculptress, Miss Mary

Grant. Now Miss Grant was the daughter of Lady Lucy Grant and came of ancient Scottish ancestry—people of rigid conservatism and old-fashioned views—so that, when she showed symptoms of revolt from the established treadmill of life as understood in her home, and refused to be an idle young lady, and aspired to enter the profession of art seriously, there was immense consternation. Happily Miss Grant had warm partisans in her aunt, Lady Augusta Stanley, and the Dean of Westminster. Dean Stanley was broad-minded and sensible. He recognized the undoubted ability of Miss Grant, and felt that such a strong feeling for art should not be lightly flouted. Between Lady Augusta and her husband, Miss Grant's parents were won over, and their consent was given to her studying sculpture in Paris. Full of enthusiasm and joy she started off, and spent a most happy student life under the roof of Julius and Mary Mohl. As all the world knows, Mary Mohl possessed in a high degree *l'art de tenir salon*. If there was little purple and fine linen in the Rue du Bac, there was, at all events, high thinking and wit. Miss Grant met all the finest intellects of that time in France, and her surroundings shaped her after life. When she returned to England, it was as a professional artist. She filled many empty niches on the façade of Lichfield Cathedral with statuary, and modelled them with distinction, and Queen Victoria gave her a commission to execute a bust of herself, which is now, I believe, at Windsor Castle,

Of Her Majesty's charm of manner and kindness Miss Grant could not say enough, and the Prince Consort she thought admirable in every relation of life. Miss Grant was typically Scotch, full of intelligence and charm and humour; plain in face, but possessing beautiful hands and a most seductive, soft voice and merry laugh. At Canwell House we met many interesting people, among them Lecky and his wife and Mr. George Russell. Lecky was a tall, stooping, fair man, who, like Sir Jacob Kilmansegg,

“ Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.”

His head was peculiarly arched in shape, with a fine brow, and his manners were gentle and unassuming. In discussion he was never dogmatic or assertive, although by the superiority of his intellect he had every right to be. Mrs. Lecky was Dutch, and she had been Lady-in-Waiting to the first Consort of William III. of Holland. She was charming in every way, and devoted to her distinguished husband, whose abilities she worshipped.

A very warm friend of ours was George Boughton, the artist. By birth an American, and coming from Albany in the State of New York, he was by adoption an Englishman. His art was marked by extreme refinement and delicacy of treatment and not a little sentiment. His favourite subjects were New England and Puritan ones : Hester Prynnes, Evangelines, John Aldens,

and that incredibly mean worm poor Hester loved. Boughton possessed a most beautiful studio in an unusually lovely house on Campden Hill. At his private views one saw all the artistic world, and, indeed, everyone of note in the literary and social world as well. Browning, Whistler, the Haweises, the Boehms, Du Mauriers, Labouchere, Abbey, Val Prinsep, Lord and Lady St. Helier, Lady Dorothy Nevill and so on. Boughton had a charming, kindly nature and considerable individuality. He told a story well and never failed to see a joke, both highly commendable qualities. He encouraged and helped me in my art life, being the first to urge me to exhibit my pictures. Since then I have had my drawings hung in the Grafton Gallery, "Institute of Painters in Water Colours," "British Artists," "Women Artists," New Gallery and "Roman Academy" repeatedly.

Whistler was a great friend of Boughton's and a most original figure under every aspect. I recall him particularly at private views, dressed like an undertaker, so black was his garb, a hat cocked rakishly on one side of his head and a never absent eyeglass. A very small, thin man, with a big, plump wife. Oscar Wilde genuinely admired and envied Whistler's brilliant gifts of repartee and epigram. Unkind people accused Wilde of plagiarism and of unblushingly making use of Whistler's wit, and bringing it out as his own. One day Whistler achieved a peculiarly brilliant witticism, whereupon Oscar Wilde, moved

to envious admiration, cried, "Oh, Jimmy! how I wish *I* had said that." "Never mind, Oscar," retorted Whistler, "You *will*."

Whistler married a Mrs. Godwin, the widow of his greatest enemy. One would have thought this proceeding most uncalled for and likely to result in complications, but, as a matter of fact, the marriage turned out very happily. Godwin was an architect, and built Whistler's house in Tite Street, and I was told that over its construction, on the aftermath of bills, artist and architect fell out.

Boughton passed away very suddenly and painlessly. Tired out with hard work at his easel, he lay down one evening to rest on the sofa in his studio, and when a maid came to tell him that the dressing-bell had gone, she found that the "clear call" had come to him with the "evening bell," and that he was resting, indeed, from his labours.

I used to meet Browning in his latter days in London, and I looked at him with mingled awe and disappointment. Being young and enthusiastic, I had followed his footsteps and those of his gifted wife in Italy, had seen their house, Casa Guidi, facing the Pitti Palace, visited the Palace in Venice, and put flowers on Mrs. Browning's grave outside the Porta Pinti at Florence. Loving "The Ring and the Book" as I did, my excitement was great at the prospect of meeting its author. When at last I beheld him in the flesh, a cold chill of disappointment seized me. Browning was, in truth, as little like the ideal poet in

appearance as any man could possibly be. In the Isle of Wight we had often seen Tennyson, and he satisfied absolutely my preconceived and romantic notions of what a poet should look like. His hair was long, he wore a Velasquez hat and a wide mantle of sable hue. No more picturesque figure could possibly have been imagined; moreover, he had a noble head and air and was, physically speaking, striking. One half expected trochees and iambs to drop as he walked, so completely was he the external incarnation of a poet. Browning, on the contrary, was commonplace-looking, a small, neat, well-dressed man, with a trim, pointed beard and no affectations of long hair or cowboy hats. He did not in the least look the genius he was, and I cannot recall anything particularly intellectual in the shape of his head or expression. Tennyson lived the life of a recluse and hated society. Browning adored society, and was amiably disposed even towards tea-parties.

In Venice, perhaps more than anywhere, Browning met with the adulation and appreciation he deserved. He was peculiarly the object of American worship, and Mrs. Bronson, an American, who lived at Ca' Alvisi, annexed him as especially her property. She was a worshipper of intellect, and indeed of all things beautiful. She knew her Venice through and through, dialect, manners and customs. She respected Venetian traditions, and he who made light of them fell beneath the ban of her displeasure. When Venetian piety was found wanting, and the lamp which burned

before the Madonna at the Traghetto went out she relit it. Naturally, Browning for her signified an appreciation of all things Italian. Mrs. Bronson had a particular chair set aside for "the poet," and in his absence silver chains and a padlock prevented anyone of meaner intellect using it. Even Henry James was not allowed this privilege, great favourite as he was until he fell from grace, when in Mrs. Bronson's hearing he called Venice "a slimy fraud." Browning had an only son, "Pen," who became an artist of mediocre quality and died comparatively young. The spirit of Italy and true understanding of her breathe in Browning's poetry.

Tennyson's musical verse was, as is well known, much admired by Queen Victoria, and I believe that in olden days Her Majesty and the Prince Consort used to visit him occasionally at Freshwater. Sir John Cowell told me once of an amusing visit the Prince Consort and he paid to Tennyson's home, Farringford. They travelled by train, and at the station hired a rather shabby one-horse fly to take them to the poet's house. A small boy in buttons, answering somewhat to the description of Dickens' page "who lived in a perpetual hail of saucepan-lids," opened the door. His master and mistress were "out," he said. "Who should he say called?" "The Prince Consort," replied the visitor, whereupon the small boy's thumb went unexpectedly to the tip of his nose, and saying: "Likely, indeed!" he slammed the door in the faces of the callers.

Among interesting artists I shall always recall Du Maurier as delightful. He took me in to dinner once, a small, spectacled man, very short-sighted, not good-looking, but amusing and full of fun. He had all the buoyancy and resiliency of youth, although quite old then. His wife had the remains of considerable beauty, and one of her daughters I remember as extremely pretty. She and her husband were so young when they married that *Punch*, as a comment on the wedding, hoped they would be happy "when they grew up!" Sir Frederick Leighton was always a remarkable figure at any gathering, so handsome and distinguished-looking was he. A neighbour of Leighton's, Val Prinsep, was invariably to be met with at Homburg, where he spent every summer. I never admired his art, but I liked him thoroughly, as I think everyone did. Mrs. Prinsep's father was a patron of art, and he it was who gave Whistler a commission to paint the famous Peacock Room, now in America. That painter and patron should fall out over the business was not surprising. Whistler, more than most people, understood "the gentle art of making enemies."

A great friend of art and artists was the late Mr. Douglas Murray. His was a most engaging personality, and he had a lively intelligence and a perfect genius for friendship. He knew nearly all the distinguished men of his day, political, naval, military and artistic. Having travelled widely and visited most countries, he had friends all over the world, and the society to be met with

in his house was cosmopolitan and delightful. The elements which composed it were varied, as, for example—Kitchener and Millais, Lord Charles Beresford and De Lesseps, Alma Tadema and Lord Grenfell, Baker Pasha's widow and Whistler, Lady Dorothy Nevill and the Chinese Minister. Egypt, among winter resorts, was essentially the country of his predilection, and he counted among his many accomplishments that of Egyptology. One day Mr. Murray was in Whistler's studio, studying a recent picture of that very great artist. Inexplicable little scarlet daubs about a hill puzzled Whistler's friend extremely. "Tell me," said Mr. Murray, "what those red dots signify?" "Oh!" said Whistler airily, never at a loss for an answer, "the loves of the lobsters round Mount Ararat."

Although my family is intensely musical, and none of them the least artistic in the sense of pictorial and plastic art, Dame Nature developed my gifts (such as they are) in quite another direction. In my childhood I spent hours at my scales, pounding the piano and practising "do, re, mi, fa" with pertinacity—and tolerable success—but I found little joy in music as compared with painting and literature, and I am inclined to think that my friends would have found in my performances no joy at all!

I have never, therefore, been in the musical world, although I have a dear friend there in Mme. Albani, who in her day was a truly exquisite singer, and perhaps the most thorough musician of any of the great prima donne.

CHAPTER XIV

EN ROUTE TO THE EAST

“Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature’s teachings.”

IN 1898 the German Emperor and Empress visited the Holy Land. Now, in Jerusalem is the Ophthalmic Hospital supported by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. In order to show the Kaiser a courtesy (which, it seems, he little deserved) our Grand Prior, His late Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales, sent three Knights of Justice to receive the Emperor at the Hospital. The Knights chosen were Lord Templetown, Colonel Sir Wyndham Murray and the Secretary General (my husband).

Long before the others, Sir Alfred and I left England, intending to do a cure in Germany, and when that was accomplished, wander on leisurely through Austria, Hungary, Serbia and Bulgaria to Constantinople.

We started off light-heartedly enough, looking forward to many interesting experiences. How little we dreamt of the troubles preparing for us in the alembic of fate! I took with me cool

riding habits, as we had been told that we should live much in the saddle. Also my new evening gowns were made to hook in front, necessary measures if one were forced to be independent of a maid, and I had been warned against taking such an encumbrance to Palestine. We went first to Nauheim, as Sir Alfred had not been particularly well for some weeks. In that beautiful little Taunus spa we "lodged," as Jane Austen has it, in a villa two doors from the one in which the Empress of Austria then lived. Every day she passed our house on her way to the baths, and every day she baffled the curiosity of Nauheim to behold the remains of that beauty for which she had been famous. On one side of her face she held most provokingly a parasol, and on the other a fan. The cure over, we left Nauheim and went for a few days to that best of all good hotels, "The Rose" at Wiesbaden, and there, to our inexpressible horror, we heard of the Empress's assassination at Geneva.

Nowadays we sup so continually on horrors that a certain amount of callousness must result. Tragedies which would formerly have filled us with dismay and abhorrence we now accept as incidents to be expected in wartime; but in 1898 the thrill of horror which went through the civilized world when it learnt of the Empress's murder was unparalleled.

The day after this tragic news reached us my husband and I started for Salzburg, and that beautiful spot will for ever remain fixed in my

memory as I saw it first, steeped in grief for one of the most horrible events in Austrian history. An article I wrote at the time, and which appeared in *The World*, describes what happened at Salzburg more vividly than (after this lapse of time) I could do it now. "We set foot in Salzburg," I wrote, "to find the lamps of the station lit, although it was midday—but the lights seemed spurious and sickly seen through their veils of crape—black banners, tied at the tops with crape and tasselled heavily below, hung from every building, public or private. As we drove through the streets bells tolled gloomily at intervals, for was not the funeral car of the murdered Empress shortly expected? All breathed depression and sorrow, even the shop windows, with their memorial postcards deeply bordered in black and with portraits of the late Empress surrounded by funeral wreaths.

"Salzburg seems, indeed, a fitting spot for the first halt made on Austrian soil by her who was for so many years not only the most brilliant Empress of her day, but also not the least observant of her national faith. For centuries there hung about this city the glamour which arose from its being the capital of a mighty ecclesiastical principality; brown-habited Capuchin friars still walk its streets, and sœurs de charité and priests come out from its narrow alleys. It is in accordance with all the traditions of a devout Catholic such as Elizabeth of Austria that her body should be greeted first on this last sad return journey by

a Prince of the Church like the Archbishop of Salzburg, and by the holy rites she would have wished.

“The black banners and crape-veiled lamps and streamers are, however, strangely in antithesis to the general brightness which is the most striking characteristic of Salzburg. For here are no negative tints—no greys, nor soft drabs, nor dullish blues. Wherever one looks, be it to the blue of the sky, the green of the river, the yellow and white stone of the palaces, all is cheerful, pronounced, definite. Strangely reminiscent of Italy are its palaces, and the pure cobalt tones of its sky and mountains are, as a rule, in unison with its southern architecture. A discordant note in the general harmony of its beauty is struck, it is true, in the ugly iron framework which disfigures the Rock opposite as I write. That framework, however, if regarded from a practical point of view, helps to keep the gulden in our pockets by landing one for twenty kreuzers on the summit of the Mönchsberg. Again, the cable railway to Hohen Salzburg would not have commended itself to the æsthetic souls of the bygone archbishops, however much it may to the bourgeois proclivities of the Salzburg *Kaufmann*; but one must learn to bow submissively to the utilitarian spirit of the age.

“At two o’clock we went out with all Salzburg to see the funeral train arrive. On every side the Austrian ladies appeared in deep mourning, and the hushed voices and grave faces of men and

women alike were the best national testimony of grief anyone could desire. Presently, round a corner, steamed a hideously black, gruesome object, which, in its absence of any relief from sable colouring, proclaimed itself to be the funeral train. It was infinitely touching to see the pale, tear-stained faces and strained eyes, and to note the absolute silence which came over the people. A short religious ceremony was held at the station (of course, in greatest privacy), and after that the 'Trauer-Zug' steamed slowly away amid hushed voices and tears of genuine grief. Then our *Kutscher* having wiped his eyes, assuages his grief for his sovereign in a tankard of good Munich beer, and a 'Lust-Garten' and 'Restauration' being conveniently near, many others follow his example."

From Salzburg we journeyed on to Ischl, an enchanting spot remote from modern fashions, lying on a mountain spur high up among the hills of Upper Austria. I will borrow an article I wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette* to describe my impressions of Ischl. "An amphitheatre of mountains surrounds the dwellers at Ischl as much as ever did the walls of the Coliseum encompass the gladiators. You see the sunrise touch with rosy brush the mountain tops, and the setting sun leaves them dark and purple against a flaming sky. Mist lies over the valleys in long, diaphanous wisps morning and night. The soil of the upper slopes is poorer and less cultivated than the lower declivities, but the valleys are

fertile and pleasant with their abundant clover crops and fields sprinkled with purple cyclamen. No futile fences divide the holdings, nor do ugly stone walls disfigure them. Wealth in and about Ischl does not come from the surface of the soil, but from beneath it; and the salt mines, which send out 8,000 tons of salt annually, are the source of its prosperity. Houses in the town are brilliantly whitewashed and stand gable-end on to the roads, with deep, projecting eaves, arched doorways and nail-studded massive doors, usually painted dark green. Habitual piety finds its visible sign in the sacred picture frescoed above each door, or the shrine or calvary in the garden hard by. Many of the cottages in the neighbourhood of the little town have tiny chapels in their gardens. A priest, reading his breviary among his cabbages, his gooseberry bushes and his dahlias, is a common sight in Upper Austria. The snowy monotony of whitewashed wall in these cottages is relieved by gay flower-pots on the window sills, and the bright colours of the Holy Virgin's blue mantle and red gown. Farm-houses reiterate on a larger scale the cottages. We see the same glaring whiteness of the walls, the deep, overhanging eaves, and the dull-coloured roofs sprinkled with stones to prevent the slates from blowing away in the fierce winter gales which sweep down these valleys. The insistent yellow of the sunflower borders garden-walks, or is to be found about cottage doors, and beehives and apple orchards are as general as cabbages and potatoes.



Evening Mists in the Salzkammergut.

From a sketch by Lady Jephson.

“Here and there pigmy church steeples rise in the quiet valleys, and about the churches cluster the grey-roofed cottages. One is grateful for the eccentricity and unconventionality of these bulbous spires; their forms and colour are a notable relief to the eternal white and grey of the houses and green of the trees and fields. Churches and calvaries, wayside crosses and shrines, have a subtle significance. Aloof from the ambitions and strife, the envy and heartburnings of the world, these mountaineers have time to ‘make their religion.’

“Significant of Ischl’s height above the sea level are its coniferous trees. Pines and firs send forth their delicate fragrance upon the pure mountain air, and pine-cones furnish material for baths here, as much as sulphur, mud or salt.

“Where the Traun flows through the town is a pleasant promenade on its left bank, and there are to be found the jewellers’ shops, the carved wooden chalets, the alpenstocks, the pressed edelweiss, and the usual stock-in-trade of the shopkeepers at an Alpine spa. On the Esplanade, too, may be seen the beauty and fashion of the great world, come from Vienna or Munich to try the whey cure, or saline springs or baths for which Ischl is famous. To judge by the rosy, good-tempered, happy faces of the inhabitants, ill-health is not common at Ischl.

“From the conventional and stupid ‘creations’ of arbitrary tailors and dressmakers one turns with relief to the beautiful and artistic costume worn by the peasantry of the Salzkammergut.

If there be a certain sameness of fashioning, it is amply made amends for in the variety of colour and material. Woollen stuffs, velvet, muslin, silver jewellery, buttons, chains, clasps and brooches are all to be found in the dress of an ordinary peasant. Till within quite recent times the women wore curious bonnets, shaped like Britannia's helmet, and made of gold embroidery. Nowadays the convenient, if prosaic, hat has ousted the helmet from popular favour; but even the hat is uncommon in shape, and adorned picturesquely with two cocks' feathers, curled to represent antennæ. Men (even the Emperor, when at Ischl) appear in breeches made so short as to display bare knees, in the manner of the Highland kilt.

“The principal hotels in Ischl are the ‘Bauer,’ which stands high in a park above the mists of the valley, and the ‘Kaiserin Elisabeth,’ which is on the Traun and close to the mild excitements of promenade and bath-house. Both are good and neither is cheap.

“On the outskirts of Ischl is the Emperor of Austria's villa or shooting-box. It stands facing a blue wall of mountain, and with its back to the town; a long, two-storied building, with wings connected by a colonnade overgrown with Virginia creeper. Saving the Virginia creeper, everything about the exterior of the house is commonplace. Pinkish-yellow wash is swished all over it, and the blinds are painted a crude tone of green. The late Empress's rooms faced the mountains and the park, which stretches up the hill-side. Below the win-

dows of her bedroom lie brilliant flower-beds, gay as geraniums, chrysanthemums, carnations, auriculas and hollyhocks can make them. Behind the house a covered walk runs along the bank of the river, and this most peripatetic of Empresses used to take daily exercise here in rainy weather. Those who know *le dessous des cartes* say that nowhere in Austria was she so happy as when leading the healthy, open-air life of Ischl."

The railway from Ischl to Vienna passes through scenery which is emphatically tame, once you quit the Salzkammergut. The land is undulating and well cultivated, with trees and hedgerows to break the monotony of fields, and here and there are not unpicturesque farmhouses and cottages. The farmhouses mostly are built round three sides of a courtyard and are constructed often of brick in alternate layers of red and yellow, the windows being noticeably small. Nowhere did we see fences. About 8 p.m. we found ourselves at an hotel in Vienna, after what seemed to us an interminable drive over stone pavements.

In Vienna, as in Salzburg, gloom, mourning and depression lay like a pall over the entire city. The murdered Empress's coffin had just been added to the many which lie in the Imperial vault of the Capuchin Church. This building outside is rococo in architecture and whitewashed. Inside (they told us) it was a mass of funeral wreaths, but the church being closed to the public, we were not admitted to see the sights for ourselves.

The weddings of the Imperial Family take place in the Augustine Kirche—a gothic church, chiefly interesting because of its historical associations. Even here we found a gruesome touch, since the hearts of the Emperors and Empresses of Austria from the days of Mathias are preserved in silver urns in a vault lit from above.

Everywhere in Vienna the shop-windows were draped in black, and people wore deep mourning. At every turn we saw the Empress's beautiful face in photographs or engravings, or in paintings framed in the most dismal of hangings. Pictures of her funeral enlivened the shop windows. One saw the gloomy "Trauer Zug" again, and indeed pretty much every episode of that sad journey from Geneva to Vienna. It was impossible to feel light-hearted, or even passably cheerful, in such an environment of woe, and we went about our sight-seeing in a chastened frame of mind. We visited the Imperial museums, magnificent buildings in the Italian Renaissance style, and enjoyed the pictures and wonderful collections of gems. The chief glory of the Galleries is Albrecht Dürer's "Trinity," considered to be his finest picture, but he is well represented in Vienna, perhaps better here than in his native Germany. There is a glorious room of German masters of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and here hang two fine Holbeins, interesting to English people, being the portraits of Jane Seymour and John Chambers, physician to Henry VIII. To enumerate the many wonderful pictures, however,

would only be a weariness to the flesh for me and a boredom for my readers. The Italian School is strong in beautiful paintings, and Rubens and Vandyke are well represented.

We went often to the Imperial History Museum, where the collection of armour is extraordinary. Here also is a bewildering wealth of medieval treasures, goblets and dishes of rock crystal, vessels for the table carved in agate, lapis-lazuli and sardonyx, exquisite specimens of goldsmiths' work, Italian and German majolica, a salt-cellar by Benvenuto Cellini, an "Entombment" in bronze by Donatello, and so on. Before we reached the thirty-first room we were surfeited with treasures and weary unto death. As a set-off against a plethora of galleries and churches, we drove one day in the Prater. The approach to this park, when we saw it, was lined with trumpery booths and penny peep-shows. Certainly the Haupt Allee is attractive, with its chestnut trees on either hand, but the beautiful ladies and smart carriages of which we had heard so much were nowhere to be seen. Probably in September they are both at their country homes, and the crowds of middle-class people sitting out in a cold wind and drinking beer were not interesting. There seemed to us in the Prater to be endless cafés and unlimited proletarians. Fortunately excitement and novelty were provided us by the good pace at which our *Kutscher* drove. Never in my life have I experienced anything like it.

