

**THE BOOK WAS
DRENCHED**

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_216618

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No.

Accession No.

Author

Title

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.

MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

WHAT THE JUDGE THOUGHT

By His Honour JUDGE EDWARD
PARRY. Demy 8vo, cloth. [21s.net](#).
(Second Impression.)

"It would be difficult to praise this book too highly, for it is compact of values and through it all—and it is a mixture of biographies, anecdotes, expositions, and criticisms—there flows a current of shrewd common sense directed against the follies and obfuscations of the Law, past and present."
—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

T. FISHER UNWIN LTD., LONDON.



Emanuele Glicenstein, pintat. Roma 1922

Umberto Boccioni

MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

BY

OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "SIXTY YEARS AT ETON, CAMBRIDGE AND ELSEWHERE"

**T. FISHER UNWIN LTD
LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE**

First published in V.tiS

(All rights reserved)

TO
FRANCIS
LORD LATYMER
POET PHILOSOPHER FRIEND

CONTENTS

	Page
CHAPTER I. MARIP:NBAD -	9
LIFE IN ROME—GENERAL FOX—SOCIETY IN 1862—LORD ACTON—MARIENBAD—DR. OTT—TWO SHAHS—CAMPBELL RANNERMAN—PRINCESS METTERNICH—DEATH OF LADY BANNERMAN.	
CHAPTER II. MALOJA -	34
CYCLE TO MALOJA—HOTEL MOSS—DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS MARY—THE PRINCE OF WALKS—LLOYD GEORGE—THE HAGUE—FREDERIC HARRISON—THE FIRSCHE HAFF—TILSIT—WAGNER AND BAYREUTH—BOER WAR—I, A PRO-BOER—FLORENCE.	
CHAPTER III. INDIA -	65
VISIT TO LORD CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA—LIKE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—DARJEELING—VIEW OF MOUNT EVEREST—SVEN HEDIN—VISITS FROM RAJAHS—BENARES—AGRA—DELHI—ALIGAHR—VISIT TO THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA—HOME BY THE ADRIATIC.	
CHAPTER IV. BUDA PEST -	89
LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE—HISTORICAL CONGRESS AT BERLIN—ESPERANTO CONGRESS AT DRESDEN—OFFICIAL VISIT TO BUDA PEST—COUNT APPONYI—ORSOVA AND THE IRON GATE—LATIN SPEECH—OFFICIAL VISIT TO VIENNA—WITH BRITISH ASSOCIATION TO SOUTH AFRICA—CAPE TOWN AND JOHANNESBERG—SAINT HELENA—NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD—TENERIFFE—ASCENSION—THE TURTLE EATS THE CAT.	
CHAPTER V. ST. PETERSBURG -	114
LECTURE AT ST. PETERSBURG—DOUBLE PNEUMONIA—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—TRAINING COLLEGE—LEAVE CAMBRIDGE FOR GOOD—WRITE MEMOIRS—ATHENS—CONSTANTINOPLE—PALESTINE—JERUSALEM AND JAFFA.	
CHAPTER VI. CYPRUS -	131
ALEXANDRIA—CAIRO—CYPRUS—DEATH OF KING EDWARD—BEYRUT—THE LEBANON—BAALBEK—DAMASCUS—PORT SAID—RETURN TO ENGLAND—HISTORY OF THE WORLD—WINTER IN ROME—SERIOUS ILLNESS—BLUE NUNS—ENGLAND—TO ITALY WITH BOB—FLORENCE—ROME—MRS. STRONG—TO ENGLAND WITH AN TINORI.	
CHAPTER VII. ROME -	163
LIVE PERMANENTLY IN ROME—SCANNO—OUTBREAK OF WAR—NAPLES—GENERAL GARIBALDI—EARTHQUAKE—THE NEW POPE—EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY—ARI—PRAISE OF THE ABRUZZI.	
CHAPTER VIII. NAPLES -	186
NEW APARTMENT IN ROME—ARCADIAN ACADEMY—SIR THOMAS BEECHAM—POMPEI, NEW EXCAVATIONS—MONTE CATINI—WALDENSIAN VALLEYS—CHRISTMAS AT NAPLES—SIENA—MONTE OLIVETO—BROLIO—CAPORETTO—MUSIC IN ROME—GIACINTO SPADA.	

MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

CHAPTER I

MARIENBAD

LIFE IN ROME—GENERAL FOX—SOCIETY IN 1862—LORD ACTON— IARTENRAD—
DK. OTT—TWO SHAHS—CAMPBELL MANNESMAN—PRINCESS METTERNICH—DEATH
OF LADY BANNERMAN.

I HAVE lived in Rome now continuously for more than ten years, and it is probable that I shall die there, because I never leave it. I came here because I found myself alone in the world. My sisters were dead, my contemporaries were nearly all dead, Montague Butler and Sir George Trevelyan perhaps the only ones remaining. I had three places of abode in England, Cambridge, London and Bexhill, and I knew that I owed money in all and never felt sure that I was living within my income. One day young Lady Cohen told me that Lord Rothschild had said to her that no man could be happy unless he lived on half his income. I said nothing at the time but determined that I would go to Italy and live on half my income. This I could easily do, as five hundred a year was wealth to a bachelor who lived simply and never entertained. Things are rather different now, because prices have risen in Italy and taxes have become oppressive in England. Still, the

arrangement is cheaper because the style of living is entirely different. There are no bills and everything is paid in ready money, because no one trusts you : there are no backdoors and no little housekeeping books to lie on your study table : you can buy your dinner at a "rosticceria" and carry it home in your pocket without anyone thinking the worse of you. Every year I like Rome better. It has a delightful climate and I am glad that I fixed upon it as my place of retirement instead of Florence, which I had once thought of.

I came to Rome first on Easter Sunday, 1862, so that I have known it now for sixty years. It was very different in those days. No one hired a room in an hotel but you always took an apartment in which there were an anteroom, sitting room and bedroom. You had a servant to wait upon you, a carriage and pair always ready for you in the court yard, and I cannot remember that it was expensive. I used to pay eight francs a day for my apartment in the old Murat palace at Florence, decorated with Caroline's gold silk hangings, but when it became the capital, the price was raised to twenty. All your English friends lived in spacious apartments, in palaces, such as now you never see. As an Englishman you were one of the Lords and masters of the Eternal city and could do whatever you pleased. You were supposed to be enormously rich, as you were not then overshadowed by Americans. You gave yourself great airs and could take liberties which now seem to me to have been in very bad taste and were then bitterly resented, although nothing was said. This was the result of

THE "SWAGGERING" ENGLISHMAN 11

Waterloo, and I doubt whether it was for the advantage of ourselves or of the world that we should have won that battle. It produced a type of swaggering Englishmen, now happily extinct, who made us deeply disliked and in the course of years aroused a desire for retaliation, which eventually resulted in "the day" from which we are now suffering. At this time the English were strong Garibaldians, a feeling which was not shared by the Vatican. Yet every night, at the table d'hote dinner, we invited itinerant minstrels to our table and sang the Garibaldian Hymn at the top of our voices without any regard to the feelings of Pius IX and Cardinal Antonelli, whose guests we were.

Two notable examples of this spirit were Sir William Bentinck in Sicily and Tom Maitland at Corfu. Bentinck bullied Queen Caroline at Palermo in a disgraceful manner, which I once had to examine from original documents for the English Historical Review and the Quarterly. He drew up for Sicily a ridiculous Constitution, which happily never came into force. The last paragraph of it was that if any question arose as to the interpretation of this Constitution, reference was to be made for decision to the Constitution of England, as if it were contained in a written document which could be used as a book. Poor Mary Caroline was driven from her country and with great difficulty reached Vienna, where before she died she had the good sense to tell her niece Marie Louise that she had done very wrong in leaving Napoleon, and that the marriage tie, once formed, should never be broken. There are many stories ex-

12 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

tant about Maitland, " King Tom " as he was called, and I must apologise for the one I quote because, although coarse, it is characteristic. At Rome he made the acquaintance of the famous soprano singer in the Vatican choir at that time, whose name I think was Farinelli. He found the old man busily engaged in washing and polishing his precious stones, of which he had a large collection. " Ah, your Excellency sees that I am well occupied. I always wash my jewels in the morning. What does your Excellency do in the morning: what does your Excellency do in the morning?"¹ Maitland replied gruffly with an expression not fitted for these pages. The favourite English drink at that time was Pale Ale pronounced in the Italian fashion. It would, I suppose, be impossible now to find a bottle.

The dinners in Rome were very bad, being generally inferior copies of English dishes, so we took refuge in Italian restaurants. One of the most famous was the " Botticella " in the Trastevere, famous for its fish dinners on Friday. The main dish was the " Zuppa alia Marinara," an Italian edition of the French Bouillabaise, made of fish caught in the Tiber itself. For the few Protestants was provided a meat course called " Stufatino." The wine was " Vino dei Castelli," then of excellent quality, unadulterated. The dinner lasted four hours and was extraordinarily cheap, the bill being put up to auction as a curiosity. The "trattoria" was made famous by King Ludwig of Bavaria, the lover of Lola Months, who was a frequent visitor. He lived at the Villa delle Rose, afterwards the home of Prince Biilow and

now of the Czeco-slovakian ambassador. Another similar restaurant was the "Falcone," where you saw everything cooked, before you ate it, and where I once dined off snails, frogs, porcupine, hedgehog and wild boar.

My companion in Rome on this journey was General Charles Richard Fox, the eldest son of Lord Holland, who was born before his mother had secured a divorce from her first husband. I have spoken of the overbearing temper of the English in foreign parts, but this was modified by an intense love of culture which was characteristic in the Whig Aristocracy of which General Fox was a model. His love for literature, art, archaeology, and indeed of everything which could adorn the mind was extraordinary. One never heard of athletics. Not a young man, he was indefatigable in seeing the most distinguished people, in hearing of the most recent discoveries and reading the newest books. It was a great advantage to me to have him as a guide. At this time the most prominent English sculptor in Rome was Gibson, the author of the Tinted Venus, which was really stained with tobacco juice. It occupied a prominent position in the Exhibition of 1862, together with William Story's Cleopatra. General Fox introduced me to Gibson and I sat in his studio when he was doing a bas-relief for Mr. Sandbach of Liverpool. He is known among English artists in Rome for having for twenty years extinguished that venerable and distinguished institution, the British Academy of Arts, which, founded a hundred years ago, is now struggling towards a new life. Being a Trustee, he locked up the Academy and

14 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

put the key in his pocket and for twenty years its Committee never met. General Fox also took great interest in the excavations of San Clemente, which were then just beginning and after sixty years are still an object of interest.

His house in London, where I was a frequent guest, was conducted on the lines of Holland House, where as a young guardsman he was often bored by the learned society which he met there. The diners sat at a round table to make the conversations general. The guests were asked casually, so that Lady Mary never knew who was coming. There were more men than women. If anyone was silent his opinion was asked on an important question, and if he did not play up, he was probably not asked again. The conversation was very free and was unrestrained by the usual conventionalities. On one occasion, when the war between Prussia and Denmark was imminent, General Fox invited the two ambassadors to dinner and placed them on each side of himself. The liveliest chaff was kept up, not always in good taste. "Now, Prussia, why don't you eat more? Denmark is getting ahead of you." "Don't be sulky, you are not at war yet." I sat amazed and wondered that the ambassadors did not leave the room. At another time when there were several Bishops at dinner the General took me out of the room and said: "For God's sake, swear. I have not heard an oath for an hour. I can't stand those Bishops." An accurate account of the Holland House dinners was kept by John Allen. I have seen the dinner book, which contained the list of those who dined every day, and the General told me that a book

containing an account of the conversations was in the house, because Allen left everything he possessed to General Fox. Both these books should be published, but they have I believe entirely disappeared. Mrs. Fox, the widow, knew nothing about them, and I am afraid that Lord Ilchester has been unable to discover them. They would be invaluable as a record of the literary and political life of a hundred years ago.

Nothing could be more delightful than the English society in Rome in those years. Rides in the Campagna, picnics there, tea parties and balls were every day occurrences. I do not remember that we ever visited the Pope. He was so constantly seen driving about the streets or in St. Peter's that his appearance and bearing were quite familiar to us without a visit. I was never presented to His Holiness, but I paid three visits to Pius X, one to Benedict XV, and Pius XI has written me a letter.

These happy days came to an end after 1870 and the sceptre passed to Cannes, which in the eighties could undoubtedly boast the best society in Europe. People lived in commodious houses with large gardens and entertained freely, but not extravagantly. Each house had some special attraction to offer. The society was mainly English, but the summits of other countries were not wanting. Lord Acton and his family were at the head of it, and as I lived there as his guest, although not in his house, I had full access to the best of it. I saw much of him in different parts of Europe and thought that he was the most distinguished man whom I had ever met. He had all the virtues and no faults. He was deeply conscientious,

with the sternest sense of duty. Although a pupil and friend of Dollinger he never joined the New Catholics and often told me that there was no doctrine of his Church which he had the slightest difficulty in believing. His learning was prodigious and his memory unsurpassed. To look a thing out in Acton, as you would in a dictionary, was no figure of speech. The best idea of his capacity is to be got from "Acton and his Circle," edited by Cardinal Gasquet. His lectures at Cambridge, published by one of his pupils, are so carelessly produced that they give you no idea of him and are a libel on his memory. He corresponded with the leading statesmen in Europe. There were few questions of public policy on which he was not consulted, but his position was never known to the world from his modesty and his scrupulous reticence. Calling one day on Gladstone in Lord Ripon's house in Carlton House Gardens, I found that he had not arrived from the country, but that Spencer Lyttelton was drawing up a list of the new Cabinet, which he was to propose to the Prime Minister. I said: "What have you given to Acton?" and he replied that he had put him down for the Duchy, and could I find out whether he would like to have it. I asked Acton and he was delighted, but it was never offered to him. After lunch, walking up Portland Place, I saw Vernon Harcourt driving down, looking magnificent but stern, and I thought "Acton won't get his Duchy." As Lord-in-waiting he undertook the Irish department in his House of Lords, where he did very well, and once defeated an attack by a laugh. His manner of working was to read many

books and sometimes afterwards to copy out passages **he thought important** on " vessels " of papers specially **made** for him, in his beautiful handwriting. These were sorted by a secretary and laid aside for future use, and he told me that they would be found useful **to** anyone studying the subject. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these papers are now in the University Library at Cambridge, but I never heard of anyone using them. Perhaps their existence is unknown.

He was much shocked at being offered the Regius Professorship of History at Cambridge, because he thought that it ought to have come to me, and* he refused to take it, until Lord Rosebery assured him that my appointment was quite out of the question. I was delighted at the choice, and always attended his lectures, congratulating myself that I was not in his place. His lectures were a great epoch in the Cambridge teaching of History, but they were more attended by distinguished outsiders and by women than by undergraduates. Indeed they could only be understood by those who were well acquainted with the subject. I purposely lectured on the same subject at the same time and did my best to make my lectures a preparation for his. I often learnt as much by what he purposely omitted as by what he taught. Except by his name and authority, he had no great influence on the Cambridge School. He always refused to take the Chair at the meeting of the Historical Board, which he ought to have done. He never engaged in controversy and would never give a decided opinion on a disputed question. He did not see much of the undergraduates except a few Trinity men, of whom

18 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

he saw a great deal. He tried conversation classes, but the women who attended **them asked** such **silly** questions that he had to give them up. The University has done nothing to mark his memory, but his unparalleled library, given to us by John Morley, remains as a monument of his genius. As the story of this is not generally known, I may as well relate it. Lord Acton, finding himself embarrassed in money matters, determined to sell his magnificent library at Aldenham, which he had spent his life in collecting. He often talked to me about it and hoped that it would sell for six thousand pounds. Gladstone was terribly distressed and sought some means of avoiding the catastrophe. He induced Carnegie to buy the library and leave it at Aldenham for Lord Acton's use, on the understanding that it should come to him after Acton's death. When this happened, Carnegie, not knowing what to do with such a white elephant, presented it to Lord Morley to dispose of as he pleased. When I saw this in the papers I went immediately to the Master of Peterhouse and asked him if he would write to Morley and endeavour to secure it for Cambridge. He agreed with the idea, but said that I had better write to Morley, as he was a personal friend of mine. I did so, and Lord Morley answered that he must wait to see who the new Regius Professor would be. I asked, would he give it, if I were made Professor. To this he made no reply, but gave the books, which now form one of the finest libraries of England. I have heard that the cataloguing and arrangement of it cost the University six thousand pounds. When I was told of this, I altered the

arrangement for my own library, which I had left to King's College, as I did not wish to saddle them with such a burden. Eventually my books, which had cost me at least six thousand pounds, were sold by auction for less than three hundred, and four thousand volumes which I had left over, including a large musical library, were given to the Municipality of Hastings, with whom they now remain. I hope that they have not found them a burden.

Lord Acton told me that he could find every book in his library in the dark and that, when he was at Cambridge, he could tell his chaplain, who remained at Aldenham, to send him a certain number on a certain shelf and that he was sure to get the book he required.

When I was a don at Cambridge I developed, partly perhaps in consequence of our too good dinners, a painful form of excema, for which I went to consult Dr. Hermann Weber, of Grosvenor Street. I had known Dr. Weber as a young man in Switzerland when he was investigating scientifically the nature of Bath waters, in many of which, he told, that in spite of their undoubted efficacy, he could find nothing but simple water. Radium had not then been discovered. He recommended me to go to Marienbad, saying that Carlsbad would be too powerful. To that earthly paradise I went and my first visit was followed by four others. Much good as it did me, I was not completely cured until many years afterwards I underwent a serious operation. Marienbad is a lovely place covered with dense woods, which afford many shady walks. It belongs to an order of Monks

20 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

who are semi-secular and wear long white coats under their robes. They derive a large income from the town. It should always be visited in the summer, because in the winter, and even in the autumn, it is bitterly cold. The number of inhabitants who die in February is appalling. It is extremely expensive, but not so dear as Carlsbad. The Hotels are ruinous. You must take rooms in a house, all of which have curious names. The rules about food are very strict and the less you eat the more it costs and the worse it is. The chief articles of food for a bather are bread, eggs and ham. 'The bread is Austrian and is beyond all praise. You buy large quantities in strange shapes every morning. The ham comes from Prague and it is the best I ever ate. It made me think of the time when Gladstone was paid in Austria to be a Bohemian pig-driver. "Prager Schinken" is consumed in large quantities by Polish Jews, who are very prominent among the visitors with their long coats and long hair. How they get a dispensation I do not know. I had Prague ham sent to England, but it was not so good as in its native country. The first necessity at Marienbad is to obtain a doctor, without whom you can do nothing. Providence led me to Dr. Ott, the best doctor I ever met in my life. He was a good-looking young man with rosy cheeks and fair hair. His father, who was living in Vienna, was one of the founders of the Baths and had amassed a considerable fortune. The custom is to pay your doctor a lump sum for the whole season. For the first two seasons Dr. Ott would never receive from me more than two hundred gulden, and for the last three he

absolutely refused to receive anything. "No," he said, "Mr. Browning. I consider it a great honour to be allowed to attend you and it is impossible that I should receive anything from you." You place yourself entirely in the doctor's hands and do exactly what he tells you. After carefully examining you he tells you whether you should take any waters at all and then exactly what you are to take and how you are to take them,, how many glasses, with what interval, whether in sips or gulps, and what you should do afterwards. The punctilious performance of these orders are of the utmost importance, and those who neglect them or laugh at them soon find their mistake. A famous English doctor who was a sceptic in these matters went round to all the springs and drank a glass at each and the result was a serious illness, which nearly killed him. Dr. Ott had the most extraordinary insight in diagnosis. He asked you questions about yourself, but you felt that he knew all about you before you answered them. He looked you through with his calm and powerful eyes and you felt that he knew everything that you ever done, every sin that you had committed, every weakness of which you had been guilty. This gave you confidence, but made him rather a terror. I was ordered to go to the main spring, to drink two tumblers, with half-an-hour's interval between them, in sips, about twelve to a glass. These I followed religiously and the result was certainly marvellous. It was important what doctor you went to. Dr. Ott was thoroughly acquainted with the English constitution and acted accordingly. But if an Englishman or woman went

to a German, they might suffer severely and perhaps become dangerously ill.

The main spring was at the end of a long and beautiful colonnade, up and down which the bathers walked as they drank, and the delightful conversations held during that hour with some of the most distinguished men in Europe will always live in my memory. The springs opened at six in the morning and the orchestra, for a first rate orchestra was indispensable to the cure, opened the concert with a chorale. I made praiseworthy efforts to attend the chorale every morning, and by practice I eventually did so. You drank your water out of a glass of your own, through a glass tube. If you wished to show that you belonged to the smart set you had your water brought to you by your servant. One year I had with me a very good looking servant, much better dressed than myself, who at the right moment delivered the glass to me with an air which I don't think that even King Edward's man ever surpassed. My "young man," as they called him, was as well known at the Baths as myself. I allowed him to wear a Bohemian hat, but I drew the line at the feather, which I kept for myself. I invented the fable that he was a young Prince in disguise and that I was his tutor, but this made matters worse, and I had difficulty in preventing a wealthy young German lady from falling seriously in love with him. However, he was an excellent servant, most respectful and attentive and I never had a better.

One of my constant companions was Sidney Greville, an intimate friend of the King, whose kind-

ness to me I shall never forget. A prominent figure in the crowd was the Duke of Orleans, whom the English detested with good reason. I am afraid that when we passed him we used to stare at him rudely and take no further notice. At half-past eight the company in the promenade broke up and went to breakfast. Some sought one of the many cafes, which are scattered in the woods, for the sake of a walk. I always breakfasted at home and reserved my walk till the afternoon. Our only place of meeting was the colonnade in the morning and the rest of the day might be rather dull, but a walk was obligator[^]for the cure. This took place after a very bad and expensive dinner, strictly "kurgemaess," as it was called. The healthier and the worse it was the more we paid for it. The walk was strictly regulated by the doctors. It began with very modest limits and gradually increased; one soon got up to ten miles and I eventually mastered twenty. The walks were always through shady woods on easy paths strewn with pine droppings.

Marienbad was not without its royalties. During my time there we had two Shahs of which I will endeavour to give an account. The first Shah, whom I had the honour of meeting, visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in 1867, and I was one of the guests. He was a very handsome man, and the Queen was much impressed by him. As they walked in to dinner arm in arm, she said to him, "In your country you worship the sun, do you not?" He replied, "Yes, madame, and so would you, if you ever saw it." Another Shah came to England later, and I met him

at Windsor. After lunch he went fast to sleep in the Oak Room and no one could wake him. This was embarrassing, as he was due for a review in the Park and afterwards for a dinner at the India Office. It was death to rouse him, so Lord Hinchinbrooke collected the heaviest part of his band under the windows and blew and beat his loudest. The Shah would not wake and Hinchinbrooke shouted "louder, louder," till at last the effect was produced. At the review I sat close to the Queen, and I well remember His Majesty riding a plum coloured steed, who had been carefully druggetl beforehand to prevent accidents. One of the suite was thrown and it was reported that he would be executed next day. The Shah gave the Duke of Cambridge a beautiful scimitar, sheathed in ivory. The Duke rode up and showed it to the Queen, saying, "See what he has given me." I found it some years later, when it was sold at Christy's. There was another Shah who always went about with a small boy who was his mascot, believing that his life depended on his presence. At a Garden Party at Marlborough House, when he did not bring him, the Queen sent for him, and I saw him enter the Royal tent. The reason for this attachment was that when the Shah was sleeping in a village in Persia a fire broke out and the little child woke up and saved the Shah's life. After this he kept him as his constant companion, gave him a good education, married him to a Princess, and raised him to high office. Friends of his have told me that he was an excellent fellow, very fond of the English, and in every way creditable. The Shah's suite lived in Buckingham Palace, where

they were anything but agreeable visitors. After the State Ball one of them, clothed only in a blanket, danced all round the ball room before the ladies had left the palace. The rooms they occupied required much scouring before they could be used by anyone else. They were afterwards removed to Hatfield, where they amused themselves by sitting all night on Drummond Wolf's bed and preventing him from going to sleep. ,

But I must return to my Shahs at Marienbad. The first was a harmless individual who was very fond of talking to the young boys whom he met. 'Among these was my servant, a bright looking lad, with whom he got on very well. The Shah was fond of photographing and so was my servant, so they dodged each other round the tennis court trying to take shots, in which I believe they both failed. The other Shah made a greater stir. He was a stately personage and I often saw him walking round the grounds with his Grand Visier on his left rear, to whom he dictated dispatches. He came with a large suite and it was necessary that they should have female society. The consequence was that the demi-monde of Europe was stirred to its depths and our little town was flooded by aspirants for favour and pelf. No secret was made about it. I never went to supper without meeting some of them, who exhibited the jewels they had received and told with much laughter the details of their interviews. Something better was required for the more distinguished members of the court, and these the Persian Ambassador at Vienna was ordered to supply them. Two Americans came, who horrified

Campbell Bannerman by their vulgarity; they rode on horseback and lived at Klinger's Hotel. They had rooms close to a friend of mine, and he could never leave his apartment without meeting a queue of young Persian diplomats waiting for admission. These remarks only apply to the suite. Dr. Ott, who attended the Shah himself, told me that he was a perfect gentleman, chaste and clean in all his habits.

