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Sheale

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS
OF A DIPLOMATIST

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

RECOLLECTIONS OF A
DIPLOMATIST

1849-1873

In Two Vols. Demy 8vo, 25s. nett.

FURTHER
RECOLLECTIONS OF
A DIPLOMATIST

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR HORACE RUMBOLD, BART., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
SOMETIME H.M. AMBASSADOR AT VIENNA

LONDON
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P R E F A C E

THE favourable reception accorded to the first portion of these Recollections has encouraged me to take them up again where I left them in the spring of 1873. The present third volume, which covers a further period of twelve years of a somewhat varied career, may, I hope, prove acceptable to readers who took a kind interest in the earlier part of this life history.

November, 1903.

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FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIPLOMATIST

CHAPTER I

ON THE WAY TO SANTIAGO DE CHILE

"BELIEVE me," said, or rather sputtered out, the kind-hearted Hammond¹—quite the most invaluable but worst mannered of officials—"believe me, the best thing you can do is to make up your mind to go out there. It will be a complete change, and be good for you in every way."

This was when I called at the Foreign Office on my return from Nice, and there was so much wisdom in the certainly well-meant counsel, that I determined to face the many difficulties of a removal to so great a distance with three children, the eldest of whom was only four years old. Most fortunately, I felt that I could entirely rely on their head-nurse, who proved a thoroughly devoted, capable creature, and, with the help of an intelligent German nursery-maid, took the best possible care of her small

¹ Afterwards Lord Hammond, and for many years Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. He retired on a pension in October 1873, and was succeeded by Lord Tenterden.

charges. I secured, too, the services of a competent man-servant, of the name of Dinsmore, who came to me from our Embassy at Berlin, and thus knew something of the requirements of a Legation abroad.

No regular diplomatic staff being allowed to the Minister at Santiago, Lord Granville considerably left at my free disposal the nomination to the so-called Clerkship to the Legation—a place that carried with it a salary of £250 a year, and was, therefore, equivalent as regards pay to a Second Secretaryship in the Service. At the suggestion of my good friend Edwin Egerton I offered this appointment to a connection of his, young Granville Milner, brother of Sir William Milner of Nun-appleton, and, during the two years and a half he lived with me as my Private Secretary, could not have had a more pleasant, congenial companion.

I speedily completed my arrangements, and, after allowing for travelling expenses to my destination, found that only a small proportion of the £800 granted me as outfit remained available for the furniture and other things in the way of equipment I was recommended to take out with me. I mention this advisedly, because an experience acquired in the many shiftings I have undergone from post to post enables me to speak with some confidence on the subject. It is unduly inconsiderate, it seems to me, that the hard and fast rule by which travelling expenses have to be defrayed out of the so-called outfit allowance should be applied to Ministers

named to the most distant countries, as it was in my case. Under this rule I had to find my way to the antipodes, at very heavy cost, with my family and household, in the same manner as would a full Envoy, with a much larger salary and outfit, simply bound to some European Court within an easy journey from London. The question of outfit allowances, about which much more might be said, requires complete revision in my opinion. As regards remote posts, entailing long and expensive journeys, the regulations—still, I believe, in force—are decidedly inequitable, and render the benefits of the outfit simply illusory. As a matter of fact, two-thirds of my allowance under this head were absorbed by passage-money and freight on heavy luggage.

I kissed hands, on my appointment, at Windsor, on the 27th of May, staying for that occasion at the Deanery with the kind old Dean and Lily Wellesley—in all her beauty in those days—and sailed from Southampton on the 17th of June in the Royal Mail s.s. *Moselle*. A few days only before leaving England I had been on a visit to the Edward Sartoris at their charming home at Warsash overlooking the Southampton Water. It was the last occasion on which I saw that exceptionally gifted being, Adelaide Sartoris,¹ whose guest I had often been in old days at her pleasant house in St. James's

¹ Mrs. Sartoris died at Warsash, August 4, 1879, after a lingering illness.

Place, where one met some of the most accomplished and agreeable people in London. Here I first became acquainted with Frederic Leighton, while Henry Greville, Hamilton Aidé, Frank Courtenay (the would-be imitator of Rubini),¹ and all the *sympathique* Barrington connection were constantly to be found there. Staying at Warsash there was a charming Miss Gordon, sister of Henry Evans Gordon, who sang delightfully. We did some music with her and her hostess, who put into all she attempted a fire that was quite her own, and still fully justified that crabbed musical critic Chorley's judgment of her that she was the greatest English singer of the century. In the course of this visit, when I had been speaking to her one day in a somewhat desponding mood of the lonely prospect before me, she once more recited to me, with that deep, impassioned voice of hers, a splendid sonnet by Tennyson which I had already heard from her a good many years before, but now wrote down under her dictation. It is so little known—having only appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for 1832, and having never, I believe, been republished—that I may perhaps transcribe it here:—

¹ Courtenay, who had been Private Secretary to one of the Governors-General of India—Lord Dalhousie, I think—had a fairly good tenor voice, which he had cultivated to the highest pitch, and he certainly sang some of Rubini's stock pieces, like the great air in "Niobe," with much effect. He was not a little proud of this accomplishment, and was fond of recounting a visit he had paid to the widow of the greatest of tenors, when, being pressed by her to sing something, an old female servant interrupted the performance by rushing in with the exclamation: "*È la voce del defunto padrone!*"

Me mine own fate to lasting sorrow doometh ;
Thy woes are birds of passage, transitory.
Thy spirit, circled with a living glory,
In summer still a summer joy resumeth.
Alone my hopeless melancholy gloometh,
Like a lone cypress through the twilight hoary,
In some old garden where no flower bloometh—
One cypress on an inland promontory.
And yet my lonely spirit follows thine,
As, round the rolling earth, night follows day.
And yet thy lights on my horizon shine,
Into my night, when thou art far away—
I am so dark, alas ! And thou so bright,
When we two meet, there's never perfect light.

After the great Laureate's death I obtained the present Lord Tennyson's leave to reprint this sonnet in *Notes and Queries*.¹

When I left Warsash its inmates had promised to watch for the steamer that was to take me and my belongings away, and standing on her deck in perfect weather I strained my eyes for a last look at the hospitable house where I had been so kindly entertained. As it happened, I was never to see its gifted mistress again.

We carried the lovely weather with us right across into the heat and glare of the tropics. There were relatively few passengers on board, and the roomy *Moselle* was unusually quiet and comfortable. Under such conditions there is nothing more soothing and restful than a long sea-voyage. The only fellow-traveller I can distinctly recall to mind was a Chief-Justice going out to Trinidad ; a very pleasant,

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 8th series, vol. ii., November 5, 1892.

cultivated man, who had lived a good deal abroad—chiefly in France—and to whom I was induced to show my first recollections, then very much in the rough, of society at Paris in the days of Louis-Philippe. He was so civil and encouraging about them that a small niche in these pages seems only his due, though for the life of me I cannot remember his name.

On the 1st of July I had my first view of the West Indies at Barbados, where Milner and I landed and spent part of the day. It looked very trim and prosperous then, though no doubt it must now to some extent share in the general depression that affects these once most valuable of our colonial possessions. Two days later we touched at St. Thomas, where I visited my brother Arthur's grave and made arrangements for its being put in proper order with the Consul, William Giffard Palgrave, whose guest I was for the day. Palgrave was a man of brilliant gifts, who had gone through romantic and indeed unique vicissitudes. He had made the most perilous and astounding of journeys through Central Arabia; had for a time been a missionary affiliated to the Jesuit order in the East; later on became the confidential agent of Napoleon III. in Syria and Arabia, and was besides the ablest of writers and most accomplished of linguists. It was strange, and indeed saddening, to find such a man stranded, as it were, at the Consulate¹ in this commonplace Danish

¹ Mr. Palgrave was afterwards appointed Agent and Consul-General in Siam; and thence sent as Minister Resident to Monte Video, where he died, in 1884.

possession—a sort of maritime Crewe or Rugby, whose only *raison d'être* is its being the converging point for the different lines of steamers that furrow these West Indian waters. It reminded me in a way of poor Lever eating his heart out at Trieste.

We touched at Jacmel in Haiti, and spent half a day coaling at Kingston in Jamaica, which gave us time for a drive sufficiently far inland to get some idea of the beauties of the approach to the Blue Mountains. From Kingston we shaped our course for Colon, or Aspinwall—the terminus of the railroad across the Isthmus—reaching that Heaven-forsaken spot in the afternoon of the 8th. The heat here was very great, and I spent the best part of my last night on the *Moselle* on deck, the temperature below being almost unbearable. At some distance from us lay an American liner, with her steam up, about to start on her way back to the States. Till quite late in the evening her passengers amused themselves singing, with great perfection, some of those simple old plantation part-songs, which one never hears now it seems to me. Borne across the water, through the close, tropical darkness, these strangely thrilling, pathetic melodies, which I knew but too well, brought back the past with such force that I count this vigil at Colon in some ways among the saddest of my life.

The run across the Isthmus through scenery of no marked character disappointed me on the whole.

We reached Panama—which struck me by its general air of decay and dreariness—about mid-day, but made no stay there, being taken almost immediately, by the courtesy of the Pacific Company's agent, on board the steamer that was to convey us down the West Coast. We thus had the ship entirely to ourselves until the next day, when the rest of the passengers—an uninteresting lot—joined us. Unfortunately, my halt at Panama was, however brief, long enough to produce disastrous and lasting consequences. In the stifling heat what could be more grateful than to have one's hair trimmed and well shampooed after three weeks on board ship in the tropics? Accordingly, Milner and I were directed to a decent-looking *salon de coiffure* on the Plaza close to the hotel, where our wants were satisfactorily attended to. The West Indian nigger who took me in hand was very expert, but terminated his operations by squirting ice-cold water into my ears—an unexpected proceeding which seemed to me quite delightful at the time. Next morning, however, I woke with a dull aching in my left ear that increased all through the journey, and was the beginning of serious trouble which in the end permanently impaired my hearing on one side.

We should have been comfortable enough in the *Santiago*, which took us to Callao in eight days, but for the pestilential smell pervading her. The bulk of her cargo was composed of raw sugar, and the odour from this stuff fermenting in the hold was

quite intolerable. There was no escaping from it; it got, as it were, into one's food, pursued one into one's berth, and was simply sickening. I was doubly glad, therefore, to reach Lima, where we tarried the inside of a week. Of this former metropolis and city of delights in the ancient days of Spanish grandeur I have preserved but a disagreeable impression of close heat, with a sky as misty as that of London. Our *chargé d'affaires*, William Jerningham—a brother of my former Stuttgart chief, and almost as shy—received me most cordially, and to him I am indebted for an interesting run up the Oroya line, of which only a certain portion had then been opened for traffic. This remarkable railway, carried up the Andes to an altitude of some 16,000 feet, and intended to tap and open up the rich and almost virgin region known as the Montaña on the farther side of the great range, with all its wealth of cinchona, indiarubber, and other tropical produce, was the work of the notorious American contractor Meiggs, and, as a specimen of almost reckless engineering, is probably unrivalled. It rises from Lima very rapidly—5000 feet in the first forty miles—so that we immediately got out of British mists into the deepest tropical blue. Pretty soon, too, we reached the end of the section then in working order, and there our party shifted into a couple of trollies with a light engine that took us up a good deal higher to a temporary station, where a sumptuous lunch awaited us. We had had a short run before this as far as the chief object of the

excursion—a stupendous viaduct spanning a very deep and precipitous chasm 600 feet wide, and resting on three gigantic piers, of which the central one is entirely made of hollow-wrought iron. Much of the labour on it is said to have been done by deserters from our ships, whose training enabled them to work at ease at dizzy heights, and who were tempted by the large wages offered them. The viaduct owes its name of Puente de las Verrugas—or bridge of “boils”—to a kind of bubonic plague which carried off a large number of the navvies (mostly *peones* imported from Chile) who were engaged in its construction.

We continued our journey to Valparaiso in the *Sorata*, one of the larger steamers belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, touching, among other places, at Arica, formerly a prosperous town with a considerable population, but then only just emerging from the effects of the tidal wave by which it had been submerged five years before, during the great earthquake of August 13, 1868.

The Vice-Consul, Mr. Nugent, gave me the most interesting particulars of this appalling catastrophe. The first shocks of the earthquake, he told me, were of exceptional violence, and betokened a most severe visitation. The walls of his house, which was at no great distance from the shore, at once gave signs of collapse, while the ground at his feet yawned, showing a great rent, whence a poisonous sulphuric vapour was emitted. He collected his family and

household and made with all speed for the open slopes above the town. After hurrying uphill for a few minutes and reaching high ground entirely clear of buildings, he paused to take breath, and, like the fugitives from the "Cities of the Plain," looked back on what he had left behind him. He then beheld the strangest and most awe-inspiring spectacle conceivable. The hitherto motionless sea, stretching its perfectly smooth, glassy surface in the sweltering noontide as far as eye could reach—the glittering expanse only broken by a group of rocky islets in the nearer offing—suddenly began to recede from the shore, at first quite gently and majestically, carrying with it a certain number of vessels torn from their moorings close inland, and leaving the others uncovered, like boulders strewn on the naked sand at low tide. Away rolled the "painted ocean," parting entire company with the land, and sweeping past the islets, which it also left quite denuded. Presently it returned, still with placid, unruffled aspect, but added impetus, forming, as it neared its natural boundary, a towering watery mound upwards of fifty feet high, which, after overwhelming all the craft it had at first left behind it, made a clean sweep of every building on the shore-line. Once more was the same terrible phenomenon enacted; the flood, at its return, making still more destructive inroads upon the doomed city and its surroundings, and the last time carrying a Peruvian man-of-war, the *America*, and the United

States paddle-wheel gunboat *Wateree*, more than two miles inland, depositing the latter there high and dry and quite upright on an even keel, with every spar and rope in her rigging undisturbed. Here we ourselves found the iron framework of her hull still erect in the midst of the fields, and Granville Milner climbed into her by the ribs of her skeleton. The Vice-Consul related to us, among other incidents of that terrible day, that, when fleeing uphill from the earthquake, he had crossed a young Frenchwoman who was hastening down to the town in the hope of saving what little property she had left in a sort of inn and restaurant she kept near the waterside, and had stopped to warn her of her folly in making the attempt. Two days afterwards her corpse was found, with many others, on the beach, stripped of every particle of clothing excepting only one stocking. He also said that there was still alive in the town an old horse which had been discovered, several days after the catastrophe, quietly grazing on one of the islets already mentioned, whither it had been swept by the wave from its stable near the harbour. The very graphic account given me by Vice-Consul Nugent of this appalling visitation remains quite present to my memory even at this distance of time.

We reached our journey's end on the 4th of August at Valparaiso. With the barren heights that hem in its crowded harbour and bustling quays, it bears no resemblance whatever to the

vale of Paradise to which its discoverer, Valdivia—possibly thankful for the end of a tedious navigation—was pleased to compare it, with true Castilian grandiloquence. Our Consul, James Drummond-Hay, looked after, and was most helpful, to us here, and on the 6th we went up by rail to Santiago. Rooms had been engaged for us at the *Gran Hotel Ingles*, in the principal Square, or Plaza de Armas,—a handsome but ambitious building, defiantly rearing on high its two lofty storeys and pavilions, copied from the Tuileries, in a city where even houses with one upper floor were rather the exception on account of the frequent recurrence of earthquakes. A very few days after our arrival we had a first sharp experience of one of these unnerving convulsions. In the forenoon of the 15th of August, while Milner and I were busy writing for the homeward mail in my sitting-room on the second floor of the hotel, we suddenly became aware of a hollow, rumbling sound, like that of heavy artillery passing over the pavement, almost immediately followed by a shaking of everything in the room, which increased to such a degree that we both started from our seats and called out "Earthquake!" in unison. At this moment the waiter, who had been doing the bedrooms beyond, rushed through and made straight for the stairs, taking no heed whatever of the questions we put to him. The vibration happily only lasted a short time; but the sensation of rocking, at the height

at which we were above the ground, was not a little alarming. Still more striking was the sight from our windows overlooking the great Plaza. It being a grand festival of the Church—the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—the crowds attending High Mass in the cathedral had poured out into the square and filled it with a throng of panic-stricken worshippers, who, all of them, on reaching the open, at once went down on their knees.

On this occasion, as I learned subsequently, the dismaying effects of the shock had been intensified by the predictions of an hysterical nun, who asserted that some terrific convulsion was in store that very day for the seat of an impious Government bent on despoiling the clergy of their ancient privileges or *fueros*. The contentions between Church and State, I should explain, practically already fought out in Europe, had only shortly before extended to this most distant point of the Western Hemisphere, where they had taken an exceedingly bitter turn. In these predictions, which had been assiduously spread about through clerical channels, it was stated that the earthquake would take place at two o'clock in the morning, and be accompanied by a Cimmerian darkness against which no ordinary means of lighting would be of any avail. There is no doubt that, in view of the catastrophe foretold, the clergy of the capital were busily engaged, for days before the supposed fatal date, in blessing the dwelling-houses of the faithful as well as their stock of oil and candles. As it happened,

the shock occurred in the broad light of a beautiful August forenoon and was relatively slight.

It is a singular circumstance that the impression produced by these alarming disturbances on a population which might be reasonably supposed to be inured to them seems to grow more and more intense instead of being worn out by habit. Fortunately, as regards my personal experience, no very severe shocks¹ occurred during my residence in Chile, and when once I was settled in one of the stereotyped Santiago houses, built of *adobes*—loose bricks made of mud, which is far more elastic than the hard-baked material used since time immemorial in Europe—round inner courtyards on the same plan as the Pompeian villas, and without any upper storey or basement and cellars below, I can honestly say that the shocks, although decidedly unpleasant, had no demoralising effect upon me. When I bear in mind, however, the admission made to me on the subject by Drummond-Hay, I am thankful not to have experienced any of the more formidable visitations. Drummond-Hay, a younger brother of that eminent diplomatist, Sir John—our envoy in Morocco, and for many years the Stratford de Redcliffe *au petit pied* of the Sherifian Empire—had begun life at Tangier under his brother, who was his senior by eighteen years. On the occa-

¹ The very frequent shocks (*temblores*) must be distinguished from the real earthquakes (*terremotos*) which occur at much greater intervals, and are attended by more or less disastrous results.

sion of the wreck of a small British vessel on the Riff coast he had gone to the assistance of the shipwrecked crew and defended them, single-handed, with such gallantry against the attacks of the pirates, that, on the circumstances of the affair being reported home, he was at once rewarded with a C.B. He was, I believe, as absolutely fearless as man can be, yet he confessed to me that, during a very violent earthquake which took place on the 7th of July, a few weeks before my arrival, and did great damage at Valparaiso, he had entirely lost his nerve. He lived in a house on the hill above the town, and was sitting alone in his study at ten o'clock at night, when the shocks began. Behind him was a folding door leading into an unoccupied room, which he knew for certain to be securely locked and bolted. Suddenly, on turning round, he saw both leaves of it opened as by an unseen hand; the effect upon him, he told me, being such, that although he had been some years in the country, his feeling the next day simply was that he must go on board ship there and then, at any cost, and leave everything behind him rather than face such an unmanly ordeal again.

The very peculiar configuration of the region afflicted by these convulsions is no doubt in great degree accountable for their frequency and violence. A brief description I gave elsewhere¹ of its general physical and other conditions may, therefore, appro-

¹ Report on the Progress and General Condition of Chile, December 1875 (Foreign Office Reports).

priately find its place here, and convey some idea of the country which now, for some years, became my home.

A strip of coast-land, ranging over some 2000 miles, and nowhere exceeding 200 miles in breadth, pent in between almost the loftiest mountains and the broadest ocean of the globe. Its shores turned away from all the ancient homes of civilisation and facing the western sea—as yet “mute and inglorious,” though at no remote period possibly destined to witness the contentions of new and powerful States. Divided from the Old World by the expanse of the Atlantic and the breadth of a continent, and till recently approachable only by the deterring voyage round the stormy Horn or a wearisome transit through the swamps and jungles of Panama, Chile may well be said to have started on its way as a nation at a great disadvantage. Nor will its history be found to have been more favourable to it than its geographical situation. Of all the vast dependencies of Spain, Chile was perhaps the most neglected: a *refugium peccatorum* from the metropolis; a sort of Algeria or Turkestan for the “unquiet spirits” of the Spanish Colonial Empire; at best, a training ground where the more adventurous earned in obscure, toilsome Araucanian raids a right to rest among the lazy luxuries of Peru.

Chile was certainly never popular with the Spaniards. Almagro overruns it, and withdraws from it in disgust; Valdivia again conquers it, but

falls in the hour of triumph; and after him, for two centuries and a half, successive governors have to contend with an indomitable native race. During nearly the entire period of Spanish rule, or misrule, the same Indian trouble recurs unceasingly, the ill-repute of the province growing with it. It is a land abounding in natural resources, but comparatively little gold is to be got there, while there is a plentiful assurance of hard knocks. Nevertheless, though the Spaniard cared little for it, he moodily kept his hold on it as on all the rest of the huge territories beneath his sway. Then came the struggle for independence, resisted by Spain with singular tenacity considering the little value she placed on the country, and, after sixteen years of chequered warfare, the land was left to itself, and commenced its career as the free and independent Republic of Chile. The remnant of the Spaniards under Quintanilla evacuated Chiloe, the last point held by them, in January 1826. Barely fifty years, therefore, of autonomy, and not quite twenty-five of settled government undisturbed by any serious attempts at revolution, make up the whole of Chilean national history up to the day when I first visited the country.

CHAPTER II

SANTIAGO DE CHILE

NOTHING can be more striking and, in some respects, unique than the situation of the Chilean capital. One hundred miles of gradual rise from the coast, with a stiffer climb across the range of the lesser or maritime Cordillera, bring one to the plateau on which Santiago stands at an altitude of 1800 feet above the sea-level. Running north and south down the whole length of the Chilean territory, this high plateau is little more than a very broad valley, with narrower lateral dales approached by intersecting glens, each one rising step-like above the other to the foot of the giant wall of the Andes. The fine, somewhat aspiring, city, standing in such proximity to the first spurs of the lofty chain, thus has the most majestic of backgrounds.

Not that the huge, frowning mass of the Andes can be compared for beauty or picturesque effect to the great Swiss ranges, with their lovely, clearly-defined peaks, each of which has its distinctive shape and features that remain engraved for ever in the memory of those who have lived in sight of them. The colossal Andine chain, as seen from the central valley stretched at its feet, has no such

characteristic traits. Its loftiest summits lie much farther back, and are nowhere visible from the high plateau. The range thus rather produces the effect of a featureless wilderness of rock, piled skywards like the battlements of some Cyclopean city, and heavily topped with snow, the line of which is broken here and there by truncated towers, such as the great mass of Tupungato. Only on one occasion can I remember espying, from the deck of a vessel nearing the coast, the wondrous pyramid of Aconcagua, glittering in mid-air at sunrise—a veritable fairy mountain—fully a hundred and twenty miles away. The Andes, as one looks up at them from Santiago, with their rugged lower slopes entirely denuded of vegetation, derive a forbidding grandeur almost devoid of beauty from their enormous size alone; being, both in appearance and in very truth, by their height and vastness, the most formidable barrier set by Nature on the face of the globe.

The great depth of this gigantic mountain system unfortunately has a deleterious effect on the climate of the high plateau, by arresting and retaining all the periodical atmospheric disturbances which otherwise would visit the plains below. The newcomer, resting in the broad sunshine, under a perfectly breathless, cloudless sky, in the gardens of the Plaza de Armas at Santiago, thus not unfrequently has a chance of watching—almost an unparalleled experience in travel—some violent tempest or snow-

storm circling over the sombre pinnacles above, which never finds its way down to the valley. So abnormal, in fact, is the perennial dryness thereby produced at this altitude that, until one gets inured to it, the climate of Santiago is most irritating and trying to a European constitution. Day after day one hopes and prays in vain for some of the moisture kept suspended above one to descend in the shape of a refreshing shower and relieve a feeling of tension at times almost intolerable. The data I collected during my residence at Santiago shows the average rainfall to be so scanty that one year there were as many as 335 days of dry weather, of which 233 were entirely cloudless. Only once in the course of three years do I recall a tremendous thunderstorm actually reaching the town, where it produced almost greater consternation than the much-dreaded *temblores*. Yet, in spite of its excessive dryness, the climate of Santiago is remarkably equable, and thus very healthy—the mean temperature in winter seldom falling below 40° F., or much exceeding 68° in summer.

Like the rest of the older Spanish-American settlements, the city is almost entirely laid out in parallelograms or *cuadras*—a monotonous fashion in city building which has now spread to great European cities, with damaging results to their attractiveness and pictorial effect. The low one-storeyed houses, with the depth of their several inner courtyards, cover so much ground, that the

town spreads over a much larger expanse than would otherwise be required for the accommodation of a population which thirty years ago scarcely exceeded 170,000 souls. I was little prepared to find so far inland in this remote country a capital of such proportions, adorned with so many decorative buildings, well-to-do private residences, and spacious, well-kept promenades. What I still less expected was the general air of aristocratic ease and opulence that pervades Santiago. Long, quiet streets lined with handsome houses, mostly built on the model of the Parisian *petit hotel*, with a good many of more palatial design—their drowsy repose occasionally broken by the clatter of a well-appointed brougham or barouche that would pass muster in the Bois de Boulogne or Hyde Park; neatly dressed, refined-looking women gliding along the well-swept pavement; numerous churches, low, white-washed convent walls, and a fair sprinkling of priests and friars; the absence of stir and bustle caused by the concentration of all business and shopping in a few central thoroughfares—all these combined, at the period I speak of, to give to Santiago the stamp of the residence of some sleepy, luxurious, Ultramontane Court rather than of the metropolis of a progressive, hard-working democratic State. To those, however, who know it to be a creation of exclusive class-government implanted in one of the main strongholds of South American Catholicity, the phenomenon is more readily intelligible.

Among the most attractive aspects of the place is its beautiful Alameda, shaded by thick rows of poplars of luxuriant growth and unusual height, and in my time adorned by mediocre equestrian presentments of those national heroes of the struggle for independence — Generals O'Higgins and San Martin.¹ An elaborate system of canalisation, fed by the numerous streams that come down from the mountains, completes the charm of these public walks bordered by open conduits, which, owing to a slope in the lie of the town, are full of clear, running water. These conduits, or *acequias*, are carried everywhere through the houses, and give a peculiar character to them and to the streets; the fact that most of the buildings are raised on the bare soil without deep foundations making underground pipes almost unnecessary. Salutory and grateful to the eye as is this network of rivulets in so parched and rainless a region, it has serious inconveniences, as I soon learned to my cost.

But by far the most remarkable feature of Santiago is the Cerro de Santa Lucia, a rocky eminence of some 230 feet rising abruptly from the centre of the town, which it dominates much as the Acropolis does Athens. This hill had been recently converted by the distinguished Intendente (Prefect) of the province, M. Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna—a

¹ Santiago has at present considerably over 300,000 inhabitants. With other improvements, the great Alameda has, I believe, been turned into something like a Sieges Allee, with numerous statues of national worthies.

man of much taste and discernment—into the most original of public pleasure-grounds. Well kept roads and walks traverse and make it accessible. It is very ingeniously laid out, and embellished by waterfalls and artificial ponds and rockeries, together with a wealth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, while a summer theatre and pleasant French restaurants, side by side with a chapel and a statue dedicated to the Archbishop Vicuña, make it an agreeable and popular resort, and at the same time afford, as it were, an epitome of the curiously intermingled clerical and mundane aspects of Chilean life. Some of the adornments of this unique promenade may not be in the best of tastes, and it has indeed been described as a “perfect triumph of Cockney genius,” but the view from the summit of the hill is simply matchless. From its platform, crowned with the crenelated remains of the citadel raised by the Spaniards, on the site of the ancient Araucanian hill-fort of Huelen, the eye ranges over the wide-spreading city, with its numerous cupolas and spires and interminable streets, measuring together over 200 kilometres in length, and radiating far into the verdant plain around; the enchanting scene being begirt, circus-like, by the snowy Andes—the very roof of the world—to the eastward, and the jagged outline of the lower Cordillera to the west. The buzz of the city ascends with the sound of church bells and the rumbling of tramway cars, and with them come up great fragrant whiffs of incense from the count-

less orange trees and magnolias which fill the *patios* of the low-roofed houses. The beauty and majesty of the prospect are in truth incomparable, and surpass even such splendid views as those from the Acropolis or the Castle of Edinburgh. But unlike these, it lacks, for the visitor from the Old World, the inexpressible charm and interest of ancient historic memories or associations. Yet no grander or more lovely setting could be imagined to great deeds or events which still remain to be written on the blank page where the meagre opening sentences of Chilean history alone figure as yet.

By this time I had succeeded in housing myself in the Calle Vergara, a street running from the central Alameda or Cañada to a public park recently presented to the town by Don Luis Cousiño, a wealthy and munificent citizen, whose premature death, which occurred shortly before my arrival in Chile, may be accounted a distinct national loss. I furnished this moderately sized abode almost entirely with the things I had brought with me from England, and soon turned it into a fairly comfortable home. By degrees, too, I became acquainted with a few persons belonging to the leading native circles, and must at once here place on record my grateful sense of the kind feeling and tact which some of them, whom I afterwards numbered among my best friends, showed in gradually drawing me out of my seclusion and winning me back to social intercourse.

There exist in Chile the elements of a society in some ways essentially superior to any to be found in other South American Republics. The land-owning class, who practically govern the country, do so by reason of their territorial possessions and their pure Spanish descent. Families like the Larrains and Irrarázavals, for instance, go back almost to the days of early Spanish occupation, and own Castilian titles which, under the existing Republican institutions, they no longer openly assume. The wealth of the country being mainly based on its thriving agriculture, the *hacendados*, or gentlemen farmers, are necessarily preponderant in the State, and constitute in effect a powerful oligarchy. To their firm and intelligent control of public affairs Chile owed, at the time I write of, her exemption from the principal evils which have afflicted the sister Republics in the shape of military *pronunciamentos* and corrupt administration.¹ The ruling class in Chile has many of the higher qualities of an aristocracy devoted to the best interests of the country, and is much too independent to be open to debasing influences such as too frequently obtain in public life under a more undiluted democratic dispensation.

Among the leading families with whom I soon became more intimate was that of the late General Búlnes, who had filled the Presidential chair for

¹ It should be pointed out that the war with Peru, and later on the civil contest during the Presidency of Balmaceda, took place a good many years after this period.

two consecutive periods of five years, and had led the army which successfully invaded Peru in 1837-1839. The widow of the victor of Yungay and conqueror of Lima, whom a very agreeable French colleague, M. de Bacourt, amusingly dubbed Madame la Maréchale Duchesse de Búlnes, was a pleasant, well-bred old lady, with two daughters, married respectively to Don Ruperto Vergara and Don Adolfo Ortúzar, to whom I am indebted for the greatest kindness. The salon of Lucia Búlnes de Vergara became before long my chief resort, and at the time when the Chilean market was booming with that modern Potosi, the silver mines of Caracoles, Ruperto and his clever, lively wife kept the most hospitable of houses in Santiago. The simple, cordial welcome I received from these kindly, considerate people was a real boon to me under the circumstances in which I began life again, as it were, in the far-off New World.

The most historically interesting person in Santiago society was certainly the aged General Blanco Encalada, the valorous comrade-in-arms of Lord Cochrane. I went pretty often to the house of this national hero *par excellence*, a distinguished looking old gentleman, with a thin face and a prominent nose, his general outline in some degree recalling that of the Iron Duke, a circumstance to which the gallant old fellow was rather fond of inviting the attention of strangers. "On dit que je ressemble beaucoup à votre Duc de Wellington," he

said to me, pronouncing it Villaington with a nasal intonation which, with the leading feature in his countenance, reminded me of old Prince Metternich. He had said this probably more than once to Taylour Thomson (my predecessor), who at last one day replied: "C'est vrai; surtout vu de dos!"

As for the Chilean ladies of that period, they seemed to me, with a few exceptions, to be remarkable rather for their sprightliness and easy, graceful bearing than for very great beauty. Doña Isidora de Cousiño—the widow of the millionaire to whose splendid donations I have already referred, and a very great lady indeed by reason of her wealth—was one of the few really handsome women I met in society, while Doña Transito Sanchez Fontecilla was, to my mind, much the prettiest and most taking of them.¹ The Chilean *élégante*, although the best of customers to the *grandes maisons de confectons* at Paris, never looks so well as in her church-going attire of sober black, her head and shoulders draped with the plain black *manto* of woollen or silk stuff (not the coquettish lace mantilla of the old country) which is *de rigueur* for all women of whatever social grade when going to their devotions.

Somehow, when I first met my fair acquaintances in their charming *tenue d'église*, my thoughts could not but revert to the appalling catastrophe in which their mothers and other relatives had been involved

¹ The husband of this charming lady—at one time Minister of War and Marine—now, I believe, represents his country at Rome.

ten years before at the destruction by fire of the great church of the Jesuits, or the Compañia, by which name its sinister record will ever be handed down to posterity. Upwards of 1600¹ persons—most of them women and children, a very large proportion of whom belonged to the upper class—are known to have perished in the flames. One of the *habitués* of Casa Vergara, a sad-visaged man whose name has escaped my memory, had lost his wife, his mother, and all his sisters on that occasion. He and others gave me particulars of the event which in their horror far exceed what I had previously known on the subject.

The catastrophe took place on the afternoon of the 8th of December (1863), which in the southern hemisphere is of course the hottest time of the year, the great church being thronged for vespers on the high festival of the Immaculate Conception and lighted up *a giorno*. The precise origin of the fire never could be clearly ascertained. Probably some draperies near the high altar became ignited and caused the explosion of naphtha lamps placed against the walls, a universal panic at once ensuing. I had heard a good deal of the disaster from my chief at Berne, Admiral Harris, who was *chargé d'affaires* in Chile some years before the occurrence, and, having left many friends at Santiago, was of course deeply

¹ The inscription in the cemetery of Santiago puts the number of victims at *mas o menos* 2000. The "Diccionario Jeográfico de la Republica de Chile," by F. Solano Asta-Buruaga, estimates it as over 1600.

shocked by the dreadful fate that befell so many of them. I was under the impression that the cause of the appalling loss of life was the wild rush made for the main exit by the terrified crowd, which in pressing against doors that opened inwards, had hermetically closed them. This, my Chilean informants assured me, was not the case.¹ The doors, they all said, opened outwards, and remained wide open throughout. In their terror some of the poor people who had first reached the entrance must have stumbled or fainted, others had fallen over them, and in an instant a living, struggling barrier had been formed which the desperate throng, pushing forward from the back, had surged up against and striven in vain to overcome. In an incredibly short space of time the building was turned into a vast brazier which it was impossible to approach from the outside. The scarcity of water and the want of anything like an organised fire-brigade from the first rendered futile all attempts to quench the flames, but on the *plaza* outside some mounted men contrived to extricate a few victims from the threshold by lassoing their bodies from a distance and literally dragging them out. Finally, when the agony of the scene was at its climax, the big bell of the church came crashing down into the midst of the dying and the dead.

A monument has been erected in memory of the

¹ It was stated, and very generally believed at the time, that the clergy, for fear of robbery of the church treasury and ornaments, closed the only other exit at the back of the altar.

event on the square where stood the church, facing the house of Congress, and in the cemetery beyond the river Mapocho—for the greater part of the year the dry bed of a torrent spanned by a picturesque old Spanish bridge—a really beautiful statue by the French sculptor Carrier-Bellense marks the spot where the charred and utterly unrecognisable remains of the victims were consigned to one great common pit. A fortunate effect of this fearful tragedy has been the formation of one of the best found and most highly trained fire-brigades existing anywhere. It is mainly officered by young men of the higher classes, and is so popular that its periodical drills on the Cañada always attract a large concourse of spectators. Granville Milner joined this body very shortly after our arrival in Chile.

My first entering upon official relations with the Chilean Government was retarded by adverse circumstances. For some weeks after reaching Santiago the troublesome inflammation of the ear I had contracted on the journey kept me mostly within doors, and quite prevented my applying for an audience of the President for the delivery of my credentials, which I should have had to attend in the undignified guise of H.M. Representative with his head tied up! On the 1st of September, however, I was received by Don Frederico Errázuriz, with the customary ceremonial, at the Casa de Moneda, which contains the Presidential offices. At this first interview the President impressed me

favourably by his dignified, though somewhat stern, aspect, and seemed to me a very creditable specimen of the Chilean patrician class. I was before long to learn that, while accounted by his countrymen, and especially by the Clerical party who had been prime movers in his election, to be remarkably cautious and circumspect, his was essentially a despotic temperament. Lengthy disquisitions on the politics and state of parties in Chile thirty years ago would be both wearisome and unprofitable. I may briefly say, however, of the Errázuriz administration, that it was not unfairly described by its opponents as a close corporation. The Chamber of Deputies was full of the President's personal friends and dependants, and some of the most important offices in the State were held by relations and connections of his. He had more particularly a powerful supporter in his brother-in-law, the Intendente of Valparaiso, M. Echaurren, an official of great shrewdness and very large private fortune, but of the same arbitrary disposition as himself. The Intendente carried things with a high hand in the thriving Chilean seaport, but at the same time, it must be admitted, thoroughly devoted himself to its improvement and good administration. The government of Chile was certainly in strong and capable hands at this period.

The general course of public affairs was by no means without interest. There was the contention between Church and State, to which I have already

referred, about the privileges of the clergy, and more particularly the exclusive right they had up till then preserved of keeping the civil registers. On this a split took place before long between the powerful clerical interest and their nominee, the President. Of more general importance were the relations between Chile and her neighbours on the Pacific coast and across the Andes, which just then were of a nature to cause well-founded anxiety to the Cabinet of Santiago. Chile had long been regarded with little favour by the cognate nations which surrounded it to the north and east. They were envious of the prosperity of the well-ordered State, due to the stability of its government and the vigour of a population which, from the poorest and most neglected of Spanish dependencies, had in less than half a century turned it into the most flourishing of South American communities. The "English of the Pacific"—as they were termed with a dash of sarcasm—were, like their prototypes at the present day, far from universally popular, and like them, too, were charged with a selfish disregard of anything but their own interests and with a policy of exceptional perfidiousness in the pursuit of their aims. The Cabinet of Santiago had therefore good reason to apprehend a possibly formidable hostile combination, which, besides Peru and Bolivia, might include the Argentine Republic. Proposals from Lima to that effect were known by them to have been

discussed in secret session by Congress at Buenos Ayres.¹

Pretexts for such a combination were not wanting in the differences of Chile with Bolivia about the mining district of Caracoles, and those with Peru respecting the nitrate fields in the northern region of Tarapaca, out of which grew a few years later the great war of 1879. In addition to these there was, of course, the long standing *question de limites*, or conflicting claims of the Argentines and Chileans to the ownership of the Straits of Magellan and the vast untenanted regions of Patagonia. An active paper war had been carried on for years on this question between the two Governments; the length and dryness of the arguments adduced on both sides by the lawyer element which so largely predominates in South American administrations being truly typical of the size and aridity—I would venture to add, the forbidding and unprofitable character—of the greater portion of the tracts in dispute. The question has now, I need hardly say, been quite recently settled by the arbitration of this country, but for a number of years it endangered the peace of two flourishing Republics, and in contributing to bring it to a happy and reasonable issue no diplomats ever did better work than my old friends Sir

¹ I subsequently had it on unimpeachable authority at Buenos Ayres that one of the last acts of President Sarmiento was the signature of an offensive and defensive treaty of alliance with Peru and Bolivia. The treaty passed the Chamber of Deputies, but was adjourned by the Senate and remained a dead letter.

William Barrington and Mr. Gerard Lowther at Buenos Ayres and Santiago respectively. It so happened that when I reached Santiago an acute turn had been given to the controversy by a vote passed in the Argentine Congress for the erection of a lighthouse on Cape Virgins at the Atlantic entrance to the Straits. This had been at once looked upon at Santiago as an aggressive assertion of sovereignty over the contested passage. I may perhaps claim to have helped to diminish the tension thus produced by giving it as my private opinion to the Chilean Ministers that their country would improve its case in the eyes of the world, with regard to the question in general, by making known its readiness to neutralise the Straits in time of war and not to attempt to fortify or raise toll in them. My suggestion was very readily adopted by the Chilean Government, and this soon led to a similar declaration being made by the Government at Buenos Ayres.

I have said nothing as yet of the Diplomatic Corps at Santiago, which was much smaller than those I had been accustomed to elsewhere. Only two or three of the chief European Governments were diplomatically represented there, the rest contenting themselves with consular agents of more or less dignity at Valparaiso. The French had a full Minister Plenipotentiary in the person of M. Brenier de Montmorand, who had been some years Consul General at Shanghai before coming to Chile, a man of decided ability, who had an

amiable half-English wife and a remarkably pleasing daughter. The Breniers greeted me most kindly, and I am indebted to them for much civility. Later on, my relations with my French colleague became still more cordial by reason of the friendly line he followed in the Taena affair, of which I shall have a good deal to say presently. M. Brenier was before long joined by M. de Bacourt, a young and very promising diplomatist, who came out as secretary to the Legation, and whose uncle, of the same name, I remembered well at Baden Baden as an especial favourite of the Princess of Prussia, afterwards the Empress Augusta. Bacourt and I soon became great friends. Germany was represented by M. Levenhagen, a small, wizened old gentleman who had resided in the country fourteen years, and who, partly on account of the warm Chilean sympathies he evinced, was highly esteemed and much consulted by the Chilean Government, and notably by the then Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Ibañez. I was rather amused, I remember, in the earlier days of my intercourse with that Minister, at having, on some occasion, to undergo from him a kind of homily on the admirable manner in which my German colleague acquitted himself of his duties, clearly meant for my benefit, and not obscurely conveying the hint: "Go thou and do likewise." M. Levenhagen later on actively bestirred himself against me in the Taena question, to which I have above referred. It was much to his credit, however, as well as to that

of others charged with German interests on the South Pacific coast, that already at that period, a few years only after the resuscitation of the Empire, the influence and trade of Germany were distinctly asserting themselves in that distant region, and competing not unsuccessfully with ours. The German agents in South America had evidently taken to heart the caution which the Minister at Lima told me had been addressed to him by Prince Bismarck when he inquired, before leaving for his post, whether the Chancellor had any special instructions for him: "*Suchen Sie Handel, aber keine Händel!*" A pleasant Italian *chargé d'affaires*, Count Sanminiatielli, completed the European contingent of our Diplomatic Corps.

The principal American States had all, of course, representatives at Santiago. With the exception of the Brazilian Minister, M. d'Andrada—whose popularity was such that on his transfer to Monte Video a round-robin was in vain sent by the most influential members of Chilean society to the Emperor of Brazil begging that he might be maintained at his post—and of the Argentine Envoy, M. Frias, an able Buenos Ayres lawyer, who treated the thorny Patagonian question with greater zeal and eloquence than discretion, I can call to mind no one of special note among my other plentiful American colleagues. With the United States Envoy, on the other hand I pretty soon established amicable relations, which were marked at the beginning by a somewhat laughable incident. Although this gentleman was

living at the same hotel to which I went on my arrival, and we duly exchanged cards, I happened by some chance not to meet him until shortly after I had set up house in the Calle Vergara. Having been previously cautioned to avoid frequenting the *table d'hôte*, the *habitués* of which were generally a very mixed lot, I had infinitely preferred dining and lunching in my own rooms with Milner. My servants, on the other hand, and especially my smart English major-domo, Mr. Dinsmore, had their meals at the hotel-ordinary with other travellers, there being no such thing as a separate table for domestics under the *régime égalitaire* that obtains in South American habits and customs. The first time I met my North American colleague I was greeted by him with almost effusive heartiness. "Well, sir!" said this worthy gentleman, whose name, I grieve to say, is a blank in my memory, "I am very glad indeed to know you, and also very glad to find that you do not yourself take in the milk at the door of a morning!" I was rather startled by this unexpected remark, but soon found out that my excellent colleague had had for his neighbour at the *table d'hôte* my friend Dinsmore, who, being an uppish specimen of his class, had led him to suppose that he formed part of the Legation, and had accordingly been mistaken by him for the new British Minister, whom with some surprise he had subsequently, in his early walks, observed taking in the milk at the door in Calle Vergara!

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN CHILE

By the end of 1873 I had settled down comfortably enough in my new antipodean quarters, and was fairly reconciled to the sense they brought me of complete banishment, always excepting the inconvenience—in those days, when as yet there was no direct communication with Europe by telegraph, a very serious one—of having to wait upwards of three months for a reply to letters, however urgent or important they might be. My official occupations not being of an absorbing character, I employed part of my spare time in working at the rough notes of my experiences and recollections, which I had first begun jotting down some months before at Nice. A good deal of the earlier part of these I put into shape at this period under the singularly bright and exhilarating impressions of the Chilean spring and summer; the heat of the latter, except for the great power of the sun in the middle of the day, being quite endurable, relieved as it invariably is by cool, restful nights. The summer weather at Santiago seemed to me indeed delightful, even at the most blazing of Christmas-tides. I have all my life been peculiarly susceptible to external surroundings,

whether cheering or the reverse. In this respect the beautiful Chilean skies and climate, and my cosy, quiet home were in every way congenial and beneficial to me. The sunny *patio* with the scent of its flowers—nowhere are they so deliciously fragrant, or fruit, with some exceptions, so tasteless as in Chile—the gentle splash of its central fountain, the merry voices of my little children—I can almost see and hear them now as I did when idling away an hour or two in some well-shaded corner, and dreaming of old days long past, or chatting about common friends and acquaintances with that *muy simpatico joven*—as he was universally accounted—Granville Milner. I soon fully realised what sound sense there had been in old Hammond's kindly counsel, and how well I had done in following it.

Before dismissing my trim *patio*, by the way, I must mention that it was one forenoon about this time the scene of an absurd and very annoying experience, caused by a sudden stoppage in the open *acequia* in the backyard of the house. This revealed itself at first by a slight trickle in one corner of the dining-room, which, with the children's nursery and other rooms, lay between the back and front courtyards. In spite of all attempts to stop the leakage the water soon came in with a regular flow, which spread over all these rooms, and began invading the trim *patio* aforesaid and the front part of the house. The only chance of stopping the

mischievous was to find out where the obstruction had occurred in the *acequias* of the adjoining houses. The search resulted in the discovery of a formidable *barrage*, composed of a pile of rinds of the enormous *sandias* (water-melons), with which some rascally *rotos*,¹ whose favourite food they are, had choked up one of the conduits. By this time the water in my house had become a stream nearly two feet deep, through which the whole of my household were disconsolately wading and trying in vain to stem the torrent, my little fellows having meanwhile been sent for refuge to an obliging neighbour close by. The worst of it was that some of my best carpets from Maple's, put down only a day or two before, were completely deluged. This serio-comic affair, I may well say, damped the admiration I had at first conceived for the Santiago water-supply arrangements.

In the perfect summer weather I now took to riding a good deal, and horse-flesh being almost the only cheap commodity in Chile, was able to set up a small stable, which Milner, as a good Yorkshireman, looked after very satisfactorily. Nothing can surpass the freshness and beauty of the early mornings in the hot season. Milner and I were frequently in the saddle by five o'clock, and went longish distances, sometimes not returning home

¹ *Roto*, the generic name given to the Chilean proletarian class, of more or less Indian descent, who for the greater part lived in those days in a condition of extreme penury and squalor.

until after a substantial *almuerzo*, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*, at some *hacienda* in the environs. One of our favourite excursions was to Macul, a large experimental farm and stud belonging to the Cousiños, full of carefully selected stock of the best English breeds in cattle and sheep, thoroughbreds and racehorses — “Fanfaron,” a splendid stallion bred by Lord Zetland, was amongst the latter—the whole being under the management of a gentleman-like Englishman of the name of Canning. Besides the breeding establishment there was on the estate a large park-like enclosure containing fallow and other deer, *alpacas* and *guanacos*. Although the whole place was of recent creation, the gardens, under the care of an experienced Scotchman, Mr. Graham, were already remarkably pretty, and the orchards and vineyards, treated after the most approved methods, very promising. It was altogether a notable and enviable domain. Occasionally, too, we rode out on a shooting expedition to higher ground among the first spurs of the hills, and had a day with the partridges—the South-American species, which is mostly found singly and never in large coveys. The sport was fairly good, but scarcely perhaps repaid one for the very rough walking. Our staple food at the mid-day meal on these occasions was the national *cazuela*, prepared on the spot by the *peones* of some neighbouring farm. This is a chicken-stew cooked in an earthen pot with rice, Indian corn, and other vegetables, and judiciously seasoned with

pimento and just a *soupçon*—well! of onion; unquestionably a very savoury dish, which we washed down with the *chicha*—half-fermented grape-juice or newly-made wine—of the country.

In the very hot weather I each year took my children for a change to the baths of Cauquenes, a primitive watering-place with hot springs—a sort of Chilean Wildbad—situated up one of the lateral Andine valleys at a height of 2500 feet. To get to it we had a four hours' journey on the line that runs due south along the great valley of Chile, with a twenty miles' drive at the end in a coach of antediluvian build and immense size, to which three old screws were harnessed abreast. When we at last reached the baths, we found excellent accommodation at the comfortable establishment kept by a German and his wife. Herr Carl Hess, or "Don Carlos" as he was popularly called in these parts, was quite the smartest and most obliging of innkeepers, and with his genius for management and organisation deserves long ago to have made his fortune and retired to some luxurious residence at Santiago, if he has not indeed entered public life and placed his capacities at the service of his adopted country. The hotel and baths are admirably located on a rocky platform high above the rushing, roaring Cachapual River, at the opening of a gorge whence I obtained a much more perfect idea of the real grandeur of the Andine chain than I had had up till then. The life led by the *badegäste* at Cauquenes

was deliciously contemplative and dull. They scarcely ever indulged in a stroll beyond the well-shaded garden of the establishment, and were quite content to spend hours under the trees in complete idleness, broken at intervals by a game at cards or dominoes. We stayed here about ten days on our first visit. No traveller in distant Chile should miss seeing this sleepest of health-resorts, with its charming surroundings, its cheerful buildings clothed luxuriantly with fuchsias, passion-flowers, and other lovely flowering creepers, the great wall of jagged black rock that faces it across the bright, winding river, and far away, in the background above all, the glitter of the snowfields at the base of the giant Maipo (5384 metres) and the peaks adjoining it.