Vienna, of course, is a beautiful city and infinitely

more interesting than Berlin, although the famous Ringstrasse is absolutely modern. The Rath Haus, the Hofburg Theater, the Reichsrath Gebäude, the Houses of Parliament, and so on having been built in the seventies. Taste, both in architecture and in painting, is of a more refined and eclectic order in Austria than in Germany, and good taste enters also into the domain of house appointments and raiment. In Mr. Collins' words: "It is according to the usual practice of elegant females" in the Habsburg Empire to dress well.

The day we enjoyed most during our stay in Vienna was the one spent at Schönbrunn. We seemed to leave behind us the dramatic and melancholy aspect of a city draped in black, and to enter upon less depressing and more bucolic scenes. The gardens of Schönbrunn are charming, French in fashion, and stately enough, with their avenues of trees (clipped to look like Brobdingnagian hedges) and niches cut in the green for statuary. All palaces are much alike, and Schönbrunn has the usual parquet floors, stucco ornamentation overlaid with gilding, and brocade hangings; but the historic interest is in no wise contemptible. There is an atmosphere of Maria Theresa and her family and court which is interesting. One room, I confess, fascinated me. It was decorated in stucco enamelled blue and white, to look like Delft; and water-colours (executed by Maria Theresa's children in different shades of cobalt and indigo), were let in all over the room. It was astonishing to find so much talent in one family. Undoubtedly

Maria Christina was the finest artist, but Maria Antoinette was a very good copyist. The poor young Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, lived his sad young life chiefly at Schönbrunn, and here he died in 1832.

We thought the drive to Schönbrunn one of the ugliest and most disagreeable we had ever taken. Enormously high buildings darkened the earlier part of the way, and were neither beautiful nor interesting. Electric tram-tracks disfigured the road, and the incessant noise of tramway bells was deafening. Nearer Schönbrunn we found sandy, open spaces on which grass grew in a languid fashion, and where hoardings, hideous advertisements, clothes-lines and underlinen hung out to dry did not add to the beauty of the scenery. Much building was going on about these spaces; carts of sand and stone and brick, masons with their hods of mortar, and we even saw women bricklaying. The suburbs of Schönbrunn in 1898 had a half-baked look. Of course we shopped in the Graben and Kärtner Strasse, heard a Mass in the Cathedral of St. Stephen, and repeatedly visited the museums.

At the end of September we started off once more on our travels, leaving Vienna for Buda-Pesth.

CHAPTER XV

FROM BUDA-PESTH TO CONSTANTINOPLE

“ 'Tis pleasant from the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world.”

OUR first impression of Hungary's capital was that of a huge, handsome, modern city, rather American in type. Street cars seemed everywhere, there was a painful blaze overhead of unshaded electric light, and the streets were noisy with traffic, constant ringing of bells and racket of wheels over the stone pavements. Buda-Pesth is really two cities, Ofen and Pesth, divided by the Danube and connected by a suspension bridge. The Franz Josef's Quay runs parallel with the Danube, and is shaded by an avenue of trees. Long, horizontal lines of elaborate, commonplace houses border the Quay, and here are the principal cafés. In summer Hungarians live an out-of-door life, sipping their coffee or cocktails under the shade of white cotton umbrellas, promenading, or listening to the Tziganes' music. There is a noble view from the Quay. Opposite, crowning a great rock, is a fortress and near it the Royal Schloss, an immense building, begun originally by Maria Theresa. The

river front of Buda-Pesth is its chief charm. Otherwise its general effect is that of prosperity, fine modern buildings, immense life in the streets and not a little noise. Shops are most seductive, and Hungarians extremely polite and not infrequently good-looking and attractive. When we were in Buda-Pesth the Tziganes, to our sorrow, played no more lively tunes by the Danube. Shop windows repeated the depressing spectacles of Vienna and streets had a curious mottled look, with their dabs of black draperies, memorial cards and photographs of funeral processions mixed up with the usual stock-in-trade. October saw us again on the move, not sorry on the whole to leave

“ The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm ”

of Austria and Hungary as we saw them in 1898.

Our train (the Vienna express) passed through monotonously flat, marshy lands, the great plain, in fact, of the Danube. On either hand stretched expanses of Indian corn and wheat. Occasionally pools of slimy water, and not seldom morasses, made a little variety in the scene. Few trees were visible and these only at rare intervals ; but stacks of manure stood unpleasantly near cottages which resembled Irish cabins more than any dwellings I have ever seen. Walls in these Hungarian hovels were of mud and clay, whitewashed, and the roofs were inadequately thatched. Sometimes we passed villages clustering round a central steeple, and windmills seemed everywhere.

In this marshy district the farmers are largely horse-breeders, and they also supply grain to most of the European markets, or, more correctly speaking, they *did* before the war. The dreary, flat, desolate-looking marshes reminded me much of the Roman Campagna, without, indeed, the beauty of Alban and Sabine hills and the Claudian aqueduct. The railway stations were pleasant oases in this desert, being for the most part two-storied, with wide verandas and vine-decked platforms. Nearly all the verandas are restaurants, and, it being Sunday, they were well filled with pleasant-looking country-folk in holiday attire.

Feminine clothing in these remote regions is peculiar and striking. With skirts as short and as full as those of a ballet-dancer, the Hungarian peasant woman combines top-boots. By way of coiffure her hair is plastered with grease, and over it she ties a gaily coloured handkerchief. She is on Sunday, moreover, gorgeous with peasant jewellery. It is only the English decadent peasant who does not possess these treasures handed down from peasant ancestry.

As names of stations were written only in Magyar, they suggested nothing to us; but the all-illuminating Baedeker penetrated the fog of our ignorance by informing us that we passed through two towns on our way to Belgrade, Kis Körös and Maria Theresiöpel. These great plains on both sides of the river are peopled by real Hungarians—Magyars. Hungary contains a most mixed population—Germans, Jews, Roumanians,

Slovakians, Serbians and Croatians—Buda-Pesth being chiefly Jewish. About 11 p.m. we arrived at Belgrade, and before we were suffered to leave our carriage were called upon to show our passports. Ours lay snug at the bottom of a well-filled bag, and whilst we were fumbling to find it, an official eyed us suspiciously and asked the reason for our ineptitude. "Sensible people," he remarked, "had such necessary requirements as passports ready, and did not keep officials shivering on platforms at midnight."

The Custom House ordeal was distinctly unpleasant, since the officials seized all the illustrated journals I had bought in Austria and Hungary and refused to restore them to me. I was told afterwards that the press censorship in Serbia was so severe that newspapers frequently appeared with entire lines blotted out.

A very pleasant half-hour's drive in the moonlight calmed our ruffled tempers. Under the beautifying effect of moonshine Belgrade appeared fairylike and exquisite, and only the following day revealed how much the moonbeams had idealized it.

But from the poetry of Belgrade by moonlight we had a rude descent to the prose of a third-rate hotel. The first we tried was full, the second in like plight, but here mine host proved ready for any emergency. He had a "Hof-Salon"—"ganz elegant," he explained in halting German. The honoured guests should be made comfortable there for the night, and on the following day they would

be moved to rooms which were "geschmackvoll," "kolossal," all that was desirable. The deluded travellers, therefore, followed their leader up a passably clean stone staircase and down a very neat corridor until they reached a door and entered another corridor which revealed a totally different state of things. Mattresses lay on the floor, and on these were sleeping the servants of the hotel in their day clothes!

The "Hof-Salon" proved to be the private sitting-room of our landlord. It was small, and crowded with plush-covered furniture, brackets, dusty unframed photographs, a grand piano, and inlaid tables. The overpowering odour of the corridor made us fly to the window for relief, but, alas! a slimy, stagnant pool lay outside, and our last state was even worse than the first. What with appalling smells and general discomfort, my first night in Serbia lives in my memory as about the worst I have ever experienced. We breakfasted in a courtyard under a sort of wide veranda, frescoed brilliantly with rocks, towns and castles in impossible perspective. The bread and butter were excellent, the tea impossible.

Our first visit to Serbian sights was to the Market Place, which lay opposite our hotel. Under the shade of stumpy pepper trees men and women sat, surrounded by their wares. As a rule, the fruit and vegetables were piled up on the ground, whilst the meat and bread lay on wooden erections. Market women, I notice, are generally old, and these were no exception to the rule.

They sat amongst bringalls, tomatoes, capers, horse-radish, pumpkins, grapes, pears and apples, alive to business, a civil, pleasant and cheery people.

Serbian dress is highly picturesque and the Serbs are a handsome, well-made race, with graceful carriage and well-cut features. The market men wore red fezes and the artistic sash knotted round their hips. Sometimes they were dressed in fascinating garments of cream—full bloomers under kilts, with zouave jackets over cream blouses—the invariable sash, leggings and sandals. Personal cleanliness is not an asset of the Serbians. When a prisoner of war in Germany, I saw a caricature which emphasized this Serbian failing. An Austrian soldier is represented as in charge of three Serbs, and one of them asks apprehensively, “Führt man uns zum Erschieszen?” (“Are we being led to be shot?”)

Austrian :—“Nein! zum Baden.” (“No! to the bath.”)

Serbian :—“Grausames Volk ihr Oesterreicher.” (“Cruel people, you Austrians!”)

To return to the Market Place. Serbian ladies were as picturesque, we thought, as Serbian peasants. Those we saw marketing wore short velvet jackets with wide, hanging sleeves over muslin chemisettes. Instead of hats or bonnets they had little scarlet cloth flat caps pinned to the crown of their heads, and round these they twisted a braid of hair; and *such* hair, so glossy and heavy! The younger

generation inclines to Pesth fashions, and likes to order its bonnets and gowns thence, but the gain in fashion does not counterbalance the loss in picturesqueness.

As a rule, Serbian ladies are not well educated, and society in Belgrade (in normal and ante-war conditions) is chiefly dependent on the diplomatic element.

Streets in Belgrade, when I was there, were paved with stones in a haphazard manner, all uneven and unkempt. Often grass is to be seen pushing itself out between the stones, and at the best of times (with the exception of the streets about the Palace) nothing could be worse than the paving of road and sidewalk. The reason for this condition of things is that rains, when they come, are torrential and nothing can stand against their force; indeed, stones are uprooted and washed away in quantities. Although there are fine modern buildings and some very good houses in Belgrade, the majority are one-storied and small, washed yellow or white outside, and in the case of shops they bear their wares chiefly on the shutters. Thus, rows of boots hang on a bootmaker's shutter, bright-coloured rugs on a carpet-seller's, and so on. The inequalities of social conditions are apparent enough in London, where fashionable streets and squares are often in close proximity to slums, but in Belgrade one sees a squalid hovel next to a fine building.

In Turkish days Belgrade must have been infinitely picturesque, but Christian hands levelled

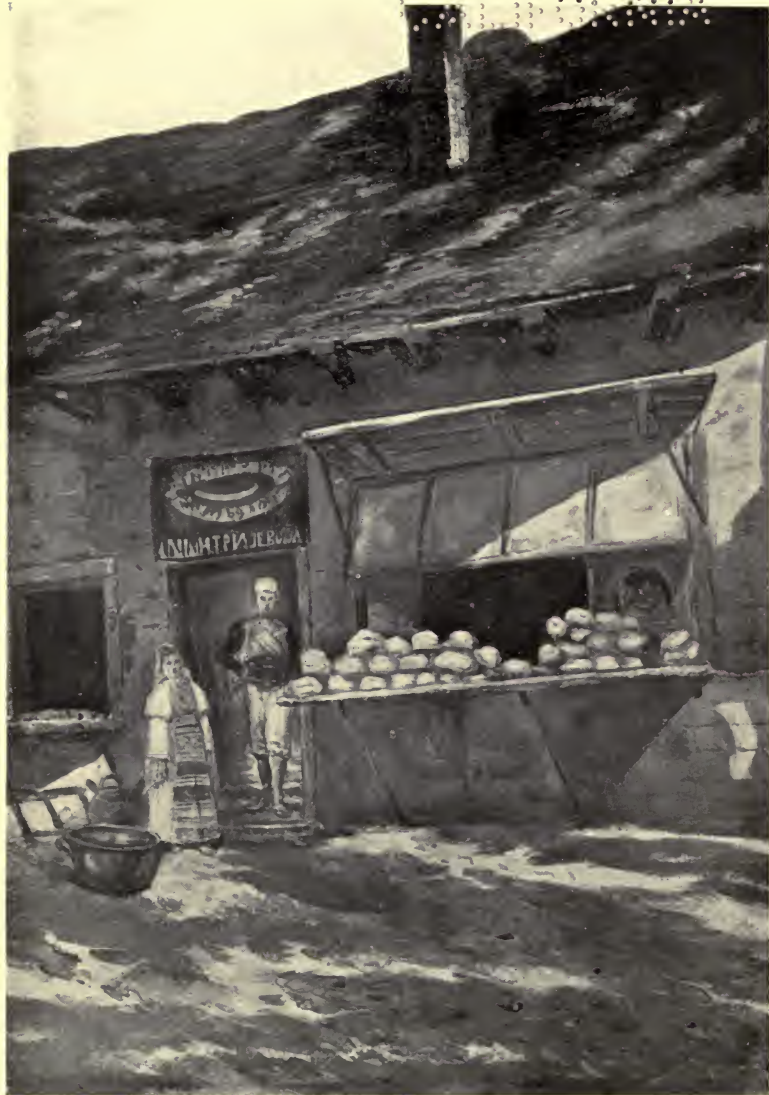
the mosques and minarets, and now a dilapidated fence and grass-grown stones mark where in former days stood a mosque. The Serbs have a superstitious dislike to building on the site of a Turkish mosque. As for situation, nothing could well be finer than that of Belgrade. It stands on high ground, overlooking the junction of the Danube and Save. For an artist, few capital cities can rival Belgrade in the wealth of colour and picturesqueness of its streets. There is, for example, the green and red of the pepper tree, the beautiful dress of the peasants, the uniforms of the soldiers, the cream of bullocks, the grey and black of herds of goats, and the yellow-washed walls on either hand.

We visited the Cathedral, and found it outside an insignificant building, but inside gorgeous with gilding and rich colouring. There was a wonderful screen of paintings, all, of course, sacred in subject, and three seats under canopies for the Metropolitan, the King and the Queen. Over the Metropolitan's seat was a painting of the first Bishop of Serbia, above the King's that of the first King, and over the Queen's one of the Madonna. Serbian picture art, as shown in the Cathedral, is not in an advanced stage. In plastic art we all know that Serbia possesses a modern sculptor second only to Rodin.

A picture of Herodias' daughter as a severe-looking matron (in classical drapery, and head bound by a fillet of green leaves), accepting John the Baptist's head on a small plate from a gentle-

man in armour, was certainly a new version of an old tale. As no woman may pass behind the screen of pictures, the custodian obligingly brought out the jewelled mitres of the Bishops for me to see. The Konak or Palace in Belgrade consists of two distinct buildings: the new one handsome in a florid, baroque way, with enormous caryatides upholding entablatures, and much external sculpture; the old, a simple, plain, long, two-storied building. Sentries were posted at all the doors of the Palace. Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, writing from Belgrade to Pope in 1717, says of the city: "It is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of."

We went to see the fortress, once an immensely strong citadel, and found it dilapidated enough. Fosses surround it, and there are many evidences of embrasures, guiltless, however, of guns. The view from the citadel looking towards the Hungarian town of Semlin and across the Danube and Save is most beautiful. Nowadays (or, rather, before this terrible war) the arts of peace flourish inside this fortress. We saw pretty gardens, full of gay flowers, close to which were recruits drilling, and convicts resting under a strong guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets. Outside the citadel lies a public garden, uninteresting and ill-kept; scraggy, dusty trees and mangy turf being surrounded by low green palings. Children and nurses occupied the seats inside, and no doubt the inevitable policeman was not far off. I sketched a baker's shop in the afternoon, and found myself



A Baker's Shop, Belgrade.

Water-colour by Lady Jephson.

surrounded by all the *gamins* of the place. Evil smelling and ragged they were, but good natured and kindly. The Serb is a vastly more amiable being than his Bulgarian neighbour, and superior to him in courtesy and kindness, indeed in most things. With so much intense and primitive picturesqueness as Belgrade possessed, electric light, trams and telephones seemed incongruous! We wound up a delightful day by going to tea with the British *chargé d'affaires*. He and his wife were most charming and kind, and their pretty house looked strangely English amid such foreign surroundings.

At 4.30 the following morning we rose to catch the Orient express for Constantinople. Our concierge perjured himself and annoyed us by declaring that we must leave the hotel "not a moment later than 5.30." After all, we had an hour and a half to wait at the station, and we did not exactly bless the concierge for his anxiety to "speed the parting guest." A market train arrived, however, as we waited, the market folk all so beautifully picturesque and so painfully dirty!

We left by the Orient express at 7. Serbian country is most beautiful, the landscape undulating, well wooded and charming. Outside Belgrade a glorious avenue of trees stretches towards the King's country seat.

For the first part of the journey the country was astonishingly English in character. Later on the foliage and vegetation changed considerably, and

oaks and chestnuts gave place to olives and cypresses. The turf was dotted with wild flowers (blue, and red, and pink and white). By and by we came upon cottages, for the most part built of mud and clay, half of the house being arcaded like an Italian loggia, and used for drying corn, pumpkins and chillies in the sun. Walls were a mass of scarlet and yellow from the hanging fruit and vegetables. It was most exciting when we came to close quarters with the Balkans, which had been tantalizing us from the distance for some time. We passed through a narrow gorge, one side of which was clothed with vines and corn, and the other, more perpendicular, covered with stunted trees growing down to the river's bank. I longed to sketch at leisure the villages clustering on the slopes of the Balkans, they were infinitely picturesque, with their sallow houses, red roofs and overhanging eaves. The Moldava is a fine stream and the scenery of mountain, gorge, rock, river and slope was enchanting. Everywhere corn and pumpkins grew in friendly company.

Serbia is rich in minerals and valuable springs, which are undeveloped for want of capital to build hotels and advertise the virtues of the waters. Serbs are horribly poor, and there is no such thing as a Serbian aristocracy.

Coming out of a defile we saw crowds of women up to their waists in the river, washing and beating flax. Never in any case during that journey did we see a Serbian woman without her distaff in her hand. Great must be the industry of these gallant

people. Often we came upon herds of goats cooling themselves on the half-dry sand bordering the river, goatherds minding them, and women, with their distaffs under their arms, spinning flax as they walked. We never chanced to see a country-house of any pretension, saving the King's. All we saw were of the peasant or farmer class.

We passed through Nish, the ancient capital of Serbia, and had a view of roofs and domes which tempted one to a closer acquaintanceship. As we neared Bulgaria the scenery grew wilder and grander, and high mountains seemed to encompass us. Near Sofia the Balkans were magnificent, and extraordinarily beautiful, illuminated by the setting sun. The train stayed twenty minutes at the station, which enabled us to manage a little walk. Many officers in gorgeous uniforms strolled about the streets. One in brown and scarlet, with black astrakhan fez, was evidently supremely pleased with his appearance—a modern Narcissus, in fact. As we steamed away we had a really charming view of Sofia. The outlying parts are collections of the veriest mud hovels (or were, when we saw them), but the Palace, which crowns the city, the public buildings and dome of the church look wonderfully effective against the background of mountain range and green slopes which are immediately behind Sofia. We passed close to a very fine barrack, and heard that the Bulgarians were improving their army diligently. Soon, night prevented our seeing more of the truly glorious scenery of the Balkans; and we opened our eyes

the following morning on the dreariest of brown plains, without a vestige of vegetation or human token until we neared the Sea of Marmora. To approach Constantinople by land is most disappointing. The outskirts are squalid and miserable in the extreme. Even the seven towers of Old Byzantium did not impress me, and it was only when we found ourselves on the bridge of Galata that I awoke to the unique and singular fascination of Constantinople

CHAPTER XVI

A SULTAN AND A SELAMLIK

“ For whereso’er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise ;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.”

ADDISON.

CONSTANTINOPLE in 1898 was all agog with preparations for the German Emperor and Empress’s visit. Infinitely less enthusiasm, however, was shown by the Sultan’s subjects than the local papers pretended. The Sultan spent half a million over it, and as his brave soldiers had only received two months’ pay out of twelve, there was not a little grumbling.

Besides building an entirely new palace for the Emperor, the “ Commander of the Faithful ” provided new liveries for all his servants, new uniforms for his soldiers, and spent eighty thousand pounds alone on jewels for the Empress. Among his presents to Her Imperial Majesty were a diamond epaulette, a tiara and a necklace, and to the Emperor eighty perfectly beautiful carpets. The Sultan also sent two tugs laden with presents for all the crew of the Royal yacht ; in short, his lavish generosity was little less than reckless.

Besides the Kiosk of Yildiz, Abdul Hamid possessed the beautiful palaces of Dolmabagtche, Cheragan and Beylerbey, all on the Bosphorus. Where, however, a " Pearl of the Age " had once lived it was not meet in Turkish eyes that anything less sacred should live after him ; therefore, a jerry-built new palace, run up in hot haste, was provided for the Emperor.

It was in the Kiosk or Palace of Cheragan that Abdul Aziz died ; whether by his own hand or by the act of others has never been satisfactorily explained. Murad, who succeeded Abdul Aziz, was deposed shortly after on account of his insanity, and it was small wonder, perhaps, considering the fate of his forerunners, that Abdul Hamid lived in constant dread of assassination. The only parallel among Sovereigns for his self-imposed isolation is that of the " prisoner of the Vatican." Abdul Hamid never left the grounds of Yildiz save to go to a mosque near by, once a week on the Moslem Sabbath (Friday). Contrary to all precedent among Sultans, he did not even repair to St. Sophia at the Feast of Bairam ; and this in spite of his being an eminently religious man. The Turks regretted the loss of such a spectacle as they once enjoyed yearly, when the reigning Sovereign rode in state to the mosque, accompanied by the Imaums of all the Constantinople mosques, the Grand Vizier, Pashas and Beys ; but Abdul Hamid was an obstinate man, and would not give way to gratify his people at the risk of his own safety. Although he entertained a good deal, the Sultan

never dined with his guests, and all food had to be tasted first, before it reached his royal lips. In all, he was reported to have presented the German Emperor with gifts to the value of two hundred thousand pounds! In return the Emperor gave the Sultan two small statuettes of his father and grandfather, and he also designed a fountain to be erected in one of the streets of Constantinople as a memento of his visit.

As the heat in Turkey was acute, we decided to make our headquarters at Therapia, and counted ourselves lucky on arrival at Constantinople to find a steamer shortly starting for that signally beautiful spot. How infinitely delightful seemed the Golden Horn and the blue waters and yellow-tinted shores of the Bosphorus after the heat and dirt and smells and crowd of Constantinople. An hour and a half's steam brought us to Therapia, and before long we found ourselves, tired, it is true, but supremely content, at the "Summer Palace." Our windows looked out on the bluest of waters and the opposite Asiatic coast. I realized with ecstasy that we were actually living on the shores of the Thracian "Bosphorus," the classic water which unites the Propontis with the Euxine. It was like a fairy-tale crystallized into solid fact. I shut my eyes and hoped Io would appear in her guise of a heifer! Nothing was impossible or improbable in Fairyland, so why not Io and the Argonauts?