One of the chief attractions to my stay was my friend Campbell Bannerman. He did not drink the waters, which he left to his wife, who was suffering from a disease, from which she eventually died. He liked the place and enjoyed being a free lance. I was with him as an undergraduate at Cambridge and we used to meet at the Sunday evening at homes of Howard Elphinstone, who was the first to make the innovation of inviting undergraduates to his rooms, a practice which I afterwards imitated with great success. One evening Elphinstone had bought a microscope and was anxious to prove it. He asked the young men for a drop of blood. We all hesitated till Campbell, as he then was, nobly bared his arm and gave us what we wanted. I thought afterwards that this would have an excellent effect on an election platform to show that our Prime Minister was then ready, as he always was, to shed his blood in the cause of duty, but I never used it. We often walked together on the promenade and I frequently enjoyed his hospitality and that of his charming wife, to whom he was devoted. He introduced me to Gallifet, whom I remember as the ideal of a "beau sabreur." He lived in the Klinger, the best hotel in Marienbad, and occu-

pied a suite, in which he succeeded the Duke of Orleans, whom he found a difficult person to deal with. He kept me well informed about politics and had no secrets from me, being able to trust my discretion. I once asked him whether the proceedings of Cabinet Councils were not secret. He said : " Oh, no; what do you want to know? " He told me at Gladstone's Cabinet he always chose the most comfortable arm-chair and went to sleep. This was easy because the Cabinets were held in the drawing room and the members were disposed in an inner and an outer circle. He spoke French admirably and was in every respect a man of the world. Another important personage was the Editor of the " Preussische Jahrbücher," of whom I saw a great deal. He lived in " Lugins Land," a country house built by the municipality for the Emperor of Austria, which however he only once occupied. He once told me that his Foreign Office was much disturbed, because England had made an understanding with France and with Russia and none with Germany. Why was this? They were afraid of an encirclement and would I ask the Prime Minister? C.B. replied that the matter was quite simple : they were anxious to settle all outstanding questions, which might under untoward circumstances, produce a war. There were certain questions between France and England, such as the Newfoundland fisheries, which had much better be settled, and with Russia such as the frontier with India, but there were no such outstanding questions with Germany, and therefore there was no need of an understanding. C.B. said that the idea of an encirclement

28 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

had never entered their minds and were no part of their policy. My friend expressed himself completely satisfied and said that these statements would be a great relief to Wilhelmstrasse.

I saw a great deal of the Editor of the "Neue Freie Presse," and had many conversations with him. He asked me whether I could procure him an interview with the Prime Minister, and, as a favour to me, C.B. consented. I thought it better to see a proof of the interview and, when I saw it, I was horrified. It was full of indiscretions about Chamberlain and about the King, which could not be published. I reported the matter to the two principals. It was altered, and it was agreed that the interview should not appear till the King had left Marienbad. This was not carried out and I was again in a fright. But Soveral told me that the King had seen the article and had said nothing, so all was peace.

On the last occasion when Campbell Bannerman came to Marienbad, he had to leave England prematurely on account of his wife's health. She was dying of diabetes and her husband's care of her was incessant. He was rather worried about the way things were going on in Parliament. He had left Asquith as leader of the House and he was not always perfectly loyal to his chief. But C.B. said that of all the worries he had to support, political and domestic, three-fifths were due to his wife's health. They slept in contiguous rooms and she would take nothing but from his hand, so that he was awake all night. His private secretary, Ponsonby, told me that he did far too much and that he had serious fears for his health.

One morning, as we were standing together in the promenade, there was a movement in the crowd, and C.B. said : " I think HE is coming/' to which I replied : " Then WE had better go." I asked him how his wife was, and he said that he had not seen her that morning. However, on that day she died. The funeral was most interesting, solemn and simple, partly English and partly German. King Edward was present and also the Tsar of Bulgaria, who was much in evidence at Marienbad in those days.

The last time I ever saw Campbell Bannerman was in his own house, number 10 Downing Street, when he looked much older from his wife's death. I knew the house fairly well, but he took me all over it and said that it was the most uncommodious house he had ever lived in and not particularly healthy. The best feature was the garden in which Gladstone used to dine. I was also present at his funeral as one of the mourners. I had attended those of Robert Browning, Tennyson and Gladstone, but that of Bannerman was equal to any in the intense respect of the congregation and the personal interest shown. They felt that they were paying honour to a great and good man. Year by year I have seen the reputation of Campbell Bannerman growing steadily after his death. I remember telling him one day that he would be Prime Minister and that he ought to be. He ridiculed the notion and recounted all his deficiencies. I argued with him that all Prime Ministers were not of the same type and that he had many qualities, which Gladstone did not possess in the same measure, and which were essential to the office and to the welfare of the country.

30 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

Among these were unflinching honour, dauntless courage, unfailing good temper, and a simplicity of conception and expression, which made his views intelligible to the mass. When his life is published and studied he will take his place in the first rank of great Prime Ministers, which many thought that he never could obtain.

King Edward was twice present at Marienbad at the same time as myself, but not as Prince of Wales. I was told that there was a great difference between the two visits. As Prince the company he kept was more numerous and far less select than as King. He laid himself out for popularity among the Germans and was more pleased than bored by the crowds which thronged around him. I saw him stand in front of a large assembly of gazers and kodak shooters together with the King of Greece, who did not look so happy. The English were still very unpopular in consequence of the Boer War, a feeling which, as a Pro-Boer, I shared myself and thought completely justified, and no doubt he did much to remove it. He had known that his coronation would have been impossible while the war continued. Many would have refused to attend. This view was enforced upon him by the Kaiser, with whom he stayed at Homburg, and he determined to make peace if possible. He waited for the return of the Prince of Wales from the Colonies and then consulted Lord Rosebery. The consequence was Lord Rosebery's two hour's speech at Chesterfield, which started the idea of a friendly conference and led eventually to the conclusion of peace.

One of the sufferers by the King's change of habits

was Princess Metternich. She lived at Konigswart, an easy walk from Marienbad, and her Castle had been a favourite resort of the Prince of Wales. He shot there, whenever he pleased, and took with him as many friends as he liked. As King, all this was changed. He never visited Konigswart, and let it be known that the King did not wish his friends to do so. As I did not belong to the Court circle, I was able to continue a society which I much enjoyed. At the first dinner given to the King at Marienbad by the English Ambassador, Princess Metternich was invited and said to the King with great frankness and truth : " Majeste, vous mangez trop," but she had no further opportunity of repeating this advice.

The cause of this dissension was the Duke of Orleans, who, as an old friend of many years, was constantly at Konigswart. He had published some insolent remarks about Queen Victoria which her son very properly never forgave. Princess Metternich made him write a humble letter of apology to the Queen, on her drawing room table, but it produced no effect. Konigswart was a beautiful place with an artificial garden, a work of high art. I used often to go to tea and dinner there. The Prince was the son of the famous Metternich, who, according to my views, did much harm in the world. His memory was not much respected by his descendants, so far as I could see, but the rooms he lived in were exactly as he left them, with a wealth of writing material, blotting paper, pens, knives, paper knives and many other luxuries such as I suppose used to belong to the Imperial Chancellor. The Prince was the youngest son born

32 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

of a fourth wife, which accounts for the son of a hero of a past age coming to be a friend of mine. The daughter was Princess Titi, a pretty, amiable, fresh girl, full of spirit, and it was said that the Duke of Orleans wished to marry her, for which it was necessary that he should divorce his present wife, an excellent and much respected lady, sister of the Queen of Portugal. This could only be done by the personal action of the Pope, who was not likely to consent. These affairs naturally produced their effect on King Edward and a repercussion on the Court of Vienna, where it was reported that the Metternichs were not very popular, and the splendid Metternich Palace was little used. I remember the Princess taking up the memoirs of the Princess Lieven and asking me if I had read them. I said that I had seen some parts of them in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She said: "Of course I am interested, because she was 'one of Papa's.'" And of how many others, I thought, Guizot, Palmerston, Wellington and all who could be useful. Metternich, whose Memoirs I have read in German and French, had never less than three mistresses at the same time. He was the most frivolous and heartless of men, and the collapse of Austria, which is now the horror of the world, was mainly his work. Johannisberg on the Rhine was given to Metternich at the Treaty of Vienna, as a "bonne bouche," to supply him with the famous wine, and one day dining at Konigswart, I declined it, not realizing what it was. I asked the Princess, who was next to me, whether I might change my mind, as to refuse Johannisberg at the table of Prince Metternich, was a folly and a crime.

I found it not so good as that which I had in my own cellar. Vintages differ much in different years. Prince Metternich was anxious that his daughter Titi should be settled before he died, and she was wedded at his deathbed with Prince Thurn und Taxis, and before the war they occupied a prominent position in Berlin. After his death the Castle had to be dismantled to pay the debts of the young Prince. The woods were cut down, the beautiful garden was destroyed and the rooms, in which I had spent so many happy hours, were deserted. It brought tears into my eyes to see the private trinkets of the Princess lying for sale on the table in the drawing room.

Dr. Ott was indefatigable in his attendance on Lady Bannerman during her fatal illness, and the special food, which she required, was cooked entirely by Mrs. Ott. The last time that I saw this prince of medical science was when we were calling together on Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House. He looked very ill and much aged and told me that he had been nearly ruined by losing thirty thousand pounds by the failure of a friend. He also told me that he was not at all surprised at hearing of the death of King Edward.

CHAPTER II

MALOJA

CVCLE TO MALOJA—HOTEL BOSS—DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS MARY—
THE PRINCE OF WALES -LLOYD GEORGE—THE HAGUE.—FEIDERIC HARRISON—
THE FIRSCHE HAFF—TILSIT—WAGNER AND BAYREEUTH—HOER WAR—1, A PRO-
BOER—FLORENCE.

WHEN my mother died in the year 1888, a blow from which I have not even now recovered, I felt desperate and sought relief in hard exercise. So I cycled to the Engadine, crossing the Julier Pass. It was hard work pulling my machine up, but coming down was worse. My vehicle was a three wheeler, on which I had made many journeys. I preferred it to a two wheeler for many reasons, which I will not enumerate, but it certainly was less fitted to descend a steep Alpine Pass. Something was wrong with the brakes, and with all my efforts I could not stop it. I entered a long village on the crest of the slope and thought that somewhere there must be a level spot. There was none. In despair I called to some workmen by the road side, and with terror in their faces they rushed up and seized the rebel machine. I got off and in a few minutes found myself looking down a precipice on to the valley, which was reached by a corkscrew road. What would have happened to me, if I had not been stopped, I do not know. But in a few minutes I met a diligence toiling

up the steep with four horses, so that if I had negotiated the first zigzags I should have dashed into them, with what results to the horses, the passengers and myself, I do not dare to contemplate. I arrived at the Maloja Hotel in the evening, tired, dusty and dirty, not fit to be seen by civilized society, but I soon recovered. The only persons whom I knew in the hotel were Professor Huxley and his wife, who often stayed there. After his death a monument was erected at the Maloja to his memory. The next morning a deputation of the visitors called on *the* and told me that a lawn tennis tournament had been held at the hotel and that I had been designated to make a speech and distribute the prizes. I protested loudly, but it was no use, and I had to get through the duty as well as I could. The next year the same thing occurred and I was entirely at a loss what to say, having exhausted all my ideas on the previous occasion. So I invented a story about the origin of lawn tennis at the Maloja, in which I introduced a legendary Princess Maloja who had for unrequited love thrown herself down the slope to Casamiccia, the two Roman pillars on the Julier Pass which had formerly held the net and the fate of the villain Septimer, who gave his name to the pass, which still tortures travellers who cross it so that they may never forget him. The whole thing was a great success, and I frequently met the name of the " Princess Maloja " in many languages with my legend artfully disguised, and I am not sure that it does not survive at the present day. The next year I received the same offer. But there was present in the hotel the most

beautiful and the most charming woman in the world, the Duchess of Leinster, whose husband I had known as Lord Offaly. I said that of course she ought to distribute the prizes. No one has spoken to her. Would I ask her? Of course she accepted on the condition that I made the speech. But the women were jealous of her beauty and refused to receive the prizes from her hands. I was obliged to tell the Duchess that the play in the tournament had been so bad that it had been decided not to have a public distribution and that the winners would find their prizes in their rooms. I hope that she never discovered the truth.

In this way I had become what I had always determined that I never would be, an "Hotel Boss," having many warning examples before my eyes. The Hotel Boss is not elected and he would be the last person to be asked if he would accept, but everyone knows that he is, and he knows that he must be, and so the thing is done. It is a useful and indeed a necessary institution. He is a Master of the Ceremonies like Beau Nash at Bath. His function is to keep people together, to preserve harmony, to keep up the standard of the hotel and to take care that no one is neglected or left out. Hotels of this kind may easily become undesirable places both for young men and for young women. The Boss will take care that the smoking room is not full of young men at midnight, when the lights in the passage have been extinguished at an earlier hour, that there is no gambling and that the dances are orderly and respectable. The Maloja had a magnificent ball room with

a first-rate orchestra, and the Americans being excellent dancers, having been taught to regard dancing as a superior form of athletics, the standard was very high. The waltzing was excellent, but the Lancers were our Chef d'oeuvre. Kitchen Lancers were absolutely forbidden. If anyone offended, the Boss left the room and began to play whist. He was soon entreated to return, and he could not resist the pleading of lovely girls saying that they would be "so good." In consequence the hotel became like a well-ordered country house. I often looked down with pride at the ball room, where each recess was occupied by an English family with the mother and daughters, occupied as they would be at home. Of course the Boss was only the adviser. The acting head was the landlord, a man of the highest character and spotless integrity, Herr Walther, and many now living must look back upon him with a respect and affection, which is equally due to his wife. At this time the Maloja was certainly the best hotel in Switzerland. But it did not pay, a lower standard would have paid much better. The shareholders found this out. Herr Walther left, and the model was broken.

A Boss must have an anti-boss. This appeared in the shape of a lady whose activities soon became apparent. She was a friend, or said she was, of the Duchess of Teck, who was then staying at St. Moritz. She asked the Duchess to lunch and a splendid feast was provided, paid for of course by Walther. From this I was carefully excluded. Some friends to redress this wrong asked me to lunch at St. Moritz at the hotel where the Duchess was staying. There were

38 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

only four of us, one of whom was a Bishop, and we drank a great deal of champagne. When the lunch was over a waiter appeared who said that the Duchess of Teck, hearing that we were in the hotel, earnestly desired our company in her apartment. We looked at each other and thought of the champagne, and said eventually that we were sorry but we had to return to the Maloja. The waiter looked at us and said with exquisite politeness: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but if it is the champagne, Her Royal Highness has also had champagne for lunch." We naturally obeyed orders and spent a very pleasant afternoon.

I passed my summers at the Maloja for six consecutive years, one of the happiest periods of my life. I had a delightfully quiet room at the top of the house. I spent the mornings in hard work, writing books or learning languages, the afternoons in exercise and the evenings in amusements, which never failed, either in number or variety. I remember a concert in which I had to sing. I had no voice but could make a good noise. My first song was "The Baby on the Shore." My accompanist, who was practising it with me, said: "You must sing louder than that at the concert." She did not know my powers. I was vociferously encored. I then determined to give them "Funiculi Funicula" in Neapolitan, with the accompaniment of the orchestra. I knew the song well, having often sung it at Cambridge. Its reception was stupendous, with a mixture of cheers and laughter. My servant, who was in the gallery with Lady Bancroft, saw that she was overpowered mopping up her tears of laughter, which left large furroughs on her cheeks. At

another occasion we had a fancy dress ball, at which I was to appear as a Roman Emperor attended by two undergraduates as Lictors. Some thought that I was Augustus, some Nero, and some Vitellius. Henry Fielding Dickens was dressed as a savage. He came up and knelt down before me and I put my foot on his neck, I hope not hurting him. I danced with a Vestal Virgin. Eventually I became tired of being a Boss and told Bancroft that he must take my place. It was a delightful time. I made many friends and I had no enemies, except of course the Anti-Boso, who does not count. I spent the next summer at St. Moritz in my nephew's Villa. It was a great pleasure to me to receive an invitation from Lady Pinero and other friends to spend a few days with them at the Maloja and once more conduct the dancing. I was very busy at that time with a book and was obliged to decline, but I wish that I had gone.

My niece who lived at St. Moritz had a beautiful voice and had studied for some years at the Royal Academy of Music. The Duchess of Teck, the most kind-hearted and lovable of women, hearing of this, invited us to spend the evening with her and the Duchess of York, now Queen Mary. We met in the rooms of Sir Arthur Sullivan, a very old friend of mine, as there was no piano in the Royal Apartments. We spent a delightful time. It being the birthday of the Duke of Teck, the Duchess was gorgeously dressed and I had to propose the toast "Der Herzog von und zu Teck, er lebe Hoch." When the other guests had departed, my niece and myself stayed behind, while Arthur Sullivan played a number of airs

40 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

out of his own operas. To each of these both Duchesses sang the words, which they knew by heart. Certainly the Gilbert-Sullivan operas are a great treasure house of English music. One day the Duchess of York asked me how she could see Cambridge, as she was anxious to go there. I said that if **Her** Royal Highness would accept my humble hospitality it was at her disposal. It was therefore arranged that both Duchesses should pay me a visit. I did not know precisely that they were coming until one morning when I was dressing I received a letter from Princess Mary saying that she was coming that day with her brother Alexander, but that her mother could not come because she had fallen down in York House and hurt her leg. I dressed as soon as I could, ordered lunch for twelve at the kitchen, drove to the station and secured a waiting room for the Royalties, borrowed two carriages and pair from private friends, arranged for the red cloth up my staircase, and was ready for my guests.

For me the festa seemed to go off very well, but these things are always risky. Royalties say that they do not want a fuss, but are sometimes disappointed if they do not get one. Luckily our College cook had been trained at Windsor Castle and knew exactly what to do. He provided "reh-rucken," the prepared backbone of the roe deer, a very royal dish. I had no fear about the wine, as my cellar was one of the best in the University. There were twelve at table, the Master of Trinity and his accomplished wife, who helped me very much in everything, Malim, the President of the Union, one of the most brilliant

young men of his day, whose success in life has since justified the hopes I had formed for him. The Duchess climbed up my forty-six stone stairs without difficulty, which would have been a great trouble to her mother, she was full of fun and spirits. As she sat waiting for lunch, Lord George Sanger's circus drove through the streets and she jumped up crying, " Oh, a circus, a circus," but I could not show her much of it. We visited Trinity, the Hall and the Library, and above all the rooms which had been occupied by Prince Eddie of Clarence, whcpi she loved so dearly. We visited King's College Chapel, the organ ought to have played, but I had made no arrangement for it. We should also have been photographed in the Court, but that also I had forgotten. We could not visit Girton, as there was no time. As we drove to Newnham, the Royalties and myself in one carriage and the Lord and Lady-in-Waiting in the other, the only possible arrangement, as I had to be showman, an organ struck up " The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," the Duchess began to sing it. Prince Alexander did so also, and I am ashamed to say that I did likewise. I have never been able to determine whether it was a breach of etiquette or not. We were received at Newnham by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, to whom I had given little if any notice, from reasons which I have already explained. The honours were done admirably, but we saw little of the students. An important match of Lawn Tennis was being played between Newnham and Girton, on which the students were so intent that they were not aware of her Royal Highness' presence. I was told that

42 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

the Duchess said that she had never seen so many backs in her life, but perhaps this was not true. After Newnham we had tea at the Provost's Lodge, and the Royal party left for London. I hope the visit was a success. Certainly the luncheon was, because Prince Alexander told his Eton tutor that he had never fared better in his life, and when our cook was seeking another job he gave him a testimonial.

It is hard to speak of Queen Mary without some mention of her brilliant son. When the Prince of Wales came to the Embassy at Rome on Empire Day some years ago, after I had been formally introduced, I thought he wanted to speak to me, and said : " The last time I had the honour of meeting your Royal Highness was when you were swimming at the Bath Club." I told him who I was and he said : " Oh! I know all about you." We talked of his Uncle Eddie, who was a dear friend of mine, and other matters. As I spoke to him the tears came into my eyes and I had a lump in my throat. I was deeply impressed by the beauty of his face and the charm of his manners and thought of his remarkable gifts of personality and of the troubles which he would inevitably have to meet in life. I knew something of his mother's intense love for him, and I could not help writing to her to report the remarkable effect which he had produced at Rome. To this I received a very sympathetic answer.

In the Christmas of 1898 I received an invitation from Dr. Lunn, as I had on several other occasions, to join him in an expedition to the Mediterranean. I was to contribute a lecture on " The Moors in Spain," and for this I was to receive a luxurious cabin and a re-

duced fare. I joined the party at Marseilles. I **found that** it consisted of a number of people interested in the conversion of Mohammedans and that we were intended to visit places where this organisation had been at work. I found on enquiry that no Mohammedan had actually been converted to Christianity but that some had undergone a temporary conversion so long as they were engaged as colporteurs of Bibles, a trade to which they had no objection, but that when the Bibles were exhausted they returned to their original faith. There were a good many young men on board, which I was glad to see; Miss Hughes, my old friend or enemy, who had been Head of the Training College at Cambridge, a Welshwoman, and her distinguished countryman Lloyd George. I knew him as an active M.P. and had conceived an admiration for him, because I had been told by my old pupil Geikie, who was a clerk at the Colonial Office, that when he attended the Parliamentary enquiry into the Abyssinian expedition in which King Theodore had killed himself, and which had cost nine millions, Lloyd George was the witness who knew most about it and had got up the subject most carefully. I found him a good-looking man of thirty-five, the "mezzo del cammin di nostra vita," brilliant in conversation, full of knowledge, interested in everything and courteous to everyone. He was accompanied by a number of Welshmen, the chief of whom was proprietor of a large drapery establishment. We became great friends. We never talked politics, but we had many interests in common and I was soon convinced that he was a man of consummate ability

and that he would one day be Prime Minister. Since that time I have stuck to him through thick and thin, have supported him in every controversy however unpopular, and only differed from him when he declared that the revolution was the salvation of Russia and that Kerensky was a great man. But then he did not know Russia and I did. When I returned to Europe I told Campbell Bannerman that I had been traveling with Lloyd George. He said, "I don't like him." I replied: "Well! you've got to like him, because he is going to be Prime Minister, and the sooner the better." He made no reply, but he gave him a place in his first Ministry. We were a merry party, rather frivolous. An important item was formed by Mr. Moss and his two accomplished sisters. Our boat was the *Argonaut*, a clumsy old vessel which rolled considerably. It had been wrecked four or five times and on each occasion had turned up again under a new name. As we walked about the ship we saw traces in different places of its former appellations, which gave us rather a shock. We were told that on the last voyage she was in great danger in the Gulf of Lyons, which can be worse than the Bay of Biscay. The Captain came down to the cabin and told the passengers to be prepared for death. Some prayed, some screamed and some fainted, but the crisis never came off, and the good old *Argonaut* rode triumphant with her name unchanged. All this made us rather nervous. There was a good deal of speaking on board and Lloyd George always put me up to speak, because he said I was by far the best speaker on the ship. This was great praise from an accom-

plished orator, but I suppose that he wanted to escape himself and saw how easily I was flattered. On one occasion I had to propose the health of Mr. Moss, who was, I believe, connected with the Music Hall interest and had been very useful to us in providing amusements. I began: "It is an old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but the particular rolling stone on which we are now embarked has gathered not only one Moss——" This was hailed by such laughter and applause that there was no need of any more. When we were landing at Gibraltar it was so rough that the Captain of the Port sent his private launch to bring us ashore and said afterwards that if he had known how bad it was, he would have not allowed us to come. I sat in the steerage in comparative comfort but Lloyd George stood in the bows drenched by every sea. The launch was full of women and I was afraid that they might become alarmed and upset the boat. So I stood up and sang in my loudest voice "Rule Britannia" from "When Britons first" to "never will be slaves." The situation was saved, if it was ever in peril, and we landed in safety. Lloyd George was drenched to the skin. I was going to spend the day with the Governor, an old friend of mine, and I asked the M.P. to come to Government House, but he declined. My lecture never came off. Dr. Lunn himself always wished for lectures because they helped to advertise his tours and the company who attended them, together with other reasons of a more serious character. But some of his subordinates did not care for these things, and I found by experience that it was more important that you should

engage yourself for lectures than that you should deliver them. But Lloyd George wanted to hear my lecture, as he always derived his knowledge through the ear more than the eye. So one evening when I was sitting on deck he came to me and said : " There are some people downstairs who would like to hear your lecture, if you would give it." It was a great temptation, but the sea was choppy and, although I was a good sailor, I thought that to lecture in a choppy sea was a risky thing to do. So I declined. I thought he looked disappointed and rather annoyed, and indeed I have heard since that he was. I have always regretted it, because I treated a friend badly, and if I had given it, who knows what future post of lucrative distinction I might not have obtained. Since this voyage I have always regarded Lloyd George as one of my inner circle of friends. I never hear him attacked without defending him and I never subscribe to a newspaper which abuses him. I followed the same rule about Gladstone, who was my friend for many years. But the abuse lavished on Gladstone by society, was far more bitter and unrestrained than anything I have heard against Lloyd George. It has been a great joy to me to see a man whom I can call a friend reach gradually by his merit and hard work the position of one of the greatest men in the whole world. Once when I was Treasurer of the Union Society at Cambridge he was invited to speak at a debate. But a party rose against it, chiefly, I am sorry to say, from Trinity. He was told that he could not come and I was chosen in his place. The first twenty minutes of my speech was occupied in telling them what they had

lost. He afterwards came with great applause and without showing any resentment for the insult which he had previously received.

Lloyd George is beyond everything else a peace-maker. He has been so from the beginning. His reputation at the Board of Trade was made by his conciliation of disputes, and we have seen the same thing on a larger scale at Genoa. He thinks that all men are fundamentally reasonable, and that if you can bring them together, eye to eye, their differences will to a large extent melt away. To effect this requires not only mind but heart and a nature dominated by love. When any very strong statement of Lloyd George is thrown in my teeth, I first ask for proof that he ever made it. "Gaffs" of Lloyd George formed at one time such valuable political copy that it was tempting to invent them. Again, Welsh has always been his native tongue and English an acquired language. He must for many years have been accustomed to think in Welsh and speak in English. Welsh is an emotional and poetical language and it is quite possible that a harmless Welsh phrase may often, when translated, have given offences to Englishmen.