By far the most pleasing and interesting experience I had of Chilean country life and hospitality I owe to Don Adolfo Ortúzar and his amiable wife, *née* Búlnes, who soon after my arrival at Santiago had made me promise that I would in the summer pay them a visit at their estate of Codao in the province of Colchagua, 150 miles south of Santiago, and bring all my boys with me. Early in January 1874, in unusually hot weather, I availed myself of this very kind invitation, and, after a few hours' run on the Southern line, and a long, dusty drive from the station at Pelequen, reached my destination late in the afternoon. I found a large family gathering, comprising, among others, the Vergara couple

and all their children, so that, with my own *gringo*¹ contingent and half-a-dozen young Ortúzars, the place was crammed full of small folk. But the house, though quite unpretentious and villa-like, was roomy, and easily afforded accommodation for so large a party.

The juvenile element seems more exuberant in Chile than anywhere else. Unions as a rule are so prolific there, that it is no uncommon thing to hear of upwards of a dozen children of the same father and mother. In fact one of the first stereotyped remarks addressed to the newcomer is: "*Muy largas las familias en Chile, no?*" The contrast between this fecundity and the slow increase of the population is only to be explained by the appalling mortality among infants² in the lower orders.

I got to Codao in the midst of harvest-time, and the field-work, as carried out on this splendid property, was to me a most interesting sight. Ortúzar had now rented this estate of some 20,000 acres—which formed part of the vast Ossa family domains—for twelve years, paying £5000 a year to its owner, and had cleared upwards of £40,000 by it. Nine thousand acres of it were under wheat, which, at the time of my visit, had been sold all round at 12s. the

¹ Originally a somewhat disparaging appellation given to all foreigners, but now applied, in no offensive sense, specially to the English.

² The official figures given of the relation of the mortality among *parvulos* (children under seven) to the general death-rate of the country, showed, at the time I write of, a percentage of about 59 per 100.

fanega ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cwts.), this season's crop of 50,000 *fanegas* being, therefore, worth about £30,000. The wheat-fields in the central provinces of Chile are in some ways the most remarkable in the world, their yield—which is fully equal to 12 for 1 in the province of Santiago and the neighbouring zone, and in the province of Concepcion and the southern districts reaches a still higher figure—being entirely due to the admirable system of irrigation applied to them; and, according to some writers, to the fact that the mountain streams from which the water is derived bring with them, in their torrential course, rich, fertilising mineral manures from the limestone and other rocks. “The fields,” says one authority,¹ “ordinarily receive four irrigations between the cessation of the rains in September and the maturity of the grain at the end of November; on each occasion the soil remains submerged during one night, and sometimes for twenty-four hours,” the result of this method of flooding being that a mineral deposit is left which “in some years amounts to a stratum of three-quarters of an inch.” The magnificent crops produced by these triumphs of irrigation over torrid heat in the driest of climates entail of course corresponding labour, so that the Chilean *hacendado* who conscientiously exploits his land, as did Don

¹ Lieutenant Gilliss, of the United States Navy, who was in charge of a naval astronomical expedition to South America about 1850. I borrow the above from Mr. T. W. Hinchliff's very pleasant record of travel, “Over the Sea and Far Away.”

Adolfo, is, especially at harvest-time, one of the hardest-worked of men.

My host was up and on horseback punctually every morning with the first glimmer of dawn, and was seldom back before nine or ten, having meanwhile ridden over the whole estate and seen to everything with his own eyes. Don Adolfo, then a man of about six-and-thirty, was a remarkably creditable specimen of the old-world Spanish *caballero*, with his spare, active figure, and plain, neat riding-gear, to which the graceful folds of a silken *poncho* and a great broad-brimmed *sombrero* gave a picturesque touch. No man in Chile was better mounted, or had an easier seat or a greater grip on a horse. He kindly placed at my disposal one of his nicest hacks, which I afterwards purchased from him, and I generally rode out to join him on his early rounds. There exists, I believe, no pleasanter mount than a well-broken Chilean cob or roadster. His easy hand-gallop—he is no good whatever at trotting—is the perfection of motion, and to canter, where the reaping was over, across the immense stubble fields—bounded in great squares by dense rows of the Lombardy poplar (*alamo*)—through a cool morning breeze off the mountains just tipped by the rising sun, was one of the most exhilarating sensations I can recall in my well-nigh countless experiences in so many climes and countries.

At Codao, agriculture was carried on after the most modern European methods with steam-ploughs

and threshing machines of the best English make. Yet, as a strange contrast, wherever the work was at its busiest with these matter-of-fact engines, the level landscape was dotted with brilliant patches formed by the many-coloured *ponchos* of Ortúzar's *capataz* (overseer or farm bailiff), and other *sirvientes del campo*—or confidential staff, as they may be termed—superintending the peones and *inquilinos*¹ of the estate at their labours. These brightly-striped articles of the ordinary riding attire of the country are very striking, and as one canters along the straight endless roads in the dim, almost impenetrable shade of the lofty *alamos*, the sound of one's horse's hoofs quite deadened by sand inches thick, the effect of a group of these variegated horsemen rapidly moving towards one from a distance, through a golden mist of dust and sunbeams, is to a degree picturesque and charming.

But I am allowing myself to linger far too long in these rich Chilean fields. The slanting rays of the morning sun begin to beat fiercely, and it is time to turn one's horse's head homewards! and get

¹ The *peon*, or ordinary labourer, is of a somewhat migratory character, and often without a settled home. The *inquilinos*, on the other hand, are the mass of the resident peasantry who are allowed by the landowners to occupy certain patches of land, as well as their *ranchos*, or huts, rent free, but are bound, in return, to perform a certain amount of unremunerated labour on the estate. This unpaid service, or *corvée*, is the distinctive feature of the system known as *inquilinaje*; but the amount of the service required of the *inquilino* varies greatly on the different estates, and is determined by custom or voluntary agreement, there being absolutely no written contract between the owner and the *inquilino*.

back to one's bath and the sensible light and early mid-day meal which takes the place of our much too copious and belated luncheon. The ladies who, as well as the children, have bathed under a large tent rigged up for that purpose in a stream that passes through the grounds, now make their appearance in becoming white *négligé* garments, together with mine host as spruce as possible in a well-cut suit of spotless white duck. After the *almuerzo* we lounge and laze about the garden or under cover of the verandah which faces the inclosure through which the house is approached. To the palings that divide it from the fields a number of horses, ready saddled and bridled, are tethered all day long, and occasionally some *huaso*, or farm-servant, comes round from the back regions, and, saluting respectfully as he goes by, mounts and gallops away into the dust and glare; or an *inquilino* with a message or a report rides up, and jumping off his horse approaches the *patron* with uncovered head and low obeisance. The bearing towards their employer of all these dependants is distinctly feudal, as indeed are in many respects the relations between owner and tenants in this land of free and independent centaurs.¹ Before long we all retire for the indispens-

¹ There being, as shown in the preceding footnote describing the condition of the *inquilino*, no real link between him and the land—his only title to exist on it, and by it, being in reason of little less than servile tenure—he may be said to be practically in a state of vassalage. Further, although he is in theory a free man, and has an undoubted right to leave the estate on which he has been allowed to squat, the powers over him of the landowner, who frequently is *subdelegado*

able *siesta*, and later on, in the cool of the evening, are taken for a drive, perhaps to the neighbouring little town of Rengo, surrounded by orchards which produce a perfectly delicious kind of that generally insipid fruit, the apricot. But, with the exception of these, and unapproachable melons, figs, and grapes, the Chilean fruit seemed to me to have less flavour than ours of the eastern hemisphere. Amidst these pleasant scenes, and in the company of these kindly people, a fortnight sped quickly away, and by the end of January I was back again in Calle Vergara, but not to stay there very long.

Like most other capitals, excepting our own, Santiago is deserted at the height of summer by the upper ten, who visit their estates, or go down to Valparaiso for the sea-breezes and sea-bathing. This year the exodus had taken place sooner, and was more complete than usual on account of the President, who, being much nettled by the opposition he met with on Church questions, had adjourned Congress somewhat unexpectedly. The town was quite empty, even the principal members of the Government, including the Minister for Foreign

(rural magistrate) or *comandante de policia*, are such as to check any excess of independence on his part. "The *inquilinos*," wrote Don Manuel José Balmaceda—the father, I believe, of the notorious and ill-fated President, and one of the largest landowners in Chile—"the *inquilinos* are the compulsory hands (*los brazos obligados*) which the owner has at his disposal for every kind of labour." The writer from whose *Manual del Hacendado Chileno* the above is taken held, however, what might be termed Colonial views of the duties incumbent on the *inquilinos* as the successors of the Indians of the *encomiendas*, and enforced the sternest discipline on his estates.

Affairs, being away. This seemed to me a propitious moment for carrying out a plan I had formed of visiting the southern Chilean ports in H.M.S. *Scout*, a roomy corvette which her commanding officer, Captain (now Admiral) Cator had, when staying with me at Santiago, kindly placed at my disposal. On the 16th of February I accordingly embarked at Valparaiso with Milner, and was away three weeks on a very pleasant cruise. After roughish weather, with a strong head-wind from the south as we steamed down the coast of Arauco, we anchored in the roadstead of Corral in the afternoon of the 19th, this being the nearest point whence we could reach Valdivia, one of the oldest Spanish settlements in this region, and so called after the conquering Pedro of that ilk. Early the following morning we left the *Scout* in the captain's galley, and sailed across the wide estuary of Corral—guarded by the old fort of Niebla and the remains of other ancient Spanish defences, sadly knocked to pieces by Cochrane and his liberating squadron in February 1820¹—to the mouth of the Calla Calla River, on which lies the primitive little city to which we were bound. Coming as we did from the parched uplands of the central districts, the luxuriant vegetation on the banks of the broad, beautiful stream was quite delightful to behold. Dense

¹ During the struggle for independence Valdivia and its well-fortified bay became an important base for the Spaniards until taken by the insurrectionary squadron under Lord Cochrane.

thickets of bamboo and laurel—with a background of the Chilean oak—gigantic cedars (*alerce*), and Rauli (*Fagus procera*), with other equally splendid timber, their trunks here and there decked with fuchsias and a variety of brilliant twining plants or parasites—grew right down to the water's edge. The depth and silence of the woods, although astir with bird life—bright-plumed *loros* (parroquets) flying from branch to branch, while numerous divers and other aquatic birds disported themselves in the water—gave to the whole scene the aspect of some lovely, primeval solitude, far removed from any human habitation; a fascinating conceit which even a sailing barge or two we crossed on our way scarcely dispelled. Some years later a journey I made up the great, forest-girt reaches of the Uruguay, and which I have described elsewhere,¹ called forth in me similar impressions, though on a far grander and more vivid scale. We had an absolutely perfect day for our easy sail of three hours against the broad current, and shortly before noon sighted Valdivia. The unexpected advent of our smart man-of-war's boat made no little sensation in this small secluded community of at most 6000 souls, while we in turn were little prepared to find here a South American Burton-on-Trent, and the home of the excellent beer which is drunk in such great quantities all over the country.

¹ See my "Great Silver River," notes of a residence in Buenos Ayres in 1880 and 1881 (John Murray, 1887).

German enterprise and industry had made Valdivia what we found it, and had given it the unmistakable, and in this remote region incongruous, stamp of a fourth-rate Franconian or Suabian town. Its narrow irregular streets and the build of its houses were typically Teutonic, as were its tannery close by the landing-place and its prosperous brewery. The owner of the latter, Herr Anwandter, the great capitalist of the community, had come out with the first batch of immigrants from Germany in the early 'fifties, and in barely twenty years had amassed a fortune of several million piastres. I had some interesting talk with this patriarch, who, after having begun by setting up a small chemist's shop, was now flooding the whole west coast with his malt liquor. His fellow-colonists were, according to him, a fairly prosperous lot, but not increasing in numbers. Although most of them had taken Chilean wives, the national type still strongly asserted itself in the fair skins and flaxen hair of their children and grandchildren. The Valdivia Germans make up about one-fourth of the population, and form a sort of close corporation, with schools of their own, musical and other clubs, but no church, or indeed any attempt at public worship. "It is all school with us," grimly said old Anwandter to me, "and no church," and the Governor of the Province, one of the very Clerical Irrarázavals, corroborated the statement, adding that this frank dispensing with all outward show of religious obser-

vances seemed to him quite *regular* or natural. We were taken to a German inn, which was the headquarters of the *Deutsche Verein*, the cleanliness of the rooms assigned to us leaving much to be desired, while the food, on the other hand, was remarkably good.

The woody scenery round Valdivia is most attractive, and Captain Cator, with whom I took a long stroll in the afternoon, told me it reminded him very much of New Zealand. We went along an atrocious road skirting the noble river, and presently met a string of big, clumsy waggons, whose ungreased wheels produced dreadful creaking sounds which had long before prepared us for their approach. These vehicles were heavily loaded with the household goods and chattels of a large company of German settlers shifting their quarters farther south to Osorno. High up on the piled bedding and mattresses sat the elder women and children. It reminded me somehow of the sad caravan of fugitives in "Hermann and Dorothea"; a very pretty girl, who escorted the waggons on horseback, affording an agreeable presentment of the heroine of Goethe's somewhat insipid eighteenth-century idyll. The German colonies in Chile extend down to the adjoining province of Llanquihue, but, although fairly thriving, have remained stationary, no steady flow of immigration from the Fatherland having thus far set in this direction.

After dinner we adjourned to a large room used

by the *Verein* for its meetings, and assisted at a sort of smoking-concert which had been partly arranged for our benefit. The national turn for music seemed to have degenerated a good deal in the Valdivian atmosphere, and, barring a creditable performance on the fiddle by a young Teuton, the entertainment was rather trying. It wound up with the Chilean national hymn, followed by "God Save the Queen"—or such we complacently assumed it to be—both played by what I find I described in rough notes taken at the time as an "atrocious brass band." Considering, however, the calm appropriation in Prussia of the latter melody as a national anthem, under the title of "*Heil dir im Siegerkranz*," it may very well have been nowise intended for us. We left Valdivia next morning on our return to the *Scout*, crossing the bay in a stiff westerly breeze that made our boat heel over quite unpleasantly.

We had proposed going farther down the coast as far as Puerto Montt, but rough weather and the limited holiday I had assigned myself decided us to steer north again to the bay of Talcahuano, where we lay at anchor a couple of days off the domains of the Cousiño family at Lota. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful site than that they have chosen here for their sumptuous villa and park, which, at the time I write of, were as yet in an incomplete state; but, from the accounts I have since seen of them, may well now rank among the marvels of the

South Pacific. Doña Isidora Cousiño received us with the greatest cordiality, and put us up very comfortably—her own house being as yet only partly ready—at the house of the agency for the estate. After going over the large copper-smelting works and seeing the coal-mines, which together have laid the foundations of the great wealth of the Cousiños, we took coach to Concepcion, reaching that place towards evening after a long and uninteresting drive. This picturesque old Spanish town of some 16,000 souls, situated on the banks of the broad and rapid Bio-bio, is the capital of the south, and played a leading part in the revolutionary war, witnessing the formal proclamation of Chilean independence on the 1st of January 1818. From Concepcion we went on by train and steamer up the river to Nacimiento, and the following day struck across country to Angol, a place of quite recent creation, and the centre of the administration of the so-called province of Arauco, which was formally incorporated in the dominions of the Republic in 1852.

We were now on the very borders of the Araucanian region, and one of the main objects of my journey was to visit the frontier line of defence, as the Chileans themselves then oddly enough designated it, against the aboriginal tribes which occupied the country from the Andes to the sea, for some 250 kilometres to the south, as far as the Rio Tolten and the borders of the province of Valdivia.

Although this great wedge or *enclave* in the Chilean territory no longer figures as an unsightly break on the map, the greater part of the so-called province, nevertheless, remained practically as independent as it had been from time immemorial. It was, in fact, only effectually subdued and occupied several years later by the forces rendered available for that purpose at the victorious close of the great war against Peru. The military governor of the province, General Urrutia, whose headquarters were at Angol, obligingly placed horses and an escort at my disposal for the excursion I wished to make along the line of fortified posts on the river Maileco. Early in the morning, with a sergeant's guard in attendance on us, we started on this expedition from the very primitive inn where we were lodged. Like all the Chilean breed, the troophorses provided for us were pleasant mounts enough, but the regulation high-peaked saddles proved rather a trial to both my naval friend and myself, and our ride of something like fifty miles in and out that day seemed to us a fairly creditable achievement for persons of our respectable middle age.

The line of the Maileco consisted of a chain of a dozen forts, or more properly blockhouses, at intervals of a few miles, and, with a similar girdle on the southern frontier towards Valdivia, afforded good training and employment to the greater part of the modest Chilean army, which in those days

numbered altogether but a few thousand men.¹ These amply sufficed to keep in check the marauding bands which occasionally ventured across the river for a raid on the Chilean farms. The remnant of the Araucanian nation, whose exploits are sung in Ercilla's heroic verse,² had then already sadly degenerated from the formidable warriors led by Caupolican and Lautaro, and had become little better than caterans and cattle-lifters. Fugitives from justice, deserters, and in general the pick of Chilean scoundrelism, who found a ready refuge with the tribes, nevertheless constituted a dangerous element amongst them, and the country along the border could certainly not be said to be safe, while any attempt to penetrate beyond it, into the heart of the area complacently mapped out as the Province of Arauco, was, at the period of my visit, out of the question without an adequate armed force. The banks of the Maileco are much broken up by wooded ravines affording excellent cover to predatory parties. Not eight miles out of Angol, and within gunshot of one of the forts, a Danish doctor in the Chilean service had been quite recently murdered, and only a week before our visit a party of fifty Indians had forded the river and been engaged in a sharp and bloody skirmish with the nearest garrison.

¹ The military element has been systematically and wisely kept under in Chile, with the result that the country has been far freer from internal disturbance than any of the South American Republics.

² "La Araucaña," the great epic poem of the soldier-poet Alonso de Ercilla y Zuniga.

Our ride along the border, with our military escort and some of the pomp and circumstance of war, remains a decidedly interesting and pleasing experience; the officers at the several forts, and especially at Colli Pulli, where we made a longish halt for dinner and rested and baited our horses, entertaining us to the best of their ability, and freely plying us with the heady wines of the country. We got back to Angol after a steady gallop of a good many miles in the broad moonlight, and gladly tumbled into bed—I for my part with aching limbs and lively recollections of the Chilean cavalry saddle. The next day we retraced our steps to Concepcion and Talcahuano, where we embarked for Valparaiso. At the latter port I parted from one of the pleasantest friends I have ever made in H.M. Navy, and on the 10th of March was back at my duties, which now, quite unexpectedly, became both engrossing and troublesome.

CHAPTER IV

THE TACNA AFFAIR

ON March 8 the *Tacna*, a small steamer of 322 tons, employed by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company in trading with the ports north of Valparaiso, capsized in the early hours of the morning at a distance of nine or ten miles from the coast. The disaster was due to careless and excessive loading of a vessel already reported to be crank. The cargo partially shifting in the night, and giving her a marked list on the port side, the *Tacna* failed to right herself from a heavy lurch caused by the long ground-swell off the shore, and turned turtle in less than fifteen minutes. Nine of her eighteen passengers were drowned, as well as ten out of the crew of thirty-four. The survivors got off in boats, and with the master, John Hyde—who was twenty-five minutes in the water before being saved—landed, after a weary pull of six hours, at the small port of Los Vilos.

The catastrophe caused a great sensation at Valparaiso, and was vigorously commented upon by the press, which, not unnaturally, held the master of the wrecked vessel answerable for the lamentable

loss of life. A naval court of inquiry at once met at our Consulate under the presidency of Mr. Drummond-Hay, and Hyde, with the other survivors, was examined; the Court finding both the master and the agents on shore of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company highly censurable for the careless and improper loading of the vessel, especially on the upper deck. The Court animadverted at the same time on the absence of proper supervision of the clearing of vessels in Chilean harbours, there being thus no check on the condition in which they proceeded to sea. My attention had been called before, I regret to say, to malpractices on other British ships similar to those which had proved fatal in the *Tacna*. I therefore immediately communicated the finding of the Court and its remarks to the Chilean Government, and suggested the delegation to some authority in their ports of powers to prevent vessels departing in an unsafe condition.

Meanwhile the Valparaiso authorities, moved by the popular feeling, themselves instituted an inquiry into the circumstances of the wreck. The case, it is most essential to explain, was one which they were legally incompetent to deal with otherwise than for pure purposes of investigation, it having been proved beyond any doubt that the *Tacna* had gone down on the high seas entirely outside the limits of the Chilean waters. Our Consul, none the less, very properly placed at their disposal all the evidence given before the Naval Court, the principal witnesses, including

Hyde, being examined by the magistrate charged with the inquiry.

The circumstances attending the loss of the vessel having thus been fully gone into on the Chilean as well as the British side, it became necessary to send Hyde home to answer for his conduct before the Board of Trade and his employers. The Consul accordingly informed the Maritime Governor that he proposed despatching the man to Liverpool by the next mail, inquiring at the same time whether it was desired to interrogate him further before his departure. No answer being returned to this communication, Hyde sailed in the *Illimani* on March 25.

No sooner was his departure known than there arose such an outcry at this "great criminal having been allowed to leave the country," that the Government, intimidated by the clamour, and inspired by a President who was only too prone to arbitrary proceedings, took the unwarrantable step of telegraphing to Lota, where the *Illimani* was to touch thirty-six hours after leaving Valparaiso, to have "the offender flying from justice" seized and brought back. Hyde was accordingly taken out of the ship, put in irons, and, on arriving at Valparaiso, was confined in the common jail, and at first kept *au secret*.

Although not a little disturbed by the arrest, I was on sufficiently cordial terms with the Chilean Ministers to flatter myself that I should be able to convince them of its illegality, and thus be spared

having to take official action in this unpleasant business. Unfortunately the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Ibañez, was away at his country house at Quillota, eighty miles from Santiago. I sent him a very pressing message through the *official mayor*, or Under-Secretary, M. Domingo Gana—now the much-esteemed representative of his Government in this country—but received the somewhat annoying reply that he was indisposed,¹ and would not return for some days. An offer I made to go down and see him was taken no notice of. I then tried to convince the Minister of Justice that Hyde's seizure was unjustifiable, and might have serious consequences. M. Barceló, however, treated the affair lightly, if not flippantly, and confined himself to saying that justice must take its course. I also saw the Minister of War, M. Pinto, whom I frequently met at his near relatives, the Vergaras. Don Anibal Pinto, a man of high standing and character, who afterwards succeeded M. Errázuriz in the Presidency, listened to me courteously, and undertook to convey my urgent remonstrances to the President. To my chagrin, however, I found that he, too, thought the incident of little importance.

Several days thus passed, my well-meant efforts and warnings producing no result beyond a verbal message from the absent Ibañez to the effect that

¹ I subsequently learned from Mr. Drummond-Hay that the Minister was in perfect health, and had used violent language at Valparaiso in favour of Hyde's arrest, which indeed Mr. Hay attributed to him.

Hyde was now allowed to communicate with the British Consul. I could defer action no longer, and sent in an official note pointing out the complete illegality of the arrest, as shown by the fact, which had been proved beyond question, that the *Tacna* had foundered on the high seas entirely outside Chilean jurisdiction. On that ground I demanded the release of a British subject arbitrarily detained.

To this note I received an extremely long-winded and anything but conciliatory reply, treating my arguments as scarcely worthy of consideration, and declining to interfere in any way in the proceedings against Hyde. I thereupon addressed a very vigorous protest to M. Ibañez—whose reasoning was, I may fairly say, deplorably weak—holding his Government answerable for the illegal acts of their agents, and insisting on the liberation of a man who, whatever might be his error, was in no way accountable to Chilean judges, and had been forcibly taken out of a Royal Mail steamer under circumstances of peculiar indignity. In both my communications I purposely avoided putting forward any claim for pecuniary damages, well knowing how sensitive the Chileans were certain to be on that score.

The excitement caused by the *Tacna* incident now reached its height. The newspapers loudly applauded the attitude of the Government, and professed amazement at my audacity in venturing to question its correctness. I have passed through far more important crises in the course of a long diplo-

matic career, but this storm in a teacup is one of the sharpest I can remember. Society at Santiago was divided respecting the affair, but I fortunately had influential friends who supported me in my contention as to the wrongful seizure of Hyde. Among these were two distinguished lawyers and members of Congress, MM. Cood and Huneus, both of foreign extraction, the former being of English¹ and the latter of German parentage. These gentlemen did me essential service in the controversy in which I was engaged, but made no concealment that the predominant feeling was: "We will face ten wars with England rather than surrender Hyde." The national susceptibility and an excessive—almost morbid—conception of the dignity of the country, which are characteristic of the entire Spanish-American race, were screwed up to the highest pitch. On the other hand, the large and influential British community at Valparaiso were equally up in arms over the outrage committed.

A fortnight had now elapsed since Hyde's arrest. On April 12 I was surprised by a visit from M. Ibañez, who entered my room with a jaunty air, a smiling countenance and extended hand. I bowed to him, of course, and motioned him to a seat, but at once said that, before shaking hands, I had much to say of his neglectful treatment of me, to which was

¹ Mr. Cood had been partly educated in England. Two maternal uncles of his, of the name of Ross, were for years on the staff of *The Times*.

mainly due the serious character the *Tacna* affair had now assumed. M. Ibañez seemed greatly taken aback and impressed (as I wished him to be) by my resentful tone, and soon retired in evident confusion.

The next day he sent me an official communication, referring to my reception of him, and giving an account of it of which he begged me to confirm the correctness, "as my reply would determine the attitude to be observed towards me by his Government in future." His object clearly was to get me to commit myself by some injudicious statement that might be used against me with our Foreign Office, and thereby to extricate himself at my expense from the awkward position he had got into. In reply I begged "to be excused from following him on to the ground to which he apparently wished to lead me," being, I said, unwilling to further complicate our controversy by the importation of extraneous matter. I admitted, however, that, while most anxious to preserve the friendliest relations with his Government, I did not feel bound to show marked cordiality to a Minister who had done nothing to meet me in my earnest desire to settle the *Tacna* affair amicably and without taking diplomatic action on it. "For the rest, I would continue in the discharge of my official duties without heeding the threat which the concluding passage of M. Ibañez's note possibly contained."

The answer to this was a letter requesting me

to call the next day at the *Moneda*,¹ when M. Ibañez "felt confident that our interview would lead to the satisfactory object he proposed to himself." On reaching the Foreign Department I found in the waiting-room M. Pinto, who asked as a favour to be present at the interview about to take place. Nothing, I replied, could be more agreeable to me than his presence, but as I had not come to apologise to his colleague, but rather to make quite clear my standpoint in the *Tacna* incident, I preferred seeing M. Ibañez alone. Some description of the Chilean Foreign Minister may not be out of place here. He was a small man of insignificant appearance, with thin sandy hair, and the address and bearing of a schoolmaster. Somehow he reminded me of the St. Omer of my boyhood.² By profession he was a lawyer—of no particular distinction—verbose and boastful, and at this time much inflated by the encomiums bestowed on his interminable notes on the Argentine Boundary question. In no way a man of mark, he was essentially a puppet in the hands of the President, who, throughout, as I well knew, was answerable for the high-handed proceedings against Hyde.

Scarcely had I entered the room when, to my

¹ The *Moneda* (Mint) is the President's official residence, and contains the chief Government offices. The original plans for this building as a Mint were intended, it is said, for the city of Mexico, and, in the strange confusion of the old Spanish days, were sent by mistake to Santiago. The tradition, however, appears doubtful, and is denied in M. Wiener's *Chili et Chiliens*.

² *Vide* "Recollections of a Diplomatist," vol. i. pp. 34, 35.

intense surprise, the Minister began with ill-concealed emotion to express his regret that he had not better appreciated and seconded my efforts to settle the affair amicably at the outset. He was, however, chiefly anxious to be assured that I had not intended any insult in not shaking hands when he called upon me. I had no difficulty in satisfying him on that point, and stretched out my hand, which he grasped with effusion. The poor man was, in fact, in the most submissive of moods, as he let appear just before by stooping to pick up a walking-stick that had slipped out of my hand—quite accidentally, I need scarcely say, and in no parodying reminiscence of one of old Prince Metternich's stock anecdotes.¹

“And now,” despondingly inquired the Minister, “what is to be done? What would you have us do?” I said that it was not for me to show him the way out of the difficulty. I could only repeat that the affair must be stopped as speedily as possible. I insisted on Hyde's release; if he could effect this by legal methods, so much the better for him. Here M. Ibañez rang the bell, and, writing a few lines, handed them to a messenger, at the same time explaining that he was sending a request to the Supreme Court (to which the affair had come up on appeal from Valparaiso) “to suspend proceedings

¹ The memorable interview at Dresden, when Napoleon, in order to test the pliancy of the Austrian statesman, threw his hat down, Metternich not attempting to pick it up.

at once." He then asked what were my terms. I told him that my conception of my duty to my Government made it impossible for me to assist any longer at the arbitrary incarceration of my countryman. If, therefore, I was not in a position to report home by the mail of April 22—six days hence—that Hyde had been set free, I would take upon myself to suspend relations and withdraw to Valparaiso, where I would await further instructions from H.M. Government. Further, the release must be notified to me officially, with some suitable expression of regret for the error committed, which I could transmit home.

M. Ibañez, although evidently much relieved by what I said, seemed anxious to know whether a pecuniary indemnity would be demanded. I reminded him that I had carefully reserved this point for the decision of the Foreign Office, though it seemed to me only reasonable that Hyde should be indemnified for wrongful imprisonment. The Minister then proposed we should draft the expression of regret, which would, in my opinion, meet the circumstances. Being, however, loth to press him further at the moment, I said we could settle that point when he came to me the next day, as he proposed doing. On parting he again thanked me effusively "for all I had done."

When the Minister called upon me, as arranged, he seemed rather inclined to shilly-shally about the release of Hyde, apprehending, he said, that

it might be difficult to obtain a unanimous decision from the Supreme Court for his liberation. He had evidently seen the President in the interval, but he soon changed his tone on my warning him again of my firm resolve to suspend relations if necessary. He then inquired whether I had prepared the draft we had spoken of the day before, and here, in my sincere desire to spare him what seemed the humiliation of dictating terms to him, I was so weak as to say that I was not particular about the exact wording of the regret to be expressed. "Ustedes son caballeros" (you are gentlemen), I said, "and can be trusted to say gracefully what is needed." Thereupon he left me, not, however, without destroying in my presence, of his own accord, the threatening note he had sent me and of which he was evidently much ashamed.¹ Finally, on the evening of the 21st, I received a private line from M. Ibañez, stating that the Supreme Court had quashed the proceedings at Valparaiso, and I was thus able to telegraph next day to Lord Derby—the second Disraeli Administration had shortly before come in—that Hyde had been released.

I was well satisfied with my success in the affair, and still more glad to receive, after a few weeks interval—Panama or Montevideo being still at that time the nearest points whence it was

¹ I had thought it advisable to keep copies of this curious correspondence.

possible to communicate with Europe by telegraph—a message of approval from Lord Derby. Great was my disgust, therefore, when the formal notification of the decree of the Supreme Court reached me without a single expression of regret, or the admission of any wrong-doing on the part of the Chilean authorities. I, of course, reported home this breach of faith, and assumed an attitude of great reserve towards the Government, being, in due course, instructed to demand satisfaction and compensation for the arrest. The final settlement of the affair did not, however, take place for months, and the *Tacna* incident affected my official relations until nearly the end of my stay in Chile. It practically came to a personal contest over the question between the stubborn autocratic President and myself, which at one time led to the resignation of the maladroit Ibañez and the substitution for him of my friend Don Enrique Cood, whose appointment was avowedly intended to be agreeable to H.M. Government and their representative.

But it is high time that I should turn from this troublesome business to other subjects. In the early antipodean spring—read August—of 1874, the somewhat dreary sameness of life in Chile was broken by the arrival at Valparaiso of Adelaide Ristori. A good many years before at Vienna I had made the acquaintance of this greatest of tragic actresses of our time—still living, I rejoice to think. I could recall the impression made upon me by

her brilliant appearance, her southern verve and picturesque gestures, when I first met her at an entertainment given in her honour by Stametz Meyer, the rich Austrian banker and Mæcenas of those days, and well remembered her impulsive greeting of some revolutionary ditties of the dawn of the *risorgimento*—*sono Italiano*, and the like—which I had been induced to sing after dinner for her amusement: a highly treasonable proceeding on the part of an attaché at the Imperial Court. I had gone down to Valparaiso for a few days, for a change from the worry of the *Tacna* affair, when Madame Ristori—now Marchesa Capranica del Grillo—arrived at the Hotel Oddo where I was stopping. I called upon her at once and offered my services during her approaching visit to Santiago, where she had arranged to give a series of performances at the very handsome *Teatro Municipal*.

There was something touching about this last venture of the illustrious tragédienne. She had met shortly before with very severe financial reverses, and, although she was already on the threshold of old age, and had long since exchanged her dramatic triumphs for the repose and dignity of the Palazzo Capranica at Rome, she was now pluckily engaged on a professional tour round the world. She had just been starring it at Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, and was on her way to Peru, Mexico, California and Australia, with the object of making good to her son and daughter the million or so of francs by which

their inheritance had been curtailed. All this she was explaining to me, in her sitting-room at the Valparaiso Hotel, when the door opened and a tall, slight girl, with hair of the most perfect *blond cendré*, dark eyes, and an indescribable look of *distinction* and refinement, entered the room and was introduced as her daughter Bianca. Donna Bianca—should these lines ever come under her notice—must forgive me if I permit myself, after these long years, to say that I scarcely remember ever being so struck as I was by this unexpectedly fair apparition in a commonplace inn-parlour in the remote South Pacific. But for the perfect taste and simplicity of her nineteenth-century gown, she might have stepped out of the frame of a Bronzino or Lorenzo Lotto, depicting the sweetly serious traits of some high-born *biondina bella* of a great Italian house. Charming Donna Bianca! As I write, and look back to that far-away time, Petrarch's splendid stately lines recur to me as best and most vividly recalling her as I first beheld her that sunny forenoon :—

Giovane donna sott' un verde lauro
 Vidi, più bianca, e più fredda che neve
 Non percossa dal Sol molti e molt' anni :
 E'l suo parlar', e'l bel viso, e le chiome
 Mi piacquen sì, ch' i'l ho dinanzi a gli occhi
 Ed avrò sempre ov' io sia, in poggio, o'n riva.¹

After a short season at Valparaiso the great artist moved up to the capital with her family, and

¹ Petrarca, Canzone 7.

the *troupe*—mostly old *camarades de scène* of hers—which she had enlisted for her tour. To me who lived, for some weeks, in the intimacy of the del Grillos, nothing could be more interesting than to note the, so to speak, twofold life they led. In her rooms at the Grand Hotel, the Marchesa did not let a trace appear of the object which had brought her to the uttermost ends of the earth. Above all, Donna Bianca was sedulously kept out of all contact with her mother's theatrical surroundings. A middle-aged Belgian lady, a Comtesse du Hamal, kept her company and chaperoned her, while of her mother's *répertoire* she was only allowed to be present at pieces like "Maria Stuart," "Marie Antoinette," or "Elisabetta"; it being judged quite unfit that she should witness the sombre, impassioned performance of such parts as "Phèdre" or "Myrrha."

The Chileans made many demonstrations in honour of Melpomene on the globe-trot, some of these being unfortunately marred by questionable incidents. A great banquet given to Madame Ristori by the Intendente (Prefect) of Santiago, which was attended by the Ministers and other high officials, was most tactlessly turned into a manifestation in favour of the independence of Cuba, while some of the speeches delivered at it contained allusions in very doubtful taste to the execution of the Emperor Maximilian and the degrading effects of monarchical institutions, which latter remarks can hardly have been grateful to my worthy colleague

Sanminiatelli and other Italians present. In still worse taste was the advantage taken by the Intendente of his distinguished guest's compassionate feelings, to initiate a movement for the reprieve of a criminal recently condemned to death for the murder of his wife under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. From the banquet Madame Ristori was induced to accompany the Intendente and Ministers to the President of the Republic, who, most unwillingly it was said, granted the commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life.

These Ristori days—a brilliant and delightful interlude in my recollections of that year—passed away all too rapidly. I did my best to entertain the del Grillos, taking them, among other excursions, for a picnic to the Escobar gardens, perhaps the prettiest spot in all the neighbourhood, where Donna Bianca's delicate profile and slight, graceful outline, standing out against the rich, sub-tropical greenery, more than ever reminded me of the fair being rendered immortal by the unique memorial raised by the poet to female charm and loveliness.

Two days before the departure of the del Grillos a great subscription ball was given at the theatre, to which all the Santiago world of course went, and where, not having yet quite given up my old Viennese propensities, I took a turn or two with Donna Bianca and other ladies. Such indiscretions as these bring their punishment with them. We were

verging on summer, and the heat of the ball-room being very great, I went and stood at an open window between the dances, and only too effectually courted the Andine night breezes. A day or two after I was laid up with one of the worst bronchial attacks I have ever experienced. I was pulled through it by the skill of the late Dr. Cooper, of the British Naval Hospital at Valparaiso, for whom I sent when I found that the Santiago *medicos* afforded me no relief. One night during my illness, I remember, there was an unusually sharp shock of earthquake, which, probably from my lying helpless in bed, made a most unpleasant impression upon me. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered strength I went down for a fortnight to our hospital, admirably managed by the kind and able Cooper, and which, being situated on very high ground, commands a magnificent prospect of the town and the boundless ocean beyond it. I now saw the last of Madame Ristori and her party, who went north to Callao and Lima, though for several months I was able to follow their peregrinations, as I kept up a correspondence with young Giorgio Capranica for a time.

I have said nothing as yet of the English residents at Valparaiso, but should be indeed remiss were I not to refer to them, for, next to the factory at St. Petersburg, I can remember no more creditable British community abroad, and they stood loyally by me at a rather critical period and

showed me much goodwill. Lying before me is a packet of photographs of Valparaiso friends—almost pathetic they look to me in the old-fashioned dresses of thirty years ago, let alone the thought that most of those they represent may well be no longer of this world. Here is pretty Mrs. Hammond, gifted with a charming voice, and appropriately attired as Music, as she appeared at a fancy dress ball at the Valparaiso Philharmonic. Here, too, is graceful Mrs. Brice Miller and cheery Mrs. Bouchier, the husbands of these ladies—all leading men in the prosperous, hospitable community—being among my staunchest supporters in the *Tacna* difficulty. Here also is charming Donna Juanita Browne de Subercaseaux, English in her good looks as well as in feelings, though born in the country and married to a Chilean of old French descent. How vividly these poor, faded effigies, long put aside and forgotten, bring back all that period as I turn them over and wonder, not without a tinge of sadness, what has been the lot of those portrayed in them!

Unlike Valparaiso, Santiago has scarcely any trade, and therefore but few English residents, the most prominent amongst them in my time being a Mr. Applegath, of whom I preserve a cordial recollection. The Santiaguinos prided themselves, and rightly, on their easy, polished lives, on their opera-house and their races. At the former there was generally a very fair Italian

company, graced one season by a pleasing *soprano* of the name of Repetto, whose attractive features smile upon me from among the photos aforesaid. As for the *carreras*, the racecourse on which they took place was truly unique in the contrast between its stern background of snowy mountain and the gay brilliant scene with the smiling plain around it. The wealthier Chileans spared no expense on the furniture of their houses or the splendour of their equipages, and the number of thoroughly well-appointed carriages that turned out at their race-meetings could not but strike even an English eye. The entire display was in those days very superior to what I saw some years later in the equally luxurious, but far less patrician, capital of Argentina. The quality of the horses running was on the whole, too, commendable, considering the small value of the prizes which, according to the "correct card" I have preserved of one day's racing, scarcely exceeded 400 dollars, £80 in all.

But for its remoteness, Santiago would certainly in every respect repay a visit from our ubiquitous tourists in quest of novelty, and now that it has become so much more accessible, through its almost complete connection with Buenos Ayres by rail, the capital of Chile deserves to be much better known than it is. During my stay in the country the travellers, who visited it on anything but business, were so few that I can almost count them on my

fingers. The *Challenger* touching at Valparaiso, on her return from her remarkable deep-sea dredging operations, her captain (Nares), together with the eminent Professor Wyville Thomson, and with them young Lord George Campbell, paid me a visit at Santiago. Later on, my old Foreign Office chum, and subsequently distinguished colleague, "Fergus" O'Connor,¹ turned up quite unexpectedly with Greville Douglas, affectionately yecept "The Snipe," whom I have since had good reason to number among my best friends. They were on their way to Buenos Ayres overland, and I helped them to engage mules and guides for crossing the Andes. I can remember, too, a flying visit from Colonel and Lady Constance Barne, on a wedding tour round the world, and last, but not least, my first sight of Mr. W. Gillett, now so well known in London circles, whose journeyings at that time no doubt furnished some of the stock of lantern slides he has since used to illustrate his lectures at the Bachelors'—best managed of London Clubs let it be said by the way.

My residence in Chile now drew fast to a close. Some months before, I had obtained Lord Derby's sanction to go home on leave, and in the Chilean spring (read autumn) of 1875 I completed my arrangements to start in January, when the summer season gave reasonable promise of a smooth passage

¹ The friendly nickname first given to Sir Nicholas O'Connor (now H.M. Ambassador at Constantinople) at the Foreign Office, in chaffy allusion to the notorious Chartist leader Feargus O'Connor.

for my small belongings through the Straits of Magellan. My last visit, a fortnight before my departure, was to the kind Ortúzars at Codao, where I once more enjoyed such perfect hospitality as I have seldom experienced since in any clime or country. Parting, with sincere regret, from my kindly hosts at early dawn for the long drive to the station at Pelequen, I well recollect calling the attention of my eldest boy—then not quite seven years old, and now following his father's footsteps in a service which may, I trust, use him well—to the striking effect of the sun rising over the great chain of mountains, bidding him remember in after years that in his early childhood he had seen that wondrous spectacle.

In many respects I was sincerely sorry to leave Chile, and have ever since kept a warm corner in my heart for that country and its friendly people. I had felt it right, and still feel it was right, to turn to account the *Tacna* difficulty—absolutely forced upon me by an autocratic President and an incompetent Minister—for the recovery of some of the ground which our Legation, and in some degree our national prestige in that important region of the South Pacific, had for some years been losing. My predecessor, Mr. Taylour Thomson, had on several occasions been subjected to much indignity, and the bearing of the Chilean authorities towards our Legation and our countrymen, as indeed towards foreigners in general, had for some time past been

going from bad to worse. I had just cause to complain of a series of vexatious proceedings, such as the refusal to acknowledge the right of our Consuls to issue sentences of imprisonment against seamen for offences committed on board vessels flying the British flag, and the still more invidious attempt to close our Naval Hospital—where seamen of all nations, including Chilean blue-jackets, were most liberally treated—on the pretext that Dr. Cooper had not taken a Chilean degree, although holding the diplomas of both the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons. These and other acts of the arrogant Intendente Echaúrrren, backed up by his brother-in-law the President, made it, I considered, imperative that the Chilean Government should be brought to their bearings, and this view of mine was fully indorsed by my colleagues, with the sole exception of the German Minister. Nevertheless, throughout the *Tacna* controversy, I had never once attempted or threatened anything like coercion; and on one occasion, in fact, had made it an urgent request to Admiral Cochrane, in command of the West Coast squadron, who had reached Coquimbo on his way to Valparaiso, to postpone his visit and return north, lest the presence of his ships on the Chilean coast should be construed as a menace to a recalcitrant Government. The *Tacna* question had, however, now been settled some time,¹

¹ The Chilean Minister in London, Blest Gana, had offered an expression of regret, accepted as sufficient by Lord Derby, and in the end an indemnity of 1000 dollars had been allowed to Hyde.

and I parted on the best of terms with the Chilean Ministers both past and present.

I had very gratifying evidence that my attitude had been rightly appreciated by the best class of Chileans in the flattering manifestations of regard shown to me before my departure. A dinner was given in my honour at the Club de la Union—a most luxurious establishment by the way—by the leaders of Santiago society, under the presidency of M. Pinto, then president-elect, and the small British community also very kindly entertained me. At Valparaiso, too, my numerous English friends were good enough to invite me to a farewell dinner at the Gran Hotel Central, at which very kind things were said of my efforts to guard British interests in this most considerable seaport of the west coast. In these efforts I had been throughout very efficiently seconded by H.M. Consul, James Drummond Hay, who not many years afterwards died in the prime of life—a great loss to the Consular service.

And now, in closing these recollections of my sojourn in their beautiful country, which have, to my dismay, grown to an inordinate length, I send most cordial greetings to those of my Chilean friends who still tread this globe in their splendid inland city under the shadow of the great mountains, or by the sparkling southern sea. *Valeant et floreat!*

CHAPTER V

HOME AGAIN

I SAILED from Valparaiso on January 19, 1876, in the *Galicia*, of the Pacific S. N. Co., a very comfortable ship, whose captain was Squire T. S. Lecky, one of the most capable officers on that line. The sea becoming unpleasantly rough about three days out from Valparaiso, the captain took us, by exceptional favour, through some of the inner channels formed by the intricate archipelago which extends from the south of Chiloe down to the entrance of the Straits. Several years before he had himself surveyed most of these difficult and dangerous passages, which, in certain places, are so narrow that our yard-arms almost scraped the vertical masses of rock by which the deep water-way is walled in.

No other region of the globe, except the forbidding, monstrous Polar solitudes, can bear a sterner aspect than this extreme southern point of the American continent, broken up, as any map will show, into innumerable chaotic fragments by the tremendous convulsions of a primeval age. Nevertheless, the moist atmosphere and abundant rainfall

favour vegetation to such an extent that, wherever there is a break in the rocky barrier, dark patches of pine and beech come down to the very edge of the sea and somewhat mitigate the general sense of desolation. Nowhere, however, is the impression of one's having reached the extreme confines of the habitable globe so strong as, when issuing forth again from the shelter of the inner channels into the great waste of troubled sea outside, one first sights the weird group of rocks known as the Evangelists—the lonesome vedette, one may say, of the dreaded Cape Pillar, which all vessels seeking to enter the Straits of Magellan are bound, in nautical parlance, “to make” in their course. These four huge, storm-lashed crags in mid-ocean, with the size of the rollers that break on them, even on a fair summer's day, are one of the most awe-inspiring sights it is possible to conceive. The character of the whole of this lonesome region is well recorded on the charts by such names as Froward Island, Port Famine, Desolation Land, or Last Hope Inlet.

After doubling Cape Pillar we stopped for a few hours at Sandy Point (Punta Arenas), where I called on the Governor, and was taken in a trolley on a short tram-line leading up to some coal-mines quite recently opened in the heart of thick moss-grown woods of evergreens, lightened by the white stems of the Antarctic beech. This settlement, containing about 1200 souls at the time of my visit,

is noteworthy as the most southern civilised community of our planet, and as having been for many years the chief bone of contention in the wearisome *question de limites* between Chile and Argentina. It seemed to me a dreary, heaven-forsaken spot. Oceans of ink were spilt over it, but the enterprising Chileans, by their bold occupation of the place in 1849, had acquired the nine points of the law from which no Argentine arguments could afterwards dislodge them.

We reached Montevideo on February 1, waiting there twenty-four hours for the Buenos Ayres mails and passengers, and got to Rio de Janeiro on the 7th. Here I found my old Petersburg colleague, Victor Drummond, who had been acting as *chargé d'affaires* for a long time, and made me most welcome, taking me out with him to dine with the Russian Minister, Baron Kosküll, at that loveliest of tropical country resorts, Tijuca. The heat at Rio was very great, and there was so much yellow fever about that we got away with anything but a clean bill of health, which was not improved by our touching at the equally contaminated Bahia and Pernambuco. After leaving the latter place, I turned to account the fortnight's stretch between it and Lisbon to work at, and complete, a very exhaustive official report on the progress and general condition of Chile, on which I had been engaged for some time. This was not only favourably received at the Foreign Office—my valued friend

Villiers Lister¹ writing to me in the kindest terms about it—but it attracted a good deal of attention in Chile itself, where the sincere tribute I paid to the high spirit and patriotism of the governing class, the purity of the administration, and the vigour and industry of the people, must have convinced those who read it of the friendly spirit in which I viewed the condition and prospects of their country, believing it to be by far the best-ordered and most advanced of South American States.²

We touched at Lisbon on February 28, flying the yellow flag, and were thus prevented from landing, much to my disgust, as I longed to set foot on European soil again after so long an absence. The Consul, Mr. Brackenbury, the brother-in-law of my old friends, Sir Charles and Sir George Russell, of Swallowfield, obligingly came alongside in a boat to see me, and, among other news, brought me the announcement—rather a damper to my diplomatic aspirations—of the appointment of Lytton as Viceroy of India, and the choice of Robert Morier as his successor at Lisbon.

At last, early on March 2, we reached the entrance to the Gironde, and steamed slowly up to Pauillac, where we anchored off low hills covered

¹ Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, K.C.M.G., who died in 1902, had a distinguished career, during which he served for twenty years as Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

² President Pinto, the successor of Errázuriz, caused this report to be translated at Paris into French for more general circulation.

with vineyards and dotted with *châteaux*, bearing some of the best-known names in the wine-lists of the world. I had arranged to land here with my party, but presently a tug came puffing alongside, and I was gladdened by the unexpected sight of my sister, who, with her husband and daughter, had very kindly come to meet and welcome me on my return. After greeting me and my children most affectionately, my sister broke to me the news of the death at Nice of my dear old aunt, Mrs. Arabin, which had taken place almost suddenly two months before, on the closing day of the year. At her advanced age—she was in her eighty-seventh year—there was nothing surprising in the event, but the loss of her who had stood me in a mother's stead came to me none the less as a great shock, and the more so from my having received, shortly before I left Santiago, one of her periodical letters, giving no indication of failing health. With her death the strongest link in my recollections of the past was broken for good.