" who passed,
Thro' Bosphorus between the justling rocks."—

After two days' blissful rest and quiet at Therapia, we went to the vortex of Constantinople to attend a Selamlik, having had cards for this ceremony sent us from our Embassy. At the nearest station to the Yildiz Palace we left our boat and, entering a carriage, drove to a high gate which faced a mosque. Those invited under the late Sultan's reign had seats assigned them in a pavilion opposite to the mosque.

On Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath) Abdul Hamid invariably went to pray here, and those admitted to the pavilion saw his arrival and departure in considerable comfort. Nowhere out of Constantinople do more nationalities jostle each other, and the gay hues and variety of dress are amazing. The hill leading to the mosque when I attended a Selamlik was a blaze of colour. Cavalry and marines, foot soldiers and sailors lined the road, and behind these stood Turks, Serbs, Bulgars, Greeks, Levantines, English, Americans, Germans and Russians. Many were the curious tales which reached us of Abdul Hamid. He lived chiefly on eggs, they said, served *à la coque*, because it would require the skill of a Borgia to poison them. His terror of assassination was so abject that he never left the Yildiz Palace except to say his prayers once a week at his mosque, and he employed a "taster," like any medieval monarch! The ex-Sultan, as all the world knows, was, and is, an enemy to progress and reform, and excessively narrow in his views. The "young Turks" had a bad time of it under his sway, and women a worse one. He



On the Bosphorus : Therapia.
Water-colour by Lady Jephson.

enforced a strict seclusion for Turkish women, forbade them ever to leave the country after they were old enough to be veiled, and obliged all respectable women to be indoors by sunset. Even now, under a more enlightened rule, although the Turkish lady goes out and about the streets disguised in *yashmak* and *ferejeh*, she is lucky if a spy does not follow in her wake, ready to report to a jealous husband the slightest indiscretion. One of our party passed a high wall (on his way to the Selamlik), which his dragoman informed him was that of a harem. "The walls must be high," said the Turk, "since women are so bad."

We waited long in our pavilion for the Sultan, and were relieved when at last his coming was heralded by men who scattered gravel before him on the hill. Abdul Hamid was a small old man, with refined features, a prominent nose and a stooping carriage. He was dressed simply, and he wore no decorations. As he drove past, the troops cheered him in a strange, low key, unlike any other hurrah I have ever heard. It is etiquette that all eyes should be cast down as the mighty Sultan goes by. Behind Abdul Hamid the ladies of his harem drove in closed carriages; but they did not enter the mosque, women in Turkey having no souls. A Muezzin, aloft in a minaret, exhorted his Sovereign to remember before entering that there was One even greater than he. Five times in the twenty-four hours a Muezzin (or deacon) chants in a loud voice the Mohammedan creed: "Great One, I avow there is no God but God. I

avow that Mohammed is his prophet. Let us go, save our souls! Let us go and pray! God is great; in the name of God, the only God!" The Koran, written by Mohammed and given out two years after his death, is the foundation of Turkish law. Every good Mussulman believes that the Angel Gabriel delivered the Koran to Mohammed. His followers have been given by him five commandments: To pray five times a day, to give alms to the poor, to keep Ramazan, to pilgrimage to Mecca, and to be clean. He also adjured them to avoid pork and game. Animals are killed by having their throats cut, and the much-abused Turk neither drinks nor gambles, both being forbidden by his religion. Any man who likes may be a priest, and he can pursue other businesses in life as well, but before joining the priesthood he must be taught at a mosque. The pavilion where we sat at the Selamlik was filled with members of the diplomatic corps, officials and strangers. After the Sultan had finished his devotions and driven away, the crowds dispersed, his guards clattered down the hill, and the ceremony was over.

CHAPTER XVII

DISAPPOINTMENT AND THINGS TURKISH

“ Like ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore ! ”

OUR sight-seeing, however, was brought to an untimely end by my husband's sudden and serious illness. During its acute phases there seemed, indeed, little hope for his life. For weeks he lay struggling for existence against terrible odds, and I led a life of frightful anxiety, strenuous nursing and stoical endurance. Double pneumonia, delirium and occasional collapses were the portion of my husband. Constant, unremitting nursing and agonizing foreboding were my share. I could not have stood the strain had not a merciful Providence sent one of our Niger Coast Protectorate men, kind Mr. Roupell, to help me. No nurses were to be had then, either at Therapia or Constantinople, until, after many days, a *sœur de charité* arrived, a well-intentioned, utterly ignorant woman, whose sole idea was to shut all windows and exclude ventilation.

Meanwhile H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was kindness and sympathy itself. He telegraphed to inquire after my husband, and asked that daily

bulletins should be sent to him. Also, our Ambassador was informed of my plight, and I can never be grateful enough for all the kindness that he and his dear wife showed me. At that time Sir Nicholas O'Connor was Ambassador at Constantinople. He was a man of sunniest temperament and delightful Irish humour—always gay and in good spirits, truly a charming personality. Lady O'Connor, being a very happy wife herself, could feel for one undergoing such anguish as I. Moreover, she was able to give voice to her sympathy, and it was soothing and comforting to my sorrow-stricken heart. Sir Maurice de Bunsen was then First Secretary and he, too, showed us both much kindness. We heard reports every now and again of the gay doings in Constantinople during the Royal Germans' visit. Comments reached us of the Sultan's liberality and lavishness, reflections which placed in uncomplimentary antithesis the Kaiser's frugality, but of participation in the fun and junketings there was none for us. We saw the radiant vision of the Holy Land fade slowly before our eyes. I was obliged to telegraph to the Prince of Wales that there was no possibility of my husband being well enough to join the other members of the Mission in Jerusalem, and Mr. Leveson-Gower, a Knight of Justice and First Secretary at Athens, was sent in his stead. With a heavy heart I made a package of the documents relating to the expedition, and delivered them over to Sir Maurice (then Mr. de Bunsen), who forwarded them to Greece.

It may be interesting to give here the letter of introduction which His late Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales, wrote to the German Emperor :

“ Marlborough House,
 “ Pall Mall, London, S.W.
 “ August, 1898.

“ SIR,

“ The occasion of Your Majesty’s visit to the Holy Land suggests to me the possibility of your visiting the British Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem, which was founded and is chiefly supported by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

“ Of this Order Your Majesty is probably aware that Her Majesty the Queen is the Sovereign Head and Patron, and I myself am the Grand Prior.

“ The Hospital at Jerusalem, established for the treatment of cases of ophthalmia, is open to all nationalities, regardless of creed. As I am desirous that in the event of your visiting it Your Majesty should be properly received, I have deputed the following members of the Order to proceed to Jerusalem for that purpose, viz. :—

“ *Knights of Justice*—The Right Honourable Viscount Templetown (late Almoner of the Order),
 Colonel Charles Wyndham Murray, M.P. (one of Her Majesty’s Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms),
 Captain Sir Alfred Jephson, R.N. (Secretary-General of the Order).

“ *Knight of Grace*—Mr. John M. Cook.
 and in accordance with their instructions they will place themselves at the disposal of Your Majesty.

“ I am,

“ Sir,

“ Your Majesty’s good Uncle and Cousin,

“ ALBERT EDWARD,

“ etc., etc.

“ To

“ His Imperial Majesty,

“ The German Emperor,

“ etc., etc., etc.”

I have learnt since that this courtesy of the late King was ill rewarded by his Imperial nephew. It "was not in the bond," of course, that he should go out of his way to show attention to the St. John of Jerusalem Embassy; but at least he need not have ignored them, which he practically did. At that time the Emperor was bent on schemes of German aggrandizement in connection with Asia Minor, and no doubt he was ill disposed that Englishmen should take cognizance of them.

My friend Sir Wyndham Murray has described to me much of what happened in the Holy Land. The Kaiser landed from his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, at Jaffa, and rode to Jerusalem, entering the city in prodigious state and with all that regard to dramatic effect and theatrical display so dear to his soul. He and his suite wore khaki, over which they had white mantles of the Crusader type, reaching from the backs of their helmets to the tails of their horses and ornamented with huge red crosses. The splendid camp where the Germans lived (and the mantles) were provided for the Emperor by Mr. Thomas Cook—surely a huge compliment to English organization and capability! Although the month was November, the heat in Palestine was overpowering, and the Empress suffered acutely from it. She had been obliged to ride with the Emperor for many a weary mile in the hot sun, and she felt herself unable to go further, therefore the trip, which was intended to include Jericho and other places, was cut short, and the Imperial couple did not go beyond Jerusalem.

As the Jaffa Gate can only be used by the Sultan, the Turks cut a hole in the wall beside it for the Kaiser's carriage to pass through. It reminds one oddly of Sir Isaac Newton and the cat and kitten story !

Jerusalem habitually is infested with beggars. They line the walls and sit in rows on the steps, exhibiting the ghastly sores on their limbs and sightless eyes in order to excite sympathy and baksheesh. To hide this sordid aspect of the city, and to delude the Kaiser into imagining Jerusalem to be flourishing and prosperous, the Jewish Governor hit upon an ingenious expedient. He invited all the beggars of Jerusalem to a great feast and, having thus collected them, he locked up the whole assemblage until the Emperor had left the city. A truly Machiavellian stroke that !

The German Consul, a violent Anglophobe, had the management of the ceremonial observed during the Imperial visit. This amiable gentleman resented the presence of English people, and did his best to affront them. Although the ostensible object of the Kaiser's visit was the inauguration of the Church of the Redeemer, the real aim was the glorification of Germany and the obtaining of trade and railway concessions, everything, in fact, that the astute German could squeeze out of the complaisant Turk. When the church (lately built in the decadent and florid German style) was opened there was much blare of Teutonic trumpets and beating of drums. The British Consul insisted on tickets for the English Mission, so that they

might attend the function, but not a single German there spoke to or took the smallest notice of the English branch of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Wyndham Murray, in the splendid uniform of the Royal Bodyguard, as he rode to and from the ceremony, was mistaken for the Kaiser by the troops and people. He told me lately that he does not now regard this error as a distinction on which to be congratulated.

The Emperor visited in state all the principal sights—the Holy Sepulchre, the site of the Temple, and, with vainglorious presumption, he actually preached a sermon on the Mount of Olives! Many members of the “Johanniter” (or German Order of St. John) were present in gorgeous array on this edifying occasion, but the English Mission did not take part, not having been invited. The Kaiser never visited St. John’s Ophthalmic Hospital. It was said by way of excuse that he was sensitive to infection, and that his doctors did not approve of his going to hospitals. After realizing the persistent manner in which Germans ignored them, the English Mission with considerable dignity, abstained from all endeavours to assert themselves. The only member of the Mission to be decorated by the Emperor was the Knight of Grace, Mr. Thomas Cook, but before the Kaiser left Jerusalem he gave a belated audience to the Embassy.

After many weeks of most serious illness my husband recovered sufficiently to be moved to Constantinople. It was by this time late autumn,

and Therapia was deserted by its summer visitors. The winds of the Bosphorus, of whose fury Virgil writes, howled round our hotel, as if Æolus, Boreas, Argestes and Zephyrus had been let loose simultaneously. We shared our great hotel with one waiter and a cook. Rats ran unabashed over the floors, and when the day came for the doctor to give us leave to go we quitted Therapia as joyfully as we had gone to it.

In Constantinople we stayed at the Pera Palace Hotel, a hostel I remember chiefly for its superb coffee and atrociously tough meat. I daresay it had other claims to distinction, but those I cannot recall. The servants were all Armenians, cowed, sad, spiritless-looking people.

One of my first sight-seeing expeditions was to the Grand Bazaar near St. Sophia. I had, as a child intensely admired pictures of this bazaar. Next to St. Sophia it had been most persistently in the day-dreams of my infancy. I had dreamt of a fairylike scene of brilliant colour, extraordinary picturesqueness and beauty. I found instead a garish, crudely coloured picture, a vast collection of rubbish, a great confusion of tongues, and pestilential vendors of ugly things whose importunities it seemed impossible to elude. The Bazaar is, in fact, a covered-in street, lined with small shops, and crossed by another street and branches of streets, over which is a roof supported by pillars. We saw many Turkish ladies in *yashmaks*, some of which were made of black silk, like a little curtain over their faces. All wore shapeless cloaks called

ferejehs. I did not feel in the least inclined to buy any of the Turkish things I saw, except, indeed, the carpets, and many of these were quite modern and worthless.

The dogs of Constantinople were a perpetual nightmare to me. They lay in dusty holes in the street, a mangy, ill-fed, miserable collection of pariahs. Each street in Pera had its own particular assortment of horrors, hairless, hideous brutes. If a dog from another street intruded, all those in the street invaded rose in protest, and the noise was incredible. Lately these poor creatures have been carted off to an island and left to perish there in the most inhuman and ignoble fashion. Constantinople, however, must be pleasanter and infinitely more sanitary without them.

There were many strange things to be found in Constantinople, outside of dogs. The watchman (or "Bekje"), going his rounds at night and knocking the hours with his stick on the stone pavements; Mohammedans washing their hands and feet publicly in the marble troughs to be found outside mosques; the Bridge of Galata, with its cosmopolitan stream of people and babel of tongues; the Muezzin, calling from his minaret in droning tones upon the faithful for prayer; men with bowed heads praying on their carpets, with faces turned towards Mecca. It was all so Eastern and novel, so entirely expected, and yet so surprising!

Of sights, too, worthy of being chronicled in the dreary pages of Baedeker (with wearisome accuracy

of statistics and much emphasis on trivial details) there were many.

In Stamboul we visited St. Sophia, marvelling at its beauty, and sorrowing that the Crescent should have taken possession of that which once bore the sacred emblem of the Cross. We went to this famous mosque through ill-paved streets, past picturesque shops and closely latticed, dingy houses, by gorgeous fountains richly gilt, and past the Sublime Porte up a narrow street, and then we discovered a huge dome, around which clustered ugly and shapeless buildings washed yellow, and this was St. Sophia! A mosque is the centre of Turkish life. Round it are baths and schools, *türbehs* and kitchens for the poor.

We made the mistake of entering St. Sophia by the back and ascending to the galleries, instead of going through the courtyard and approaching it by the narthex, which would have given us on entrance a much more striking *coup d'œil*. None the less we emerged into a singularly beautiful world of architecture, and one which seemed to me vaguely familiar. It dawned upon us presently that St. Mark's at Venice was St. Sophia's cousin german. It was not until we retreated downstairs and entered the mosque by its front portal that the grand effect of this wonderful temple penetrated us properly. Infidel hands have erased all Christian symbols in St. Sophia. Coarse yellow wash has been sacrilegiously swished over the gorgeous mosaics Justinian placed in dome and apse, but inartistic infidel hands have been unable

to destroy what Christian devotion created. As we entered a shaft of golden light streamed through the windows, illuminating the galleries with their slender columns of *verde antico* and defining the rounded arches. Most of the pillars have been robbed from pagan temples. The porphyry columns came from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek; the *verde antico* pillars from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. No Christian church ever equalled the magnificence of this one, originally built by Constantine and dedicated in 360, and afterwards rebuilt by Justinian. The altar (no more to be seen) was a mass of silver and gold, set with precious stones. The bronze gates which remain are of Greek workmanship. Throughout St. Sophia there seemed to me a note of tragedy. Is not the Christian Cross erased from its place, the *opus Alexandrinum* pavement covered over with dingy matting and praying carpets all askew, giving the effect of a crooked nave, because all Mohammedans, being obliged by their religion to pray with their faces turned towards Mecca, and the Holy City lying south-east from St. Sophia, prevented the Turks from placing the Mihrab where the Christian altar stood. The preacher in St. Sophia always mounts the pulpit sword in hand, to show that the mosque was obtained by conquest. Tragic, indeed, to reflect that where the Crusaders knelt in pious thanksgiving, where the Byzantine Emperors were christened, crowned and married, the infidel now lords it!

Before we left St. Sophia many Turks arrived

to pray. The prayers were chanted in a low monotone and the Koran was read. The Mussulman's reverent behaviour and utter absorption in his devotional attitude was obvious and admirable. We kicked off our shabby straw slippers outside the mosque in the narthex or vestibule. In the courtyard stands a fountain, and round it we found sellers of beads, swarthy, dirty beggars and loiterers. We drove back through squalor and picturesqueness. The Turkish houses, built of wood, and jutting out like boxes piled irregularly one on the other, were monotonous in colour and form. Near our hotel we passed a dismal Turkish cemetery, all sandy soil, not a blade of grass to cover the baldness, and tombstones tumbling about at every angle.

Another day we went to see the Hippodrome in Stamboul, a long, dusty place, once the scene of Roman games, chariot races and gladiatorial combats. Constantine adorned it with beautiful sculpture and bronzes. Byzantium must assuredly have been art-loving and eclectic. The bronze horses of Lysippus (so familiar to all visitors to Venice) came from this dreary-looking place. Only three monuments of antiquity remain in the Hippodrome now: the obelisk of Theodosius the Great, the Serpent Column (three bright green bronze serpents intertwined, reminding me somewhat of the dragon spire at Copenhagen), and an obelisk of rough masonry which was once covered with bronze. All these remains are deeply sunk below the level of modern Constantinople. British

soldiers in Crimean days excavated to the ancient level. Iron railings surround the pit in which the bases stand, and a gruesome mass of decayed leaves, vegetables, dirt and dust engulfs them. How are the mighty fallen! The resort of Emperors and their Courts is now given over to beggars, fiacres, sellers of rahat-lakoum and tourists.

Our visit to the *türbeh* (or tomb) of Mahmoud II. was sufficiently interesting to be recorded. It stands at the corner of two roads, and is an octagon of whitest marble with windows of gilded iron grilles. Before entering we had to slip our feet into abysmal slippers, and then, through a commonplace passage, we were led to a domed hall which was richly carpeted. The ceiling of this hall was painted in imitation of marble, in the meretricious and entirely odious style to be seen at the museum. The catafalques are wooden boxes covered with black velvet richly embroidered with silver. Cashmere shawls are folded at the heads of the coffins, and by the sides of each are richly chased silver Koran stands and massive silver candlesticks. Mahmoud's catafalque has his fez lying on it, and the fez displays a magnificent diamond ornament—entirely inappropriate and wasted, I thought, where it lay. Mahmoud was known as the "Reformer," because he got rid of the infamous Janissaries and (with doubtful taste) introduced European frock coats and trousers. The coffin of Mahmoud's son—Abdul Aziz—lies by his father's. Overhead, in this curious mausoleum, hangs a

great crystal chandelier, a present from Queen Victoria to the Sultan Abdul Aziz. Two fine French clocks stood in niches on either side of the door of entrance, and our cicerone told us that they had been the gift of Napoleon III. What a medley it all was, and how preposterous the taste!

We stopped on our way back from the *türbeh* to buy rahat-lakoum. The shop where we found it was a small, cell-like place in which one man persistently raked boiling syrup, and another cut the cold sweet into strips and then into squares, and rolled it in powdered sugar as fine as flour. Everyone who entered the shop was offered a lump of Turkish delight, and people carried it away in round wooden boxes. The lower classes in Turkey live in rooms as our poor do, and not in entire houses. When hungry they go into the market-places and buy their food freshly cooked and hot, take it to a café, and there eat it! Kabob shops are often seen, where meat (strung on sticks and grilled) is much appreciated by the Turks. Museums are pretty much the same all the world over, therefore I will not bore my reader by a category of the contents of the one we visited inside the Seraglio grounds. The museum, which is a new building, faces the Chinili Kiosk. Where so much is poor and worthless in architecture, it is, indeed, a joy to find anything so good as this Kiosk. Outside it is a white building, with a sort of deep loggia formed by marble pillars and arches. Round the doorway remain tiles of an

exquisite deep blue colour. Many have, alas! been removed, since the Chinili Kiosk is ancient, and dates back to the times of Sultan Muhammed, 1466. The chief treasures of the new museum are the twenty-one sarcophagi discovered at Saida in 1888 and called the "Sidon marbles." Of these, by far the loveliest I have ever seen is that of Alexander the Great (so called), although Professor Max Müller places before it in artistic merit the Lycian Sarcophagus. In the Chinili Kiosk there are bronzes and marbles, Roman and Greek. Our dragoman, in the manner of guides, pointed out as best worth observing the ruby eyes in the statue of Jupiter! All about the museums lie ill-kept, melancholy-looking gardens, with headless statuary, blocks of marble, abounding weeds and gloomy-looking cypresses. Squalor, neglect and desolation were universal. We turned with relief to the views looking to Galata and Pera and the ever blue waters of the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER XVIII

AN ENGLISH CEMETERY IN ASIATIC TURKEY

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country’s wishes blessed ! ”

WILLIAM COLLINS, “ Ode in 1746.”

A DAY IN ASIATIC TURKEY

OUR green pastoral country gains in beauty by the tender mists which a damp climate spreads over monotonous colour and emphatic outlines ; but the garish hues of the Bosphorus shores seem right and fitting under their brilliant sun. Here are waters blue as sapphires, houses yellow as topazes, cypresses black as jet, and a sky like deepest-hued turquoises. Stamboul, as we left it one day in September to cross the Bosphorus to Skutari, lay basking under no niggard sun, and its domes and minarets seemed golden and jewelled and fairy-like. To our left lay the deep blue Bosphorus, and before us the Asiatic coast.

We crossed in a *kaïk*, most poetic of ferries, and our *kaïkjis* were unsurpassable for picturesqueness as Charons. They wore red *fezes*, white shoes, and stockings, and the intervening spaces of

their persons were covered by cream vests and bloomers, by full white sleeves and embroidered sleeveless jackets. Skutari used to be the meeting-ground of all the caravans arriving from different parts of Asia ; now it is the terminus of a commonplace, unpicturesque railway, which starts from Angora. At the landing-stage we found many carriages for hire. Primitive enough were some of them, with their black awnings stretched over four upright poles. Jehus in every variety of dirt and rags surrounded us, clamouring for employment, and at last, after futile attempts at bargaining, we started for the English cemetery.

The street we drove up was roughly paved, and lined on either side with small shops. In one (a little, low, dark and dirty place) a man perpetually raking liquid rahat-lakoum reminded one of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the man with the muck rake. Hard by was a kabob shop, in which we saw meat strung up on sticks and ready grilled for sale. One grey-looking vault was illuminated by shining copper pans, in reality moulds for pressing out misshapen fezzes. Part of the street was covered with trellis work, over which climbed a grape vine. We passed a cigarette shop, in which the trader was a priest, as we could tell by his white turban.

But to the coming and going of foreigners the people of Skutari are well accustomed, and our inquisitiveness about them and their ways was more obtrusive than theirs about us. A man, black as Erebus, and dressed in red and white

striped calico, passed us by without deigning to send a glance in our direction. Then followed a Hadji, or holy man, one who has been to Mecca, and wears the coveted green turban. Next, Turkish ladies in *yashmaks* and *ferejehs*, sellers of cakes and roast chestnuts and rahat-lakoum. What an "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" it all was, to be sure.

At the top of the street stood private houses, wooden, irregular and picturesque, with their carved blinds and projecting windows. There is little variety in Turkish domestic architecture, and the more slovenly and haphazard the buildings are the more effective they look. Tributary streets poured their traffic into ours, not with the noise and speed of European ways, but with a finer dignity and a greater wealth of colour. We crossed an open triangular bit of ground, faintly suggestive of a village green, and found ourselves on the high road which leads to Haidar Pasha. Here, before long, we came to the great Turkish cemetery, a sorry spectacle of neglected graves, tombstones tumbling about in every direction, and gloomy cypresses. Neither grass nor flowers make beautiful the last resting-place of these dead. Slabs awry showed yawning holes below, and even coffins. Gravestones at all angles seemed as if an earthquake had disturbed them. Neglect, gloom, and even horror pervaded the place; yet some children played merrily among the tombs.