In the autumn of the same year, 1898, my friend Frederic Harrison and myself arranged to visit the Hague, partly to attend the first meeting of an Historical Congress, of which I was one of the founders. We intended to take an apartment together, but found that it was impossible. The Dutch are the most difficult people to deal with, so that not only did I fail in obtaining what I wanted, but when I left I found myself the defendant in three lawsuits for having even

48 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

mentioned my needs to three landladies. The Congress went off very well, greatly owing to the kindness of our Minister, Sir Henry Howard, for whose hospitality we were very grateful. It was arranged that the next Congress should be held at Paris in 1900. The coronation of the young Queen Wilhelmina also took place at this time. Howard procured a ticket for Harrison, but I was not able to get one. However, I took part in most of the festivities and made the acquaintance of many distinguished people, among whom I specially remember the Prime Minister, who was well known in England and had many English friends. I had an introduction to a Countess who had a high position at Court and was a leader of Society. The first time I called upon her, she presented me to the Princess of Wied, mother of the young man who afterwards became Mpret of Albania. He had been educated in England, spoke English perfectly, and looked like an Englishman. The Princess said to me : "I am glad to meet you because your grandfather saved the life of my grandfather." This was not exactly the case. Her grandfather was Stadholder of the Netherlands, when the French invaded the country and afterwards became first King of Holland. My grandfather was captain of an English vessel and helped to save the life of the Princess and her children, but the Prince had already escaped. He ran down the beach to his ship with a Prince under each arm, the French peppering him from the rear. The Princess and her children afterwards enjoyed the hospitality of his house at Harwich. Some twenty years later, when my mother and her father were visiting the Hague,

during the peace of 1814, they met on the Oude Doelen a stout old lady with two companions, who came up and kissed my grandfather on both cheeks. This was the Queen of Holland, who took my mother and her sister to a stall in the fair and presented her with a magnificent parure of garnets, which I have often seen her wear. She offered to make her a maid-of-honour and the Earl of Athlone, whose ancestor had been a bosom friend of William III, wanted to marry her, but my grandfather had no wish to dispose of a pretty English girl of fourteen in either of these two manners. However, she went to Court, and often danced with the Prince of Orange.

After Harrison's departure I removed to Scheveningen and found a comfortable lodging with a German hostess. It is impossible to exaggerate the low morality of the common Dutch. They have no idea of honesty or of virtue, they detest foreigners, especially the English, are narrow minded and penurious, and would often lose half-a-crown in trying to win a shilling. They apparently have no religion, and the disorderly conduct of the women in the streets and the music halls is worse than anything I have seen elsewhere. I am speaking of the Protestants; half the population are Catholics and these are much better. You cannot place your hat on the window sill without fear of it being stolen. Seeing a man riding rather a nice tricycle from my window, I called my servant's attention to it, and he said: "Why, it is yours." We followed. The man jumped off and walked away with supreme indifference. My landlady's slavey said to her: "I am going away with a man for a week."

She went away and came back as if it were quite an ordinary occurrence, as I believe it was. If you rode on the top of a 'bus and had a good chance of being killed by passing under a bridge no one would warn you. The beautiful old Catholic churches are used by Protestants and desecrated in a manner which excites disgust. Their chief object seems to be to conceal the fact that there ever was an altar. This evil opinion was enforced by all the Dutch ladies and gentlemen with whom I talked; they had nothing to say in defence of their countrymen. Things may be better in the rural districts but these are my impressions of Scheveningen.

The casino at Scheveningen was enlivened by the best of the Berlin orchestras, to which I listened every evening. The noble lady of whom I have spoken had some special stalls belonging to her, which she gave the use of to her friends. They were called the "blue stalls" and were distinguished by a blue label. They were much sought after and were chiefly used by royalties. I was rather shy, but was able to stand it. Frequent visitors were the charming young Princesses of Wied and others of the Mecklenburg Strelitz family with whom I was already acquainted. I was much impressed by the extreme dearness of Holland compared with Belgium. The food was not better, indeed rather worse, but the price was double and often quadruple. I have seen the same difference between Austria and Germany. Not being an economist I do not attempt to account for it, but it appeared to show a want of organisation. Holland is not a place I should care to live in. I saw a great deal of the Dutch

aristocracy and was delighted with them. They all spoke English, even in preference to Dutch, among themselves. If they wrote books they published them in English, as they said they would have no sale in Holland. They seemed particularly fond of English comic songs. I visited one famous Dutch author in his country seat, a castle which belongs to the Ginkels, the family of the Earl of Athlone, who was once a suitor for my mother's hand. It had been the home of the first Lord, a bosom friend of William III., who often stayed there. The Duke of Teck used to say that if his father had not married his mother he should have been King of Wuerttemberg. So I said that if my mother had not married my father I might have been Lord of that Castle. It was extremely interesting, especially the garden, and seemed little changed from the time of its first possessor. There was a seat in the Hall on which if you sat you would die before the end of the year. I did not run the risk.

I completed my vacation by a visit to North Germany, which I was anxious to see for two reasons. Some years before I had written for Cassell's Picturesque Europe an article on the North German town, supposed to be the impressions of an eyewitness. I knew Nuremberg well, but the others I had never seen, and I was anxious to know whether Liibeck bore any resemblance to my vivid description. I must confess that I found it very different to what I had imagined. Still the old capital of the Hansa is full of interest and always must be. Also, I had noticed on the map of Europe two spots which excited my curiosity. They were stretches of water on the sea coast enclosed by

52 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

tongues of land, and I determined to go and see what they were like. My servant who went with me was a merry lad. We seldom used the train, and rode cycles, he on two wheels, I on three. After Liibeck we entered Mecklenburg, the only German Province whose Dukes claim to descend from the old Wendish race of Obotrites. There are really no such race as Wends. Wend is a name given by Teutons to Slavs, as Welsh is a name given by Teutons to Celts. We visited Wismar, a small seaport once a member of the Hansa. It does not really belong to Germany, but is mortgaged to her by Sweden until a large sum of money is paid. As it never will be paid it comes to the same thing. Rostock is a small town where that barbarian, Bliicher, was born. There is a statue of him in the market place. The glory of Mecklenburg is the Castle of Schwerin, magnificently enthroned on a lake. The reigning Duke at that time was a boy, being educated at Dresden. I heard universal praise of him, and his people were full of hopes for a really great sovereign. But he turned out badly and died young. I found in the Palace a first rate portrait of Charles XII of Sweden, whose portraits are very rare. I asked the Duke Regent if I might have it photographed and he sent me a copy as a present. I was then writing the King's life and the Duke's present forms the frontispiece of my book. Leaving Mecklenburg we entered Pomerania, which once belonged to Sweden, and soon reached Stralsund, sacred to the memory of Charles XII and of Schill, who was shot by Napoleon. Stralsund is beset by strangely dressed Nonconformist pastors, but the island of Rugen, close

by, is purely pagan. You live in the midst of primaevial pine woods of fabulous age and size, and would not be surprised at anything that happens to you or at anything you saw. To sail on a full moon night to the promontory of Arcona is a joy which does not belong to this world. But at Stettin we are within a short railway journey of Berlin and are back again on earth.

We found Danzig a most interesting town, with many traces of connection with England. There is an established English Consulate and an endowed English Chaplaincy. But these may have disappeared since it became a Free City under the League of Nations. Its port, Elbing, stands on the Frisches Haff, the first of those mysterious places which I desired to visit. But it cannot compare in interest with the other of which I shall speak later. We are now in the land of the German Knights, a military Order, who were the first to Christianize and civilize this country, inhabited by heathens. Their palace Marienburg, to which we cycled, is a most imposing structure, as dignified as Windsor Castle. It was restored by Kaiser Wilhelm, but it is now unoccupied. The capital of the Province is Konigsberg, the King's Hill. It took its name from Ottakar, King of Bohemia, although it was here that Frederick, the first King of Prussia, assumed the title, and it is here that Kaiser Wilhelm would have been crowned King of Prussia, if he had ever cared to undergo the ceremony. Here Kant passed his life in lecturing, and was so regular in his habits that the citizens set their watches rather by his constitutional than by the

54 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

church clock. Königsberg lies at the Eastern end of the Frisches Haff, and has its port at Pillau, as Elbing is the port of Danzig. I was now approaching the Kurisches Haff, the goal of my journey. The Haff is an inland lake of fresh water, protected from the Baltic by a long spit of land called a "nahrung." The chief place on the Kurische Nahrung is called Schwartzort, being the only spot on which black soil is to be found. To this we went by boat. The Nahrung is composed entirely of sand, overgrown by huge forests of ancestral pines, the largest I have ever seen. It is swept in winter by strong winds, generally from the west, which blow the light sand with such force that the trees are often left bare. I heard that the graves are often left bare also and the bodies exposed. Schwartzort must have been a place of commerce in ancient times, as many pieces of worked amber have been found there. It is one of the most curious and interesting spots I have ever seen. After wandering through the pine forest I crossed over the Nahrung to bathe in the Baltic, having fortified myself with a glass of excellent port wine, which was comforting, as the water was cold. I was glad of the protection of a long rope fastened to the shore. All the inhabitants of Schwartzort speak three languages. First "Die Kurische Sprache," which is spoken nowhere else and is quite different to the tongue of Courland. I saw at Heidelberg a book entitled "Die sogenannte Kurische Sprache," but I had not the energy to buy it. Their second language is Lithuanian, which I do not know, although I have tried to read newspapers in it. It is a very ancient and interesting form of Aryan speech and

will perhaps now become a world language. Taking a Kurish man with us we crossed to Memel, where we all slept in the same room.

Memel is an interesting place to the historian, because it is there that the Royal family of Prussia, which then included Queen Louise and her two sons, one of whom reigned as King of Prussia and the other as the first Emperor of new Germany, had their home. They were certainly not very comfortable. Memel stands on a river, which is generally called the Niemen, being the river which Napoleon crossed when he invaded Russia. But here it is known as the Memel Strom and I can swear that I never heard it called anything else. It was impossible for an historian to be at Memel and not to visit Tilsit, which lies a few miles up the stream. It is one of the loveliest places I ever saw, with an hotel, which is a model of comfort and ingenious arrangement. I always heard it described by visitors as "musterhaft," and I am sorry that I shall never go there again. I was so charmed with it that I called my house at Bexhill, Tilsit, which I suppose was not generally understood, nor the name which I gave to my large garden, which had a separate entrance, Longwood. Of course every schoolboy knows that the Peace of Tilsit was signed upon a raft moored in the middle of the River Niemen. Nothing of the kind. Napoleon having conquered Germany as far as the Memel Stream, which was the frontier of Russian territory, wished to make peace, and by the diplomatic law of those days it had to be done on neutral ground. The law has apparently been altered, as Versailles was not neutral -for

Germany nor Sevres for Turkey. They therefore made a raft, or rather two rafts, one being for the suites. The Memel is full of rafts, so that they could be made in an hour. They were decorated from the theatre properties, which I dare say still exist if any-one would look for them. Here the meetings were held on two successive days, each lasting about an hour. On the first occasion the Emperor and the Tsar met together, and on the second the King of Prussia was added, being treated like a naughty boy who came in at dessert. Of course no details were discussed on these occasions, it being merely agreed that there should be peace. This having been arranged, the town of Tilsit was divided into three parts, each of which was neutralised. Napoleon lived in what is now the chief chemist's shop in the centre of the main street. Alexander was a little higher up in a large house which still exists, and the naughty boy was over the way in a back street much less comfortable.

Napoleon arrived at Tilsit at half-past two on Friday, June 19, 1807. Benninsen, the Russian General, asked for an armistice, which was granted on Sunday for a month. The first interview on the raft took place on Thursday, June 25, and the second on the following day. Queen Louise reached Tilsit from Pituponen, where she was staying, at midnight, on Monday, July 6. Napoleon called on her immediately and stayed with her two hours. In the evening they all dined together in the drawing room of the chemist's shop, where there is a magnificent marble chimney-piece. As Napoleon and the Queen were

talking before the fireplace he offered a rose. She said, before she took it, "avec Magdeburg," and he threw it into the fire, as he did not like women to meddle with politics. Peace was signed between France, Prussia and Russia on Wednesday, July 8, the ratifications were exchanged on the following day, and at six in the evening Napoleon left for Koenigsberg, where he arrived at four o'clock in the morning. Talleyrand was not on the raft, but it was he who drew up the treaty, and if any secrets were disclosed to the English Government, which made it take action against Denmark, they were probably communicated by him. Wild stories such as an English General being disguised as a workman on the raft have obviously no foundation. In 1899 I went again to Bayreuth to hear the Meistersinger von Niirnberg and Parsifal. As I was a Patron, that is, one of the original founders of the theatre, I was sure of a comfortable place and of good quarters. I met there my dear friend, Frank Coutts, now Lord Latymer, and his friend Albeniz, the celebrated Spanish composer. Albeniz did not like Parsifal, which he regarded as an inferior work, but was much pleased with the Meistersinger. Among the guests was Perosi, the Italian composer, who, with the help of his Patron, Pope Pius X, revolutionised Church music in Italy. Perosi, who dined with us, was like an inspired boy, and when the train was passing the window, jumped up and cried "puff! puff!" like a child. Wagner was now dead, but Frau Cosima, his widow, invited me to tea at the famous "Wahnfried," where I met the family. Siegfried, the son, was not very attractive, but the daugh-

ters were charming. Their names were rather confusing. There was no doubt that they were all daughters of Frau Cosima, but one could not be sure whether their father was Bulow or Wagner, Frau Cosima having married both. Bayreuth is a charming place, but I am not sure whether it is healthy. I have always been attacked there with boils or abscesses, and this time I had a very bad abscess on my right hand, which was lanced in the German fashion and caused me a long period of discomfort, especially embarrassing to one who lived by his pen.

From Bayreuth I went to Switzerland to write a book for a Canadian publisher who had promised me a thousand pounds, of which I eventually only received five shillings. I chose Bern as a quiet and healthy place which I was anxious to see. I found a comfortable home in a pension at Eggen, a suburb of the Capital, where I found every comfort and delightful society. It was occupied mainly by secretaries of legation, who were accredited to the Swiss Government, so that we had a varied and intelligent society much interested in politics and well informed about them. The burning questions at that time were the Dreyfus case and the difficulties in the Transvaal. In our judgments of these two questions we were unanimous, we were all in favour of Dreyfus, and we all supported the Boers against Chamberlain. I found my book very hard work. I began every morning at six and wrote for five or six hours a day. I had a secretary with me who did the typing. Our amusements were cycling and swimming. I always carried a three-wheeler with me. Bathing in the Bern river,

the Reuss, is an unique delight. The stream is much too strong to swim against, so the only way is to swim down to the end and then get out. You then lie, with as little on as possible, in the full sunshine, until you are baked as brown as toast. To share this amusement with a crowd of boys and young men as brown as savages, healthy, stalwart and good tempered, talking Bernese patois at the top of their voices, is as pleasant a pastime as a devoted swimmer can find, and now, in days when I can swim no longer, I bless Berne and the Reuss. I found six hours a day writing hard work and I was glad when the Sunday holiday came, although I dreaded Monday.

At Bern I made the acquaintance of the President of the Swiss Republic, a tanner by trade and a maker of cardboard boxes for amusement. He thought that Dreyfus was partly guilty, but had not the courage to admit it. He was a pro-Boer like ourselves. I dined with him at his house, the dinner being cooked and served by his three daughters, charming, comely and accomplished young ladies. I wrote my autograph on a table cloth, where it was to be embroidered with others. Nothing could be more fascinating than the whole experience. I had met him first in a train, returning from a visit to some new fortifications and wearing military trousers. He gave his card. I read it wrong and thought that he was a Professor, and said: "What do you lecture on?" On looking again I found that he was President of the Swiss Republic and said, "I lecture on you," as the Constitution of Switzerland was a favourite subject of mine at Cambridge. He held his office for a year and his special department was finance.

I left Eggen late in September a pro-Boer to the backbone, having never found anyone who was not. At Paris I spent much time at the British Embassy with old friends and found the same opinion prevailing. There was much indifference on the subject and a conviction that the war would not take place, but they were strongly against Chamberlain.

The fatal breach occurred on October n, the opening of the Cambridge Term. Attending the first meeting of the Union at Cambridge, I found the Boer War was being discussed, and to my astonishment it was warmly defended. I rose in my place as Treasurer and attacked it vehemently, saying that it was the wickedest war of the Christian era. The House was deeply impressed with these new ideas and I was told that if a vote had been taken immediately my view would have won. I forget the division, but I remained a firm pro-Boer, especially at the Union. A very intelligent Boer, who had four brothers fighting in Kriiger's army was a member of our Committee, and before the end of the war was elected President. Matters were much discussed in the different Colleges, and I was asked to open a debate on the subject in Clare College. The King's undergraduates were anxious about my safety and wanted to accompany me as a body-guard. This I refused and got through all right. I found my opponent seated at a table decorated with a huge Union Jack. He was then an unknown undergraduate, but has since become known over the whole world as the champion of Morleian liberalism in India and the prophet of autodecision. In those days Mr.

Montague, for it is he of whom I speak, was a stout supporter of Mr. Chamberlain, and made a speech of the most new-fangled imperialism. If I remember right he was beaten, as he has often been since.

There is no doubt that Chamberlain and Milner had made up their minds that this was inevitable and was the only solution of the difficulty. The Bloemfontein conference, held in the spring of 1899, was foredoomed to failure, because Milner was determined that the only possible settlement was that of the sword. Even after it was over, Kriiger conceded everything which Milner had asked for, and even more. He offered a five years' retrospective franchise, eight new seats in the first chamber and more if necessary in the second. To this Chamberlain gave what he called a qualified acceptance in ambiguous language, which would be offensive to the Boers. Even this might have been accepted at Pretoria, but two days before it reached the Capital, Chamberlain made a speech at Highbury in which he said that the concessions had been squeezed out of Kriiger like water out of a sponge and that the sands were running out. These words were cabled to Pretoria and produced the worst effect. Lord Salisbury ought to have taken the negotiations into his own hands, in which case war would have probably been avoided. But it was the long vacation, the Prime Minister was at Dieppe and perhaps did not realize the impending calamity. Chamberlain had promised proposals for a final settlement, which never came, and probably never existed. Parliament was summoned, the reserves were called out, troops were landed at the Cape and moved

towards the frontier. Farmers from the Transvaal and Orange Free State came to the frontier waiting for these final proposals, which never arrived. They passed days and nights in heavy rain, mostly without tents, thinking of their deserted farms, where ploughing and sowing were imminent, and of their wives and children. They threatened to return to their homes unless those in command took action. On October 11 they began to march, and when the English Parliament met a few days afterwards war had begun. The astuteness of Chamberlain had succeeded, because if operations had not begun it is probable that Parliament would have insisted upon peace. It is possible that the ministers who made the war thought that it would be over in a few months, and would cost little money, which could easily be paid out of the gold mines. But a Minister who declares war except in self-defence commits an unpardonable crime for which no expiation is possible. The Boer War began the decline of the British Empire. Its high water mark of prosperity is fixed by Mr. Keynes at 1896 or the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. It was the direct cause of the Great War from which we are now suffering. When ten millions were voted by Parliament Lloyd George walked out and would have nothing to do with it, and I always told Campbell Bannerman that he made a great mistake in not doing the same. The war eventually cost us two hundred and seventy millions.

Whatever might have been the difference about our conduct in England there were no differences abroad. The whole of the Continent was against us.

Germany which had thought of helping Kriiger came on reflection to the opinion that it would be more profitable to extend her commerce and develop her fleet. If other nations did not use the opportunity to attack us they probably thought it better to use our misfortunes for their own advantages. In India the masterly diplomacy and the wise government of the new Viceroy, Lord Curzon, prevented any movement on the part of Russia to profit by the occasion.

If the popularity of the war was lukewarm in England it was rampant amongst Englishmen living abroad. A pro-Boer Englishman was regarded as a pariah. I spent the winter with my nephew, who was a doctor, in Florence. He was afraid to take me out and did his best to conceal my existence, lest our relationship should injure his practice. Those unworthy lines of Kipling, "Duke's son, cook's son," set to the paltry music of Arthur Sullivan, were heard everywhere. I had thought of spending my years of retirement in Florence as I am now spending them in Rome, but my experience of this visit, strengthened by another, changed my view. Florentine society, which many years ago was very pleasant, seemed to be honeycombed by gossip. At Rome there is no gossip. People may speak ill of well-known personalities, but they never discuss their friends. There is a broader and a higher tone. The lady who seemed most shocked at me was Madame Villari, whose distinguished husband I had known for forty years. The crisis came when I was calling on Donna Cosima Wagner, who, like myself, and indeed most intelligent foreigners, was a strong pro-Boer.

64 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

Madame Villari came into the room **and Frau** Cosima began to speak to her with sympathy for the Boers. I tried to intervene, when Madame Villari turned upon me, called me a bad man and a bad Englishman and left the room. Frau Cosima and myself could hardly restrain our amusement. I had always adored Florence, the first Italian city I had ever known, the streets and pictures of which I knew by heart. I found it much changed, but I am told that now it has recovered its former charm and in some way is a pleasanter dwelling place for Englishmen than Rome.

CHAPTER III

INDIA

VISIT TO LORD CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA—LIFE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—DARJEELING—VIEW OF MOUNT EVEREST—SVEN HEDIN—VISITS FROM RAJAHS—BENARES—AGRA—DELHI—ALIGAHR—VISIT TO THE GAIKWAR OF BARODA—HOME BY THE ADRIATIC.

OUEN VICTORIA died on January 22, 1901. I was born on January 17, 1837, and so lived six months in the reign of William IV. Till the age of thirty-eight I always resided either at Windsor or in its immediate vicinity, so that I was well acquainted with the life of Court. Our first house was at the beginning of the Long Walk and just in front of the Castle gates. The Queen kissed me as a baby, the first date I remember is fixed by the fireworks at Windsor on the day of her marriage, and I frequently saw her galloping up the Long Walk with her ministers and her suite. She was perhaps—take her all in all—the greatest of English sovereigns, greater even than Queen Elizabeth, and, as ages move on,, her reign will be regarded as a high-water mark in the history of the British Empire. Some have doubted whether she had any commanding strength of intellect, and whether she did not owe everything to her husband. It is now certain that she was the genius and he the well-educated scholar. One thing is clear, that she possessed the most guileless simplicity of mind with the utmost piety of heart, and that she instinctively recoiled from all falseness and insincerity.

In the year 1898 George Curzon was appointed by Lord Salisbury to be Viceroy of India. I first read of his appointment, to my great delight, in a third-rate German paper in an obscure pot-house at Stralsund. He was on the verge of forty and had married an American, Mary Leiter, one of the most beautiful women in the world. Although he had often written to me about his marriage I was first introduced to his wife at a garden party given by the Duke of Edinburgh at Clarence House. We were discussing his career and how well he had done in life, and he said to his wife : " Well, Mary dear, whatever I am in life I owe it all to Mr. Oscar Browning." This feeling produced a close friendship between Curzon and myself, which has lasted unimpaired to the present day. I saw him several times after my return to England and before his departure and promised that I would pay him a visit in India. This was to have taken place in 1900, but the doctors would not allow it, and I eventually left at the close of 1901. I was not well when I started and doubted whether I should ever get there. But eventually I travelled straight through without stopping at Paris, Marseilles or Bombay, and reached Calcutta in January, 1902, just after the great festivities were over. As I was a strong pro-Boer I thought it better not to travel by an English boat lest I should suffer the fate of Jonah, and so went by the *Messengerles*, which I found very comfortable. I spent my time on board studying Hindustani. I had five "munshis," one an English officer, who spoke perfect Urdu, a doctor from the Persian Gulf, two Franciscan Missionaries, and another whom I forget. I studied the language by writing it with a typewriter

in English characters. The great difficulty was to find any one of my teachers awake, and I had to scour the decks to look for one. It was also a trouble that they spoke the language differently, or rather knew different parts of it. However I made some progress and got on with the "Bagh o Behar," which I believe is the one Hindustani novel. But when I came to India I found that the language spoken by the English residents was so contemptible that it was not worth learning, and eventually gave it up, although my bearer would have been glad to have conversed with me.

On reaching the station at Calcutta I found Charles Edward Buckland, my first Eton pupil, then a high Indian official, waiting for me, and we drove straight to Government House. A large suite of rooms had been prepared for me and a bearer had already met me at Bombay. He was a Mohammedan and did not wish to stay, so he was succeeded by a Christian from Madras, very black but very beautiful, and I became very fond of him. As a Christian it was his duty to become occasionally drunk, during which time he was absolutely incapable, but he soon recovered and was none the worse. He always slept on the floor at my bedroom door. I dressed for dinner and found a small company, the large dinners of seventy covers having just come to an end. I sat next to Lady Curzon. She asked me what I thought of Rosebery's speech at Chesterfield, but as I had determined to conceal my pro-Boer sympathies I professed entire ignorance. I found gradually that there was no occasion for this, as there was not a person in the house who did not detest the Boer War, After dinner Lord

Curzon and I sat on a sofa and had a confidential talk over old times, in which for the last time I called him "George," all the decencies being completely preserved after this. He told me that he had greater power than any European sovereign, that he was allowed a free hand by the Indian Secretary provided that he kept him well informed of what he proposed to do and that they were on excellent terms. I went to bed with much joy, not having slept in a bed for a long time.

My apartment at Government House consisted of four rooms, a vestibule, a sitting room, a bed room and a bath room. I found that in the bath room the light was burning all night, but that if I turned it out I might find a cobra in my bed which had entered through the drain. We breakfasted without our hosts and wrote down in a book whether we should be present at luncheon or dinner. We all assembled for luncheon at two, and then met the Viceroy for the first time. All the ladies, except his wife, curtsied to him. I had often walked out at mid-day on the Maidan, as I loved the sun. I took a warm bath before lunch, feeling extremely hot. When we had all assembled in the drawing room we walked down the long marble gallery to the luncheon room, the Viceroy going first with his military secretary, to whom I suppose he gave instructions for the day. The luncheon was served at small tables, and each of us was shewn his place. It was a great comfort that everything was done with order and regularity. Sometimes I sat at the Viceroy's table, sometimes a long way off, but I knew that it was all as it should be. After lunch we took coffee on a terrace off the long gallery covered with an awn-

ing called "shamiana." Here we were joined by the children, two little girls as beautiful as their mother, and had a merry time. No one moved till the Viceroy gave the signal. One day a Russian Prince apologized to me for having stayed so long on the previous day, saying that he imagined that he was bound by Court etiquette. I told Curzon, who said : " Why the fellow did not suppose that he was going to get up before I did." Curzon was rather hard on Russians, perhaps not altogether without reason. We were then free till dinner at eight, unless I drove with the Viceroy, which was seldom. Every morning my old friend and pupil Buckland came to see me to arrange something for the day so that I might not be dull. As I always had a carriage and horses at my disposal we generally drove, and I saw a good deal of the city in this way. One day as we were driving we saw the lances of the Viceroy's bodyguard at a little distance. Buckland was much alarmed and cried : " They are going to the Zoological Gardens and I am sure they will find something wrong. I wish I had known of it." For the next half-hour Buckland tortured himself with imaginary delinquencies, because he was director of the Gardens, and on the last occasion had received a rebuke. That evening I sat next to Lady Curzon at dinner, and asked her what she had been doing. She said that they had been to tea with the Mandril and had found everything in splendid order. Buckland was much delighted, and indeed received a letter of congratulation from the Viceroy.