The La Rochefoucaulds were now permanently established at Biarritz, where, having parted with my sister's villa at Baden Baden, they had acquired a large plot of ground, and built themselves a charming roomy cottage, in which they were living, pending the construction of the much larger house, now certainly one of the best in the place, and which one winter season had the honour of harbouring her late Majesty. We went up the river in the regular

steamer to Bordeaux, where we all stayed for the night at the comfortable Hôtel de la Paix, kept by a man named Lassalle, whose cellars were stocked with unexceptionable wines. The following day we went on to Biarritz, where I took up my quarters at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, then almost the only inn there, and excellently managed by the Campagne family.

Few places have changed and increased more of late years, or become more the fashion, especially with our English of the better class, than Biarritz. When I first knew it, its ways were simple enough. It had no golf-links then, no club, no imposing hotels or casino; while the hounds, which have since rivalled the old-established pack at Pau, had not yet been thought of. It was but a small, rather dull place, which, after being brought into notice for a few brief years under the Empire, had relapsed into its primitive quietness, when, with the beautiful Empress, the brilliant sunshine of fashion had departed from it. In the summer months it woke up a bit with the influx of bathers from Spain, and, for the nonce, became a *barrio* or suburb of Madrid. My worthy brother-in-law had served four years in that capital as Second Secretary to the French Embassy, and, after going to Washington as First Secretary, was now *en disponibilité*.

I must indulge here in a digression about Gaston de la Rochefoucauld—a most creditable specimen of those gentlemen of France, cast in an old mould

which is fast being broken up, who have always served the country well at its hours of need, but for whom this Republican age no longer finds any uses. His *grand air* and old-world, slightly formal manner, somehow make one think of his forbears who in December 1539 entertained with much splendour, in their halls at Verteuil,¹ the Emperor Charles V. on his memorable journey through France. He has a Renaissance look and carriage, and might have sat to Janet or Pourbus. But this does not prevent his keeping in full touch with the times we live in, and holding enlightened views not quite common among Frenchmen of his class. Withal the best of good fellows, and, in his family relations, the kindest and most warm-hearted of men.

Gaston and his wife were of course intimate with the small set of Spaniards who at that time made Biarritz their headquarters all through the year, and among whom were the late Duc de Frias, then the widower of the charming and talented daughter of Balfe the composer; and O'Shea, Duc de San Lucar, a sociable Irish-Iberian, whose sudden death, caused by a rupture of the diaphragm in simply stooping to

¹ Verteuil is a very old seat of the La Rochefoucauld family, not far from Angoulême, first mentioned in chronicles about 1050-1100. The common ancestor of the different branches of the family was François de La Roche, who in 1494 was godfather to the prince who afterwards became King Francis I. In memory of this circumstance the head of the senior branch, or Ducs de La Rochefoucauld, always bears the name of François. The great Habsburg was so gratified by his reception that, on parting from his hostess, Anne de Polignac, the widow of François II. de La Rochefoucauld, he declared, "Nôtre jamai entré en maison qui sentit mieux sa grande vertu, honnesteté et séigneurie."

put on his boot, is one of the most singular I have ever heard of. Besides the Spanish, there was a French coterie of Nadaillacs, Delesserts, and Carayons la Tour, with a very few English, of whom the best known were Lady Ernest Bruce, afterwards Lady Ailesbury, who had built herself a house in an out-of-the-way nook on the sea-shore beneath the Côte des Basques, and Mrs. Edmund Phipps, mother of our present Minister at Brussels. With her traditions of the *salon* Delmar, and her own *talents de société*, my sister made her house a pleasant *point de réunion* for all these people. Altogether the first few weeks I spent at Biarritz after my distant exile have left me very agreeable recollections; my sister, to whom I have always been much attached, making much of me and my boys in every way. As for the treeless, boisterous place itself, its violent gales, the great Atlantic breakers thundering on the beach or on the rocks at the Port Vieux, or, in fine weather, the glare and dust of its white roads, I cannot say that I ever took to it much or should care to live there for any length of time.

At the end of March I left my small people in charge of my sister and went with La Rochefoucauld to Paris, where I stayed a fortnight at the Hôtel Chatham. My primary object here was to examine the papers that had been taken at the seizure of my grandfather at Hamburg in 1804,¹ and were still kept

¹ For an account of this, see "Recollections of a Diplomatist," vol. i. pp. 24-27.

at the Archives Nationales. Lord Lyons had been good enough to apply officially for permission for me to see them, but the task proved disappointing, inasmuch as the correspondence contained little that was of family value, while whatever there may have been of real political interest in it was, I strongly suspect, withheld from me, doubtless on the plea that the papers were *classés* as secret police reports to which no one was allowed access. I nevertheless was given leave to take copies of some of the documents, which I added to my very scanty family archives.

I now saw a good deal of Lord Lyons—to whom I was indebted for this, to me, interesting search—and might be tempted to give a slight sketch of him, had he not been so skilfully and faithfully portrayed in the charming *Shifting Scenes* of his devoted subordinate, Sir Edward Malet. Still, I will permit myself to say that our eminent Ambassador at Paris, under whom I never had the good fortune actually to serve, seemed to me, with his simple, direct manner, his admirable perspicacity and judgment, and his broad, generous views of affairs in general, joined to an exquisite sense of humour, a very perfect sample of what a diplomatic spokesman of Great Britain should be. Succeeded though he was by such brilliant men as Lord Lytton and Lord Dufferin—not to speak of our actual very able representative, to whom old friendship alone would make me partial—Lord Lyons left behind him at Paris a record that will ever be hard to beat; while his wise and bene-

ficient attitude during the great war and the lurid drama of the Commune gave him a prestige and authority with the French Government such as no other British Ambassador could pretend to. Lord Lyons had but one defect in my eyes. His cook was the best, as his horses and carriages were the handsomest in Paris. His dinners were absolutely perfect, but he ate so fast—although endowed with a very healthy appetite, and drinking, by the way, nothing but St. Galmier—that the waiting at his table went with a lightning speed which, being myself a very slow eater, I was utterly unable to keep up with. I have gone through many such experiences at Royal and Imperial tables, finding it very difficult to get a fair meal while duly responding to the remarks of exalted neighbours, but Lord Lyons's exquisite dinners live in my memory as cruelly tantalising temptations set before me actually in vain.

At this time, too, I happened to make the acquaintance of a much more prominent actor in the events which had not so long before desolated France. I met my old Petersburg acquaintance, Princesse Lise Troubetzkoy, in Paris, and was taken by her one evening to see M. Thiers. I exchanged only a few words with him, though his reception of me was very gracious, but it is interesting to have seen, in his unpretentious home in the Rue St. Georges, this dauntless, eloquent little statesman and most unselfish of patriots—a true

French *méridional* in appearance and accent—remembering well, as I did, his splendidly devoted, but heartbreaking, tour through Europe in search of support and sympathy for his country in its death-struggle. Among other old Paris friends I renewed acquaintance with the Duc de Mouchy, now married to the charming Princess Anna Murat. I lunched, too, in company of La Rochefoucauld, with Robert Morier, whom I had scarcely ever met or heard from since our Vienna intimacy and his marriage at Marble Hill in 1861 to Miss Alice Peel. I mention this trifling circumstance because of the unwonted impulsiveness and emotion with which Morier, on this occasion, reproached himself for his forgetfulness of me at a time when most of my old friends had shown me much sympathy. But a curiously tender chord ran through my ruggedly massive, imperious colleague, tinged almost with the sentimentalism of a German student.

I had not been in Paris for so long that I much enjoyed sampling, with La Rochefoucauld, the more fashionable restaurants of the day, like Brébant's and Bignon's, now all defunct. The best known of the *cabarets*, as they used to be called by old-fashioned Frenchmen—with the exception of such modern and extravagantly dear establishments as Paillard's or the Tour d'Argent—have since been driven out of the field by cheaper eating-houses and grill-rooms on the English pattern. We of course also went the round of the theatres, seeing, with

other plays, *L'Etrangère* at the Français, in which the leading part was taken by that powerful artist the late Madame Croisette; and the *Petite Mariée* at the Renaissance, where the captivating Jeanne Granier had only just begun to make her mark. It was, however, now high time that I should go on to England, so I crossed over on April 13 with Lord and Lady Headfort, who were returning from the South after their recent marriage. By a lucky chance I came across them at the Gare du Nord, and, being offered a seat in their reserved compartment, thus made the journey in most pleasant company. On reaching London I first went to lodgings at 42 Clarges Street, removing afterwards to 29 Half Moon Street.

CHAPTER VI

LONDON IN 1877-1878

I GOT home at what was politically an exceptionally interesting period; the troublous course of events in the near East culminating at that very time in the Bulgarian atrocities and the hostilities between Turkey and Servia, to which the conspicuous part taken in them by General Tchernaiëff, the "Hernan Cortez of Central Asia," with a crowd of Russian volunteers, gave the appearance of a *guerre officieuse* by Russia, to quote Prince Bismarck's saying concerning it. Afar off at Santiago I had watched, as well as I could, the first signs of the great crisis in the insurrection in the Herzegovina, and have since been reminded by my friend Bacourt—the only one of my colleagues out there who took a keen interest in European affairs—of my then foretelling that these risings would lead to a far more general complication in the near future.

I saw a good deal of the Derbys at this time. Despite a somewhat ungenial manner—the outcome of insurmountable shyness—Lord Derby was in every way a considerate and eminently just chief, and in Lady Derby I found a truly kind friend. For this I was in part indebted to the Austrian

Ambassador, Count Apponyi, who had known me from boyhood, and, being on terms of considerable friendship with Lady Derby, was good enough to write to her from Paris, to which place he had been transferred some time before, expressing the far too favourable opinion he had formed of my fitness and qualifications for advancement in the service. My old friend Lionel West, like me on leave from South America previous to his being appointed to Madrid, also contributed his share in warmly commending me to his favourite and very charming sister. I was therefore in a position to follow the course of affairs with more accurate knowledge than I could have acquired by the most assiduous newspaper reading. At the St. James's Club, too, which I used a great deal for the next two years, and elsewhere, I pretty often met the Russian Ambassador, Comte Pierre Schouvalow, whom I had known at St. Petersburg when he was in charge of the almost omnipotent *Troisième Section*.¹

Count Schouvalow's striking good looks and *grand seigneur* mien, his freedom of speech and convivial moods—frequently rather simulated than real—his easy, *insouciant* bearing at a period when all his faculties were absorbed by the most delicate possible diplomatic negotiations, are still so well

¹ The Third Section of the Imperial Chancellerie, as it used to be called, comprised at that time the Secret Police, which, among other important functions, had of course to provide for the safety of the Emperor. In allusion to his power and influence Count Schouvalow went, in Petersburg society, under the sobriquet of Pierre IV.

remembered in London society that to attempt to describe him may seem superfluous. Under the gay, seductive exterior of a courtier of the licentious days of Catherine, he screened great earnestness of purpose, joined to remarkable adroitness. He strenuously applied himself throughout the crisis to prevent its coming to a conflict between the two countries, and no ambassador, I believe, ever laboured more ably and unremittingly than he did in the cause of peace. In dealing with such statesmen as Lords Beaconsfield, Salisbury and Derby, he showed great qualities as a negotiator, and, above all, may claim the merit of enjoying their confidence when the credit of his own Government for straight dealing was at a very low ebb in Downing Street. This distrust of the methods of the Imperial Chancellerie unfortunately still remains a disturbing factor in our relations with Russia, to the regret of those who, like myself, desire to see some understanding established between us and that great Power on the questions which divide us in the far East, and, at the time I refer to, divided us in the nearer Levant.

I extract from an unusually full diary I kept for some time on my return to Europe, a passage which affords a good illustration of the mental attitude of our Government towards the Cabinet of St. Petersburg in the protracted discussions which took place during the crisis preceding the Russo-Turkish War. It refers more especially to the Protocol of March 31, 1877, which defined the expectant position the

Powers engaged to maintain with regard to events in Turkey on the very eve of the declaration of war by Russia :¹—

March 31, 1877.—After dinner had a long talk with Schouvalow in the smoking-room at the St. James's. He told me that the Protocol had been signed that afternoon, and then went on to talk of the negotiations in general, dwelling quite openly on Ignatiev's disregard of truth and the mischief he had done here. He complained that we were *bien durs comme négociateurs*, and that we carried our suspicions of Russian policy a great deal too far. "Why!" he said, "the real truth is that we have no fixed policy; everything changing from day to day. *Comme vous savez, tout se fait au Palais, et tout dépend de la digestion de deux ou trois individus.*" But it was no use his representing this to Ministers here, and he would give me the most curious instance of all of our distrust. One day he was on the point of giving up the whole thing in despair, when he was entreated by Lady Derby to make one more effort and see whether he could not find a *rédaction* that would meet the difficulty. So he went home that evening and drafted a Protocol of his own, without referring it to St. Petersburg. The following day he took it to Lord Derby, who

¹ The gist of the Protocol was that the Powers would wait for the introduction of the promised reforms in Turkey and watch the progress of events; a conditional disarmament to take place in Russia and in Turkey. War was declared by Russia on April 24, 1877.

said he thought it would do, but must consult the Cabinet. The Cabinet likewise approving, this draft of his became in fact the document that was finally signed. The best part of it, he added, was that it was perhaps less favourable to us than former projects which had been rejected. But its merit in our eyes was its not coming from St. Petersburg, and Lord Beaconsfield had said to him afterwards: "You understood us very well in laying before us a document which bore the date of Chesham House."

From my diary, too, I glean the following about General Ignatiew's visit to London in March 1877, referred to in the above extract. He was engaged on a tour to the great capitals, urging his views on the Eastern crisis, and, much to the annoyance of Count Schouvalow, who tried hard to stop him, came over from Paris on the 16th:—

March 17, 1877.—At ten o'clock left the Club for the Foreign Office party, being curious to see the Ignatiews there. He seemed quite pleased to meet me again, as she did too, speaking with much feeling of my poor dear C. A lovely Paris gown—*turquoise* blue, matching the beautiful *turquoises* she wore, made her look the pink of neatness and *élégance* in the midst of the masses of dowdiness that hemmed her in on every side, for they both got a most thorough mobbing, *comme de raison*. I chaffed the General about this, and, with his usual charming

carelessness of statement, he said he was quite accustomed to it, for at all the stations coming up from Dover the people had turned out to see him, pointing him out to their children, &c. ; a strong order, considering he came up by an ordinary passenger train, *sans tambour ni trompettes!* At half-past eleven the Ignatievs left for King's Cross Station, where a special train was waiting to take them on to Hatfield.

Schouvalow afterwards told me that among other results of this visit he thought the General had destroyed any chance he may have had of coming here as Ambassador, while, as for Prince Gortchacow, his policy had been so ill-judged of late years that in his (Count Schouvalow's) opinion he would have done well to retire some five or six years ago.

Speaking of Prince Gortchacow, towards whose memory I, personally, remain grateful for much indulgence and kindness, I am tempted to intercalate here a scrap of some historical interest from a fragmentary diary of 1869, which ought rightly to have found a place in the first part of these "Recollections," and has no connection with the Eastern affairs above referred to:—

St. Petersburg, June 23, 1869.—Went to take leave of old Prince Gortchacow this morning, finding him in high good humour and full of anecdote. "Qu'est ce que vous venez faire ici?" he said; "vous

ne savez donc pas que je suis mort.”¹ Speaking of the Emperor Napoleon, he told me it was wonderful how grateful he was for all past services, forgetting none. When he (the Prince) was serving at Rome, he was very intimate with Queen Hortense, and spent most of his evenings at her house. On one occasion he went there much disturbed by an order from the Emperor Nicholas, transferring him to Berlin, which he had declined to obey. The Queen, noticing his annoyance, took him aside and led the way to her dressing-room. Here she opened a box, he holding the light for her, and took out of it a *scarabée*, set as a seal, which she gave him, saying: “Take this, it will bring you luck!” She told him she had given two similar ones before; one to Ypsilanti, and the other to Fabvier the Philhellene. “It did bring me luck,” observed the *Chancelier*, “for, instead of resenting my refusal, the Emperor Nicholas appointed me to the very post I wanted—Florence.”

There, he went on to relate, he was when 1830 came, bringing in its train the insurrectionary movements in Italy. Both the sons of Hortense were engaged in the Italian rising, and the elder of the two falling dangerously ill at Forli, the Queen went to him. Meanwhile the Austrians had advanced as far as Bologna, and the corps commanded by the

¹ This was in allusion to reports then assiduously circulated that the *Chancelier* had lost the Imperial favour, and to which a visit of General Ignatiew to the Emperor in the Crimea at this period lent some colour.

Bonaparte brothers (the eldest died in the interval) melting away, Louis Napoléon and his mother were in a position of great danger. Their only way to Leghorn and the sea was through Tuscany. One morning at the Russian Legation in Florence a gentleman was announced to Gortchacow as coming from the Comte de St. Leu, the title taken by the ex-King Louis of Holland. Gortchacow received him, and the gentleman stated that he was sent to beg him to exert himself in favour of the Queen and her last remaining son. "Tell the Comte from me," was the reply, "that he has been a King himself and therefore must know how impossible is interference in certain cases. The Tuscan Government would never allow enemies of Austria and of order to take refuge in their territory." The envoy was about to withdraw, but, as he reached the door, the Prince recalled him, and, pointing to a map, said: "If I follow you correctly, they are at this point, and in order to reach Leghorn they must pass through such and such places," dwelling with his finger on each place successively as he spoke. "Please," he added, "express to the Comte my regret at being unable to move in the matter." The emissary of course understood him, and, as soon as he had left, the Prince went to Fossombroni, then Minister, and asked him to blink at the passage of the fugitives along the line he had marked out on the map. Sir Hamilton Seymour, then our *chargé d'affaires* at Florence, at the same time sent the Queen an

English passport, and with this and with Louis Napoléon, dressed up as a *courier* on the box, she reached Leghorn in safety. In her will the Queen left Lady Seymour a beautiful cameo brooch set in fine pearls in recognition of the service rendered her by Sir Hamilton, while to Gortchacow she sent a message "to be delivered to another diplomatist whom she could not name, but who helped to save her and her son." "The son," added the *Chancelier*, "has never forgotten this, and when I last saw him at Paris, he permitted me great freedom of speech and treated me with much kindness." When I parted from the old Prince, who was going away for the summer, he said to me all manner of obliging things, which the few rags of modesty remaining to me preclude me from repeating even in this private diary.

To return to what I learned from unexceptionable sources at this period of the Eastern crisis, a few passages relating to the views and aims of Prince Bismarck at this juncture seem worth transcribing, as conveying lessons possibly not without their uses at the present day:—

June 1, 1877.—It is reported from Berlin on the best authority that Bismarck still dreads an attack from France, and that all his policy is subordinate to that fear. As for the Eastern affair, it is said that Bismarck will let Russia have free play up to a

certain point, but would be disposed to lend England the full weight of German moral support towards stopping Russia after any considerable success of hers. As regards the Turks, he thinks that Constantinople, with a small amount of territory round it (*Rome avec un jardin*), would be enough for them. He would not object to a partition of the Turkish Empire. Why should *we* not occupy Egypt, Syria, Crete, Cyprus, &c.? He is not inclined to do much for Italy, but would let her have a bit of Tripoli, and although France has already cut out for herself her share of the spoil in Algiers, why she might add some portion of Tunis to it. His greatest bugbear is a possible coalition between France, Russia, and the Pope. He has repeatedly offered us his alliance, and is said to have commissioned Odo Russell (who has come over for a few days) to make a fresh offer of it. "If you have anything good to bring me," he is said to have told Odo, "come and see me at once, wherever I may be."

But I will leave my diary for the present, merely observing that in the extracts I have given from it I have departed a good deal from the chronological order of my narrative, which it will now be convenient to resume. I spent the best part of the season of 1876 in London, and being "*avant tout un mondain*," according to obliging critics of the first part of these Recollections, probably saw the

pleasantest side of London society of that day. Among other dissipations, I went for the Ascot week to Minley, a place belonging to Mr. Raikes Currie, the father of my old friend Philip, now Lord Currie, where I found a very pleasant party; the greatest ornament of which was the late Mrs. Mahlon Sands—probably the loveliest American that had as yet dawned upon the world of London, and who, to my mind, has never been eclipsed by any of the numerous fair daughters of Columbia who have since graced, and in some degree revolutionised, English society. This season, too, witnessed, if I am not mistaken, the first appearance of Mrs. Langtry, the dazzling Lily of Jersey, who was literally mobbed wherever she went. Among the noted beauties of the day were Mrs. Cornwallis West, Mrs. Luke Wheeler and others. About this time my brother William and his wife having come over for a fortnight—the last visit they ever paid to England—Spencer Cowper, a very old acquaintance of mine at the Cercle de l'Union at Paris, asked us all to dine with him. With my love of music the occasion happened to be an interesting one, as the first on which I ever met Paolo Tosti, a young Italian artist, who delighted us after dinner by singing his own compositions—*Quant'io t'amerei* and *Ti Rapirei* amongst them. He was then quite unknown to fame, but afterwards deservedly became the most popular of composers and most charming *disceur* of his own melodies. I had heard of him before

from his delightful pupil Donna Bianca Capranica, and more than other singing-masters he has contributed to implant in our *amateurs* a production of the voice and an *art de bien dire* which were almost unknown in the days of my youth. Not the least gratifying of Signor Tosti's after experiences was the favour in which he stood with the late Queen and the venerable Duchess of Cambridge. In the last years of Her Royal Highness's life he used to go and sing to her every day, and the Duchess is said to have left him in her will substantial proof of her regard.

If I can trust my recollections of the season of 1876 it was a brilliant one in every way. Great balls and parties were given at Stafford House and at Grosvenor House, and almost for the first time the splendid *palazzo* of the Holfords in Park Lane, not long before completed, opened its doors in honour of the very charming young ladies of the family, one of whom, now Lady Grey, whose marriage took place the following year, seemed to me, when I first met her at the Loyd-Lindsays at Lockinge, one of the most attractive types of high-bred English maidenhood imaginable. Nor can I pass over in my retrospect of this and following seasons that absolutely unique combination of a town and country abode, Holland House—where I had the good fortune to be asked a good deal at this time—with its lively, diminutive hostess, who dispensed the hospitality of her grand historic

house with a half foreign ease and grace, and whose smaller gatherings and dinners were quite the pleasantest in London. Among her frequent visitors of those days were that Irish cosmopolite, Percy Ffrench, speaking all languages with equal volubility; the Granvilles and Frederick Leveson-Gower; old Panizzi of the British Museum; poor Fortunato, the last of Neapolitan representatives in London, where he then still lived on in exile and penury; Edward Cheney, Lord Ronald Gower, and Leighton, whose artistic home almost adjoined Holland House, &c. &c. At dinner here one day I remember meeting, for the first time, Princess Frederica of Hanover, who seemed interested in my South American and other experiences, and conversed with me most of the evening. I have seldom since come across this gracious and state-liest of princesses of a fallen house, the "poor Lily of Hanover" as the late Queen used to call her, and little did I then foresee the many kindnesses that were to be shown me years afterwards by other members of her illustrious family. Beautiful Holland House! It is good to know that it has since passed into the hands of another perfect hostess, who fully values and guards its treasures and associations, and that it has the promise of like intelligent solicitude in the next generation.

Such distant exile as I had undergone naturally drew me still nearer to old friends and relations on my return, and I was warmly greeted by old

Lord Rokeby and all the Montagu connection, by the Haringtons—kindly Johnny Harington, then fast approaching his end—the Loyd-Lindsays, and by Rivers and his sister Harriet Bruce. I shall not easily forget Harriet's affectionate welcome of me in her house in Prince's Gardens, now tenanted by the most popular, and certainly not the least patriotic, of our statesmen. Still wonderfully handsome—in her youth she had been the most beautiful of Maids of Honour in the earliest years of the late Queen's reign—she was already stricken past recovery with a cruel malady against which she bore up with the rarest pluck for the sake of her brother, Horace, to whom she was devoted; carefully concealing her hopeless condition from him and all others up to the very end. I have kept a touching letter she wrote me when I left town for Biarritz at the beginning of July, in which she told me of her danger, of which I had not had the least idea, and said that I should never see her again. A week later she was no more.

I found my small people comfortably installed in lodgings at the Maison Roquejoffre in the Rue de l'Imprimerie, where I spent two months with them. They had been provided during my absence with a daily governess, a worthy lady who calls for mention as about the plainest and quite the wartiest person I ever beheld. The poor creature's face and hands were covered with these distressing excres-

cences, which of course did not commend her to sensitive, quick-witted boys, so that, with all her goodwill, the results of her teaching were hardly commensurate with her efforts. My widowed sister-in-law, Helen Rumbold—very smart and pretty in those days, and much liked and *entourée* by the *habitués* of the Châlet la Rochefoucauld—was also here with her little Arthur, a handsome, intelligent child of eight, who was almost suddenly taken from her a few months later. The perfect weather we had made Biarritz very enjoyable, and favoured some distant excursions. We went, a large family party with a few friends—including, I think, the beautiful and charming Mrs. Arthur Post, now Lady Barrymore, my acquaintance with whom dates from this period—to a bull-fight at St. Sebastian—the only occasion on which I ever set foot on Spanish soil. I frankly confess that, in spite of the novelty and brilliancy of the pageant, I came away greatly shocked by what seemed to me the barbarity of the proceedings, more especially as concerns the wretched animals on which the *picadores* are mounted. The sight of one of these broken-down beasts, gored to death and literally disembowelled, yet still standing on its poor quivering legs, while blood dripped from it in a stream that reached the sand beneath with a dull thud, was sickening beyond words. My sister-in-law nearly fainted away and had to leave the box. Almost more revolting and painful to my mind is the inexorable

fate of the bull itself when once it has been let into the arena. The temper of the beasts immolated in any *corrida* of course varies a good deal, some of them showing far less sport—if such a term can be fairly used—than others. One splendid, savage brute—as black as Erebus—with red, blood-shot eyes full of the lust of battle, and snorting, fiery nostrils—came bounding into the ring, which he soon almost cleared, unhorsing the *picadores* and lacerating their mounts, and chivying a *banderillero* or two over the barrier for safety. He got a deservedly warm ovation, the Spanish *élégantes*—at this bathing-season St. Sebastian was full of smart folk from Madrid—applauding him to the echo; it was *bravo toro!* with a vengeance. But, when he was practically master of the field, it was too sad to see the poor brute wander round and round the wooden wall that penned him in to his doom, blindly feeling along it with his horns for the entrance whence he would too gladly have returned to his native *potrero* in distant Cordoba,¹ but through which, after being artistically despatched by the renowned Lagartijo, specially engaged, his carcase would presently be dragged by the team of mules with gay harness, to the funeral blare of *trompeta e clarin* and impatient cries of *otro toro!* It is this side, it seems to me, of the drama in the bull

¹ The greatest breeding establishment for bulls destined for the ring is, I believe, in the province of Cordoba, and belongs to the Duque de Veraguas, the descendant of Columbus.

ring—a surviving fragment of the brutal old gladiatorial and other shows of decadent Rome—that cannot but be repugnant to healthy-minded Englishmen, in whose keen instincts of sport, however murderous, the idea of all possibility of escape being denied to the victim pursued can find no place. Not all the wonderful skill and grace and the cool daring of the *espada* and other bull-fighters, pitting their lives *en champ clos* against the most dangerous and infuriated of animals, can quite redeem the national sport of an essentially chivalrous people from this reproach of unfairness.

I left Biarritz on the 15th September with my boys, and after a few days at Paris, where we halted to see my late wife's parents, the Harringtons, and I had the great pleasure of visiting the del Grillos in their Parisian home, we went on to London, where I had engaged the upper part of No. 136 Sloane Street, over what was at that time the shop of an upholsterer in a small way of business. In the course of the autumn I paid a few visits—among others, at Lockinge and at Vale Royal (the Delameres), and to Wilfrid Blunt at his delightful Sussex home, Crabbet; also spending a day or two with Ferdinand Rothschild and his sister at a small hunting-box he then had at Leighton Buzzard, meeting there Mrs. Sands, who, too soon for her English friends, went back to the States a few months later. For the first Christmas dinner I

had eaten in England for many years I was indebted to Mrs. John Towneley in Eaton Place, always a very kind friend to me, who kept, so to speak, open house on that day for the homeless and the destitute like myself.

CHAPTER VII

COUNTRY VISITS, 1877-1878

FROM this time onward a diary—almost Pepysian in its fullness—which I kept pretty regularly for the next two or three years, to a certain degree simplifies my task, while at the same time somewhat inconveniently crowding the slight canvas I have been working upon with the help of memory alone.

Early in January 1877, I went for a few days to the Barringtons at their pleasant home in the Vale of White Horse. The Barrington family and connection have been amongst my kindest and staunchest friends through life, and at this day I have in Eric Barrington¹ almost the only link left to me with the great Department I served under for over half a century. At the time I refer to, George Barrington²—certainly one of the most agreeable and best-looking men of his generation—ruled at Beckett with his charming wife, and soon afterwards became Lord Beaconsfield's *chef du cabinet*—to borrow a foreign term which alone correctly conveys

¹ The Hon. Sir Eric Barrington, K.C.B., successively Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne.

² George, 7th Viscount Barrington, married Isabel, daughter of John Morrill, of Rokeby Park, York.

the confidential functions of a Private Secretary to the Premier. The party I found here were almost strictly family, grouped, as it were, round perhaps the dearest old lady I can remember, the Dowager Lady Barrington, one of the numerous and popular Liddell sisterhood,¹ of whom at this moment Lady Bloomfield alone survives. With her gentle ways, her brightness, her slight lisp, the lovely smooth skin and complexion, and the pretty hair she kept till her last day, it is difficult to imagine a more lovable central figure to any family circle. These quiet days at Beckett, and the welcome I was always assured of in Cavendish Square and Hertford Street, are among my most pleasing recollections of this period. Lord Barrington took me a long, delightful ride on a pulling thoroughbred chestnut one day, I remember, to the great White Horse and the Roman camp above it, and thence home by Wayland Smith's cave of *Kenilworth* fame; and of an evening Miss Augusta Barrington² enchanted me by playing quite *magistralement* bits of Schumann and Schubert, and a heavenly *motif* from the only symphony ever written by Chopin for the piano and orchestra.

From Beckett I went on to Castle Ashby, whither Percy Anderson,³ one of my most intimate F.O

¹ Lady Normanby, Lady Williamson, Mrs. Edward Villiers, and Lady Hardwicke were some of Lord Ravensworth's many daughters.

² Now Mrs. Maclagan, wife of the Archbishop of York.

³ Sir Henry Percy Anderson, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., was Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and died in 1896.

chums, had been commissioned by his sister, Lady Alwyne Compton, to ask me. The invitation was afterwards kindly extended by Lord Northampton¹ to my three little fellows, who, having spent their small lives abroad, were at first much bewildered by the size of the beautiful old Jacobean pile, with its intricate passages and long, creepy galleries. But although a thoroughly haunted-looking house, no uncomfortable traditions appear to attach to Castle Ashby. We spent upwards of a fortnight here, our host taking a great fancy to the boys, and to the quaint German *patois* songs they had been taught to sing in parts by one of their nurses. Lord Northampton was already then in the very last stage of decline, but his conversation was still delightful, and, like his gifted sister, Lady Marian Alford, he was an admirable draughtsman, and worked with pencil and brush to the very last. Artistic gifts are indeed hereditary in the family, for staying in the house was old Lady Elizabeth Dickins, Lord Northampton's aunt, who used to amuse the children with very clever pen-and-ink sketches which she did, for choice, kneeling by the table, although then considerably past eighty.

From Castle Ashby we went, a party, by train (I quote again from my diary) to lunch with Mrs. Stopford Sackville at Drayton House, a place that

¹ Charles, 3rd Marquess of Northampton, born 1816, died 1877.

interested me, specially from its having belonged to the last Duke of Dorset,¹ who had been so often mentioned before me in my boyhood as an intimate friend of my great-aunt, Mrs. Rigby. It is a magnificent old house, but looks dreary and fallen in estate, the income from the property barely sufficing to keep it up. Mrs. Sackville, the niece of the last Duke (she would have been Duke had she been a boy), was most cordial to me, and said my name was very familiar to her. She showed me some miniatures, one of which I singled out as being Mrs. Rigby, but I could not find the clue I had hoped for to the lost picture of her by Sir Joshua.² There are almost unique old hornbeam hedges in the grounds here, and the finest wrought-iron gates of ancient Dutch workmanship.

In town afterwards I saw a good deal of Mrs. Sackville and her daughters, who were great friends of my cousin, Harriet Bruce.

From the diary, too, I extract the following about an expedition to my mother's home at Bunney Park, near Nottingham, which I undertook from Castle Ashby, being curious to see the place once

¹ Charles, fifth Duke of Dorset, K.G., died unmarried in 1843. He was godfather to my elder brother Charles.

² This very fine portrait of the only daughter of Sir Thomas Rumbold by his first wife, painted before her marriage with Colonel Rigby, which I well remember in my youth, was sold at Paris in the sixties, and it has been impossible to trace it since.

more ; the owner, to whom it had been left absolutely by my uncle Rancliffe, away from his family, having died quite recently :—

January 22.—Reached Nottingham at 3, and went to the “Flying Horse” inn, to which old Rancliffe had taken me in 1849. Malpas was dead, and his daughter having sold the concern, the new people knew nothing of Bunney. I chartered a hansom and drove the $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles out there. Trim lodge and gates. Drove through the park to the hall, over the porch of which hangs Mrs. F.’s hatchment. The house had a deserted, neglected aspect as I stood before it in the fading light. At last a servant in ill-fitting mourning livery came to the door, and, taking my card, ushered me into the library ; Miss Hawksley was engaged, but would come to me presently. There is a bare, unfurnished air about all the rooms, and, coming straight from luxurious Castle Ashby, of course one felt the contrast. Miss H., when she came, received me very civilly, and obligingly volunteered to show me the family pictures she had put away in one of the bedrooms upstairs. There are half-a-dozen good paintings there—my grandfather and grandmother by Hoppner (the latter a beautiful picture), their parents, &c. One or two of them (not being lettered) it was impossible to identify, and such was the case with those downstairs, none of which could be told with certainty, except the old Cavalier colonel,

Isham Parkyns, father of the first Baronet. She had to take extra care of everything, she said, on account of the trustees. This gave me an opportunity of asking how the place was left. She answered simply enough that she "might live here for her life if she pleased," but after her all went to the Levingses, meaning, of course, William. He and his wife (Miss Sutton) had been there at Christmas. It was getting very dark, but Miss H. sent round to have the church opened for me, and I had a look at the monuments in the gloaming. The sexton's wife, who did *cicerone*, turned out to be the daughter of a woman who had been in my father's service when he was living at Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire. That must have been before he went out to India in 1813.

I made another excursion to Bunney, with my wife, some years later. Miss Hawksley (now Mrs. Wilkinson) is doing her duty by the place, and hunting friends, who know it well as a regular meet of the Quorn, tell me that she is greatly esteemed in the neighbourhood.

Our stay at Castle Ashby now came to a close. We left on the 30th January in so violent a gale that it was doubtful whether we should be able to reach the station. About noon a good-sized elm came down with a crash close to the entrance. The weather moderating, we took the 2 o'clock train. I was quite moved at parting from Lord Northampton

and the kind Alwyne Comptons.¹ He looked so ill, and his hand was absolutely transparent. He died on the 3rd of March following. Lady Marian, who travelled with us to town, was quite delightful in the train, and whiled away the time with some capital anecdotes, some of which, with others she had told me at Castle Ashby, I will endeavour to recount, though I can do them but little justice.

Some of her stories referred to Mr. Gladstone, whom she was much too good a Tory not to dislike. She said that during a round of visits she was making in the North the previous autumn she met the Gladstones at Ford Castle, and went on with Mrs. Gladstone and her daughter to Alwick. On the way there they had to traverse some property belonging to Lord Brownlow, and Lady Marian's coming being expected, the tenants were on the look-out for her, and made many affectionate demonstrations as she drove by, whereat, unconscious, Mrs. Gladstone exclaimed: "They think William is in the carriage!" During this same tour Lady Marian had met Hübner,² who was on his way to

¹ Lord Alwyne Compton, youngest brother of the Lord Northampton spoken of above, was then Rector of Castle Ashby, and afterwards became Dean of Worcester and Bishop of Ely. He and his wife, the beautiful daughter of the Rev. Robert Anderson, and sister of Sir Percy Anderson, likewise mentioned above, at that time kept house for the widowed Lord Northampton.

² Count Hübner, the well-known Austrian diplomatist and traveller, who was Ambassador at Paris and at Rome, and had many friends in England. The above anecdote refers to the period when Mr. Gladstone, by his injudicious "Hands off, Austria" speech, had made himself very obnoxious at Vienna.

Raby Castle like herself, and travelled with him as far as Darlington, where they had to wait a couple of hours before continuing their journey. They went to an inn in the town for lunch, and thence back to the station in the hotel omnibus. There were other passengers in the "bus," one of whom, after gazing intently on Hübner, said: "I believe I have the privilege of being seated in the same conveyance with Mr. Gladstone!" to which Hübner replied by a contemptuous grunt and shrug, and, letting down the glass behind him, thrust his elbow out, and deliberately looked out of the window till the station was reached. "What did you do that for?" asked Lady Marian as they got out. "Well," he replied, "I hope I have succeeded in making Mr. Gladstone thoroughly unpopular in Darlington!"

As we got near Boxmoor in the express from Bletchley my delightful companion pointed out a clump of trees which marks the spot where, for the last time in England, a man was hung in chains for some highway robbery, and then told me of the ghost of a Lady Ferrers (the widow of the 5th Earl?) which haunts a house called Market End, on the Brownlow property, where she lived in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. This lady loved a bold gentleman-highwayman, whom she used to accompany in his nocturnal expeditions. In one of these he was killed, and she, though desperately wounded, having strength enough left to ride home, let herself in, fastened the door and

tried to reach her bedroom, but collapsing on the stairs was found there all bloody and stark-dead in the morning. She is said to flit about the place in a short riding-habit (a "joseph," Lady Marian called it), and has been seen by the present occupants of the house, a Rev. — Adie and his wife, and many other persons; having appeared, among other occasions, at a school feast. According to Lady Marian, one of the best authenticated spectres on record.

I must find room for a story she told me about Talleyrand which was new to me. He was talking one day to the Duchess of —, who had a small and very pretty foot, which Talleyrand thought she was protruding somewhat needlessly. "*Oui, Madame!*" he said at last, "*je sais que vous avez le pied très petit. Votre nez*" (hers was very big) "*ne tiendrait pas dans votre soulier!*"

I had to run up to town once or twice on business from Castle Ashby, and one afternoon went to a small musical party at the house of my old friend George March of the Foreign Office¹ and his talented wife, Virginia Gabriel, in Cadogan Place. An entry in my diary, briefly recording this trifling circumstance, marks a notable turning-point in my life.

¹ Mr. George March, C.M.G., was for many years Superintendent of the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office. His wife met with a sad death, being run away with in Grosvenor Place and thrown out of her carriage, receiving fatal injuries.

January 24.—Went up to town, and in the afternoon to some music at the Marchs—mostly Virginia M.'s compositions. Met here Mrs. St. George Caulfeild, whom I have scarcely seen since a certain journey from the Piræus to Messina in the *Messageries* boat in January 1864, when she charmed Geofroy and me by her singing. Asked to meet her to-morrow at lunch at the Haringtons.

I will say but a few words here on a subject which, from that day forward, looms very large in the daily record from which I am quoting. At the very outset I knew for certain that what happiness I might yet hope for lay in that direction; and, writing this in the sere and yellow leaf, am gratefully assured of how true was my instinct. Before reaching, however, the goal I thenceforward steadily kept in view, I had to pass through troublous times, on which I will touch but lightly in these pages, penned in a haven of rest in prosaic Sloane Street, with its noise and traffic, and its bright, commonplace shops—but which to me, in the days I write of, was an enchanted region, the glamour of which has in my memory not departed from it yet:—

In einer nahen Gasse sollt'st Du wohnen,
 Ich wollt dein Nachbar sein und Dich bewachen;
 Das Dir kein Leid begegne, nichts Dich störe—
 Mit einem Blick könnt'st dann und wann mich lohnen!¹

¹ The rooms I had engaged, on my return from abroad, at 136 Sloane Street, happened to be only a few doors from the house of my present wife, who was living there with her little son after the loss of her husband, Captain St. George Caulfeild.

To turn to the gaieties of London this year, I find mention at intervals in my jottings of festivities at Marlborough House and Grosvenor House, as well as at the Dudleys.

March 12.—A sudden and unwelcome change this morning to wet, muggy weather, and a still more unexpected but welcome invitation to the dance this evening at Marlboro' House. . . . The ball was very pretty, but not animated, it seemed to me; the music very indifferent, being the stringed band of the Blues. Mrs. Standish, Mme. de Stuers (the American wife of the Dutch Secretary),¹ and Mrs. Sands, all looking very well, but the latter the prettiest. Of the other best-known beauties Mme. de Murrieta not here, somewhat to my surprise, the reason given being that she had neglected to write down her name.

Lord Dudley, who was a prominent figure in the London world of those days, and, with all his well-known peculiarities, an extremely amiable, kind-hearted man, had seen me as a youth at the Delmars in Paris, and was always very good-natured to me. Being much interested in music, in which he knew that I myself dabbled, he sometimes asked my opinion about artists who were recommended to him, and to whom he always, I believe,

¹ M. de Stuers has now for many years been Minister from the Netherlands in Paris.

showed himself a generous patron. I append a note or two of my recollections this year of him and of the hospitable Dudley House, which has since passed into very different hands.

March 19.—At 12, by appointment, to Dudley House to hear the new singer, a Miss Robertson, but am not so enthusiastic about her as Lord D. would have me be. Benedict accompanying, as usual, execrably, I sang two duets of Pinsuti and Lucantoni with her, the great picture-gallery lending extraordinary volume to the voice. It is a curious coincidence that the young lady should have been born and bred at Valparaiso. Presently in comes Milady and her brother R. Moncreiffe, of the Scots Fusiliers, and asks me to stay to lunch. Surely there can be no lovelier woman in England, barring the Princess, and yet she seems so perfectly simple and unspoilt. I sat with her for some time in her *boudoir*—the Coventry vases, bought not long ago for ten thousand guineas, staring me in the face on the mantelpiece—and she asked me so prettily whether we had not been a short time before her in 1872 at St. Moritz, where she had found such strong recollections of my poor C., that she quite won my heart. It was delightful to see her at lunch with her boys and their governess and tutor. One cannot but envy the man who is able to gratify the slightest wish and gild, as it were, the existence of so perfectly charming a creature.

March 21.—To dinner at Dudley House, where I get much too early, the *maitre de maison* not being down yet. Joachim soon arrives and keeps me in countenance, and then our host appears and tells us his wife cannot come down and is nursing herself for the concert afterwards. Next come in Lady Marjoribanks and her daughter, who bring news that the Princess, too, is unwell, and will not be able to come to the concert. The rest of the dinner-party consists of Montgelas (a Secretary of the Austrian Embassy), the Delawarrs, Sir Ivor and Lady Cornelia Guest, and Lady Augusta Rous, who is pretty and extremely well dressed. The food excellent, and we leave the table with the ladies *à la Française*, which over here seems strange, and certainly makes the interval between the dinner and party appear endless. Presently Lady D. comes down, and then the guests begin to straggle in; Teck and Prince Christian among the first, the Sutherlands, Beust, &c., following, but there is a certain stiffness and solemnity, and even almost a want of *usage du monde* about many of them that strike me almost painfully. The social graces seem to me not to flourish abundantly on English soil. The concert begins at 11; very good music. Joachim and Mlle. Marie Krebs and a Mlle. Redeker who sings things of Brahms, but is not much listened to, in spite of the programmes bearing the motto: *Il più grande omaggio alla musica è il silenzio*. The Ignatievs meanwhile arrive, and then the Prince with Princess Louise.

Somewhat further on I find the following :—

May 14.—Dined at the Dorchesters in Berkeley Square—a pleasant party : Sir A. Cockburn, Lady Rosslyn, the Charles Barings, Avelands, Wombwells, Henry Lennox, &c. I took in Mrs. Baring, whom I have not met for years, and this brought back old times very vividly. Reached Grosvenor House at 12, and found there a great crush. It was generally known that it would develop into a dance, but the arrival of H.R.H., who had been at the Albert Hall, was waited for before they began. Mrs. Sands here, looking lovelier than ever. I danced a *quadrille vis à vis* to her and Deym (then Secretary to the Austrian Embassy). At 2.45 A.M. Montgelas brought news of the division in the House. A great triumph for the Government, who got a majority of 129.¹ While I was having a little supper before leaving, the Prince came up to me and entered into conversation very graciously. He is as anti-Russian as ever, and indeed, longs, it is said, for some command in the field. He ended by offering me a lift in his carriage—an honour I was obliged to decline, living so far out of his line of road. It is difficult not to be drawn towards him, his manner is so absolutely perfect.

Meanwhile I had heard in the early spring from my sister of the engagement of her daughter, Ida

¹ The division on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions on the attitude of the Government towards the Porte and the massacres in Bulgaria.

Cavendish, to a young Prince Louis Pignatelli d'Aragon—of the Spanish branch of that ancient and well-known family—whose parents had been settled for some time at Biarritz. These Pignatellis, who were not, I believe, in affluent circumstances, had come to live here close to the Spanish frontier partly on account of their strong Carlist proclivities, the *fiancé* and his elder brother having served with Don Carlos on his last campaign in the Basque provinces. I should myself have much preferred to see my dear little niece, who has since borne herself admirably in difficult and painful circumstances, married to some nice young Englishman, but *diis aliter visum*. My sister made it so pressing a request that I should be present at the wedding, and be one of the *témoins* customary on these occasions in France, that I resolved to go, leaving my boys in London, where Cinny Montagu and other friends promised to look after them.

I reached Bayonne on the day of the signature of the *contrat*, and was met by my sister and her future son-in-law, who, at first sight, impressed me favourably, having a well-bred look, and somewhat the air of a smart Austrian cavalry officer. Lord Henry Lennox¹ was the other English *témoin* besides myself, the Spaniards being a Count de la Florida and the Duc de San Lucar. The function was absurdly delayed, I remember, by the bridegroom

¹ Lord Henry Gordon Lennox, at one time Secretary to the Admiralty, and subsequently First Commissioner of Works, died in 1836.

and his parents, Count and Countess de Fuentes, keeping us all waiting over an hour with true Spanish *nonchalance*. The next day the *mariage civil* took place at the *Mairie* at Biarritz at the impossible hour of 11.30 P.M.; Henry Lennox being rather amusing about the absurdity of our meeting at midnight in the house of a French mayor. Almost the last time I had seen him, I think, was at Henry Labouchere's at Pope's Villa, Twickenham, in far more diverting surroundings.

Punctually at eleven the following morning our family party met at the Church of Ste. Eugénie for the wedding. We found the approaches crowded with well-dressed people, and all the wedding guests assembled, with the exception of the bridegroom and his belongings, who again were upwards of a quarter-of-an-hour late. There being no one else there of sufficient importance to take my sister into the church, the Duke of Abercorn,¹ who had been asked as a distant relation of the bride, promptly came forward and gave her his arm, the poor bride having meanwhile to wait in the porch for these strangely unpunctual Castilians. At last we moved in due procession up the aisle, and the couple were married *dans le chœur*, inside the altar railings, which, it seems, is a privilege of the *Princes du Saint Empire*; these Pignatellis having quite a string of high-sound-

¹ The first Duke of Abercorn, ex-Viceroy of Ireland, whose wife, Lady Louisa Russell, was related to the Cavendishes.

ing Spanish, Italian, and Flemish titles, and, among these, laying claim to that of Egmont of tragical memories. After the ceremony, at which the Abbé Saubot officiated with considerable unction and dignity, we all signed the register in the sacristy, and then drove back to the as yet unfinished Pavilion where breakfast had been laid for twenty-four in a big coach-house, decorated with much taste for the occasion. The luncheon went off well, though with a certain solemnity, and our duke, who in manner and appearance was certainly a perfect specimen of his class, proposed the bride's health in excellent French but with truly British shyness.

I stayed on at Biarritz a few days, during which I was taken to St. Jean de Luz, and shown over the house which in 1660 witnessed the somewhat more important marriage of Louis Quatorze and his Spanish Infanta. At Paris, where I also lingered a few days, I found the Embassy Chancery composed of old friends like Ottiwell Adams (afterwards Minister in Switzerland), Bill Barrington, Maitland Sartoris, and George Greville. There was much talk here of course about the critical situation in the East, and I recollect being assured by one of the Embassy staff that during the Duke of Wellington's brief embassy at Petersburg in 1826 a secret treaty had been signed between us and Russia, which provided for a partition of Turkish territory in given eventualities, and that this agreement had

afterwards really been the basis of the notorious *pourparlers* between the Emperor Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour. I have never heard this remarkable statement corroborated since, but, on referring to my diary, find that it was distinctly made to me at the time, and struck me the more on account of our being again on what seemed the eve of war with Russia. Lord Lyons, I know, was certainly of opinion that we could scarcely hope to keep out of the impending conflict, and was much disturbed by the evident leaning towards Russia of the Duc Decazes, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs. One of the great dangers, as I recollect Sir Charles Dilke remarking to me about that time, was the warlike tone of our constituencies, and the fact that the greater the progress of democracy in England, the less the people would be disposed to accept a "peace at any price policy."