Good Mohammedans prefer to be buried in Asiatic rather than in European Turkey, since

they are nearer Mecca, and they are laid to rest with their faces turned towards the Holy City. Men's tombstones are distinguished by the turban which surmounts them. A Turkish woman's only record of achievement lies in the number of bunches of grapes carved on her headstone, and answering to the number of children she has borne. No wall or fence enclosed this repellent spot, and we left it with a feeling of deep depression.

No more striking antithesis in this valley of gloom could be found than that of the Christian cemetery a little further on. Here, with English oaks and elms to shade their graves and emerald turf to cover them, lie our dead heroes of the Crimea. Beds as gay with flowers as the sward in Botticelli's "Primavera," tidy gravel walks and well-kept grass bear testimony to the loving labours of the old Crimean veteran who used to live at the gates and tend his comrades' graves. And how short were the lives of many of these! Several were killed at nineteen, some even younger! Behind the cemetery stands a yellow-washed barrack, once the famous hospital where Florence Nightingale and her staff of nurses worked so bravely.

Leaving our gallant dead to be watched over by the kindly sun and wind and rain, we drove back to Skutari. As we neared the melancholy Turkish cemetery a glorious red glow of sunset threw the indigo cypresses into strong relief against the flaming sky, and showed us Mount Bugurlü outlined in clearest cobalt. It was a wonderful and unforgettable picture.

CHAPTER XIX

A TURKISH WEDDING

“Then gently scan your brother man
Still gentler sister woman.”

BURNS, “Address to the Unco Guid.”

THE wedding I saw was that between the son of a Sheik and the daughter of a Pacha, who was one of the Sultan's *aides-de-camp*. The bridegroom's father, being very much married, had no fewer than thirty sons. The bride's father, to outward seeming, found one wife enough for his comfort, and although he was well off also in the matter of sons, he was but badly endowed as regards daughters. To this, his only girl, he was entirely devoted, and so loath to part with her that he made his consent to the marriage conditional on her remaining under his roof.

At ten o'clock one morning my interpreter and I left our hotel at Pera, and drove to the quarter of Constantinople known as Kabatash. On our way thither we fell in with a train of broughams, each holding three men, and all bound for the wedding. Our coachman drew up at a big door in a high, yellow-washed wall, and we entered an

archway which led into a charming garden. To the right we saw a steep staircase, and up it filed the thirty brothers and other male guests, all monotonously garbed in frock coats and red fezzes, or else wearing uniforms covered with orders. To the left of the arch was the kitchen, and as we went by a procession of negroes came out of it carrying trays of sweetmeats and dishes covered with pretty china covers. The harem stood at the end of a long, narrow garden, and overlooked the Bosphorus. High, dreary, yellow-washed walls shut us in on all sides, and implied a convent-like seclusion—"trivial restraints from a trivial freedom." The dreariness was somewhat lessened by much beauty of colour in a display of chrysanthemums, geraniums, magnolias and jessamine. The pathways were paved with small black and white pebbles, arranged in conventional patterns, and a crooked fountain poured out its waters into a moss-grown basin. On one side of the house, which was large and square, ran a not unpicturesque, yellow-washed loggia, overgrown with honeysuckle, and on the steps sat a cat tranquilly sunning herself and licking her paws.

We entered an airy hall, and visions of "mother-of-pearl and olive-wood" vanished before the reality of indifferently frescoed walls and imitation marble pillars. The staircase was divided by the door of the entrance, and formed two flights of steps which met on the landing, and continued their way as one extremely wide staircase. Pillars and banisters were wreathed alike with grape-leaves and

flowers. About the doors stood eunuchs, who received us, and seemed to act the part of hosts. Both hall and staircase were crowded with women in *yashmaks* and *ferejehs*, who had just arrived, and had not yet been able to lay aside these disguises.

In the drawing-room above, one's dreams of the graceful, beautiful Turkish dress, as worn by Fatima, met with a rude shock. Instead of "caftans of gold brocade" and "gauze shifts," "waistcoats of green and silver" and "white satin slippers," "ermine furs," and "donalmas" of cloth, I saw endless varieties of commonplace Parisian dresses and diamonds whose unimaginative, conventional settings were worthy of a Bond Street jeweller. The Turkish woman's waist leaves much to desire as regards the quality of slimness; therefore, the result of French gowns worn over figures guiltless of stays, and bolster-like in construction, was curious enough.

The Pacha's wife, a thin, refined-looking woman, with a somewhat Semitic cast of features, met us at the drawing-room door, and greeted us most kindly. As she spoke no language but Turkish, I was glad to enlist the good offices of my interpreter. Our hostess had natural, pleasing, graceful manners, and the way she looked after the comfort and amusement of her guests was above all praise. She wore a beautiful gown of pale blue-and-gold brocade, trimmed with chiffon, and although it was early in the morning her bodice, like those of all the ladies present, was cut low. On her head

she wore a turban of white gauze, made rather like a mob-cap, and across her chest trailed a white watered silk sash, a mark of favour in high quarters, since it represented the Chefakat, or Woman's Order of Virtue, created by the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid. Over her arm she carried the train of her gown neatly folded, and as all the women present did the same, the general effect was that of a Drawing-Room. Of diamonds there was no lack; necklaces, tiaras, aigrettes, sprays, stars and earrings sparkled on all sides. As a rule the elderly ladies wore turbans of gauze or tulle.

The background to all this magnificence was eminently commonplace. I saw a large room whose walls were of a dull slate colour, and in which the furniture was little else than sofas and chairs, upholstered in peacock-blue plush and gold brocade. No exquisite soft tints of Persian rug beautified the floor, but instead lay a thick carpet of crude, harsh crimson. Bad oil paintings in common gilt frames hung high on the walls, and in the middle of the room stood a gilt jardinière filled with plants. Flimsy gilt chairs were placed as if rather to be looked at than sat upon, and the windows were festooned with heavy draperies of plush. No books or newspapers, or evidence of writing materials, or sign of mental life could I discover. The house was utterly expressionless, and lacked individuality as much as any showroom in an upholsterer's shop.

So far, the religious ceremony, whatever that may have been, had in no wise included the bride.

Mohammed thought slightly of woman, and everlastingly preached the doctrine of her inferiority. Devout Mohammedans, indeed, look upon her as soulless, and thus the Moslem woman is seldom to be seen in a mosque. The bridegroom and bride had not yet met, although they stood by this time in the closest of human relationships to each other. Presently, however, there was a stir and excitement in the harem. Several ladies, forgetting their fine clothes, stood on chairs, and peered over the heads of the crowd. Some jumped up on the sofas which stood against the wall, and held on to each other with little shrieks of counterfeited terror at the dangers they were braving. Consumed with curiosity, I begged my interpreter to tell me what wonderful sight I was about to see. She was almost solemn in the awe-stricken manner of her announcement: "A man!"—a man in the harem!—"the bridegroom cometh!"

Alas for the poor little neglected bride! The only part of the ceremony in which she shared was this. No wonder there was such a cackling, and preening of feathers, and curiosity. At the door the bride, closely veiled, met her husband, and together they walked through the throng of women to a room beyond. There her husband lifted the veil and saw for the first time the face of his wife. The bridegroom was led into the harem by eunuchs who, with rude jests and much laughter, literally dragged the poor wretch through the crowd of women, going in with the young couple to the ceremony of unveiling, and shutting the door in

the face of the rest of the company. The bridegroom, during his passage through the room, fixed his eyes resolutely on the carpet, since he must not look on the face of woman other than his wife. His expression was anything but jocund; indeed, he appeared pale and nervous, although protected by a sufficiently strong body-guard of eunuchs. The act of unveiling over, the bridegroom quickly returned to join the Pacha's party. Should the lady not please, her husband, by Turkish law, is at liberty to divorce her on the morrow. He is, however, bound to make her reparation to the extent that his means will allow, and the exact amount is settled by the Imaum, or priest of the quarter in which he lives. Although a man may not see his future wife before marriage, he usually deposes one of his elderly female relations to take stock of her good points and report to him. If the old lady be no judge of beauty, or a bad judge, or, worse still, untruthful, the result is often sad enough for both sides.

We now were carried along with the stream to pay our respects to the bride, whom we found seated on a throne hung with royal blue satin. Although only sixteen, she looked quite twenty, being tall and well-developed, with a beautiful figure and the air of a woman rather than that of a girl. Her face was oval, with strongly marked, level eyebrows, her features were well cut, the eyes large and dark, and her skin clear and pale. She wore masses of raven black hair dressed in the modish manner of Western Europe, and resting

on it was a gorgeous diamond crown. Behind each ear long ropes of golden gauze were fastened, much in the fashion of Marguerite's plaits, and a tulle veil fell back over her train. The bridal gown was a marvel of skilful needlework, being embroidered all over in gold thread. The young bride, looking much weighed down by all this magnificence, sat utterly apathetic and almost motionless, and on either hand a young girl stood, from time to time exchanging words with her. I was duly presented, and offered my congratulations; but she looked painfully shy, and only curtsied gracefully in response. One of her supporters was a good-looking Armenian girl, who told me that she was a great friend of the bride's, and spoke in the warmest praise of her amiability and goodness. I was bold enough to inquire if the newly acquired husband had pleased her, whereupon the Armenian answered that for a Turkish lady to express an opinion on such a subject would be (as Mr. Collins would have described it) "inconsistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

From the bride's reception we passed to her bedroom, which I found better worth seeing than the drawing-rooms. The bed (newly hung with pale blue satin, richly embroidered in gold thread) was of dark wood, beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and the wardrobes, tables and a small washstand were of the same artistic workmanship. The floor was spread with wedding presents, among them being silver repoussé trays with silver coffee-cups, a silver ewer and basin, silver bowls,

and a gold coffee service. On a table near the bed lay a curious exhibition, nothing more nor less than the bride's best nightgown, a dainty, unserviceable-looking garment of pink silk and lace. By it lay a pale blue satin sachet of Brobdingnagian proportions, which held the bridegroom's shirts, and a smaller sachet full of laces and handkerchiefs for the bride. Then came a dressing-case of wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and lined with red satin, filled with ivory-backed brushes, silver-topped bottles, implements for the nails and (although intended for the bride) a razor! The dress to be worn on the following day by the young wife (an evening gown of pale pink and white satin) was also on view. Everyone now, except the bride and her maidens, went downstairs to the breakfast, which was laid in a dining-room, on long tables ornamented with baskets of fruit and flowers.

The meal began with soup, which was cold and tasteless; then followed tinned sardines, a Bosphorus fish, not unlike our mackerel, stewed in spices; a ragout cooked in tomato sauce, and beans stewed—a horrible mess. After this a cream made with ground rice; then an excellent jelly, in whose composition I tasted apples; pilaf of rice, which was greasy and tasted of gravy, and had a sort of mosaic through it of little black beans; and rice sweetened and coloured with saffron. No wine was to be seen anywhere, the Mohammedan religion forbidding its use. Everyone ate melon and drank water. My neighbour at table was a

fat, handsome woman, with dyed hair, and eyelids accentuated by kohl. She was most friendly and not a little inquisitive; was anxious to know how many wives my husband had, and when she learnt their limited number, remarked that she supposed that he could not afford more! She asked how many children I had, and was full of deep pity for my shortcomings in that respect. She tried my patience sorely by insisting on piling my plate from every dish—all meant, however, in the kindest way.

As a rule the Turkish women are handsome in a purely animal fashion. Their lines are fine, and the modelling of their faces is good, eyes and hair are beyond reproach, and they have beautiful skins, which, even in mature years, show few wrinkles.

But the faces of those I saw at Kabatash were dull, apathetic and unintelligent to a painful degree. No sparkle of humour, or play of thought, or glimpse of soul could be traced on their stolid, impassive countenances. One would have been thankful almost for the lines which sorrows, or cares, or joys bring. Nothing was written in their faces of the past, nothing suggested for the future; they were, with a few exceptions, absolute blanks. The women gossiped a little, never laughed, smiled occasionally, and suckled their infants a great deal. All were beautifully gowned, that is to say hung, in rich brocades, the fit of the dress counting for little. I thought they looked miserable, and did not wonder at it when I remembered

that they shared their husbands' affections with two or three rival wives. Polygamy is, however, decreasing in Turkey—not on the score of morality, but of economy.

The majority of Turkish women walk badly, and are excessively stout. It was quite amusing to see the lively interest they took in me. One pinched my cheeks in the gentlest manner, another (most unnecessarily) demanded to know my age; several wished to learn how I liked Constantinople; and all asked the number of my children.

The bridegroom's mother was a massive-looking woman, of comely countenance. A rival wife stood near her, and these two ladies, hating each other cordially, politely turned their backs on each other. The plain wife, I learnt, was the favourite, and much preferred by the Sheik to the handsome one, who, it seemed, was dull and sulky. As we left the dining-room, a slave bearing a little silver pot with a long spout sprinkled us with rose-water, and after this coffee and cigarettes and rahat-lakoum were handed round. During the wedding breakfast a band of musicians played behind a screen, and sang, or rather chanted, in a dreary monotone. As far as I could see there is no such thing as Turkish music, no complete scale, and absolutely no range. The Turkish idea of music is a strange sing-song, repeated over and over again.

I left the harem carrying with me grateful recollections of the kindness and courtesy of Turkish women, and all the more full of pity for their limited lives.

CHAPTER XX

FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO ATHENS

“ Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !
Immortal though no more ; though fallen, great ! ”

“ CHILDE HAROLD ”

WE sailed from Constantinople on a late October day, a little after 3 p.m., for the Piræus, and well I remember the peculiarly golden, luminous haze which seemed to shroud the city and make it more than ever mysteriously beautiful. From the steamer we looked towards the bold Tower of Galata, a relic of Byzantine rule. On the right lay the Bosphorus, on the left the Golden Horn. When we turned, Stamboul faced us with its domes and minarets. Seraglio Point, dark with cypresses, brought to our minds many tragic memories. As we steamed out, the Palace lay on our right, its old walls steeped in traditions of cruelty and crime. To the left was the peaceful English cemetery, where our soldiers of the Crimea lie in the most exquisitely beautiful “ God’s acre ” it has ever been my lot to see. An obelisk erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of her gallant soldiers is a landmark from afar ; and near the cemetery is the hospital. Not distant lies the little

town of Skutari. Behind us was the harbour, an animated scene of shipping—steamers puffing here and there, gay kaïks, sailing-boats, rowing-boats, and huge buoys painted red.

Being delayed by fog in the Sea of Marmora, we woke to find ourselves no farther than in the Dardanelles. Looking out from my port I saw a golden line of steep bank, and presently a fortified town, which proved to be Khilidi-bahar (the Lock of the Sea), one of the two famous castles of the Dardanelles. The other is Chanak-Kalesi, and these fortresses stand at the narrowest part of the channel between the Sea of Marmora and the Ægean Sea. Khilidi-bahar is on the European side, and perched on the slope of a high hill. The coast looked rocky and bare of vegetation, here and there were villages. These castles are supposed to stand on the sites of Sestos and Abydos, and near Khilidi-bahar Leander swam to visit Hero and Alexander the Great crossed into Asia. The forts were even in 1898 armed with Krupp guns. We marvelled at Teutonic enterprise and railed at our own lack of foresight. Germans have laid the railway line from Skutari to Angora, and there is no possible reason why we should not have done it.

We passed during that wonderful day the site of ancient Troy, and were thrilled thinking of the Iliad and the Odyssey, of Helen and Paris, of Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax and Diomedes. All seemed classic ground, and forgotten pages of ancient history and mythology unrolled themselves before our eyes—the fulfilment of our fondest dreams.

Then we lost sight of land until we sighted Skyros in the soft pink glow of evening.

The noise of dragging cables and feet overhead, of words of command and shouts, awoke us about 4 the following morning, to find that the ship was moored to the Custom House of the Piræus, and that the shores of Greece lay before us. Not much time was lost in packing up and reaching deck. The first impression of Greek scenery was one of brilliancy of colour, somewhat hard outlines, withal subtle half-tones blending and uniting edges which otherwise might have been crude and dark. The harbour of the Piræus is almost landlocked. Hills, lit up by early morning light, seemed to shut us in, and the scenery was undeniably striking; the highest of the hills we saw were those of Salamis. The harbour was a lively scene of ironclads, merchant ships and small boats, with lateen sails of burnt sienna colour.

After passing the ordeal of the Custom House we soon found ourselves driving along a straight, dusty road, bordered by plane trees, to Athens. The distant blue hills were lovely, but the arid, burnt-up foreground, destitute of grass, the squalor of the houses we passed, the hideous brick kilns and factories were indeed disenchanting. Half-way on our journey we stopped to water our horses at a poor little cabaret. Framed pictures hung all over the front wall, and a few tables and chairs looked as if people occasionally stopped there to drink and smoke. Picturesqueness found expression in bullock carts, and donkeys trotted along

the road with panniers on either side filled with bunches of purple grapes. Then we encountered a Greek funeral, and a gruesome sight it was! The lower-class Greeks expose the uncoffined corpse on a stretcher and carry it thus through the streets to the grave. Small boys (wearing crosses embroidered on their garments at the back) bore black silk banners. We could not take in other details properly, the shock of meeting the rigid dead body was such that it stunned our faculties for the time.

The first sight of the Acropolis is one which marks an epoch in one's life. I had been apprehensive of disappointment such as I felt later at seeing the flimsy meretriciousness of the Alhambra. But here there was no room for anything but profound admiration and deep emotion. Greek architecture in its noblest expression crowned the high, bold rock. That the temples should be in ruins mattered little. The decay of so much antiquity was inevitable. Behind the Acropolis stretched blue hills, and in the middle distance was Mount Lykabettos, with its church standing on the summit of a steep hill.

The immediate approach to Athens is not its strong point. We drove through a suburb of wretched, dirty streets, and came out of squalor into a bright, clean, wide boulevard leading to a square and modern things, such as comfortable hotels and a commonplace palace. We noticed in our drive faded wreaths attached to the balconies of several private houses, and wondered much until we were told that the Greeks gather

flowers on the 1st of May and work them into wreaths for luck, and these hang, faded and withered, until the following year, when fresh flowers take their place.

Our rooms in the hotel overlooked a pleasant square, planted with pepper trees, oleanders, orange trees and cypresses. Gigantic vases and marble statuary ornamented at intervals the "Place," and at the top of the square stood the Royal palace. Rows of shoe-blacks faced the hotel doors, and their boxes were painted black and covered with repoussé brass. Never before or since have I seen anything so ornate as the boxes of the Greek shoe-blacks.

Modern Athens is bright and clean and cheerful. It was laid out in the thirties by Bavarian architects, when Athens became the seat of Government. The streets are wide and are planted with the graceful pepper tree, pavements are broad and private houses seem comfortable and certainly look well-built. One street we saw contains several handsome buildings, very properly classic in architecture. The Academy is built of white marble and has statues of Athene and Apollo before it. The house in which Schliemann lived is surmounted by marble copies of famous statues. For those who are not Greek scholars Athens is puzzling enough, since the names of streets are written up only in Greek characters.

The record of daily sight-seeing is, as I have remarked before, dry-as-dust reading, and I spare my readers much weariness of flesh by omitting it.

We visited and deeply enjoyed the Parthenon, the Thesion, the temple of the Olympian Zeus, museums and churches. The Theatre of Dionysos, after the Parthenon, interested us most. It lies on the slope immediately below the Acropolis, and teems with ancient tradition. In this theatre the front row of marble seats was reserved for the priests of Dionysos or Bacchus. Behind rose tier after tier of marble seats, forming the auditorium. It fascinated me to people these rows in imagination with famous Greeks of bygone days, Demosthenes, Plato, Thucydides, Aristophanes and Isocrates. The ancient Greeks acted on the floor of the orchestra and without scenery—other than the proscenium, which made the background of their play. The altar to Bacchus stood originally in the middle of the orchestra, but it is now to be seen lower down amid a collection of broken bits. Very good bas-reliefs form a low parapet to the stage, and a huddled-up figure of Silenus bore such an extraordinary resemblance to the late Lord Salisbury that we could not but be amused. The famous plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Euripides were all acted in this open-air theatre. The ancients were certainly lovers of the beautiful, both in art and in nature. The Greek theatre at Syracuse is built so that it faces a glorious view and that in ancient Athens looks towards the islands of Ægina and Salamis, even to the mountains of Argolis beyond. To the left lies Mount Hymettus and in the foreground the Bay of Phaleron. Classic ground indeed, whichever

way one turned, and as we saw it first bathed in rosy evening light it was inexpressibly beautiful.

Our hotel was overrun with Germans ; middle-class, ugly, ill-mannered people. They read guide-books aloud at the top of their voices, clamoured incessantly for illustrated postcards and sent off dozens daily. At night they turned the dining-room into a positive *Bier-garten*, clinking glasses, shouting, arguing and making speeches. Their table manners were original, to say the least, but I had been much in Germany, and was accustomed to their ways. The preliminary of tucking napkins down their collars and over their protuberant figures always entertained us. With such grossness of habit and want of good breeding, I was, however, struck by their extreme intelligence and the thorough way in which they accomplished their sight-seeing. As for their outrageous manners, Goethe, a very different type of man to the latter-day German, said : “ Der Umgang mit Frauen ist das Element guter Sitten.” (“ The society of women is the school of good manners.”) The modern Hun cares little for attending such a school !

Our stay in Athens was made additionally pleasant by interesting social engagements. We dined with Sir Edwin and Lady Egerton at the British Legation and met there a distinguished German archæologist, Professor Dörpfeld, Schliemann’s successor. Lady Egerton was then doing a noble work in Greece by encouraging peasant industries at a time when there was great poverty among the people. These embroideries, which

were artistic and beautiful, she sent to London, where Liberty disposed of them. The Bishop of Gibraltar and Mrs. Sandford, who had been in Constantinople when we were, appeared at Athens during our sojourn there. Mrs. Sandford was a most charming woman and an exceedingly good artist. Wherever we went the Bishop and Mrs. Sandford were not far off, and whenever Sir Edwin Egerton and the Bishop met they had hot arguments over the Armenians, the Bishop eulogizing them and the Minister rather depreciating them. We lunched one day with the First Secretary, Mr. Arthur Leveson-Gower, and often went to his pleasant house, ideally English amid its foreign surroundings. Altogether Athens was satisfying and penetrating, and eminently unforgettable.

CHAPTER XXI

A GRECIAN JOURNEY

“ I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry ‘ ’Tis all barren.’ ”

“ SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.”