The dinners varied in size, sometimes reaching seventy or eighty. Printed lists were sent to us to

show where we were to sit. As I had no official rank I was generally in the lowest place. But Curzon always looked after me and sent me a note saying who my neighbours were. We had a good band and the health of the King Emperor was always drunk. Once a week there was a State banquet. All the guests were drawn up round the State drawing room with their diamonds and orders. Clive Wigram, the best looking and the smartest of the A.D:C.'s, stood at the further door and announced in a clear voice "Their Excellencies," and George and Mary appeared looking magnificent. Wigram has now got another George and Mary to look after. Their Excellencies walked slowly round the circle greeting their guests, Curzon giving me a wink as he passed me. After the dinner there was a ball, invitations to which were much appreciated, and after the ball I was glad to go to bed, as I always began work at six every morning, as I do now at the age of eighty-five.

At this time nothing could exceed the popularity of the Viceroy and his wife. On my journey to India I never lost an opportunity of learning what the opinion about him was in all classes, and those with whom I spoke had no idea that we were friends. There was an unanimous chorus of applause, which indeed he fully deserved. No man could work harder. Although he left us at ten he never went to bed till two, which I imagine during his working life has been his usual hour. With his remarkable charm of manner and his unrivalled social gifts, his greatest qualities did not appear on the surface and would only be discerned by those who knew him well. These were great financial ability and untiring indus-

try. When he was a little boy at a preparatory school he kept all the boys' pocket-money, and when he left they gave him a cash box as a testimonial. When he, Cornish and Spencer Lytelton were travelling together in Greece he kept the accounts, and Cornish told me that he once found him sitting up at two in the morning worrying over a halfpenny. He would never leave any question till he had mastered it. If in argument others fell before him it was because he knew more about the subject than anyone else. When he assumed his office he determined to review personally every branch of the administration and see whether it could not be improved. His subordinates did not like this and let him know that this course would probably be followed by resignation. His answer was that if resignations were tendered they would be immediately accepted. He was determined that everyone should do his duty and set an example of never sparing himself. He attended to details which no one else had thought of. He appointed a General Minister of Education, he paid great attention to the history of India and to the preservation of historic sites, he put libraries in order, created a department of Archaeology, saved the unparalleled work of Eastern hands from the blue wash of the public works department, he rescued the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in the world, from the profanation of picnics and dances. He set an example, which had not always been the case in India, of a pure and dignified life, in which he was assisted by his noble-hearted wife, who by her kindness of heart and charity escaped the jealousy which often persecutes the beautiful.

When I had been at Calcutta some time Curzon asked me whether I was not intending to see something of India. I said that I had come not to see India but to see him, and what was the smallest amount of India that I could see without losing my self-respect. He said that I must see Benares, Agra and Delhi. To these I added Baroda, as the Gaikwar, who had paid me a special visit in my own room at the Maloja, had given me a book he had written and had made me promise that I would come to see him in India. But just at this time I received an earnest summons from an old friend at Darjeeling, and the temptation was too strong to resist.

To reach Darjeeling from Calcutta you have to cross the Ganges, a noble stream perhaps then at its best before it breaks up into the Delta, on the Hoogli branch of which Calcutta stands. In crossing it you feel all its majesty. It is a "joyous and exulting river," to which you would entrust your dead body with the certainty of its reaching the sea. After crossing it you mount hills, varied and picturesque, by a train which I believe belongs mainly to the Gladstone family. I found my friend happily domesticated with his wife, and after a good night's rest I was awakened early by a joyful shout that "the snows" were visible in all their glory, which is not always the case. I found myself looking at the whole range of the Himalaya, with Kinchinjunga at their head only a thousand feet lower than Everest, which was not visible. Although an old Alpine climber I cannot give an account of what I saw, the chief impression **made upon** me was the long series of passes, which

you have to cross before reaching the main range. We felt that we must lose no time in seeing Everest before the weather broke and destroyed the view. So we mounted horses and ascended Tiger Hill, from which Everest was to be seen. There is no doubt that I did see it, that I am prepared to swear, but only for a moment. It was a small snow-covered eminence hidden behind the others. But there is no doubt that it was Everest. At sunset the highest peaks reflect the sun longest, and from Tiger Hill at sunset this little summit outshone all the others. It has been a great comfort during the last year when Everest has been engaging the attention of the world to know that I also have seen Everest. It is indeed remarkable that this mountain so long talked of and so little known should, when discovered, surpass in interest all that imagination could invent. Who could have supposed that it would be a sanctuary encircled by monasteries of pious monks who welcomed all strangers with eager hospitality, and that its valleys should be a treasure house of unearthly beauty? Tennyson once wrote a prize poem on Timbuctoo, a subject chosen by the University because no one knew anything about it. If some Don of genius had selected Everest and got his colleagues to accept it, would Mr. Simmons have given us anything as good as what he has written about Stevenson? And would it have been anything so beautiful and so strange as what our explorers have told us? About the year 1200 A.D. the Maiella, the snowy peak of the Abruzzi, was the refuge of many pious people who wished to find peace and religious solitude in a world which was full of

riot and disorder. The best known of these became Pope under the name of Celestine V, and after a short trial of the world retired again to his mountains. The religion of Tibet is perhaps the most spiritual that we know and the Delai Lama of Lassa is by the testimony of the few who have seen him a worthy head of that community. The world is very young and it is two thousand years since we had a revelation and is it not time that we should have another? And if this is so why should it not come from Everest? The Sermon from that mountain might outweigh all others in popularity and efficacy.

Darjeeling is a most interesting place. Although it belongs to England it is practically a part of Tibet. Here you see Tibetans whose women have many husbands who speak a language which I suppose some can understand, who pray by turning wheels which repeat perpetually that piety is in the lotus, who dress their trees with holy rags and utter prophecies which never fail to come true. I never spent a more delightful time and regretted that it was so short. When I had taken leave of my dear friend and returned to Calcutta I found at Government House Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, and Sir Ernest Cassel, the millionaire. He had as his companion Arnold Morley, an old friend of mine. Cassel had brought a letter from the King, so that he was treated with special honour. I found the Swede a most interesting person, full of strange experiences. He explained to me all about the Tibetan curios which I had brought with me from Darjeeling. At that time he was very thick with the Tsar of Russia, who had apparently

paid his expenses or a large part of them, but, as we all know, when the war broke out he was a strong German and violently anti-English. So perhaps the Tsar had not fulfilled his expectations. Hedin took a great fancy to me and wanted me to accompany him on his new expedition. Happily I did not accept the offer, as it would certainly have killed me in a very short time.

We used to spend our week-ends at Barrackpore, where there was a delightful villa built like Government House by Lord Wellesley. Here we passed our time in mirth and jollity. No one could know Lord Curzon who had not seen him at Barrackpore. His conversation, brilliant with wit, unsparing in chaff, so that you never knew what he was going to say next or who was going to be attacked. There was nothing of the "superior person" here if there was anywhere. We lunched under a banyan tree with a shamiana over us, kites abounded, and lucky was he who received his plate full without having paid toll to the rapacious bird. Everything had been cooked in the Viceregal kitchen in Calcutta, and was brought there in boxes. To be cook to the Viceroy was no sinecure. His cook at this time was an Italian whom I see constantly in the Via Margutta, where he keeps an old furniture shop. He often speaks to me of old times, enquires about the Curzon family, and shows me relics of his connection with them.

The English in India are a garrison in hostile country and always must be whatever "reforms" are adopted. The Viceroy is always in danger of assassination by poison, dagger or bullet. The

76 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

greatest care must therefore be taken about his food. I once knew a case where the death of a large number of English was caused in two different parts of India by the use of a jelly bag which had been accidentally infected by germs of cholera. On the Barrackpore Golf Course the Viceroy showed me a Scotchman whose sole duty it was never to leave Lord Curzon out of his sight. He was never allowed to issue from Government House without a body guard, although he sometimes succeeded in dodging the prohibition. One day, at Barrackpore, I was told by Wigram that I must not occupy my own rooms because I had to sleep with a young political officer who would otherwise be passing the night in his bungalow alone, a thing very properly forbidden by law. So I had to walk down to the flag staff bungalow with a lantern at my feet to keep off the snakes. One Sunday I did not go to Barrackpore, as I stayed in Calcutta for the wedding of a friend. The Viceroy stayed there over the Monday, so that for forty-eight hours I had Government House with its troops of forty gold and scarlet servants all to myself. I found that salaams did not always mean obedience, for having ordered a particular dish from the printed menu, an order received more than once with abject deference, it never came. I suppose that the scarlet retainers had also discovered its toothsome-ness.

Being in India I naturally wished to see as much as possible of Indians, a desire not usual with English visitors. Of course I did nothing without the knowledge of the Viceroy. I rendered to him every day **a full** account of all that I had done and of all that I

intended to do. His desire to help me in this matter was not always shared by his staff who took a different view of the attractions of Indian Society to that held by him and by myself. So under the auspices of my friend Buckland I visited the Maharajah of Tagore, or rather his eldest son, who was doing duty for his father. We were received with the utmost magnificence and with well-born courtesy, a contrast to the rather rude enquiry of Buckland as to whether the milk had been properly boiled. He made me a present of a magnificent "sari" made in one of his private looms at Benares. He told me that if it caught fire solid gold and silver would pour out. I showed it to Lazenby, who told me that he could not afford to purchase it and that none of his customers could give for it what it was worth. I kept it as a priceless treasure, but during my absence from England it was stolen by a servant. I also went to dinner with an Englishwoman who had married an Indian, a course opposed to Government House traditions. I spent the afternoon with a Rajah and his family and had a very pleasant time. There was an Indian Sorceress who charmed snakes and was always calling out Khabadhar, which I believe means "Take care." He treated me royally and sent me photographs of himself and his family. Therefore just before I left Calcutta three Indian Princes paid me State visits of adieu at Government House, which the Viceroy was delighted to encourage. But I was not sure of the A.D.C.'s and was afraid that my guests might have been ordered to take off their shoes as once happened to my munshi, to his great disgust. I

78 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

ought to have sat in my drawing room and received them with haughty courtesy, but being afraid of the shoes I went to meet them at the door and conducted them to my rooms. All went off very well and Curzon was delighted.

The time was now coming for my departure. The five weeks which I had spent at Government House had been a pure joy. No one who has lived in India as the Viceroy's guest could live happily in any other way. As a boy I was well acquainted with Windsor and had often seen the Queen drive out and home from her Castle. But to be a part of the same company which I had often gazed at was a very curious experience which scarcely seemed to me real. In the last weeks there had been many visits from the residents of Native States. They had all asked me to see their Provinces and I could have spent another month in getting to know places which I was longing to see. I had determined to return by the Austrian Lloyd, which left Bombay on the first of the month, and was in doubt whether it should be the first of March or the first of April. I had not been very well and was afraid of the heat, and reluctantly decided for the first of March. I made my adieux to Curzon in his private sitting room, where a pile of papers stood by his desk which had to be gone through before bed time, being about half the day's work. He showed them to me and explained that they came from every part of India and contained matters of infinite variety and importance for his final decision, and when he had given it he had to write it in a book which was seen by nobody except his successor. I then paid a

similar visit to his wife, who lived close by up a few stairs. They both asked me for my photograph and **at** the moment I forgot to secure theirs. I said to George as I departed: "You have one advantage over Arthur Balfour (who was then Prime Minister of England). You have to think of nothing but the good of the country which you administer; he, whenever dealing with a pile of papers like these, must think not only of that but of his party and of the opposition." I then left with a very grateful heart for all the kindness which I had received, and to Providence for having given me such friends, to complete the tour which we had sketched together before I left India.

I now had to exchange the splendid hospitality of Government House for hotels, and hotels in India, so far as my experience went, beggar description. Bombay was passable; Calcutta I never tried, but a friend of mine left it after a single night, when the rats ran over his bed. Of Benares, Agra and Delhi I have little recollection, because I tried to forget them. My chief remembrance is of pleasant talks on the terrace on starful nights, Benares is the most sacred city in India, and no one ought to miss it. One's chief experience is to be taken slowly up and down the Ganges, which here suffers itself to be crossed by a bridge, and to watch carefully everything you see. It is full of Pilgrims, who of course must bathe in the stream. It is a rare privilege to be burnt here, and the burning ghat demands a visit. There is nothing repulsive in seeing an Indian body burned. The brown skin of an Hindu does not shock you like **the**

skin of a white man. I once witnessed with great pleasure and interest the whole operation of burning a body in Calcutta, and learned a great deal from it. My description of it so excited the Viceroy that he wished to see it in mufti, but I dissuaded him. Conspicuous on the river are the palaces of the great nobles, each of which likes to have one here if possible. Here are manufactured those marvellous cloths of gold and silver which cannot be bought for love or money. The town has much to show, the holiest mosque with its golden roof, the University, the schools with boys being taught in the streets. If you wish to study Hindu theology go to Benares. It is the only place in which to learn it. The shops are full of curios, which you may buy to your heart's content. Benares leaves a deep impression upon the mind. Besides the beauty and the charm it is pervaded by a sentiment of mysterious holiness which affects even the most callous nature.

For Agra I had a Hindu companion, an old Cambridge pupil who had taken the highest place in the Civil Service examination. He was first of all in Political Science, which he had learnt from me. He was not only one of the ablest pupils I ever had but he carried with him an abiding influence of religious dignity which made me always speak to him with a certain awe. He was of very high religious rank. I do not remember whether it is of him or of another King's pupil that the story is told that having to be coached for the boat, with another Hindu, which the Captain thought rather a delicate attention, he said : " Sir, may I be coached with another gentleman, be-

cause at present I always have to eat a little dirt when I get out of the boat."

Max Miiller wrote to me that he did not envy Chatterjee going to India because they would never give him an administrative post and that he would have to content himself with a judgeship. I do not think that this has been justified by the facts, and I believe that Chatterjee now has as high a place in the Civil Service as any man of his standing. I was treated with great hospitality at Agra, was called upon immediately and offered rooms at the Club. These I did not accept because I could not be separated from my companion. But we dined at the Club more than once. I observed how difficult it was for Englishmen to treat Indians as one of themselves, and they were evidently put out by Chatterjee's presence, although he spoke English perfectly and was a distinguished graduate of Cambridge. He did not mind, but I felt uncomfortable.

The chief sight at Agra is the Taj Mahal, the splendid temple, reared by Shah Jehan to his wife. It is the most beautiful building I have ever seen in the world. It is the one building of which no description, however eloquent or exuberant, can equal the reality. See that dome whenever you please, at morning, at noon, at night, it is always more lovely than your memory pictured it. The only thing to be compared with it is the cupola of St. Peter's at Rome. They are both the work of Italian artists, that of Rome by Michael Angelo. But the dome is not all, the tomb itself is full of beauties, which reveal themselves to you as you gaze. Here also is another

memorial raised to a beloved wife by a bereaved husband, by Lord Curzon to the partner of his labours, to whom India owes so much, also hurried away by an untimely death. In Delhi the chief building is the Fort, the ancient Palace, and here there is a gem that vies with Taj Mahal, at Agra, for the prize of beauty. It is the Hall of Private Audience, also built by Shah Jehan and by Italian artists. It is encrusted with delicate tracery of gold and silver, and on the wall is written in Persian : " If there be a Paradise on earth it is this, it is this, it is this." At Agra also is the Moti Mosque, the Pearl Mosque, the most beautiful in the world, and others which rival it. Some hours from Agra is the deserted city of Futtehpur Sikri, once the Capital, now uninhabited. With my Hindu friend I spent about eight hours walking all over it, and he was more exhausted than I was. In the evening we drove back to Agra. He had now to return home for his wife, but for Delhi I had another companion, a Cambridge man who had taken a good degree. He was a Mohammedan and had married a wife of the same religion. We had long talks about his religion, to which he was much devoted, and he thought it better than Christianity.

I had made it a rule to see as much of the natives as possible and whenever I could to take their sides. So I tried to avoid anything which had to do with the mutiny, and for this reason avoided Lucknow. But the ridge of Delhi is so bound up with the suppression of the mutiny that it could not be avoided. Delhi is the Capital of India, and always must be, so that it was a happy choice when King George proclaimed

there to the assembled Durbar that it would be in future the Capital, and the progress in building it which the Prince of Wales found on his visit gives every hope of its success. The region of Delhi is covered with the ruins of deserted palaces. The new English capital adds one more to the number, but it will be the most majestic and the most durable. The fort there is an ancient palace, when I saw it occupied by excellent tommies, who showed us round and knew their lesson well. Traces of the P.W.D. were a little too obvious and did not harmonize with what remained of ancient work.

My next visit was to Aligahr, a Mohammedan College then presided over by my old friend Theodore Morison, who had asked me to stay with him. The first Principal of this College had been Theodore Beck, of Trinity, who, when asked to find a Principal by the promoters, so impressed them by his character and ability that they insisted upon his taking the post himself. Beck used to write long letters to his mother giving a complete account of everything he did in the college, his struggles, his failures and successes. These letters I had been allowed to read, and I naturally took great interest in it. Morison is a most cultivated man, one of the few Englishmen I found in India who possessed a library. How far the college has been a success I am not able to say, but no better men could have been found to govern it than Beck and Morison.

Up to the present I had travelled as the Viceroy's guest. I had a large railway carriage to myself, part of which contained my luggage, and a smaller division

84 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

could be made into a bathroom if necessary. You had your own bed and bedclothes, as you would not like to use anyone else's. Whenever you wanted anything it came as if by magic. You thought you would like a glass of water : at that moment a man appeared at the window with a glass in his hand. You seemed to be surrounded with a crowd of invisible myrmidons who anticipated every wish or even fancy. In this way travelling was the most comfortable I had ever experienced except in Russia. This was now at an end, it was not bad except that there was not a carriage to yourself.

My friend the Gaikwar received me with great hospitality. I was lodged in the Guest House with a convenient number of servants, including my black-faced Madrassi, who was a host in himself. Baroda is perhaps the best administered State in India. This is because its ruler is an intelligent man, who spends all his time and thought in governing it well. He passes much time abroad, where he is always seeing how other States are governed and how he can improve his own. Consequently he has the best hospitals, the best banks, the best gaols, a well-ordered town, and a happy population, and there is not much for a British Resident to do. Therefore he is not popular with the English Raj and is suspected of disloyalty, which I believe to be absolutely groundless. There was a story of his appearing at the Durbar with a small cane instead of a sword so as personally to insult the Viceroy. It was afterwards found that the cane was of great antiquity, of priceless value, bound to be carried on certain occasions, and it would have

been an insult if he had not carried it. We were shewn everything", the elephants, on one of which I rode, and was reminded of Lord Chesterfield's answer to the servant, "Do men ever hunt twice?" the priceless pearls, the magnificent library, the hospital, where I was asked to my great confusion whether a certain cancer was malignant or not. The special amusement provided for me was a fight between two rams, who butted at each other with their horns, but I do not remember that either was killed. I was presented to the Gaikwar at his palace and discussed with him the project of sending his son to Balliol, of which I of course approved. When the Maharani went out for a walk every window was closed, for fear she should be seen. In India I conceived a great admiration for Purdah, and from what I saw of some English ladies in India I thought it might be used by them with advantage. I left Baroda with a consummate respect for the Gaikwar and all his works, and hoped that he would be let alone as much as possible and his philanthropic efforts for the good of his people be better appreciated.

The journey from Baroda to Bombay was not long. I was here to avail myself of the invitation of the Governor which had been given me when I first arrived in India. Government House at Bombay is a long rambling building. I was always beset by the idea how easily it might catch fire, and how if it did it would inevitably be burned down. I was received with the utmost kindness by the Governor and his beautiful wife and regretted that my stay would be so short. Another guest was a wealthy and dis-

tinguished young Hungarian, the Count Vay de Vay. He had travelled all over the world and was a most delightful companion. I heard of him afterwards at Buda Pest, but do not know what has become of him in the misfortunes of his country. He was a Prelate but had refused a Bishopric, preferring the title of Vicar Apostolic, which was quite as honourable with less work. We went together to see the caves of Elephanta, travelling in the Governor's private yacht. The sea was a little rough and my friend felt uncomfortable. When we landed we had to ascend to the caves, apparently about a ten-minute climb. There was a carriage to take us up, which I disdained, but I found my mistake. In India no one walks because there is a great danger in perspiration. A chill on a moist shirt is dangerous everywhere, but in Europe it affects the chest, in India the stomach. Here it is extremely painful and may even cause death. So everyone avoids it. When I reached the top I found to my horror that for the first time in India I had got a chill : I cursed my stupidity and took every precaution on the way home when there was a fresh breeze. But the result was that on the steamer home I suffered for ten days from gastric catarrh, a most disagreeable malady. After dinner I sat with the Governor gazing at the Bay, of which there was a magnificent view, but I could not agree that it was as beautiful as the Bay of Naples, any more than considering the sculptures of Elephanta finer than those of the Taj Mahal, which it makes some of my artistic friends furious if you do not concede. The next day I was to go on board the Austrian Lloyd vessel, the "Imperator," and say good-bye to India. I parted with infinite regret first

from my beloved bearer, whom I loved more than any Englishman ought to love an Indian, and secondly from the country, the most beautiful in the world except Italy, where I never spent a dull day or an unhappy hour. If I were an Indian I should worship my country and all that appertains to it with a sacred and passionate affection.

We had a very pleasant party on board the "Imperator." In the Arabian Sea the weather was hot, and some slept on deck. I preferred my cabin. I left with great regret the sight of the Southern Cross, which is my favourite constellation, taken together with the "pointers." The Red Sea was not oppressive and the Canal was positively cold, as there was a violent sandstorm, and we had to wear our overcoats. Our company consisted of a father and a boy of fifteen, with whom I made friends, and two little sisters. They were the whitest children I ever saw, without a trace of blood in their faces. They had stayed too long in India, I hope not to the permanent detriment of their health, but these experiments are dangerous. There were also two young men whom I soon adopted as comrades, and a newly married German couple who were going to spend a sort of a honeymoon at Abbazia. The lady was much concerned that I had never done my duty by "founding a family."

The voyage up the Adriatic was above everything enchanting. We had a good view of Crete and I used my glass freely to make out the details of the coast which appealed so strongly to me as an historian and as a Classic. At Trieste I took leave of my friends and went on by train to Venice, where I stayed

at the Hotel Danieli. I found the city depressing. I had generally known it full of friends but it was now peopled with ghosts. Layard was dead and his wife was ill in bed. The Rezzonico Palace no longer held the Brownings. My American friends had all gone elsewhere. My only companion was a German family named Medico, who lived in St. Vito. The son was a fascinating young man of genius with very bad health, which threatened to shorten his life. So I remained quietly in the hotel and wrote my book "Impressions of Indian Travel," which had a tragic history. It was written in French style and was, I thought, the best book I had ever turned out. It contained a graphic account of what I had seen in India, a collection of "choses vues." It had been revised by my friend Charles Buckland and by Lord Curzon, who thought it very good. It was loudly praised by the Indian papers, who predicted a long life for it as a standard work. But the publishers did not care for it. It was badly bound and badly printed, and was neglected or scorned by the English Press. It had no attractions for retired civilians. When the publishers changed their premises and had to get rid of their lumber they burned the remaining sheets without saying anything to me. Whether they had the right to do this I do not know. I should have been very happy to have bought them. The Society of Authors would not help me and they are gone. I sometimes hear of a copy being read in India. I travelled home to England by Germany and the Rhine, crossing from the Hook of Holland in that beautiful cabin which Lord Charles Bruce always placed at my disposal, and reached Cambridge in time to begin the May term.

CHAPTER IV

BUDA PEST

LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE—HISTORICAL CONGRESS AT BERLIN—ESPERANTO CONGRESS AT DRESDEN—OFFICIAL VISIT TO BUDA PEST—COUNT APPONYI—ORSOVA AND THE IRON GATE—LATIN SPEECH—OFFICIAL VISIT TO VIENNA—WITH BRITISH ASSOCIATION TO SOUTH AFRICA—CAPK TOWN AND JOHANNESBURG—SAINT HELENA—NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD—TENERIFFE—ASCENSION—THE TURTLE EATS THE CAT.

MY occupations at Cambridge were many and various. I was a Senior Fellow of King's College, Historical Tutor when the History School at King's was the most distinguished in the University and probably in England, I was Principal of the Cambridge University Day Training College, which I had founded on an entirely new plan. It was then and I believe now is one of the most distinguished training colleges in England, I was for twenty-one years Treasurer of the Cambridge Union Society, which brought me into close connection with the Undergraduates, whose society I enjoyed far more than that of the Dons. I was Secretary of the Cambridge Branch of the Society for Psychical Research and therefore a collaborator with Sidgwick and Myers. I was admitted fully to their confidence, but as I never took any part in active investigation my name is not so well known as theirs in this connection. I finally left Cambridge in March, 1909, and in these seven years of which I am now speaking many in-

teresting things occurred of which I ought to speak, but except an official visit to South Africa with the British Association in 1905, as I have no diaries or letters to refer to, I cannot fix the dates and I must ask to be forgiven if I make mistakes.