I went with Ottiwell Adams to see the "Poule d'Essai," or French Two Thousand, run for—a brilliant sight and a brilliant crowd, conspicuous among which was the strikingly handsome Mrs. Francis Lowther, to whom Adams introduced me. I also went to a great ball given by the Gustave Rothschilds in their splendid new house in the Avenue de Marigny, built on the very site of the poor old Hotel Delmar of my childhood and first youth. Although the Paris world could not but have entirely changed since those distant days, there came over me that evening a peculiar Rip van Winkle-like sensation

at finding myself practically an entire stranger in a society once so familiar to me. Fortunately some few old friends remembered me, and I supped gaily with Mouchy and Georges d'Aramon—the latter full of the drollest sallies, and both of them the best of company. The following day I went back to London, and almost the next thing I find entered in my diary is a dinner given by Ferdinand Rothschild partly in honour of his cousin Gustave aforesaid, who had come over to see his horse "Verneuil" run at Newmarket in the Two Thousand, in which, by the way, he was beaten by Lagrange's "Chamant."

May 3, 1877.—The dinner last night was a big affair. We had the Castlereaghs, Macnamaras, Lord Waterford, Count Beust, Lord Rosebery, Miss Marie Hervey, &c., and the new Lady Mandeville, to whom I was introduced and with whom I had a long talk about America, and my sister and Ida, whom she had known well at Newport. She has all the American simplicity and unconventionality; but will make, I fancy, a Duchess after an entirely new pattern. Lord Hartington too was at the dinner, much disgusted, I fancy, with Gladstone and his resolutions.

This year there took place, for the first time in this country I think, a series of Wagner concerts at the Albert Hall, some impressions of which, as noted down by me, seem not entirely without interest in view of the passion for the works of Wagner which

has reached such a pitch in this country of recent years.

May 7, 1877.—To a box at the Albert Hall, belonging to Mrs. White of Ardarroch (afterwards Lady Henry Lennox), the party consisting of Mrs. Henry Wodehouse,¹ a Miss Hornby (daughter of the Admiral), Walter Creyke, and the Lord Chief Justice.² The Tannhäuser march was magnificently played, and gave rise to a great ovation, but the Rheingold music seemed too strange and incomprehensible without the scenic effects, and fell rather flat. Quoth Sir Alexander, rousing himself at the end from his slumbers: “Well, any man who believes in *that* music would believe in the Claimant.” The Royalties mustered in great force to-night, the Teck box being next to ours.

One result of these Wagner performances, directed by the great composer himself, was certainly, as far as I was concerned, to make it impossible to listen patiently to such operas as Donizetti's. A few nights later, for instance, “Lucia,” admirably given, with Albani and the new Spanish tenor, Gayarré, in the leading parts, seemed to me almost unendurable, with the exception of the great septett and the duet in the second act between the soprano and baritone.

¹ The widow of my Vienna colleague, remarried to the 5th Marquis of Anglesey.

² The well-known Sir Alexander Cockburn.

The next extract is not without a melancholy interest:—

June 10, 1877.—At 4 o'clock took a train from Vauxhall to Putney, and thence in a hansom to Borthwick's¹ place at Coombe. I knew it was pretty, but had no conception of the extreme beauty of the spot as it appeared on this glorious summer day. There were about fifty or sixty people here, and on the lawn some clever Indian jugglers and snake-charmers, who did wonderful tricks, but were very slow over them. After their performances the *Prince Impérial* and Arthur Russell² asked to look at the snakes, and began handling the loathsome creatures, one charming lady following their example, rather to my dismay. We stayed to dinner, a party of sixteen, amongst whom were the Barringtons, De la Warrs, Dorchesters, the Duke of Sutherland, and the *Prince Impérial*, to whom I was presented, and who made a most favourable impression upon me. He went away early, but, before leaving, wrote his name (plain Napoléon) in a book Borthwick keeps of his visitors. Drove home with Bertie Mitford³ and his wife, going for a few minutes into their house in Cheyne Walk, which seemed

¹ The present Lord Glensk.

² Lord Arthur Russell, M.P. for Tavistock, died 1892.

³ Bertran Freeman Mitford, C.B., now Lord Redesdale, whom I remember as quite the prettiest of small boys at Paris sixty years ago.

to me perfect, with its delightful situation on the river.

Almost exactly two years from the day¹ on which I had this glimpse of the gallant young Prince, he met with his death in one of those wretched South African *guet apens*, which the fortunes of war in that fatal country have recently made so sadly familiar to us. Even at this distance of time the general sorrow is still remembered which was caused by the untimely end of the promising heir of the Bonapartes, who, driven by exile to our shores, had become almost one of ourselves, and had gone out to fight in our service. The *Prince Impérial* seems indeed to have had in him the stuff of a thoroughly worthy pretender to the French throne, and one cannot help speculating on how differently the course of history in that great country might have run had he but lived longer. In all respects he had been admirably trained for the exalted position in prospect for him, and his physical development, more especially, had been carefully attended to from his childhood. I remember being much amused by the enthusiastic terms in which an old *prévot de salle* of the name of Bertrand, who in those days kept a gymnasium and fencing school in Warwick Street, Leicester Square, spoke to me of the pluck and manliness of the young Prince. He told me that, besides

¹ The Prince was killed at Ulundi, June 19, 1879.

being a good all-round athlete, he was a most formidable swordsman and boxer. "*Il vous tuerait comme une mouche, Monsieur!*" he said, and added that his counsel to him, if he ever got into "*une affaire*" abroad, had always been "*retournez-la!*" meaning of course his sword when once he pinked his adversary. His father had from the first carefully seen to this side of his bringing up. "*Voilà une éducation, Monsieur! Chez nous en France on est élevé à la cuiller!*"

About this time I was elected to the Turf Club, which, since the decline of White's, has, as London clubs go, stepped into the position occupied by that celebrated institution in its palmier days. George Barrington and Rivers proposed and seconded me, and as there was a good deal of blackballing just then, my election was a matter of some congratulation to me on the part of my friends. Among the victims was my former Neapolitan ally, the Duc de Forli, a charming fellow, who deserved a better fate, and the sale of whose splendid collection of Dresden china had been one of the events at Christie's this year. Another rejected candidate was the *Conseiller* of the Russian embassy, Bartolomei, a man of slovenly habits, who seldom took the trouble to change his clothes for dinner, and was said to be extremely cantankerous at cards. His being blackballed was, nevertheless, not unnaturally put down to the ill-feeling against Russia, which was increasing apace

at the time. It looked, indeed, as though we were fast drifting into a great war with our customary unpreparedness, for our battalions, according to what so experienced an officer as Colonel Hozier assured me, were deplorably weak, and we were badly off for horses, &c. I remember the Russian Ambassador just then amusing and startling a group of ladies, gathered round him at some evening party, by his (no doubt purposely) indiscreet remarks respecting his mission to this country. He had accepted the Embassy here, he said, believing it to be the easiest of posts, with lots of pleasant society and the best of shooting. But now, almost from the first, he found himself "*plongé jusqu' au cou dans cette beastly question,*" and, instead of enjoying himself, having to confer every day with Lord Derby, "*ce qui n'est pas drôle du tout!*" he cynically added. He had actually begun preparing for his departure the other day, he said; "*J'ai même tiré quelques mouchoirs de ma commode pour les emballer,*" but since then things had improved a little again. Beneath the Ambassador's banter there no doubt lay a very critical situation.

One more function of this season I will extract here from my diary—namely, the inauguration of Count Gleichen's statue of King Alfred, which was put up at Wantage, the birthplace of the national hero.

July 14.—Pouring wet morning, but found the platform at Paddington carpeted and railed off and

a special train ready to take us to Wantage Road, which we reached after three. I was in luck, being in the same carriage with the Stanhopes, Philip Stanhope and his new Russian wife, Lady Alice Eyre and Lord Morley. A lot of brakes and omnibuses were waiting at the station, and an open carriage and four, with an escort of yeomanry, for T.R.H. All the country-side were out along the roads and lining the hedges to see them pass; the villages charmingly decorated, and Wantage itself a mass of flags and triumphal arches. But for the dreadful weather, it would have been the prettiest possible sight. Then came the usual ceremonies in the market-place of reading of addresses, school-children singing "God bless the Prince of Wales," &c., culminating in the planting of two lime-trees and the unveiling of the statue of Alfred, we all looking on bareheaded under shelter of our umbrellas. Thence through Ardington village to Lockinge Park, where three big marquees had been put up in the garden for the luncheon and dancing, but the showery weather now turned into cataracts of tropical rain, which entirely marred these excellent arrangements. We were all driven to take refuge with the Royal party in the biggest of the marquees, where the heat was suffocating, and where we whiled away the time as best we could until the dinner hour. Never was more dreadful weather, and the poor Loyd-Lindsays, who had gone to all this expense and trouble and asked so big a party down from London, were much

to be pitied under such trying circumstances. But all's well that ends well. Presently the Royalties and the people asked to stay in the house came down dressed for dinner, the Princess looking radiantly lovely, and we were told off to the ladies we were to take in. I was fortunate, for to my lot fell Lady Corisande Bennet, with whom I had a ready subject of conversation in our mutual relatives the Polignacs, &c. We were placed at three tables, the daintiest-looking of Princesses being of course seated at the central one. I had not before had such an opportunity of realising how perfectly beautiful she is, and could scarcely take my eyes off her. It was weary work afterwards waiting for the carriages to take us to the station, but I was lucky in having Morley and Fred Leighton for companions, and in again joining Lady Tankerville and her daughter in the train to town, which we did not reach before 2 A.M.

Early in September I made up my mind to go to Scotland, where I had a general invitation to one or two houses. It was my first visit to that country since the hurried journey to Balmoral in 1859, of which I have given an account elsewhere. After a brief stay in Edinburgh—which at once struck me as almost the fairest city I had beheld in my many journeyings—and at Perth, I went on first to a place called Aden in Aberdeenshire, belonging to Russell of that ilk, who had been for some years in the

diplomatic service. I spent the best part of a week here in very hospitable quarters, in the society of Henry Northcote of the Foreign Office,¹ honeymooning with his attractive little Canadian bride, who since then have both been the best of friends to me. From Aden I went on to Jim Farquharson's at Invercauld, where I found a mixed party of men comprising Francis Baring, Henry Wellesley—best known then as "Spurgeon"²—Charley Hall,³ full of amusing sallies and anecdotes, and Laurence Oliphant,⁴ who in a languid way of his own was excellent company—the gathering being afterwards reinforced by Henry Labouchere and Lady Cork, with two of her daughters. The weather here was lovely on the whole, and I took part in a not over successful drive for deer in the beautiful woods of Invercauld. But although the scenery of this world-renowned district of the Highlands is no doubt perfect of its kind, to me, with my Andine reminiscences still strong upon me, it seemed rather cramped and deficient in real grandeur.

A telegram I received here, announcing the dangerous illness at Cape Town of my only surviving elder brother, Charles, cut short my stay on Deeside and made me hasten back to Perth, where letters

¹ Henry Stafford Northcote, now Lord Northcote, and Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

² The late and third Duke of Wellington, who was supposed to be very like the celebrated preacher in appearance.

³ The late Sir Charles Hall, Q.C., Recorder of London and Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales.

⁴ Major-General Oliphant, C.B., now commanding the Home District.

were waiting for me which fully confirmed the bad news. From Perth I went on the 25th September to Glamis Castle on what proved to me a momentous visit. For my invitation to this house, which I had long wished to see, I was indebted to dear old Lady Barrington, who was going there herself with her daughter from Murthly Castle—a delightful place overlooking the river 'Tay, and well known for its excellent fishing, then occupied by Henry Graham¹ and his mother, and subsequently rented during many years by the painter Millais. I joined the Barringtons at Murthly and reached Glamis with them late in the afternoon as it was getting dark. Coming upon it in the gloaming of a September day, the first sight of the splendid Castle, round which have grown up such strange mysterious traditions, quite surpassed my expectations, and I at once realised the peculiar atmosphere of uncanniness by which all those who have stayed there agree that it is pervaded. Lady Strathmore—most graceful and gracious of hostesses—took me to a room on the second floor at the top of the main staircase, known as the “panelled chamber,” very comfortable and perfectly harmless to all appearance, except for a large, dark, and deep coal-cupboard in one corner of it—in the great thickness of the wall—the recesses of which seemed to me uncomfortably vague and obscure. I may as well admit at once that, all

¹ Now Sir Henry Graham, K.C.B., Clerk of Parliaments, married to Lady Margaret Compton, second daughter of the fourth Marquess of Northampton.

through my week's stay here, I felt somehow on the stretch, and certainly did not enjoy unbroken rest at night.

The next day I was taken over the house, which is truly a unique habitation. It has been lived in for over eight centuries, and is full of puzzling, crooked corridors and unexpected staircases and turnings, the rooms and passages, though charmingly furnished and brightly carpeted, and made to look as cheerful as possible, yet none the less convey an indefinable sense of gloom and mystery. I hasten to add that no house I ever stayed in interested me so deeply, or remains so vividly and gratefully present to my memory. Other causes, however, which have made Glamis in every way memorable to me contributed to this; for to the small party staying here—mostly family—was soon added my friend and neighbour in London, Mrs. St. George Caulfeild, who with her boy came on from a visit to the Kinnoulls at Dupplin.

Michaelmas-day being the anniversary of the consecration of the private chapel in 1688, full choral service was held in commemoration—Dean Nicolson of Brechin officiating. The chapel, which adjoins the drawing-room—on the further side of which, by the way, is the sacristy—has a curious panelled and painted ceiling, one of the panels being said to lead to a “priest's hole,” or hiding-place. In the afternoon we drove over—a *partie carrée* with the Barringtons, and the Dean on the box—to Cortachy

Castle to inquire after Lady Airlie, who was down with typhoid fever, but fortunately on the mend. The ghostly legend attaching to this picturesque old place had none the less asserted itself, and it was currently reported in the neighbourhood that the drummer of Airlie, of evil omen, had been lately heard in the castle-yard. The welcome given us, however, by Bertie Mitford and his wife, and the bright, clever face of bonny Lady Blanche Ogilvy more than sufficed to dispel in us any thoughts of the weird old tradition.

It would be almost affectation to write of Glamis and not refer to the story of the secret chamber which makes it so famous among what, for want of a better word, must be described as haunted houses. The knowledge of the exact whereabouts of this chamber in the great, irregular mediæval pile is, as most people are aware, held by the Lyons to be of such importance that, from generation to generation, it has been jealously guarded, and, under a family statute observed most rigidly, confined to three persons at a time: the owner namely and his eldest son, when the latter is of age, and either the factor on the estate or the family lawyer at Edinburgh. So far so good. The grave import attached to the preservation of the secret has been variously attributed by those who speculate on the subject—and who of the many visitors to Glamis has not done so?—to such causes as an unwillingness to break with a time-honoured family tradition

handed down through centuries in an ancient race ; or to the dark crime of some ancestor which, if fully revealed, would inflict indelible disgrace on the family name ; or, lastly, to some flaw in the title to the property which might come to light with the discovery of the secret. None of these motives, however, can at all account for the serious manner in which that secret appears to affect the lives of its chief depositaries. Attachment to an old family tradition, or the misdeeds of a wicked forefather, may be dismissed as clearly futile grounds for maintaining the mystery, while no original flaw in the right to the estate could possibly operate against owners whose possession goes back fully five hundred years. It is the dominant part it plays in the existence of these owners which invests the Glamis mystery with such strange interest—one might almost say tragical dignity.

There is, I believe, scarcely any doubt that the strained relations which marred the short and ill-starred union of the late Lord Strathmore and his wife—the lovely Charlotte Barrington, whose appearance at Paris during her uncle Lord Normanby's Embassy there, made, I remember, quite a sensation—primarily arose out of a thoughtless attempt she countenanced to fathom the secret. A small party of relations and intimates were assembled at Glamis in summer not long after her marriage. Lord Strathmore had gone away on business for a day or two, and the coast being clear, somebody hit upon

the ingenious device of opening the windows all over the castle, and hanging out of each of them a sheet, or towel, or pocket-handkerchief, and thus marking them all. The secret chamber, it was said, had a window. Any aperture left unmarked would therefore reveal its position. No sooner said than done. The *bande joyeuse* promptly invaded every room that was accessible, and innumerable white signals were soon fluttering in the summer breeze when Lord Strathmore unexpectedly returned. The result was, it is said, a painful scene, in which he bitterly reproached his wife for treating so lightly, and seeking to discover, what she well knew was a solemn secret deeply affecting the family fortunes.

Of this same Lord Strathmore (Ben)—a heedless man of the world, with few prejudices and possibly still fewer beliefs—it is related that, on his death-bed, he told his brother and heir that he must now endeavour “to pray down” the sinister influences he himself had in vain tried “to laugh down,” and which for so many years had darkened the family history. His most courteous, kindly, and deeply religious successor had certainly taken to heart the counsel said to have been given him. The long neglected chapel was restored to its pristine uses, and if it were sought to exorcise any evil influences at work at Glamis by daily services and constant prayer, no means to that end were left neglected.

Perhaps the most striking instance, however, of

the profound effect of the mystery on those who are concerned in it is what is related of the present heir to the title when he came of age. On being told that the time had come for him to be initiated into the family secret, he is said to have inquired whether that secret were not in the safe keeping of three persons, as prescribed: that of his father and the factor and the family lawyer. On this being admitted, he had then replied that his immediate initiation not being indispensable, he preferred waiting until it should become so. Of the effect, too, of the mystery on the other persons cognizant of it, the story goes that the factor, Mr. R., whenever kept at the Castle late on business, or dining there, makes it a point to return to his own house, whatever the hour or the weather, rather than spend a night under a roof with the strange story of which he is so well acquainted. Round this strange story many tales have, of course, gathered by degrees, of phantom figures appearing even by daylight in different places in the Castle or outside it, or of unearthly sounds and eldritch laughter disturbing the night hours. But on this point it may, I believe, be truly said that the mystery of Glamis ranges far above such idle ghost stories, and to those who ponder over it, almost irresistibly suggests thoughts of weird supernatural agencies which, even in our matter of fact incredulous age, it is hard in this instance to dismiss contemptuously after the fashion of the day.

On the 1st of October my visit to Glamis came to an end. The party assembled here, with the exception of old Mrs. Oswald Smith, Lady Strathmore's mother, and Mrs. Caulfeild, went over to Dundee to the opening of a Fine Arts Exhibition. I waited for an afternoon train to take me to Edinburgh on my return south, and left on my journey with more comfort than I had known since that mournful Christmas day of 1872.

At the Balmoral Hotel at Edinburgh the following morning I read in the *Scotsman* that my forebodings about my brother were but too correct, and that the poor fellow had died of a seizure at Cape Town on the 28th of August. Between the painful thoughts brought up by this news, and other happier ones, I was whirled along in the train to London, taking but little heed of the journey until I reached home, and was addressed there by my new appellation, which jarred upon me in many ways more than I can say.

CHAPTER VIII

BERNE AGAIN, 1878

JANUARY 1878 brought with it a crisis in my affairs. I had now been at home nine months, and had exceeded the amount of leave to which I was entitled. As, in my family circumstances, it would have been almost impossible for me to go back to Santiago, I anxiously watched the moves in the service, and, on the appointment of William Stuart to succeed my old chief Admiral Harris at The Hague, had strong hopes of obtaining the mission thereby rendered vacant in Greece. I stood well with the Foreign Office, and my chances for that post seemed indeed so good that I was very generally congratulated by my friends on my impending promotion, and was assured by George Barrington and Arthur Ellis,¹ among others, that the Prince of Wales spoke openly of the probability of my being soon accredited as Envoy to his brother-in-law at Athens.

Meanwhile, with the cherished plans I had in view, everything depended on my being given a suitable post in Europe. It was a crushing blow to me, therefore, to receive on the 5th of January a letter from Lord Derby offering me the choice

¹ Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, G.C.V.O., for many years Senior Equerry to the King when Prince of Wales.

between the missions at Buenos Ayres and at Berne. The first of these would have entailed fresh exile and put an end to my hopes for the future, while the second meant the acceptance of a badly remunerated post, with a salary less by nearly one-third than that I had been drawing at Santiago, and no increase of rank in the service. The Foreign Office—not unnaturally displeased by certain circumstances attending the Geneva arbitration in the *Alabama* affair—had, after the retirement of Mr. Bonar, reduced the rank of our representative in Switzerland from full Envoy to Minister Resident, at the same time cutting the salary down by one half—from £2800 to £1400. I sought in vain to get some increase of pay, or at least a promise of an early appointment to a better post, but all I could obtain from Lord Derby was the cautious reply that he hoped it “might not be necessary to leave me long at Berne.” I cannot pass over unnoticed here the sympathy shown me at this time by my well-wishers at the Foreign Office, and more particularly by Kennedy of the Commercial Department,¹ and Sanderson, then Private Secretary to Lord Derby, as he afterwards was to Lord Granville, who in this affair showed himself a thoroughly staunch friend to me.

I mention these circumstances because they so greatly influenced the troublous phase to which I

¹ Sir Charles Malcolm Kennedy, K.C.M.G., C.B., was head of that Department for many years, and was frequently employed in important commercial negotiations abroad.

have before referred, and which was not to end for yet a long while. I shall not, however, allude to it further in these pages, and in this cannot do better than follow the example of Massimo d'Azeglio, who, in his fascinating "Ricordi," asks his readers to bear simply in mind that, throughout a certain anxious period of his life, his thoughts and actions were entirely governed by one all-absorbing consideration.

Before leaving England for my new post, as I did in March, I paid two visits in the country which are not undeserving of mention. The first of these was to Hanford in Dorsetshire, the picturesque old home of the Ker-Seymers, the owner of which, Gertrude Ker-Seymer, was a sort of connection of mine through the Riverses, and was married to Ernest Clay, whom I had known well for years in the Diplomatic service, and, in much older days, at the house of his father, James Clay, the popular M.P. for Hull, who was the most hospitable of men, and one of the finest whist-players in England. At his lively Sunday dinners in Montagu Square one used to meet the pick of the Treasury of that period: Charley Fremantle,¹ Rivers Wilson,² and Welby, the last of whom in more recent years became the very incarnation of the stern spirit of

¹ The Hon. Sir Charles Fremantle, K.C.B., Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint, now one of the British Directors of the Suez Canal Company.

² Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, G.C.M.G., C.B., Contoller-General of the National Debt, and afterwards Finance Minister in Egypt.

that great Department. Our gathering at cheery Hanford was essentially artistic, its occasion being some concerts given for a charitable purpose at the neighbouring village of Stourpaine. Fred Clay, the clever composer and most amusing and Bohemian of Treasury clerks—some of whose melodious songs, like “She wandered down the Mountain Side” and “I’ll sing thee Songs of Araby,” still hold their own at ballad concerts—was the life and soul of the rehearsals. A good deal of the music that was performed was by Arthur Sullivan, with bits from his “Sorcerer,” which had then not yet come out, directed by the talented composer himself. Lionel Benson and an old acquaintance of mine, pretty, charming Mrs. Ronalds—to this day deservedly the most popular of musical hostesses in London, who has never been known to say an unkind thing, and has never lost a friend—took the chief parts in a programme such as no Dorsetshire yokels ever had a chance of listening to before or since. Rivers and his wife completed the party. It was almost the last time I saw much of Rivers, who, as Horace Pitt, had been one of the smartest and certainly much the best-looking of officers of the Blues, and, late in life, had found a very devoted wife in bright, cheery Minnie Bastard. His father had been my godfather; he in turn being one of the godfathers of my eldest son.¹ I went with the boy to see him

¹ The boy was called Horace after him, and Montagu after Lord Rokeby.

one day, and was rather disappointed, I remember, at his taking but little notice of him. All the more surprised and gratified was I, therefore, when he most generously left his godson and namesake £500 in his will.

My second visit was to the ancient home of the Grahams at Netherby, near Carlisle. Originally a frontier stronghold in "the debatable land," and the headquarters of the most troublesome of borderers and moss-troopers, it has been in my recollection the cradle of successive generations of perhaps the fairest women in English society. The mingling of such strains as Sheridan and Callander has produced in the Graham blood a truly wonderful blend of loveliness. Of Lady Graham, *née* Callander—the wife of the eminent statesman, Sir James, and mother and grandmother of the ladies I refer to—it is said that the Emperor Nicholas, when asked, on his visit to this country in 1844, which he most admired of the ladies he had met, unhesitatingly accorded her the palm of supreme beauty.

Netherby is altogether an interesting place with many old traditions; the best known of them probably being the legend of "Young Lochinvar," the scene of which most romantic of runaway matches lay, not inappropriately, in the close vicinity of Gretna Green. The house has also the credit of being haunted, and on this point I can offer what seems to me curious testimony. My friends the Rokebys were very intimate with Sir James Graham

and his family, and used in old days to stay at Netherby regularly every year. On one occasion, the night after their arrival, Lord Rokeby woke up suddenly out of his first sleep, and, in the dim rays of a night-light which was burning in the room, distinctly saw a figure in white cross at the foot of the great four-poster and pass into a dressing-room next door which had no separate outlet beyond it. The room was occupied by his daughter Lily (now Mrs. Wellesley), then a girl of about fifteen. Lord Rokeby turned to his wife and found that she too was awake, and had had as vivid an impression as himself of the passing vision. He got up and went into the dressing-room, thinking that possibly the girl might have been playing some prank on her parents, but found her fast asleep. To make sure, however, that she had not been out of bed, he felt her feet, which were quite warm. On going down to the breakfast-room next morning he was greeted by the eldest Miss Graham (Cossy), and, on her casually expressing the hope that he had slept well, he began telling her of his nocturnal experience, when she at once stopped him and begged him to say nothing further, as her father might be down at any moment, "and could not bear the subject to be alluded to."¹ I have, nevertheless, related the above almost exactly, I believe, as it was afterwards told me by Lord Rokeby himself.

¹ No doubt Sir James had learned by experience how inconvenient such a tradition can be in a large household.

I have never since had the good fortune to revisit Netherby and its beautiful views of the river Esk and the blue hills beyond it. In my memory it remains associated with much kindness shown me at a period of discouragement and perplexity, and I shall always look back with pleasure to the walks I took in its delightful woods, so picturesquely overhanging the bright, rapid Border river, in the company of charming Lady Hermione—one of my present wife's oldest and best friends, full of sympathy and good counsel—or with the eldest of her four fair daughters, then lately widowed, who afterwards became Lady Verulam.

One more reminiscence of an entirely different character should be recorded in this place. On February the 1st I went to a lecture on the Telephone, given at the Royal Institution by Mr. (now Sir William) Preece. It was, I think, the first complete account given in public of that wonderful apparatus, of which, at that time, comparatively little was known.¹ I called in the forenoon on the secretary in Albemarle Street to obtain, if possible, an order of admission. Mr. Spottiswoode courteously promised to do the best he could for me, and, as I was leaving him, observed that another invention of a very interesting character would probably be produced that evening. Pointing to a box on his table he said that the inventor had that morning brought him

¹ It had been shown to the Queen, at Osborne, by Mr. Preece just a fortnight before (January 14, 15, 1878).

an instrument by which the mechanical effect of the vibrations of sound could be imprinted on a moving surface of wax, and the sounds thus collected be afterwards reproduced at will.

Mr. Preece's lecture was of course deeply interesting, and, when it was concluded, the apparatus I had been shown in the morning was produced. It was the very rudimentary phonograph invented two years before by Mr. Edison, and the first design of which he patented in 1877. The sounds it emitted—among other things a few words by Mr. Gladstone, if I remember rightly—were of a thin, grating, Punch and Judy like character, while its rendering of some commonplace melody reminded one of a cracked penny trumpet. The effect produced was nevertheless decidedly uncanny, and when I think of the present instruments, with their almost perfect reproduction of orchestral pieces or vocal recitals, it seems as though far more than a quarter of a century must have passed since the first exhibition of the embryo phonograph at which I was present.

Far more satisfactory, though equally uncanny, it was when, at the close of the evening, ear-trumpets were handed to visitors near the lecturer through which one distinctly heard the harmonies of some glee-singers at Long's Hotel, Bond Street, which had been connected for the purpose with the Royal Institution. It is a far cry from these experiments to my quite recent recollections of my German colleague and opposite neighbour at Vienna being

called up from his writing-table by a ring to receive some special message spoken at Berlin by the voice of his Imperial master.

Following, meanwhile, the advice given me at the Foreign Office I accepted Berne, and early in March made a hurried journey thither and presented my credentials to President Schenk on the 9th of that month. It was very distasteful to me to have to set up a home again in a place so full to me of saddening memories, but, after some hesitation, I made up my mind to take on the old house on the Münsterplatz, which had been lived in by all my predecessors. This immediately faced the Cathedral and the equestrian statue of Rudolph von Erlach, and belonged to the ancient patrician family of Tscharner. Although it was really too large for my requirements, its big, empty rooms and echoing staircase made a splendid romping-ground for my three boys, with whom I definitively installed myself there in April, providing them before long with a tutor of the name of Schimmel—a rough young Teuton who knocked them about considerably, but grounded them sufficiently well in German, Latin, and mathematics. This strapping young fellow, just released from his military duties, and still full of martial ardour—combined with scarcely concealed contempt for everything that was English—put his pupils through a complete course of regimental drill, and it soon was the prettiest sight imaginable to watch

the little fellows performing the Prussian manual exercise with absolute precision and smartness.

As for me, I made myself fairly comfortable in a few rooms on the first floor, and decorated my sitting-room with some handsome Italian hangings of fine *cinquecento* embroidery, which I picked up—a great bargain—in my old acquaintance Woog's shabby little shop, under the arcades of the main street of the Federal city. My embroideries, the careful repair and arrangement of which later on gave my wife many months of pleasant occupation at Stockholm, afterwards became a great adornment to her boudoir, both at The Hague and at Vienna.

I found Berne but little altered from what I had last known it six years before on my return from Constantinople. The *Corps Diplomatique*, which had of course been entirely renewed, fortunately contained sufficiently pleasant elements of society. Comte Bernard d'Harcourt, who for a short time had been at the French Embassy in London, was now at Berne, with his ample and jocund spouse, *née* de St. Priest, a most pleasant, cordial woman whose pungent sallies and Rabelaisian wit, full of *l'esprit Gaulois*, made her the very best of company. The hospitality of the d'Harcourts was unbounded, and the quality of their wines quite remarkable; their eldest daughter having married Comte Duchâtel, the owner of some of the finest *crûs* of the Gironde. Madame d'Harcourt subsequently inveigled me into taking part in some private theatricals at her house

—the last indiscretion of the kind I have to confess to. The play I acted in was *Petite pluie abat grand vent*, and had much success, thanks to my partner in the principal part, Comtesse Gaston de Dudzeele of the Belgian Legation, a pretty, graceful woman who was then one of the great attractions of the diplomatic set, but not very many years later succumbed to that cruellest of all maladies, cancer.

Among the new colleagues who proved a real resource to me I may mention the Spanish Minister, Vicomte de la Vega, and his pleasant wife—one of the Murrietta family, which at that time enjoyed such favour in London society. I saw a good deal, too, of the American *chargé d'affaires*, Nicholas Fish—son of the then Secretary of State, Mr. Hamilton Fish—and his vivacious wife, a lady who spoke both French and German well, but with an accent which lives in my ear as a perfect curiosity of its kind. With this amiable couple and my eldest boy, now nine years old, I made a short tour in the Oberland, in the course of which we went up the mountain known as the Männlichen, which immediately faces Grindelwald, and divides as it were the valley of Grindelwald from that of Lauterbrunnen. The easy, but long and somewhat toilsome ascent of this eminence is up steep grassy slopes, which in summer are covered with a profusion of lovely wild flowers.

On reaching the topmost ridge, which is marked by a rough mountain inn, one undergoes what in my

memory remains a perfectly unique impression of a stupendous grandeur suddenly revealed. It is only a few yards from the inn to the summit above it, and when our party had climbed to the very top of this, so to speak, green rampart, a full view of a group of the finest peaks of the Bernese range—including the Jungfrau, the Mönch and the Eiger—instantaneously burst upon us with literally dazzling effect. The narrow green margin we stood upon overhangs an almost perpendicular descent going sheer down several thousand feet into the Trümleten Thal, which, peered into from above, seems a mere gully. From its bed rose, immediately facing us and seemingly within easy gunshot, the glorious peaks aforesaid, visible throughout from their base in all their snowy splendour, their beautiful forms being sharply outlined against the intense blue of a July noontide. The magnificence of the picture thus abruptly presented to the eye literally takes one's breath away. Indeed, of the various Alpine views I am acquainted with, this one appears to me much the most striking from the way in which one finds oneself, without any preparation whatever, suddenly transferred into the very heart of the glorious mountain solitudes, and face to face with the sublimest scene it is possible to conceive. No other view can match it in this respect, although, next to it, when afterwards crossing over the Kleine Scheideck and the Wengernalp down to Lauterbrunnen, the prospect we kept in view of the Jungfrau, with its lovely secondary peak of the

Silberhorn, is quite marvellous in its way. This and other excursions I made during the two summers I now spent in Switzerland fully confirmed me in my opinion that, for real majesty and beauty, the gigantic Andes, in all their rugged grandeur, cannot compare with the Swiss Alps.

On reaching Berne I found at our Legation Graham Sandford, who was transferred almost immediately to Rio, and W. N. Beauclerk.¹ Before long the Legation staff was strengthened by the arrival of Edmund Fane² and his wife, whom I reckon among the best friends I have ever had in the service. My first glimpse of Fane's tall figure and kindly humorous countenance was at Marseilles, when I landed there in sorry plight on my return from China in 1859. He was then on his way to Persia, with Sir Henry Rawlinson, and at the beginning of a long, and not all too well requited career. Years afterwards I was in regular correspondence with him when he was Minister at Belgrade, and saw his despatches—models of their kind—which passed through my hands at Vienna under flying seal, and, like his private letters, were full of shrewd observation and sound judgment. The Fanes installed themselves for the summer at Thun, and afterwards took a house in the suburb of La Villette at Berne, which, in the dreary winter

¹ Mr. William Nelthorpe Beauclerk is now Minister Resident at Lima.

² The late Sir Edmund Fane, K.C.M.G., Envoy extraordinary at Copenhagen, where he died in March 1900.

months, became a second home to me. It was this summer, too, on a flying visit I made to Lucerne and its beautiful neighbourhood, that I first met, at the well-known mountain resort of Seelisberg, Mrs. Fane's charming sister, Miss Evelyn Wood, who afterwards as Lady Grenfell made herself so popular at Cairo and at Malta, and was so sincerely mourned by all those who knew her.

In August I went for a fortnight's change to St. Moritz in the Engadine, where I found the usual crowd of Italians, driven up by the heat from the Lombard plains, and among them Madame Ristori, whom I have never had the good fortune to come across since, and her daughter Bianca, who appeared to me as attractive as ever. At the Engadiner Kulm Hotel, where I stayed, I met and foregathered much with the daughters of Vincent de Tuyll, of my old Baden days,¹ Baroness de Brienen and her sister Nora, now Countess Henry Lützow. I had first known these ladies, whom I was to see so much of in later years at the Hague, almost as children at Baden-Baden, but my last recollection of Madame de Brienen was, some years after that, as a lovely girl of seventeen, on a journey from Nice, when she was committed to the care of the late Mr. Higgins as far as Paris, whither she was going to her aunt, Mrs. Ralph Dutton. "Jacob Omnium" — most witty and good-natured of giants—and I took of course the greatest care

¹ See "Recollections of a Diplomatist," vol. i. p. 232.

of our charming little fellow-traveller, who not long afterwards became the wife of Baron de Brienen.

During this stay of mine at St. Moritz I likewise often met a young officer in the Russian service, who was destined shortly to be the principal actor in one of the most dramatic episodes of the last quarter of the century. I mean the future victor of Slivnitza and Tsaribrod, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who had just been greatly distinguishing himself in the Russo-Turkish war. With much charm of manner, he had all the looks and bearing of a genuine hero of romance, and, if I am not mistaken, was at that time the object of a more than passing interest on the part of one of the most attractive girls it has been my lot to meet. Even at this distance of time it is painful to think how cruelly what promised to be a brilliant and useful reign was cut short by a dastardly military conspiracy, the treachery of which has only since been exceeded by the abominable massacre of Belgrade, which, I cannot refrain from adding, was viewed with such strange equanimity, not to say indifference, by most of the leading *Chancelleries* of Europe.

I have so far not touched at all on the political and other official matters which engaged my attention at Berne during the short two years of my mission there. At first sight the Swiss of our days may well appear to enjoy the enviable position of a people without a history, so little ruffled outwardly

is the calm surface of their national life. There were none the less on the *tapis* in Switzerland at this period several questions of considerable magnitude which essentially affected the welfare of the Confederation. The more immediately serious of these arose out of the construction of the St. Gothard Railway, which, apart from its bearing on the commercial interests of the country, was invested with great international importance by reason of the participation in it of the Governments of Germany and Italy, and required very careful management on the part of the Federal Council.

At this time more particularly it was that the Swiss Executive displayed those qualities of sound and patient statesmanship to which I endeavoured to do justice in the first portion of these Recollections. The affairs of the company formed to build the line were just then in a critical condition. The first estimate made of the expense of the undertaking — namely, 187 millions of francs (£7,480,000) — was soon seen to be quite inadequate. When, however, the accounts of the company were fully gone into at Lucerne by an international Conference called to consider the prospects of the enterprise, which threatened to collapse for want of funds, it was found that the total cost of the line, as first sketched out, must exceed that amount by at least £3,000,000. It was sought to reduce expenditure by postponing the building of some branch lines which formed part

of the original design. A deficit of forty millions (£1,600,000) nevertheless still remained to be provided for, and, to meet this, the contracting Governments agreed to increase their contributions in certain proportions.

It was then that the share of Switzerland in the supplementary subvention (8 millions of francs or £320,000) gave rise to serious internal difficulties. That amount had to be carefully apportioned between the exchequers of the several Cantons which had a direct interest in promoting the line. For instance, the wealthy Canton of Bâle Ville was called upon for a contribution of 600,000 francs (£24,000) as against the 25,000 francs (£1000) to be found by the forest Canton of Unterwalden. To add to the complications of the affair, the central line projected was looked upon with much disfavour in the eastern and western divisions of the country, each of these having its own pet scheme for tunnelling the Alps through the Lukmanier and the Simplon respectively. Further, it was indispensable that the quota of the Cantons should be submitted for ratification to their several Legislatures, or put to the popular vote as provided in the different Cantonal Constitutions.

The result of this cumbersome process was at first disastrous for the prospects of the undertaking. The influential vote of the premier Canton of Zürich,¹

¹ The three Cantons of Zürich, Berne, and Lucerne having, under the old Constitution, enjoyed in rotation the position of *Vorort*, or presiding State, of the whole Confederation, still take precedence of the other Cantons.

when taken in popular assembly, was cast against the proposed subvention, while the Tessin and some of the small Cantons, like Uri and Zug, refused payment on the score of the temporary abandonment of branch lines which alone were of real value to them. Ultimately the Federal Council had to recommend to the Federal Assembly the grant of the subvention rejected by the Cantons, which, after great opposition, they succeeded in obtaining by means of an adroit compromise, which propitiated the supporters of the rival Simplon and Lukmanier lines, and was oddly enough brought forward by one of their opponents, M. de Weck-Reynolds, a Conservative and Ultramontane deputy from Fribourg. An overwhelming majority confirmed this decision of the Assembly when, at the instance of hostile electors in the Canton of Vaud, the question was afterwards put to a popular vote throughout the country, in accordance with the Referendum Article of the Constitution.

Nevertheless, the niggardly spirit in which this sum, which even for Switzerland was relatively small, was dealt with, and the danger to which it exposed the Confederation of pressure from its powerful neighbours to the north and south, who might have insisted on taking into their own hands the construction of the line on Swiss soil, made the St. Gothard crisis highly interesting to the dispassionate observer. Its most serious feature was perhaps the unfavourable light it threw on the

Cantonal form of Government, and, therefore, on the Federative system as applied in Switzerland. It of course furnished ready weapons to the advanced Democrats dominant at that time in the Federal Council, whose aim it was to concentrate all power and authority in the hands of the *Bund*, and to reduce the Cantons to mere shadows, thereby extinguishing the local life and energies to which Switzerland owes much of its not inglorious past, and, in the eyes of the political student, the great interest and originality of its institutions. These considerations it is which have led me to indulge in so lengthily a review of the difficulties which at the commencement beset this bold and gigantic undertaking. The traveller who now passes in the luxurious train through the incomparable scenery of the stupendous line, from the point where it leaves the lake at Fluelen until it plunges into the great tunnel at Göschenen, little realises the contentions which for months threatened to ruin the venture, and to involve Switzerland in grave internal and external complications.

Religious differences, too, at this time disturbed the peace of the country. The Radical element, which for some years had had the upper hand in some of the leading Cantons, followed Bismarck in his attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. The *Kulturkampf* in Switzerland, and notably at Geneva and Berne, chiefly took the form of an attempt to place the so-called Old Catholics on a

footing of equality with the adherents of the ancient established faith. The Roman Catholics in the Bernese Jura were practically deprived of the churches which they refused to share with the new sectarians, and were driven to worship in barns and outhouses. At Chêne-Bourg, in the Genevese territory, the Roman Catholics of the commune had left their parish church to the intruders and carried on their services in a secular building provisionally converted into a chapel. Towards the end of Lent a magistrate, accompanied by gendarmes, entered this building during divine service, and forcibly removed the altar ornaments, including even the monstrance containing the host, under pretence that they belonged to the parish church and had been illegally taken from thence by the Curé, M. Delétraz. The Curé himself was taken to prison, but released after a few days, very heavy bail being however required for him. In the Canton of Berne upwards of sixty priests were ejected from their benefices, and in some cases replaced by Old Catholics recruited by the Radical Government from among the dregs of the French and Belgian clergy, some of them, it was said, being literally taken off the Parisian cabstands.¹

The intolerant spirit shown in this business by the Bernese and Genevese Governments was in some degree reflected in certain members of the

¹ It was currently stated at the time that among the cab-drivers in Paris there was a certain proportion of men expelled from the Church for immoral practices.

Federal Council, and notably in its President, M. Schenk, an *ex-pasteur* of the Reformed Church, whose personal attitude was clearly influenced by the old *odium theologicum*. Fortunately a Conservative wave soon passed over the country, and brought with it a more conciliatory treatment of these religious questions. As for the design favoured by the Radicals in the Jura to instal the Old Catholics as a sort of State Church, it simply failed through the fact that their insignificant numbers were unable even to half fill the churches at first handed over to them. The Old Catholic movement broke down in Switzerland more completely even than it has done in Germany, its failure almost coinciding with the accession of the Pontiff who was to do so much towards restoring the influence of the Holy See.

Some trouble was also occasioned to the Swiss Executive by successive attempts on the lives of the Sovereigns of Spain, Italy, and Germany,¹ the perpetrators of which were very credibly suspected of being in touch with the political refugees and conspirators who have from time to time made Switzerland the base for their nefarious operations. Both Nobiling and Moncasi were known to have been in Geneva and in correspondence with anarchists residing there. These facts, together with a

¹ The year 1878 was distinguished by the attempts of Moncasi on the King of Spain, of Passanante on the King of Italy, and of Hodel and Nobiling on the German Emperor.

banquet given in that city in honour of the Spanish Republican leader, Zorilla, which the President of the Radical Government, M. Carteret, had the effrontery to attend, and a similar manifestation got up by the French *communards* for Vera Sassoulitch, the would-be assassin of the head of the Petersburg police, General Trepoff, caused considerable indignation abroad, and led to remonstrances on the subject of the *droit d'asile* so jealously guarded by the Helvetic people. The Swiss authorities wisely showed more than customary vigour in these circumstances, and Vera Sassoulitch was expelled from Geneva by the Cantonal Government. The Federal Council on their side took the unusual step of suppressing a Revolutionary paper entitling itself *l'Avant-garde, organe collectiviste et anarchiste*, and expelled the editor. This paper, which openly advocated regicide, was published at la Chaux de Fonds in the Canton of Neuchâtel, and exported in sealed packets for circulation abroad.

Nevertheless, the *droit d'asile* will always remain a source of international trouble and possible peril for the Confederation, and when crimes like the wantonly atrocious murder of the Empress Elizabeth are committed on Swiss territory itself, the conscience of the civilised world cannot but be outraged by the thought that in the very heart of Europe, and under cover of treaties guaranteeing its neutrality and independence, there should remain a privileged asylum for the worst enemies of mankind. It is

true—to my mind unfortunately so—that we likewise in this country afford to political refugees a safe retreat which is sometimes scandalously misused. Still it seems to me scarcely possible to deny that the peculiar geographical position of Switzerland renders, on occasion, her harbouring of well-known plotters of the worst description a distinct international nuisance. It might even lead to an embarrassing situation for ourselves, inasmuch as the Swiss, if at any time threatened by some powerful neighbour on this question, might turn to us for a support which it would be most inconvenient to afford effectually, however much it might be called for by public opinion in England. I am, therefore, one of those who consider the *droit d'asile* a dangerous luxury for Switzerland to indulge in. Moreover, it never was asserted by the old Confederation in its palmiest days, and is purely the outgrowth of the modern ultra-democratic sentiment. To an unscrupulous foreign statesman it might easily furnish a convenient *casus belli*, such as those of which General Ignatieff once told me at Constantinople that the drawers of his writing-table were always full.

To turn from these political disquisitions I availed myself at the end of October of the offer of Ottiwell Adams,¹ of the Paris Embassy, to put

¹ Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams, K.C.M.G., after being Secretary of Embassy for some years at Paris, was appointed Envoy-Extraordinary at Berne, a post he held until his death in 1887.

me up at his rooms in the Rue Billault, and saw the last of the International Exhibition then drawing to a close. I went with him to the great ball given at the palace of Versailles—an imposing *fête* which I remember not so much for its splendour as for its deplorable mismanagement. We engaged rooms for the occasion at the *Hôtel des Réservoirs*, where we met, among other people, Lord and Lady Dudley. Paris was full of Royalties, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and chiefly in honour of these personages this crowning festivity of the great world-fair was given. Monarchy was in the air at the time, and the President, Marshal MacMahon—who, it was then very generally thought, was paving the way for an impending Restoration—received his illustrious guests right royally and with as much etiquette as circumstances permitted. The approach to the rooms in which they were received was strictly guarded by *huissiers*, who let no one through but those who had some official or other title to be admitted; the great mass of people invited being kept to the historic Galerie des Glaces and other magnificent apartments of the Palace.

In one of the *salons* set apart there was a *buffet*, and going into it shortly before midnight, I noticed a parley being carried on between one of the President's *officiers d'ordonnance* and some persons outside the half-open door which led from this room to the staircase reserved for privileged guests, by which we had come in, the result

of the colloquy being that the door was closed and locked by the officer in question. I thought no more of the matter, but shortly afterwards there was a knocking at the door, with fruitless attempts to open it from the outside. Hammering soon succeeded knocking, accompanied by loud cries of "*Ouvrez donc!*" and shrill female voices with the same cry, accompanied by more ominous sounds as from an angry crowd. In the famed palace that had witnessed the surging mob of the faubourgs breaking in to fetch away "*le boulanger, la boulangère et le petit mitron,*" there was something almost sinister in this banging at the door and the clamour outside it. A hurried consultation now took place between the officers of the Presidential household, and the door being thrown open, a huge crowd of exhibitors and their wives—who, by some absurd mistake, had been directed to this private entrance, and had been dangerously jammed in and crushed on the stairs—came pouring into the room and soon flooded it. With the rest of the first occupants I was driven back to the wall, together with the Dudley *ménage*, who, by a happy chance, were standing close by. Behind us were some large gilt *fauteuils*, of which we at once took possession; the now pacified throng of citizens and their families filing by us where we sat *en trio*, Lady Dudley occupying the central chair. She was truly resplendent that evening, admirably dressed, and with a regal diamond tiara and other

splendid jewels. In the crowd that went past us I soon noticed a middle-aged Frenchwoman—the very type of a *bourgeoise* of the Faubourg St. Denis—who was evidently entranced by the dazzling vision in front of her, and deliberately halted to have a good stare at it. I was watching her with amused interest when she suddenly turned round to her belongings, and said quite loud: “*Mais regardez-la donc! C'est qu'elle est admirablement belle! parfaite jusqu' aux dents!!*” The good soul had evidently been watching for a reply from my beautiful neighbour to some remark of mine before pronouncing this blunt, outspoken verdict. “There!” I could not help saying to its fair object, “I don't think you will ever get a more thoroughly sincere compliment paid you than that!”

From Paris I went over to England for a fortnight to attend to some indispensable business, but before the end of November was back again at Berne, where we had an unusually severe winter with excellent skating. The snow fell so heavily that passages had to be cut for the traffic, leaving huge frozen mounds which turned the squares and open spaces into miniature maps in relief of the Alpine ranges.

CHAPTER IX

BERNE AND LONDON, 1879

IN the winter of 1878-79 a change took place in the French Embassy at Berne; the Marquis d'Harcourt being relieved of his functions and replaced by M. Challemel-Lacour. The appointment of this well-known deputy and politician was by no means welcome to the Swiss Government, who had in fact for some time past endeavoured to stave it off. They were very sorry to lose M. d'Harcourt, who had shown himself the soul of conciliation in the numerous small differences which are apt to arise between bordering States, and was in every way agreeable to them. M. Challemel-Lacour, on the other hand, had a somewhat troublous past behind him. He had early in life held advanced views and been driven to take refuge in Belgium and in Switzerland; in which latter country, when in exile during the Second Empire, he had been for some years professor of French literature at the Polytechnicum at Zürich. The ultra-Republican antecedents of the new ambassador were decidedly against him in a country of moderate and Conservative tendencies. As a Federal Councillor once put it to me: "*On croit qu'en Suisse nous*

aimons les Républiques ; la nôtre oui, mais pas celle des autres." The enthusiasm with which his nomination was greeted by the numerous foreign fugitives in Switzerland, further contributed to make it distasteful at the Federal Palace, and was not a little embarrassing to the new French representative himself.