TO reach Patras from Athens by the Peloponnesian Railway one traverses an extraordinarily beautiful and classic country. At first the scenery promises little, barren rock and soil, guiltless of vegetation, not being reckoned valuable factors in the making of a beautiful landscape. From the base of the mountains upwards stretch arid slopes on which the silvery green of the olive comes as a glad relief to the insistent brown of the earth and rocks. Later on in the journey we see cypresses, hedges of prickly pear, occasionally stone pines, but rarely grass. The peaked hills of the Bay of Eleusis and its brilliantly blue waters are things to be remembered, and the lights and shades on the mountains are always wonderful, sometimes elusive, generally beautiful. In the distance lie Salamis and the hills of Ægina, blue and ethereal-looking, yet clear in their outline. Colouring in the marvellously clear atmosphere of Greece attains an intensity and a brilliance not often seen.

No muddy tint or negative tone is there ; outlines stand clear and bold and uncompromising against a sky which in depth of colour defies an ordinary palette to reproduce.

Travelling on, we come to wild and grand scenery of peaked and jagged hills ; but the grey-white of the foreground discounts the glory of the picture. Here and there we see delightful bits of colour in Greek women jogging stolidly to market on mules weighed down by garden produce. Beautiful indeed is their dress, cream-coloured, rough homespun, with reliefs of gay sash and bright-coloured scarf twisted round the shapely head. The peasant woman in Hellenic districts has her distinctive and beautiful jewellery as much as ever her sister of high degree. Silver chains and pendants and brooches adorn her breast and hang from her ears, and the workmanship of her ornaments is good and the designs often of merit.

Many are the novel sights one comes across in Greece, and all of them are picturesque. Sunlight filtering through the shade of the olive-woods reveals women and children gathering the fruit shaken down by their menfolk. Bullock carts rumble along the dusty roads, and donkeys unwillingly carry panniers laden with purple and yellow grapes. Herds of goats browse in the vineyards, and sheep and shepherds wander over the hills, and sometimes a drove of turkeys appears, escorted by a small boy.

Between Athens and Corinth the soil for the greater part is like white sand, and only at rare

intervals does one see a blade of grass, but the glory of hill and mountain is supreme. Megara, once famous for its magnificent buildings, is now poverty-stricken and wretched enough. Most of the houses have outdoor ovens, much like those to be seen in French Canada. Soon we exchanged the waters of the Mediterranean for those of the Gulf of Corinth, and here one is fortunate indeed if a happy fate spares us the ubiquitous schoolmaster,

“The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.”

We were not lucky enough to escape him. “Nowhere in Greece,” he told us, “exist such early examples of Doric architecture.” And then, à propos of Corinth, he trailed off into dreary allusions to Strabo and the poet Persius—and who cares for either? Do not the sight of Parnassus and the Mountains of Argolis, the glimpse of Ægina and Salamis, the neighbourhood of Mount Hymettus and Pentelicus mean more to us than streams of dull and dreary facts?

From Corinth onwards is a panorama of beauty. Violet hills there are, and blue waters, cypresses, olive trees, ruins, peasants, all the elements which even a Claude could desire for the composition of a beautiful picture. And there is picturesqueness, too, in the yellow-washed walls of the small stations, with their curtains of vines and grapes, and delightful colour in the soldiers' uniforms (blue cloth tunics and ample petticoats piped with red, cream

stockings and tights, and tasselled caps). It was dark when we reached Patras, the largest town in the Morea and the scene of St. Andrew's crucifixion. Here we dined in a scantily furnished but clean inn, and then embarked in a rowing-boat for our steamer the *Ceres*, and sailed about midnight for Corfu.

CHAPTER XXII

A CORFIOTE IMPRESSION

" No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd."

" FAERIE QUEENE."

FROM the town of Corfu, with its Italian-looking arcaded streets and its Greek-faced people, one drives to the Villa Achilleion between giant hedges of prickly pear, olive woods and market gardens. Before one the resolute outlines of Corfiote mountains are drawn sharply against the sky. Here, as in the Morea and elsewhere in Greece, one is daily reminded that there is no indefiniteness or indecision in a Greek mountain. It is minded to be masculine in its ruggedness, harsh almost in its clear separation of light from shade. Nowhere do its intense cobalt shades modify their colour enough to melt into tender softness of grey. Throughout Corfu the quality of colour is of the purest. The grass is emerald green, the tint of the olives is a beautiful silvery-grey—not the leaden, dirty hue to be seen on the Riviera—the cypresses are more velvet-

like in their rich, deep tones, and the lights are pink on the hills and yellow in the foregrounds. In Greece the artist must keep a scrupulously clean palette, and reserve his dirty tints and muddy washes for old England.

The excellent road along which we travel is an enduring relic of English rule in the island. So, most likely, are the blackberry hedges which at intervals supplant the prickly pear. Reminiscent of England, also, are the pink daisies dotting the grass under the olive trees. Purely and delightfully foreign are the strange figures and picturesque beings we pass on the road. Yonder a young man sits sideways on his flat, wooden saddle, while on the other side of the mules are, strung on a cord, dozens of rings of bread. Then a fine, handsome young woman, with the physique of a Juno, a flat back, broad shoulders and immense chest, marches by carrying an earthenware jar poised on her head. Next two peasant women in holiday best come out of a poor-looking house which stands by the roadside, and join a christening party. The women wear enormous coils of obviously false hair wound round their heads, and over all a white net veil bordered with lace. Gaily embroidered velvet zouave jackets are worn with muslin chemisettes, and silver chains and brooches; and pendants dangle across their very pronounced bosoms. Full skirts and smart aprons and sashes give yet greater splendour of colour to their costumes. Following the women come a hobbling cripple whining for alms and a black-

eyed girl who pelts us with flowers and demands *soldi* in return. And so we mount gradually an immense hill, and find ourselves at last outside the Villa Achilleion.

A peep through iron gates shows us a large white villa, with here and there terraces built out and railed round with marble balustrades. Corinthian columns support roofs over the terraces, and marble statues adorn the spaces between the pillars. This is, however, the least interesting or beautiful aspect of the villa. To reach the famous Loggia from outside one must climb steps cut in the cliff and paved with marble, until one reaches the level of the topmost story. Here we enter a wonderful peristyle, frescoed with beautiful pictures. In front of the fluted columns stand lovely marble figures in classic drapery; and against the wall at intervals are busts on pedestals of *verde antico* or *rosso antico*. Low marble steps descend into the garden, and from it the view is exquisitely beautiful. At our feet lies the blue Adriatic, and beyond, the bold, rocky coast of Albania, barren and uninviting in external aspect as compared to the fertile country about us. Between the Turkish coast and our hill, the town of Corfu spreads itself out on a peninsula; a solid, well-built place, with fine fortifications, a citadel, ramparts and strong sea-walls. Dotting the sea, beyond the buildings, are innumerable craft—chiefly lateen-sailed fishing-boats and small merchantmen. Over the foreground lies the subtle and essentially southern enchantment of cypress

and olive and almond tree, of palm, arbutus and myrtle.

No reverie, however, is tolerated by the keen-faced, lively old gardener who lives at the Lodge, and for a consideration takes *forestieri* through the grounds of the Villa. He gently touches my arm. "Signora mia, look! Yonder is the poor Empress's favourite walk! Poverina! God rest her soul! and may she find solitude in Heaven, for that is what she liked best on earth. Dio mio! How she used to walk! It was a pleasure to see her. Eh! altro! camminava, Signora mia, comè un' uccello! And always she talked Greek, never Italian, though, as Eccellenza knows, we Corfiotes, after four hundred years of Venetian rule, talk Italian naturally. She walked all day and talked Greek with her Maestro, and at night she wandered alone in the dark about the garden and down the steep rocks to the Temple of Heine, or to the sea, or, oftener still, to the statue of the Crown Prince Rudolf. Per Bacco! Signora! the Empress had a strange taste—poor, sad, beautiful lady! She might have sat all day long on a throne, and worn a golden crown, and done nothing but *fare la beata vita*, as I often remark to my Annunziata; but, instead, she prefers to come here, cares nothing about making a *buona figura* in society, and won't even drive in a carriage! Per Bacco! I like my glass of wine in a café with my friends of an evening; and Annunziata is fond of a gossip with the baker's wife, or diverting herself now and then with her friends in the village; but the poor

Empress liked none of these things. Never amusement, or society, or anything in the world but solitude. Diavolo! It was strange for such a grand lady! Come round to the other side of the Palace, Signora, and I will show you where Her Majesty used to have her hair brushed of a morning. On that terrace up there in the sunshine, so that she could look at the sea and the mountains and the flowers that she loved! Nothing overlooks that terrace but the mountain opposite. However, one fine day the Corfiote ladies heard of the Empress's *al fresco* toilette, and out they trooped with strong glasses, and got up on the mountain and watched all the mysteries, and Her Majesty heard of it; and then, Signora, what did the Empress do but buy the whole mountain! *Va bene!* Although she cared nothing for her throne, or her crown, or her jewels, or her carriages, or her palaces, you see she was like a great Empress after all!"

CHAPTER XXIII

SHADOWS GATHER AND THE TWILIGHT COMES

“The web of our life is of a mingled yarn
Good and ill together.”

“ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.”

WE returned to London before Christmas, travelling from Corfu to Messina, and thence to our old familiar haunt, dear Rome. My husband seemed to be quite recovered from his terrible illness, and I was happy once more. As time went on, however, he gradually lost ground. I cannot write more of that sad time. I saw with anguish what was to me the dearest object on earth slowly fading away before my eyes. However weak and suffering, he never lost his cheery spirits, his warm interest in others, and his brave, Christian patience. Always his first thought was for me, lest the strain of nursing should overtax my strength, lest I should not get fresh air enough, lest the dull, anxious life I led should be bad for my health, and he never murmured when pain and weakness made him their victim. He could not bear anyone but me to tend him, and it was only at the last that he

tolerated another nurse for fear that I, after two years of constant nursing, should break down. We tried the Riviera in the winter and Marienbad in the summer for his health, but I began to see that the inevitable was facing me, and that I, who had "fed on honeycomb" and basked in sunshine, must now put "ashes on my head and walk on thorns." Nearly two years after our return from the East my husband died in our house in Bolton Street. The testimony of a wife to the virtues of her husband is of small value in the eyes of the world. When others, however, bear unprejudiced witness to a man's character it carries weight, and when those others are of the highest and best England can give, their testimony cannot but be believed. My husband's venerable and beloved Sovereign—so soon to follow him to the grave—wrote through the medium of Sir Fleetwood Edwards as follows :

" Balmoral Castle,

" 14th September, 1900.

" MY DEAR LADY JEPHSON,

" I am writing on behalf of the Queen to say how *truly* distressed she is to see the death of Sir Alfred and at the same time to offer to you Her Majesty's sincere sympathy in your deep bereavement. The Queen remarked that he would be a *great* loss."

Then, after an expression of deep sympathy with me, Sir Fleetwood adds, " I only hope it may be some comfort to you to feel that many share your sorrow, and that many mourn the loss of a

friend whose cheery, genial presence will be widely missed and regretted."

King Edward, then Prince of Wales, wrote to me with his own hand the day my husband died, as follows :

" Marlborough House,
" September 12th, 1900.

" DEAR LADY JEPHSON,

" Forgive my intruding so soon on your grief, but I feel I must write a few lines to express how deeply I feel for and with you at the irreparable loss you have sustained.

" Alas ! I was not unprepared for the sad news, and I know how carefully you tended your husband during his long and painful illness. I *shall always mourn* and deeply regret him as I had every reason to appreciate the excellent and valued qualities which he possessed. He will indeed be a great loss to *all* who knew him !

" Believe me,

" Sincerely yours,

" ALBERT EDWARD."

King George, then Duke of York, telegraphed this from Balmoral.

" TO LADY JEPHSON,

" 26, Bolton Street,

" London.

" Am shocked and grieved to hear of the loss of my old friend. I sympathize most deeply with you in your affliction.

" GEORGE."

Sir Robert Collins wrote on behalf of the Duchess of Albany.

“Telegraphen Amt,
“Wildpark.

“Villa Ingenheim,
“Wildpark,
“17th September, 1900.

“DEAR LADY JEPHSON,

“The Duchess of Albany has heard with deep regret of your husband’s death, and desires me to express her deep sympathy with you. She had so hoped when you wrote you had nursed him through his bad illness at Cannes, that he would thoroughly recover. Please believe also that Lady Collins and I feel much for you in your sorrow.

“Very truly yours,
“R. H. COLLINS.”

My husband, at his own request, was laid to rest in Devonshire, in the churchyard of my cousin (Mr. Fulford of Fulford’s) village. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales sent a representative to the memorial service, conducted by our kind friend, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal. A beautiful wreath also came, with these words attached to it: “As a mark of sincere friendship and deep regret from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.”

The letters I had from all sides and from people in every rank of life proved to me how truly beloved and respected my husband had been. He possessed a singularly lovable nature, was the cheeriest of human beings, had ever a laugh and a jest on his lips, and yet was deeply serious where religion was concerned. A brave, zealous, loyal servant to his Sovereign and country and high-minded Christian gentleman, such was Alfred Jephson.

CHAPTER XXIV

OF THINGS GERMAN AND THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

“ Il y a des reproches qui louent, et des louanges qui médisent.”

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

RICHARD BAGOT, when presiding at a lecture upon Italy, said not long ago that there were three popular British pre-war beliefs which the war had since proved to be fallacies. The first was the confirmed and persistent idea that another European War was beyond the region of possibility. The second was the universal characterisation of the German people as a very good, honest, worthy, if stolid, and rather tiresome people; and the third (since disproved) took for granted that the Kaiser was a gentleman.

A wise and great sovereign, Maria Theresa, prophetically declared: “ La monarchie prussienne sera un jour la source de malheurs infinis, non seulement pour l'Allemagne, mais pour toute l'Europe,” and of Frederick the Great she said: “ Tout le monde sait quel compte il faut faire du roi de Prusse et de sa parole. Aucun souverain de l'Europe n'a pu se soustraire à ses perfidies, et c'est un pareil roi qui veut s'imposer à l'Alle-

magne en dictateur et protecteur." How little Prussia or her ruler have changed since the days of Maria Theresa !

Although the Empress of Austria suffered cruelly from Prussian ambiguity in respect of treaties and Prussian aggression, it was reserved for our Princess Royal to plumb to its depths the egotism, the vanity and the prejudices of the German people. In Germany seemingly it is not enough to be a model of all the virtues and a brilliant example of intellectual capacity to win the affections of the nation. The Empress of the Fatherland must, in addition, be a German ; failing this crowning virtue all endowments of character, mind and race are useless.

Being in Germany at the time of the Empress Frederick's death, I naturally read with absorbing interest the biographical notices which appeared about her in the German papers. I was painfully struck by the singularly cold, unenthusiastic and even ungenerous terms in which they were couched, and I admired the discretion and restraint with which the English Press ignored the slighting spirit of the notices and dwelt on the grudging meed of praise vouchsafed her. Truth to tell (and now there is no harm in saying so) a wholly different impression, and one the antipode of praise, was what I gathered from the original German papers, read with their contexts. A Frankfort journal of standing candidly owned that Her late Majesty was never "*populär*" in Germany, and it gave an example of outrageously bad taste in attributing this to her "love of economy." Unable to deny

the Empress's ability, they laid that to the credit of the Prince Consort, and displayed a singular unanimity of opinion in assigning whatever in her they admitted to be great to the influence of her German father. No credit was given the mother whose noble elevation of character commanded the respect of the entire world. It had been impossible to forgive the sin of her birth, and *die Engländerin* died as she had lived, absolutely unappreciated by the people among whom she had lived by far the greater part of her life.

That the Empress Frederick would have found life more successful as regards popularity had she conformed to the prejudices of the German people cannot be gainsaid. That very devotion to the land of her birth, which endeared her so much to us, was with them her most grievous failing. Had she assumed the virtue of preference for Germany and all things made there Her late Majesty's post-mortem biographies in the Fatherland would undoubtedly have been different. To seem to be what she was not would, however, have been utterly foreign to the Empress Frederick's singularly straightforward, honest and high-minded character. Strong of brain, and gifted with great breadth of mind, the Empress could not view with contentment the narrow limitations within which a German woman is content to pass her life. Frau Schmidt wants nothing better than what she has, and her husband still less desires it for her. Hans likes his Gretchen as she is to be found all over Germany and is averse from change. The Empress

fought in Germany for the emancipation of her sex and for a bettering of their social status. German women cared not a fig for either—German men resented the influence of a woman in things political, and the whole nation was jealous of her English bias. In art alone has the Empress been allowed ungrudging praise, and this was the least of her achievements. And so it came to pass that the pæan of admiration for a remarkable woman, strong in her intellect and great in the strength with which she bore sorrow and suffering, came from other peoples than those over which her Consort had ruled.

At Liebenstein that same year of the Empress's death I met a sympathetic old German lady (the Baroness von und zu Egloffstein) who had lived her life at Courts and genuinely admired the Empress Frederick. She told many touching things of the last sad days at Cronberg. How the German doctors insisted on the Empress getting out for fresh air each day, and how she was carried in sheets to avoid hurting her, placed in a carriage and driven daily through the beautiful scenery of the Taunus Wald. A doctor went with her always, armed with syringe and morphia, should pain become unbearable; but she was heroically brave and would make little use of anodynes. If anyone ever took to heart the admonition of Kaiser Friedrich to the Princess Sophy: "Lerne zu leiden ohne zu klagen," his widow did.

At the date of the Empress Frederick's death English people, on account of the Boer War, were

more than ever disliked in Germany. I chanced to be drinking iron waters at a little spa in the heart of the Thuringian Forest, and came in for my full share of unpleasantness. In their callous unconcern and want of respect for the memory of their Sovereign's mother, the visitors at my hotel behaved outrageously. Liebenstein being a primitive spot, remote from the beaten track of the tourist, had not marched with the times to the extent of having separate tables in the hotel. The guests there trooped into *Mittag-Essen* making (whatever their decrepitude) profound bows to each other and to the entire table. Expansive as to person, prodigal as to waist, niggard with regard to hair (since what she had was plastered down on each side of a normally shiny face), the average German woman at Liebenstein did not move me to admiration. Officers in uniform, wearing inscrutable orders, clicked their heels together, bending stiffly from the waist, and saluted right and left. It was a tedious and ludicrous performance, and meant nothing, since these same men would later hurl commands at their wives' heads to carry their tennis-shoes and racquets for them to the tennis-ground. Seeing that I was English, they lost no opportunity of darkly hinting that England was on her last legs, practically vanquished by the superior virility of the Boers. Kitchener had "gone mad," Roberts was "senile," English officers were forced to "beat their men to make them fight," and like truthful statements, until my blood boiled with indignation. At last a

certain truculent Herr Baron, as he sat down to *Mittag-essen*, remarked airily, "Heute ist die Beisetzung der Kaiserin Friedrich" ("To-day is the Empress Frederick's burial"), whereupon a palpable sneer expressed itself on the bovine faces of the company. Such an insult to the memory of our Princess Royal was intolerable, and I left the table, expressing in forcible, if impolitic, language my opinion of their behaviour.

After that, existence at Liebenstein as far as I was concerned was a thorny one. Let me not be unjust! I have actually known in my life good, kind and nice Germans, but (saving the old Baroness) there were none of these at Liebenstein. Remarks were made in high-pitched voices as to the want of manners prevalent in England, the deplorable frivolity of Englishwomen, their ignorance of all domestic arts and their hatred of home duties. Postcards were handed across me daily, pictures of lanky, flat-chested women, with projecting teeth, and labelled—so that no one should mistake the type—"Englishwomen." I kept my flag flying for many days, and it was only when life became unbearable that I hauled it down and departed for Dresden and Berlin.

Nothing will convince the average German that Englishwomen are other than scraggy in figure and hideous as to mouths. At Nauheim, after our declaration of war, I recognized the old familiar type (attenuated figures and monstrous mouths, furnished with teeth like crooked tombstones) in the illustrated postcards to be seen in the shop

windows of the Park Allee. Most of these were grossly vulgar and worse, in all of them the Briton was held up to obloquy, and invariably the attitude of John Bull was ignominious. A favourite and monotonous theme was a prostrate Englishman being kicked by a German sailor, whilst dreadnoughts and destroyers dropped in numbers from his pockets! One card, I remember, was headed:

“Europäischer Dreschplatz.

“Nun aber wollen wir sie dreschen.”

(“European threshing-place. Now will we thrash you.”)—and beneath this braggart bombast there was a picture of three soldiers in English, Russian and French uniforms, lying prostrate on their faces whilst two German soldiers with flails administered correction. In all the cards one learnt that a waxed moustache meant a Frenchman, a woolly-looking beard a Russian, and projecting and hideous teeth an Englishman.

Whilst sojourning in Berlin I went one day to Potsdam, and there was honoured by an invitation to lunch with Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. Potsdam is singularly picturesque, with its delightful glimpses of water, its fine parks and gardens, its heights covered with trees and its avenues and palaces. Driving over the Lange Brücke, between an avenue of marble Prussian soldiers, one enters the town close to the Stadt Schloss and the Barberini Palace. Dominating everything is the great dome of St. Nicholas, and

about the church lie the Altmarkt, the Parade Platz and the Lust-garten. The town is paved with cobble-stones, and its older portion is certainly *malerisch* (paintable), to use a German word; but the real charm of the place lies outside its streets.

The Duchess of Albany lived at that time in the Villa Ingenheim, a pretty house with gardens sloping to the Havel. Her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, was finishing his military studies in the town where savage old Frederick William the First put his giant grenadiers so often through their *parade marsch*. The young Duke was then a charming youth, very good-looking and most attractive in manner as well as in appearance, and I never can forget how pretty Princess Alice looked in her German court mourning—a black crape cap coming to a peak on the forehead and a long veil which reached to the hem of the gown behind. The cap and veil, though picturesque, were cumbersome, and the Duchess told me that she and Princess Alice and their lady-in-waiting used to go for walks quite early in the morning, before people were about, so that they could get rid for a time of their heavy encumbrances.

When Frederick the Great was not fighting, legislating, or reading dispatches, he spent his time in pedagogic pursuits. Voltaire and Maupertuis were his chosen companions until the bitter quarrel came about between the King and Voltaire. Although Frederick had no political morality, and stole Silesia without a scruple from Maria Theresa, disregarding treaties in the manner of his present

successor, he was at least no hypocrite. He said cynically enough, but with commendable frankness: "Je commence par prendre, je trouverai toujours ensuite des érudits pour démontrer que c'était mon bon droit." It was at Sans Souci that Frederick died, and he was laid to rest in the Garrison Church of Potsdam.

The delicately lovely little palace of Sans Souci stands on a hill not far from the Frieden Kirche. Although only one story in height, the finely sculptured capitals of its pilasters, the statuary placed at intervals along the balustrade of its roof, and the boldly carved cherub heads above the circular windows give an effect of extreme architectural richness to the façade. A terrace runs the length of the palace, and from it descends a flight of steps (broken at intervals by terraces) to the great fountain. Statuary and marble seats and flower-beds and fountains and avenues are to be found here, as in most Royal parks, but the statuary is better than in most.

Frederick's love of French art and literature are seen to perfection in this palace. The rooms are decorated in Louis Quatorze fashion, and the furniture, hangings, porcelain, tapestry, clocks and pictures are synchronous. In the gallery hang pictures by Watteau, Lancret, Pater and Pesnes. In the library one sees the works of Voltaire, Rousseau and Maupertuis. A clock was the gift of the beautiful and infamous Madame de Pompadour, and more than one present is pointed out as coming to the King from France. Frederick died

in a chair placed at the window of his bedroom. The chair has been removed to the Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin, otherwise the room remains unaltered. The German nation is not an artistic one, but Frederick was ever alive to the subtle beauty of French lines and the unfailing grace of French art, and he would have abhorred the pompous architecture, florid sculpture and heavy furniture of latter-day Germany.