I have already mentioned the first Historical Congress held at the Hague in the year of Queen Wilhelmina's coronation. The second held at Paris I did not attend, but I well remember that which took place some years afterwards at Rome under the Presidency of Professor Villari, the most distinguished of Italian Historians. It was held in the rooms of the Collegio Romano in 1862, the chief Jesuit College. I went there as a representative of the University of Cambridge, of the Royal Historical Society, and of the French Society which had originally founded the Congress. I was accompanied by a Cambridge pupil, C. R. Fay, now known as a distinguished Economist in both hemispheres. We lodged in the Via Aureliana, then beginning to be built, now one of the most fashionable streets in Rome. I have no record of the Congress, but I remember some incidents. At the opening ceremony we were received in the Capitol by the King, himself a distinguished numismatist, and his Consort in the first flush of her radiant beauty. I was invited to dine with him, but by some accident I did not go. I have a keen recollection of a paper read by an English scholar on the Etruscan language, of which he knew as much as anyone, that is nothing. The paper was in Italian and he read it in that language, of which he was completely ignorant. The result was disastrous. The Italians fled, I and others

stayed, but it required all our courtesy to control our laughter. I can speak Italian fluently, but I have never ventured to read a paper or to deliver a speech in that language, although in French I have often done both. I remember an excellent address by Monsignor Duchesne on the relations between the Lombards and Christianity which did not give a favourable impression of the piety of the Lombards. I was President of one of the Sections with Professor Monod, the French Historian. My chief difficulty was to keep the peace between the Germans and the French, the Germans persisting in treating the French as a conquered nation as the French are now treating them. The Germans gave excellent addresses, but they would never leave off, and they left no time for the French to reply or to deliver their own addresses, so I had to invent an afternoon sitting in which the Germans were not allowed to speak at all, and so gave the French a look in. The final sitting was rather tumultuous. Professor Villari was to give a parting address, to be followed by speeches by the Presidents of Sections. But a man rose in the middle of the Hall to propose some motion, I think, about Cesare Balbo, which was quite unauthorised, and would not hold his tongue. The meeting broke up in confusion and laughter and the Congress was at an end. One important result was the starting of a new and magnificent edition of Muratori, to which I subscribed, and it is not yet completed. We went away with a feeling of love and gratitude to Italy, with most pleasant memories of the Congress but with an impression that it might have been better managed.

92 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

Some years later the Congress was to be held at Berlin, and of this we had great hopes. A splendid series of State rooms was given us for our occupation and we were presided over by the summits of German erudition, such as Gierke and Edward Meyer. The Kaiser was not present but his spirit brooded over us and his restraining hand was always there. For me, the Congress was a complete failure, because although I represented the University of Cambridge and the other two Institutions which I have mentioned above, I found myself entirely neglected, received no invitation to Potsdam and was given no office. The Oxford men, who swarmed in numbers, were better treated because Willamowitz, the distinguished scholar, had been spending a year at Oxford. At the opening ceremony, after speeches by all the German summits, we were provided with a supper. A very large number of ladies were present, who I supposed were glad to receive a supper gratis, but took no other part in the Congress. The food for the supper was all spread out in a large room and the guests were supposed to take a plate and fill it, placing fish, meat, jelly, ice cream and salad on the same plate, and then return to the tables, which were numerous. I secured a plate and went to fetch my food, but on my return found every seat occupied. I wandered all through the rooms, looking very miserable, with my plate, and murmuring that I represented the University of Cambridge. There was a certain waggling of the back but no one made room for me, so I left the Palace and got my supper at an Auto-bar. Of the Congress itself I only remember two things, the excellent German

spoken by the Head of University College, Oxford, and a speech in Italian about Italy. This was answered by the President in German, who spoke entirely about the pleasure of hearing the Italian, with which, I imagine; he had a very slight acquaintance. There were some other demonstrations about the Kaiser, with the presentation of a portrait, of which I have only a confused memory.

Before I left Berlin I had an invitation to dinner from Mr. Reid, the American Ambassador, who gave us a magnificent banquet at the Hotel Adlon. It was a select party, consisting of the President and officials of the Congress and myself. I was introduced, and as I talk German fluently, had a very good time. The next morning I received a long letter from the President apologising for my not having been treated with greater consideration and giving some reason which I do not remember. I was sorry that I had no Willamowitz to look after me. I was much depressed by my experience and saw that Berlin was not what I remembered it thirty years before in the days of Helmhost and Du Bois Raymond.

In the following week I attended an Esperanto Congress at Dresden and found everything very different. The whole city was en fete, wearing our badge, we had free access to all the trams, and were treated by everyone as brothers. There was genuine feeling for the language and for those who were endeavouring to propagate it. We had special steamers reserved for our use, and it was a moving sight to pass up and down the Elbe with every village flaunting our colours and the banks crowded with

94 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

people applauding us. Among Esperantists you can always talk Esperanto, and I was delighted to see on the boats boys of fifteen talking the language perfectly and doing a large trade in what they had to sell to the polyglot throng. Our evening assemblies were most joyous. I did not attend the performance of *Iphigenie* at the theatre because I think it is a mistake to attempt to make Esperanto a literary language. It should remain a dialect for common international intercourse. Dresden took away all the malaise which had been produced by the egotistic pedantry of Berlin. I felt myself back in the old Germany which I loved so well before it had been vulgarised by Commerce and brutalised by militarism.

The first Esperanto meeting which I attended was at Cambridge, where I had been a pioneer of the movement. It was a principle of mine to assist any scheme which I thought really good when others were afraid to touch it from its unpopularity. So I opened my rooms to Esperanto, as I had before opened them to *Psychical Research* and to *Christian Science*. It was a notable success, town and University worked together to make it one. Science Professors saw its utility in their own job and to tradesmen its use was obvious. It was to me certainly a wonderful revelation. I sat for an hour and a half in the Cambridge Town Hall listening to addresses in Esperanto from inhabitants of every part of the world, and understanding every word they said. We gave a performance in the theatre of the Trial scene in *Pickwick*, in which I was *Pickwick* and *Cunningham* the dentist was judge. I had nothing to say, only looked the

part, and what he said did not matter. There was a terrific applause and I was always known in Esperanto circles as Pickwick. Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of the language, came to dine with me in the Hall and enjoyed himself very much in the Combination Room. The Vice-Chancellor gained great popularity by supporting the movement, and spoiled it afterwards by issuing an official notice saying that he had only done so in his private capacity. He deprived the University of a credit which would have done them good ; it would have been much better to have given Zamenhof a degree. I afterwards attended an Esperanto Congress at Antwerp which was equally thrilling. That held at Cracow, Zamenhofs home, the most beautiful city in the world, I did not attend. After the war the language seems to be making progress and there is every chance of its being accepted as the universal trade tongue as soon as there is any trade to talk about! As I have criticised two History Congresses I ought to say that I believe the London Congress was a complete success, chiefly owing to the efforts of Sir George Prothero, my friend and colleague, and of the other members of our common College who worked hard for it. I do not know whether there will ever be another.

Some time in this period I had a serious breakdown, partly from overwork but chiefly from worry. [will not encumber these pages with the details, I will only say that my worries came partly from family trouble and partly from the sudden death of the Provost of my College, Augustus Austen Leigh, whom I worshipped as one of the most beautiful characters I had

ever known. The choice of his successor was accompanied by the struggle of conflicting jealousies, because jealousy is the curse of Colleges, as it is of all societies of small numbers and petty interests. The Provost of King's ought, like the Master of Trinity and the Provost of Eton, to be appointed by the Crown.

These things and others of the same kind produced such an effect upon my nerves that I went to bed every night feeling like a whipped hound, and scarcely slept. On returning to Cambridge matters became worse, till one morning, on waking up, the whole room seemed tumbling about my ears. I consulted my doctor, who said that it was nothing but a little overwork. However, things got worse, and in despair I told my valet to pack up and go with me to my country house at Rexhill, although it was in full term. At Bexhill the malady defined itself more clearly. If I put one foot to the ground I was not sure that I could place the other, I could write one letter but not two; if I dined in company I rushed out of the room; if I was contradicted I became wild, and all the time I felt that someone was knocking the inside of my skull with a hammer. Finding my regular doctor of no use, I tried a homoeopath. He kept me in bed and dosed me with silex: I asked if he had seen such a case before and he said that it was common. I asked if there was a name for it and he replied "dyspeptic neurasthenia." I hope no one who reads these words ever had it. My chief feeling was a constant desire for rest. After two months he said that I must go abroad, and indicated Marienbad. I asked was he

sure that I should not die in the train, a fate which had recently happened to one of my friends under similar circumstances. He insured me against this and in a short time I found myself in my favourite watering place. Dr. Ott soon made matters clear. He said that I was suffering from overpressure of blood, and with an elaborate instrument showed me what the pressure was and what it ought to be. In a few weeks it became normal.

I now received an order from the Eighty Club to go to Hungary. A Liberal Ministry had just come into office in that country and they were anxious to shake hands with the English Liberals who were also triumphant. I was one of those sent, and in consequence of my recent illness was allowed to take a servant. Ott thought that it would do me good. We were received royally. We had abundant dinners and luncheons, special theatres, and sometimes special trains. To me the most interesting figure was Apponyi, the Minister of Education. He was a man of brilliant ability and could make extempore speeches in every language as if it was his own. We were given a special performance of Lehar's "Merry Widow" in the original Hungarian. We also saw a play which explained the origin of what is now the Rakoczy March. It sprang from an air played as a war tune on the local clarinet to rouse the Magyars against their Austrian enemies. We heard much Hungarian music. They never play from notes which they cannot read, but follow the beat of their conductor, sometimes a boy of sixteen, with absolute precision. If you find a blue or red Hungarian band

playing in London from notes you may be sure that **they** are not Hungarian. They will seldom play the Hungarian March, because it is sacred, but if they do **they** go nearly wild.

The first morning our party divided, some going to **the** schools, others, including myself, to the Palace in **Buda**. When we met for lunch they told me that everyone was asking for me. "Where is Oscar Browning?" I found out that I was better known in Buda Pest than in London. A book of mine, a "History of Educational Theories," had been translated into Magyar, and was used in all the Training Colleges. Herbert Spencer and myself were the only English educationists whose names were known. They insisted on my repairing my discourtesy, and whenever I went to a school, teachers rushed up to me with a copy of my book in their hand much thumbed and scored. I was told that they liked it because it wasn't German. For a similar reason it has since been translated into Servian. I was therefore not surprised when Apponyi asked me whether, instead of visiting Tatra, I would stay at Pest, inspect the Secondary Schools, and make him a report, which I consented to do. The professor who took me round could not speak English, nor I Magyar, so we talked in German, an absolutely forbidden tongue, but no one heard us. I was intensely interested. I found the lads handsome, manly, intelligent, well set up and looking two years older than English boys of the same age. They received me with cordiality and enjoyed decorating me with a tulip, the national badge. Once when I wore it at King's and the

Austrian Ambassador happened to be present, he said : " If my wife were here she would not sit at table with you."

I paid a most interesting visit to the Page's College at Buda, a fine building gorgeously appointed. We had a luxurious dinner and drank some real Tokay from the cellars of the Count, who married the widow of Prince Rudolf, and therefore quite genuine. I made great friends with the young men and played games with them, in which they were not very expert. When I went away one of the masters, an Englishman, told me that shortly before a great noble from the South had brought his eldest son, aged sixteen, to be entered. Everything was arranged satisfactorily, when, as they were going away, the father said : " I suppose the young man may bring his mistress." The Director drew the line and the father was much surprised.

I sent my report to Apponyi and he was much pleased. It was printed as an official document, and when I visited the Hungarian Exhibition at South Kensington I found it occupying a prominent position with my portrait. When our visit was coming to an end we received a warm invitation from the Austrian Government to spend a week with them at Vienna. This our Hungarian friends would not let us accept, but at length we were allowed to go for two days. Our last excursion was very interesting. We travelled by a night train to Orsova and found on our arrival that we had Servia in front of us, Roumania close by, and a Turkish island within sight. Our steamer first took us up the Kazan pass, through wild

100 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

scenery, and I saw on the shore the remains of Trajan's road and the inscription which told that he had made it. Turning round we went down stream and soon reached the Iron Gate, where an opposing barrier has been pierced by great skill and labour. It took us twenty minutes to pass through until we reached Turn-Severin in Roumania and saw the remains of Trajan's bridge. Going up stream to Orsova was a different matter, and we thought that it would be a good opportunity to return thanks to the Steam Boat Company for their hospitality. But in what language? English and Magyar were impossible, German was forbidden, so I was asked to make a speech in Latin, which was familiar to them, because before '48 it was the only language permitted in Hungarian Parliament. Of course I spoke with the foreign pronunciation, and there was an interpreter by my side to act if necessary. But he was not needed, everyone understood, and the speech was declared a great success. Reaching Orsova we first visited the hollow in which Kossuth had buried the crown of St. Stephen and then went to sleep at Herculesbad, an old Roman bath, which was really in Roumania. I was exhausted by my exertions and kept my bed. The next day, Sunday, I spent in a Roumanian village, where I admired the picturesque costumes, the extreme beauty of the young men, and witnessed the Hora, the Sunday dance, in which every one joins, old and young. After this I witnessed what was very interesting to a lecturer on Political Science, the reading out to the villagers by the Father of the village, the distribution of field work for the

week. Next day we returned to Pest, a day's journey, as we had come by night. We passed through a good deal which now belongs to Roumania, the fertile plains of the Theiss, and reached Buda Pest in the evening.

Our stay at Vienna was limited to two days. It rained hard the whole time, which interfered with our enjoyment. We were invited to an evening party at the Foreign Office, which was, I suppose, attended by all the summits who were then in Vienna. The women were old and ugly and were plastered with diamonds, the men were equally old and ill favoured and covered with orders. I asked at the English Embassy next day why they had given us such a poor show and was told that as it was not the season everybody was out of town. Still the difference between Austria and Hungary was very apparent. One was full of energy and vigour and appealed to your heart, the other repelled advance and was retrogressive and inert. I cannot even now understand why Hungary did not remain neutral during the war. She had nothing to gain and everything to lose. I can only suppose that as the contest was one between Teuton and Slav she hated the Slavs more than the Germans, although that seemed hardly possible.

My journey home was tragic. I took much pains to discover how much my luggage weighed and how much it would cost. In neither was I successful, so I provided myself with five gold English sovereigns which I hoped would see me through to England. However at the station these sovereigns disappeared one by one into the hands of the luggage weigher and

102 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

I was left penniless. I **had** taken a place in a first-class sleeping car and found that there were two, one double one single. The single was given to a snoring Englishman, the double was consigned to myself and a French actress, my servant travelling second class. Of course the lady ought to have had the single carriage and the two Englishmen should have slept together, but I suppose that he had, paid heavily for the privilege of being alone. However we left the door open and everything passed happily. Next morning I found myself at Frankfort very hungry without a penny of money, my servant being in equally evil case. My only resource was to drive to my wine merchant, who, although his chief was absent, presented me with three gold pieces. But when we reached Ostend we found that we had to sleep there, and in Ostend gold pieces quickly melt away, and on the boat I had to borrow a sovereign from a friend, which I afterwards repaid him at the dinner given by the Eighty Club to General Botha.

In 1905 I was invited to go with the British Association to South Africa in an official capacity, and naturally accepted. Nothing can be more fascinating than a voyage from England to the Cape. It is like a pageant of the universe which seemed to pass before you whilst you remain a spectator interested but quiescent. Unfortunately it was very cloudy and we had to imagine much of the heaven which we did not see. Our company was of course very select, as it consisted of chosen men and of women of science. We were all popular except one who had fixed on his cabin door the placard "not wanted during the

voyage." As we were travelling in a smaller steamer our first stopping place was the Grand Canary. The larger vessels coal at Madeira. It was in every way charming and we were much surprised at the enormous quantity of bananas which have taken possession of the island. There seemed to be nothing else. Ships were full of them and the trade in them reaches four millions a year. On board there were the usual "amusements" managed by a Committee, of which I was a member, a position which exempted me from participation. We played bridge most evenings, but as I never play for money I must have been rather a nuisance to my partner. We dressed ourselves up in costumes intended to represent favourite works of literature. The ladies made me a monastic dress with a belt containing three large letters, D.A.M., which was supposed to represent the Tale (tail) of Two Cities, of course Amsterdam and Rotterdam, but the choice was not popular and I did not secure a prize. Our chief excitement was when at Senegal we came close to the African coast. We believed that with our glasses we saw some natives, but I have my doubts. We crossed the Line with the usual honours, but a greater amusement was to cross the meridian, which we did in bright sunshine. With my exaggerated tropical hat I appeared in a photograph as if I were entirely naked with a decent shadow over the greater part of my body. Our course was absolutely smooth except when we were nearing Capetown, when we found use for our fiddles at the dinner table. The sight of Table Mountain as we entered was very impressive. I was enquiring about an hotel, but I

104 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

found that a delightful home had been provided for me, where I stayed till I returned to England, having I feared given my hosts an amount of annoyance and discomfort which I never can repay.

My first impression of the Cape was that of pervading slackness, no one seemed to trouble about anything. If a ship was wrecked in the beautiful bay, there it stayed till it rotted. If forests of siver trees were cut down on the slopes of Table Mountain and swarms of lovely Bishop birds were deprived of their homes, no one seemed to care or to remember that siver trees are among the most beautiful in the world and that they will not grow in cultivated soil. The blight seemed to afflict the inhabitants. In India men of forty look like thirty, at the Cape they look like sixty. Perhaps it is the climate, which, however, appeared to me excellent; perhaps it is the subtle influence of the Dutch, who are not a very energetic race. So among the English there is no enthusiasm about the country. Most Englishmen are longing to get out of what they call this "damned hole," whereas the Dutch are devoted to it and love it. Unless we get rid of this "damned hole" spirit we shall never make it a part of the British Empire. If Cecil Rhodes has not been able to inspire it with energy who will be? These remarks do not apply to the towns, which are extremely beautiful. **They** are full of good roads, traversed by men and women who ride their horses as if they were part of them and not mere mounted sacks like too many of the riders in Rotten Row.

My first visit was to the Governor. He was very

hospitable, asked us to dinner and enquired about our plans. He said that we proposed to do far too much, and that to carry out our plans would kill some of us. This proved to be the case. At least two died and several others caught diseases which led to their death. In the long journey sketched for us there were only two days' rest. At other times we were working hard during the day and travelling at night. I determined to be cautious, to limit myself to Cape Colony and the Transvaal, and to give up the Orange Free State, Natal and the Zambesi. My host at Capetown, Advocate Searle, whose relations I knew at Cambridge, was generosity itself, and undertook the burden of keeping me as long as I chose to stay. Our President was Sir George Darwin, whose chief duty, besides giving the opening addresses, was to inaugurate the bridge over the Zambesi, a great and important work. Sir Richard Jebb was president of the education section and his address was looked forward to more than anything else. But here arose a difficulty. The English and Dutch declared that they would not sit on the same forms as the Kaffirs, although several of them were very intelligent people, and indeed masters in schools, and were specially anxious to hear Jebb's address. What was to be done? Jebb said very properly that he could take no part in the dispute himself, that he must leave the matter in the hands of the authorities, although it was obvious that his sympathies were on the side of the Kaffirs. It was eventually arranged that the meeting should be held in a very large hall, where Kaffirs and Dutch could sit together without fear of contamina-

106 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

tion. **The** meetings were **full of** interest. I took no active part in the discussions except on one occasion, when the speaker, who ought to have known better, took upon himself to abuse the ten Old Universities. I spoke strongly in their defence. The editor desired to omit this in the published report, but Jebb insisted upon its being inserted. I remember several picnics in the neighbourhood, some delightful swims in the rather tempestuous sea, lunches at the Club and vigorous arguments with distinguished Ministers and journalists. I recall walks up the side of Table Mountain, for I was not strong enough to get to the top, a visit to the house built by Rhodes which he bequeathed to the Colony to be occupied by the Prime Minister as it is now occupied by Smuts. I remember a visit to Stellenbosch as the guest of a friend who was the most powerful statesman in the Cape, who had been Prime Minister and who was to be again. I remember his charming home, with his beautiful Dutch wife, and being driven to the station by the Dutch boy who had fought against the English in the war. I made a speech to the stalwart students of the College and invited them to come to me at King's, a visit which they afterwards paid when they came there to play football. This pleasant journey was followed by a catastrophe on my return in a violent attack of lumbago, which is endemic in that part of Africa. I lay in bed unable to stir hand or foot. I had foolishly left my servant behind in England and had difficulty in procuring one, but was helped by an old nurse of Mr. Searle.

The time had now arrived for my visit to the

Transvaal. I was given a large carriage to myself and the whole journey was full of interest. I was especially charmed by the Karoo, an apparently barren and trackless desert with little vegetation and few scattered *log* huts. But I was told that there is a plentiful supply of water underneath and that plants are nourished by a secret source. The Headmaster of an English school was a friend of mine, and I had promised to visit his brother, a well-known millionaire, at Johannesburg. I wrote to announce my arrival, but received no answer. I wrote again when at Joburg, and some days afterwards received a note saying that he could not receive me. "You may take your change out of that," said my excellent host, and I did not carry away a very high opinion of millionaire hospitality. He is since dead. At Joburg I visited the mines then worked by Chinese, who seemed a very harmless, pleasant and joyous people. But I did not think it a good arrangement. Johannesburg was different from any city I had ever seen. Everybody was in a hurry rushing about to pick up five minutes which they had lost and could not find. I supposed that it was like America, but I have never been in America. The one thought in everyone's mind was money. Nothing else came into their conversations or idea. I have never cared for money and have never been able to save it. But Johannesburg gave me a loathing for it, from which I have never recovered. It has always seemed to me since the most worthless of dross, and the men who were engaged in dealing with it were worthy of the material in which they dealt. It is a marvel that a great man like Rhodes could

108 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

have arisen from such an environment. I saw Kruger's house and heard a great deal about him, and it seemed to me that South Africa will always have two heroes, Kruger and Rhodes.

Pretoria is a lovely town far superior to Joburg. I stayed there with an old pupil who lived in a bungalow of a single story with his wife and children. Why this is the case where ground is valuable I do not know. Their houses have a "stoep," as it is called, a wooden terrace all round the house where the patriarchal family enjoy the evening air. There is a Zoological Garden at Pretoria with the finest tiger I have ever seen presented by Lord Curzon. I returned to Cape Town in a special carriage provided by the generosity of the Railway Company. I had a visit from a young Englishman, twenty-nine years of age, good looking, well mannered and intelligent. He told me that he came from Cornwall, had gone down into the mines at nine years old, and that his only education had been Shakespeare. He was well off in the Transvaal. His wife had just died and left him with an only daughter. He came to ask my advice about himself and his child, which I was only too glad to give him.

There was some interval before my steamer departed for England and Mr. Searle again continued his hospitality. I visited Simonstown, staying with Colonel Craig, who had been a member of the Government during the war. We talked much about it, but he had not a word to say in defence of it. I bathed in the Indian Ocean and saw the little cottage in which Rhodes died, a contrast to the palaces which sur-

CHAMBERLAIN IN SOUTH AFRICA 109

rounded it. I visited the fleet and saw some of the men whom I had entertained as sailor boys at Cambridge, where I made it my business to know all the blue jackets who passed through. They had not forgotten me and were proportionately grateful. I made several acquaintances at Capetown, and especially a judge who, as Attorney-General, had been told off to accompany Mr. Chamberlain during his tour in South Africa. I asked him what Mr. Chamberlain thought of the war. He said that Mr. Chamberlain did not seem to think of any one but himself. During my visit I did not meet a single person who had anything to say in favour of the war. They strongly condemned the burning of farmhouses and the formation of concentration camps. One, a member of the Government, congratulated himself that he had been able to prevent the extension of the farm burning to Cape Colony. If anyone now defends the war it is because its evil effects have been neutralised by the granting of a Constitution to the Boers by the Liberal Government under Campbell Bannerman, which Alfred Lyttelton told me himself he thought was a very risky step.

The time had now come for leaving Capetown and saying good-bye to my too indulgent friends. I kept up a correspondence for some time with Searle, who I hear has now become a Judge, by sending him double acrostics, which he answered. His boys, who are now on the high road to be public men, remembered me for some time, I was told, as the "Black Friar." I was to go home by the "Gaika," one of the "g" ships of the Castle Line. As it was to call at St.

no MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

Helena I obtained permission for it to remain long enough for me to visit Longwood, which I had an intense desire to see. St. Helena surprised me very much. I thought it extremely beautiful, even after the gorgeous flowers of the Cape. The Cape gave me a new idea of flowers; for the first time in my life I took a deep interest in them. They were so brilliant and so large. A prevailing colour is orange and the houses covered with abundant flower falls of *Bougainvillea Speciosa*, is a sight you never forget. I planted it in my garden at Bexhill, but nothing came up. After the Cape, English flowers seemed paltry, and I could not look at them. The Briars, Napoleon's first residence at St. Helena, was rich in verdure, enlivened by the cascades falling from the heights and by the bright coloured little birds, which may, for all I know, have been humming birds, which dashed across their leaves. Napoleon reached Jamestown on Monday, October, 1815, at 7.30 p.m., and on the following day walked to Longwood, where he was to live, returning to the Briars, a charming little house half-way up the hill, where he remained till Longwood was ready to receive him. He was never so happy at St. Helena as he was with the Balcombes in this place. Betsy Balcombe, a cheeky little girl, who chaffed him and bullied him unmercifully, was his delight. She married and lived to a respectable old age to tell us all about it. He went to live at Longwood permanently on December 10. The house was miserably small and very uncomfortable, being badly built, and it was infested with rats. This is not the place to give an account of the life of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Lord Rosebery's " Last Phase " has, I suppose, been more read than any other book by Englishmen. It is favourable to Napoleon, but depends far too much on Gourgaud, who is, in my opinion quite untrustworthy. He was vain and conceited and not always loyal to his master, who treated him too well. The best English books on Napoleon at St. Helena are written by Arnold Chaplin, M.D. (" The Illness and Death of Napoleon, the St. Helena *Who's Who*"), who had studied the whole subject more carefully than anyone else. But English people do not wish to learn anything about the captivity of Napoleon, in which they know they behaved shamefully, and would rather forget it. The Hudson Lowe papers in the British Museum contain a mass of evidence on the subject which has never been thoroughly investigated. The conclusion of Dr. Chaplin is that, if there is not sufficient evidence to show that the English Government actually murdered Napoleon, there is plenty to show that they took no pains to keep him alive, which is much the same thing. It is well known that Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, was constantly heard to say "Why is he not dead yet?"