An incident that occurred at his first official reception rather amusingly illustrated his own sentiments on this point. In accordance with one of the special privileges attaching to ambassadorial rank, he formally notified to each of his colleagues the presentation of his credentials, and appointed a day on which he would be happy to receive them and make their acquaintance. The Italian envoy at this time was M. Melegari, *Senatore del Regno*, an amiable old gentleman of scientific attainments, who, in the good old days, had dabbled in plots and conspiracies, and, like his new French colleague, had sought a livelihood as professor at the Zürich University. The story told of him was that his extradition had been demanded a dozen times, and that he had escaped it by playing a sort of game of post from one Canton to another.¹ On entering M. Challemel's *salon* at the Bernerhof, the excellent Melegari went up to him with true Southern ebullition, and, with both hands extended,

¹ The Cantons being Sovereign States, the extradition had to be demanded of each of them separately and not of the Central Federal Government.

effusively exclaimed, in the strongest North Italian accent: "*Ah! mon cher! Qui aurait pensé que nous nous retrouverions comme cela?*"! a greeting to which the Frenchman responded but frigidly, *en riant jaune*, as they say in his country. Meanwhile one of his secretaries—a sarcastic youth of the name of De Sercey, who, like the rest of the Embassy staff, was anything but cordially disposed to his new chief—observed to me: "*Cette journée restera à jamais memorable; on l'appellera l'entrevue des pions!*"¹

To me the appointment of M. Challemel-Lacour was destined to be of some personal interest. Very shortly after his arrival he announced to me, with evident satisfaction, that my brother-in-law, M. de La Rochefoucauld, had been named First Secretary on the staff of his Embassy. I of course rejoiced at the prospect of my sister coming to live at Berne, but soon gathered from the letters she wrote me that however much her husband might be personally inclined, after his long *disponibilité*, to take up the offered post, there were serious obstacles in the way of his doing so. The very extreme views attributed to his future chief made it difficult for any one with La Rochefoucauld's name and family connexions to serve under him. More especially M. Challemel's reputed attitude at Lyons when sent there as *Préfet* in 1870 by the Government of National Defence, and the violent language attri-

¹ A contemptuous term for school-usher.

buted to him¹ at that period—which to me he positively disclaimed ever having held—had made him the *bête noire* of French monarchist and aristocratic circles, who saw in him a demagogue of the type of the worst men of the “*Terreur*.” My brother-in-law soon found that by definitely accepting the offer made him he risked a serious breach with his relations and friends. Being very loth, however, entirely to give up the diplomatic service, and having then besides to undergo a severe surgical operation, he naturally endeavoured to gain time, and applied for and obtained a few weeks leave before proceeding to his post.

On passing through Paris on my way home in the spring I went to see the late M. Waddington, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, on this business, Ottiwell Adams, a Rugby schoolfellow and friend of his, having given me a letter to him, but I found the minister very obdurate and slightly *cassant* in manner. At the expiration of his leave La Rochefoucauld was given the choice between going to his post or resigning. Unfortunately the

¹ M. Challemeil-Lacour was sent to Lyons at a very critical moment, in the midst of the Franco-Prussian war, when the red flag had been hoisted and the town was in the hands of a “Comité de Salut Public.” He displayed great energy in restoring order under these difficult circumstances, but was charged with having used the language referred to above about a Royalist demonstration which took place. The accusation was brought against him in the Chamber in 1873 by M. de Carayon-Latour, who said he had seen a written order from M. Challemeil containing the words: “*faites-moi fusiller ces gens-là!*” No proof whatever was produced of the existence of this order, which M. Challemeil in a most eloquent speech indignantly denied ever having given.

papers had got hold of the affair, and it became the talk of the clubs at Paris. Under these circumstances La Rochefoucauld thought it more dignified to return to *la disponibilité*. Two years later M. Gambetta, then *President du Conseil*, of his own accord conferred upon him the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary as some compensation for the unfair treatment accorded to him. A very promising diplomatic career thus came somewhat sadly to an untimely end.

This incident and his transfer soon afterwards to the Embassy in London gave me an opportunity of seeing a good deal of M. Challemel-Lacour. He was of an unhappy disposition and almost a confirmed hypochondriac, but brilliant in conversation and a speaker of rare eloquence. He owed much to Gambetta, who had a very high opinion of him, and who, after having left the bar for upwards of ten years, came forward to plead for him in an action he brought against a newspaper which had scandalously charged him with cheating at cards at some club. In London, shortly before I went out to Buenos Ayres, M. Challemel freely unbosomed himself to me about the objections which he knew were so generally entertained against him. He was, he said, the most unfortunate of men. He hated nothing more than strife, and yet was thrust into the thick of it: "*Je déteste la politique, et m'y trouve fourré jusqu'au cou!*" His greatest misfortune was that he could refuse nothing to his friends: "*l'amitié a sur moi un empire extraordinaire.*" In 1870 he was

living in retirement, engrossed by literary work, when he was told that his services were imperatively required at Lyons. He then had a reputation for vigour and decision of character. "*Il ne m'en reste plus rien maintenant,*" he bitterly added. Ill-health and the weight of responsibility had made him prematurely old. "*Je ne suis plus qu'un vieux chat gris!*" I found him, as I told Lord Granville—then at the Foreign Office—fully alive to the honour of representing his country in England, but evidently nervous as to his fitness for the task confided to him. He had been much impressed by the dignity and charm of manner of the Queen, and greatly amused me by telling me that he had tried to cut his private audience of her shorter by saying as few words as possible. Much as though he had said: "*Je ne veux pas déranger Votre Majesté plus longtemps!*"

Lord Granville asked him to a dinner which he told me would, he hoped, put the nervous diplomatist at his ease. Lord Hartington, the Duke of Cleveland, Layard, Charles Villiers, Count Dimitri Nesselrode were of the party I remember.¹ The guest of the evening, however, spoke little and ate less and seemed altogether uncomfortable. Of M. Challemel-Lacour—on whom I have expatiated at

¹ Lord Granville himself spoke French admirably, while the Duke of Cleveland, who had begun life in the diplomatic service, and Sir Henry Layard, then on leave from Constantinople, were of course good French scholars. Count Dimitri Nesselrode, son of the Chancellor, is remembered, if at all, in connection with the younger Dumas' novel, "*La Dame aux perles.*"

inordinate length I fear—I will say in conclusion that I found him far better than his reputation,¹ though he certainly was not a success as an ambassador. As to the chief cause of his failure, it may well be said of it, as of that of many a better man: “*cherchez la femme!*”

Before closing this review of public affairs during my sojourn at Berne I cannot entirely pass over the sense of relief experienced there at the termination of the Russo-Turkish war, which by so long threatening to lead to a general conflagration, had kept the neutral States, and Switzerland among others, on tenterhooks. More striking still was the effect produced by the firmness of our negotiators at Berlin; their success being nowhere hailed with greater warmth than in Swiss official circles. The President of the Confederation, M. Hammer, who had succeeded the Radical Schenk, had been Minister for some years at Berlin, and was better informed on foreign affairs than most of his colleagues. By him and the veteran Gonzenbach, and that authority on International law, Professor König,² with others, the

¹ The most objectionable trait in M. Challemeil-Lacour was his offensive attitude in religious matters. It is related of him, for instance, that he went into Notre Dame one day during some religious function with his hat on, and thus ostentatiously walked about the church to the great scandal of the congregation.

² Since writing the above I am indebted to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt for an anecdote about Professor König, which, although irrelevant, I cannot resist inserting. The Professor, whom he had known well when serving at our Legation at Berne, afterwards came to see him at Crabbet. Blunt took him out shooting one day in the Crabbet woods and found him pretty dangerous, as was to be expected. Presently a bird, shot

peaceful triumph achieved by Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress was regarded as a victory of the cause of right against might. They were delighted to see Great Britain once more assume the lead in the councils of Europe, and considered that the smaller Powers more especially owed her much for her successful vindication of Treaty rights, and her defence of what M. de Gonzenbach called "the doctrine of morality in international dealings." In looking back upon the long period of diminished national prestige, and of almost deliberate self-abasement, that was too soon to follow, it is difficult to realise how high England stood in the eyes of the world at that time. I amused myself in my leisure hours at Berne writing a pamphlet entitled "Two Imperial Policies,"¹ inscribed to the late Lord Carnarvon, in which I endeavoured to show the contrast between the methods by which the brilliant British Premier and the Iron Chancellor had respectively aroused the Imperial spirit in the two great nations whose destinies they controlled.

"Have we not assisted," I wrote twenty-five

by one of the party, fell almost at the feet of König, who, in his excitement, proceeded to discharge both barrels into it as it lay on the ground. So delighted was the Professor with his sport that, on leaving, he asked Blunt whether he might have a pheasant to take to his wife, who had never seen one. Blunt told him he might have as many as he liked, but suggested that he might get into trouble about them with the Octroi. "No," said the Professor, "you shall only give me one pheasant roasted. I will wrap it up in my dirty shirts. No one will look for it there."

¹ "Two Imperial Policies." William Ridgway, 1878.

years ago, "at a spectacle more curious, perhaps, even than the resurrection of the Teutonic Empire, though less striking in outward show, namely, the evolution of Imperial doctrines much nearer home, and—most curious of all—the revelation to its own citizens of an Empire, mightier than any other of modern times, the power and resources, and indeed the actual existence of which seem to have been but dimly perceived by them? We have seen with what surpassing sagacity Prince Bismarck turned to account the memories of departed, but tenderly cherished, Imperial greatness in Germany, and, in the space of a decade, raised the Fatherland to the highest pitch of influence and authority. We think it can hardly be less interesting to Englishmen to consider the patient skill and the purely intellectual process—very far removed from the rougher methods of the Chancellor—by which they themselves have been roused out of a condition of national lethargy, and brought to recognise both the splendid realities and the stern obligations of Empire." The Imperial idea has since then spread in ever-widening circles, and now forms part of the creed of the great majority of Englishmen. I may perhaps be pardoned for claiming to have foreseen this a quarter of a century ago, and to have then already firmly held to tenets which at that period were far from generally received.

This seems perhaps the most suitable place for mentioning what little I myself remember of Lord

Beaconsfield. Principally owing to the kindness of Princess Mary and the help of Monty Corry,¹ a friend of old Cambridge House days, I obtained an interview with him about some Indian business in which I have been deeply interested all my life. I cannot honestly say that, beyond a patient hearing, I obtained much from him in furtherance of that affair; but however negative the results of my conversation with him, I was fully conscious of the great charm he is admitted to have exercised on all who approached him habitually, and it is something to have conversed with the Sphinx-like statesman at the zenith of his fame. I next met him at a great dinner in his honour given by dear Lady Marian Alford—almost the first time she opened the beautiful house she had recently completed in Princes Gate. She had asked a number of smart people to meet him, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Somers, and Lady Brownlow amongst others. The Premier arrived late, and it was curious to see these great ladies—*en grandissime toilette* for the State Concert that evening—all rise as for Royalty when the old man came in. After dinner he said a few words to me, and surveying Lady Marian's beautiful drawing-room and the conservatory beyond it, made a sweeping gesture with his hand, and observed in his best Lothair manner: "This is a Palace of Art!" which,

¹ Montagu William Lowry-Corry, now Lord Rowton, and at that time Private Secretary to Lord Beaconsfield.

though not precisely original, was just the sort of thing he might be expected to say. He looked decidedly worn and aged, and in spite of the great attention and respect shown to him, seemed, I thought, rather bored. And this reminds me of a pathetic little anecdote of Lady Marian's concerning him. She went to the House of Lords to see him take his seat as a Peer. She was standing about in one of the lobbies, and as he went past in his robes heard a voice close by her sob out: "Oh! if *she* could only have lived to see this!" Dizzy's confidential servant!

My eldest boy was now old enough for school, and having determined from the first that he should enjoy the advantages which had been denied to me of a thorough English education, I took him home with me in May 1879, and placed him at the large preparatory school kept by the Rev. John Hawtrey at Aldin House, Slough, which in those days went by the name of "Little Eton," and for comfort, and indeed luxury, has never, I believe, been excelled. Here the boy did extremely well, and was, on the whole, happy, having for his schoolfellow, among others, my future step-son, Algy Caulfeild. I spent three months in England this summer in my old Sloane Street lodging, and only returned to my post in August. In my diary I find a few passages relating to this season which seem worth transcribing:—

July 5, 1879.—To lunch at Kensington Palace with Princess Mary, who is as agreeable and full of *entrain* as ever. She is very indignant—and rightly so I think—with the ladies who are going to sell next week at the Albert Hall Bazaar, cheek by jowl with the French actresses, and says the Queen ought to interfere and forbid it. She is angry, too, about the weakness shown by the Government in the matter of the reception of the remains of the *Prince Impérial*. After luncheon she took me to her room, and told me she had herself given Lord Beaconsfield the letter it was agreed I should write to her explaining my Indian business, and had strongly commended it to him. “With him,” she amusingly said, “we can now do much more than we have been able to do for some time. He has no family of his own, you see, so he has adopted us!” She told me, too, that she had just heard of Lady Waldegrave’s death, and also of that of young Lord Ossulston, from cholera in Afghanistan. The latter news, it seems, came late on Thursday evening. That same night I saw and spoke to Lady Tankerville at the Guinness’ ball—she must have found the fatal telegram on getting home! After taking leave of the most charming of Princesses—than whom I have never had a kinder, truer friend—I walked home through the Park, and then to dinner at Ernest Clay-Ker-Seymer’s.

I may mention here by the way a story told

about this same Charity Bazaar spoken of by the Princess. A great beauty of the day, who shall be nameless, was selling cups of tea at half-a-crown apiece. A man who was quite unknown to her asked for one, and at once handed her the amount she charged for it. The lady then, before giving him the cup, took a sip from it, and, passing it to him, said: "And now it's a sovereign!" Whereupon he quietly produced the gold coin, and, returning her the tea, replied: "And perhaps now you will kindly let me have a clean cup!"

May 24, 1879.—The usual official dinner, at Lord Salisbury's in Arlington Street, in honour of the Queen's birthday, with a big party at the Foreign Office afterwards. A disagreeable incident occurred at dessert, when Schouvaloff, who probably was a little flushed with wine, made a very savage onslaught on White (of Bucharest), who showed perfect temper. Much struck at the Foreign Office party by Miss Sinclair (the daughter of Sir Tolle-mache), whom I met for the first time, and who has the most lovely complexion and a perfect figure.

In elucidation of the above, I should explain that in those days the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers were the only persons to whom places were assigned, according to their rank and precedence, at these birthday banquets. Our own

representatives on leave from their posts, and the higher *personnel* of the Foreign Office, sat pretty nearly as they liked—an arrangement which, although it was less correct, I myself much preferred to the plan now followed of sandwiching our men between the chiefs of the different foreign missions. The table, on the occasion I refer to, was of the horse-shoe shape, the top of which was reserved for Lord Salisbury's more distinguished guests. I was seated at the lower end, almost next to Mr. White,¹ who had shortly before been appointed Envoy in Roumania. Suddenly I recognised the well-known voice of the Russian Ambassador saying, in almost stentorian tones: "*Demandez donc à Monsieur White comment cela se dit en Juif Polonais.*" We all turned round of course, and there was an awkward silence, soon relieved by White's replying, with admirable temper, that he did not know to what Count Schouvaloff referred, but that in any case he was ignorant of the dialect in question. The studied insult conveyed in this strange and unwarrantable attack—for such it clearly was—lay in the fact that some doubt was believed to exist as to White's precise nationality. He was said to be of Irish extraction, and had been partly educated in this country, and had been at Cambridge; but much of his childhood and youth had been passed in Poland, to which country his father

¹ Afterwards the Right Honourable Sir William White, G.C.B., and our very distinguished Ambassador at Constantinople.

had gone after being a short time in our consular service, and where he himself commenced his remarkable career in the modest capacity of clerk to our Consulate-General at Warsaw. He had long been obnoxious to the Russian Foreign Office as a diplomatic agent of great astuteness and activity, with quite an exceptional knowledge of things, and, above all, of men in the vast region peopled by such various and intricately dovetailed races, which, from the shores of the Baltic—where he acted as Consul at Dantzic—stretches, through the Polish and Balkan countries, to the seat of his future Embassy on the Bosphorus. The would-be sting of Schouvaloff's apostrophe was the hint it conveyed that White was really of humble Jewish extraction, and therefore familiar with the Yiddish which of recent years has so overrun the whole of the East end of London. He may possibly have had some Polish blood in him, and he certainly was a devout Roman Catholic.

This incident, together with an invitation to the Foreign Office party, which Schouvaloff procured for a somewhat notorious Russian lady, who was scarcely received in Petersburg society, was one of the minor scandals of the season. At the Levee two days later, after I had made my bow and reached the corner where stood the Cabinet Ministers, Lord Salisbury stopped me—a very unusual thing for him—and significantly made some remark about the Russian Ambassador not being

present in the diplomatic *cercle*. These unfortunate indiscretions probably contributed to Count Schouvaloff's resigning in November of that year. He had done such good work in contributing to preserve peace between the two countries at a most threatening crisis that his splitting on such a rock was greatly to be regretted.

I pretty frequently met White after this at the St. James's Club and other places. His was in every way a striking personality. In some respects he reminded me of Morier, and, without the latter's polish, was, like him, massive and imperious. His rugged exterior, rough manner, and, still rougher, loud voice—which was said specially to grate on the Sovereign to whom he was accredited—together with his peculiar foreign accent, grafted on what he claimed to be a native brogue, almost belied, and effectually masked, the great *finesse* and almost Slav flexibility and adroitness that lay beneath. Most remarkable of all was his *flair*, and his memory for the antecedents of persons of any interest he had known in his multifarious service. The self-made *diplomate doublé d'un policier* thus became, if not a great Eltchi on the Stratford de Redcliffe pattern, at least a vigilant, admirably informed, and most loyal guardian of interests to which we then still attached much importance.

One more recollection of this season I must put down here, namely, taking my boy Horace—up with an exeat from school—to see Lord Rokeby

in a house in Stratford Place, to which he had a few years before removed on the expiry of the lease of Montagu House in Portman Square. It was hard at his age—he was then in his seventy-fourth year and a martyr to gout—to be turned out of the family home of a century. This trial he owed to his great-aunt, Mrs. Montagu (the patron of blue-stockings and chimney-sweeps), who might, it is said, have originally secured a freehold of that valuable property instead of only a ninety-nine years' lease. We found the old general seated in the *fauteuil roulant* in which he habitually moved about his rooms—a picturesque figure in a loose dressing-gown and a black velvet cap, which, with his white hair and flowing beard, gave him a most patriarchal appearance. The boy squatted at his feet, and presently asked him to tell him something about Waterloo, at which battle he knew from me that his godfather had been present. Nothing loth, the dear old man then related how he had been drafted out from England at seventeen to his battalion of the Guards, and had joined it only a few days before the great battle. He then told us of the terrible fight round Hougoumont, where the Guards and Brunswickers had held out all through that never-ending June day against the repeated attacks of the enemy. It was a story to be remembered for life, as I said to my little fellow; for the boy-guardsman, whose baptism of fire was now described to him, had lived to command the brigade, and with it had likewise

gone through the long anxious hours at Inkerman, when a few thousand English had successfully stood their ground against such fearful odds, till reinforced by Cathcart's Division and afterwards by the French.

On my return to Berne I found a fresh colleague in M. Hamburger, who had succeeded, as Russian Minister, Prince Michel Gortchacow, the very unpopular younger son of the *Chancelier*. I had known M. Hamburger in the days of his bondage as one of Prince Gortchacow's ablest of quill-drivers and humblest of satellites. Now that he was a free man, he turned upon and rent his late master without mercy, and, as he owed to him his unexpected promotion, I was amazed by his ingratitude. He cynically spoke of the Prince as being now quite incapable of any mental exertion, and abused everything about him—down to his cigars, which he described as being of the cheapest and nastiest possible kind. "You know his intolerable vanity," he said to me, "he thrusts these execrable, spurious Havanas on his acquaintance, and, I really believe, thinks they acquire flavour by his doing them the honour to smoke them." Altogether, the newly-fledged Envoy gave me the idea of a man who breathes freely for the first time, the acrimony of his remarks bearing painful witness to long habits of repression. Indeed he could, I thought, almost be looked upon as the last serf enfranchised in Russia. By an odd perverseness, however, he had

regained his liberty with the *Chancelier*, only to forfeit it again to a strangely selected wife, and it was doubtful which was the worse—his former or his present condition.

Before very long, I was to take leave for good of Berne and of my colleagues, pleasant or indifferent. During my stay in England Philip Currie, then Private Secretary to Lord Salisbury, had sounded me several times as to my willingness to go out to Buenos Ayres. An offer of the post was repeated to me in August, in terms which made it impossible for me to refuse, though, as I reminded Lord Salisbury, I had been given the option between Buenos Ayres and Berne eighteen months before, and had chosen the latter, with its inferior rank and pay, rather than go back to South America and separate myself from my children, to whom, as it happened, I was more than ordinarily necessary. Meanwhile I was engaged the whole autumn in negotiations with the Federal Council about a new treaty of Extradition, so that I did not actually leave Berne before the 15th of December. I was sincerely sorry to part from some of my friends and colleagues, notably from the d'Harcourts, the La Vegas, and old Melegari and his clever daughters, one of whom has since been successful in literature, and quite recently contributed some thoughtful essays to the "*Nuova Antologia*."

I have paid but one flying visit to Switzerland since, though so many memories of my past life

are bound up with that beautiful country. In taking leave of it, as it were, in these pages, I must express a sincere wish for the prosperity which its intelligent and industrious population so fully deserve. Though its sons no longer seek their fortunes in faithful military service in foreign lands, the spirit of enterprise is in nowise extinct in them. They are to be found at the most distant points of the globe, pioneers and workmen in the army of commerce, and everywhere carry with them the memories of their native soil, cherishing its ancient customs and traditions, gathering at joyous *Liedertafel* and festive rifle-match—nowhere forgetful of the history which has made that wildest and most sublime of European regions, nestling in the heart of the Continent under the watch and ward of its mightiest uplands, as dear to friends of liberty as it is to all lovers of nature.

CHAPTER X

LONDON AND BUENOS AYRES, 1880-1881

I LEFT Berne on the 15th of December in unusually severe weather.

Paris, where I broke the journey for twenty-four hours, was literally buried in snow, piled up in long hillocks parallel with the *trottoirs*, so high as quite to hide the foot passengers, apertures being cut at intervals to permit of access to the houses. It was a surprising sight, and both the aspect and the temperature of the gay, *insouciant* city were simply Siberian.

Journeying north the following day on our way to Boulogne a milder current met us before long, and on nearing Folkestone we at once felt "the dewy breath of England blown across her ghostly wall"—a striking and pleasant contrast to the bitter weather we had left behind us. But for this we were soon to pay in another shape, the fogs in London this winter exceeding in density anything I can remember either before or since. On Christmas day especially the darkness was such that in the early forenoon the very principle of light seemed gradually to die out of the sky. It really looked as if one's windows were being carefully draped from the outside with a

heavy black pall, and I had nothing for it but to close the shutters and draw the curtains at 10 A.M., and spend the rest of the day indoors with my small trio. Many Londoners must remember that Black Christmas, one of the strangest features of which was the dead silence of the streets. All wheeled traffic had of course been stopped at an early hour, but none the less an adventurous omnibus managed to get on to the pavement in Sloane Street, and was overturned with a great crash a few doors from where I was staying in my old quarters.

A variety of circumstances, into which it is needless to enter, made me postpone as long as I possibly could my departure for Buenos Ayres, the result being that I passed the first seven months of 1880 in London. The change of administration which took place at the end of April, after the great Midlothian campaign and the defeat of the Conservatives at the general election, might, I hoped, produce some shuffle in the diplomatic service that would lead to my obtaining an exchange to a less distant post. I knew Lord Granville, who was now back at the Foreign Office, to be personally so well disposed towards me that I lingered on in expectation of a reprieve which, as it turned out, never came.

Notwithstanding his decisive victory at the polls, the return of Mr. Gladstone to power was viewed with apprehension and distrust by an influential section of public opinion, and nowhere more so, it was said, than in the highest quarters. I happened

at the time to hear, from a perfectly trustworthy source, something of the circumstances attending the great Liberal leader's visit to Windsor when summoned thither by the Queen. The Dean of Windsor¹ was a very old friend of his, and looking in upon him at the Deanery on the evening of the 23rd April, on his way up to the Castle, Mr. Gladstone did not conceal the misgivings with which he looked forward to his audience. He returned to the Deanery after it, evidently much relieved. The Queen, he told his friend, had received him most graciously, and had confined herself to expressing the hope that no great change would be attempted in the general direction of the foreign policy of the country. Unfortunately, in looking back on those five years of Mr. Gladstone's second Administration (April 1880 to June 1885), it is impossible to forget that they began with what has been well described as "the apparent capitulation of the Queen's advisers to the enemy" after the disaster of Majuba Hill—the bitter fruits of which have been reaped in the present generation—and ended in the abandonment of Gordon, and the culpably tardy, however gallant, attempt made at the eleventh hour to rescue him. But in permitting myself these strictures on the spirit with which the eminent statesman was apt to deal with Imperial questions, I am conscious that I am overstepping the bounds I have set myself in these reminiscences of my past career. My

¹ The Honourable and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Chaplain and Lord High Almoner to the late Queen.

excuse for doing so must be the painful experience I shared with others who then had to watch over British interests abroad, of the humiliating effects of Mr. Gladstone's incoherent and nerveless foreign policy, as shown in the palpable decrease of our weight and influence in the affairs of the world. To be fair, however, it must be allowed that succeeding Governments in some degree followed that same policy down to a more recent period. The ground we lost has since been recovered by slow degrees; but, for a good many years, the national credit of England stood at a low ebb, which only those whose business it was to uphold it in foreign capitals were in a position fully and despondingly to realise.

For the rest, during my few months stay in England, the course of public affairs both at home and abroad was uneventful, but for the unsatisfactory campaign then going on in Afghanistan, and the reverse we sustained there at Maiwand. On the Continent, on the other hand, there was just then a good deal of tension in the Russo-German relations, due partly to the antipathy entertained by Prince Bismarck for the old Russian Chancellor. I had heard a good deal about this before leaving Berne from President Hammer, who was unusually well-informed on German affairs, and also from my Russian colleague M. Hamburger. M. Hammer told me that one of the motives assigned for the meeting of the German and Russian Emperors at Alexandrovo, which made a great sensation at the

time, was the desire of the Emperor William to effect the dismissal from office of Prince Gortchacow, whom the Iron Chancellor could not abide, and to whom he attributed the hostile tone then current in the Russian Press towards Germany. The President added that several Prussian military men, old acquaintances of his, whom he had met in the summer, had told him they considered a war between Russia and Germany to be inevitable, and its outbreak merely a question of time. On the other hand, Prince Gortchacow was profuse in his denials of having in any way instigated a press campaign against Bismarck, for whom he professed the greatest admiration; speaking of him as "*un être si phénoménal que toute l'Europe devrait se mettre à plat ventre devant lui.*"

The old Chancellor's official days, however, were almost numbered,¹ and very nearly his last act was to appoint my Petersburg acquaintance, Prince Alexis Lobanow, to succeed Count Schouvaloff in London. Of the various occupants of Chesham House I have known, from Baron Brunnow onwards, Prince Lobanow was, I fear, the one who took to it the least kindly. For a man of such refined tastes and aristocratic traditions, he was rather unaccountably out of sympathy with English life and English society. This was probably in part

¹ He resigned in 1882 and died the following year. The last years of his life were spent mostly out of Russia, the Foreign Office being really directed by M. de Giers.

due to his belonging to that generation of his countrymen whose standards of thought and culture were almost exclusively French. He it was in fact who subsequently, during his short tenure of the Imperial Foreign Office, laid the foundations of the Russo-French alliance. Here, too, again, "*cherchez la femme*," for during a considerable period of his life, at Constantinople and elsewhere, he had been greatly under the influence of an attractive and very clever French lady, who, for his sake, had thrown her cap over all the windmills of this world. On the strength of the connection between our families the Russian Ambassador—who in appearance somehow reminded one of an *abbé* of the *ancien régime*—kindly treated me *en guise de parent*, and I have preserved a grateful recollection of his hospitality, the culinary arrangements of which, by the way, were presided over by a really eminent artist. With the help of a select staff of men like Adlerberg, the nephew of the right-hand man of the Emperor Alexander II., and poor Boutenieff—whom I had known from his first youth at Baden Baden and Stuttgart, as English in speech and ways of thinking as his chief was French, and who died under very painful circumstances when afterwards Minister at Munich—Prince Lobanow made his Embassy the most pleasant of resorts.

At Easter I went to the Clevelands at Battle Abbey, where a number of agreeable people were assembled under the auspices of a hostess who,

besides being the mother of perhaps the most brilliant of our younger statesmen, was herself a perfect mistress of the art of conversation, and had the still rarer gift of promoting it in others. At Battle it was in fact a field-day from early breakfast until bedtime, and such poor weapons as one disposed of had to be kept well furbished for the fray. The late Lord Houghton—himself an admirable and indefatigable talker—and Lord Strathnairn, whom I had scarcely come across since we played at tin soldiers together at the Legation at Vienna in 1856,¹ were the best known men of a pleasant gathering, which also comprised Lord Sligo and his very charming semi-French wife;² the Bylandts,³ who lived among us for so many years and made themselves so popular, without, at heart, I believe, ever really caring for us much; Henry Brougham,⁴ Alec Yorke, and others. Some of the arrangements at Battle were decidedly old-fashioned. The Duke, stately and *ancien régime*, and extremely agreeable—who had been Attaché at Paris under the *Restauration* and afterwards at Petersburg—relegated the smokers to some remote place in the lower regions of the great monastic pile, the approach to

¹ See vol. i. of these "Recollections," pp. 253-54.

² Lady Sligo is the granddaughter of the Vicomte de Peyronnet who formed part of the ill-fated Polignac Cabinet under Charles X.

³ Count Bylandt was Minister for the Netherlands in London for a great number of years and highly esteemed in society.

⁴ Now Lord Brougham and Vaux.

which was through devious and confusing passages and turnings. One night, after a more protracted tobacco parliament than usual, one of the smokers, rather a figure of fun in a scanty and very ancient dressing-gown, took the wrong turning and opened the wrong door, and to his dismay found himself in a room where one of our married couples were peacefully slumbering.

Battle has quite lately passed into other hands, after the recent death of the old Duchess—the beautiful and brilliant Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope—who survived four months the Queen whose bridesmaid she had been, became in her old age the most indefatigable of travellers, and died, while abroad, a mercifully sudden death, almost, it may be said, in harness. If this rough sketch of my visit there, nigh upon a quarter of a century ago, should come under the notice of the devoted daughter who so admirably helped to do the honours of that historic abode, I trust she may see in it a slight tribute for much kindness shown to one of those who met there in that spring of 1880.

For the Ascot week I was again asked to Minley Manor, where I found two of the Harris young ladies, Constance and Florence—the latter afterwards the wife of Sir Charles Grant—and the latest additions to the French Embassy in London: namely, La Ferronnays and Montebello with their wives. Madame de Montebello—a niece of the then ambassador, M. Léon Say, and very smart and attractive—was

destined later to dispense for a long period the splendid hospitalities of the French Embassy in Russia. But the *clou*, as they say at Paris, of this Ascot party was—to quote the enthusiastic language of our host, old Mr. Raikes Currie—that simply glorious creature, Lady Ramsay, afterwards Lady Dalhousie, quite the loveliest woman of her generation in London society, who but a few years later died, in all the splendour of her youth and beauty, literally within a day of her husband, for whose health they had been travelling in America. She contracted blood-poisoning at New York, and died almost immediately after landing at Havre; Lord Dalhousie only surviving the shock of her death twenty-four hours. Gone, too, of that party is charming, bright Lady “Conty” Harris, as well as Godfrey Webb, one of the most popular and amusing of diners out in London. Saddening in all conscience it is to summon up—as I am seeking to do in these pages—a retrospect filled so largely, as it must be, with those who have passed beyond us, too many of them in their prime.

In looking over my other relatively scanty jottings of this season, I find a few rough notes of dinners and parties at Grosvenor House—where Yolande de Luynes was then, I remember, on a visit for some time—at the Wharncliffes, the Leeds’, Lady Margaret Beaumont’s, and at Lady Somers’, where I first heard pretty Mrs. Arkwright warble her delightful French and Spanish melodies. But

on these records of society doings I will not linger at greater length.

It was about this time that I first engaged in extensive researches at the Public Record Office, which proved of great interest to me, and enabled me to reconstruct entirely the history of my family at the close of the sixteenth and in the seventeenth century.

My immediate object in this inquiry was to trace the exact history of a certain Henry Rumbold, who, according to a vague family tradition, had taken refuge in Spain during the Commonwealth, and had afterwards held a consular appointment in that country. He was believed to be a brother of the comparatively well-known loyalist, William Rumbold,¹ a very active agent for the Royal cause in England during the exile of Charles II.,² who is frequently mentioned in the Clarendon Papers in the Bodleian, and in other State Papers of the so-called Domestic Series. For this purpose, with the kind assistance of the late Mr. Alfred Kingston, and afterwards of Mr. Hubert Hall, I went through the great mass of uncalendared papers relating to Spain, which are to be found in the wonderful storehouse in Fetter

¹ This William Rumbold entered the office of the Great Wardrobe at an early age, and was at Naseby with his father, Thomas, who was afterwards taken as a prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, from his house near Burbage, to Leicester.

² "Among many others that employed themselves in the King's business, none did more faithfully or judiciously negotiate than Mr. William Rumbold, who doth well deserve a good place in this story for his great services."—Doctor Gumble's "Life of General Monck."

Lane. The results of my search were surprisingly satisfactory. I dug out the man I was looking for from under the dusty mound of records in which he and his doings were buried. From his letters to the King, to Arlington, Sandwich, and others, I gathered all it was possible to learn about his services as a Royalist agent in Spain, which were rewarded by his appointment to the Consulate-General for Andalusia in 1660; his two marriages in that country; the adventures of one of his sons while serving in the garrison of Tangier; his subsequent thankless treatment by the Government at home—in short, a full account of a direct ancestor whose existence, owing to a wanton destruction of family papers, had become almost a myth. I afterwards supplemented these facts by searches which I caused to be made in the registers at Cadiz and at San Lucar de Barameda, and in the vast records at Simancas, where copious sources of information touching upon our relations with Spain at that period still await investigation. What facts I thus recovered from oblivion I afterwards embodied in a contribution to the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. There was something very fascinating to me in this work, over which I often spent whole days, with an interval for lunch at the "Rainbow" tavern in Fleet Street, a very ancient establishment, which has now been modernised past recognition, and has entirely lost its quaint old-world character.

In connection with the task I had set myself a curious incident took place which seems almost worth relating. I went down one May morning to Fulham, for the purpose of getting an exact copy of the inscription on the tomb of the above-mentioned William Rumbold, who, at the Restoration, was appointed Comptroller of the Great Wardrobe and Surveyor-General of Customs, and was buried, in May 1667, in the chancel of All Saints. On reaching the church I found it in the hands of workmen, but was warmly greeted by the vicar, who said that he had been on the point of writing to give me notice that, in view of the projected alterations, the slab marking the grave of the comptroller was about to be removed. When I arrived on the spot this was actually being done, and the vicar suggested that some inspection might be made of the vault beneath. I assented to this, but when the first turns of the spade brought to light a few mouldering bones I had not the heart to persist in the search, and begged that it might be abandoned. I may thus have missed the chance of finding interesting coffin-plates of the old Restoration Worthy or his family, but I shrank from disturbing his remains. By an odd chance my visit took place two hundred and thirteen years, almost to a day, after they had found here their last resting-place.

The season now rapidly drew to a close, and with it vanished all my hopes of evading Buenos Ayres. Lord Granville was personally most kind

to me. When I went to take leave of him, and explained the great difficulty I was placed in with respect to my boys, he at once suggested that I should take them down to Walmer, where he would, he said, help to look after them. I accordingly found for them a snug little cottage under the shadow of the castle, where they spent most of the summer and autumn. At the same time, Lord Granville took care to let me understand that he did not propose leaving me at my distant post any longer than he could help. With this comforting assurance I went on the 31st July to Osborne, to kiss hands on my new appointment, in a special train conveying Lord Spencer, the Lord Steward (Lord Sydney), Lord Kenmare (then Lord Chamberlain), and Mr. C. Lennox Peel, Clerk of the Privy Council. Besides these there were in the train, but in another carriage, two gentlemen about whose identity our high court officials seemed to be in some degree puzzled. When we were on board the boat going across to Osborne, I was consulted respecting these persons, who, though they had a foreign appearance, must, it was presumed, be colonial or consular officials going down to be knighted after the Privy Council. I soon found out that they were simply the new Envoys from Roumania and Servia, on their way to present their credentials, and who thus, it might almost be said, narrowly escaped an honour chiefly reserved for such dignitaries as city aldermen or provincial mayors!

At last, on the 12th of August, I left England for Bordeaux, whence I had engaged my passage to my destination in one of the steamers of the French *Messageries Maritimes*. I took a circuitous route, travelling with a party of friends who were on their way to Wildbad, and stopping with them on the road at Brussels and Coblenz. It was altogether a delightful journey in perfect weather, every incident of which to this hour remains as vivid in my memory as though it had taken place but yesterday. At Wildbad I regretfully parted from my companions, and, after spending an evening with the La Rochefoucaulds at Baden Baden, where they were passing the summer, found my way to Bordeaux, embarking there on the 20th, in extremely hot weather, on the *Niger*, a roomy and fairly comfortable vessel which, however, owing to the top-weight of her great hurricane-deck, could be on occasion as lively a roller as ever I came across.

We touched at Lisbon, where I landed and went to see Morier, who showed me all over the Legation, which seemed to me a charming house. The garden, with its terrace and outlook over the Tagus, is simply delightful, and I could not help picturing to myself with some degree of bitterness the ideal home I might have set up here had the chances of the service been more propitious to me.

There was scarcely any one to associate with on board, most of my fellow-passengers being of the noisy type of lower middle-class French and

Italians, with a sprinkling of Brazilians, so I passed my time, as best I could, reading and working at my "Recollections." We got to Rio de Janeiro on the 10th of September, and I at once went on to Petropolis, where I spent a cool night up in the clouds with our *chargé d'affaires*, Harris Gastrell, and young Francis Elliot, the son of my old chief Sir Henry. The drive to this hill station, after one has crossed the bay, is along an admirably engineered road, carried up by zigzags through perfectly splendid scenery, which struck me immensely, but Petropolis itself, perched on high in almost British mists, left on me a dreary impression. The heat next day down at Rio was intolerable, and I was glad to get on board again. The last stage of my journey, however, proved highly unpleasant, for, shortly after leaving Rio, we encountered one of those heavy gales from the south-west known as a *pampero sucio*, which are prevalent in the spring of the southern hemisphere. For two whole days we lay tossing in the gloom and drizzle, unable to get a reliable observation of our whereabouts, and having in consequence to feel our way as best we could by dead reckoning along a dangerous coast. On the evening of the 14th we sighted, to our great relief, the light on Cape Santa Maria, and the next morning anchored in the roadstead of Monte Video. I now bade farewell to the *Niger*, and for twenty-four hours became the guest of my old friend Edmund

Monson,¹ whom I found cosily installed as Minister Resident to the Republic of Uruguay. From him I received full particulars of the disastrous effects all over the Argentine Pampas of the gale I had just passed through. The number of live stock destroyed throughout the great province of Buenos Ayres, by what on land had been a terrific tempest, was afterwards roughly reckoned at not less than half a million head. It was still blowing hard at Monte Video, and I had a rough and very cold passage the next night up the River Plate to Buenos Ayres, which I at last reached in the early hours of September the 17th.

Lord Granville was so true to his word that my actual residence at Buenos Ayres did not exceed seven months and a half in all. Leaving England in mid-August of 1880, I was back there again on the last day of the following May. Of my brief experience and impressions of Argentina, and, among others, of an interesting excursion I made up the Uruguay River, I have written so much elsewhere² that I have little left to relate of them. Some few reminiscences, however, of my sojourn in the River Plate still remain to be told to make the record of this part of my life complete. I was fortunate on arriving to find here my old Petersburg

¹ Now the Right Honourable Sir Edmund Monson, G.C.B., Ambassador at Paris.

² "The Great Silver River : Notes of a Residence in Buenos Ayres in 1880 and 1881." John Murray, 1887.

colleague and very good friend, Edwin Egerton,¹ who had been acting as *chargé d'affaires* for some months after the departure of my predecessor Mr. Ford, and, being a shrewd observer, was able to give me much valuable information about the country and its people. I lived in close intimacy with Egerton throughout my stay, and a charming companion and most valuable collaborator he proved to me in all respects.

Argentina when I reached its shores—or, more correctly speaking, the Province of Buenos Ayres—had just passed through the ordeal of civil war, the proud city having itself undergone the humiliation of a ruinous siege and blockade. The short but sharp struggle arose out of what was practically an attempt at secession on the part of the Province and its capital. In some points, in fact, it bore a resemblance to the great contest between the Northern and Southern States of the North American Union. As in the United States, the signal for secession was given by the election of a President hostile to Provincial, or State, pretensions, who came forward as the candidate of the nation at large, as opposed to that fraction of it which up to this time had monopolised the lead in the Confederacy. Sooner than surrender its hegemony, Buenos Ayres (the province and the town) took up

¹ Sir Edwin Egerton, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Envoy at Athens.

² The late Sir Francis Clare Ford, successively ambassador at Madrid, Constantinople, and Rome.

arms against the rest of its Confederates, and its discomfiture may in some degree be compared to the overthrow of the South, and a parallel for the election of Lincoln be sought in the nomination of President Roca. The comparison, however, if pushed too far, would turn almost to the grotesque, for in the Argentine tussle for power there was no great principle at stake such as the suppression of slavery, or the prior duty of the citizen to his native State rather than to the Union. But it is not my purpose to dwell at length on this South American family quarrel, which was fortunately brief, is now entirely forgotten, and can have no sort of interest for those who may glance through these pages. My object in referring to it is to give some idea of its effect on the society of the aspiring Argentine metropolis at the time of my arrival.

What native society there was, composed of the leading Buenos Ayrean families, deeply mourned and resented the issue of the contest. A few of its *jeunesse dorée* had fallen in the sharp skirmishes outside the beleaguered town, at the head of the bands of rough Gauchos whom they had armed and brought in with them from their *estancias*. The Argentine upper ten were in a sulky, dejected mood, though some of them were wisely disposed to put up with the consequences of their defeat. My first opportunity of meeting Buenos Ayres society was two days after my arrival, at one of the weekly

evening receptions of President Avellaneda, whose term of office was fast coming to an end.¹ There was at this party a sprinkling of the vanquished element, showing some signs, I was told, of a more conciliatory disposition, but of this I, as a complete stranger, could of course not judge. I cannot say that these receptions appeared to me very entertaining, and I was certainly at first sight disappointed as to the good looks for which the *Porteño*² ladies are so celebrated throughout South America, though in the smartness of their clothes they seemed to me even to outdo my fair Chilean friends across the Andes. Of the festivities of the short Buenos Ayres "season" I best remember the parties and balls given by Don Diego de Alvear—who had been Minister in London and had several exceedingly pretty daughters—by the Berdiers, the Castros and the Elortondos, all wealthy people, with well decorated and splendidly furnished houses, who were content with the large incomes they had amassed, and kept entirely aloof from public affairs. Although some of them had very large estates, there was here no politically influential class such as the land-owning oligarchy I had known in Chile.

To descend to frivolous details about the few private balls at which I was present at Buenos

¹ The new President, General Roca, was installed on the 12th of October 1880.

² *Porteño*, or inhabitant of the Port, is an appellation commonly bestowed on the citizens of Buenos Ayres.

Ayres, I must admit that they appeared to me rather dreary and lacking in animation, though, as regards what our fashionable news reporters describe as "floral decorations," and the arrangements for supper, they were sumptuous enough in all conscience. What struck me most was that the "sitting-out," which is so familiar a feature at London dances, was replaced by promenading the ball-room in couples, quite regardless of the actual dancers, whose feeble gyrations were apparently regarded as of little account by the young people who tramped up and down the whole evening, like so many London stockbrokers bent on making a record in mileage. I presume that these ambulatory flirtations answered their purpose as well as a valse *échevelée*, but to me they seemed anything but festive, and rather suggested the early grind between one's glasses at Kissingen or Homburg.

Most friendly and serviceable to me on my arrival was a Brazilian gentleman of the name of Alkaine, whom I had first met at the St. James's Club in London, where he formed part of Baron de Penedo's Legation, and was known as the Vicomte de Castello Alvo—a title he dropped when he settled in democratic Buenos Ayres, and became Government broker during Roca's administration. He had a charming wife, belonging to one of the best Argentine families, who died a few years afterwards when still quite young. This very refined lady and two of her greatest friends, Mme. Adèle Heimendahl, *née*

Ocampo, and the lovely Mme. Magdalena Elizalde, *née* Ramos Mejia, made up a pleasant and extremely cultivated *coterie*, in every way accomplished and—what was indeed rare in South American society at that period—really musical. I have endeavoured to pay a slight tribute to these charming ladies in my book already referred to, without, however, mentioning them by name. They formed part of the small remnant of high-bred, old-world society still existing there—a diminutive set which kept very much to itself, and was not easily accessible to strangers.

On the other hand there was a large foreign—and what of course concerned me most—a large British community. The English of the River Plate need no favourable mention from one who for only a few short months had to watch over their interests. To their enterprise and industry the land of their temporary adoption owes no small share of its steadily rising prosperity. They have so effectually stamped upon it the imprint of the British race that this splendid region which, but for Whitelock's craven surrender, we might possibly have permanently conquered, is even now in great part held and worked by our capital and developed by the energy of our people. In fact, the giant strides made by Argentina in the twenty-two years of peace and good government that have elapsed since my brief sojourn, make my recollections of the country on the morrow of a severe internal convulsion almost valueless. An entire generation has passed away since then, and of my

countrymen with whom I was then most associated, and on whose cordial and loyal co-operation I could always count, but few probably survive; and these, it is to be hoped, are now enjoying at home the well-earned fruits of their labours. Gone is genial old Mr. Coghlan, the chief engineer and builder of the great Southern line, which has been so powerful a factor in reclaiming vast tracts of splendid soil which a quarter of a century ago were still the camping grounds of wild, marauding Indians. Gone, too, I know, is poor Frederick Woodgate, at whose hands I received great kindness, and whose bright wife and merry trio of pretty daughters made his house at Bella Vista the liveliest and cheeriest in the big pleasure-loving city.

Early in November, when the summer heat began to make itself felt, I removed from my stuffy quarters at the Hotel de la Paix to a furnished *quinta* at Belgrano, which I took over, with all its contents, from some English people who were going home for a while. Hotel life in South America in those days was far from pleasant, let alone being horribly expensive, and was only fit for the tribe of bagmen and *commis-voyageurs* whose custom kept the extortionate caravansaries going. My villa, which bore the high-sounding name of *22 Calle Once de Setiembre*, was charmingly situated at the top of a low ridge, or *barranca*, that stretches for some miles to the west of the town, and commands a clear view of the great estuary of the River Plate. A quaint enclosure—

half wild garden and orchard—which lay behind it, and yielded fruit and flowers in abundance for my wants, completed what was a simple but very attractive residence. I kept on trial the cook and the gardener of the previous occupants. The former was in some respects one of the oddest combinations that could be imagined even in the *olla podrida* of nations to be found on these shores. A burly, sour-visaged Gascon, and yet a rigid Calvinist, he answered to the name of Triboulet, which, as readers of Victor Hugo may remember, is the appellation of the jester in “*Le Roi s’amuse*,” and the original of Verdi’s “Rigoletto.” Egerton would have it that the fellow’s proper name was Marcel, and that he came out of quite another opera, the “Huguenots.” We were fortunately agreed as to his cooking, which was quite satisfactory. I had brought with me as valet and *factotum* another *méridional* whom I picked up in London, and who was by no means so great a success. He proved a nerveless, feckless creature; invariably lost his head at the wrong moment, and was thus most aggravating. Although quite respectable in appearance, he had a forlorn, downcast look—due, as I presently discovered, to a bibulous turn—which made Egerton call him “the blasted one,” an appropriate name that afforded a relief to one’s feelings and stuck to the poor devil till the end. I got quite fond of my *quinta*, and was as happy in it as I could be under the circumstances. In its front verandah, with the fair outlook over the “Great Silver River,”

I wrote a good part of the book to which I gave that title, but only put it into shape for publication some years afterwards at Athens.

I had been settled but a short time in my suburban abode when I received official notice from home of the forthcoming arrival at Monte Video of the Detached Squadron, with the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales. The Foreign Office Circular, in which this was notified to the Legation, informed H.M. Ministers abroad of the Prince of Wales's desire that his sons should lay aside their royal rank during their cruise, and of H.R.H.'s hope that they would be treated, as far as possible, on the footing of members of their family by those of H.M. Representatives whose places of residence they visited on their journey round the world.

The squadron reached Monte Video early on the 22nd December, and that same afternoon I went down the river to meet it in the *Elk*, a small gunboat, commanded by a cheerful Paddy of the name of Clanchy—a capital fellow, who had been some months on the station, had done good service during the blockade of Buenos Ayres, and whom we had come to consider as part and parcel of the Legation. As a rule I am a fairly good sailor, but the lively behaviour of the *Elk*, in the rough waters of the shallow estuary, quite did for me, and Lord Charles Scott, of the *Bacchante*, when he came on board next morning to call upon me, where we lay off his ship, found me in a very limp state indeed.

After seeing the Admiral—my old acquaintance Lord Clanwilliam—and making the necessary arrangements with him and the Princes' Governor, Mr. (now Canon) Dalton, for the Royal visit to me, I went on shore to the Hotel Oriental. I stayed four days at Monte Video, during which Monson gave a very pretty dance in honour of the squadron, and I ate my Christmas dinner at Mrs. Munro's, one of whose charming daughters a few months later became the wife of my friend and colleague.