Charlottenhof, which I visited the same afternoon, lies in a charming garden near the Wild Park Station. There is something fascinating in this cottage-like palace, with its lovely views and memories of bygone Prussian rulers. The rooms are small and low-ceilinged, opening one into the other, and all of them have polished oak floors, and what we in England should call "late Georgian" furniture. Bowls of dried rose-leaves ought to be about these rooms, and short-waisted ladies in scanty muslin gowns and floating scarves. Sans Souci suggests flowered sacques, powdered hair, high heels, rouge and patches.

The Mausoleum, built by the Empress Frederick to the memory of her husband, lies under the shadow of the campanile, and opens into the atrium of the Frieden Kirche. The church is of the Italian Basilica order of architecture, and in the Mausoleum one sees the leaning towards Italian types which the Empress's frequent visits to Italy produced. A colossal reproduction of Thorwaldsen's "Christ" is placed in the middle of the atrium, and, standing with one's back to the church door, one looks

beyond the courtyard into the charming park of Sans Souci. When I visited the Mausoleum faded mourning wreaths lay deep over the marble floor and hung on the walls. The flowers were dead and their petals dropping, but the huge bows of ribbon, with their gilt fringes and gold lettering, seemed to emphasize the decay of the flowers. A white marble sarcophagus, with a recumbent statue of the Emperor Frederick on it, stands in the centre of the Mausoleum. The Emperor is modelled as lying with his head slightly inclined to one side, and his hands laid one upon the other. A branch of laurel is sculptured as lying on the body, and a mantle hangs in ample, noble lines to the base of the sarcophagus. A dark green slab marked the Empress Frederick's grave, beside that of her husband, and not far off lie their two sons, Prince Waldemar and Prince Sigismund. How often in visiting the graves of her husband and children must not the poor Empress have found consolation in Goethe's lines :

“Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.”

CHAPTER XXV

SPANISH CITIES

“ Who fly beyond the seas will find
Their climate changed, but not their mind.”

HORACE.

I N 1906 I went with Mrs. Hughes and Miss Dolores Grenfell to Spain. What we saw there is best described in the following articles, which were published in *The World*. My friends returned to England from Granada, but I went to Gibraltar, and thence by P. & O. steamer to Marseilles, and on to Cannes.

BURGOS

Burgos stands in the monotonous sun-baked plain of North Castile. Here and there the dreary sameness is relieved by a small elevation on which is perched a town or village. Blunt hilltops bound the horizon with resolute, uncompromising lines, since there is no beautifying damp atmosphere to touch and glorify by mist. Nearer Madrid lie the Guadarrama Mountains, and the traveller passes through forests of stunted pine trees. About Burgos, however, the general im-

pression is that of a dried-up plain, devoid of grass and miserly of trees. In the midst of this plateau, on the banks of the Arlanzon, stands Burgos.

Possibly nothing but the fame of its wonderful cathedral would bring anyone to its streets to-day. You may stay for weeks in Burgos and encounter no English man or woman save an artist come to worship at the shrine of its great cathedral. The flesh-pots of life, nay, more, its actual necessities, are wanting in this gloomy, impressive Spanish city. One finds instead, solid, grand masonry, narrow, arcaded streets, old picturesque gateways, flagged pavements, and palaces whose stones look as fresh as on the day they were placed one upon the other. About the town lie shady avenues and pleasant promenades, and from every point of view Burgos is dominated by its cathedral. But, although it has a theatre and bull fights, like other Spanish cities, *nueve meses de invierno* and *tres de infierno* have left their depressing mark on its inhabitants. Here the full colour and brightness, the life and stir, of an Italian town are wanting. Perhaps the rigours of its Arctic climate, the sharp contrasts of winter and summer, have much to do with the chilled, stern, gloomy look of its people. Grey and cold are its walls, cold and grey are the faces which pass one in the streets, and black and sad is the habit of its women. A certain melancholy dignity is the outward aspect of the best Castilian—a far remove, indeed, from the frivolous Andalusian.

As we walk through the streets of Burgos, the silence and want of colour are obvious. Here and there men stride past us wrapped in plaid shawls or long black cloaks, and with sombreros or birettas well slouched over their foreheads to protect them from the icy blasts. Now and again a black-shrouded female form glides by; bullock carts, mules and donkeys make a welcome clatter on the stony streets. A shopman fans the ashes of a *bracero* at his low, arched doorway, or a small boy pedlar proclaims the virtue of his wares in piercing, strident tones. One is glad of even discordant sound in this strangely silent city.

For Englishmen Burgos is not without its interesting historical conventions. An English king—Edward the First—was married in the Castillo to Eleanor of Castile, in 1254; and in the nunnery of Las Huelgas, not far off, lie the remains of an English princess (also an Eleanor, and the daughter of Henry the Second), wife of a Spanish king. In later days Wellington besieged Burgos, nor did he make a speedy conquest of its sturdy walls and defiant people. The co-founder of its chief claim to glory in these decadent days was an Englishman, a certain Bishop Maurice, and he and Ferdinand the Third (El Santo) began the cathedral in 1221. Burgos was founded in 884; it is famous as the home of the Cid, and it was once the capital of Old Castile.

Baedeker calls the cathedral of Burgos “developed Gothic,” whatever that cryptic phrase may mean; certainly the reproach of monotony

in architecture cannot be levelled against a building whose lapses from the conventional unity of Gothic architecture are many. Take, for instance, its portals: the Puerta Alta is early Gothic, the Puerta de la Pellerjeria florid Renaissance, the Puerta del Sarmental is richly decorated Gothic, while the Capilla de Santa Tecla reveals the hand of the Rococo fiend in its overloaded ornament and extravagance of decoration. But outside, the general impression of the cathedral is one of harmony and the highest distinction. In the symmetry of their proportions and the exquisite delicacy of their open stonework the pinnacles of the tower look like films of beautiful lace against the deep blue sky. Again, the octagonal lantern repeats the same motive—one of a grace and lightness and delicacy aerial in its effect. You see blue sky through the towers, through the lantern, through the exquisite balustrade which unites the towers above the rose window. Inside, however, the effect of an almost ethereal building vanishes. Here, though the proportions are noble, the over-elaboration of ornament marks the cloven foot of decadence, and one is cloyed with sweetness and florid excess palls. Only in the delicate tracery of the purely Gothic cloisters is rest for the sated eye. From the glorious cathedral we turn regretfully to encounter the maimed limbs and pitiful whines of the beggars who line the Sarmental steps, and make our way to the Hotel del Norte.



Gateway of the Alcazar, Seville.
From a water-colour drawing by Lady Jephson.

CHAPTER XXVI

SEVILLE

“ To those who know thee not, no words can paint !
And those who know thee, know all words are faint ! ”

HANNAH MORE.

SEVILLE, like many another decadent town, lives to-day chiefly on its traditions. Heaven preserve me from repeating the threadbare Spanish proverb as to the melancholy fate of him who has not seen it ! The stolid but sentimental German has recorded his appreciation of the picturesque Moorish city by the banks of the Guadalquivir in a pretty proverb. It has been called “ the Pearl of Cities,” the “ Gem of Andalusia,” and many other fine epithets ; and whatever its deserts may be, Seville has been considered for centuries one of the fairest cities in Europe.

Except for its situation on the river and its wealth of gardens, Seville, in truth, possesses no natural beauty. It stands low, on a monotonous plain, which in winter is in colour an unalluring brownish yellow. The traveller drives out of Seville along a white, dusty road, bordered in parts by hedges of cactus, and looks in vain for the olive woods and vineyards the very name of Seville had conjured up. But, facing the city on

his return, he ceases to inquire the reason of its historic fame. There, before his eyes, soars the exquisitely beautiful Giralda, the praying-tower of the Moors who reared it. Except Giotto's campanile, the world cannot show a fairer tower, and even the Shepherd's masterpiece does not surpass the work of the unknown Moor. Below the Giralda lies the long line of the Gothic cathedral, a forest of stone pinnacles and flying buttresses. Beneath, again, cluster the Hispano-Moorish red-tiled and flat roofs, the churches, bell-towers and palms of Seville. Assuredly its beauty is one of architecture, colour and pose rather than that of nature. Compared with Florence or Rome, with Constantinople or Edinburgh, its situation is commonplace, but none the less there is a subtle magic in its streets which obsesses and eventually charms.

To begin with, its sky is of a rare and deep blue, which appeals to the dweller in a cold and grey country. From the low tones of the north one turns with delight to the vivid glories of the colour to be found in its streets. As a rule, the houses are two or three stories in height, covered with stucco and swished over with brilliant wash—white, yellow or blue. Green shutters and iron balconies break the sameness of the façades, and often gay pots and masses of flowers add yet more brightness of tone. The streets are narrow and paved with cobble-stones. Sometimes an awning is draped from one side of the *calle* to the other, and beneath the awning passes as varied and picturesque a population as is to be found

in any city in Europe. Keen-faced, dark lads lead donkeys whose panniers are stuffed with charcoal or oranges. An aged scribe sits at a street corner in the glorious sunshine and writes letters at the dictation of the unlearned. Here a ragged old beggar, with stick in hand and wallet on back, whines for alms, and there small boys play a mild form of *juego de pelota* against a wall. Stately ladies in mantillas, shrill-voiced American tourists, priests, sisters of charity, bullock carts, smart landaus, teams of mules all mix up together; surely for variety no city can show its counterpart! Moreover, there is an Eastern prodigality of colour about Seville, a light-heartedness and gaiety which stand out in marked antithesis to the stern, rather melancholy cities of Northern Spain. Sharp contrasts are to be seen, not only in the chiaroscuro of its streets, but in the conditions which lie behind the superficiality of things. Outside we see a house whose surface is stained with greenish mould, and whose stucco is peeling off in patches. Inside we find a marble patio surrounded by slender white pillars supporting Moorish arches, a graceful fountain, and a wealth of tropical vegetation in palms, pepper trees, oranges and citrons. Outside, a narrow, squalid, noisy street; inside, behind an iron grille, repose, luxury, enchantment.

Most corners in Seville suggest a picture to an artist's eye—let it be the crudely painted picture of the Madonna and Holy Child, with its bronze lamp swaying in the breeze before it; or the low arched doorway of the greengrocer, with its frame

of tomatoes, capsicums, radishes and green vegetables. In every *calle* the artist finds his models ready dressed and posed, awaiting his brush to immortalize them. Across the Guadalquivir are delightful bits of the quays and shipping in the foreground, the Torre del Oro in the middle distance, and the extraordinarily beautiful Giralda Tower and cathedral dominating all.

Of amusements in Seville there is no lack. Every Sunday the city has its bull fight, and horses and bulls are slaughtered to make a Sevillian holiday. A less cruel form of diversion is to be found in the Spanish dancing, which is at once entirely graceful, extraordinarily dramatic and unusually descriptive. The most common theme is erotic in its character. The woman lures, the lover follows; the woman becomes coy and elusive, the man passionate and desperate; then follow love passages and eventual surrender. It is all a play without words, to the clash of castanets and the sound of mandoline and guitar. The national mantilla plays a part, and is assumed at shy moments and discarded at bolder ones. Short velvet jackets and gaily embroidered crêpe shawls, heavily fringed, are also worn by women dancers, while the men attire themselves in black velvet, embroidered in silver, and gay yellow sashes. Music in Seville is essentially Arabian in character except where the ever-present barrel-organ grinds out the well-worn tunes of the "Marseillaise" and "Partant pour la Syrie." With all its picturesqueness, Seville marches with the times in

such important matters as tramcars, electric lights and bells. At the same time, lifts and fireplaces in bedrooms are unknown in the hotels. One turns like a Zoroastrian to worship the sun and bask in its rays. *Braceros* are sadly inadequate, and charcoal ashes fail to mitigate Spanish cold.

History has woven a web of romance about Seville, to unravel which would require the patience of a Penelope. In the Palace of the Moorish kings (the Alcazar) Pedro the Cruel murdered and Isabella the Catholic burnt their faithful subjects. Under the Media Naranja of the Ambassadors' Hall, Charles the Fifth was married to his lovely Portuguese wife. Here, amid the voluptuousness of Moorish arch and gorgeousness of tile and inlay, lived the priest-ridden Philip the Second, and here died Fernando the Saint, ascetic and bigot.

In art Seville has a glory all its own. The greatest portrait painter of all times, Velasquez, was born in the "Gem of Andalusia;" and here, too, was born, and lived and died, Murillo. In Seville worked Herrera (the master of Velasquez), Pacheco (his father-in-law), Juan de Castillo, the teacher of Murillo, Leal and Zurbaran. Martinez Montañes, the greatest sculptor of Spain, was a Sevillian, and left behind him in Seville his "Santo Domingo" and "Santo Bruno," among other works. Here, also, the Inquisition put an end to Pietro Torrigiani and his genius. In literature, Lope de Rueda, Cervantes, Pacheco (the Vasari of Spain), and Herrera, the poet, lived and wroté, and added to the glories of the "Pearl of Cities."

CHAPTER XXVII

CORDOVA

“ Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ? ”

“ THE GIAOUR.”

BETWEEN the noise and movement of Seville streets, and the silent, sad and grass-grown *calles* of Cordova there is, indeed, a gulf. In this decayed town, with its yellow-washed ruins and deserted palaces, its hordes of beggars and obvious poverty, it is strangely difficult to reconstruct the magnificent city of the Moors. Time was when Cordova could show its universities and its unrivalled buildings, could call itself the Mecca of the West, the seat of learning, the rival of Baghdad. Nowadays, given up to the pests of ignorant guides and importunate beggars, deserted even by its own better classes, without pre-eminence in anything but its past, it remains a melancholy spectacle indeed.

The situation of Cordova is charming. To the north stretch the blue Sierras, to the south runs the amber-coloured Guadalquivir, and, although the plain immediately about the town has changed for the worse since the Moors irrigated and culti-

vated its acres, it still can produce the olive and the almond tree. The once fertile soil is arid now, and no signs of pasturage are anywhere to be seen.

To the archæologist and historian Cordova is a mine of wealth. Here Julius Cæsar planted his plane tree after the battle of Munda, and here the Senecas were born. Cordova in Roman days was known as Patricia, a faint compliment to the men of high degree who were its original settlers. Between Roman and Moorish rule, Cordova was in the possession of the Visigoths; but it was under the Moors that it reached a height of prosperity and magnificence almost unequalled.

The first town in Europe to have paved streets was Cordova; at one time it could show six hundred mosques and as many inns within its walls; and the glory of building the most beautiful mosque in Europe belongs to this silent town at the foot of the Sierras.

Modern Cordova has narrow streets and low, poor houses, covered with stucco and white-washed. It is—externally at least—dazzlingly clean, as are most Spanish towns. Modern Spanish womanhood seems, indeed, to spend its life scrubbing marble and tiled pavements. Here and there one comes upon fine doorways opening into luxurious patios, for some of the oldest nobility in Spain belong to Cordova; but the blinds are closed, and there is a general look of desertion about these houses which is depressing. The nobles of Cordova, for the greater part, prefer the

excitements of Madrid to the faded glories of their native town, and spend their money in Castile rather than in the province of Andalusia, which gave them birth. Once a year they visit their Cordovan homes, during Holy Week; but for the rest of the time they are absentees as much as the worst of Irish landlords, and the poverty of the people in Cordova is largely owing to the want of employment which this absenteeism creates. The few residents belonging to the upper classes who remain, live in winter on the first floors of their houses, in brilliantly sunny rooms looking into the patios or gardens—veritable sun-traps. In summer they migrate, with their Lares and Penates, to the dark, cool rooms of the ground floor, and there they live through the fierce raging heat of the Andalusian summer.

Oriental in general character, the streets of Cordova are amazingly picturesque. It is a revelation, more astonishing, perhaps, than pleasant, to see one's daily bread going about in panniers on a donkey's back, with a greasy-looking lad riding between the loaves. The lading of the baskets at the "Despacho de Pan" is also of interest, not only to us ignoramuses of the north, but apparently to the beggars and gipsies who see this sight every day of their lives. They are, however, a simple, naïve, childlike people, these poor Cordovans, and unused to fine sights or great excitements. The novel appearance of an automobile during our stay caused a cry to be raised: "Mira aquí! que hay una máquina de guerra que se

corre." ("Look here! there is a machine of war running about of itself!")

Water-carriers in Cordova are a picturesque feature, since their jars are modelled on ancient and lovely lines, and the carriers themselves are often handsome Spanish types. Beggars in Spain are a pest anywhere, but in Cordova they pass all bounds of endurance. They follow, and whine, and beg, and flatter with a pertinacity which is astounding. When laments of starvation and poverty fail, they start off on another tack: "Everybody knows how kind and generous you are, *Senorita*, and how liberally you give. Pretty lady, remember your poor servant." We learnt by heart two talismans: "God alleviate your sufferings, my poor brother!" a remarkably inexpensive yet effectual mode of deliverance, and the commonly used "*Perdone por Dios.*"

But beggars and fleas, fireless rooms and goats' milk are forgotten in the supreme moment when one first enters the cathedral, or rather, mosque, of Cordova. Even now, after the defacing hand of the "dreary classical Renaissance" has done its worst, the world can show nothing to compare with what remains. Everywhere are marble pillars, rows and rows and rows of them—nineteen aisles and a thousand pillars stretching away into dim distance. Of every beautiful material are these: jasper, porphyry, alabaster, and from all parts. Constantinople sent a hundred and forty of them, others were taken from Roman ruins at Nîmes and Narbonne, from Carthage and Cabra.

Above the columns spring Moorish arches coloured red and white, and upon this first row of arches is superimposed a second, so as to raise the height of the roof. The general effect of the innumerable and beautiful pillars, with their daringly original arches, is one for which I can recall no parallel in architecture. One has a sense of boundless space and immeasurable distance. It is hard to be disturbed by the weary guide with his endless commonplaces, his love of trivial detail, and entire oblivion of beauty as a whole! What matters the wealth of the Treasury, the tawdry chapels, the martyrs' bones? Nothing in beauty can ever approach this noble work of supremely artistic hands.

But, alas! the glories of ceiling and floor have vanished. Of the flat Moorish roof, with its cross-beams and brilliant red and gold colouring, only a fragment remains, and of the beautiful mosaic pavement only a vestige. The crowning outrage of bad taste was committed when the Cathedral Chapter built a Renaissance choir in the middle of the Moorish mosque. To do this, sixty-three of the pillars were removed. It is at least consoling to know that Charles the Fifth (good Catholic though he was) resented the interloper and hotly condemned it.

Outside, in the sunny "Patio de los Naranjos," happily, Christian vandalism has been powerless to ruin Nature. Here, although the colonnade has been walled up, the rows of orange trees remain planted as they were by the divinely artistic

instinct of the Moor. Inside the mosque, rows of beautiful marble columns ; outside, rows of living and blossoming trees repeating the same motive. For the moment one is Mohammedan !

About the cathedral runs a high, yellow-washed wall, with strange buttresses and battlements. Of the many doorways which pierced it, only one is now open, the fine Puerta del Perdon. The lovely Mohammedan minaret has given place to a Christian belfry of incredible ugliness. Farther away lie ruined city walls, a wilderness of neglected gardens, conduits and baths—once known as the Alcazar—and a noble bridge of Roman foundation and Moorish superstructure. These ruins, this glorious but mutilated mosque, and these narrow, poor streets make the Cordova of to-day.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GRANADA

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

"ENDYMION."

YELLOW-WASHED towers and walls crown-
ing a high hill. Here and there indigo-
coloured cypresses standing out against red roofs
and walls of charlock hue. This is the external
and superficial aspect of the Alhambra. On a
hill, separated from it by the River Darro, lies
Albaicin, once on a time the Mayfair of Moorish
fashion, nowadays fallen to the low estate of a
refuge and home for gipsies. At the base of
these two hills stretches modern Granada, ill-
built, ill-kept and unsavoury. Far away to the
south lie great snow-clad mountains, whose white,
jagged peaks stand out clear-cut against the blue
Andalusian sky. Mountain and river, hill and
gorge ! there is no variety of beautiful Nature
which Granada cannot show. Even trees (so rare,
and to be prized when found in Spain) grow without
stint in this city favoured by the gods.

Granada owes a debt of gratitude to the Duke
of Wellington, who first planted English elms in

Spanish earth. The tree has parted with some of its characteristics on alien soil, but about the Alhambra hill it grows tall and straight, flourishing and healthy, making delightfully shady avenues of approach to the famous palace. Farther afield, olive trees, almonds, fig trees and cypresses dot the plain; but they are strangely low and stunted compared with the lofty elms of the Alhambra.

To begin to tell of Granada's Moorish grandeur, its sieges, its conquest by the Catholic kings, its picturesque legends, its romantic history, would be treading on ground so well trodden before that there is nothing new left to tell. That the Moors and, later, the Moriscos were outrageously and shamefully treated by the Spaniards there is no doubt. Philip the Second gave the unpleasant task of driving the Moriscos out of Andalusia to the brave and chivalrous Don John of Austria, his brother. "Orders came from Madrid," says Martin Hume, "that every Morisco in Granada was to be sent to Castile." "On the day of St. John, 1569," writes the English spy, Hogan, "Don Juan gathered together thirteen thousand Moriscos of Granada, and took two thousand for the King's galleys, and hanged some, a great number were sent to labour in the King's works and fortifications, and the rest, with their wives and children, kept as slaves." Despair fell upon the poor people, innocent mostly of all participation in the mountain rising, at being dragged from their beautiful homes and smiling native land to be sent in slavery to arid Castile; but Diego

de Espinosa was pitiless, and his advice alone was heard in Madrid. "The Marquis of Mondejar, the hereditary governor of Granada, could not brook such ruinous folly to the city he loved, and left in disgust. . . . By the end of November, 1570, Andalusia was cleared of the Moriscos, and at the same time cleared of its industry, its prosperity and its enlightenment. The fanatic churchmen had had their foolish way, and Philip went back to his desk, certain in his narrow soul that he had served the cause of God and the welfare of his country."

What is left that is wonderful and beautiful in Granada the city owes to these poor, persecuted people and their forbears. The Alhambra remains perfect enough to-day to show what it must have been when the glories of colour were added to those of form. In the dilapidation and ruin of the Palacio de Generalife can still be traced the achievement of a supremely artistic people. "Beauty," however, as Pater says, "like all other qualities presented to human experience, is relative," and in comparison with the mosque of Cordova and the Giralda Tower of Seville the Alhambra is disappointing. It is open to question whether its vaunted beauties have not been somewhat over-rated. Everywhere in the Alhambra we find elegance, daintiness, elaboration of detail, and a suspicion of flimsiness. Take the Court of the Lions, for example, with its beautiful stucco work and delicate marble columns, its graceful arches, and crudely sculptured lions. The effect is of a miniature court, and the roof of the colonnade is

unpleasantly low. The strength of the Alhambra lies in its ornamentation, and not in its construction. At Cordova, the mosque, although robbed of the glories of its decoration, and without its original ceiling and floor, is yet a great and wonderful work. If the beauties of plaster work and sculpture were taken from the Alhambra, very little that is supremely beautiful would remain. The Hall of the Ambassadors is, perhaps, the only part of the Alhambra which is impressive. Its walls are of enormous thickness and commanding height. No sense of triviality or of tawdriness oppresses, as in other parts of this much-lauded palace. Space and height and proportion are good and just, and here delicate fancy and brilliant imagination have run riot over the walls. There are also exquisite bits, such as the Patio de los Abencerrages, the Mirador de Daraxa and the wooden doors and honeycomb vaulting of the "Room of the Two Sisters."