After Longwood we visited the site of his grave and the larger house built for his reception, which was not completed at the time of his death. The Governor at Plantation House asked me to lunch with him, but I had no time to avail myself of the invitation. The whole visit was most interesting and I would not have missed it for anything. Our next place of stoppage was the Island of Ascension, which appears in the Navy List as a King's ship. It was too rough to land,

ii2 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

but we took on board a huge turtle, one of the chief products of the island. We had hopes of turtle soup but were told by the cook that turtle soup is not made of turtle but of conger eel, of which we had no supply. To watch the turtle in his confinement was a great object of interest. But a terrific thing happened. Our favourite cat, our mascot, disappeared, and one of the officers declared that it had been eaten by the turtle. Our distress was very great and a dirge was written on the subject, which I venture to reproduce :

Wreath your heads with yew and myrtle
Tell while crepe enfolds your hat,
How the prehistoric turtle
Ate the Gaika's favourite rat.
Nought availed its form or feature
Nought could comeliness avail,
While the huge remorseless creature
Ate it backwards from the tail
As she died no seamen heard her,
No patrolling steward saw
But as evidence of murder
There remained a single paw.
But one comforting reflection
Stirs the ship from prow to poop,
She shall have her resurrection
In a bowl of Turtle Soup.

On this voyage, instead of Canary we halted at Teneriffe, a lovely spot with its peak towering much higher than we could have anticipated. We took a picturesque drive into the country and thought of Nelson, who lost his arm at Santa Cruz. We visited a strange race of half savage people, who lived in caves overlooking a steep precipice. I sang " Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay " to amuse them and to keep ourselves employed. When I found myself alone in a cave surrounded by savages, I became alarmed, and thought that I might be attacked, robbed and thrown

down the precipice. However, I rejoined my friends and was much relieved. I had spent the voyage very pleasantly, as there were no games, and I found a delightful companion in an English lady who was travelling with her husband and a little child. We obtained the Captain's permission to use his private deck, and we stayed there alone, reading the Purgatorio of Dante through, which I much enjoyed. From her I learnt a new word. If I complained that some of the ladies were rather "vulgar" according to our English standards, she said rather "colonial," an adjective which I have often found useful.

We were now nearing home, and on the last evening I was invited to an entertainment in the smoking room. I arrived late and found the small room full of both sexes, many bottles of champagne had been provided by the men and had been freely used. I was asked to close the evening by singing "Should old acquaintance be forgot," and requested all those who could to stand. Among them were some delicate young ladies whom I would rather have seen away. We sang the old song with clasped hands, with much enthusiasm and a good deal of noise, and it passed off very well. But when a fresh supply of champagne made its appearance I thought it time to be off and went to bed finding, as I passed, my Dante friend sitting alone in the drawing room. I congratulated her on her choice.

CHAPTER V

PETROGRAD

LECTURE AT ST. PETERSBURG— DOUBLE PNEUMONIA—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE-
TRAINING COLLEGE—LEAVE CAMBRIDGE FOR GOOD—WRITE MEMOIRS—ATHENS—
CONSTANTINOPLE—PALESTINE—JERUSALEM AND JAFFA.

THE year 1905 witnessed events which brought about such a complete change in my life that I ought to give some account of them. In that year Montague James was elected Provost of King's. I had supported him against Prothero, and as Senior Fellow had announced to him his election. Shortly afterwards, as he was walking with me out of Morning Chapel, he said : " Are you not nearly seventy years of age? " I replied that I was sixty-eight and should be seventy in two years. He said : " I ought to tell you that the Stipends Committee have decided that no lecturer ought to hold office after the age of seventy. I have tried to get it altered, but they only agree to one year more, so that your Historical Tutorship will come to an end in 1908." I made no answer, but sent a written remonstrance, which produced no effect. Of course it was all entirely wrong. The Stipends Committee, a small and unimportant body, had no right to do anything of the kind. If they wished the principle of superannuation to be introduced they should have brought it before a College Meeting as a question of principle, and if it was approved of, should then have asked them to decide its application. As a matter of fact it was never thought of again, and

having produced its effects of getting rid of me was completely forgotten. At this time King's was by far the most eminent Historical College in Cambridge, indeed the King's Historical School, of which I had been the Head since 1894, when Prothero went to Edinburgh, was certainly the best in England, as can be seen by the men whom it has produced, and the removal of its Head was a matter of some importance. A paper lying before me shows that in 1906, since the foundation of the Historical Tripos in 1876, the year in which I went up to teach History at King's, King's had produced 45 first classes, Trinity 30, John's 16, and the rest under 10. Trinity was angry because she had been beaten by King's, King's was angry because Classics had been beaten by History, and perhaps thought that she had no business to beat Trinity. These may have been some of the reasons for my extraordinary treatment, but behind there was an intrigue, as there always is in small societies, of which I knew nothing and tried to know nothing. At the end of the three years my successor was appointed and I was given the very handsome pension of three hundred a year, which I owe to the pertinacity of the Provost, and which I still enjoy. My stipend, which demanded very hard work, was only four hundred. At the same time I spent three miserable years. Suspended like Mahomet's coffin between earth and heaven, uncertain of my future, it was difficult to take interest in my College work, and I threw myself into the work of the University Training College, which I founded on an entirely new principle and was, I suppose, the best in England, I will say more about it

u6 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

further on. When I reached the age of seventy, in 1907, the occasion was warmly celebrated by the undergraduates and some of the dons. Dinners were given, speeches made, and I received many presents. My thanks are mainly due to my pupil Pigou, now Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and to his young friend, also my pupil, Corrie, whose kindness I shall never forget. I have not seen them for years, but their memory is always with me.

In the winter of 1908 I was asked to go to St. Petersburg, as it was then called, to give a series of lectures to Russians in the English language. My hosts were members of the University, their desire was to improve the friendly relations between Russia and England which, after many years of misunderstanding, were now beginning. Of course I accepted, although the job was a hard one. I found Berlin hardly endurable from the cold and Russia of course worse. The railway carriages were superb, thoroughly warmed, electric light in every corner, good washing arrangements and plenty to eat. Scenery did not exist, there was nothing but ground covered with sparse snow and the sky veiled by an amorphous fog. At the frontier my luggage was passed without examination. I owed this to a personal letter from Prince Demidov, which I obtained in spite of the English Foreign Office. It was my godsend, without it I should have missed much. I had a passionate admiration for Russia, I mean, of course, for the Russia of the Tsars. For me it was always "Holy Russia," the most religious country in the world except, perhaps, Tibet, where piety sancti-

fled every relation of life, where you were surrounded by a pervading sentiment of Majesty, inherited from the imperishable dignity of New Rome. I was met by my hosts and lodged in a comfortable hotel. I was to deliver eight lectures, four on literature and four on education. They were delivered in a large hall, and I never had a smaller audience than two hundred, although they were delivered in English to Russians, and the weather was often atrocious. You never go out of the house except fully armed with a fur coat, a fur cap, fur gloves and fur shoes, with your ears carefully covered. The poorest child in the street wears something of this kind or else he would be frozen. You must always walk with an interpreter or you will lose your way. I had a German from the Baltic Provinces. Invited to the Embassy for my Christmas dinner I drove in my fur armour in an open sledge in a strong blizzard, and to my astonishment found a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen, all members of the Embassy except myself, looking as if the weather had been perfect. I spent a delightful evening and returned through the blizzard. I had been promised sun between ten and two, but it seldom if ever came. I got rather tired of this perpetual darkness. I spent my time in reading Shakespeare and Byron, in my opinion the two first English poets. I had to lecture on both of them.

Of course I was a public character and I had many callers, generally interviewers. I was asked strange questions and gave very decided answers. "Should you ever fire on a mob?" "Certainly," I said, "always with ball cartridges." This was published in the

papers next day with appropriate comments. I remembered Balfour's telegram "Do not hesitate to shoot." "Has one man the right to take the life of another?" "Do you believe in Capital punishment?" "Hang them," I said, "it is the only remedy for murder." The questions were all like these, as in a boy's debating society, nothing real, nothing genuine. I was asked to dine with the Tory Party in the Duma, very aristocratic. The conversation was in French. "Is there not too much education?" "No," I said, "not half enough." "Should not Universities be controlled?" "Ours," I said, "are as free as air, we discuss everything." "Are not socialists the curse of society?" "Not in England," I said. "They are my intimate friends and would not hurt a baby." I was taken to visit the Duma and found it most orderly and very interesting. I had to give a full account of my impressions to a reporter, which were published at length. I went to hear Glinka's opera "La vie pour le Tsar," at the Imperial Theatre on the Emperor's birthday. The performance is paid for by the Emperor and the guests are all invited by him. My friend Miliukof gave me a ticket. It was superb. The National Hymn, the finest in the world, was sung by the audience, a demonstration which did not look like a revolution. The Polish dances were beyond all praise. The whole audience was in Court dress. I went away deeply impressed. Nothing could exceed the hospitality I received; whenever I was free from my lectures I was asked to dinner. I found there an established English Chaplaincy, an old institution

where I received warm hospitality. I wrote a sonnet on St. Petersburg, which was translated into Russian, and published in a book. Finally I was asked to a farewell dinner by the English Club which, as far as I was concerned! was rather a failure. The Ambassador was there and it was obvious that he was the guest of the evening, and not I. We had a very pleasant conversation and he told me the secret history of the Russo-English entente, which was deeply interesting to me, as I had always wished for it. My health was proposed by a man who did not know my name and who had never heard of me : my reply was limited to five minutes. When I got up the Ambassador said : " Now for your five minutes/" His speech was a long one but taught me a great deal. They gave me no wine and I vastly preferred water. Of course it was all right, but their ideas on a " Guest of the Evening " were rather peculiar. I was asked to repeat my lectures at Moscow, but I had to get back to Cambridge. My hosts took an affectionate farewell and as a parting present begged me never to allow a friend of mine to accept a private tutorship in Russia, as it would be sure to end in disaster. My journey back to Berlin was as dull as that which brought me. There was the same snow, the same fog, the same luxurious carriages. At Berlin I could find no servant except at an exorbitant price, so I had to do for myself. When I reached Cambridge I was congratulated on my healthy and vigorous appearance. It seemed as if the absence of sun and warmth had agreed with me. But I was soon to learn a different lesson.

Some time before this I had become a Christian Scientist. It came about in this way. I was travelling down to Bexhill with the mayor of the town, when I said that I was suffering from severe worry. "Worry," he said. "Why worry? ' I never worry." "Why is that?" I said. " Because I am a Christian Scientist." I asked what was Christian Science and he invited me to come to a service the next morning at his house. I went and was deeply impressed, and I have been a Christian Scientist ever since. I have not left the Church of England, because that is not necessary, but I attend every service and I read the Christian Science ritual every morning of my life when I awake at six o'clock, and I feel that it is the source of my happiness, my prosperity and health. It was now to save my life. The spring of 1909 was very bitter at Cambridge. Even in March the College lawn under my windows was covered with deep snow. In attending a performance of the Marlow Society I had caught a severe chill, which turned to bronchitis. I was getting better and was to have met Sven Hedin at dinner at the Vice Chancellor's, on the occasion of his taking an honorary degree, when I was seized by sickness and had to go to bed. I was told I was seriously ill. Indeed I had pneumonia, which was raging in the town, and it soon became double. It is a most disagreeable disease. You are perpetually coughing up a poisonous phlegm which if given to a guinea pig will kill it straight away. This is done with great exertion, which causes a strain on the heart, and it is a battle between the heart and the lungs which can hold out longest. On March 9,

when the night nurse came, she was told that I should die that night and she was terribly frightened. I was not informed of my danger and was only informed that I had a bad cold. But I had my suspicions, and when I was lying in bed and the nurse was heaping up the fire with a wicked waste of coal it suddenly occurred to me, " I wonder if I am going to die." I was in my library surrounded with books, and I reviewed my life thinking of all that I had read and thought, and came to the conclusion that I might have done worse. I also looked at my mother's face, which was hanging over me, and thought how much I should enjoy seeing her again to-morrow morning. Then it occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to live. I turned over on my right side and repeated earnestly several times our Christian Science maxim " God is Love/" I went into a sound sleep, had a violent fever sweat, and woke up next morning with my nightshirt drenched. The poison was gone and I felt quite well. But as I wrote afterwards to a friend : " I took up with some reluctance the burden of existence, and regretted that I should have the trouble of dying all over again." My convalescence was long, but the two nurses were very attentive and I was able eventually to be carried down stairs into the Court, to go for a short drive, and eventually to be taken with a nurse to Bexhill. I expected to stay about a fortnight but I really never came back and my Cambridge life was at an end.

The intriguers were much disappointed that, after receiving my generous pension, I continued to live in College, and enjoy my dinner in hall and my

chapel, and above all my Training College, which I had promised Sidgwick never to desert. It consisted of elementary school boys who were in training to be elementary school masters. The peculiarity was that they were all undergraduates, matriculated students of the University, most of them reading for honours. To staff the Elementary Schools of England with masters who had taken honours at the University was a new and startling idea. It was entirely my own, and very few people believed that it was possible, because the training and the University degree had to be worked for at the same time. It was however a complete success. In the first fifteen years of the existence of the College it turned out 140 students, of whom 23 gained first classes in Tripos, 38 second classes, and 44 third classes. Only 37 took the ordinary degree. It might be objected that these students would look down on elementary work and seek to obtain higher posts. But I always urged upon them that to be an elementary schoolmaster was a far nobler duty than obtaining a better salary in a place of higher social distinction. So when I left I was able to report that 87.5 per cent, of our students were engaged in what was considered by the Board of Education as elementary work. I could report to the University that the standard of the College was steadily improving and that in the year 1907-1908 the percentage of first and second classes in honours gained by our elementary students was probably larger than that of any college at Oxford or Cambridge. I was naturally proud of this result, and when I read in the *Times* that some elementary

schoolboy had gained a scholarship or got a first class at the University, I thought it strange that they should make a fuss as a rare occurrence about what we were doing every year in the course of our regular work. All our men entered into the full life of the Colleges to which they belonged, a hundred of them fought as volunteers in the war, almost all as officers, and I consider this a better arrangement than a special institution for poor men like Ruskin College. Jealousy dogs success. Sir Robert Morant, who had helped us cordially when he was Secretary of Sir John Gorst, now as Head, thought that we were too independent, the Department was bored by my long letters, and being afraid that the students were overworking themselves, for which there was not the slightest reason, were perpetually having them medically examined. One student of mine was examined seven times. Also the intriguers thought that I was overworking myself, that I should better be at Bexhill, and made arrangements for supplanting me. These were completed on March 9, when I was supposed to be dying in my rooms, but of course I knew nothing about them. A meeting of the Syndicate was held in May, which I attended at the risk of my life, and when the doctor saw me I was sent back immediately. A few days later I received a letter from the Vice Chancellor suggesting that I should resign, and with great reluctance I did so. The College struggled on for a short time, but had to be given up during the war. It has now started again under excellent auspices and will, I hope, justify the soundness of the principles on which it was originally founded.

124 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

My life had now to be entirely changed. I was now seventy-two, and I had been teaching since I became an Eton Master at the age of twenty-three. I could never settle down to work at the desk like my friends Sidgwick and Jebb because I was too fond of society and conversation, and I felt that any influence I might have was rather of man to man than of thought to thought. However it now had to be done, and anyone who has undergone a similar experience will know how hard it is. For some time past publishers had been asking me to write the memoirs of my life. I did not listen to them because my interests were rather in the present and the future than the past. But now I determined to take the step and agreed with my friend John Lane to write a book for which Lady Campbell found the title "Memories of Sixty Years at Eton, Cambridge and elsewhere." The manuscript was revised as it was written by my two most intimate friends, Frank Coutts, now Lord Latymer, and Frank Cornish, Vice Provost of Eton. John Lane did not care much for it, and contrary to my desires consulted his reader, who gave a bad report. The book was published on April 1, 1910, and to the surprise of the publisher was all sold out before the first of May. The second edition was bought up by libraries and then sold second hand, so that it has never reached a third. Some people however still regard it as a standard work on education. I had determined to go away before it appeared and therefore accepted the offer of Dr. Lunn for a tour in the East. My first recollection of this is the Piræus, which I think we had reached by way of

Malta. It was necessary to obtain a passport for Turkey, and I called at the British Embassy for the purpose. I was ill-dressed, dirty and unshaven, and hoped to escape notice, but the Ambassador, whom I had known as a boy, insisted on my coming to lunch. I faced the music and had a most hospitable reception and a delightful time and promised to return to dinner in the same clothes, my others being on the yacht at the Piraeus. The Ambassador had advised me to stay at the Pension Suisse, but the British School caught hold of me and made me stay with them. I slept in Hasluck's bed, covered with his warm fur rug, for it was very cold. After breakfast I was taken to the Acropolis, which I had known well in past years and shown all the new work, which was very impressive. One of our party was my dear friend Bouchier, the advocate of Bulgaria, who since his death has been immortalised by a postage stamp. I was also shown over the magnificent collection of jewellery in the Museum, and finally taken to the Cerameicus, from which I had to rush off to the English Consul at the Piraeus and to my ship. I repaid the hospitality of the British School by convincing them that the female bust which decorated the library was not a portrait of Miss Finlay, the donor of the library, but the head of a Siren from the Cerameicus. From this point we were immersed in the ancient world, from my school days more familiar to me than the modern. I had to give an extempore lecture on Greece, which I hope was a success. At Constanti-nople, which was new to me, the weather was detest-able, the worst I had ever known anywhere. It was

126 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

icy cold with rain, snow and sleet. Half our party were laid up in their cabins in consequence, but I was determined to land. Of course the great sight was the sarcophagus, which I tried hard to believe had really covered the bones of Alexander. It was found at Sidon, where there are still more to be had. But unfortunately Sidon belongs to the French and not to us. I thought that there was good evidence that Alexander was buried at Sidon, but Professor Reiss, of Berlin, prefers Alexandria, and he is sure to be right. If it does not belong to Alexander it certainly does to one of his companions, and is one of the most beautiful in the world. In spite of the weather I determined to steam up the Bosphorus and see the Symplegades. The cold was unspeakable, but to witness these sacred spots was worth any sacrifice. I saw what I could of Stamboul, crossed the Galata bridge, visited the Embassy, revered the Sublime Porte, and lunched off Pilaf and returned to my ship still alive, having seen much, attracted by the dogs which had not yet been left to die at Prinkipo. The voyage through the iEgean was beyond everything exciting. I made out all the islands I could, I fear with little success, caught a glimpse of Cyprus, and eventually reached Haifa. This port is the most attractive place in the Holy Land. It lies at the foot of Carmel and had been admirably developed by the Germans. They had built a town of their own, and established an excellent system of schools. The day I was there they were holding their annual examination, and I was allowed to be present. I walked up Carmel and saw the monastery. I also inspected the

soap works, a creation of German energy. Carmel soap, unknown in England, is very popular in America and is one of the best in the world. It is made with pure olive oil, its lather is superb, and the softness of your skin makes you, as Mr. Head says, "amoureux de soi meme." I took a considerable stock away with me, I was able to buy it in Rome, and the High Commissioner sent me some boxes, but for some time my orders have been unanswered and I have had no more. I hope that the English will not neglect it, as it would be an abridgement of civilization. A cultured native lad of eighteen, a perfect gentleman, who went about with me, told me that life was impossible under the Turks, that his people would not let him walk alone after dark. I was told also that at Beirut and Jaffa life was equally insecure. That there was absolutely no future, no prospect in life. The only refuge was America. If the English would only take the country! The little boy of fifteen who drove us was not more encouraging. He had married two days ago to escape military service and was now in the thick of his wedding ceremonies, which lasted a week.

We drove to Acre, crossing that ancient river, the River Kishon. I was very glad to see one from its historic associations and especially because it had been the turning point of Napoleon's success in the East. We saw the exact spot at which he was stopped by Sidney Smith, and his old rival and enemy at the Ecole Militaire at Paris, who thus gained in war what he had failed to gain in examination. Acre is a most interesting old fortress, and the view over the sea can-

not be surpassed. On our return we stopped at an ancient well which might have watered the flocks of Jethro, to see the place where Elijah discomfitted the priests of Baal. It is said to be one of the few absolutely certain places of topography in the Holy Land. The huge rock on which Elijah offered his sacrifice still stands unaltered in its rude simplicity. It was part of our plan to scale the hill and reach the monastery on its summit. Some of the party were lazy and would not go further, but it is a principle with me never to give up what I have set out to do, and so with my seventy-three years I mounted the hill, two kind friends accompanying me. I was glad that I did so, for the view was superb. The whole plain of Esdraelon was spread out before us with Hermon in the distance and the first houses of Nazareth in sight. We descended at dusk and found a carriage waiting for us, which was fortunate, because to have returned on foot would have been dangerous.

Our next objective was Jerusalem, which we were to reach by way of Jaffa. Jaffa is famous for its oranges, which are very large and very juicy. I do not know whence they come and why they are not sold in England. I gather that it is in the plans of our new government to extend their cultivation and their sale. Jerusalem is one of the most interesting cities I have ever seen. It leaves an ineffaceable impression and one is always longing to return. Of course the streets are narrow and dirty but what does that matter? They have a charm and beauty of their own. Here I left the party and went about by myself. I had to find a dragoman, and discovered a boy of sixteen who spoke perfect English, was clean and well

dressed, with a face like a young Christ. We became devoted to each other and his portrait is even now always before me. The Key of Jerusalem is the Holy Sepulchre. No one can stoop and enter that narrow place without the deepest emotion. It is the holiest spot in the world. It is almost certainly genuine but, if it is not, the reverence of centuries of devotion makes it hallowed for us. So it is with all the chapels by which it is surrounded. If they are not what they declare themselves to be they have become sacred to us by the devotion of myriads who have worshipped there in that belief. My boy Mshabbek, which means a window, was an excellent guide and very amusing. One day as we were walking along the Via Dolorosa he said to me : " Father! In England may a man kiss a woman in public?" I said : " Perhaps, if she were his wife or his sister, or if she had just consented to marry him. But why do you ask?" He said: " In our country he would be put in prison. I saw a man yesterday kiss a woman on the balcony of the hotel." At this moment a company from the *Argonaut* (it was not our old *Argonaut* but it kept the name) passed us, and my boy said : " Father! the man in the light clothes kissed the lady in the blue veil." I made enquiries and found that my third reason was the correct one. My stay at Jerusalem was all too short. I visited Bethlehem, surrounded by barren hills, which I hope the Zionists will plant. I went to tea with a lady who has a villa on the top of the Mount of Olives. I was surprised to see how near the Dead Sea was to us and how desolate the desert was behind. The lady told me that she had three troubles, the porcupines who ate her

130 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

flowers, the vampire bats which clung to her hair, and the hyaenas which howled at her back gate.

We were bound now for Cairo and had to go by sea from Jaffa to Alexandria. Jaffa is one of the worst harbours in the world, sometimes unusable and frequently dangerous. We could not sail from it without permission and we had to stay at Jaffa till it was obtained. I slept at a beautiful protestant College founded by Germans. It was exquisitely clean, the service most reverent and the music enchanting. The English Church which I attended two days later was not a patch upon it. I hope that our new government will in these respects take the Germans for a model and take care that nothing which they did well is not better done by us. At last in a short spell of fine weather we were allowed to go. It is difficult to avoid the rocks outside, it is more difficult to board your ship when you have passed them. Both the vessel and your boat are tossing. A young and active man might climb up by himself, but an elderly man must trust himself entirely to the boatmen. Unfortunately I took a middle course and was nearly drowned. I slipped on the ladder, my hat was blown off into the sea and I was only saved by the energy of the boatmen. The whole ship's company, visitors and seamen, thronged the bulwarks in intense anxiety. At length when I entered the gangway waving my recovered hat triumphantly there was a rousing cheer and I was acclaimed a hero. I felt much exhausted and refreshed myself with a tumbler of neat brandy. I was able to appear at dinner, but my adventure became an embroidered legend for the rest of the voyage after I had left and was far away.

CHAPTER VI

CYPRUS

ALEXANDRIA—CAIRO—CWPRUS—DEATH OF KING EDWARD—BEYRUT—THE LEBANON—BAALBEK—DAMASCUS—PORT SAID—RETURN TO ENGLAND—HISTORY OF THE WORLD—WINTER IN ROME—SERIOUS ILLNESS—BLUE NUNS—ENGLAND—TO ITALY WITH BOB—FLORENCE—ROME—MRS. STRONG—TO ENGLAND WITH ANTINORI.