My guests arrived in the *Elk* early on the last day of the year, and I at once took them out to Belgrano, where I managed at a pinch to put up the two Princes, with their Governor and young Lord Francis Osborne, a brother-midshipman of theirs. A neighbouring villa, which had been obligingly placed at my disposal by its owner, an Italian, provided accommodation for Lord Charles Scott, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Doctor Turnbull, of the *Bacchante*. After luncheon I took the young Princes and Prince Louis to call upon the newly-elected President, General Roca. The visit was of course a purely private one, as I had taken care to explain to the President beforehand. The fact was that, although to my mind nothing could be more judicious than the line laid down by the Prince of Wales for the reception of his sons, it was no easy matter to see to its being strictly carried out, and, besides causing some disappointment to the Argentine authorities, it gave rise to heartburnings among

the British residents, who were bent upon giving the Royal visitors the heartiest and most loyal of welcomes. It was my thankless task to check, or at least to moderate, this creditable outburst of patriotic feeling.

General Roca received us in his unpretentious Villa del Caballito, at Flores, with much cordiality and perfect simplicity. He was certainly one of the remarkable men with whom the Princes had an opportunity of becoming acquainted during their long cruise, and to this day he plays a leading part in the destinies of his country. At this period the new President was still very young-looking, of slight, delicate build, with thin fair hair and cold steel-blue eyes, his general appearance being much more Germanic than Spanish. But in his countenance, and in his quiet, collected manner, there were unmistakable indications of the energy he had shown in the campaigns in which he drove the Indian tribes back beyond the Rio Nauquen into the fastnesses of the Cordillera—thereby pushing the frontier forward some 400 miles, and almost doubling the Argentine patrimony—as well as in his short and decisive struggle with the rebellious metropolitan province. Roca's advent to power marks a most fortunate turning-point in the history of his promising country.

We dined that evening, a large party, in the verandah overlooking my garden, which I had lighted up with Chinese lanterns. Considering that

I had really no *maison montée*, having come out to my post in light marching order, the entertainment was on the whole a fairly successful one. Unfortunately, the wretched "blasted one," who, to steady his nerves, had indulged somewhat freely, committed various deplorable *laches*, which, to my great distress, my young Royal guests, with the sharp eyes of their age, did not fail to see, and no doubt to be amused at.

Torrential rain, such as I have seldom experienced elsewhere, ushered in New Year's Day of 1881, and closely confined me and my visitors to the house the whole morning. The weather was so bad that my overflow party at the other villa, which was some distance off, were unable to get across and join us before two o'clock. I thus had to amuse my three middies as best I could by telling them stories, showing them albums, &c., and it was then that I first realised what nice, simple, unspoilt lads these two young Princes were. They soon found out that I was given to music, and made me play and sing to them, until Prince George—having considerably gone off to look after Mr. Dalton, who was unwell and had stayed in bed—returned, and begged me to stop as his tutor was asleep.

The weather mended sufficiently for us to go down after lunch to the Parque Palermo, where the British residents had got up for the occasion a cricket match, which was, of course, entirely spoilt by the rain. Here we found a special train waiting

for us, and were soon being rattled, at forty miles an hour, on the Great Southern line to Villa Nueva, the station for the model *estancia* Negrete, belonging to Mr. D. A. Shennan, who had kindly undertaken to show the Royal travellers something of Argentine "camp"¹ life. What between our reaching our destination late, and an accident to the carts which were bringing the luggage from the station, our party—now strengthened by Monson from Monte Video, and two more young sailors, Erskine and Wemyss—did not sit down to dinner until long past 10 o'clock. I mention the trifling circumstance because of the opportunity it gave us of seeing at his best our host, who did not allow himself to be put out in the least by these annoying *contretemps*, and—while despatching one mounted *gaucho* after the other to help to bring up the things—did the honours with such imperturbable tact and grace as to strike even judges of men and manners like Prince Louis and Lord Charles Scott. But my very good friend Shennan is as truly a prince of good fellows as he was in my day the most successful of *estancieros*, and the best all-round sportsman in the River Plate.

The three days' stay of the Princes at Negrete went off admirably, and is duly chronicled at length in the interesting account which afterwards appeared

¹ Camp, from the Spanish *Campo*, is the somewhat barbarous expression used by the Buenos Ayres English for country and country life.

of the cruise of the *Bacchaute*.¹ I will only mention a *rodeo*, where 3000 head of cattle were driven in from all parts of the *estancia* by Shennan's mounted men into one great enclosure—a really splendid and exciting spectacle, during which young Wemyss had a rather singular accident. His horse fell with him, and he at once picked himself up, apparently quite unhurt. It soon appeared, however, that he had a slight concussion of the brain, for he began talking the most arrant nonsense, and was for a time entirely unconscious of what had occurred to him. Our whole party got back to Belgrano on the evening of the 4th, in time for a great ball given by the British residents at the theatre—nominally for the Admiral and officers of the squadron, but in reality, of course, for the young Princes, who, to their great confusion, were greeted on entering the box reserved for them with the National Anthem, which made them remark to me, in some distress: “Why do they do that? We are not the Queen.” The ball, I am bound to add, was quite beautiful, and did the greatest credit to the committee who made the arrangements for it.

The Royal visit—a most grateful break in the wearisome monotony of the Buenos Ayres summer—came to an end the next day, and I saw my guests off at the Catalinas Mole, where they embarked on their return to the squadron. The Princes had both

¹ “The Cruise of H.M.S. ‘Bacchaute,’ 1879-1882.” Macmillan and Co. 1886.

been so thoroughly nice and considerate throughout—never giving the slightest trouble, and being so cheery and easily amused—that their visit left me none but the pleasantest recollections, saddened since, as regards Prince Eddie, with his amiable, gentle ways, and somewhat shy, reserved manner, by the thought of his early death little more than ten years from that time. Of Prince George I was to see a good deal more later on in the Mediterranean. In his middy days his dash and spirits, his thoughtfulness for others, and frank, simple manner, made him the most winning boy imaginable. On parting he thanked me in the nicest way possible for having looked so well after him and his brother, and my *quinta*, when I got back to it, seemed to me dreary and empty indeed without the presence of these bright sailor lads, of whom one remains the future hope of England.

I have but little more to tell of my stay at Buenos Ayres, for the first days of March brought me a most welcome telegram from Lord Granville announcing my transfer to Stockholm. Before leaving, however, I paid my friend Shennan two more visits at Negrete, meeting there my worthy Brazilian colleague, Baron de Gondim, with his family, and one of the Woodgate young ladies. To me there was a peculiar, not-to-be-forgotten charm in life at this hospitable place, a restful oasis of shade and verdure in the boundless, treeless Pampa, which was now parched and baked brown by the fierce

summer heat. The wonderful wild-fowl shooting in the *lagunas*, or shallow marshes, the early gallop before breakfast in the clear, dry morning air, in company with Gondim's pleasing little daughter, and bright, madcap Adela Woodgate, and the long evening drive to some neighbouring *estancia*, still vividly live in my recollection. But I have so amply recorded elsewhere my impressions of the strangely fascinating Argentine prairies—as grand and imposing in their expanse and their constantly varying aspects as the ocean solitudes to which they have been so often compared—that I will linger no more on the subject.

Impatient though I was to get home again, and correspondingly desirous as I am to have done with the subject of Buenos Ayres in these pages, I feel, nevertheless, that I owe a few valedictory words to some of my colleagues there. To the above-mentioned Brazilian Minister and his amiable, half-English wife I was indebted for more than ordinary kindness. Shortly before I left, too, the French Minister, my old colleague Amelot de Chaillou—whom I had scarcely met since our memorable tour in the Ionian Islands with the young King George in 1864—returned from leave of absence with his wife, whose acquaintance, as Mlle. Rosalie du Hallay, I had first made in almost equally old days at Berne. It was under their roof, indeed, that I spent my last days in Argentina, after breaking up my establishment at Belgrano, and of this, in many ways brilliant,

couple I may recount here what I imagine to be a unique experience. Countess Amelot was, for a Frenchwoman, unusually keen about sport, and accompanied her husband in his many travels and shooting expeditions all over Argentina and Paraguay. She was herself a capital shot, and, with other game that fell to her rifle, was credited with an American tiger, or *jaguar*. In her journeyings in the Pampa she had become interested in the Indian tribes that were then being hunted down by Roca and his troopers. It happened that among the prisoners taken at the break-up of one of the Indian encampments, and conveyed to Buenos Ayres, there was a little girl of about six years old, the child of some *cacique* who had either been killed or had vanished into the Patagonian desert. This poor little waif was brought to Madame Amelot by an Argentine officer of her acquaintance, and she, having no children of her own, offered to take it in, and, getting much attached to the child, ended by formally adopting it and giving it the best of European educations. A good many years afterwards she came through Vienna with this Princess of the Pampas, now a grown-up and very accomplished and intelligent young lady, speaking French, of course, perfectly, and German and English very well. With her remarkably fine figure, dusky hair, smooth copper-coloured skin, and supple, almost feline, grace, the adopted daughter of the Amelots made a great sensation at a party at our house. Not

very long afterwards she was married to a country neighbour of the Amelots in Normandy. Thus what seemed at first a somewhat hazardous experiment has so far proved highly successful. I must also mention another colleague, namely the German Minister Resident, Doctor von Holleben. I did not see very much of him, but remember him well as an agreeable, much-travelled man of pleasant manners. Herr von Holleben's name has quite recently been prominently before the world in connection with the Venezuelan complications.

In the twenty-two years that have elapsed since I bade farewell to Argentina, that country has advanced continuously in the path of progress, and is now once more under the firm guidance of Roca, who, next to Juarez in Mexico, is probably the most capable Spanish-American ruler in the Western hemisphere. What Argentina still suffers from, however, is the bane of a constitution, almost exactly copied from that of the North American Union, which confers on backward, imperfectly-developed provinces, such as Rioja or Corrientes, State rights similar to those enjoyed by great cultured communities like Massachusetts or Illinois. This in reality sham federal system imposes on a relatively small population the burden of fourteen separate provincial governments, composed of an executive, a legislature, a judicature, and all the other branches of an independent administration. The taxable power of the country is thus tried to the utmost by threefold contributions to

the national, provincial, and municipal treasuries. According to a calculation made thirty years ago, these accumulated charges amounted to nearly £8 sterling per head of the population in the province of Buenos Ayres, or almost double the same charge per head of the population of France. The material resources of the country are fortunately immense—in fact, practically inexhaustible—and under a reasonably provident administration the financial prospects of the Republic need not cause much apprehension.

In one important respect, however, the clumsy and costly federal organisation, even though the powers of the provincial governments have been considerably curtailed, has more particularly baneful results by conducing to the regrettable insecurity of life and property in the remoter districts of the country. The jealously guarded sovereign rights of those governments unfortunately stand in the way of effectual intervention on the part of the Central National Power. The atrocious murder, just before I left the country, of some Scotch sheep-farmers in the province of Corrientes, and a series of similar crimes, of which Italian subjects in that province and in adjoining Entre Rios were the victims,¹

¹ The most scandalous feature of a great number of these crimes was their being traceable to persons in the employ of the provincial government, from common policemen up to Commissioners of Police, and even Justices of the Peace. In September 1880, twelve persons, comprising the entire family, down to infants, of a well-to-do Italian shopkeeper of the name of Muti, together with the servants and two guests staying in the house, were massacred by the *Juez de Paz* (Juge de Paix) of Curuzu Cuatia and his two sons.

afforded striking instances of the powerlessness of the central government at that time to bring criminals to justice. The circumstances attending the recent murder of Mr. Barnett¹ only too clearly show that even at the present day that Government is unable to cope successfully with the evil. None the less, Argentina remains a land of infinite resource and promise, and, whatever the flaws in its organisation and administration, is assured of a great and prosperous future.

I left Monte Video on the 4th of May in the *Britannic* of the Pacific Line, and, landing at Pauillac, passed two days with my sister at Biarritz, whence I went straight on to London. I found my three boys all at school at Hawtrey's, where the two younger ones had joined their elder brother. Of the kindness that had been shown to them during my absence I cannot speak too gratefully. After leaving Walmer they had been provided for during the Christmas and Easter holidays by Lord Rokeby at Hazlewood, by Lord Brownlow at Ashridge, and by the kind Alwyne Comptons at the Deanery at Worcester. My days of doubt and despondency were now well over, and I could look forward confidently to a happier home and a brighter future than I had for some years ventured to contemplate as within my reach.

¹ In this case, after endless correspondence with the Argentine Government, the murderer was sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

CHAPTER XI

STOCKHOLM, 1881-1882

DURING the next few weeks in London I was busily and pleasantly engaged in preparations for going out to my new post, and with the arrangements for my almost immediate marriage. I only left town for the inside of a week on a visit to Alfred Caulfeild (the brother-in-law of my *fiancée*) and his wife, Lady Alan Churchill, at Roke Manor, their very nice place, near Romsey. The lovely Hampshire country was at its very best in the unusually perfect June weather, and the splendour of the foliage and of the rhododendrons, which flourish exceedingly in the parks and chases round about these borders of the New Forest, seemed to me beyond compare, coming as I did straight from the dead and colourless level of the Argentine wolds. I remembered the neighbourhood well from former days in the Palmerston reign, and our party of four drove out to Broadlands one afternoon, and went all over the empty rooms which once upon a time had re-echoed the old statesman's cheery voice and laughter.

We were married quite quietly on the 28th of July at our parish church of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street; only my wife's nearest relations, with the

Dowager Lady Lonsdale and her daughters being present, and Lord Crofton acting as my best man. After luncheon in Ashley Gardens with my father-in-law, Mr. Crampton, we started for a short tour in North Wales, where I had never been before, first spending three days in that most picturesque of old English towns, Chester. Here, in wandering about the ancient Rows, we picked up a few bits of good old furniture, which afterwards decorated our various diplomatic homes, the best of them—a large and remarkably handsome Chippendale cabinet—remaining to this day an ornament of the Embassy House at Vienna, being too large for the modest home of a retired diplomatist. From Chester we went to Bangor, and thence to Bettws-y-Coed, ending our delightful tour by a two days' visit to the Dean and Lady Alwyne Compton at Worcester.

I had kissed hands at Windsor on the 15th of July—this time not so entirely in dumb show as on the two previous occasions—the Queen being pleased to charge me with messages for the King and Queen of Sweden. Our preparations being completed, we went down to Hull on the 19th of August, and embarked in the S.S. *Orlando* of the Wilson line, for Gottenburg. The whole of our combined schoolboy contingent from Aldin House, now four in number, went with us for their holidays, so that, with servants, we made up quite a large number and fully taxed the accommodation of the ship. As far as I can recollect, the North Sea treated us fairly

well, and we were so happy a party, beginning with H.M. Minister, that, in looking back upon it, our invasion of Sweden in force appears to me more in the light of a summer picnic than of the official journey of a diplomatic functionary proceeding to his post across the choppy waters. How well I remember the first aspect of the bright, clean Swedish Liverpool; the early breakfast at the Hotel Christiania after landing with our crowd of hungry schoolboys; and the check we met with at the railway station, when the officials, quite regardless of the representations of John Duff—most amiable and serviceable of Consuls, who was looking after us as in duty bound—somewhat rudely declined to reserve a compartment for us, the only bit of incivility I can recollect being shown to me during the whole of my residence in kindly, hospitable Sweden. This little difficulty made us at once realise the desirableness of acquiring some knowledge of a language which, by reason of its apparently close affinity to both English and German, at first sounds familiar and easy, but nevertheless quite non-plusses the unfortunate stranger. We both of us, my wife and I, speedily took to wrestling with and made some progress in it, with the help of a poor university teacher of the name of Kjellberg, for whom, through the personal kindness of King Oscar, I was able afterwards to obtain a small pension.

The fourteen hours by rail, right across the country, which it then took to reach Stockholm from

Gottenburg, afforded the new-comer a perfect epitome of Swedish scenery. Without ever being grand or exceptionally striking, that scenery has the peculiar charm of a *paysage intime*, and grows upon one more and more even though it be lacking in variety. As you speed along in the well-appointed, never-hurrying train, the same attractive picture recurs at intervals. As the principal feature of the prospect, a good-sized lake, framed in by great sombre patches of fir and pine, mingled with the lighter tints of beech and oak, and broken at intervals by grey lichen-covered rocks; groups of houses of ch[^]alet-like build scattered along its margin, and boat-houses and bathing-huts climbing down into the cool, dark water, with here and there the landing-stage of the small local steamer; now and then a modest church and one or two more imposing white-washed buildings—presumably a school or a post-office—and, stretching away in the distance, green meadows, dotted with small cottages and cow-sheds, all painted a rich brownish red. Almost such a simple picture, in its crude tints of green and red and blue, as an intelligent child might paint for itself; but the whole tinged with a subdued sadness by the cold, pale sky, the northern light, the sombre woods, and the scattered tenements suggestive of a sparse population spread over the poor soil of countless acres which, as the first look at the map tells one, extend well into the Arctic circle. Or, to put it another way, imagine but little more than the

number of inhabitants of London proper¹ turned out to settle in a region reaching nearly a thousand miles from Malmö to Haparanda, and covering an area of about 170,000 English square miles.

Nowhere on the long stretch across the country, from sea to sea, does the line pass through any towns of importance. There is, nevertheless, a considerable amount of traffic, and we stopped at a good many small stations before reaching, after midday, the junction at Hallsberg, where a longish halt took place for lunch. Here we realised for the first time the admirable arrangements made in this country for the famished traveller. The tables in the large dining-room of the station were spread with an extraordinary variety of food of all kinds and of excellent quality, both hot and cold—in fact, an amply abundant *menu* for a big dinner, the payment of 1½ kronor, or 1s. 8d., entitling one to dispose of as much of the viands displayed as one's digestive powers and the company's time-tables permitted. It seemed a wasteful system, but was princely in its liberality. A distinctive feature of the railway *buffets*, as well as of the suppers at the private parties at Stockholm, by the way, is the delicious milk handed round in glasses with the other refreshments. Not to dwell too long, however, on the subject, I may say at once that the food in Swedish houses is, as a

¹ The last general census taken (that of 1898) put the population of Sweden at just over five millions.

rule, extremely good, and that some of the Swedish women-cooks are perfect *cordons bleus*.

Quite late in the evening, when the interminable summer daylight was at last fading out of the sky, we passed through a wilder region of fir and moorland, strewn here and there with great moss-grown boulders, and soon reached the immediate outskirts of the capital, and then crossing the long railway bridge that spans the very head of Lake Mälär and the Island of Riddarholm, found ourselves at the central terminus in Tegelbacken. Here we were met and taken to the Hotel Rydberg on the large square known as the Gustaf Adolf Torg, the centre of which is decorated by a very mediocre equestrian statue of the Lion of the North. We liked our quarters at the Hotel Rydberg well enough, old-fashioned though they were in some respects, with very large scantily-furnished rooms, where the beds were placed in deep alcoves screened off by curtains, as in ancient country inns in France. The big massive building, with its handsome *façade* on the square, had no doubt known more dignified fortunes in the old turbulent days of the strife between "Hats and Caps."¹

The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Hochschild, whom I of course at once sought out, happened to be an old acquaintance. I had frequently met

¹ The names given to the contending Russian and French factions in the Swedish *noblesse*, whose dissensions disturbed the country for twenty years about the middle of the eighteenth century.

him in the early 'sixties in London, where he was Secretary to the Swedish Legation, and we had both been *habitués* of the Persigny *salon* at Albert Gate. Hochschild, who had trod the paths of diplomacy for a good many years, was a nineteenth century revival of the *Français du Nord*, on the pattern of the courtiers of that brilliant Wasa who, for a short period, played so prominent a part in Swedish and European history until foully murdered in the old Opera House that stood at the corner of the square we looked over from our windows. A very pleasant man Hochschild, witty and accomplished, and a good musician and linguist, with a strong vein of sarcasm. We were soon on excellent terms with him and his wife, a Comtesse Piper, a thoroughly warm-hearted woman and staunch friend as well as *très grande dame*, who did the honours of the *Hôtel des Affaires Etrangères* with much dignity and hospitality, although at times sadly handicapped by the severe neuralgic headaches to which she was a martyr. Hochschild I think it was who told me of a villa, belonging to an artist, to be let in the Djurgården, just outside the town, which—the weather being still wonderfully fine—I might with advantage hire for a few weeks before settling down for the winter.

The Stockholmers are justly proud of their Djurgården, which for size and natural beauty far surpasses all other public parks adjoining European capitals. Its circumference is said to be

about twenty miles, and the broken, undulating ground, relieved here and there by bright inlets from the sea; its splendid timber, growing so thick in places as to give it the character of a primeval forest, with lovely intervening glades, and great rugged masses of rock in the heart of dense plantations of trees, make it an absolutely unique pleasure-ground. When it is considered that Stockholm and Petersburg are situated almost exactly in the same latitude, the wonderful growth of the forest trees—the old oaks especially being remarkable for their size and vigour—and the general luxuriance of the vegetation are very striking as compared with the low, stunted woods of pine and birch that line the shores of the Gulf of Finland, and make so sombre a background to the great Russian metropolis. In other respects, too, the contrast between the two capitals is very great, for though the cold of Stockholm in winter is occasionally severe, there is not in it the same icy penetrating sting as at Petersburg. Stockholm, in fact, sheltered by the Scandinavian range that divides Sweden from Norway, can boast of a climate essentially superior to that of the city of the Ingrian swamp, which is open all round to frozen blasts from Arctic or Siberian wastes and solitudes. We spent five delightful weeks in the rough and unpretentious Villa Thorell, the redeeming feature of which was a large studio, where our boy quartet made the evenings melodious with German and

Christy Minstrel part-songs, which they really sang to perfection to the accompaniment of my third boy George, who early developed great musical talent. Their songs, I may truly say, faithfully reflected the harmony of our now composite, but thoroughly united, family circle.

I had my first audience of King Oscar on September 1. I had years before met his Majesty, then Crown Prince in the lifetime of his brother Charles XV., during one of my numerous visits to Nice, when he on several occasions took part with our set in excursions and junkets all over that lovely neighbourhood. He was very thin and slight then for his great height, and seemed rather to have outgrown his strength. In middle age he looked the picture of health, and every inch a king. He received me most graciously, and was pleased to show me unvarying favour and confidence during my residence of three years and a half at his Court. The King of Sweden was in those days, and probably still is—next to the exceptionally gifted and many-sided German Emperor—the most talented and accomplished of European monarchs. His contributions to Swedish poetry and literature would alone suffice to mark his place among the royal authors whom it may be the task of some future Walpole to delineate for posterity. He is above all a born orator, and—in this again not unlike that other sovereign who now takes up so prominent a position on the stage of the world—uses

this great gift with signal effect. It certainly was a real pleasure to hear King Oscar speak on any public occasion, so perfect was his delivery, and so carefully modulated his voice.

Like his more immediate predecessors on the Swedish throne, beginning with the last reigning Wasa, Charles XIII., the King is a zealous Freemason and Grand Master of the Order in Sweden. Freemasonry is widely spread in the Scandinavian countries, and in Sweden certainly acts as a useful bond between classes. Although myself but an unprofitable member of the craft, the lodge to which I belong, and which I joined in 1877 under the auspices of the late Lord Donoughmore, was good enough to raise me to the Royal Arch Degree on my appointment to Stockholm, so as better to qualify me for admission to the higher degrees in Sweden. I was thus present at several interesting Masonic ceremonies, which are carried out with much solemnity and pomp in the extremely handsome and beautifully decorated Masonic Hall at Stockholm, the King making a point of presiding at them in person. It is on such occasions as the anniversary banquets (*Högtidsdag*) of the *Nordiska Första*, the principal Swedish Lodge, at which several hundred masons of every rank in life are gathered together, that the genial monarch is perhaps to be seen to the greatest advantage. At dessert the brethren are brought up to him in large batches, and he drinks the Swedish *skål* (toast)

with them as they stand in a row behind his chair, and then after some general and always eloquent address, in which the economic and political questions of the day are not left unnoticed, the Royal Grand Master mixes familiarly with the crowd and freely enters into conversation with many of them, the consequence being that he is personally well known to a great number of the Stockholmers. In fact, Freemasonry in Sweden may be said to be partially run by him on political lines, and constitutes a cordial and very valuable link between the sovereign and many of his subjects of all classes and callings.

The eighth degree, which answers to that of Knights Templar, was conferred upon me by the King himself some time after my arrival, on the same occasion as upon his Majesty's third son Prince Charles, Duke of Westergötland, at that period the handsomest youth of twenty it was possible to imagine, and, both in features and stature, a perfect presentment of some young god out of the Northern Mythology. The ceremony was rendered most impressive by beautiful music and the complete religious ritual which forms part of it. Before being admitted to this degree, candidates are supposed to undergo the full night's vigil, or *veillée des armes*, which in mediæval times used to precede admission to knighthood. Prince Charles and I accordingly partly underwent this ordeal, being locked up for a few hours in uniform and with

our swords drawn, in one of the halls of the Masonic Temple, but, by special dispensation, were released about 2 A.M., when we were glad to go to the supper thoughtfully provided for us. This interesting old form, which, thanks to exceptional circumstances, I had the good fortune to go through perfunctorily, had, at a by no means remote period, to be undergone in the ancient church of the Riddarholm—the St. Denis or Westminster Abbey of Sweden—where are laid to rest the bones of the mighty heroes who, for the space of rather more than a century, made the national history such a marvellous record of military glory. A solitary night's watch among these royal tombs, over which droop the tattered Danish, Polish, German or Russian banners taken by the warrior kings, must have been a somewhat trying experience for the postulants to high masonic honours.

The fine old Riddarholm Church is altogether most interesting, although unfortunately a good deal disfigured by the modern spire of cast-iron tracery that has replaced the ancient one destroyed in 1835 by lightning. Here in the Bernadotte Chapel lie the remains of the last and most popular King Charles XV., whose memory is cherished to this day, and on whose tomb flowers are said to be secretly laid at each recurring anniversary of his death (September 18, 1872) by some loving but unknown hand. During my sojourn in Sweden very interesting additions were made to the illustrious company of Wasas

who slumber in the church in what is known as the Gustavian Chapel, round the central monument of the great Gustavus Adolphus. At the instance, it was said, of the Queen of Saxony,¹ private *pour-parlers* had been carried on for some time with the Swedish Court and Government for the translation to the resting-place of their ancestors of the remains of her Majesty's grandfather, father, and brother: the dethroned King Gustavus IV.; his son Prince Wasa—whom I remember perfectly well as an amiable and popular general in the Austrian service during my first stay at Vienna—and his grandson who died as a child. The Government, it was further said, were at first divided as to the expediency of acceding to this request; but the King, with his generous, imaginative temperament, favoured the scheme, and the necessary preliminary steps were taken for the transfer of the ashes from their place of interment at Oldenburg to Stockholm.

It was very reasonably thought advisable to give no special *éclat* to the affair, and to treat it as a private matter only concerning the royal family. No doubt with that view, the coffins were shipped on board one of the large German steamers habitually trading between Lübeck and the Swedish capital, where they were landed at a very early hour and quietly taken to the Riddarholm Church; the Crown Prince, with the Governor-General of Stockholm, Baron Ugglas, and other dignitaries,

¹ Queen Carola, Princess of Wasa, now the widow of King Albert of Saxony.

all in plain morning clothes, being in readiness there to receive them. Nothing could be more suitable and dignified than these arrangements. Unfortunately, however, certain ill-disposed newspapers somehow got hold of the fact that the mortal relics of the exiled monarch and his descendants had, by an unlucky mischance, made the voyage, with other miscellaneous cargo, in company with a performing elephant destined for a circus then giving representations in the Djurgården. There seemed a cruel crowning touch of irony about the circumstances attending this last removal of the unfortunate Wasa—in reality, by the way, a Holstein-Gottorp.¹ He had already been buried three times before: at St. Gall in Switzerland, where he died in 1837, after many restless wanderings, under the name of Colonel Gustafson; then on his son's estates in Moravia; and subsequently in the church of St. Hedwig at Oldenburg. A curious fact in connection with his final interment was that in the Gustavian vault into which he was lowered, there was found only just enough space to receive the three additional royal coffins.

I happened to reach my new and delightful post at a season of exceptional rejoicing. The marriage of the Crown Prince with Princess Victoria of Baden had taken place at Karlsruhe on the 20th of September, and great preparations were

¹ The founder of the line, King Adolf Frederick, was descended from the Wasas through his great-grandmother, a daughter of Charles IX. of Sweden.

made for the reception of the young couple. On the 1st of October their entry into Stockholm took place in great state. We had now left our villa and returned to the Rydberg Hotel, where from our rooms, to which we had asked several colleagues, together with Lady Garvagh and Mrs. Charles Cadogan, we had a perfect view of the royal procession. It was indeed a remarkably pretty sight. The gay string of handsome Court carriages, with its brilliant military escort, debouched on the big, closely-packed square, and, passing through cheering crowds over the long Norrbro bridge, entered the great portal of the palace by the inclined plane that leads up the Lejonbacken, or hill of lions, to the main entrance of one of the most admirably placed and imposing of royal residences. The pageant was favoured by splendid weather, and the Stockholmers, who are reputed to be rather undemonstrative, showed unusual enthusiasm, notwithstanding the fact that the date chosen for the royal entry was said to be very unpopular with these orderly Northerners, as interfering with their long-standing custom of changing their quarters (*flyttning*, as it is called) on the 1st of October.

At night the whole town was splendidly illuminated, and although the illuminations merely consisted of the old device of placing rows of lighted candles in every available window, I cannot remember ever seeing anything more strikingly effective before or since, so universally was this

simple scheme carried out. We had tickets for the palace garden, which overlooks the wide channel dividing the principal island, called *Staden*, on which the great pile itself stands, from the bulk of the city on the mainland with its long rows of houses. The perfect blaze of lights that faced us, reflected in the glittering mirror of the Baltic; the beautiful outlining of the numerous islands and inlets, and of the shores of Lake Mälär with festoons of fairy lights again multiplied by reflection; and the flitting to and fro on the broad waters of a number of small steam launches—the gondolas of this “Venice of the North”—profusely decorated with coloured lanterns, altogether made up a scene of truly magical beauty. To the fair princess, whose singularly winsome manner and graceful figure had at once conquered all hearts, her new northern home must that evening have seemed little short of fairyland.

The palace itself—designed with consummate taste by the father of Count Tessin, the statesman tutor of young Gustavus III.—is a noble building of vast dimensions, reared on a massive granite base, and bearing a somewhat severe and gloomy aspect. We entered it the first time on one of our early morning walks, and when, passing under the front portal, I found myself in the great central quadrangle, a weird story I had heard in my boyhood suddenly recurred most vividly to my memory. My father’s sisters had known at the Congress of Vienna a Count Löwenhjelm, who had been one of the great

officers of the household of King Gustavus IV. in the opening years of the century. One night, so the Count had told them, he was present at the royal supper-table in the palace, and in virtue of his high rank at Court was seated next to the young King. On the other side of the table, facing the King, was the Queen, and on her right hand a prince of the house of Baden who had been on a visit to the Swedish Court, but was to leave very early the next morning on his return to Germany. Suddenly, half-way through the supper, the King let drop his knife and fork, and, turning to Löwenhjelm, said, with evident signs of disturbance, "Look! don't you see?" at the same time gazing anxiously across the table. On Löwenhjelm, who was of course taken aback, venturing to inquire to what his Majesty referred, Gustavus addressed the same question to his other neighbour—likewise a high Court official—and, receiving from him a similar reply, closed the incident by curtly saying to the puzzled courtiers, "*C'est bien!*"

There was a short *cercle* after supper, during which the German prince took a final leave of his royal hosts, the King then retiring to his private apartments, whither, in accordance with the etiquette of the period, he was preceded by Löwenhjelm and his colleague bearing lighted candelabra. Instead, however, of being as usual dismissed at the threshold, they were detained by the King and told to come in, as he wished to explain to them the cause of

the perturbation he had allowed to appear at supper. "When I asked you both," Gustavus said to them, "whether you saw anything, I had myself just distinctly seen the double, or wraith, of the Prince of Baden enter the room, and, passing round the table, place itself behind that prince's chair, where it quickly faded away and vanished." "You know," added the King, "the terrible import attached in our country to such apparitions, and having given you the key to what you may well have thought unaccountable conduct on my part, I must now request you to keep strictly to yourselves what I have imparted to you." The following evening and at the same hour, concluded Count Löwenhjelm, while the Court was seated as usual at supper, the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard in the palace quadrangle, and a courier was speedily announced, who brought tidings of a disastrous carriage accident in which the Prince of Baden had lost his life while posting on his way south from the Swedish capital. Standing in the vast, gloomy quadrangle, the *cadre* in which I found myself so exactly fitted this strange, lugubrious vision of the exiled monarch that I there and then related the story to my wife.

A series of official functions and entertainments which took place on the occasion of the Royal marriage gave us ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the interior of the great Palace. On Sunday there was a solemn thanksgiving and *Te Deum* in the very handsomely decorated Chapel

Royal, with beautiful music, the choir at what was then the Court of perhaps the most musical sovereign in Europe being a highly trained one. We were, I am afraid, chiefly struck by the unusual length of the service and by the splendour of the vestments of the Bishop, who officiated in his mitre, and of the other assistant clergy, being little prepared for such ecclesiastical pomp in a Lutheran country.

A state ball was given the next day. The monumental staircase leading to the great apartments was lined by the palace guard, or *Trabanten*, dressed in blue and buff, with high boots, leather breeches, and queer old cocked-hats—the whole being an exact copy of the uniforms of the troopers who, with the youthful “madman of the North,” rode down and shattered the enemy at Narva, Clissow, Holovzin, and many another desperate encounter. The ball itself took place in the very fine room known as the *Hvita Hafvet*, or White Sea, from its size and its walls of polished white stucco, relieved by profuse gilding and a number of mirrors. Lighted up by countless wax candles in immense chandeliers—in those pre-electricity days—and crowded with the flower of the Swedish aristocracy, the effect of the ballroom was to a degree brilliant. At supper the King called for a toast in honour of his daughter-in-law, gracefully alluding in his speech to her descent from the ancient house

of Wasa,¹ and thereby skilfully striking a chord which readily vibrates in the patriotic Swedes, who are much given to live in the past national glories.

There was a gala performance the following evening at the Opera House—built by the murdered Gustavus—which at that time was the oldest existing theatre in Europe, but has since, I believe, been pulled down and replaced by a new building. I remember being taken there one morning and being shown the very small narrow closet, or retiring-room, behind the scenes, into which the wounded King was carried, and the couch on which he lay before he was removed to the palace. We then descended the few steps by which, heedless of his favourite Essen's entreaties, the unfortunate man went to his doom, the exact spot on the stage, close to one of the wings, where he fell, being pointed out to us.² But this is in every way a sad digression from that brilliant wedding gala night, when the house was resplendent with uniforms and ladies *en grandissime toilette*, while no less an artist than Christine Nilsson gave an admirable rendering of the garden scene in "Faust." The round of Court gaieties was finally closed by a state dinner, followed by a small evening party, at which the great Swedish singer—then still very handsome and

¹ The Crown Princess is directly descended from the Wasas, being a great-granddaughter of Gustavus IV., through that sovereign's daughter, the mother of the present Grand Duke of Baden.

² The murder of Gustavus has furnished the subject of two operas: Auber's "Gustave, ou le bal masque" and Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera."

attractive—sang quite enchantingly some of what could well be called her own native peasant songs, for it was a charming *trait* in her that on her frequent visits to Sweden she never failed to go down to her old village home in Småland.

The appointments of the state banquet itself were very regal and in perfect taste, and it was given in a room the walls of which were decorated with priceless Sèvres china, the gift of Louis Seize to Gustavus during that restless sovereign's celebrated tour in Europe as Comte de Haga. But I have done with this empty tale of Court festivities, about even the most sumptuous of which there is always a certain sameness. Of the many I have been present at in my time, these Swedish marriage rejoicings appeared to me exceptionally attractive; more perhaps by their old-world stamp than by the actual grandeur of their surroundings, and most of all by the vivacious and interesting personality of the gifted royal host.

We had now made up our minds to take on the house which had been lived in by my predecessor, Edward Erskine, at the lower end of Drottninggatan (Queen Street), one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, and we moved into it early in November, just after a first violent snow-storm had given us a foretaste of the coming winter. The owner was Baron de Bonde, the head of one of the former great feudal families, and at that time *Grand Chambellan* of the Court, and he himself occupied the further side of the rambling old build-

ing, which was built round two large courtyards. Our new quarters had some very serious defects, the bedrooms being mostly *en enfilade* without separate exits, but they were numerous and easily housed our large family even during the holidays, while the reception rooms were very fairly good, and with their gilded panellings and ceilings of the best eighteenth-century period, were quite in the style of a *petit hôtel Louis Quinze*. The old Italian embroideries I have already spoken of came in here most appropriately, being hung with great effect on the walls of my wife's boudoir.

The arrangement and furnishing of our new home gave us plenty to do. We spent many a pleasant hour ransacking the queer old shops—half pawnbrokers, half *antiquaires*—which abounded in the more remote quarters of the town, and were of a most primitive character, displaying at first sight chiefly cast-off clothes and rows of ancient boots, from behind which peeped out here and there some genuine old cabinet or choice bit of *bois doré*. Among other things we picked up in our perambulations was a handsome set of large gilt chairs, bearing the stamp of the royal château of Drottningholm and the cypher of Queen Louise Ulrica, the gifted and accomplished sister of Frederick the Great, and mother of Gustavus III. The most fascinating of these quaint places was in the distant southern district called Södermalm, high up on the Mosebacke Hill. The traveller is now taken up to

those heights by an hydraulic lift, but in my time the approach to them was by a long series of narrow steps, on a landing of which was the entrance to a mean little house, where, up a dark rickety staircase, an individual of the uncommon appellation of Zerno was to be found—the funniest, blear-eyed little wizard, clad in the greasiest of dressing-gowns, and invariably sucking away at the stump of a very black half-smoked cigar. This queer old creature, who might have been any age, was so systematically grumpy and monosyllabic that he positively seemed to resent the visit of customers. He was worth going to, nevertheless, for he generally had, hidden away in the untidy litter of his abode, some desirable bit of old furniture, let alone the attraction of the marvellous view one had from his front windows over the big, straggling town opposite, with its islands and waterways, and the vast plain beyond it to the north, encircled by a fringe of dark forest. Sweden at the time I speak of was still a promised land to the collector and *bric-à-brac* hunter, the stores of ancient and artistic objects amassed in the country—from the huge loot of the 'Thirty Years' War down to the extravagant days of Gustavus, bent on making his capital the Paris of the North—being quite amazing.

At Stockholm we were exceptionally fortunate in our colleagues. The German Minister, M. de Pfuel, with whom I had served before at Petersburg, was as friendly and sociable as he was ill-favoured,

which is saying not a little. He and I were on very cordial terms throughout my stay in Sweden, where he had made for himself an excellent position, both politically and socially. M. Patenôtre, the French Minister—as good-looking as his German colleague was the reverse—was before long transferred to China, and has since then achieved a considerable reputation as ambassador both at Washington and Madrid. His successor was Comte d'Aunay, who, with his extremely pretty, *séduisante* wife—a sister of Mrs. Marion Crawford's—kept house charmingly in a corner of a vast old mansion which had belonged to the adventurous Count Axel Fersen—the paladin of Marie Antoinette,¹ and afterwards Grand Marshal of the kingdom—who was literally torn to pieces by an infuriated mob on the square of the Riddarhus in June 1810, the troops that should have protected him looking on at the murder *l'arme au pied*:—one of the ugliest pages in the wild days of Swedish history which preceded the advent and orderly rule of the Bernadottes.

The Russian Legation was presided over by old M. Okouneff, who most conscientiously practised the precept laid down by Sir Hamilton Seymour that the first duty of a foreign representative was to keep the best possible cook.² Okouneff's

¹ See M. Paul Gaulet's very interesting book, "Un Ami de la Reine."

² The reply given by Sir Hamilton to a question put to him by a member of the House of Commons Committee of Inquiry into the Diplomatic Service, as to what he considered to be the first duty of one of H.M. Ministers abroad.

hospitality was boundless and his *cuisine* quite irreproachable. When not engaged in fostering, as he did ably and successfully, the good relations between his country and Sweden, much of his time was taken up by correspondence about the choice delicacies with which he kept his table supplied from all directions. It was the favourite hobby of a really charming man, and a costly one to boot, for he made no secret of the rapacity of the great artist who ministered to his appetite. One day, at the expansive hour that follows upon a really perfect repast, he confided to me that he had come almost to a breach with his "Vatel," and this led to my inquiring whether the man robbed him out of the common. "*Mon cher!*" he replied, with a sudden fury quite foreign to his usual placidity, "*c'est le pire des voleurs; non seulement je le déteste mais je le méprise!*" There was a long tale of woe in this outburst.

Before being appointed to his snug and extremely well-paid post at Stockholm, M. Okouneff had served many years in the Russian Embassy at Paris, and there had apparently acquired some curious notions about English society. The first time we dined with him, he very naïvely said to my wife, whom he had taken in: "*C'est singulier! Pour une Anglaise vous ne buvez pas de vin, et vous n'avez pas le nez rouge!*" This prince of *gourmets* died very suddenly, and was generally regretted, but to his last day never had the courage to shake off the

rascally tyrant of the kitchen who had played so important a part in his life. Perhaps the most curious trait about poor Okouneff's servitude was that he himself hardly touched the marvellous dishes for which he paid so heavily, being kept by his doctor to the simple *régime* of *un bon bifteck bien saignant* — or *à l'Anglaise*, as it is termed abroad by the many who firmly believe in our national predilection for underdone meat.

Taking the Stockholm Corps Diplomatique as it were geographically, our Danish colleagues the De Billes properly come next in order. They were great friends of ours, but have since then made themselves so popular in this country, and are so well known that it seems almost superfluous to refer to them here. They were universally liked at Stockholm, and most hospitable in those distant days when the very charming young lady who now so brightens their home was still a baby. In our Italian and Austrian colleagues, the Spinolas and Pfusterschmids, too, we had a never-failing resource. We were to meet the friendly Spinolas again and see much of them at The Hague, and as for the kind and excellent Pfusterschmids, we several times during our summer vacations at Vienna visited them at Salzburg, where, after long years spent in remote Scandinavia, they have made themselves a cosy retreat in that happy paradise of retired I. and R. *Excellenzen*.

Travelling yet further West I come to the

Spanish legation, which calls for notice if only for the beauty of the wife of my worthy colleague Castellanos, as unspoilt and *bonne enfant* as she was lively and graceful, and who later on at Copenhagen made a greater sensation even than in Sweden, and enjoyed exceptional favour at the Danish Court.

Quite apart from the rest of our diplomatic corporation was its doyen, or senior, the Portuguese Minister, Vicomte de Sotomayor, who of the various odd specimens that have come under my ken in my long service was certainly the most grotesque. The old gentleman had resided at Stockholm in his official capacity for at least half a century; apparently forgotten by his Government, and even, it was said, though erroneously, by its Treasury. Hochschild, who had known him for years, was unable to fix his age, but put it at anything between eighty and ninety. He was a small shrivelled creature, with a skin like parchment, and wore a beautiful snow-white wig, which, with ample whiskers and bushy eyebrows to match, gave him the look of one of those big heads one sees in a pantomime. He was chiefly remarkable for the extravagance of his get-up—rich satin stocks, velvet waistcoats and frilled shirt-fronts—and the costly jewellery with which he bedecked himself. The vain old fellow was known to be desperately hard up, but to the last—he was still to the fore when I left Sweden in 1885—kept up the *pose* of a reckless reprobate. One night at the Opera House—the curtain going

up with extra punctuality in an *entracte* of the ballet—he was caught in one of the side-scenes, and, to effect his retreat, had to scuttle across the empty stage amidst peals of laughter from a very full audience, including the Royal Family. Poor old Soto! I hear him now in his queer Franco-Portuguese *baragouin*: “*C'est égal! Ze souis rouiné, mais z'ai de bien beaux habits!*”

The winter of 1881–82—our first in Sweden—passed away quickly and cheerily. The Swedes are an essentially kindly, sociable people, and most *accueillant* to strangers. We went out a good deal both in Swedish and diplomatic society, and soon sufficiently settled down to return the civilities that were shown us. I had engaged in the autumn a Frenchman of the name of *Maintenant*—a son of the head of the royal kitchen at the Tuileries in the days of Louis Philippe—who was an admirable cook and ran even Okouneff's wonderful *maître queux*¹ hard, but, unlike Okouneff, I parted with him, regretfully but unflinchingly, after a few months ineffectual struggle to keep him within reasonable bounds. We dined with the Hochschilds, the Bondes, the Platens—beautiful Comtesse Stéphanie Platen,² with the luxuriant wealth of hair which she wore in such a wonderful thick plait down her back—the Axel Wachtmeisters, and at other hospitable

¹ *Maître queux*—an old French expression for master cook.

² Now remarried to General Count von Wedel, German Ambassador at Vienna.

Swedish houses. We also went to a number of parties and balls, some of which were given in honour of the Crown Princess. At these one could not but be struck by the high average of good looks, though perhaps not of absolute beauty, in the ladies; their dazzling complexions and pretty fair hair—"the colour of ripe corn"—being most of all remarkable. The Swedish maidens are indeed *blondes comme les blés*, while their partners of the *Lifgard til häst* and other crack corps were mostly tall, personable young fellows and very capable, vigorous dancers. Altogether there was plenty of simple fun and *entrain* of the best kind at these entertainments, the one trying circumstance about them, however, being the high temperature, and consequent stuffiness, produced by too tightly-closed windows. As at Petersburg, one longed for a breath of fresh air, however glacial it might be.

Before closing this record of Stockholm gaieties, I cannot pass over one fête—quite a curiosity of its kind—the so-called Amaranthen ball, which is given every winter with a peculiar and interesting ceremonial. The invitations to it are issued to foreigners of distinction in the name of the *Amaranther Orden*, a semi-serious order of chivalry instituted by Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, not long after she first assumed power. This *gala* function took place in the fine assembly rooms of the old Stockholm Exchange, the King and Royal Family attending it, and uniform being *de rigueur* for the

occasion. The guests who did not already belong to the Order—including that evening the King's younger sons Prince Oscar and Prince Charles, the Crown Princess, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen—underwent a sort of initiation in a separate room on their arrival. The secretary of the Order, who received them, began by reading out the names of the persons craving admission to it, and then proceeded to the closed doors of the ballroom, where he solemnly gave three knocks with a hammer which were answered from within. A short parley then ensued, followed by a pause, after which the doors were thrown open and the candidates, or *recipientes*, entered in couples, hand in hand, and in strict order of precedence, each lady being led by the gentleman who presented her, and *vice versa*. At the entrance they were met by the Grand-Mistress of the Order (Countess Niels Rosen), attended by two young ladies bearing long wands decorated with amaranth favours, who headed the procession up to a daïs occupied by the Grand-Master (Count Platen) and other dignitaries. Here, after three profound obeisances, the candidates were invested, according to their rank and dignity, with *grands cordons* or lesser decorations of the colour which gives its name to the Order. Lady Garvagh, who was spending the winter at Stockholm, where she was of course greatly admired, was one of those decorated together with ourselves. The ladies now ranged themselves on one side of the room and the

gentlemen opposite to them, and on the Grand-Master muttering certain cabalistic words the candidates all raised their right hands to their lips, blowing as it were a kiss, then laid them on their hearts, and finally clapped both hands, taking their time from the Grand-Master, who remained gravely seated with his cocked hat on. The ball then took the usual course of balls.

Though in great degree puerile, the ceremony had a remarkably pretty effect, and was undoubtedly interesting as a reminiscence of the brilliant and frivolous court of the girl-Queen Christina, whose strange and eccentric after-career contains such sinister and mysterious passages.

The story told of the foundation of the Order, which had a serious existence for a short period, is not without historical interest. In the summer of 1653 our exiled King, Charles II., wishing to secure the powerful support of Sweden, sent a confidential emissary to Christina, charged, among other things, to deliver the Garter to her cousin and declared heir, Karl Gustaf, afterwards Charles X. The Queen, having by this time come to an understanding with Cromwell—whose envoy, Whitelocke, became one of her chief intimates—would not allow her cousin to accept the Order. The pretext she put forward was that she objected to her subjects wearing foreign decorations, and could not, as she put it, “brook a foreign lord stamping his brand upon her sheep.”¹

¹ “Ty jag kan ej tåla, att en främmande herre sätter sitt märke på mina får.” (Fryxell, “Berättelser ur Svenska Historien.”)

She resolved, however, to found a fresh Order of her own, of which she bestowed the first decoration, set in precious stones, on Antonio Pimentelli, the Spanish Envoy at her court, her partiality for whom was one of the many scandals of her life. Two inverted A's which figure on the cross of the Order were said by the ill-natured to be the initial letter of the favoured envoy's Christian name and that of Amaranta, or "the ever-constant,"¹ which lackadaisical appellation the fickle, fantastic sovereign had been pleased to adopt, and had first assumed in a great ballet in which she figured as Queen of the Shepherdesses. This mythological *fête*, where the conquering Spaniard appeared as the god Mars, took place on Twelfth Day, 1653, a date which is inscribed on the cross of the *Amaranther Orden*.

During my residence at Stockholm in the early eighties the course of Swedish public affairs ran on the whole pretty smoothly. The main interest of the situation lay in the sister kingdom, where the conflict which had arisen between the Crown and the Norwegian Storting, or Parliament, just then reached an acute stage. But of this more anon. On the 19th of January 1882 the Swedish Diet was opened in full state by the King in the throne-room of the palace, a splendid apartment measuring nearly 150 feet by 50. In his regal robes and crown, with his three stalwart sons likewise robed and wearing

¹ Amaranth is the botanical name of what is commonly called the "everlasting" flower or *immortelle*.

their princely coronets, the central royal group, surrounded by the great officers of the household, produced a very fine, picturesque effect. The speech from the throne was delivered with much dignity, and all the skill of a practised orator. On this occasion the speech only foreshadowed certain important measures, then in course of preparation, for the reform of taxation, and, in close connection with these, the new military organisation which the Government desired to introduce. Although these measures could only be dealt with in subsequent sessions, they already engrossed public attention.