For day-dreaming there are few places comparable to the Alhambra. Probably its wealth of association has had as much to do with its fame as its architectural beauty. Certainly the phantoms of Hamlet and Queen Morayma, Boabdil and Aisha, Abu'l-Hasan and Isabel de Salis linger yet, for those who like to call them up, amid the silent courts of "the Myrtles" and of "the Lions."

But here, as at Cordova, the intruding hand of the vandal has left its mark. To build his palace in the Alhambra, Charles the Fifth destroyed a portion of the work of the Moor. What the Em-

peror built he built well, and the palace is a very fine example of Italian Renaissance, but it was never finished nor inhabited. To-day it stands roofless and empty, a ruin before it was ever a dwelling.

One advantage possessed by Granada is a fairly comfortable hotel. However much the love of beautiful sights may exist, I fancy there are few of Richard Ford's countrymen who would echo his wish that Spain might remain as it was in his day: "Potted for six hundred years!" Behind the age as most Spanish hotels are, the "Washington Irving" of the Alhambra Hill compares favourably with most, and it is beloved by all tourists from the United States because of its hot-water pipes! To this inn come scores of Americans, brought over in shiploads to Cadiz or Malaga. Some of them gallop through Andalusia in four days and believe that they have seen everything that there is to see. A "personally conducted" party arrived during our stay in these parts. Gaunt, bony men and thin, shrill little women, all of them obviously and unmistakably middle-class. If there ever had been enthusiasm among them for art and architecture, it had been worn off long before they reached Granada. Moors and Moriscos, Murillos, Boabdils, Zurbarans and Catholic kings were by that time a hopeless jumble in their brains. Yet, through cold and fatigue, bad food and primitive accommodation, they went bravely on. Said a fine old lady of eighty summers: "I've saved up for ten years to see the world, and I guess I'll die seeing!"

CHAPTER XXIX

A GERMAN EXPERIENCE

“ Le monde, chère Agnès, est une étrange chose ! ”

MOLIÈRE, “ L’Ecole des Femmes. ”

CERTAINLY the most thrilling experience of my life was two months’ detention in Germany at the beginning of the war. The Fatherland, with its great stretches of dusky forest and cobalt-coloured mountains, had ever possessed allurements for us both. The austere, timber-framed villages and robust, prosperous cities were an emphatic contrast, it is true, to the dear, shabby, sun-cracked, peeling stucco walls and crooked *campanili* of Italy. Meanwhile, the shady avenues of Homburg and Nauheim, the delicious air and wholesome *al fresco* life of a German Kur Ort were the best of tonics at the end of a London season ; therefore many Augusts saw us in the “ Sunny Rhineland.” Often we went up the beautiful Rhine by boat, and although our fellow-travellers struck discordant notes when they tucked napkins over their podgy persons, and studied the Speise-Karte more than the scenery, what of that ? It was the country we loved, not the people.

Let it not be imagined that when my friend, Mrs. Frederick Hervey, and I left for Germany in July, 1914, we did so heedlessly. Things were looking threatening on the Continent, and we had misgivings as to the wisdom of going there. We consulted a multitude of counsellors, having scriptural authority for believing that safety lay in doing so. Last of all we paid a visit to the Foreign Office, determined to abide by whatever the great and wise people there might advise.

Everybody I knew at the Foreign Office seemed by common consent to be out, or to have gone to Goodwood. A polite commissionaire offered to carry a message to someone if we would tell him what we wanted. Shortly after a benevolent-looking gentleman appeared.

“ I understand,” said he, “ that you ladies wish to travel in Germany and are afraid to do so.”

“ No ! ” said I, “ that was not the message I sent. I am not afraid of anything, but I should like to feel sure that we are doing nothing foolish or imprudent.”

“ My dear madame,” said he, “ you need not be the *least* alarmed ; you can go, I assure you, in perfect safety ! ”

So much for the wisdom of the Foreign Office on the 27th of July, 1914.

We left London for Germany on the 29th of July, travelling viâ Ostend. That night we slept in Brussels, leaving the Hôtel de Flandres for Cologne the following morning. Neither of us could under-

stand the extraordinary state of excitement and alarm which prevailed in Brussels. We could not suppose that Belgium had anything to fear because Russia and Germany looked bellicose. Had not all the Powers guaranteed her neutrality? Little did we suspect then the blackness of Germany's heart, her want of honour and mendacity.

Mine host of the Hôtel de Flandres uttered some words of warning when he heard what our ultimate destination was to be.

“ Ces dames comprennent-elles la gravité de la situation? Il est dangereux d'aller en Allemagne. L'Allemagne va mobiliser.”

We smiled with fatuous assurance. Could any innkeeper know more than our wise Foreign Office? Moreover, it is not in the nature of Englishwomen to run away at the first sound of alarm, so we went on, rather self-elated, to our fate. In the carriage with us for part of the journey to Cologne were two young Belgians. They were evidently deeply moved and labouring under the strongest excitement over the threatened war. They told us that in case of eventualities all the frontier bridges had been mined.

“ Mais, monsieur! ” I said, “ l'Allemagne n'osera jamais envahir la Belgique. Elle a signé le Contrat de la Haye. Elle ne peut se déshonorer ainsi.”

“ Hélas, madame,” said he, “ vous ne comprenez pas les Allemands.”

Prophetic words!

At Cologne we stayed the night at the Hôtel du Nord. We found matter-of-fact, tranquil

Cologne a seething maelstrom. All night long students marched about the streets, crying out for war, singing :

“ Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles,” and cheering and yelling.

We were indeed glad to leave the City of the Seven Thousand Virgins behind us.

Our journey by the Rhine was normal and uneventful. The usual thirsty Germans uttered the usual entreaty at the usual places :

“ Kann Mann hier Bier bekommen ? ” and trays and beer-jugs seemed to occupy men’s minds more than war-clouds.

At Ober Lahnstein Mrs. Hervey got out, *en route* to Ems, and I went on to Nauheim.

At Homburg Station we heard for the first time that Germany was mobilizing and that the English were packing up and returning to England.

The pretty little town of Nauheim looked sunny and tranquil enough as I drove up the Park Strasse that evening. The usual procession of fat German Herren and Frauen were coming away from the Terrace, having had their *quantum sufficit* of music, coffee and *bier*. Uncomely women displayed remorselessly the usual broad-soled boots, thick ankles and substantial petticoats. German female coiffure had in no wise changed since the year before. Hair was plastered down on each side of shiny cheeks and ended in queer little lumps behind.

The German proverb which tells us that “ Jedes Weib will lieber schön als fromm sein ” (“ Every woman would rather be pretty than pious ”) cannot

surely apply to German women ! I noticed demonstrative Teuton lovers sitting as of yore on benches in the Park Allee. One unabashed girl sat with her arm encircling her *Bräutigam's* neck, and I thought with an inward giggle that he would be a happy Corydon in the Fatherland who could return the compliment and encircle his Phyllida's waist. Maid-servants were beating pillows and bolsters with wicker flails, and, as always, scrubbing and polishing. All was as I had hitherto known it. Nothing seemed portentous of the tragedy to come. But that same night Nauheim woke up to the meaning of war. A herald went round the town, blowing a trumpet and rousing everyone.

“ Kommen sie heraus,” he shouted, “ kommen sie alle fort.”

This call, meant for the Reservists, brought everyone to their windows and balconies. It was for me a memorable sight. Beneath in the street were crowds of people, dancing and singing. The Austrian National Anthem was sung with enthusiasm. Then came : “ Heil Dir im Sieger Kranz ” and “ Deutschland über Alles.” The herald's voice at times was almost drowned by the yells and screams of joy. The people were in a state of hysterical exaltation, cheering Austria, anathematizing Serbia, cursing Russia.

As the crowds disappeared round the corner of the street towards the tessellated slopes of the Kur Haus (tessellated with the gayest of flower-beds) a curious solemnity and melancholy seemed to settle on the Burg Strasse. I for one realized then

that momentous issues were at stake and that we were on the brink of an abysmal tragedy.

The following morning a few friends and I met and discussed our situation. Already a proclamation had been pasted up in the Park Strasse forbidding anyone to travel by train whilst mobilizing was going on, but it was clearly stated that all *Fremden* (strangers) would have leave to depart once the troops had been moved.

One door being shut in our faces, I suggested hiring motors and getting away by the Rhine boats. My plan was called chimerical and impracticable. A wiseacre gave it as his conviction that there could never be such a thing as war between England and Germany. Matters would soon be arranged diplomatically and satisfactorily, and we might all of us bathe and drink the waters in perfect safety and without apprehension. The following day all petrol was reserved for the Army, and our last hope of escape vanished.

Although the situation was not pleasant, Nauheim was not a bad place for a prison.

It lies on the eastern slope of the Johannisberg, and is in the beautiful Taunus Wald district. Its park is one of the most charming in Germany, and there are pleasant shady walks in all directions, a lovely lake and an attenuated river which meanders dreamily under picturesque bridges. Horticulture flourishes in Nauheim, flower-beds are gay and beautiful, and there is a rose-farm outside the town which is celebrated.

Architecturally speaking, the town is of two

periods: one, timber-framed, gabled, with narrow streets paved with cobble-stones; the other modern, wide streets planted with trees and flanked with pretentious stucco villas. These houses are generally detached, many-storied, and bubbling over with balconies, awnings and low windows, ending up with mansard roofs and flag-poles. The Bath-houses of Nauheim are among the best and most artistic in Germany. Instead of spurious Gothic or pseudo-classic, the architect has reverted to old German models for inspiration and produced solid, picturesque buildings in character with the place. The red roofs, the clock towers, the arched portals and courtyards are all charming, and will be more so when the crude whites and reds have mellowed into softer tints.

But we thought little of picturesqueness or architecture, or of anything but the war in those days. As we could get no English papers, nor receive nor send any letters, we could not tell how things were going in England. The greatest hatred against Russia was expressed in the papers and by everyone German about us. There were numbers of Russians in the town, most of them poor and middle-class. None of them nor could any of us cash cheques, and the Russians had hardly any money. The distinct impression I gathered from talking with Germans during those early days in August was that they never expected for a moment that England would go to war. Lichnowsky had deceived himself and deceived his Government; England was supposed to be on the verge of civil

war, in any case the English were "a nation of shopkeepers," and had no military spirit and nothing of an army. No! it was not to be thought of for a moment. The blow fell on the 5th, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announced it thus:

"Kurz nach 7 Uhr erschien der Englische Botschaften Goschen auf dem Auswartigen Amt um den Krieg zu erklären und seine Pässe zu fordern." ("Shortly after 7 o'clock appeared the English Ambassador Goschen at the Foreign Office in order to declare war, and to demand his passport.") Then followed a leading article in the now familiar style of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, full of abuse of England, and beginning:

"The unbelievable has come to pass!"

It was strange for us English, feeling, as we did, glad and proud that our country was doing her duty, to read such diatribes. We felt indignant and outraged when we heard her called "ehelos" ("without honour.") Day after day the abuse continued, like Lord Castlereagh's oratory of bygone times, "One weak, plashy, everlasting flood." My little maid, as she placed the dishes on my table, glanced at me as if, indeed, I were a moral leper, coming from that accursed country England. We were warned that we must not go outside the limits of the town, all English notices were scrubbed and scraped off the Nauheim shop windows, and every day a fresh "Bekanntmachung" regulating our conduct was issued. We must be indoors by 9 p.m., we must not "rotten" in the streets or in our rooms (*i.e.*, meet together to conspire).

On the 8th of August, about 6.30 a.m., three men found their way into my bedroom while I was still in bed. I sat up wrathfully, and faced them.

"May I ask," said I in my best German, "to what I owe the honour of this visit?"

"We have come to search your room," said they.

"And pray what do you expect to find?"

"We look for compromising papers and for *Waffen*." ("Weapons.")

"And do German ladies make a practice of carrying revolvers about with them?"

"Certainly *not*."

"Then why should I be suspected of doing such a thing?"

"Ach! weiss nicht! we were told to search here."

"Then please leave the room and I will put on a dressing-gown whilst you search."

"Nein! Nein! die Englische Dame would then, doubtless, hide the weapons!"

They set to work, shamefacedly, I must say, peering into drawers and wardrobes, examining blotters and shaking out gowns and mantles. Finding nothing, they shuffled out of the room, muttering the conventional "Adieu!"

As the Germans advanced victoriously through Belgium our relations with the townspeople grew steadily worse. Every balcony in Nauheim had its flag, every child his paper cocked-hat and toy sword. Morning, noon and night the children sang the "*Landesvater*" ("Alles Schweige! Jeder Neige!" etc.) or "*Heil Dir im Sieger*

Kranz." They drilled in little companies, the eldest being "Hauptmann," or captain, and marched about the streets with their toy guns, and drums. Everywhere there was the finest spirit of patriotism. That, we could not but admire and respect, but when fat old German ladies poked our backs with umbrellas and ordered us to remove newspapers we had laid on vacant chairs (of which they had really no need), we resented it. The "Apotheke" people were especially insolent, the doctors invariably kind and considerate. Dr. Groedel, moved by the bad plight of Russians in the town, gave many of them a meal each day. He told me that, although he was a most loyal German and a "Herr Professor," his house, in consequence of his kindness to Russians, was searched by the police. I heard last summer that Dr. Schott had been sent to the trenches, penalized, like Groedel, because of his consideration for English people, he, a man well over sixty! Schott had an enormous practice among English people, and was considered very able. Humility, however, was never one of his virtues. When the little English church above the Burg-alley was opened, he was one of the invited. Someone asked him afterwards what he thought of the ceremony.

"Ach!" said he, "I felt quite shy! You see, the Bishop preached about the 'healing wasser of Nauheim, and he said, 'But we must none of us forget the *Great Physician!*' Natürlich! I felt bashful."

After the declaration of war by England, a

“ Warnung ” was posted up in the Park Strasse to say that if English, Russians or French went within a hundred metres of the railway station they were liable to be shot. This, then, was a strong deterrent from walks in the direction of the Bahn-Hof. Every channel of egress was blocked. There were soldiers with loaded rifles guarding the bridges and roads outside Nauheim. The only remedy for our affliction seemed to be patience.

Soon the omnibuses ceased to disgorge patients at hotel doors. The idle waiters, who lounged about hotel halls, grew fewer every day. Doctors gave up their motors and trudged about the streets, and Nauheim ladies carried cigarettes, and coffee and zwiebacks to the station for the soldiers passing through.

Every day fresh illustrated postcards appeared in the shop windows, and were eagerly bought by Germans. All of them were boastful and vain-glorious in tone, many so indecent that only the lowest minds could have conceived of such subjects. Always, on every card, there was a forecast of victory for Germany and humiliation for England. The more insulting to England, the better pleased were the Germans. Stationers' shops did a thriving trade in those days, and hundreds of cards, reviling and ridiculing Russia, England and France, went through the post. Of course no letters or papers reached us, and we were practically cut off from the outer world. We read daily pæans of praise of Germany's valour and greatness and “ Kultur ” in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Germans at that time outdid themselves in arrogance and boastfulness. They bragged and swaggered as only people who believe they possess the monopoly of "Kultur" in the world could, and their cocksureness and confident attitude was infinitely irritating to us, who dared not contradict them. One day, when our little colony went to say its prayers, a "Bekanntmachung" was affixed to the church door. It ran thus: "We have smashed your army on the Continent of France [*sic*] and we will smash *you* if you dare to ring your bell." After that the church was closed, and we worshipped in secret, like the early Christians in the Catacombs.

On the 14th of August we heard officially that we had permission to leave, but that first we must give in our passports at the police station in order that they should be sent to Berlin to be stamped. Overjoyed, we lost no time in going to the "Polizei Amt." The little yard was crammed, the staircase positively asphyxiating. English, French, Poles and Russians stood patiently for hours, waiting to give up their passports. We were no match for the Huns, however. They told us to return the following Tuesday for our passports, and many a Tuesday did we toil up that weary hill, only to hear the same mendacious excuse: "sie sind noch nicht zurückgekommen." ("They are not yet come back.") The whole thing was simply an underhand way of getting possession of our passports.

Meanwhile money, with all of us, was running

short. We were unable to cash cheques, and could get nothing from England. Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador at Berlin, and Mr. Ives, the American Vice-Consul at Frankfort, worked hard on our behalf. Week after week dragged on, and we packed and unpacked, buoyed up with hope one day and utterly discouraged the next. We were told that we must go "über Hannover," via Copenhagen, or by Switzerland. Every week our route was changed. Arrests became more frequent. I, for one, was penniless, reduced to doing some of my own washing and trying to sell my jewellery. To live in the twentieth century for nearly two months without a letter or English newspaper at a time when our country's fate absorbed all our thoughts was a terrible hardship. We heard of nothing in Nauheim but English and French and Belgian "defeats." Day after day the little town rioted with joy over German conquests. It was hard to bear! The weather became cold and rainy, we had only summer garments with us, and no money to buy others. The excellent band which played in peace time on the Terrace had long ceased its music. Life was grey and dreary, and the only excitement in it was the element of danger. For our menfolk, monotony of existence was varied by occasional week-ends in Frankfort gaol; but we women had not even that resource! One terrible morning we heard from Berlin that no English people would be allowed to leave Germany until the war was over. Then, indeed, was "wailing and gnash-

ing of teeth," although, as a rule, we bore ourselves bravely enough. Finally, after nearly two months, the order of release came. Those of us who could show certificates to say that our healths would be in danger unless we were set at liberty might go. Kind Dr. Groedel was ready to swear to weak lungs, weak hearts, delicate throats, anything and everything so that we should be free. It was only the evening before our departure that the penultimate blow fell. None of the men would be allowed to go with us. The last blow of all came when we heard in England that they had been interned at Giessen and at Ruhleben.

CHAPTER XXX

RANCE IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

“Some said, ‘John, print it,’ others said, ‘Not so,’
Some said, ‘It might do good,’ others said, ‘No.’”

JOHN BUNYAN.

MY friends in England assumed, curiously enough, that, because I had suffered in 1914 on the Continent, I should never tempt Fate by going there again. They little knew the comrad! Within four months of my return from Germany I left England once more. This time was to go as secretary to a wounded officers' convalescent home on the Riviera. Miss Wilughby went with me as nurse, and we arrived on the Côte d'Azur early in January, 1915.

The Liserb, which Mrs. Crawford took from Mr. Mazalet as a convalescent home for naval officers, was a good example of the Genoese villa or palace. It was yellow-washed outside and frescoed inside with cheerful, if gaudy, Italian frescoes. There were stone staircases and unexpected steps, put there, seemingly, on purpose to facilitate your stumbling down if you were so minded. There was a mellowness about it, the product of age, a

sentiment which no brand-new building can convey, a "sense of the past" which would have appealed to Henry James, and, in a word, Liserb was adorable.

The grounds, which were extensive, must have been laid out when Nice was Italian and "the brightest jewel in the crown of Italy," as Victor Emmanuel pathetically called it. There were mottled marble balustrades, pergolas, sunny terraces, a noble avenue of ancient olive trees, lemon and orange groves, cypresses, palms, fig trees, cacti, pomegranates and rose bushes. The artificial grotto and lake were the only blots, to my way of thinking, in a most charming landscape, but, as these found admirers who were blind to the beauty of an olive tree, there was something to suit all tastes. We had an admirably fitted *salle d'Armes* on one side of our house, and a combined billiard room and library on the other, the bedrooms were most comfortably and prettily furnished, and there was a huge salon with vaulted roof in the old Italian fashion.

Our first care was to provide a dispensary, with everything needful for wounds. We ordered in yards of bandages, bottles full of antiseptics, mountains of carbolic gauze, splints, pneumonia jackets, and then sat eagerly waiting for our patients.

Alas! when ships go down sailors generally go with them. The courteous P.M.O. at the Admiralty wrote me deprecatory apologetic letters in explanation of his inability to provide us with

wounded. We grew despondent, and meditated putting Dante's lines, "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate" over our portals. It seemed sheer waste of beauty and enjoyment, of sunshine and flowers, when no convalescent sailors could profit by the loveliness about us. At last, to our joy, we found that we could be useful to Queen Mary's Convalescent Home, and gradually others than our staff had pleasure in Liserb.

Now, "Sister Alice" (as we called Miss Willoughby) was an ardent and enthusiastic nurse. She literally pined for prey, and had ecstatic visions of desperately wounded recovering entirely through her skilful ministrations. I believe she dreamt of typhus and delirium, of incubations and invasions, of hæmorrhages and germicides, of arteries and capillaries, pressure points and tourniquets. At all events, she put nursing before all else in important war work, and was as devoted an adherent of the Red Cross as I was of the White. Many an amicable battle royal did we have over our respective orders, and one day, to tease her, I wrote the following verses :

THE RED CROSS ENTHUSIAST

Dedicated to Miss Willoughby.

I said that in this awful War
 Women had worked as ne'er before,
 Had knitted, sewn, and garments sent,
 To anxious wives had courage lent,
 For khaki folk provision made,
 Consoled in ruthless German raid.

She said : " I cannot, *cannot* see
 That there can any merit be
 In knitting-needles, talk, and tea.
 Who has not passed Red Cross First Aid,
 Nor ever yet a dressing made,
 Nor iodine on wounds has laid,
 " Is not for *me*."

I said the Navy League had sent
 Trousers and shirts with kind intent,
 To keep our sailors dry and warm,
 In rolling seas and hideous storm,
 That women stood from morn till eve
 Parcels to make, and to receive.

" Carbolie gauze who has not seen,
 Nor knows not what alexins mean,
 Nor on gum resins is not keen,"
 She said ; " who arteries of man,
 Knows no more of than Heathen Pan
 Who never goes a brow to fan,
 " Is not for *me*."

" The Patriotic League," I said,
 Had soldiers' wives and children fed,
 Had socks and cardigans by scores
 Dispatched to French and Belgian shores,
 And cigarettes and jam and cake
 For him who fights for England's sake."

She said, " Who has not heard of chyme "
 (Oh ! blessed word for easy rhyme !),
 " Nor how much of our bones is lime,
 Who knows not dynamo from duct,
 The sheets of patients has not tucked,
 Nor poison out of wounds has sucked,
 " Is not for *me*."

I said that " women who loved dress,
Under the Nation's strain and stress,
Denied themselves all garments new,
And hats had limited to two.
E'en girls quite young had taught some French,
To aid our Tommy in his trench."

She said, " They've no Red Cross on breast,
Brassard on arm, medal on chest,
I think them naught, now I've confessed !
" They're not for me."

The following articles which I wrote when in France will give a more vivid picture of conditions there in war-time than anything I can write now from recollection.