AT Alexandria I met my nephew, and after consultation with him determined to leave the *Argonaut*, which I did with great reluctance, and stay at Cairo, returning to England much later after making a tour by myself. I was the guest at the Savoy Hotel of Mr. and Mrs. Morpurgo, parents of a pupil of mine at Cambridge. I lived in great luxury, dining in the private dining room and sitting next to Prince Eitel Friedrich, whom I did not much admire. I was disappointed with Cairo, I thought that it would have resembled Cannes as the winter resort of fashionable English, but I found that there was nothing of the kind. The old parts were not really old and the modern were uninteresting. At the same time the "Suk" is full of charm, the citadel teems with historical interest and the University of El Azhar once visited can never be forgotten. The serious visitor will spend most of his time in the Museum. Cairo is not a place in which I should care to winter. I prefer Alexandria. After leaving the Savoy, Frank Coutts asked me to stay with him at Helwan, better known by its French name of Helouan, an oasis in the desert, about half-an-hour by

132 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

rail from Cairo. Also an old pupil invited me to visit the native college of which he was principal. I was glad to have the opportunity of seeing some of Egyptian student life. I made a speech to the lads on distributing the athletic prizes, which I am happy to say contained no indiscretions. Roosevelt, performing a similar function on the same day, put his foot into it terribly, and nearly produced a riot., I attended the training college attached to the school, conducted a criticism lesson, and gave a lecture. I found the students very sociable. One of them was a Copt and showed me much that I could not otherwise have seen. They said that they respected the English but did not love them; no doubt they did much good but they wished them out of the country and wanted to be independent. I was surprised to find that there was so little personal connection between the boys in the school and their teachers, as in England the relation is of most intimate character. My friend the Principal told me that it was impossible, as any difference made between students would excite jealousy and make discipline impossible. I was glad that I was not a schoolmaster in Egypt. Leaving Cairo I went to stay with my nephew at Alexandria, who was working at that noble institution, the Victoria College, which ought to be better known. It resembles similar colleges at Beyrut and Constantinople, which not only make Easterns acquainted with European civilization but brings the different classes of Easterns into harmony, and obliterates the jealousy which often makes them enemies. My nephew made great friends with the Bedouins and was received as a guest in their

tents. He found me rooms at the Beau Rivage, an excellent hotel at the further end of the Ramleh. I vastly enjoyed my stay at Alexandria. The sea was full of interest, and before my eyes was the burial place of Cleopatra, one of the most remarkable of women whom history records. Pity that Caesarion was murdered : with such a father and such a mother he ought to have been a marvel. My nephew knew all the best people and introduced me to some charming society. I was fascinated by the Arab horses which everyone uses. Their graceful form and colour, the music of their trot makes your heart leap up. I dined out frequently and gave a lecture on Napoleon in French, of which everyone, except the English Consul, seemed to approve. There is no doubt that Egypt under English and Turkish rule is a contrast between civilization and barbarism. The foundations of civilization are security of life and property. Under the Turks there is neither. A friend comes to drink coffee. He says to his host "Life is always uncertain." The host knows what it means. The coffee is brought in, he drinks it and dies. A Rajah wants a house; he seizes it and lives in it. There are insurance companies in Egypt and Syria. A man insures his house and burns it to get his money. Other houses not insured are burnt with it; the company says why did not they insure? The whole system is villainous and rotten, but the company is content with its small profits and quick returns. Whether the Egyptians will be essentially different to the Turks I do not know. I liked the Egyptians, especially the boys, who were very amus-

134 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

ing and marvellously "grown up." They joined in every conversation, whatever the difference of age, with absolute equality. They always address each other as "Wallah" or boy, not knowing how to distinguish each other. But I never fathomed their natures, although I have all my life made a special study of boy nature.

I now had to leave for Cyprus, where I was to stay with my dear friend Anton Bertram, who had been a close companion of mine at Cambridge and elsewhere, was now judge at Nicosia and has since become Chief of Justice at Ceylon. I travelled from Alexandria in a Greek ship. Happily the voyage was short. I reached my destination comfortably and was warmly received.

Cyprus has a fascinating sound. It smacks of wine and women, of Coeur de Lion, of Catharine Carnaro and of Dizzy. The reality hardly comes up to the ideal. It is not a very beautiful place, although one of extreme interest. It struck me as being admirably governed, nothing could exceed the harmony of the British community, greatly owing to the characters of the Chief Justice and his wife, who swayed its destinies. It seemed to be entirely forgotten and neglected by the English Government. The beneficent influence of English rule was more obvious than in Egypt. The young Cypriots walking on Sunday with their flannel shirts, their sweaters and their straw hats, might have been undergraduates. But there was much fire underneath. Their prevailing passion was to be united to Greece, a country to which they never belonged, and with which the connection was very

slight. They were always shouting "Zeto he henosis." I went about shouting in return "Kato he henosis." On one occasion the Duke of Connaught was reviewing at Limassol the small body of troops which was quartered in the island. The meeting was held in a large church, speeches were made and toasts proposed. The first was for the King, loudly applauded; then for the Duke of Connaught, still better received; then a third which was acclaimed with wild applause. The Duke thought that it was for his wife, and she richly deserved it, but the Duke asked the High Commissioner for whom it was intended, and the answer was : " I am afraid, your Royal Highness, that they are clamouring for the union with Greece." Vendetta is an endemic disease in Cyprus, and I believe that you can get anyone murdered for five lepta. The day I left Limassol I was taking tea with the Commissioner, and he told me that he had tried that morning a boy of fifteen for cutting off the head of an old woman with a penknife. He denied the fact, but another boy had seen him do it. One of the young ladies said that she had seen the boy and that he was very nice looking and respectable. It was a case of vendetta and a relation of an old woman would have to murder the boy unless he was hanged first. A young man murdered his aged father merely because he had lived long enough and ought to die to make room for his son. All public sympathy was with the murderer. The Chief Justice succeeded in getting the sentence passed. But there was a popular demonstration for a reprieve, and two trustworthy Cypriots were sent to London to request the King and

Queen to intervene. I believe that the man eventually got hanged. Bertram took care that I should see everything. But I am not writing a guide book. I was greatly struck with the fortifications of Famagusta and with the remains of Salamis, the most interesting part of the island. The Governor, when first appointed, had made the mistake of favouring the Greeks, and before he left bitterly regretted it. It was at Nicosia that I heard of the death of King Edward VII, and we were much afraid that we should not be allowed to hoist our flag half-mast high on the Cathedral. However the Patriarch made no objection. The Patriarch is a superior kind of Archbishop. There are only a few of them, and the laws by which their appointment and their privileges are regulated is very complicated. Sir Anton Bertram is the chief authority on the subject. The Patriarch always signs his name with purple ink like a Byzantine Emperor. It has a strange effect when you call to find that the Patriarch has called just before you with a purple splotch of illegible handwriting.

It is a pity that England takes such little interest in Cyprus. When I was there she paid no attention to it whatever, which was very disheartening to the excellent civil servants. If Sir Edward Grey had said in Parliament that if England surrendered Cyprus it would be given to Turkey, to whom it really belonged, all this clamour about Henosis would have been stopped. The balance of Cyprus revenues was spent at that time in paying a sum which Turkey owed to the Powers for the expense of the Crimean War, an arrangement made by Lord Welby, profitable to Eng-

land but to no one else. The revenues on salt had been reckoned as part of the sum to be paid to Turkey for the surrender of the island. But the Turks forbade the exportation of salt and there was no profit, the salt rotted unused. Perhaps things are now better. I left Cyprus with regret, as it was a pretty and interesting plat- inhabited by warm and affectionate friends. My next destination was Beirut, to which I crossed in a very uncomfortable Greek steamer.

When I arrived at Beirut I received a letter from my young dragoman at Jerusalem. "Father, I am starving. Give me food." I sent for him at once and found him a most efficient companion till I left for England. Beirut was Turkish. It is a most attractive place with a commodious harbour. Indeed the whole of that Syrian coast is fascinating, full of history and legend. The nations of the Hinterland, Syria, Assyria and Egypt have all wished to occupy it and have left their traces as conquerors. I stayed at a comfortable hotel full of commercial travellers, but no English. The chief purveyors of textiles were Germans, the English were nowhere. The travellers, many of them Italians, were as a rule cultured gentlemen, speaking many languages, thoroughly acquainted with every part of the country, fitted in every way to promote the interests of the countries to which they belonged. Why do we let this source of wealth fall from our hands? Lately the papers have been full of discussions as to what to do with our boys. I have never seen commercial travellers in the Near East, among the suggestions offered. I saw Beirut thoroughly, but I never walked out at night alone.

Close by is the American College, which does a splendid work for the civilization of the country. Here Druses, Maronites, Bedouins and others are all educated together, learning to understand each other and the rest of the world. I was most hospitably received by the Principal and was invited to lecture to the students, but it could not be arranged. A short distance North of Beyrut is the Nanr el Kelb, the Dog River, at the mouth of which are seen two stele, one of Rameses, one of Sennacherib, with life size portraits of each showing that this forms the limit of their conquests. There is five hundred years interval between the two. They represent two great Empires, Egypt and Assyria, shewing how they strove for the mastery in this region, both aiming at the sea, which was to give it to them. Close by in a garden is a similar monument of Nebuchadnezzar. Nothing can bring so forcibly before us the conflicts of the ancient world, so momentous, so important to ourselves, of which we are content to remain ignorant. We ought to found all our knowledge of history on the History of the World.

My object in going to Beyrut was to visit the Lebanon, the Italy of the East. What does Hosea say about it? When he foretells the restoration of his countrymen the best he can promise them is that the Paradise into which they are to enter is to be like Lebanon. " I will be as the dew unto Israel : he shall grow as a lily and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwelt under his shadow shall return : they shall revive

as the corn and grow as the vine, the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." He who has drunk the wine of Lebanon and seen the vine roots covering the ground will realize what this means. The Lebanon is easily reached from Beirut, there is an excellent train to Damascus with a branch to Baalbek. Beirut is not in the Lebanon, the frontier lies to the north, and to reach it you pass through innumerable huts devoted to the rearing of silkworms. In the train I was the only traveller with a first-class ticket, and I ran the risk of assassination in pointing out that my dirty and noisy companions had either no ticket at all or one of third class. I did not see the famous cedars, because they are difficult to reach and there are very few of them left. We lunched at the junction, where I drank for the first time the marvellous wine of Lebanon, the taste and scent of which are never forgotten, and then went on to Baalbek.

Baalbek is properly the Baal of the Beka. The Beka is the valley between the two ranges of hills, the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. It was called in ancient times Coele-Syria or Hollow Syria. Baalbek stands at the head of this valley, close to the watershed, between the Leontes and the Orontes. It is of course celebrated for the Temples, masterpieces of Roman architecture, which until lately were misunderstood, badly described and badly drawn. They were built by Antoninus Pius, the greatest of all the Antonines, the son of Hadrian, and the father of Marcus Aurelius. He was as his name implies a very pious man. He did not believe in Christianity, which he regarded as anti-social, but he had a reverence for

all forms of spiritual religion. At a time when strange forms of Eastern religion were disturbing and, he thought, corrupting the Roman world, he tried to lead his countrymen to the fundamental reverence for the earth and its products and the sun which gave them life. So he revived the cult of the Arval Brothers, an old Roman worship which was nearly extinct. He had been present at the Council which finally destroyed the Temple of Jerusalem and dispersed the Jews throughout the world, which was done by the Emperor Hadrian and not by Titus, as is generally believed. He knew that the destruction of this Temple had been an irreparable loss to Syria, of which Judaea was a part, and he determined to repair the mischief which had been done. He therefore prepared to build at the watershed of the Leontes a magnificent shrine which would serve as a centre of spiritual energy to that region which is so endowed with spirituality, for it is there that the founder of Christianity was born. He wished it to represent the fundamental religion of the Aryan race, first the sun the giver of all life, next the earth and its fruits by which life is nourished and preserved, and lastly the hearth, the home, the source and symbol of human society. He also wished to retain as far as possible the form and character of the Temple at Jerusalem which his father had destroyed. On entering the temple at Baalbek we are met by a majestic Propylaea like that which gives access to the Acropolis at Athens. We then pass into a hall divided by columns, which is the place of the uninitiated, those who are not yet admitted to the shrine. We then come to a large hall

surrounded by smaller rooms of noble but simple design, exactly reproducing the model of the archetype. After this there is a large bath for purification, and then in the midst a mighty altar for burnt sacrifice, as the temple itself was reserved for the habitation of the God. We then by stately steps mount to the shrine itself, a masterpiece of Roman art, sustained by lofty columns with capitals richly carved with exuberant ornament which would have offended the simplicity of an earlier age. This is the crown of the whole, the jewel which all visitors to Baalbek go to see. Its foundations are laid on three huge stones, the "treis lithoi," so often spoken of by ancient writers. I do not remember their exact size, but I believe that they are without a parallel. A fourth, still unfinished, lies in the quarry from which they were hewn. They were intended, I suppose, as a protection against earthquakes, in which object they signally failed.

This is the Temple of Baal, the Sun, and close by, smaller than it and encircled by it is the shrine of the earth and its fruits, lying as it were in the embrace of the sun. It is the most exquisite example of minute and delicate sculpture and demands the closest attention. The whole produce of the Beka is represented, and amidst the fruits are little amorini culling them. All this would have remained unknown if it had not been for the energy and munificence of Kaiser Wilhelm, who employed his architect, Puchstein, to unearth these treasures. Alas! He did not live to see the completion of his work! The third building, the hearth or home, stands outside, as it should, not being part of the sacred enclosure. It is simple and impressive.

What I have described would be scarcely noticed by the careless visitor; it requires some days of study to realize its opulence. Let me trace how it came to be destroyed. First a Christian church was built in the centre of the great enclosure. Then in the sixth century the whole of the buildings were turned into an Arab fortress, with a stronger desire to destroy than to preserve. Lastly came the earthquakes, which ruined everything. The three stones were proof against them, and they have continued until recent times. Baalbek is worth a long visit. An English officer who was there the day before me went about in fear of his life and was glad to get away. I suspect that he imagined the fear he felt. The population is not secure. Boys may begin by throwing a stone, and when that begins no one can say how it will end. So you must be on your guard and not give yourself away. But my little Christlike dragoman was sufficient protection to me and would have been to anyone. We slept that night at Baalbek, and were much excited because there had been a prediction that the end of the world would come. It had been reported even in the English papers. My boy stayed up to see it. I went to bed. It was a lovely night, but nothing happened.

Our next step was Damascus. We returned to the junction, crossed the Antilibanus, more steep and rugged than the Libanus itself, and descended the valley of the Abana, in which the Syrian Naaman desired to wash instead of the Jordan. The whole journey was extremely lovely. The Abana is a tumultuous stream and is very picturesque. I saw

here an example of what I had already seen at Beyrut, the delight of Syrians, to sit on a sofa with their feet in water. In a cafe at Beyrut they always bring you a sofa to sit on instead of an armchair. The Abana accompanies you the whole way to Damascus, where under the name of the Baroda it encircles the city, which is one of the most fascinating places I have ever visited. It is extremely clean, there is none of the picturesque filth which is too often a characteristic of the Eastern towns. The population is exceedingly attractive, the complexions of the boys and young men are so fair, so European, that you wonder what race they can belong to. The street called Straight is perhaps the least direct in the town. But the house in which Paul was cured of his blindness is very commodious, and is occupied by a loom in which the most delicate Eastern tissues are woven by hand. All handwork is done in the streets. You get your shoes mended, your clothes put in order, your braces repaired, all in the street, as you wait. You also dine in the street. You eat a basin of soup, you are then attracted by a smoking pilaff, you drink a glass of sour milk, you make your choice amongst varieties of attractive fruits, and your dinner is done. An English friend may tell you that cholera lurks in the delicacies but you pay no attention. The bazaars are very enticing, the goods are not expensive, and the prices are fixed. I bought a good deal there, paid half of it down and the rest when the purchase arrived in England, beautifully packed and quite safe. I often enjoyed the hospitality of the English Consul in an Eastern hotel, which he greatly preferred to one

144 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

frequented by his own countrymen. He was well served and well fed and enjoyed the society of the stately and silent Arabians dressed in long robes of beautifully woven cloth or silk. When I was at Damascus the funeral of King Edward was celebrated with a majestic simplicity which I shall never forget. The English church was no better than a barn, but it had been decorated by the Consul and his friend, the English doctor, in a manner worthy of a cathedral. It was hung with purple cloth of royal mourning. The building was crowded, on one side were the English, on the other the Orientals, so that the seats blazed with fez. No important person was absent. It was a homage to the English name and a tribute to the monarch we had lost. The service was not Anglican but mixed, part of it was committed to Nonconformists. Over all dominated the personality of the young and dignified consul who represented worthily the Majesty of the Empire. I felt that if England had always such a sponsor as she had on this occasion our position in the Near East would be very different to what it was. Indeed the position which I found my country held in my Eastern travels was very depressing. We had once been great, but we were now neither feared nor respected. It arose from the slackness and carelessness of our Government, who seemed neither to know or care how things went. We were beaten by the Germans, not by the cunning of their intrigue, but by the fulness of their intelligent interest, and their diligence in showing it, whereas we had none. The Americans had an organized system of consular inspection. They always knew who were

efficient, who were doing **their** duty and who not, we seemed neither to know or care, to the great discouragement of those who were trying to do their best. I was neither an imperialist nor a jingo, but I could not bear to see things done badly when they might be done well. Two figures stood prominently before my mind in this relation, the acting-Consul at Damascus **and** the acting Postmaster at Beirut. When there was war between Turkey and Austria, the Austrian vessels who carried our mails were not allowed to land anything in Turkish ports. How was the young man at Beirut to get his letters? His colleagues asked him what he would do. "Take my armed servant," he said, "my union jack, and my uniform, and ask for my letters." "You will be shot," they said. "That is no affair of mine, that is the business of the English Government." "Will you get our letters?" "No, certainly not. You must get your own." He went and got his letters, behaving as I think like a hero. When I returned to England I took care to make known the conduct of these two young men to the proper people, and I believe that neither of them had reason to regret my interference. One, after having been made Consul at Adrianople, died suddenly, a terrible loss to the country which he served so well. The other, I believe, is still alive and is holding an important place. Mr. Chamberlain might have served better the promise of the Diamond Jubilee by discovering and promoting men like these than by incurring the hostility of Europe by making war on the Boers. We climbed the hill which looks down upon Damascus and saw the jewel set in encircling gold

which is one of the treasures of the East. When Mohammed gazed on this view and was asked if he would not enter the town, he said " I believe that I shall one day enter Paradise, and I do not wish to anticipate the time."

I travelled from Damascus direct to Beirut. I found that a fire which had begun in a single shop just before I left ten days ago had spread widely and caused much damage, destroying not only houses but a large quantity of goods. I visited the ruins and saw masses of burned textiles. In Beirut there is no fire engine. To extinguish it, small quantities of water are brought by boys in petroleum tins, but the mass of the people look on with indifference, saying that it is the will of God. Fires are always caused by the wish of those who have insured to recover their money. The best photographer in Beirut suffered in this from a neighbour who had insured burning his house, his workshops and his valuable stock. I took leave of my friends at the American College and found that it was impossible to give them a lecture before my departure. I was told that the funeral of King Edward had been celebrated in a worthy manner.

My next journey was to Port Said, on my way to England. I found a place in a Messageries boat, which was very comfortable. On board there was an Armenian family, consisting of a grandfather and three little children, who had escaped from Adana to avoid massacre. They were the delight of the ship, so pretty, so innocent and so good. The English Vice-Consul living on the North Coast of Cyprus, from which Adana can be seen, told me that during

the massacres the beach was strewn with murdered Armenians, and that among them were many children like those I was gazing at, or younger. Close by stood an elderly Kurd, now harmless but with a face which might have smiled over many an atrocity. The children were going to Alexandria, where they would be assured of a happy and secure existence. At Port Said my dear little dragoman and myself made ourselves happy for several days. The town had vastly improved, from being the sink of the East it had become a respectable bathing place with smart shops, cheerful society and plenty of amusement. The English Consul was very hospitable. He took me one evening to the theatre, where we heard a great deal of Arabian music sung by children. I listened attentively for more than an hour but it was impossible for me to discover any tune. On Sunday I attended an important fencing festival of all nationalities but as hosts of the English who are, I believe, the owners of Port Said. The whole place was hung with flags and there was much music, but among the flags every banner was flaunted except the Union Jack and every national air was played except " God Save the King " and " Rule Britannia." As a Radical I have always detested blatant Imperialism, but my gorge rose at this studied insult to a country to whom they owe their happiness and prosperity, and I felt indignant with a Government which could be guilty of such slackness. I told my friend Austen Chamberlain about it on my return, but although he was quite ready to abuse Edward Grey and Asquith, I am not sure that he would have done better himself. The prize winner in

148 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

the competition was an Englishman, the son of the Governor of Cyprus, which made matters worse.

I tried to get a berth on a Japanese ship, but there was no room. I found one on the P. & O. bound straight for England. I took a touching farewell from my beloved "Mshabbeck," who cried more than I did. I wished to take him to England but it would have been impossible. He shortly afterwards escaped to America, where I believe that the Syrians are much appreciated. Here he obtained a place in a large restaurant at Cleveland, Ohio, where he was at first "floor waiter," then night cook, then day cook and finally clerk in the office. He got on so well that he was able to send money to bring his brother out, and I have photographs of the two together. His mother died just before she was about to join him. He had still a little brother in Jerusalem, whom I engaged to educate, but the war spoilt everything. I have not heard from him lately, but my friend Mr. Storrs, the Governor of Jerusalem, tells me that he is very prosperous, and if any American in Cleveland reads these lines I hope that he will not mind doing a kindness to my dragoman Mshabbek.

We had a very pleasant journey to London. The company on board was very agreeable. One evening I gave a lecture on the Study of History, with Sir Frederick Johnson in the chair. The view of the south coast of Sardinia was very picturesque and the Bay of Biscay was very kind. I reached my chambers in Hill Street, Rutland Gate, on June 10, prepared for hard work after my long holiday. I found on the table a letter from the Chief Editor of Cassells

asking me to call upon him. I had done work for Cassells at various times the last twenty or thirty years, but I did not know the present Editor. I found him a very agreeable man of remarkable ability, an American. He wished me to do some work for him, and proposed various schemes, one of which would have brought me in a thousand pounds. Eventually I suggested that I should write a History of the World, a work which I had long contemplated and prepared for. It did not exist in England but was common in Germany, where every cottage contained two books, a Bible and a Weltgeschichte. We settled it that it should consist of four divisions, Ancient, Medieval, Modern and Recent, running to about 200,000 words each. I wished it to appear in fortnightly parts, which, when tried by Harmsworth, had brought in a good return, but this he did not like. I said that the first thing was to make out a complete scheme of the whole work, which, when finished, I would submit to him. It was agreed that I should do this, but everything had passed in the way of conversation and no writing had passed between us. With a man of such spotless honour and integrity I did not think it necessary, and with a firm with which I had been so long connected as I had with Cassells, felt sure that I should meet with generous treatment. I went down to the country and set hard to work. It took me three months to produce the scheme. I settled that the Ancient section should extend from 6000 B.C. to 565 A.D., including rather more in this division than is generally done by historians. The Medieval section went from 565 A.D. to 1530 A.D., the

fall of Florence, which I take to be the end of the medieval history in Europe. The Modern from 1530 A.D. to 1815 A.D., and the Recent from 1815 to 1910, the death of King Edward. The scheme was very minute and elaborate and was eventually reduced to chapters and pages with exactly what was to be contained in each. After more than thirty years' work in teaching History at Cambridge, constant reading and intense interest in the subject, I believe that I could have delivered an extempore lecture on each of the 356 chapters of which the work was composed which would have been instructive if not exhaustive; indeed it would have been a slur upon me if I could not have done so. I presented the scheme to Mr. Walter Smith, the Chief Editor, and he to his directors. They entirely approved of it, but suggested that I should begin with the last section, the Recent, to which I had no objection, as I think there is a good deal to be said for writing history backwards, from the known to the less known. It was settled that I should begin the work, receiving 350 pounds for the first volume, and I set to work. As I was then seventy-three years of age, some of the Directors wished me to give a guarantee for the completion of the work in case of my death. Mr. Smith, knowing me personally, thought it unnecessary, and the Chairman meeting me at a levee at St. James's Palace, was convinced of my vitality.

At this time I was not an expert typist and it was necessary for me to find a Secretary to help me in the work. I had the good fortune to discover a young man of nineteen, then clerk in a bank, but anxious to

change his occupation. I found in him everything that I could wish. He remained with me for several years and is now one of my dearest friends, after a distinguished career as an aviator. The volume was produced in the Spring of 1912, in two magnificent volumes, beautifully manufactured, worthy of the house of Cassells. It was well received, especially in America, and was in three years entirely sold out, notwithstanding its price. A popular edition was then issued in a single but unabridged volume sold at 7/6. This was all sold out and I cannot procure a copy for love or money. But the war spoilt everything, and the taste for long and serious books has to be recreated as well as the ability to pay for their production.

When I had finished writing this book I determined to spend the winter in Italy, and went to Rome to my old friend Mrs. Dawes Rose, with whom I had lodged before. My Secretary, Douglas Colyer, accompanied with me as well as a young servant who, having been a stable boy at Chantilly, went by the name of Jockey. Before I started I tried to ascertain whether Messrs. Cassells, who had now lost the services of Walter Smith, were willing to continue the History of the World. Circumstances were not favourable for this at present, but Mr. Edwin Arnold, and especially his partner, Mr. Mumm, were willing to publish a History of the World in one volume, a great desideratum in English literature, where we have to depend on the enterprise of Americans. I agreed to write one for them and spent the winter in doing it, my copy in pencil being typed by Douglas Colyer. We passed a merry winter. We were a small but harmonious

152 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

party in the pension, and every evening after dinner I read with them a Canto of the Divina Commedia in the original, getting through the whole of the 100 canti. We then went on to the Vita Nova and then to the Pensieri of Leopardi. After this I generally played duets on a very imperfect piano with the young lady who has since brought peace and happiness to Douglas Colyer by becoming his wife. I lived in a large room which had previously been the lodging of Gregorovius, the Historian, and there he had produced his immortal works. It was spacious, with a lovely view over Monte Mario and the Convent in which Liszt spent the first epoch of his Catholic life. But there was no direct sunshine and it was very cold, which eventually was the cause of a serious illness. Not without reasons do the Italians say "Ove non entra il sole entra il medico." Indeed, in May, 1912, the eczema from which I had suffered for many years came to a crisis. A walk up Monte Cavo with Jockey did for me. I suffered agonies, and on the descent had to go to bed at Rocca di Papa. It is lucky that I did not stay there but pushed on and with difficulty reached my home. In the night the agony which I suffered made me send for the doctor, who relieved me for the time, but on the following day sent me to the hospital of the Blue Nuns on the Coelian, a paradise inhabited by angels, where I remained for two months and a half. My Doctor Welsford had engaged Margarucci as operator. I was impatient for his arrival, and when he came he said that unless an operation was performed I should die that night. I submitted with alacrity, and at the first touch of the knife said "This is paradise." The operation lasted

two hours and a half. I was conscious the whole time because they had given me stovaine instead of chloroform. When Colyer came after it was over to wheel me back to my bed he asked me how I felt. I said: "I feel like a vivisected hound and I think that I shall die to-night." The operation which I had undergone was not dangerous in itself, if performed by a skilful surgeon, but the convalescence, unless it was carefully supervised, might produce results which would ruin the whole life. I was under the charge of Margarucci, the Napoleon of surgeons. I remember how he stood in his long white coat, with his knife in his hand, with a strong resolute countenance, as if all nature was at his command. The convalescence is very distressing: you get little rest and need constant attention. In England measures are taken to remedy these inconveniences by mechanical means, but Margarucci would have none of them. He determined to leave everything to nature, secure that nature would be on his side. The consequence was that, although I suffered much, I made a complete recovery, and during the last ten years can feel nothing but gratitude for having submitted myself to Margarucci. My thanks are also due to the Sister Clara, the most beautiful, the most saintlike of nurses. The work which she had to do was stupendous. She had to attend every operation, to wait upon the operator, and follow every movement of his eye, to prepare all the instruments and the drugs, and, worse than all, to clear up everything after he had finished and prepare for the next. How any delicate lady could have stood this strain was to me marvellous, but no change was visible in her sweet expression, except sometimes

154 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

a slight thickening round her eyes and the corners of her mouth. In her the spirit was master of the body and the spirit alone mattered. Whether this is the case with all nurses I do not know, but it was certainly so with the Little Sisters of Mary, in their blue robes, from the Mother down to the humblest sister, and I never spent a happier time than the two months and a half which I passed under their hospitality. So far as I was able, I tried to join in their life, and when they built a small oratory close to my rooms I was too glad to give them a statue of our Lady of Lourdes, which I hope still exists as a slight mark of my gratitude.