The question of putting the military forces of the country on a footing more in harmony with modern ideas and requirements had, for many years past, been taken into serious consideration by the Government, and had been much discussed in the public press. Among the more responsible and intelligent classes an uneasy feeling had grown up that, since the close of the great Napoleonic wars, the kingdom had gradually lapsed into an almost defenceless condition. As a matter of fact, the army consisted only of a small force recruited by voluntary enlistment—composed of a few picked regiments, including the Guards quartered at Stockholm—which was kept in a high state of efficiency, but barely exceeded seven thousand men in all. Besides this there was the ancient so-called Indelta army, raised under a scheme resorted to some two hundred years before in the Swedish provinces, as a safeguard

against the forced levies by which the kingdom was drained of its manhood in the incessant wars waged by the martial and ambitious successors of Gustavus Wasa. The Swedish territory had then been portioned out into equal districts or *rotar*, each of which corresponded to two estates entered at a certain fixed income in the cadastral survey for purposes of taxation. Each of these *rotar* engaged to furnish and find the pay of an able-bodied infantry soldier, and to provide him with a *torp* or small holding. The Indelta force, recruited from the peasantry, and dispersed throughout the rural districts, but having certain regimental centres, amounted altogether to about 23,000 men.¹ Practically the Indelta private was a militiaman, permanently quartered on the land, who was called out for a short period of training every year, and after thirty years' service was entitled to a pension. In addition to the above forces there was the *bevåring*, or Landwehr, reckoned at some 80,000 men, of whom only 20,000 could be called out for an annual training of fifteen days in time of peace.

The Government design was to suppress the Indelta force, with its heavy charges bearing exclusively on the land, and to substitute for its clumsy and altogether antiquated machinery an efficient organisation, resembling that of the great

¹ According to Dr. Sidenbladh's "Exposé statistique de la Suède," published in 1876, there were at that time 20,376 *rotar* and 6505 *rusthåll*, the latter class of property being charged with the maintenance of a cavalry soldier with his horse and full equipment.

continental armies, and based on the principle of general obligatory military service. It was not unreasonable to assume that such a reform would commend itself to a population the most part of which was engaged in agriculture. The Swedish people, however, are strongly wedded to old customs and traditions, and the great body of lesser landowners and farmers directly interested in the proposed change had in the last fifteen years acquired a preponderating influence in public affairs. The abolition which had taken place in 1866, under the last King Charles XV., of the ancient *Standers Riksdag*, representing the four orders of nobility, clergy, burghers, and peasantry, and the introduction of the two chamber system which obtains in most constitutional countries had, as was predicted at the time, the effect of making the *Landtmanna*, or peasant party, paramount in the State, and, at the period I refer to, had put them in a fair way to establish a class despotism of a very marked character. In the army question they had, by means of their majority in the Diet, succeeded in thwarting during sixteen years the different attempts made to improve the national defences. On the score of an unbroken peace of nearly three-quarters of a century they refused to admit the possibility of Sweden being ever again involved in hostilities. At the same time, however, they were bent on ridding themselves of the land taxes, and especially of the impost on real property arising out of the

maintenance of the Indelta forces. Under these circumstances the Government let it be clearly understood that their proposals were essentially of the nature of a compromise. "Enable us," they said, "to place the national defences on a satisfactory footing, and we will do our best to relieve the land from the special load it has hitherto had to bear." The peasants, somewhat ashamed of the designation of "Nihilists of the National Defence," given them by a former Prime Minister, Baron de Geer, and tempted by the bait held out to them, in the end came to terms with the Government,¹ however much they disliked their scheme of reorganisation and perversely clung to the old provincial levies.

The King personally attached the greatest value to a final settlement of this much vexed question, and his Prime Minister, Count Arvid Posse, a Scanian landowner of ancient lineage, who had been brought into office by the *Landtmanna* party, seemed specially fitted for carrying the Government measures through the Diet. King Oscar had come to the throne in September 1872, when all Europe was still under the impression of the amazing deeds accomplished by the magnificent German organisation, and his Majesty was accused by the Swedish

¹ To this it eventually came after protracted discussions in the Diet extending over twenty years. The land taxes and Indelta charges are being annually remitted at a certain rate, and the new organisation will be completed in 1913, bringing with it the final extinction of the Indelta force.

Radicals of that day like Mankell and Hedlund of marked German proclivities, and of having, in fact, come to some secret understanding with Berlin for common action in given eventualities. Among the *canards* that were occasionally hatched in the late M. de Blowitz's office in Paris was the statement made in a letter of April 3, 1882, that a treaty had long existed between Sweden and Germany whereby the former country engaged, in case of a German breach with Russia, to lend her fleet in exchange for the restoration to her of Finland after a successful war. The story was too ridiculous to be taken seriously, but it none the less produced a certain sensation, and diverted no one more than King Oscar, to whom Baron Hochschild observed, when referring to it at an audience of his Majesty, that it was really gratifying to find that there were people who actually seemed to believe in the existence of a Swedish fleet.

As regards the military and naval weakness of Sweden at this period, it was amusing, too, to note the divergent views of my worthy German and Russian colleagues. They both professed a great desire to see the question of national defence speedily set at rest for the good of the Swedish Monarchy. This, however, according to M. de Pfuel, could only be achieved by means of a brand-new scheme as nearly approaching the German as local circumstances permitted, while, in the opinion of M. Okouneff, the real wants of Sweden were fully supplied by the venerable, semi-feudal system of the

Indelta. The peasants, according to the Russian Minister, were showing much practical good sense and political understanding in this affair. They were perfectly right in declining to waste money on useless military preparations. Sweden was too poor a country to allure a foreign invader, and the seventy years of peace she had enjoyed were but an earnest of a future of unbroken rest and security. *Dans le même ordre d'idées* the excellent Okouneff took a warm interest in a motion made about this time by a group of Radicals in the Second Chamber for the neutralisation of Sweden. He spoke of it in terms of strong approval to Baron Hochschild and even to the King. Hochschild, I remember, told me rather a good story about this. The King, he said, had referred to the matter in conversation with him, and had manifested some amusement at the Russian Minister being so bitten with this notion of neutralising Swedish territory. Whereupon the Minister for Foreign Affairs told his Majesty that it reminded him of La Fontaine's fable in which the fox, seeing a cock perched upon a tree beyond his reach, approaches him with the news that universal fraternity has been proclaimed, and entreats him to come down to be embraced. To which the crafty bird—a bird of much experience, interpolated Hochschild—replies by expressing his joy at this intelligence, while pointing to two greyhounds rapidly approaching who no doubt are messengers charged with the same welcome tidings. The King had been so

pleased with this notion that he had turned the fable into Swedish verse, and caused it to be inserted in one of the Stockholm papers, where it had attracted a good deal of notice, though no one suspected its authorship.

“Poor Okouneff, if he read it,” added Hochschild in relating this to me, “can have had no idea that he was the fox and I that old chanticleer!”

CHAPTER XII

STOCKHOLM, 1882-1883

IN the cheerful and interesting surroundings I have described above we had entered upon the year 1882. Early in the spring my wife's time was much taken up by preparations for a bazaar in aid of the British Church Fund of which she was patroness, and which took place in March at the Assembly Rooms of the Exchange, successfully rewarding the exertions of those who had taken an active share in it. Among these were our Consul, Robert Drummond-Hay (the capable son of the distinguished Envoy in Morocco) and his wife, and the extremely pretty Mrs. Charles Cadogan and her sister, Mrs. Crossley. Charity bazaars are, to my mind, rather an objectionable form of polite mendicancy, the end with them far from always justifying the means; but in this instance none of what I would call the questionable pressure which is such an unpleasant feature of the fancy fairs of the present day was resorted to, and our bazaar, besides being as attractive as any I ever saw—some of the bonny little Swedish girls helping to sell—brought in a good round sum for the object we had in view, while being conducted on the simplest lines and at

most reasonable prices, to the disgust, indeed, of the Stockholm shopkeepers, who seriously complained of our underselling them. The Crown Princess and some of the young princes lent it their countenance, and the venture was in every way successful.

A different fate attended another charity *fête* which was organised sometime afterwards by the wives of the Austrian and Italian Envoys for the benefit of some Roman Catholic sisters of Charity, who, besides keeping a small school, did excellent service in attending the sick; the number of trained nurses at Stockholm being at that time very limited. This was a genuine fancy fair, and drew large crowds, attracted by the artistic decorations of the stalls and the dresses of the ladies who sold at them. Handsome donations were sent to it from abroad, among others by the Empress Augusta and the Grand Duchess of Baden. Yet no one of the immediate *entourage* of the Swedish Court came near it, or in any way contributed towards it, a circumstance which was much commented upon, and was due, it was said, to the fear of displeasing the high Lutheran clergy, who are very inimical to anything in the shape of Catholicism. Our colleagues were not a little hurt by this attitude, and considering the real good that was done by these poor sisters—as I myself before long had the best cause to know—the uncharitable feeling exhibited towards them seemed almost a survival of the spirit that reigned during the fierce religious contests under

Sigismund and Charles IX., when, in the early days of the Reformation, the old faith was so effectually extirpated root and branch in Sweden.¹

Thus far I have said nothing of the staff of our Legation, which at my arrival consisted only of the First Secretary, Mr. Lawrence, afterwards Minister at Quito, and now, I believe and trust, happily planting his cabbages on his Gloucestershire estate. Lawrence had been at Stockholm some two years, and was well up in Swedish affairs, and our relations throughout were of a most cordial character. Before long our Chancery was reinforced by Francis Elliot, Sir Henry's son, who joined us as Second Secretary, and was then as efficient an employé as he is now showing himself an able agent at the troublous and troublesome Court of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It is one of the many odd freaks of memory to link persons with whom one has at some time been habitually thrown, but has long lost sight of, with a relatively trifling incident or circumstance. Thus Lawrence is present to my mind chiefly in connection with the splendid royal skating-rink at Skeppsholm, where, next only to Drummond-Hay, he was pre-eminent among the skaters. The latter beat him perhaps in fancy figure-skating, but nothing could be more satisfactory than Lawrence's quiet, finished performance, and it was a remarkable instance of British aptitude for sport of all kinds

¹ At the Census of 1890 the total number of Roman Catholics in the Kingdom was returned at 1390.

that, in this northern country, no one made a better show on the ice than these two Englishmen, of whom one had, with the exception of little more than a year at St. Petersburg, served almost exclusively in warm regions, while the entire youth of the other had been passed on the coast of North Africa.

The royal rink was admirably situated under cover of the bridge that leads from the island of Skeppsholm to that of Kastellholm, and was sheltered by the low ridge on which stand the Admiralty Church and the picturesque Artillery barracks, or *Canonier casern*, built in mediæval style. The ice here was always kept in perfect order, and was never crowded, access to it being strictly reserved for the privileged subscribers and their families. At the same time the royal pavilion gave welcome shelter to *chaperons* and lookers on, besides providing creature comforts in the shape of tea and other hot drinks for such as required them. On certain days of the week, when a military band used to play, no gayer scene could be imagined than that of this great expanse studded with expert couples skimming along hand in hand—a few trim maidens from the long-lost Grand Duchy across the Baltic doing the graceful Finnish roll—and all keeping perfect time to the music, with the accompaniment of the clear, cheery ring of steel on the frozen surface. The sharp frosts at night continuing long beyond the close of the winter months, the skating went on until well into the spring, when the sun

had already acquired great power; and I distinctly remember, one bright day late in March, taking a spin round the rink with a charming Miss Broadwood, then on a visit to Stockholm—whose sister was married to one of the Ruspolis at Rome—and her having to hold up a parasol while skating to protect herself from the slanting afternoon rays. The King himself occasionally had a turn on the ice with some favoured Swedish or foreign lady, and the princes were habitual frequenters of the rink, which was a delightful *point de réunion* for the Stockholm gay world.

The Easter holidays now drawing near, my wife went home to look after our young school-folk, and at the end of April I applied for, and obtained, a month's leave of absence, and joined her in London. Before starting I had a private audience of the King, at which I inquired whether he had any orders to give me for England. "Yes!" said H.M., "I have a message for Lord Granville," and then explained that he was desirous to confer on Lord Carnarvon the Grand Cross of his Order of Charles XIII. He was well aware, he said, of the regulations which prevent British subjects from accepting foreign decorations, excepting for war services performed under certain conditions, but, as I knew, the Order in question was purely Masonic—its Grand Cross being, as it were, the Garter of Swedish Freemasonry—and he therefore hoped that, with Lord Granville's help, a departure from the rule

might be made in this instance in favour of Lord Carnarvon, for whom he had a great regard, and who was in an exceptional position as Pro-Grand Master of our United Grand Lodge. I of course engaged to attend to H.M.'s commands, and left on my way home by the land route—if so it may be called—*viâ* Copenhagen, Kiel, Hamburg, Cologne, and Brussels. This very broken journey being quite new to me, I arranged to make it with Count d'Otrante,¹ who was bound for Paris, and whom I rejoined at Copenhagen. I look back on Count and Countess d'Otrante as having been the best friends we had in Sweden, she especially being on most affectionate terms with my wife. And here again my recollections are dashed with sadness, for this most charming woman—the beautiful widow of my old Paris colleague, William Grey, and one of the favourite ladies-in-waiting of Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales—who had married her cousin, d'Otrante, *en secondes nocés*, died not very long ago, to the sincere sorrow of all who had the privilege of knowing her. Of her very great kindness to my wife I have more to relate presently.

I found my travelling companion so pleasant and amusing that I have still a vivid remembrance of the journey we made, and of one, to me interesting, incident in it of which I have spoken before, namely, a certain breakfast we had together on the

¹ Now Duc d'Otrante, and formerly aide-de-camp and principal equerry of the late King Charles XV.

way at Wilken's Keller at Hamburg.¹ I reached our house in Sloane Street late in the afternoon of the 6th May, and I am thus particular in mentioning the exact date and time because of the dismay and horror with which we learnt next morning the news of the atrocious murder in the Phoenix Park of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke, which had been perpetrated the very evening before. It seemed at first impossible to believe that a political crime of so heinous a stamp could have been publicly committed in any part of this civilised realm.

Our stay in London did not exceed three weeks, during which we had our moderate share of that season's gaieties, including a Court ball, and were hospitably entertained by the Granvilles and a few old friends of my wife and mine, like the Ormathwaites, Leconfields, and Wharncliffes, who had not before had an opportunity of greeting us in our character of a new, however sedate, married couple. On first calling on Lord Granville at the Foreign Office, I had been careful to deliver the royal message confided to me, but got little encouragement from him; and when I took leave of him before my return to Stockholm, he told me that, on due reflection, he regretted being unable to meet King Oscar's wishes, seeing no reason why our well-established rule about Foreign Orders should be departed from in favour of Lord Carnarvon. At

¹ See the first portion of these "Recollections," vol. i. p. 28.

the same time, he characteristically went on to say, he remembered that, not long before, Count Herbert Bismarck¹ had observed to him that he had often wondered how we ever obtained any information at all of real value. "You never bribe," he had said, "and you never give decorations." Lord Granville here touched on a biggish question into which I will not attempt to enter, beyond remarking that there is more to be said about it, in my opinion, than is dreamt of in the philosophy of our average Philistine. I can state, however, from my own personal knowledge, that, at one of the important courts of Europe, certain sources of absolutely accurate information which we had procured with difficulty, and commanded for a short period many years ago, were lost to us through the conscientious scruples of an Ambassador (now long since dead), who deliberately declined to sanction the means that were requisite to keep them flowing as they were doing to our great advantage. The exiguity of our secret service fund has always been a subject of surprise to foreign statesmen and diplomatists.

We left London on our return to our northern home on the 24th of May, and, after a few days' visit to Lady Lonsdale at Cottesmore, and an hour or two at Peterborough, which we devoted to the beautiful cathedral, got to Hull, where we embarked

¹ Count Herbert Bismarck, the younger son of the great Chancellor, and now himself Prince Bismarck, was at that time First Secretary in charge of the German Embassy in London.

for Gottenburg in the good steamer *Orlando*. At Gottenburg we broke the journey for a couple of days, and dined the evening of our arrival with the Speaker of the Second Chamber of the Diet (*Talmannen i Andra Kammaren*), M. Wijk, and his pleasant wife, a connexion of the wealthy Anglo-Swedish Baron Dickson. Mr. Speaker had much to say about the attitude of the *Landtmanna* party in the House. The main difficulty in the burning Army Reform question, he pointed out, was to get the peasants to believe that after so long an interval of unbroken peace the country could possibly have to fear attack, or needed any improvement in its defences. To this, said Mr. Wijk, must be added the very sincere horror they entertained of an enlisted force, with its supposed corrupting influences. Exactly similar arguments were used, in my recollection, some years later in Holland, as to the contamination produced by barrack-life, when the same question of military organisation was on *the tapis* in that country.

From Gottenburg we made an excursion to the celebrated falls of Trollhättan on the Gotha River, the beauty of which appeared to me, I confess, somewhat overrated. The thunder and turmoil of the immense body of water forcing its way down through its rocky bed from the great Wenern Lake are no doubt very striking, but as none of the successive leaps taken by the river exceed forty feet in height, they are wanting in real grandeur. They

reminded me in fact, on a much larger scale, of the disappointing *Salto Grande* on the River Uruguay, and like it have much more of the character of gigantic rapids, or cataracts, than of splendid waterfalls such as one sees in Switzerland or Norway. We had intended returning to Stockholm by the Göta Canal, a unique route through the heart of Sweden, which, the guide-books tell one, no traveller should omit taking. After a look, however, at the cramped accommodation in the canal boats, although these are very clean and tidily kept, we could not make up our minds to face forty-eight hours of what seemed such doubtful comfort.

We got back to Stockholm just in time for the celebration of the Royal Silver Wedding on the 6th of June, which gave rise to general rejoicings in all parts of the kingdom as well as in Norway. A number of deputations came up for it to Stockholm, with congratulatory addresses from the provinces and the principal cities, and the leading organs of the Press were full of expressions of loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign and dynasty. After an impressive thanksgiving service in the Chapel Royal which every one attended in full Court dress, we Diplomats joined the royal procession, and passed through the whole length of the great State rooms to the other end of the immense palace, where the King and Queen held a *cercle* at which they received our congratulations, and I was able to deliver the special message from our Queen with which I was charged.

There was a Court banquet that evening, followed two days later by a State ball. Fortunately the kind and amiable Queen Sophie, although generally a great sufferer from a painful form of acute neuralgia, was able to take part in these festivities. An interesting feature of the ball was the presence at it of numerous deputies, many of them in their peasant dress; and conspicuous among these Liss Olof Larsson, an eloquent spokesman of the *Landtmanna* party, and a rich farmer in classic Dalecarlia, which province has played, in Swedish history, the same part as the Forest Cantons in the annals of Switzerland. After the Court dinner King Oscar himself showed the Foreign representatives and other guests the gifts which had reached the Royal couple from all quarters on this auspicious anniversary, and which were displayed in his private study. Among these was a picture showing the entry of General Bernadotte into Marseilles on his return from the brilliant Italian campaign in 1797. The founder of the dynasty was depicted riding through the crowded streets of the *cit  Phoc enne* at the head of the troops with which he had forded the Tagliamento to the cry of: "*Soldats du Rhin, l'arm e d'Italie vous regarde!*" Above him, on a balcony of one of the houses, a group of ladies were waving their handkerchiefs in greeting of the popular commander. Most conspicuous among these was a young girl, eagerly leaning forward to have a better view of the returning hero, and who was no other than his future consort, Mlle. D sir e

Clary. My wife and I were standing near King Oscar with a few colleagues, to whom H.M. was explaining, with the animation in which his southern blood asserts itself so strongly, the subject and details of the picture. One of the listeners was the French Military Attaché, Captain Appert, and in the fire of his description the King turned to him, and, seizing him by the hand with a cordial grip, said, in an *aparté* which was audible to us all: "*Car vous savez, je n'oublie pas mon origine!*" Which is indeed most true. Descended from probably the ablest of Napoleon's companions in arms—certainly the one the great Corsican was most jealous of, and of whom he said: "*C'est une tête française sur un coeur Romain*"—the fourth Prince of the House of Bernadotte who has occupied the Swedish throne is justly proud of his ancestry, and feels secure in the hold which his dynasty has acquired over an essentially loyal people. A century of good and enlightened government, under four very able sovereigns in succession, is in truth a record not exceeded in any of the reigning families of Europe.

But even in the genuine rejoicings called forth by this Jubilee celebration, the inevitable *amari aliquid* that attends all human affairs was destined to mingle. The Radicals in the Norwegian Storting, actuated by the baneful influence of the President of that Assembly, Johan Sverdrup, chose, it might almost be said deliberately, this moment for rejecting

an increase which had been asked for by the Government, at the time of the Crown Prince's marriage, to the annual grant theretofore made to him as heir to the throne.¹ This hostile vote, only a prelude to the far graver dissensions which were soon to follow, was in such contrast with the demonstrations of attachment to the Royal House of the Swedish lieges that it was greatly resented at Stockholm. I remember a Swedish conservative, who then took a considerable part in public affairs, referring with much bitterness to the intractable attitude of the Norwegians. The Danes, he said, when masters of the country, "had always treated the Norwegians like dogs, while the Swedes had done nothing but humour and spoil them; yet what was the result?"

At the end of June I obtained leave to go to Carlsbad for a three weeks' cure. We stopped one night on the road at Dresden, and devoted a forenoon to the celebrated gallery, which I had not seen for a number of years. Of the many masterpieces it contains, the *Madonna di San Sisto* is to my mind unique among pictures in the absolutely divine expression of the countenance of the child-Saviour. The sublime mystery and depth of sorrow that speak to one in the wondrous eyes from out of the soft, innocent contours of the infant face are to me a perfect marvel of inspiration, such as can have come only once in a lifetime, and to

¹ The original grant was 30,000 kronor (£1666) a year, and the increase demanded 50,000 kronor (£2777).

one painter alone. In that respect this extraordinary work—let alone its other great beauties—seems to me to stand out quite by itself among all renderings, and specially all Italian renderings, of religious subjects, the utter conventionalism in so many of which too often mars admirable draughtsmanship and an unsurpassable sense of colour.

We went on to Carlsbad, to which I took, I confess, a great dislike, and have never visited since, infinitely preferring its next-door neighbour, Marienbad, with which I subsequently became very familiar. We found rooms at the Victoria on the hill, as far as possible removed from the heat, which in this exceptionally trying July was simply stifling in the hollow round the *Alte Wiese*, where lay the springs and baths, and that direct outlet from the infernal regions, the far-famed Sprudel. Lady Louisa Mills, beautiful Princess Mary Dolgorouki—since re-married to one of the Benckendorffs—with her brother Vladimir, and the Haygarths were about the only people we saw anything of during our stay. In the depressing and monotonous round of the cure, which I went through very conscientiously, it was extremely cheering to hear of the victory at Tel-el-Kebir and the bombardment of Alexandria. At Berlin, where we halted on our way north, we dined with the Walshams, the Ambassador, Lord Odo Russell, being away, and Sir John left in charge of the Embassy. I had not met Lady Walsham since days of old,

when, as Bina Scarlett, she gracefully kept house for her father at Athens in the troublous time that followed upon the dethronement of King Otho.

Before we left Stockholm the Hochschilds had made us promise to pay them a visit at their place in Scania on our way back. We took the steamer at Stralsund for Malmö and thence went by train to Marsvinsholm, where a smart station omnibus, with a capital team of four, met us and conveyed us in great state to Bellinga, a charming and most comfortable house, as English as possible in all its arrangements, situated in the heart of that garden of Sweden which was fought over for so many years by Danes and Swedes until finally wrested from the Danish power by Charles XI. We passed two very pleasant days at Bellinga, and were taken to see some of the houses with which the rich, smiling country is studded, and among them the very fine old *château* of Sofverburg belonging to Count Eric Piper, a near relation of our hostess, and the elder brother, if I am not mistaken, of Count Edward Piper, who was Swedish Minister in London for a good many years.

Affairs in Norway had in the early autumn of 1882 already reached a critical stage, a complete breach between the Executive and Parliament appearing almost unavoidable. The story and the bearings of the Constitutional conflict between the

two Powers in the Norwegian State are little known to any but students of Scandinavian history. They seem, nevertheless, to afford lessons of sufficient interest and value to warrant my attempting a rough sketch of them here. The Norwegian Fundamental Law, or Constitution, is of a pronounced democratic type; the very limited attributions assigned in it to the Crown being in great measure copied from the French Revolutionary Constitution of 1791 with its *Roi Vêto*. In effect it was the work of reaction against the Danish despotism from which the country had just been freed. It was drawn up and hurriedly passed in the space of six weeks, in the spring of 1814, by the National Assembly (or *Constituante*), which met at Eidsvold, near Christiania. Charles John (Bernadotte), who had marched into Norway with his army to enforce the union with Sweden, decreed by the Treaty of Kiel of 14th January 1814, and literally held the country in his hand, was much censured at the time for his somewhat strange acceptance, in the name of the Swedish Crown, of so crude and imperfect an instrument.¹

The object which the framers of the Constitution seem chiefly to have had in view was as distinct a separation as possible between the Legislature and the Executive, together with a strict

¹ There are grounds for believing that Bernadotte at first rejected the Constitution, but was afterwards persuaded by the Russian Emperor Alexander to accept it.

limitation of the Royal power. Thus the Crown was only allowed a purely suspensive veto in ordinary legislation, that is to say, a measure passed without any alteration by three successive, separately elected Storthings acquired force of law without the Royal sanction.¹ The Crown had no right of dissolution except in the case of Extraordinary Storthings convoked for special purposes. Further, the better to secure the independence of the Legislature, the Councillors of State (Ministers) were declared to be ineligible, and all communication between Parliament and the Executive was confined to writing.

It was on this latter point that first arose the great Constitutional conflict to which I am referring. The attendance of Ministers in Parliament, and their right to take part in the debates, without voting, had been originally an amendment to the Constitution proposed by the Government, as facilitating the course of legislature, and securing to the Executive the due weight to which it had a right to pretend in the discussion of measures of importance laid before Parliament. At the outset it was repeatedly rejected in the Storthing during a period of twenty years. By a singular revulsion of opinion, however,

¹ As a set-off to these restrictions on the Royal power, in the original *Grundlov* (constitution) latitude was left to the Crown to issue ordinances in the intervals between the Storthings, which only met every third year, and legally could sit only for three months. These powers of the Crown have since been entirely done away with by the introduction of annual sessions of the Assembly, which meets *suo jure* without any Royal summons.

it was adopted later on by the Liberal Opposition as part of their programme, and was then passed by increasing majorities in seven successive Storthings; the votes given in its favour finally reaching the two-thirds required under the Fundamental Law to give effect to any Constitutional amendments. On each occasion the Royal sanction had been refused to the measure, but in the end the Government had manifested a disposition to consent to it, on condition that the right of the Crown to dissolve any ordinary Storting should be formally admitted, and certain moderate retiring pensions be assured to the Ministers. The object of the latter condition was to make these servants of the Crown—mostly men of small means—in some degree independent of an Assembly which was by degrees absorbing all power in the State.

A Constitutional amendment, ostensibly harmless, if not in itself beneficial, which, for a considerable period had been warmly advocated by the upholders of the Royal power and by the Conservative party in Norway, and was afterwards taken up and vigorously pressed by the extreme Radicals, and in turn opposed by the defenders of the Prerogative of the Crown, is a decided curiosity in parliamentary history. The explanation of this change of front is to be sought in the great alteration which by more and more rapid degrees took place in the composition and character of the Legislature. The peasant proprietors, who form the bulk of the Norwegian

nation, and at first appear to have made little use of the franchise (which in the rural districts is based simply on ownership or occupation of duly registered property without any specification of value), gradually came to interest themselves in public affairs, and took to returning representatives of their own class in numbers sufficient to give them the control of the Assembly, thereby in great measure displacing the *bourgeoisie* from their seats in it. Such a body of half-educated men was peculiarly susceptible to the influence and guidance of professional politicians and agitators, whose creed it was that the spirit of the Constitution demanded a concentration of all authority in the Assembly as the direct mandatory of the people, with whom sovereign rights alone resided.

The Radical transformation in the composition of the Assembly, and its tendency to encroach more and more on the narrow domain reserved to the Executive, explain, and in fact justify, the resistance of the Government to the demand for the compulsory attendance of its members in the Storting, as repeatedly urged by the Radical majority in that body. Their contention was that concession on this point would deprive them of what little independence they still possessed, and from responsible advisers of the Crown would transform them into helpless instruments of a tyrannical Assembly. They were, nevertheless, prepared to recommend acceptance of the measure to the Crown, in ex-

change for the inherent right of the latter to dissolve Parliament, which is admitted in all Constitutional Monarchies.

In the early autumn of 1882 the position of the affair was as follows: The Radical majority in the Storting maintained that the suspensive veto of the Crown had been overridden and exhausted by these decisions given in three separate successive Storthings, and in consequence they formally declared the measure to have acquired force of law. The conflict was thereby shifted to an issue of far greater magnitude—the absolute right, namely, of the Crown to veto amendments to the National Charter. The Radical majority, by a resolution passed on the 9th June 1880, had already denied the existence of any such right—which is, unfortunately, not explicitly recorded in the text of the *Grundlov*—and now peremptorily called upon the Government to promulgate their amendment as forming part of the Constitution.

The King thereupon submitted the grave point in dispute to the Legal Faculty of the University of Christiania for their opinion, and received from that learned body, in the spring of 1881, an able and closely reasoned memorandum distinctly affirming that in the case of all amendments to the Constitution—which could in nowise be considered as forming part of the ordinary legislation, in which the royal veto was only suspensive—the sanction of the Crown was unquestionably indispensable. This

right of the Crown had in fact been distinctly admitted in a formal address of the Storthing to King Charles John, in May 1824, in the following words: "The National Representatives acknowledge that from the nature of the case (*i fölge Sagn's Natur*), your Majesty is already in possession of an absolute veto as far as regards alterations in the Fundamental Law." Nothing could be plainer than this language, and it was reiterated in an address to Charles XV., in 1860, on the question of the suppression of the office of Viceroy of Norway, to which that sovereign was in the end induced to give his consent. No settlement of the question, it was therein admitted, could be arrived at without the agreement of both parties to the fundamental compact—that is, the Crown and Parliament. It is a noteworthy fact that the arch-agitator, Sverdrup, himself took part in this address.

But even if such testimony could not have been invoked in favour of the right of the sovereign to veto changes in the Constitution, the exigencies of the union between the two kingdoms made such a safeguard absolutely indispensable. It was obvious that if the pretensions of the Radical majority in the Storthing were tamely submitted to, there was nothing to prevent that Assembly from resorting, under the influence of popular passion, to violent measures imperilling the dynasty and destructive of the pact of union with Sweden. That such a danger was not imaginary, recent utterances of the

more advanced leaders of the Radical party had made palpably manifest. The distinguished poet, journalist, and agitator, Björnstjerna Björnson, openly advocated the Republic as the form of government best suited for Norway, and taunted Sverdrup for not facing the logical outcome of the campaign he was engaged in against the Royal prerogative. It was at any rate clear that their aim was to reduce the royal power to a mere shadow. The masterful President of the Storting, Johan Sverdrup, had, in fact, summed up the aspirations of his following in a few pregnant words: "All power," he had said, "must be gathered in this hall."

Unfortunately the Government had committed a serious fault in tactics by joining issue with the Radicals—in a conflict which was sooner or later inevitable—on such a secondary question as the compulsory attendance of Ministers, which it was difficult to view in the light of an amendment of a dangerous or extravagant nature, and had, which was far worse, encouraged the Crown to commit itself by public declarations which rendered retreat or compromise almost impossible.

The position was made still more hopeless for the Executive by the general election at the close of the year (1882), which resulted in a complete victory for the *Venstre*, or Left, who were returned in the proportion of 83 to 31, capturing nine seats in the urban constituencies hitherto devoted to the Conservative interest. The contest was marked by certain incidents which showed how disloyal

was the spirit abroad in some of the constituencies ; two of the candidates chosen, M. Sörensén and Major Hjorth, having the one undergone a term of imprisonment for language insulting to the King, and the other been dismissed the service for acting in defiance of a royal order. These elections were much resented in Sweden, and were severely commented upon in the Swedish press. Finally, in the session of 1883, the triumphant Opposition proceeded to the impeachment of the Selmer Ministry before a carefully packed *Rigsret*,¹ a memorable State trial which dragged its weary length through fully ten months.

I have expatiated at immoderate length on this remarkable and complicated constitutional conflict, first, because of my belief that some useful teaching can be derived from it with respect to questions deeply interesting to ourselves, but more particularly on account of its having engaged the attention of two very distinguished statesmen who happened to visit the Swedish capital very shortly after my return there from Carlsbad in August. The first of these was the late Mr. W. E. Forster, who, with his family, was seeking relaxation and change of

¹ The following will give some idea of the composition of the *Lagthing*, which, together with the members of the supreme court of justice (*Höjesteret*), formed the tribunal before whom the Ministers were arraigned. It was made up of fourteen *Gaardbrugger*, or small farmers ; three country bailiffs (*Lensmand*) ; two village schoolmasters ; and one parish clerk (*Kirkesanger*). The only members above this level were one merchant, one bank manager, one retired officer, one barrister, two attorneys, and one inspector of forests.

scene after his anxious labours in Ireland. Mr. Forster brought me a warm letter of introduction from Lord Granville, and I saw a good deal of him during his stay at Stockholm. I soon gathered that he was following with much interest the course of affairs in Norway and the effects of Home Rule there, as distinctly, and, I think it must be held, necessarily, leading towards the development of separatist tendencies. We fully talked over the whole question, and at his suggestion, and partly for his use, I drew up a memorandum upon it which I have used largely in the sketch I have given above of this instructive conflict. I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Forster again, but besides finding him, as Lord Granville described him, "a charming fellow," I have a strong recollection of the impression he left on me of absolute rectitude of purpose and of an unflinching sense of duty. Under a somewhat stern and rugged exterior there lay in him a most kindly and generous disposition. He had come straight to Sweden from combating the unscrupulous leaders of the National League, and the "village ruffians" and boycotters who acted under their inspiration, and nothing, it seemed to me, could be more cruel and unjust than the epithet¹ with which he had been branded by an

¹ "Buckshot" Forster. The danger in which he stood from designs on his life which were well known to him, but were as carefully as possible concealed from the public by his directions, and his cool disregard of precautions have since been done full justice to. See his life in the "National Biography."

unbridled press. In the discharge of his duties he had long carried his life in his hand, and, although fully aware of his danger, had continued for months fearlessly to face the murderous gang to whom his unfortunate successor was at once to fall a victim.

Shortly after the departure of Mr. Forster I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of yet another statesman whose name is now uppermost in most minds, and, to the great majority of sincerely patriotic Englishmen, is a watchword of Empire, and a symbol of Imperial destinies and of an Imperial mission till within a recent period but dimly recognised or understood. Mr. Chamberlain, at that time President of the Board of Trade, was on a tour through Sweden and Russia with his sister and daughter. Never having met him before, I may perhaps own to having been in some degree prejudiced against him by the opinions with which he had first entered on his public career. To a diplomatist past middle age, living entirely outside the give-and-take of English political strife, and with strong innate Conservative tendencies, possibly accentuated by a foreign atmosphere and foreign associations, the extreme programme attributed to the rising statesman was disquieting, if not distasteful. Mr. Chamberlain, it is almost needless to say, came and not only conquered—an easy victor—but captivated our home circle and all those with whom he came

in contact during his short visit to Stockholm. He had an audience of the King, who talked to him *à cœur ouvert* of his Norwegian troubles, and was probably glad to get some opinion, if not counsel, regarding them from an English Cabinet Minister whose Liberal sentiments could not be doubted. Mr. Chamberlain's impression, which subsequent events proved to be quite correct, was that the Crown had been led by maladroit advice into a position whence it could with difficulty extricate itself without some loss of prestige. At the same time he agreed with me in thinking that any further weakening of the royal authority in Norway would be a misfortune, inasmuch as that authority was the only bond of union existing between two countries otherwise absolutely independent as regards their internal administration.

Altogether, like his late colleague, Mr. Forster, he seemed very desirous of information about the Norwegian complications. My old Petersburg friend, Tom Michell, then Consul-General at Christiania, kept me so admirably *au courant* of the trend of events there that I was able usefully to assist Mr. Chamberlain in his inquiry. I cannot but think that the conclusions he arrived at somewhat contributed to the decided line which he, together with that most single-minded of statesmen, Lord Hartington—how strange, at the crisis of the present hour, to have to bracket their names together!—and my very kind friend Henry

James (now Lord James of Hereford) took towards Home Rule for Ireland, when not long afterwards that issue was suddenly sprung upon the country by the most brilliant and most dangerous party leader of the Victorian age. During his visit, Mr. Chamberlain likewise devoted much attention to the Gothenburg licensing system, and on this subject, too, I was able to procure for him useful information, which I myself afterwards turned to account in official reports to the Foreign Office on that question. I have preserved a strong personal regard for the then stalwart Radical member for Birmingham—now become the loadstar of all earnest Imperialists—my next meeting with whom was to take place in quite another region, and under very different circumstances, after the sharp crisis which led to the international blockade of Greece in 1886.

A good many English people came to Stockholm this summer, which was an exceptionally fine one, the hot weather lasting until late in September. Among them were my old Foreign Office acquaintance, Sir Arthur Cowell-Stepney, and poor Everard Primrose,¹ then Military Attaché at Vienna, a very charming and accomplished man and a promising officer, who not long afterwards died of fever during the expedition too tardily sent to

¹ Colonel the Honourable Everard Primrose, Grenadier Guards, a younger brother of Lord Rosebery.

relieve "the hero of heroes," as we are now told Mr. Gladstone termed Gordon. Sir Edward Thornton too—that veteran diplomatist—passed through on his way home from the Embassy at Petersburg and came to see us; also Sir John Drummond-Hay, from Morocco, who stayed for some time with his son at the Consulate. Of quite a different type was our old friend, Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald, who came on a fortnight's visit to us, and enlivened us with countless amusing anecdotes—a good many of them of a rather *risqué* character—told to the accompaniment of his own infectious bursts of laughter, which ended with an inimitable chuckle, or rather click, that would have made his fortune on the stage, and no doubt contributed to make it at Marlborough House, where for many years he was a great favourite. Dear old "Rim's" stay with us led to our making a number of excursions in the really beautiful neighbourhood.

Successive Swedish kings have built and left their mark upon half-a-dozen palaces well worth visiting, and all within easy reach of the city, either by road, or by the numerous small undecked steamers which ply backwards and forwards to all points of the lovely broken coast, and to the sheltered bays and islands, that form so intricate and curiously fair a tangle of land and lake and sea for miles round the city lying in its midst, like a spider in its web. Close by, nestling in one of the forest glades of the

Djurgården, is Rosendal, formerly a favourite retreat of King Charles John, and now of the present Queen Sophie, with bright gardens and hothouses, which became a great resource to my wife in the long winter months, when flowers were so scarce and difficult to procure that artificial bouquets were resorted to for table decoration even in the best houses, the dinner-party bouquets being put away in bandboxes with great care for the next occasion. Failing real flowers, my wife at first used nothing but growing ferns, bought from the gardener at Rosendal. Before we left Stockholm, however, a florist's shop made its appearance in the town, and the old primitive arrangements were much modified.

Also not far off, but in an entirely different direction from the town, is Karlberg, with its long, bare frontage, the creation of the Twelfth Charles, and typical of him in its severe outline and unadorned aspect, but surrounded by a noble park with splendid timber reflected in the gleaming waters—the palace being now appropriately turned into a military academy, the Sandhurst of Sweden. Yet a little farther on lies Haga—now the residence of the widowed Duchess of Dalecarlia, the King's sister-in-law—full of memories of Gustavus III., and standing in pretty but somewhat neglected grounds. Here tradition will have it that Horn and Ankarström stood one winter's evening, watching, with deadly intent, the light in the window of the King's room, where he sat resting in an arm-chair

after a hard day's sport in the neighbouring forests—an easy mark to the conspirators. Suddenly, so goes the tale, he rose, and opening the window, leaned out of it, revealing to them so strangely sad and almost despairing a countenance that the would-be murderers were smitten with pity and remorse, and slunk away in the dark, giving their victim a few weeks respite.

Loveliest of all in its situation, with a wonderful approach up one of the most picturesquely winding reaches of the *Saltsjö*, or Baltic, is Ulriksdal. Originally founded by Jacques de La Gardie, the great general of Gustavus Adolphus in his earlier wars with Russia, it was rescued by Charles XV. from the fate of an *Hôtel des Invalides*, to which it had been consigned by his grandfather, Charles John, and became the residence *de prédilection* of that talented, pleasure-loving sovereign of the *debonnaire* ways, which made his mother say of him that, although he did all he could to make himself unpopular, he had never succeeded in doing so. Beautiful Ulriksdal bears witness to its royal owner's acquirements and consummate taste in the interesting historical and other collections placed there by him, and the many artistic objects—especially the old furniture and china—with which he filled it, and made of it a small South Kensington Museum. But it is the perfect frame of woodland and water in which they are set, more even than their historical associations, which makes these now half-deserted royal

abodes so attractive. Seen towards the end of summer, when the thick woods that come down to the edge of the indented fjords are touched with the first autumnal tinge, the placid waterways round Stockholm—where, even on the brightest day, the melancholy tone of the distant north darkens and deepens the prospect—have a strange fascination of their own. In a sequestered nook of this wilderness of sea and rock Lawrence had discovered a small island, with a comfortable, roomy cottage, where he spent the summer—Crusoe-like, with a man Friday—and where we, with all our boys, paid him a visit one day, and were sumptuously entertained by him.

On one occasion, too, I went with our naval guest to the fortress of Waxholm, which guards the approach to the capital from the sea. We were lionising him one day over the palace at Stockholm, when we met on the grand staircase the King starting for his afternoon walk, in plain clothes, with a single aide-de-camp, as was his almost daily habit. He stopped and talked to us, and on learning who our friend "Rim" was, graciously gave orders—when I applied for leave in the usual way to visit the fortress—for the Admiralty yacht *Skoldmön* to be placed at our disposal. Admiral Virjin accompanied us, and took us all over the works, which were then in course of extension and rearmament, and would doubtless now prove a very formidable obstacle to any attempt made to force the passage.

Gliding back to Stockholm through the calm,

sheltered waters, in the mysterious northern twilight, it was difficult to realise that in a few weeks they would be entirely ice-bound, and serve as a course for the ice-boats in which a few sporting characters, and amongst them Drummond-Hay, sailed matches on the frozen surface in the winter months, when all navigation had ceased and the pleasant northern capital hibernated snugly and contentedly in its far away corner of Europe. And this reminds me of the anxiety we went through one winter evening when my two youngest boys, who were now at home with us, with a German tutor of the name of Appel, failed to turn up at dinner-time, and indeed for several hours after. They had started early in the afternoon with their tutor on a skating expedition on the Saltsjö, the vast expanse of which, however hard frozen, of course contains many weak and dangerous places. It turned out that they had skated the whole way to Ulriksdal up the Wärtan passage, a distance of many miles, mostly in the dark, and not succeeding in getting a conveyance there, had had to walk and partly skate back, by way of Haga and Järfva, not getting home till eleven o'clock, of course dead beat, but having made quite a record tour for boys of their age.

The autumn, as it wore on, brought little variety in our pleasant sociable lives. A few changes, however, took place in our diplomatic corps, of which the only one of any interest was the advent,

as Secretary to the Austro-Hungarian Legation, of Alexandre d'Okolicsányi with his Russian wife, a Princess Lobanow—niece of Prince Alexis, and, through her mother, of the Prince Paskevitch of my Russian recollections—who, when she first burst on the Stockholm world, was quite dazzlingly lovely. Thanks to the near relationship between her and my own Lobanow sister-in-law, we saw a great deal of the Okolicsányis. With all her beauty—the whole of Madrid had been at her feet—she kept as unspoilt and without any *pose* or pretension as any *debutante*. Poor Olga Okolicsányi! Some ten years later, when we met her again at the Hague, she was still extremely handsome, but had become painfully deaf, and had already then, though she never admitted it and fought most pluckily against it, the germs in her of the fatal disease which was soon to carry her off in the prime of life.

But the great event of the waning year was the birth of the first child of the Crown Princess, a son and heir who became the future hope of the house of Sweden. The christening of the royal infant was a great, and indeed impressive, solemnity to which all the representatives of foreign Powers were bidden. The old German Emperor, for whom King Oscar had the greatest admiration, and who as great-grandfather to the child was one of its godfathers, caused himself to be represented by his principal aide-de-camp, General Count von der

Goltz, one of my old Baden-Baden acquaintances. The function took place in the afternoon of November the 25th, with suitable display, in one of the great apartments of the palace. The entrance of the principal, however diminutive, personage of the ceremony was extremely interesting. As I afterwards described it in a private letter to Lord Granville: "It is said that the King and Queen fought over the baby the other day. The King wanted to display it himself to the assembled dignitaries, but the Queen insisted upon carrying it in, the King walking by its side, and shading the light from its eyes with his cocked hat and feathers." The infant prince was, with a string of other names, baptized Gustaf-Adolf, and given the title of Duke of Scania. After a *cercle*, at which we all duly congratulated their Majesties and the Crown Prince, we were taken to a room where we, with all the other persons invited, filed past the royal infant, lying in his historic cradle, surrounded by a bodyguard of ladies-in-waiting under the command of the Queen's Mistress of the Robes, Countess de La Gardie, *née* Platen, a charming old lady. The child was wide-awake and smiling—not unlike other good-tempered babies, I suppose—being well pleased, one allowed oneself to fancy, at having been christened after one glorious king, and laid in the cradle of another, King Charles XII.

CHAPTER XIII

STOCKHOLM—1883-1884

OUR second winter in Stockholm resembled in many respects the preceding one, but was far more severe. The channels and fjords of the Saltsjö were blocked with ice much sooner than usual. On Christmas Eve, after an early luncheon, we started in a steam-launch with a Legation family party—of which that best-hearted of fellows, Hugh Gough,¹ who had come from Berlin with despatches, was one—hoping to be able to go up the lovely passage of the Skurusund, but soon having to cut our way through the ice-floes, were in the end reluctantly obliged to turn back. The afternoon was wonderfully bright and still, as is often the case with severe cold, and as we slowly returned, crunching through the thin ice, the distant city, outlined against a brilliant, almost blood-red, sunset, made the most gorgeous Turneresque picture conceivable.

Snow had fallen, too, in great quantities in the town, and lay on the ground for a long while. So excellent, however, were the arrangements made for the street traffic, that in an incredibly short space of time the roadways were sufficiently cleared to provide good sledging tracks, the surplus masses

¹ Now Viscount Gough, and H.M. Minister at Dresden.

being symmetrically heaped up in the wider open spaces, before being rapidly carted away and tilted into the Saltsjö close at hand. In this respect, of course, the task was much easier than it is in our own vast, overgrown Babylon; but nevertheless, the methods practised in this northern capital might, I think, be studied with advantage by our ediles, whom even the most ordinary snowfall seems hopelessly to paralyse. The long-suffering Chelsea rate-payer, for instance, has sometimes for weeks together to trudge through the cold melting slush, and has yet to be rejoiced by the sight of a string of vestry carts carrying the fresh-fallen snow down to Father Thames hard by; while, on the other hand, he is haunted all the year round by the less-pleasing vision of the dust-cart going its malodorous rounds, in broad daylight, through the most frequented and fashionable of thoroughfares.

On a keenly bright day of this Arctic season we went, with a large party of friends, for a drive round the Djurgården, more beautiful than ever in its glittering snowy robes, in gaily decorated sleighs of whimsical designs—relics possibly of the winter revels of Gustavus and his minions, and very different from the plain, sober-tinted vehicles in general use in Russia—ending the day with a cheery picnic dinner and dance at Hasselbacken, the celebrated restaurant, which must be familiar to all visitors to Stockholm.

Somewhere about this time we went on a few

days' visit to the d'Otrantes, at Elghammar—an estate near Björnlunda, in the province of Södermanland, which, with a fine old house, had come to them through the Stedingks; Mme. d'Otrante being *née* Baronne Stedingk, and her husband's mother also belonging to that old Westphalian stock, settled in Sweden since a couple of generations. It was a welcome and delightful experience of a Swedish country home, with all the comforts and refinements to be found in an English one. The *château* contained a good many interesting things, and a few fine family portraits. A Field-Marshal Count Stedingk—the grandfather of Madame d'Otrante—was Swedish Ambassador at St. Petersburg for a great many years in the eighteenth century. He was there in 1777 when Gustavus III., shortly after his accession to the throne, was so magnificently entertained by Catherine, and was afterwards so contemptuously referred to by her as *quel comédien!* The greatest treasure at Elghammar was a beautiful set of furniture in one of the rooms, comprising two state beds, presented by the Empress to the Ambassador on that occasion. The bedsteads were of satin-wood, richly inlaid with silver; the counterpanes and curtains of white damask, lined with apricot satin; the whole being very dainty and regal, and in a wonderful state of preservation. This same Stedingk, I think it was, at whose Embassy the eccentric young Gustavus IV. took up his quarters nearly twenty years later, when he went to Petersburg as suitor

for the hand of the Empress Catherine's granddaughter, Alexandra Paulowna, and broke off the marriage, under such dramatic circumstances, at the eleventh hour, when the beautiful grand-duchess was actually waiting for him at the altar.