CHAPTER XXXI

LONDON TO PARIS

A JOURNEY IN THE YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

ST. CHRISTOPHER, the patron saint of travellers, had need to be invoked in these days of war, for many and tedious are the present drawbacks to foreign travel. First comes the weary wait in an ill-ventilated room at the Foreign Office, to be rewarded at last by a wonderful passport, all beautiful steel engraving and stamps, with an unnecessary age truthfully stated at the bottom, and an utterly unrecognizable portrait at the side! Next an expensive journey in a taxi to the far-off regions of Bedford Square, in order to obtain yet another stamp—that of the Consul-General de France.

These are the preliminaries! Next comes Thomas Cook and Sons' admonitions to be sure and arrive at the station two hours before the train starts, so as to allow time for the scrutinizing of passports, examination and weighing of luggage, etc., etc. The etceteras explain themselves when a solemn-faced policeman ushers us into a Liliputian waiting-room and discreetly withdraws! What

is to happen next, we wonder; and a pleasant-faced lady soon enlightens us. A few leading questions are put: "Have we correspondence in our possession for people abroad?" "Are we carrying letters of introduction? If so, they must be handed to the lady and read by her." "Can we answer for the probity of our maid in these respects?" and so on. The ordeal (and in our case not at all a terrible one) over, we soon find ourselves through the little gate, and before long installed in the carriage where we would be, and bound for Paris.

The wait is a long and weary one, but much that is supremely interesting passes before us and helps to beguile the time. Naturally enough, the military element is ubiquitous. One sees splendid soldierly specimens of British manhood; and here and there a dusky-complexioned warrior, whose sober khaki turban, although not so becoming as his brilliant habitual headgear, is assuredly more practical. Then there are last words to which one turns a deaf ear, and partings one would not see for worlds, and our hearts are wrung with pity for the actors in the drama.

At Boulogne we entered a sterner and more war-like world. The road along the quay we found lined with grey motor ambulances belonging to St. John of Jerusalem and the Red Cross. Fish-wives and fish-baskets had given place to soldiers—British, French and Belgian. Hospital trains (so we learnt) had brought many wounded into the town during the night, and motor ambulances had been busy carry-

ing them to different hospitals. Habit, however, is a powerful factor in life, and we saw from our hotel windows the following morning the indomitable and wonderful Tommies cheerily playing football among the grim, grey ambulances !

From Boulogne to Paris in these bellicose times the trains make a considerable détour, avoiding Amiens. We passed through a somewhat dreary region, where few houses were to be seen, and a great deal of water, willow trees, sedges, rushes and reeds. Telegraph poles and a rare red roof showed out conspicuously against a greenish-brown background and were welcome signs of human life. At Abbeville numbers of refugees from Arras stood patiently shivering in the keen, icy wind. They looked forlorn enough, poor souls, with huge bundles of bedding, done up in counterpanes and sheets on their backs and bags of every conceivable description in their hands.

At a small country station two nice-looking young women of the *bourgeoisie* came into our carriage. Both had husbands at the front, and they had been to see them, and were now returning to their homes. They were brave and patient, though they told us how terrible were the sufferings from cold and frostbite in the trenches, and how fearfully anxious they were. When conversation turned on the Germans they lost all patience and denounced them as "barbarians" and "brutes." We were shown cheap little lockets with the portraits of the absent warriors enshrined in garnets, and they seemed grateful for our interest and sympathy.

Many pathetic tales they told us ! Among others that of a little girl whose arm had been shattered by a shell, and consequently amputated. A few days before Christmas she beckoned to a nurse and said : “ Dis-moi, madame ! Si je suis sage est-ce que le petit Jésus me rendra mon bras pour Noël ? ” Our progress on the journey was terribly slow, the train crawled and, although we left Boulogne shortly after twelve, we did not arrive at our hotel in Paris until long after ten. The station looked deserted and dreary, few porters were to be seen, and none yielded to our blandishments, so that at last resourceful Gertrude, Lady Decies, finding an empty trolley, wheeled it up to our carriage, and we prepared to load it ourselves.

When at last the capture of a taxi was achieved and we drove away in weary triumph, what a strange, unfamiliar Paris met our eyes ! Dark, deserted streets, no life on the boulevards, no sounds of “ revelry by night,” all gloom and silence. Our hotel we found shorn of the familiar presence of the manager, and thereby hangs a tale. He was born of Danish parents, and came of purely Danish ancestry, but by sheer ill luck contrived to arrive on these scenes after Schleswig-Holstein had been ceded to Germany. Although he had lived twenty-five years in Paris, and was at heart a Frenchman, he had never been naturalized, and the unlucky man is now reaping the fruits of his negligence in a fortress near Brest. Such are the drastic but sagacious methods of the French when dealing with aliens !

CHAPTER XXXII

THE CÔTE D'AZUR—IN WAR-TIME

“ O Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

DIOGENES spent time and thought in considering the things he could do without. Among them (had Diogenes lived in these days) might well have been the journey from Paris to Marseilles. For who can sleep in a pandemonium of whistling, bumping, backing, rocking—to say nothing of economy in the matter of air and extravagance in that of dust ! All these discomforts, alas ! are prolonged in the year 1915, since a slow train takes the place of the customary *Rapide*. But miseries of hard beds, or none at all, of stifling carriages and disagreeable fellow-travelers, are forgotten in the first glimpse of the grey towers of Avignon. Here one breathes indeed the atmosphere of the South. This land of olive trees and cypresses, of almond blossoms and mimosa, with all its traditions of *trouvères*, troubadours and *jongleurs* is for the time being ours. We swallow

boiling coffee out of thick cups, standing on an ice-cold platform, at sunrise, and are yet good-tempered ! Are we not in the " Land of Promise," and do we not breathe the balmy air of the " Midi ? "

On this journey, alas ! we felt ourselves defrauded of our just dues, since no *luce e fiore* met our aggrieved eyes. Lead colour had ousted the cobalt and French blue of the traditional Mediterranean skies ; and palms, cacti, eucalypti, and even roses bent under soft white burdens. There be those who praise the wonderful effect of snow on tropical vegetation. We travelled through a region coloured white and grey, and pined for the ultramarines and lush greens, the yellow ochres and burnt siennas of its normal state.

There is one formality to be gone through under present conditions after arrival in a Riviera town, and that is the attainment of a *sauf-conduit*. Without this " Open Sesame " the entrance to other towns is debarred and motoring out of the question. Therefore we energetically climb a wooden staircase at the Cannes Mairie, and interview a most polite and apologetic individual. " Que voulez-vous, madame ? " says the good man, deprecatingly ; " c'est le service," and with an inimitable shrug of his shoulders, and another prayer for forgiveness from the lively French eyes, he presents us with a leaflet on which is printed the following :

VILLE DE CANNES

SAUF-CONDUIT

	Nom.....	Demeure
	Prénoms	Taille
Photo-	Age	Cheveux
graphie.	Profession	Barbe
	Nationalité	Teint

Madame.....est autorisée à circuler dans
le Département des Alpes Maritimes et le Var.

Par : Auto

Pour.....

Valable 15 jours.

Cannes, le.....Février, 1915.

Signature du Titulaire

Le Commissaire Central.

Then come two bluish stamps, and we are handed our *sauf-conduit*, and bow and depart.

And, indeed, joyous, pleasure-loving, gay Cannes is stern and serious enough in these critical days. Most of the hotels are now hospitals. The huge "Carlton" is filled with wounded French soldiers, who are to be seen every day sitting on the terrace, sunning their maimed limbs, and perhaps imitating the old warrior of the "Deserted Village" who: "Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won." The "St. Charles" is also a hospital, as is the "Gallia," but the "Californie" looks grim and inhospitable with all its blinds closed.

The "Prince de Galles" shelters the wives of alien enemies, who are never allowed to leave its grounds. Their husbands have been sent to the Iles des Lérins, one of which (St. Honorat) was the prison of that mysterious historical figure the "Man in the Iron Mask." Of these islands there is a pretty tradition. St. Honorat had a devoted sister, Sainte Marguérite, who lived in a convent on the same island, and visited her brother once a month. Now St. Honorat, being a tiresome, over-conscientious ascetic, feared that his sister's visits gave him too much pleasure, and therefore partook of indulgence in family affection, which, of course, was most reprehensible.

Possibly he may have been somewhat bored by them and made this the excuse! At all events, he prayed fervently that the sea might cut a passage through the island and separate the wicked brother and sister, who loved each other as brother and sister should. St. Honorat's prayer was answered, but, as a concession to his sister's weakness of the flesh, he sent her word that he would visit her always "when the cherry trees were in bloom." Now Ste. Marguérite could pray, too, and her petition was that the cherry-trees might bloom every month, which they most obligingly did. St. Honorat was a man of his word. Therefore he found himself obliged to cross that strip of water twelve days in the year, and I only hope he was sea-sick every time!

To return to Cannes. There are no smart ladies sauntering along the Croisette in these stern times,

and no *rouge et noir* or *petits chevaux* at the Casino. Indeed, the croupiers are fighting their country's battles, and the Casino is full of wounded soldiers. One hotel (the "Bellevue") is dedicated to medical cases, those suffering from typhoid and pneumonia, but the "Hôtel du Parc," like the "Continental," is filled to overflowing with wounded. Nurses here are almost all voluntary, and they get no pay whatever for what they do. French ladies devote themselves daily to the care of wounded and suffering, working with and under the *sœurs de charité*.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE RIVIERA IN WAR-TIME SCENES IN A FRENCH VILLA HOSPITAL

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

"OLD MORTALITY."

WE went to it by one of the lovely valleys for which Nice is famous. Behind us lay tramway tracks, trams, stucco villas, noise and bustle. The sudden transition to country roads and quiet was surprisingly soothing. Green terraces, planted with vines, rose on either hand, the sun transforming the stubbly grass where it touched it into greenest, softest velvet. Contrasted with the lush green of these terraces, the grey of the olive and the indigo of the cypress made one realize how many gradations of tone there may be in one colour. A long, unkempt, grass-grown drive led to the house, which proved to be of the usual Italian pattern found among the older villas of Nice. A trace of its date was to be seen in the external flight of steps (most picturesque and uncomfortably steep) which gave access to the first floor.

Curious fancy machicolations of no Guelph or Ghibelline order, but combining features of both, surrounded the flat roof, and the whole building was fresh and clean in its recent coat of yellow wash. Doubtless in its early youth the villa had boasted crude and imaginative Genoese frescoes, but all such adornment has long since been swept away by foreign and unsympathetic hands.

The glory and chief feature of the villa, however, is its garden. - Imagine a wide terrace with brick pillars supporting the skeleton of a roof, over which roses climb and creepers tangle themselves in hopeless confusion. A stone balustrade separates this particular terrace from those beneath it, and between the pillars one gets divine views of mountain and sea, with the roofs and towers of Nice in the middle distance. Here on the terrace are the wounded soldiers, sitting, every blessed one of them, with their backs to the lovely scenery, stolidly smoking their pipes and enjoying the sunshine and—perhaps—their visitors. About them hover, with tender fussiness, their nurses, two sisters of the Order of St. Vincent and Paul. They wear dark blue gowns and the whitest and most stiffly starched of caps, which come out in two wings on either side of their pleasant, plain faces. The soldiers look wan and worn, and their red and blue uniforms are frayed and faded. Nearly all of them are recovering from serious wounds, but they are pathetically uncomplaining and cheerful. One quite young man bore on his close-cropped head a deep cicatrice. He had been trepanned, and his

wound had affected his speech, so that his endeavours to utter an intelligible word were painful and sad. Another unhappy creature had lost both hands through the bursting of a shell, but he was manfully and patiently learning to write by means of a pen strapped to his wrist. The nuns recounted the details of each case to us, with a running commentary of platitudes. "Comme c'est terrible la guerre! Affreux! Horrible!" Nothing more original in the way of exposition fell from those virginal lips! What the war must have brought into their peaceful, monotonous lives, of excitement, horror, and novelty, who can gauge?

Inside, the hospital is bare enough. What had once been three salons is now three wards, and beds are ranged in tidy rows along the walls. The floors are of parquet, and the marble mantelpieces are protected from possible injury by wooden hoarding. Bad frescoes, in pale, dreary tints, cover ceiling and walls. They have none of the virility and depth of colour which made the crude efforts of an earlier school of mural decoration acceptable. Sprays of decadent flowers, painted in light brown and pink, disfigure what would be inoffensive without them. Windows and floors are hygienically devoid of curtains and carpets, but from every window is such a view as makes one's heart sing for joy. There is a tiny chapel, of course, and a resident priest, and flowers on the altar, picked fresh from the garden by loving hands. And there is a Roman lamp and a solitary red light glowing in the dimness as symbol of the Faith

which has lit up the darkness of ages and survived persecution and hatred.

In a small room we came upon a poor, paralysed man. Obviously he had been a fine, handsome creature before this terrible war began. Now the blackness of his untrimmed beard only accentuated the waxen pallor of his face. He lay reading a letter, and in answer to our words of sympathy smiled feebly. No complaint crossed his lips, and he looked gratefully at the kind little nun who patted his bedclothes and shook up his pillows. A generous American lady (who had taken the villa for her own enjoyment, and now lent it for the use of wounded French soldiers) brought him comforts in the way of flannel shirts and night-gowns. His looks were eloquent of gratitude and touching to see.

There is a good dispensary in this primitive little hospital, but no operating theatre, nor are there many of the latest fads in the way of hygienic nursing, but of human sympathy and care there is abundance. From a survey of the house we returned to the garden and to the soldiers seated on their rush-bottomed chairs, happy in the sunshine and oblivious to the scenery. I remarked to one how terrible was the case of another; and he answered me by a proverb: "Ah, Madame! Je sais à mon pot comment les autres bouillent!"

CHAPTER XXXIV

NICE IN WAR-TIME

“ And read their history in a nation's eyes.”

GRAY'S “ ELEGY.”

FROM the soft, blurred outlines, cloudy distances and flat landscapes of our cold, grey North it is a marked transition to find oneself on the Côte d'Azur. Nothing can well be more articulate in outline than the Alpes Maritimes, nor colour more gorgeous than that of sea and sky and land on these golden shores. To paint the scenes which lie at Nice between mountain and sea requires a palette set with brilliant and varied hues. There are many shades of difference in the greens of the palm, the olive, the cypress and the conifer, still less similitude in the yellows of orange and lemon trees. Villas, it is true, have a striking family resemblance, and seem to be universally swished over with white or cream colour. Roads, like the houses, are monotonous in tone—dazzling, glaring, unalluring.

The by-paths of the Riviera are, however, its glory and distinction. One toils up grey stone steps to a wayside shrine, wherein is frescoed in

crude colours a primitive picture of the Madonna and Holy Child ; or we follow watercourses where they lead to wild flowers and crumbling, battered towns. Sometimes an ancient and grim Calvary reminds the passer-by of the religious spirit which once animated this fair land of France to its core, and which, under sorrow and strain, is now nearing renaissance. But joys of Nature and social allurements are this year ignored on the French Riviera.

And, indeed, the horrors and ravages of war are more obvious here than in England ! “ *Les chers souliers nerveux qui font de petits pas* ” along the Promenade des Anglais are no more heard to click ; instead is the gruesome tap of crutches ! No smart carriages, and seldom motors, roll past, but many are the ambulances, and not a few the one-legged, one-armed soldiers. A large number of these invalids are victims of frostbite, and their swollen feet encased in linen and cloth slippers move one to deepest pity. In the early days of cold and the trenches amputations for this were occasional but now a treatment of hot air has been found to work wonders. Apart from maimed soldiers, the number of widows (young, middle-aged and old) on all sides are mute protests against frivolity and pleasure-seeking !

Many shops in Nice are closed, especially those on the Quai Masséna and St. Jean Baptiste ; for who can want smart hats in these tragic days, and how incongruous are grief and Paris models. Even locomotion is achieved with difficulty, as the experience of friends of mine lately proved. The

started for San Remo one morning in their motor, looking forward to a blissful run into Italy. At the frontier disenchantment met them. They might enter the Land of Promise certainly, but not *en automobile*, since no motors in these days could leave France! Discomfited, they exchanged the luxuries of their car for a stuffy railway carriage.

Returning by taxi to the frontier, their Italian chauffeur turned them out at Pont St. Louis, refusing to go further. Thence they were forced to walk in the dark to Mentone, where at the station they hailed with joy their car, only to learn that no motors were allowed to travel after 8 p.m. at the present juncture. "Last scene of all in this eventful history," a tired, dishevelled, exhausted couple arrived about eleven at night, wishing heartily they had never seen San Remo. The car and chauffeur remained at Mentone. Such are the conditions of travel just now in France!

Nothing strikes one more here than the splendid spirit of patriotism, optimism and determination to be seen in the French people. An amusing illustration of this is given by Georges Ohnet in his last book, "Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris pendant la Guerre de 1914." Mimics of the grown-up, all French children played at war, disputing who should take the parts of French, English and Russians. "Un petit," says he, "que l'on a voulu forcer à faire le Prussien, pleurait à chaudes larmes, écrasé sous l'offense de ce choix injurieux. Sa mère a voulu le consoler en lui disant :

" ' Mais l'Allemand sera peut-être vainqueur ! ' "

“ ‘ Non ! non ! Il ne le sera pas, ’ ” cried the aggrieved and insulted little *bonhomme*.

Nearly all hotels in Nice and in Cimiez are hospitals nowadays, the “ Rühl,” the “ Negresco,” the “ Grand,” the “ Winter Palace,” and others. Shop windows have substituted warlike themes in pictures for erotic ones, and the photographs of our King and Queen, Kitchener, French and Jellicoe, side by side with Joffre, Pau and Poincaré, are everywhere to be seen. The Grand Hôtel de Cimiez has been taken by our War Office for invalid officers. Close to it the “ Liserb ” has been rented by Mrs. Crawford for the use of wounded English naval officers, and the Château Mont Boron, at the beginning of the winter, was handed over by Count and Countess Gurovski for the Belgians and French. The Victoria Hospital has now sixty-three surgical and medical cases in it, and with an energetic, capable staff of trained nurses it is doing splendid work.

But alas ! The Côte d’Azur has not lived up to its name of late ! Sapphire seas and cobalt skies have changed their glorious colouring for grey, sad tones. Rain is ceaseless ! Only now and then a radiant day restores the traditional aspect of this beautiful coast. Then, indeed, we feel with him who wrote :

“ Heureux qui sur ces bords peut longtemps s’arreter,
Heureux qui les revoit, s’il a dû les quitter.”

CHAPTER XXXV

PASSPORTS AND TRAVEL IN FRANCE

“Strange all this difference should be
‘Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.”

JOHN BYROM.

IT is no small achievement nowadays to leave France; neither is it an easy matter to travel anywhere in it. A shrewd Government places ingenious and vexatious stumbling-blocks in the way of ordinary locomotion, and motor-cars in the fair land of France cannot guide Zeppelins in their work of destruction, since rigid examination is made at every stage of a traveller's progress into his character and antecedents. Here, for example (and warning), are the writer's experiences on a recent occasion :

My *sauf-conduit* having its time limit, and that being expired, I went to the Mairie at Nice to obtain a renewal. Space at the Mairie under existing conditions not being sufficient, I was directed to the Opera House in a neighbouring street, where, indeed, was a curious scene. Down one entire side of the entrance hall extended wooden tables on trestles, behind which sat a row of clerks busily writing. In front of this barricade stood a clamour-

ing, impatient public, intent on getting their *laissez-passers*.

At the bottom of the hall, but at a separate table, were two anæmic-looking young men stamping *sauf-conduits*. The virtue of patience must be exercised on these occasions, so I took my place in the queue and bided my time. When, after a wearisome wait, one was at last able to ask for another *sauf-conduit* (presenting the old one as a guarantee), a pert young clerk demanded to see my *permis de séjour*. I had none! "Then," said he, "you must go at once and get it. *Tonnerre de Dieu!* Madame, you have no papers of identification, no *permis de séjour*, nothing, and you demand a *sauf-conduit!*" "*Mais, Monsieur!*" said I (not at all willing to be crushed in this relentless manner), "my last *laissez-passer* is my paper of identification, and what sense is there in asking for a *permis de séjour* when all I want is leave to depart?" "*Vous êtes étrangère, Madame, n'est-ce pas? Hé bien!* I must be sure that you are not a spy before I give you permission to go. *Voilà!*" There was no remedy for this reasoning, which, after all, was logical enough, but that of fetching passport, photograph, obtaining a *permis de séjour*, and flourishing them all before the unbeliever's eyes!

To leave the Côte d'Azur, however, is an easy matter compared with the difficulty of getting away from Paris. Four different officials must be visited, and each is obliged to *viser* the traveller's passport. First on the list for English people

REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

Département des Alpes-Maritimes

LAISSEZ-PASSER



Nom M. Jephson

Prénoms Henriette

Sexe Femme

Nationalité Anglaise

Résidence M. Cimiez

M. Jephson Henriette est autorisé à
se rendre à Tous le département d es Alpes-Maritimes

en Auto N° 245.M.5 et Trincipanti

Départ le 16 Février 1915, à 3 heures 1915

Délivré par nous, Adjoint au Maire de Nice.

Nice, le 16 Février 1915.

Pour le Maire
L'Adjoint délégué.

Morice



(1) La photographie doit être oblitérée par le cachet et la signature de l'autorité qui délivre le laissez passer.

(2) Commissaire de police ou maire.

(3) Signature et cachet de l'autorité qui délivre le laissez passer.

comes our Consul, and a long and dreary wait in a dull ante-room is the usual prelude to an interview with him. Number one *visa* having been achieved, a drive to a remote Préfecture follows. Here we went to the wrong door, and were directed to take the "troisième rue à gauche" and then the "deuxième à droite," and, after much vexatious wandering, found ourselves eventually in a spacious courtyard.

A stone staircase on the right led up to a picturesque loggia, and the brilliant sunshine on the cleanly whitewash called to mind vividly Sargent's glorious little picture in the Academy a few years ago. Long queues of people, with tired, cross faces, stood waiting before two doors. We added our contribution to one string, and after an hour were admitted to the august presence of the *Préfet de Police*, "chef du 4^{me} Bureau de la 1^{re} Division." There was nothing novel now in the scrutinizing, writing and stamping. We bowed, and thanked, and returned, weary but happy, to our hotel. Alas! there were yet two more authorities to be visited before we could get leave to quit Paris!

Next on the list came the *Commissaire de Police*, whose office is in the *Place du Marché St. Honoré*. From him we obtained sanction for our stay in Paris and permission to leave it. The manager of our hotel wrote a letter stating that we were staying in his house, and on presenting this our passports were speedily enriched by the words: "Vu pour séjour à Paris" and "Bon pour départ," with more

circular ornamentation in the way of stamping. Last of all, the "Commissaire Spécial" at the Gare du Nord added to our long-suffering passports the words: "Vu au départ de Paris pour se rendre en Angleterre via Boulogne," with the date and his signature. If foreign travel in these days could by any stretch of imagination be described as a "jeu," it is certainly not worth the "chandelle."

In conclusion I feel inclined to say with Prospero: "Our revels now are ended." Assuredly until

"Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front"

our portion can be nothing but stern work and cruel suffering in this world, yet I for one look forward with faith and hope to a time not far distant when with God's blessing we shall receive "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

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