There are a good many old houses in the neighbourhood of Elghammar, and among them a very pretty place called Sparreholm, which belonged to the Sprengtportens, an ancient Finnish race, whose original patronymic was Rolandt, and whose history affords some of the most interesting links with the past I ever heard of. An old Baron Sprengtporten, who died at a very advanced age a few years before my arrival at Stockholm, was the sole representative of this family, of which only three male members had, during a period of about 240 years, grown up to manhood; the surviving Sprengtporten in each successive generation being born when his father was at least seventy. There had, in fact, been only three Sprengtportens in the course of two centuries and a half to bear the title of Baron, which was conferred, with its punning designation, on the first of them for his gallantry in blowing up the gates at the siege of some fortress. The third Baron, who was living in 1875, and past eighty at that time, told a friend of mine, to whom I am indebted for these particulars, that he had had an elder brother who died in 1756. This—at first hearing astounding—statement my friend was afterwards able to verify by the inscription on the tombstone,

in the church at Sparreholm, of the said "elder brother"; the space of 119 years between the date at which the old baron made the statement and the death of his relative being accounted for by the fact that the latter was the child of a first marriage, and died in his infancy, while the narrator was the son of a second marriage, and was born in 1791, when his father was already considerably past seventy.

Another interesting, and still more surprising, circumstance in the Sprengtporten annals was that the great-grandfather of the old baron had, in his first youth, been page in the household of Katrina Stenbock, Gustavus Wasa's third wife, who was born in 1536, and was married when sixteen to that monarch, a few years before his death in 1560—surviving him into extreme old age, and not dying till 1622. Only five lives bridging over nearly three and a half centuries, and connecting the last quarter of the nineteenth century with the days of the great contemporary of our Henry the Eighth, surely make a very remarkable record! And this reminds me of another striking link with the past of which I was told not long since. An old gentleman belonging to the best society in Paris, and still alive some ten years ago, remembered having met, when young, in the late thirties of the last century, a well-preserved old lady, who, to his intense surprise, casually referred in conversation to "*mon mari le Maréchal de Richelieu*,"

and was, in fact, the widow of the *vainqueur de Mahon*, to whom she was married in 1780, when he was eighty-four. I will not vouch for the truth of this story although it is very generally received, but may say of it: "*Se non è vero è ben trovato.*"

Quite as striking, and absolutely authentic, are some instances of longevity in the ancient French family of de Mailly-Nesle, for which I am indebted to Count Aimery de La Rochefoucauld, my sister's brother-in-law. In 1874, on Count Aimery's marriage with Mlle. de Mailly, his wife's grandfather, the Comte de Mailly, then in his eighty-fifth year, told him that his own father, the Maréchal de Mailly—who was a very old man when his son, the narrator, was born—remembered having, as a boy of seven, been presented to Louis Quatorze in the *Galerie des Glaces*, at Versailles, in the last year of that monarch's reign. The same Comte de Mailly had had a half-sister, the Marquise d'Argenson—his senior by very many years—who was married in 1744, the year before the battle of Fontenoy, and therefore 130 years before the marriage of her great-niece to Count Aimery de La Rochefoucauld.

To return to the d'Otrantes: they had two sons, much of the same age as our own, and great friends of theirs. About Christmas time we got up a small charade or play at the Legation, for the amusement of our boys, in which I, myself, took a part with them, the scenery for it being painted by my second boy, Willie. To these modest theatricals, which

went off satisfactorily, we asked only a few quite intimate friends, including of course Countess d'Otrante and her sons, the eldest of whom, Edward—a charming little fellow, whom his mother absolutely worshipped—was a godson of the Prince of Wales. I remember this little performance well, because two days afterwards we heard that the boy had fallen ill—from a chill, it was at first supposed, he had got at our house. In less than a week he died of diphtheria, the result as was afterwards proved of the defective drains in the old house of the d'Otrantes in La Fredsgatan.

Count d'Otrante's first wife, a Bonde, was the step-daughter of Baroness Knut Bonde, an Irish lady whose interesting recollections of Paris, at the time of the revolution of February 1848 and the terrible June days, have quite recently been published. From my boyhood I recollected this lady and her mother, Lady Helena Robinson (a daughter of Lord Mountcashell), as being friends of my aunts, and forming part of the English colony living at Paris in the days of the July monarchy. It was interesting to find at Stockholm a person with whom I had so many memories in common, and to talk over remote Paris times with this old lady of a ready wit and somewhat unsparing tongue, in her pleasant apartment overlooking the pretty square known as the Kungsträdgård. Baroness Knut Bonde died at Stockholm not so long ago at an advanced age.

I have said nothing thus far of the opera at Stock-

holm, where we had a box once a week during the winter season. The performances were very good indeed; a handsome royal subvention being contributed to the expenses of the management. The first *prima donna*, Mlle. Grabow, was a charming singer, and was especially delightful as "Mignon," in Ambroise Thomas' tuneful opera; and Ödmann, the tenor of the day, had an excellent voice. Here I, for the first time, heard Boïto's "Mefistofele," quite admirably sung and put on the stage—an opera for which I have a great liking, and which, to my mind, unaccountably seems to have entirely dropped out of the Covent Garden *répertoire*. One night, too, we had the "Bergtagna,"¹ a fine romantic work of the Swedish composer Ivan Hallström, a great *protégé* of King Oscar, who was indeed credited with some share in the writing of this interesting score. Not only is the King an accomplished musician, but he is gifted with a fine tenor voice which, by a bit of ill-luck, we never heard to advantage. We were asked one evening to our neighbours, the Carl Gustav Rosens, *en tout petit comité*, to do some music with his Majesty, who had announced his intention of honouring his favourite equerry, Count Rosen, with his presence. Accordingly the King tried some slight duet with my wife, but was unfortunately so hoarse that he was obliged to stop, to the general disappointment, and we had

¹ *Bergtagna*, meaning a young girl enticed into the mountains by evil spirits, and detained there by them.

to fall back on Baron Hochschild, who was no mean musician, and had a capital baritone voice—many a time have we sung the duet in Donizetti's "Belisario" together—and a very pretty Baronne Ramel, who had a lovely *contralto* and sang quite beautifully. The country that gave birth to Christine Nilsson and Jenny Lind, not to mention Sigrid Arnoldson, still produces very remarkable voices, and Swedish—for this I take to be a factor of some importance in the question—is an extremely singable language.

The Diet was opened this year by the King, with all the customary display, the address from the throne turning principally on the vexed questions of land taxation and army reorganisation, of which a full scheme was announced. At the close of his speech, the King referred to a new line of railway in the extreme north of the kingdom, the construction of which had been sanctioned, and which his Majesty said he felt assured would contribute "to draw closer together the two nations united under his sceptre." Some emphasis was laid on the delivery of this passage, which bore upon a question of more than ordinary interest.

The line in question, as primarily projected, had a twofold object, namely, the opening up of the vast mineral resources of the province of Norrbotten, and its connection with extreme Northern Norway and the ice-free waters of the Ofoten Fjord. It had like-

wise been originally proposed that the point of departure of the line on the Baltic seaboard should be near Haparanda, on the immediate frontier of Finland, where it might be joined on to the Finnish lines and thus be linked with the general Russian railway system. This was strongly objected to by the King and the Swedish Government, on strategic grounds, and their final consent to the project was only given on condition that the terminus of the line, instead of being at the Töre Fjord close to the Finnish frontier, should be placed at the town of Luleå, which is at a considerable distance within the Swedish borders. Thence the projected line was to run to the Norwegian frontier through the districts which contain the celebrated iron mines of Gellivara and Luossovara and others.

This project has now been carried out. The northernmost railway in the world, part of which runs within the Arctic circle, has been completed, and the tourist, on his return from the North Cape, or Spitzbergen, or some of the other now fashionable hyperborean excursions, is comfortably conveyed in an express train, which runs once a week in summer, with sleeping and dining cars, from the distant Norwegian Fjord to the Swedish capital. At the time I write of, so little was known of these regions, that I was much interested by the account given me of his experiences by an English engineer of the name of Wilkinson, who had carefully surveyed the *tracé* of the line in the summer of 1883 for

the company which afterwards constructed it. He started from Luleå with a sufficient number of ponies for his party and his supplies, but soon found the large tracts of forest that stretch inland from the coast so impracticable that he had to transfer his luggage to men's backs, and eventually walked the whole distance of 300 miles from sea to sea. Beyond the comparatively well-known country round Gellivara—now a flourishing mining centre of several thousand inhabitants—he came to a region a great portion of which had probably never been visited before by any traveller. Here are situated the great mines of Kiranuvara, the wealth of which was first reported upon in 1876. Mr. Wilkinson told me of the now celebrated Malmberg, near Gellivara, which, he said, was practically a mountain of metal, one face of which he described as a sheer wall of iron ore rising precipitately some 800 feet from the lake which lies at its base, and glistening in the sun so as to be visible at a distance of forty miles. He looked upon the yield of ore existing there as almost inexhaustible, and roughly reckoned the percentage of pure metal it contained at over seventy per cent., a calculation which has since been much exceeded in the returns from it.

Mr. Wilkinson spoke of the climate of these remote regions as much more temperate than their high latitude would lead one to expect; a great deal of the soil being suitable for the growth of the hardier cereals, such as rye and barley. The sparse

population he came across was composed partly of Lapps, settled on small holdings, and partly of nomad Finns, most of whom were fishermen. Already at that period it was noticeable that a considerable intercourse was carried on between Finland and Norway by these migratory Finns—a fact of some interest in view of the reports which then reached the Swedish Government from their Consul-General at Helsingfors, calling attention to a flow of emigration across the Swedish frontier, together with a steady increase of the autonomous tendencies in Finland, and the strange phenomenon that Finnish, although so primitive an idiom, was very encroaching, and was actually to some extent supplanting Swedish, not only in the Grand Duchy but in some of the northern districts of the adjoining kingdom and Norway. There was good reason to suspect that this spread of the Finnish language at the expense of Swedish, both in Finland and beyond the frontier, was viewed with anything but disfavour in those days at St. Petersburg, as tending to smooth the path for possible ulterior designs on these northernmost regions, and the splendid harbours on the Norwegian coast beyond them. It may then have been thought good policy not to check racial aspirations which have since been dealt with so sternly. At any rate, twenty years ago the subject was not lost sight of at Stockholm, and, but for the political strife then existing in Norway, ought to have been still more closely watched at Christiania.

After doing our duty by Stockholm society in the way of dinners and dances during the winter season, we went home after Easter, partly in order to make the necessary arrangements for the removal of our two eldest boys from their school at Slough to Eton. The year I had passed in Argentina, and my immediate move from there to Sweden, entitled me to accumulated leave, which I spent in England. In my notes of this period after my arrival in London, I find mention of a performance, by the English Opera Company at Drury Lane, of Arthur Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda"—a charming work by a still more charming composer whom we knew well. Being both of us much devoted to music, we saw a good deal of him, and several of his best songs were written for my wife, who was a very old friend of his, having first made his acquaintance, when he was still a youth, at Madeira, where he was wintering for his health. In all his compositions there is a refinement and a delicate grace and *distinction*, in the French sense of the word, which, to my thinking, give him a special place among English writers of music, and make his early and tragical end one of the severest losses English musical art has sustained in our time.

The Granvilles—then living in the beautiful house in Carlton House Terrace (No. 18), which, previous to and since their tenancy, has passed through so many vicissitudes before coming into the hands of Mr. Waldorf Astor—greeted us very

cordially as usual, and, shortly after our arrival, asked us to a big dinner given in honour of the Mohrenheims, who had not long before replaced Prince Lobanow at the Russian Embassy. Before we went in Lord Granville introduced me, with some civil remark about my familiarity with French, to the new Ambassador, who at once launched forth in the most flowery style in that language, and, referring to the approaching coronation of the Emperor Alexander III., which was the topic of the hour, said to Lord Granville's and my amusement, "*Plusieurs de mes collègues vont se rendre à Moscou pour cette solennité entr'autres le représentant du fils du Ciel,*" by which he simply meant the Chinese Minister in London. At dinner afterwards—which, according to what was then a new fashion, was served at two round tables of twelve—the Russian Ambassador of course taking in Lady Granville, I remember his much diverting us, in replying to a question she put to him as to whether his (very nice-looking) daughter liked London, and how she passed her time, by saying, "*En ce moment elle se consacre à l'étude du peerage. Elle possède déjà les Norfolk et les Somerset.*"

I met the Ambassador again a day or two later at a dinner given by Sir Oscar Clayton for the Duke of Edinburgh, where no doubt feeling somewhat like a fish out of water—he knew but little English, and had not been long at his post—he, so to speak, took refuge with me after dinner, and with the curious expansiveness I have frequently noticed in Russians

at the post-prandial hour, spoke to me at great length about the position of affairs between our two countries. His *épanchements* were quite interesting, and were duly reported by me to Lord Granville, for whom they were of course intended. He was very communicative about the circumstances attending his appointment to London. He owed it entirely to the Emperor, quite irrespective of the Imperial Foreign Office, and had had a dangerous competitor in M. Sabourow, who was bent on coming here, and had brought high influence here to bear in his favour. Even now, as he knew through his friend Jomini, Sabourow was working hard to displace him. He had hesitated long before accepting a post for which he honestly believed himself to be unfit, but notwithstanding the general shuffle that had taken place it was clear that from his long residence in Denmark he himself would be impossible at Berlin, while Prince Orloff would certainly not care to exchange Paris for London. In reply to some remark I made about his predecessor, he said that *ce chançard de Lobanow* had been transferred to Vienna with the object of affording proof—as *un Prince authentique du sang de Rurik* alone could do—that the Russian Government were fully determined to discountenance Panslavism.

He then plunged at great length into the Central Asian question, the pith of what he said being that his own programme could be put in two words,

confiance et réciprocité. He would never attempt any concealment from us of Russian movements in Central Asia, but would expect to be believed when he stated what really was taking place there. The so-called "neutral zone," he said—a sorry invention of *ce sinistre farceur*, Prince Gortchacow—had become perfectly worthless, and had always been absurd. England must be prepared to have Russia as her next-door neighbour in Asia. He could only explain our fears on that point by the fact of our never yet having had immediate neighbours, and dreading the new experience. Russia, on the contrary, was surrounded by neighbours, and was herself the most accommodating of neighbours. She had calmly allowed Prussia to swell out into an empire of forty millions, and had quietly looked on while the centre of gravity in Austria was shifted from Vienna to Pesth. What better proof was needed of habits of *bon voisinage*?

The Ambassador then expatiated on the general worthlessness of Central Asian conquests, while deploring the costly expeditions which the restlessness of the tribes Russia had to deal with—Mervians and others—compelled her to undertake. In fact she was thereby constrained gradually to push forward her frontier until she reached the peace she longed for, which, as far as I could make out from him, was only to be found on the borders of Afghanistan. On my asking him what General Tchernaiëff was doing at Tashkend, he replied that

his hands were full with organisation. His being selected for the post had, he admitted, seemed to him dangerous, but he was bound to say that the conqueror in him appeared now to be merged in the administrator.

So many years have passed since those days and since the conversation I have related above, that I may safely say of the choice made of M. de Mohrenheim for the Russian Embassy in London that it was not a happy one. He chiefly owed his advancement to his long residence at Copenhagen, where he had made himself very agreeable, but he was ill-fitted for the most trying post a Russian diplomatist can occupy. At Paris, whither he was soon transferred, he did much better work for his Government, and fostered and perfected, to the great advantage of Russia, the intimate *entente* with France of which the bases had been laid by Lobanow. To his eminent successor, Baron de Staal, it was reserved to achieve here still more creditable results by absolutely overcoming, in his own person, the ingrained distrust of Russian agents, and in some degree of Russian policy, which no less an authority than Lord Salisbury not so long ago described as being the mark of an "antiquated" diplomacy.

I cannot dismiss this dinner-party without some further mention of its giver, old Oscar Clayton—a character well known to the last generation of London society, but probably now forgotten by all

but his few surviving patients. Having begun life as a mere surgeon of police, he worked his way up to the position of habitual medical adviser at Marlborough House and to a large practice in the fashionable set of that day. He was an ugly little old man, with the worst wig I ever saw, excepting perhaps Charles de Talleyrand's—a marked foible for smart people, and a great fund of amusing small-talk. As a physician he was remarkable for his knowledge of drugs, of which he had made a special study, and for his many little-known kindnesses to the poor and the unfortunate. He prided himself vastly on his dinners and his wines, and on the judicious selection of his guests, and I recollect his asking me once to what he was pleased to describe as a “representative party.” “English and Scotch peerage,” he said, “Lords De La Warr and Orkney; the navy, Admirals H. Carr Glyn and Rim Macdonald; foreign diplomacy, Count Bylandt (the Dutch minister); British ditto, yourself,” and so on. Though people laughed at old Clayton, they crowded his consulting room, and he no doubt carried many a curious secret with him down to the grave, and certainly one grievance—the characteristic one that his handle was not of the right kind, and that he had been given neither a star nor a baronetcy!

Of the fairly numerous gaieties during our stay in town, I best remember a very pretty ball given by Lady Londesborough at the house in Berkeley Square, which has since become Lord Rosebery's,

and which although now almost entirely rebuilt and much enlarged, stands, if I am not greatly mistaken, on the site of the one to which I, then a raw, foreign-bred youth, was taken in 1849 to see that very great personage the Lady Jersey of that day, whose *salon*, graced by her daughter, lovely Lady Clementina, of the many rejected suitors,¹ was then perhaps the leading one in London. We were bidden too, *ex officio*, to a state ball and a state concert. The latter function used, during the late reign, to be an eminently dignified entertainment worthy of the best traditions of our court; the programme alone lacking sometimes in novelty and interest. On this occasion, however, besides the indispensable Madame Albani, we had Madame Pauline Lucca, and Madame Scalchi of the glorious *contralto* voice, and Edward Lloyd, who gave a most effective rendering of the beautiful *Preislied* from the *Meistersinger*.

The court ball somehow is associated in my memory with Odo Russell (Lord Amphill), whom I had not met for many years and saw there for the last time, and with a trivial circumstance which was very typical of the delightful sense of humour of that most charming of ambassadors, the *caro mio Roussell* of *Pio Nono*. We were lounging together in one of the doorways of the ball-room, talking over old days at Paris and at Vienna, where he had passed a good part of his youth, when I asked him whether he still sang, for he had a beautiful tenor

¹ Lady Clementina Villiers died unmarried in 1858.

voice. "No, my dear fellow," he replied, with a merry twinkle through his spectacles, "I have had to give that up. I sent not long ago for a music-master at Berlin who had been in the habit of accompanying me, and tried a few things over with him. When I had done, I asked him what he thought. He made a little bow, and, with a tone of regretful and most respectful sympathy, said, '*Excellenz distoniren ganz fürchterlich!*' There was nothing to be done after that, was there?" Poor Odo! About a year after this I had occasion to write to him on some political question from Stockholm, and received a pleasant letter from him in reply, in which he said that he had been very ill but was getting all right again. In a few weeks he was dead, a cruel loss to the service of which he was one of the chief ornaments. Yet another of my recollections of this stay in London is a mournful one, for on the 31st of May I went down to Clewer to the funeral of perhaps the truest, kindest friend I had in early youth and manhood, that fine old soldier the last Lord Rokeby. With the death of the dear old man was broken one of the very few family ties left to me in this country.

Before returning to Sweden we saw a good deal of the Lonsdales—he being a near connexion of my wife's through her first marriage—while to know Lady Lonsdale is to like and feel drawn to her as one in a thousand. The twin houses in Carlton House Terrace (Nos. 14 and 15) were full of beauti-

ful things; the great merit of what was really a splendid collection being its perfect homogeneity. The rooms were furnished throughout with a complete old French *mobilier*, which, together with the pictures, the works of art, the china, and other decorative objects, was exclusively of the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. periods, and of the very finest quality. The Bouchers, Nattiers, Paters on the walls—among them the celebrated portrait by Boucher of Madame de Pompadour, and another smaller oval one by the same painter—the priceless cabinets, chandeliers, and *appliques*, and the wealth of Sèvres and other French china, even in the bedrooms, made the house a compendium of the wonderful art, as applied to house decoration, which blossomed out in France in the luxurious, extravagant days that preceded the great revolutionary cataclysm, and of which the most perfect illustration is now to be seen in the wonders of the Wallace collection at Hertford House.

Having installed our two boys—my eldest, Horace, and my stepson, Algy Caulfeild—at Eton with the Rev. H. Daman—better known in those days as Hoppy Daman—and spent the festive 4th of June with them, we presently turned our faces northwards again, and were back in Stockholm by the 2nd July. This summer our excursions tended mostly in the direction of Lake Mälars, the shores of which, though tamer and less picturesque than the rocky channels of the Saltsjö, are crowded

with interesting places and associations. Here, on a wooded promontory jutting out into the lake, stand the grim walls and dark red towers of Gripsholm, where the *frères ennemis* of Swedish history: the crazy Eric—at one time a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth—and his sinister brother, John, kept each other captive in turns till the final removal of the dethroned Eric to Örbyhus, where he is popularly believed to have been put to death by poison, though this is by no means historically proven. Here, too, on an island off the opposite shore, is stately Drottningholm, the masterpiece of Nicodemus Tessin and the favourite summer quarters of the Court, where this autumn I was present at a somewhat memorable banquet given in honour of the Duke of Braganza, now King of Portugal. Farther on is Skokloster, the home of the Brahes, to whom it came through marriage from the great field-marshal, Wrangel, who stored there the immense spoil of his German campaigns, comprising, among other things, the famous Benvenuto Cellini shield taken at the sack of Prague in 1648.

One of the pleasantest expeditions we made on the Mälars was, by an odd chance, as guests of a young Siamese prince, of the name of Prisdang, who turned up at this time on a special mission to the Swedish Government, under the guidance of Mr. Frederick Verney, now Councillor to the Siamese Legation in London. We went with this amiable

princely scion of the land of the white elephant up the lake as far as Södertelje and the first locks at the entrance to the great Göta Canal, in a comfortable steamer chartered for the occasion ; returning after a lovely day, quite late in the evening, in the wonderful light of these latitudes which the poet Tegnér, in his striking lines on the midnight sun, so well describes as "neither day nor night, and hovering on the borders of both."¹ Stockholm and its domes and towers, as we neared them, with our watches on the stroke of eleven, were still quivering in a great aureole of golden mist.

¹ "Det var ej dag, det var ej natt
Det vägde emellan båda."

CHAPTER XIV

CHRISTIANIA AND STOCKHOLM, 1884-1885

DURING my absence in England a partial ministerial crisis had arisen through the resignation of the prime minister, Count Posse, whose position had been more or less shaky for some time. He had been attacked—very unjustly, as was afterwards shown—for having, during a visit to Norway, used indiscreet language calculated to encourage the Norwegian Radicals in their attempt to narrow the Royal prerogative. As a matter of fact, his resignation was due to his not being in complete harmony with his colleagues, and still more to severe domestic affliction, which made him desirous to withdraw into private life. That a cabinet should continue in office after the retirement of its chief is a circumstance which for English readers needs explanation. To begin with—to judge clearly of the political conditions which obtain in the Scandinavian sister kingdoms—it is indispensable to divest oneself of the notion that Parliamentary government—in the sense of government by party, or of effectual Parliamentary control—is really understood or practised in either of them. In neither country does the administration of the day emanate from,

or depend upon, the will and pleasure of a majority in the Legislature, the ministers being direct nominees of the Crown. At the period I write of, the full authority of Parliament, as understood with us, would, in Sweden, have been tantamount to the supremacy of the great body of peasant landowners, or yeomen, almost to the exclusion of any other class. It was not surprising, therefore, that Parliamentary government, on the most approved models, did not then in Sweden commend itself to men of sincerely liberal views, who were content with the real essence of free representative institutions in the shape of the power of self-taxation, and an effective and scrupulous control of the public purse.

Some changes became indispensable in the cabinet on the withdrawal from it of Count Posse. Among the persons sent for by the King was a former minister, who had been living for some years in retirement, and whose return to office was attended by certain amusing circumstances. The eminently respectable old gentleman in question loyally placed his services at the King's disposal, but before intimating his final acceptance, had to contend with great difficulties on the part of his better half. Mme. —, so the story goes, cried her eyes out over the whole thing, fearing that the work and responsibility would be fatal to her husband at his time of life, and still more dreading for herself having again to become, as she put it in her distress and unfamiliarity with French, *une femme publique*.

As for her husband, she confided to one of her friends that his health was very indifferent, and his circulation most defective, instancing in proof of this that she had never shared the couch *d'un homme qui eût les pieds aussi froids*, which, after the experience innocently confessed to by the poor lady, could be regarded as conclusive evidence on that point. M. — remained in office but a few months, to his anxious wife's great relief; the cabinet being once more reconstituted under M. Themptander, an able financier and administrator.

In November I received from a committee of the British residents at Christiania a request that I would lay the foundation-stone of an English church, funds for the building of which had been gradually collected for some time past; a great impetus having been given to the undertaking by our energetic Consul-General, T. Michell. On my arrival at Christiania with George Greville¹—who had not long before joined the Legation in succession to Elliot, transferred to Lisbon—I had a most cordial and flattering reception. A deputation of the community waited upon me, and presented me with a beautifully illuminated address of welcome, and the ceremony took place the next day with due solemnity, and was attended by the prime minister, M. Selmer, and some of his colleagues—already then under the stress of an impeachment for high treason, which they seemed to me to face with

¹ Mr. George Greville, C.M.G., is now H.M. Minister at Mexico.

surprising equanimity.¹ A public dinner—the first for many years which had brought together the body of British residents—was afterwards given in my honour, and was, in true northern fashion, marked by most hearty, and indeed boisterous manifestations of goodwill. So rapidly was the work on the church carried out that in little more than six months I was present at its consecration by Bishop Titcomb. This was my first visit to the Norwegian capital, which I was to see more of the following year. I drove out to the royal summer residence of Oscarshall in a snowstorm, I remember, and was at an evening party at the Michells, where a good many interesting people had been asked to meet me.

I was thus able, during my short stay, to collect some information regarding the political situation, the general impression left upon me by what I gathered being very saddening. The party strife in

¹ The Storting had so often before resorted to impeachment that it may have appeared less formidable to the Selmer cabinet than it actually proved. How unjust impeachment could be, was shown when King Charles John XIV. having somewhat arbitrarily dismissed the Storting before they had voted the Budget, the Norwegian Minister of State, Lövenskiöld, was impeached and condemned to penalties for not having entered his protest in the protocol of the Council at which the decision was taken. Many years later it became known that the King had acted under the pressure of an almost menacing private letter from the Emperor Nicholas—who at that time (about 1830) held half Europe under his heel—urging that the Liberal tendencies in the Storting must be sternly checked at all costs. The King having shown the letter to Lövenskiöld and bound him to secrecy, the minister could not in honour urge a word in his own defence, and therefore suffered in silence for simply doing his duty. He lived eventually to become Viceroy of Norway.

the limited Norwegian community seemed to me to exceed even the proverbial rancour of family feuds. It was carried on in an acrimonious spirit that respected neither private friendship nor family ties, the bitter flood of mutual recrimination making it in fact very difficult for a neutral observer to exactly gauge the situation. What struck me perhaps most was the almost culpable optimism of the impeached ministers, who, in their groundless belief that a Conservative reaction would surely take place in answer to the unscrupulous manœuvres of the Radical leaders, had let the conflict reach so acute a stage, and, above all, had allowed the Crown to be dragged into it, instead of insisting on resigning office and thus depriving their adversaries of the victory afforded them by the humiliation of the executive and to a great degree also of the Crown. On the very day of my return to Stockholm I had an opportunity of imparting some of these impressions of mine to the King, whom I met out walking late in the afternoon. His Majesty on seeing me, stopped and conversed with me for some time. He felt sure, he said, that the Norwegians must have made a good impression upon me, and that, in spite of the present regrettable state of affairs, I must have seen how truly loyal they were. On my venturing to remark on the extreme animosity with which the contest was being waged, the King replied that this was no doubt regrettable, but that all would be well in the end, and that the position was not so serious as was

thought. He then graciously parted from me and strode away in the gathering dusk, leaving me in doubt whether his sanguine temperament misled him or not as to the difficulties before him.

The winter was now upon us—to me a sorely trying one, as it turned out. My two youngest boys having made good progress with their tutor, Herr Appel (now a Professor at the University of Breslau), I installed them with him for a few months in snug lodgings at Upsala, where I went to look after them every week. It was, when I think of it, a curious experience for English boys, and in after years they may well sometimes have looked back with amusement to that winter-time in the drowsy old university city, with its fine cathedral and gaunt, half-abandoned castle on the hill, where, in the great banqueting hall, amidst the tears of the assemblage, Christina discrowned herself with such solemnity; to the merry skating on the hard-frozen Fyriså; and to the mild evening parties and impromptu hops to which they were bidden by genial Swedish dons and their fair-haired *flickor*, only too glad to show kindness to the sons of the *Engelska sandebud*.¹

On the 7th of February 1884 my youngest son was born, in Drottning-Gatan, just fifteen years and two days after his eldest brother. And this recalls to my mind the fact, which is

¹ *Flickor*, young girls. *Sandebud*, envoy or ambassador.

typical of the wandering fate of the diplomatist, that of my four sons two are Russian, one Turkish, and one Swedish, as regards their respective birthplaces. All went well with my wife till the tenth day, when sitting reading to her after dinner, I suddenly noticed that her breathing was short and laboured. The doctor, sent for at once, pronounced it to be an attack of pleurisy, and this rapidly spread over both lungs.

From that day onwards she was in great danger for several weeks, and at one time, the worst being feared, her father was telegraphed for. The very day of his arrival, however, she took a turn for the better, and continued slowly to improve till the 3rd April, the day of the child's christening, when she was allowed to be present, the ceremony taking place in a large room adjoining her bedroom. The effort, however, proved too much for her, and she had a relapse, being very ill again for eight weeks, and it was not till Whit Sunday, the 1st June, that she was carried downstairs for the first time to go for a drive. During her long illness she was most carefully and kindly nursed by the Roman Catholic sisters, of whom I spoke some pages back, and, under Providence, owed her recovery to this, and to the skilful treatment of Professor Salin, assisted by the King's physician, Dr. Bruzelius, and Professor Netzel—but also not a little to her own admirable pluck and patience. It was all through these weary months that Countess d'Otrante proved so devoted

and helpful a friend, coming daily, often more than once, to see my invalid and to cheer me up at this most trying time. She was the godmother of the poor little mite whose coming into the world nearly cost us so dear.¹

After so long and serious an illness complete change of air and scene became imperative. I resolved, therefore, to remove for the summer to Norway, and, with the help of Michell, secured a good-sized villa, surrounded by a somewhat unkempt but pretty garden, with a lovely view down a valley bounded by the grey mass of the Skogumsaas mountain. The house stood in a small finely-timbered park on the fjord, half-an-hour by rail from Christiania, at a place called Gyssestad, a little beyond Sandviken on the Western line to Drammen. We made ourselves comfortable in it with a railway-van load of furniture and other property from Stockholm, and spent one of the most delightful summers I ever remember, favoured by absolutely glorious weather. Our grounds sloped down to the beautiful fjord, which here is studded with thickly-wooded islands; and when our four boys joined us for the holidays, we daily spent long afternoons on the water with them and George Greville — best known to his many friends as "G. G." — who stayed with us for some weeks and, when not pulling in the family boat or bathing,

¹ The boy was christened Hugh Cecil Levinge; his godfathers being Lord Lonsdale and my cousin, the late Sir William Levinge.

copied my despatches. A visitor or two from Christiania, and a few stray English travellers—"Tommy" Trafford, George Elliot, and William Warren Vernon,¹ and Dr. and Mrs. Priestley² among them—broke from time to time the deliciously even tenour of our lives; the fast returning health and strength of my invalid more than making up to me for anything approaching dulness or monotony in the existence I led.

Early in July I was away for a few days with Michell for some salmon-fishing in south Telemarken, on the Laagen River, some thirty miles above Laurvik and its splendid beech woods. Although the sport we had was by no means first-rate, it fully sufficed to interest me in what was to me quite a novel experience. Our quarters at the farmhouse at which we put up were about as rough as they well could be, *gaardbrugger* Hannevold and his belongings being thoroughly untidy and slovenly in their habits and household arrangements, which struck me all the more, coming as I did from neat, cleanly Sweden. The food they gave us, too, was coarse and unappetising. Fortunately we had brought with us an ample supply of tinned things, which, with the fish of our own catching, broiled fresh from the river, and the great wash-hand bowlfuls of

¹ Mr. William Trafford, oddly nicknamed "Tommy," is a well-known and popular Norfolk squire and sportsman, who has lived a great deal in Paris. The Honourable George Elliot was a younger brother of Sir Henry. The Honourable W. W. Vernon is a brother of the sixth Lord Vernon.

² The late Sir William Priestley, M.P., M.D.

fragrant wood strawberries and the delicious cream set before us, made a *menu* fit for a king. These few days spent on the bright, rapid, swirling river—fishing, in the early dawn and late evening, in its deep shady pools just below a noisy waterfall, and enjoying the exciting struggle with the wary ones that made for shelter in the broken water or behind protecting rocks—stand out quite by themselves in my Scandinavian *souvenirs*, as does the return journey along the pretty road to Laurvik, in that quaintest and most uncomfortable of vehicles, the national cariole, which now, I am told, is fast disappearing from Norwegian highways.

Meantime the political situation in Norway was rapidly tending towards a complete triumph for the Radical majority in the Storting. At the end of February the monstrous, and monster, prosecution of the eleven members of the Selmer ministry before the High Court of Justice had ended in their condemnation to heavy fines and penalties, including loss of office. There was something revolting in this spectacle of a group of honourable men, mostly of advanced years, and with but scanty private means—the prime minister, Selmer, had recently lost most of his slender fortune through a failure at Bergen—being driven from office for having—faithfully, according to their lights—defended the prerogative of their sovereign, and being, moreover, branded as dangerous conspirators against

the liberties of the nation. But nothing less than a flagrant declaration of the guilt of the unfortunate Governmental lamb would appease the rancour and serve the purposes of the Storthing wolf.¹ At the same time it must be admitted that the ministers—such was certainly the view taken of them in Sweden—however loyal and conscientious in the performance of their duties, had proved themselves entirely deficient in real statesmanship, and had given very injudicious advice to the Crown, behind which indeed, according to their adversaries, it had been their main object to shelter themselves.

The issue of the State trial placed King Oscar in a very difficult and painful predicament. He showed sound political judgment in not disputing the validity of the condemnation pronounced against his ministers. The latter had, in fact, themselves fully acknowledged the competence of their judges by going up in person to receive sentence from them. The King, therefore, relieved them of their functions, but at the same time issued a rescript, or declaration, emphatically reserving his royal prerogative, being supported in this by a public letter from the Swedish prime minister setting forth the views of his colleagues.

¹ There was besides a deplorably penurious side to these Norwegian affairs. For instance, there was reason to believe that it was the dread of losing their places and their prospects of a pension which deterred the majority of the judges of the *Höiesteret* from withdrawing from the High Court of Justice, or *Rigsret*, on the undeniable ground of the unfairness of its composition, and its being turned, for party purposes, into an instrument of political passion. Their convictions, in fact, were sacrificed to the necessities of their position.

“The Union,” said the Swedish cabinet, “pre-supposed, and made it an absolute condition that the King should have in Norway, as he had in Sweden, a decisive voice as to changes in the Constitution, and that the armed forces in Norway, of whatever description, should, like those of Sweden, be placed under the command of the common King (Unionskonung).”

The latter portion of this authoritative declaration of the Swedish ministers referred to a measure passed in the Storting, whereby certain volunteer rifle corps were placed under the direct authority of Parliament—a bold encroachment which the Norwegian Government had very properly refused to sanction. By the above line of action the dignity of the Crown was safeguarded as much as was possible under the circumstances; the King further showing a wise magnanimity by causing the prosecution of M. Björnstjerna Björnson, for articles published in his paper, the *Verldens' Gang*, of a grossly insulting character against him, to be dropped.¹

¹ It has been alleged, and recently put in print in a publication which commands a very large circle of readers, that the King meditated a *coup d'état* in Norway, and was urged by his Swedish advisers to high-handed proceedings against the Storting. These statements are quite erroneous. The naval and military forces in Norway could scarcely at that period have been relied on, while in Sweden the cabinet strongly recommended acquiescence in the sentence against the impeached Norwegian ministers; the Swedish Diet, and even the press, carefully abstaining from any open expression of opinion at this acute stage of the conflict, although inwardly incensed by the attitude of M. Sverdrup and his adherents.

An attempt—destined to failure—was then made to carry on the Government with an administration, taken from the Conservative side, of men of independent means and high standing, like MM. Schweigaard and Lövenskiold. With the latter, one of the few remaining representatives of the old Norwegian aristocracy, and his very pleasant wife—now Mistress of the Robes to the Queen in Norway—we made great friends, and several times visited them at their charming place called Vekerö, on the Christiania fjord. Lövenskiold, whose Conservatism was of a very moderate type, and who had taken office to oblige the King, indulged from the first in no illusions as to the final outcome of the contest with the Storthing, and strongly urged that the wisest course to adopt was to cast the responsibilities of office on the leader of the Opposition. After fruitless negotiations for a *modus vivendi* with the Left, he was finally charged by the King to call on the President of the Storthing and request him to submit his list for a new Ministry for his Majesty's approval. "It was the bitterest thing I ever had to do," said M. Lövenskiold, in relating this to me, "but I had given the King what I believed to be the only possible honest advice."

We were lunching in town with the Michells on the day (June 26th) when the appointment of M. Sverdrup as prime minister was first publicly announced. M. Richter, one of the incoming

Cabinet—for some time Consul-General in London—was one of the party, and showed what seemed to me undue elation. He spoke of the new era on which Norway was entering as a fresh honeymoon for the King and the nation. Everything, he said, would henceforth go smoothly. M. Richter did not perhaps then realise the grasping spirit of the extreme elements of his party, whose real aim was, and is, complete separation from Sweden. Judged by the light of the successive concessions since extorted from the Crown in the question of the so-called “pure” flag,¹ and in that of a separate Consular service for Norway, which latter has been all but granted, his prognostications have proved as erroneous as I thought them at the time. Of the general lassitude caused by the protracted struggle, no better illustration can be given than the message which the dying Stang—a former premier who had been the first to recommend a policy of resistance to the excessive pretensions of the Storting—sent to the King from his deathbed: “Sire! Make peace!”

I have little more to say of our quiet, uneventful sojourn in Norway, which now came to an end after effecting its purpose by fully restoring my wife to health. Before leaving Christiania, however, I had an interesting interview with the new Norwegian

¹ The right claimed by the Norwegians to remove from the flag of their mercantile marine the Swedish quartering indicative of the union between the two countries.

premier. This remarkable man, who certainly changed the entire face of affairs in his country, struck me at first sight as a *poseur*, a character, I take it, not uncommon among demagogues. He addressed me in German, which he evidently knew well, but spoke with difficulty. He excused himself for this by saying that he had been all his life "a plain workman" (*ein schlichter Arbeiter*), and had had no time to bestow on "articles of luxury." As a matter of fact, he came of a quite respectable stock, and had for some years been unprofitably engaged in banking business. I thought his manner decidedly ungenial, and he seemed to be very much on his guard and not quite at his ease. Probably he had been too thoroughly soured in opposition to enjoy the sweets of office now that he had attained them. He spoke very bitterly of what he called the governing class in Sweden; which must be made to realise that Norway intended to be mistress in her own house. Nothing, he said, could check the present movement, which indeed was common to the three Scandinavian nations, and was manifestly the outcome of old historical and ethnical conditions.

I asked him whether—given the thoroughly democratic spirit and traditions which obtained in Norway—the introduction of Republican institutions would not be the logical issue of the present situation? He seemed amused by this point-blank query, and, dropping for a moment his *doctrinaire* tone,

replied that although freer forms of government would probably some day be generally adopted, such a change as I indicated was not imminent in Norway. "We do not ride fast in this country, although we are not dead men," he added, absurdly misapplying a well-known German quotation.¹ Altogether, M. Sverdrup did not impress me favourably. What I disliked most in him was, for want of a better word, a certain viciousness of manner and expression which pointed to his being an implacable adversary. But a long course of political agitation under adverse circumstances would scarcely develop the more pleasing sides of human nature.

We left Christiania on the 30th September, parting with regret from our small circle of friends there, and notably from Michell and his kind, warm-hearted wife—a parting which, as it happened, was for good. But it was pleasant to get back to our comfortable home in Stockholm and the daily routine of life and work there. Another change had recently taken place in our Legation by the appointment of Edmund Cope as First Secretary in succession to Lawrence, promoted to be Minister Resident at Quito. Cope was the heir to that fine old place, Bramshill, with its splendid house, built for Henry, Prince of Wales, about the same time and by the same architect as Hatfield, which in its design and general aspect it much resembles. Bramshill is not far from Eversley, and is probably the prototype of

¹ "Hurrah, die Todten reiten schnell!" (Burger's "Lenore").

the imaginary home of the Calmadys, as depicted in Lucas Malet's remarkable and most powerful, but rather repelling story. We liked poor Cope and his clever, helpful wife very much indeed, and little foresaw when we left Sweden that, with so bright a future before him, he was soon to come to a tragical end by throwing himself out of his window at Stockholm during a severe attack of brain fever.

During this, my last, autumn in Scandinavia I made closer acquaintance with one of its most distinguished sons, the Arctic explorer, Baron Nordenskjöld—in private life the most simple and unassuming of men—whom I had first met shortly before his last expedition to Greenland in the summer of 1883. At that time he looked forward with some confidence to establishing the correctness of a theory he held, that, after crossing the zone of ice-fields which follows the outline of the coast and forms a glacial belt around it, the country beyond would be found to be free from ice and probably even wooded. He based this opinion—which he admitted to be contrary to the received scientific notions on the subject—mainly on the fact that all the winds which reach the inland regions of Greenland must partake of the character of the *föhn* or south wind, and, therefore, be dry and relatively warm. A subsidiary object of the expedition was a search for the vestiges of the settlement of Österbygden, founded by Norwegians during the Middle Ages, and which had to be looked for on the

eastern coast above Cape Farewell. This settlement was known to have been flourishing, and to have contained as many as one hundred and ninety villages divided into thirteen parishes, which formed a bishopric. The ravages made by the plague in Norway towards the middle of the fourteenth century caused the interruption of the communications between the mother country and the colony, and the unfortunate settlers, left to themselves, were unable to make head against the repeated assaults of the aborigines or *Skrällingarne*.¹ The entire community, it is supposed, eventually perished, though the precise circumstances attending its destruction are lost to history.

These traditions of a Norse settlement buried centuries ago in the Polar solitudes were sufficiently fascinating to contribute to Nordenskjöld's resolve to explore Greenland, but his interest in that region had been in part awakened by the discovery he had made in the Library at Nancy of a manuscript map of the Northern countries of Europe—made at Rome in 1427, sixty-five years before the first journey of Columbus, and the earliest known chart of its kind—which showed an outline of the coast of Greenland, almost accurate as to its geographical situation, and clearly marked as *Gronlandia provincia*. Of a facsimile he had had made of this remarkable map the great explorer was good enough to give me a copy

¹ This is the name given in the contemporary records of the ill-fated settlement to what were probably Eskimo tribes.

bearing his signature. Nordenskjöld's expedition to Greenland failed, as is well known, to confirm his theory, and only contributed to establish the fact that the interior of that desolate region is nothing but a huge glacier, with an almost flat surface riven by immensely wide fissures or *crevasses*.

About this time, too, he claimed the reward of 25,000 florins which had been offered as long ago as 1596 by the Dutch States General to the first navigator who should discover a passage through the frozen seas north of Europe to the rich regions of Cathay and India in the Far East. This prize he considered himself fully entitled to, on the strength of his discovery of the North-Eastern passage, and his successful circumnavigation of Asia in the *Vega*. He told me, I remember, that he would be content with a gold medal marking official recognition of his having solved the mystery which had baffled so many navigators before him, but I cannot say whether he was able or not to establish his claim.

But it is high time I should return from this lengthy Arctic digression to our pleasant everyday life in Drottning-Gatan, where we looked forward to the usual mild round of Swedish winter dissipation. Various moves had indeed recently taken place in the service, occasioned by the lamented death of Lord Amphill and the retirement of Sir Charles Wyke. Of desirable posts both Brussels and Lisbon had become vacant, and had been filled up, somewhat to my chagrin. But there

were far worse places than Stockholm, as I well knew, and, trusting to Lord Granville's very friendly disposition towards me, I had quite made up my mind to another year or two of out-of-the-way, but genial, Scandinavia, although there was no denying that one's interest in the larger concerns of Europe was, in this snug Northern *cul de sac*—as I once put it to Lord Granville in a private letter—something like that of Stratford Place in the roar and bustle of Oxford Street. One felt like a highly respectable neighbour who was altogether out of the movement. On the other hand, I found plenty to occupy me in the study of the complex questions that were in the forefront of Swedish and Norwegian affairs—as these pages may well, I fear, betray to excess—and was besides just then engaged in interesting negotiations for a convention exempting British subjects residing in Sweden or Norway from forced loans or compulsory military service in those countries.

Quite unexpectedly, I received on the 3rd of December a private message in cypher from Lord Granville asking whether I would prefer Athens or Copenhagen to my present post, if he was able to make the arrangement. My reply to this very kind offer was, as events afterwards showed, probably a decisive turning-point in my career. The recollections I had of Greece, and my great regard for its sovereign, together with a vain notion that Athens might possibly prove the stepping-stone to the

Embassy at Constantinople, made me in some degree covet that post; while, on the other hand, the removal to the pleasant neighbouring court of Copenhagen was in many ways tempting. In this dilemma my reply to Lord Granville was to the effect that "ambition" pointed to Athens while "private convenience" suggested Copenhagen; and in a letter of thanks I explained to him how difficult it would be for me, having but few family ties in England, to provide during the holidays for four sons, all now at school, from so distant a post as Athens. My wife, I well remember, was in despair that I had not at once *optéd* decidedly for Copenhagen, and, as it turned out, her judgment in the matter was more correct than mine. The real stepping-stone to the greater posts in our service has for years past been Copenhagen, and it may not be too presumptuous to assume that had I gone there in 1885, instead of to Athens, my chances of rapidly reaching the top of the diplomatic tree would have been greater. Lord Granville telegraphed back on the 17th that "ambition had its way," and with mixed feelings we prepared for the move, though we did not actually make our final start for England until two months later.

The time for our departure now drew near, and our last effort in the shape of entertaining was a small dance we gave in January, in honour of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and which was generally accounted to be a success. In February

I attended for the last time a banquet of the St. Johannis Lodge, on which occasion the King very graciously proposing my health, I returned thanks in such Swedish as I could muster, referring to the cordial relations which had always subsisted between the Grand Lodges in both countries, and to the fact that the Prince of Wales had been first initiated as a Freemason in Sweden. I concluded this somewhat bold effort by expressing the conviction that the Order would continue to flourish under its Royal Grand Master and Protector, and that its brethren, standing fast by the throne and the altar, would ever loyally close up their ranks, both in peaceful and in stormy days, when "the waves beat on the sheltering rocks and islands (*skären*) of Sweden."¹ This quotation from one of King Oscar's poems met, I need hardly say, with a cordial reception.

The parting day soon came, and with it, I confess, considerable repinings. I had spent three years and a half so happily in Sweden, that I could not but ask myself why after all I was leaving it. Even professionally there was much to regret about the post I had occupied. Although removed there from any active share in the game of diplomacy, I had seen and learned a good deal, and brought away some useful lessons, not the least valuable of which was the great object-lesson afforded by the relations between the countries united by the mere

¹ "När böljorna slå emot skären."

bond of King Oscar's sceptre. When I left Sweden that bond had already been so weakened that there seemed little to prevent the two kingdoms from drifting asunder. The most complete self-government; an administrative independence which comprised even a frontier line of customs; a sedulous care on the part of Sweden to consult at all times the commercial interests of Norway;¹ and last, but not least, an earnest endeavour on the part of the sovereign and Royal family to gain the affections of the people by identifying themselves with, and frequently residing amongst them; none of these had availed to make Norway at heart true to the Union, or to turn her from her dreams of an independence which must almost certainly be fatal to her as a nation. The fullest possible measure of Home Rule, with the successive concessions which brought it about, had in effect only proved itself a forcing-machine for the most extreme national aspirations.

It so happened that not long before my departure I heard a great deal, on absolutely unimpeachable authority, of certain dangers with which Norway was then threatened. The Finnish immigration into the northernmost Norwegian province of Finmarken—to which I have before referred as being fostered by Russia—was, I was assured, largely on the increase. To such an extent in fact, that the

¹ This was made thoroughly manifest in the negotiations for a new commercial treaty with France in 1881.

Norwegian authorities who at first had taken little heed of the gradual occupation of their territory by an alien race which had so mighty an Empire at its back, now began to realise the peril, and were taking active measures to check it.¹ The first warning given at Stockholm with respect to this insidious process of colonisation had to come, I was further told, from the best informed man in Europe—namely, Prince Bismarck.

Norway, once cast adrift from Sweden, must fatally, it seems to me, fall under the exclusive influence, if not the dominion, of Russia—a consummation which, knowing the hankering of that Power after the open water in the northern Norwegian harbours, we in England cannot possibly desire. Nor should it be left out of account that so fine a sea-board might well tempt other nations with yearly widening aims. The maintenance and vitality of the Union are, therefore, in my opinion, distinctly a British interest, and by no means an insignificant one.

I had my farewell audience of the King and Queen on the 12th February 1885. Their Majesties' conversation with me turned chiefly on the news—which had just come—of the death of General Gordon. The Queen, with her strong evangelical views, was much affected by the fate of one who to her was the Christian hero *par excellence*. In

¹ The recent turn of affairs in Finland has of course greatly altered the bearings of this movement.

the palace at Stockholm, as indeed wherever the name of England was held in honour, that dark hour of abandonment was deeply deplored. The King took leave of me in the most flattering terms, and gave me a large photograph recently taken of him wearing the Garter. I have never had the honour to see him again, but may safely say that no one of our Envoys accredited to him, either before or since, can possibly look back with greater pleasure and interest to his sojourn at King Oscar's court than I do to mine, or can form more sincere good wishes for *gamla Sverige*¹ and its talented and large-hearted ruler.

¹ Old Sweden.

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