In the third week of July Margarucci told me that I had better leave. I was by no means well, but all danger of a relapse was past, and the journey to England and a sojourn in my own house might do me more good than a month's further stay with the Blue Nuns, I left with deep regret, being allowed an affectionate farewell with the sainted mother, whose body had long decayed and given place to the spirit alone. I was attended by Jockey, Colyer having returned to England. We stayed one night at Dijon, a town long dear to me, and one at Paris, and reached Bexhill safely, my housekeeper being much shocked by my appearance as an invalid. But the crisis was over, and a few weeks' rest in the sea air enabled me to enjoy a game of golf. I was now alone in the world, both my sisters were dead, and I determined to spend the winter in Italy. One day, walking through Hastings, I was attracted by the notice of an "Old Book Store/' I found it under the care of a lad of sixteen, who was painting a picture in oils, and impressed me

as having a face of genius. His hair, his eyes, his mouth, all his features reminded me of the young Keats, and I afterwards had reason to know that I was not mistaken in my judgment. I found that he had an extraordinary faculty for writing picturesque English, that he had been a compositor on a local paper, where his contributions showed the rarest promise. He had no family, no fortune, no education, but was the darling of his mother, who had brought him up. He was an extraordinary athlete, there was nothing that his body could not do. He was distinguished as a boy scout, he could ride, shoot, play football and cricket, swim, fence and box, and do every kind of "gym" possible and impossible. He was remarkably good looking, with the manners of a perfect gentleman, and attracted the attention of all who met him, male and female. He now went with me to Florence, and in the first week gained the first prize for a short story on an Italian subject, with but little acquaintance with Italy. He stayed with me till I left for England in the following June, remaining in Italy, which he had learnt to love too well to leave. I had better finish what I have to say about his career, which was too sad and too short. When the war broke out he returned to the Territorials of the Cavalry, of which he was a member. By the help of Lord Kitchener I procured him a commission in a yeomanry regiment, where he became instructor in musketry and was eventually chosen out of many others to go to Gallipoli. He distinguished himself as a sharpshooter and scored several triumphs on the stock of his rifle. From Gallipoli he went to Egypt, where he became an aviator, and was sent to instruct

156 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

a squadron of aviators at Aboukir. He might now have returned home, but he volunteered for service in Russia with Denikin. The last letter I received from him was dated At Sea off Batoum. Here, as ever the darling of his friends, he lived in a railway carriage and slept in a tent. He left his tent at midnight to get some tobacco from his kit and never returned. He was found next day with a bullet through his head, shot by a sentry. The matter has never been explained. He was buried with full military honours, being now a Captain of some standing. All the Russian Generals were present with flags and music. Such was the end of Robert Eversden.

Bob, as he was called, and myself spent the winter together in Florence in very pleasant society. We had on the floor above us a gifted English family, of which one of the daughters played the violin exquisitely on a real Straduaris. We amused ourselves in every kind of way, Bob being a great assistance. He went to a fancy ball dressed as a Turk and won the prize of beauty. He played much football and kicked many goals, both at Florence and elsewhere. I was well received in society, being made an honorary member of the Lyceum Club, which admitted me to all the meetings. I gave a lecture on "Personal Recollection of English Poets," which excited much interest. I knew Florence well and freshened up my old memories, finding a kind helper in Miss Zimmern, who gave us some excellent lectures on Dante. But the weather was cold and cheerless, and I was not sorry to go on to Rome, where I exchanged my old quarters in the Via Gregoriana for the Hotel Jaselli Owen in the Piazza Barberini, close to the spot where

my early years were passed as a guest of the Storys in the Palazzo Barberini. I did not at this time know many people in Rome, but I had an invitation to the famous scholar, Countess Lovatelli, one of the few ladies who are admitted to the Society of the Lincei. The Countess received in the evening, which does not suit my habit:, so I seldom went. When I entered the room for the first time the ladies present called out " Napoleone, Napoleone." I replied : " Se fossero Americani gridarebbero 'Bryant Bryant,'" because the Jaselli Owen was full of Americans who, whenever they saw me called out " Bryant." I believe that a man with strong features is like a great many people. The Salon of the Countess Lovatelli was the most sought after in Rome. The conversation was mainly in French but all nations were represented. The Countess, who had been singularly handsome and dignified, was the sister of the Duke of Sermoneta and daughter of the Duke of that name, who was the patron of the jeweller Castellani, and a distinguished Dante scholar. I had been admitted to his Salon as a young man. The most prominent member of the British Colony was in these days, as she is still, Mrs. Strong, Vice Principal of the British School, which had then its habitation in the Palazzo Odescalchi in the Piazza S.S. Apostoli, next door to the Palace which was once the home of the exiled Stuarts. Her lectures were a joy and a delight, and I never lost an opportunity of attending them. The first lectures of hers which I heard were given in connection with the Exhibition of 1911, which was an honour to the skill, the erudition and the taste of the Italians, but did not excite the interest which it

158 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

deserved. It contained copies of all the most distinguished works of Roman art throughout the world from the Palace of Diocletian at Spalato to the ancient cities of Northern Africa, a variety of subjects which gave ample scope to the genius and versatility of the lecturer. I heard many other [lectures](#) from her in succeeding years. Another most attractive hostess was Miss Hattie Herz, English by nationality but German by birth, education, and, perhaps too much, by sentiment. She lived in the Zuccari Palace, the end of which divides the Via Sistina from the Via Gregoriana. My large room in the Pension Dawes Rose looked on to one of the terraces of her palace, and I constantly enjoyed her hospitality. Her later years were spent in forming a choice library of all works connected with the minuter topography and antiquities of Italian cities, but, as it was left at her death to a German learned society, the war has rendered it useless. I must not forget the attractions offered at this time by Commendatore Boni, on the Palatine Hill, where every day produced new wonders of Imperial art for the visitors, of whom he was the courteous and generous host.

But I had to return to England, and as Bob was anxious to remain in Italy, for which he had contracted a deep affection, it became necessary to find another companion. I went to an agent, and the first person who presented himself was a professional thief. He brought me a forged testimonial which induced me to appoint him. After a few days he robbed me of my money, my jewels, and my clothes, so that I had little to pay for extra luggage. He had apparently spent the greater part of his life in prison and was likely to

spend the remainder there. He told me that he was the most miserable of men, which I could well believe, and that he longed to die. He met me in the street and offered me my own jewellery for sale, but being afraid of a stiletto I decamped. The British Consul advised me to take no steps in prosecuting him, as I should recover nothing and it might involve me in trouble with the "mala vita." Some time later I was summoned to the Palace of Justice to give evidence against him, as he was again in prison, and they wished to know what I had to say about him. I heard nothing more and I suppose that he is still a prisoner. My next adventure was more fortunate. Another agent sent me a boy of thirteen, well grown, good looking, and in every way desirable. His name was Ettore Antinori, one of the most distinguished families in Italian History, and after serving me in various capacities he is still with me. He went with me to Bexhill, and although he never learned a word of English, was beloved by all who met him. My first step at Bexhill was to take him to the Roman Catholic Church and place him in the hands of Father Kennedy, a Rosminian, who took charge of him. I told him that I wished him to attend Confession and Mass every week and that I would make arrangements for him to do so. My housekeeper, who took a great interest in him, thought that he was unwell and out of spirits. She said how could he be so well and happy when his mother was ill. I found that he had a passionate devotion to his mother, and I made up my mind that when I returned to Italy I would make a home for him and his mother so that they might both be happy. When I returned to Rome I came to know

the mother and her daughter Rosina personally, and my resolution was confirmed. I took the apartment in which I now live quite as much for them as for myself, and I have never had reason to regret it. It is better for an old man of eighty-five, who is alone in the world, to live with a family of his own creation than to be looked after by a housekeeper or a nurse.

I spent a very pleasant summer and autumn at Bexhill. It is indeed a delightful place of residence and every year is better recognised as such. I had an excellent golf links at my door, a long stretch of sea parade with Beachy Head in the background, excellent music, perhaps too much dominated by golf and bridge. The "surburb" of Hastings, as I always called it, was close by with still more attractions, a longer sea parade, a larger band and a large sea-water swimming bath. I retained my chambers in London but I had given up Cambridge. I was no longer wanted there. The posts which I held there, the history tutorship, the control of the Training College, the Treasurership of the Union, had all passed into other hands, and a man junior to myself had been elected Vice-Provost, so I dismantled my rooms, sold my library, and finally left the College, retaining of course my fellowship. I did not care to be an idler where I had once been a worker. My books, which had cost me at least six thousand pounds, were sold by auction for less than three hundred, and I was told that I had done rather well. I mention this fact as a warning to book buyers, if they confine themselves to books of utility and not curios. I now set myself to write a History of Italy in the Middle Ages, a book which is much required in English. Some

twenty years earlier I had written a short History of Medieval Italy, published in two volumes, one entitled Guelphs and Ghibellines, and the other The Age of the Condottieri. They had a good sale, were now out of print, and were selling for three times their published price. I determined to reprint them, but thought it better to make them more complete. These books ending, of course, with the Fall of Florence in 1530, had begun with the death of the Emperor Frederick II, whereas it seemed to me that the History of Italy as distinguished as that of Rome should begin with the invasion of the Lombards. So I determined to write this portion and to re-write the rest. When I left England at the close of 1913 I had with me the whole of this earlier period, beautifully typewritten and ready for the press, a good show for six months' work. This brought me up to Christmas, but I determined before I left to give an old-fashioned Christmas dinner to my servants and to fulfil another engagement of which I will now speak. The pupils of my Training College of which I have already given an account, had established among themselves a society for the discussion of Philosophical and other serious subjects, called the "Areopagus," of which they elected me perpetual President. They had made me attend a dinner at Cambridge, an invitation which I accepted on the condition that I did not meet a single don. Although they were all of unobtrusive birth no aristocrats could have provided a more " tony " meal or one in better taste. The dress and the manners were perfect, the songs and the piano-playing first-rate, the speeches humorous and eloquent, and we ended up

by being photographed by limelight in the most approved style. I had especially barred wines and cigars. Some members of the "Areopagus" when they left Cambridge determined to found a similar society in London, of which they also made me perpetual President. It was a shade more serious than the other, religious subjects not being excluded. The members were schoolmasters, shop hands, bank clerks and other occupations, such as young men beginning the world in London might engage in. Each member might invite an honorary guest, who in taking part in the discussions would assist their ignorance and inexperience. These were in some cases their fathers. To the dinner of this society they invited me, I think, in December, and I deferred my departure from England on purpose to attend. Nothing could have been better. We had admirable speeches from old and young. We parted in an exuberance of friendship, and as I entered my "taxi" to drive home, the whole company came out into the street and sent me off with rousing cheers for "O.B.," which must have astonished the inhabitants and given "shell-shock" to the bobbies. I could not have been sent off with a greeting which affected me more from that England which I was to leave for ever. A letter which I have received recently from one of the members tells me that owing to the loss of the members who perished in the war, the society has been given up. I crossed the Channel next day, intending to be absent for about eighteen months, but in the following year, 1914, the war broke out and I never have been able to return and never shall.

CHAPTER VII

ROME

LIVE PERMANENTLY IN ROME—SCANNO—OUTBREAK OF WAR—NAPLES—GENERAL GARIBALDI—EARTHQUAKE—THE NEW POPE—EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY—ARI—PRAISE OF THE ABRUZZI.

I LEFT everything behind me, books, plate, linen, flowers, land, indeed everything that I possessed, including some objects of considerable value, which I never saw again. My land I sold not badly, my books, after a painful experience of warehousing, I presented to the Public Library at Hastings, for which I believe they are very grateful. It included a large library of classical music, which I am told they find of great use.

After a stormy crossing we made straight for Florence, where I stayed in my old rooms in the Piazza Santo Spirito, but after a few days went on to Rome, where I have lived ever since. We were lodged in the Palazzo Simonetti in the Prati, in my opinion the most central, the most healthy and in many respects the most beautiful part of Rome. But by old habit it is shunned by the inhabitants of the old city, and it is difficult to get people to call upon you. To them crossing the Tiber is like crossing the Atlantic. The Palace, a magnificent structure, had been built originally by the Prince Odescalchi, as a variation from his residence in the Piazza degli Apostoli, in imitation of the Struzzi Palace in Florence. Behind it was a large garden, but the Municipi-

164 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

pality, jealous of waste spaces, compelled Simonetti, to whom Prince Odescalchi had sold it, to build over it. So he added three wings to the original building, making a large square. It now has four different entrances from four streets, presided over by a poetess, a painter, an archaeologist and a musician, and bearing the names of Vittoria Colonna, Pietro Cavallini, Mariana Dionigi and Muzio Clementi. From my window in Mrs. White's hospitable Pension I watched the new construction being built, spotted a convenient apartment with a lovely terrace, and the moment it was accessible walked in and took it at a very reasonable rent, and here I have been ever since.

I arrived at Rome on January 7, 1914, and I am writing this on September 7, 1922, and in the ninth year of my sojourn I have no reason to regret the choice I made. To my friends who were anxious for my welfare I wrote that I was well, happy and industrious, to others I said with perfect truth that I was never so happy in my life. The first reason I should give was that I was so completely secure about my weekly bills. In England I had chambers in London and a house at Bexhill, and until recently my rooms at Cambridge. I knew that I owed money to all these places, but never could be quite certain whether I was living within my income or not. Here I had no debts. I paid ready money for everything, and often in advance, which I discovered by experience was not a wise thing to do if you could help it. There were no butchers', grocers' and greengrocers' books, no giving of orders by your cook at the back door, no discomfort as to whether what you paid for

THE DELIGHTS OF ROMAN LIFE 165

was consumed by yourself or by your servants. There were no joints, no legs of mutton which a bachelor might eat hot or cold but which he could not devour to the bone. And what became of the bone? I have at present four or five servants to wait on me, and the first of every month I pay them wages and board in advance and ask no questions. They may do what they like with the money and entertain to their hearts' content, provided that they make no further demands on me, and every morning I pay them what they have spent upon me the day before. In England this would be impossible. Again I found in Rome the best society that I ever met in my life. My doctor does not allow me to go out in the evening, but when I came here I discovered that every afternoon there were receptions, where you met a small company of charming guests, cheerful, intellectual, with pleasant and varied talk, in which gossip was entirely unknown. There may be such society elsewhere, but I never had the good fortune to meet it. The American school, the British school, the Farnese Palace with Monsignor Duchesne as host on one floor and the Ambassadors on the other, the Villa Medici, one of the loveliest buildings in the world, with its unrivalled garden to accompany it, the Villino of Count Luigi Primoli, consecrated to the memory of the great Napoleon, the upper story of the Palazzo Sciarra, where every Saturday afternoon Countess Pasolini devoted her brilliant gifts to the entertainment of a cosmopolitan company, where the conversations never flagged and was never allowed to become commonplace, are some of those which occur to me, but there were also others.

The war stopped all this and it has not yet come back, but whether it returns or not these meetings will always remain for those who shared in them an inexhaustible source of inspiring memory. So much for the happiness; for the health, I can say that to me Rome has been the healthiest city I ever lived in. It is not so for all. I have seen both men and women who have found it impossible to live here and have been driven away by the climate. As for industry, during the years that I have been here I have written at least 700,000 words of books, beginning formerly at five, more recently at six, in the morning. That they have not been published is not my fault, but they have been written, and I intend to write more.

I have spoken of the healthiness of Rome. Some people have the idea that Italy is not a summer country, the truth being that it is not a winter country and that he who only "winters" here never knows it. They say that you cannot remain in Rome with safety after June. This may be true for those who expose themselves to the sun and are not careful about their food, and for these it may be well to go away for the three months and take a "villeggiatura" as the greater number of English do. Indeed it is one of the most pleasant incidences of residence in Rome that you have a long vacation in some fascinating region of Italy. I have passed three such, but more the doctor has positively forbidden me to enjoy. I feel none the worse for it, although it has been a deprivation to lose my holiday. The first of these I spent at Scanno in the Abruzzi, of which I propose to give an account.

In order to reach Scanno it is necessary to pass by Sulmona, one of the most interesting cities in Italy. When I first visited the Abruzzi, some fifty years ago, with my pupil Gerald Balfour, then a boy at Eton, we could not drive there because the road was blocked by snow, and had to go direct to Aquila. There is now a comfortable railway which brings you easily from Rome in a few hours. It is famous as the birth-place of Ovid, his words "Sulmo mihi patria est" being the motto of the town. It is also well known in connection with Celestine V, justly sainted, although he is supposed to be classed by Dante with those worthless people who did neither good nor harm in life : "Non ragionam di lor ma guarda e passa."

In order to reach Scanno from Sulmona you take an automobile from Anversa, the next station. You then drive up the valley of the Sagittario, a little river, which deserves its name. The gorge through which you pass is one of the finest in Italy, and the breaking through it in order to reach the valley beyond must have been a triumph of engineering. You reach Scanno in about an hour. It is a very remarkable place. It consists entirely of palaces built of stone, which are never called houses, there is no such name. It must at one time have had great wealth, derived, I believe, from the pasturing of sheep, which were taken every year to the plains of Apulia and then back again. The women wear extraordinary dresses, which I am not milliner enough to describe. They are very heavy and contain a large number of petticoats, comfortable against the cold of winter, but intolerable in summer. Their headress of black satin

168 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

is very handsome and conspicuous. Their dress is peculiar to themselves, and there is much speculation as to where it came from. I came to the conclusion that it was of Saracen origin, Frederick II having maintained a large number of Saracens in the South of Italy, which were dispersed after his death, and there is no doubt that a number of them came to Scanno. They are very exclusive and take pains to preserve their purity of blood. They are, like all the population of the Abruzzi, extremely religious, and it is unthinkable that any one male and female, grown up or child, should absent himself from Church on Sunday. The priests are very friendly with the people, from whom indeed they spring, and the young men, clerical and lay, walk about as comrades. The town lies in the fold of a hill with mountains all round. The air is healthy, and it is a favourite summer resort. I wrote an account of it in the visitors' book which became very popular.

Ce un paoso ehe si chiama Scanno
Pregiato assai da color che sanno,
Bell'aria c'e ed anche un bel lago
Per If; malattie & quasi un mago.
L'albergo tienc qui Edvardo Pace
Sempre discretamente parla e tacc.
La compagnia molto e squisita
Da Roma e da Napoli bandita.
Chi passa una settimana a Scanno
Per Dio! vorrebbe stare tutto l'anno.

Scanno is not a good place for walks, as although it is surrounded by a beautiful country, the paths are very rough, if indeed they exist, and there is no "kur-tax" to make them with, as in Switzerland. The favourite walks are along the high road which leads from Sulmona to Campo Basso, or rather will do so when it is completed. The walks on this are called in the native dialect either "Mont" or "Bash," accord-

ing as they go up or down. "Mont" leads to the chapel of San Liborio, who is a specialist on ruptures. I suffer a little in that way myself, but he did not cure me. "Bash" leads through a shady grove of trees to a lovely lake, which is the Queen of the valley. It is well stocked with fish, which you must be a native to catch, because no outlandish skill will avail you in the least. On the shore stands an exquisite chapel called the "Madonna del Lago," decorated with rare taste. The last visit I paid to it was to see it opened after its restoration. It was done by a local genius, who had gained a great reputation. It reminded me of Raphael and his pupils giving the first fruits of their art to the place where they were born. This chapel is one of the favourite places of worship for the Apulian shepherds who wander with their wives and families round the country, with their Zampogne or bag-pipes and their bedding, as they all sleep in the open air. Standing at the shrine they intone their ancient hymns and with lowly reverence pass on to the next. Still further "bash" are two more lakes, one of a blue colour which has been immortalized by the art of Carlandi. At the head of the lake is a grove of trees, in which some of the guests spent the whole of the day and which was a favourite place for picnics, as it was defended from the sun even on the hottest days.

By this time the war had begun. The news of the murders of Serajevo was a sure indication to some of our party that war was certain to ensue. On August 5 the news reached us that England had declared war on Germany. Great sympathy for us was at once shown by our Italian friends. I was hailed by

170 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

friendly shouts wherever I was seen, and singing "God Save the King" and "Rule Britannia" was the rule of the day. There was at the same time an undercurrent of fear that nothing could withstand the overwhelming strength of Germany. The Americans showed a different side. They confided with me obtrusively about our reserves and laughed at the optimism which I honestly felt from the beginning and which I always showed. As September went on it became cold and rainy, for Scanno can be very cold in the winter, almost unbearable. I determined to go to Naples before returning to Rome. I took an affectionate leave of all my friends and made a short excursion to Chieti and Pescara with Ettore Antinori, my secretary, and Vincenzo Colarossi, a young Abruzzese of ancient family, whom I met with his father and mother at Scanno. Since that time, now nine years ago, although I have seen little of him, we have kept up a vigorous correspondence and I know all about his life. He has spent three years entirely in the service of others, partly in the earthquake and partly in the war, where he distinguished himself as a soldier as he did as a nurse. I regard him as a hero and a saint, and at twenty-four, with friends, wealth and a blameless record, he has every likelihood of a distinguished career. Chieti, which we visited, is a lovely city. Situated on a hill the promenade in front of the town commands a view of the whole chain of the Appennines from the rocks of the Gran Sasso on one side to the snows of the Maiella on the other. In the year following, when I was staying at Ari, I saw much of it. I was attracted to Pescara, where the

town has the same name as the river, because it was at its mouth that Sforza Attendolo, the founder of his illustrious family, lost his life in trying to save a favourite page boy from drowning, and I looked at the scene with emotion. The banks of the river were thronged with artists trying to catch a record of the fishing boats, with gaily painted sails, coming up the river. To Italians the town is sacred as the birth-place of the poet Gabrielle d'Annunzio, for whom I have no admiration either as a poet or as a man. I called my young friends at two in the morning because Colarossi had to attend an examination at Sulmona at an early hour, and Rttore went with him. I followed later and left next morning with Ettore for Naples. The first part of our journey lay through the upland meadows of the Abruzzi. I remember especially the Campo di Giove, evidently a home of ancient worship, where I should have liked to spend some of my summer holiday. We passed through the fertile province of Campo Basso and then caught the train from Rome. We reached Naples at six and found a comfortable lodging at Mrs. Baker's Pension.

I had known Naples for at least sixty years, and an old friend in that time had become faultless. But I have learnt that you must keep your eyes fixed on the sea and the mountains and forget that there is a town. I was now on the Mergellina, a place full of fishing boats, at the end of the Via Caracciolo, to me the most attractive part of Naples. The hauling in of the nets and the conversation of the boatmen was a constant source of enjoyment. But the real attraction was the Egg Castle and the opposite coast of Sorrento, the

172 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

fashion of which changed every five minutes. **Posilipo** is close by, with its unfinished Castle of the Queen and the charms of Villa Rosebery. I had seen **all** these sights as a young man and I found Pozzuoli dirty and disreputable. Its first interest to me was **as** the dwelling place of Pergolesi, perhaps after Palestrina, the first of Italian composers. I did not leave Naples till December 17, as I stayed to see the miracle of the liquefaction of San Gennaro, which I found very interesting. We had excellent places, but the blood did not liquefy whilst we were there, for all our waiting. The people were much distressed, and thought that it was due to the war, but we heard that it did liquefy later on. Lord Houghton often told me that he had performed the miracle himself but would not reveal how he did it. He used to hint to us that the blood was always liquid and the miracle lay in making it solid.

Naples is a very lazy place, and it is difficult to do any serious work there. All I accomplished was some translation of Ovid's *Tristia*, for which I have a great admiration, as I have for Ovid altogether as a poet. But it never came to anything, and I am glad that it did not. The chief things which I remember about Naples are first the eating of oysters, which are my favourite food, which you cannot get safely anywhere else in Italy. Then my visits to the harbour, which I thoroughly enjoyed, and lastly the reverence which I paid to the boy Conradin, who has always been one of my heroes. I saw the place where he threw his glove into the crowd in the old market place. It was taken up by John of Procida, which produced

the Sicilian Vespers. I saw the place where he was buried in the church and the monument erected to him by the King of Bavaria. I had already seen the Castle of Astura, where he was confined, and where he was treacherously surrendered by Frangipani to Charles of Anjou, about whom I always marvelled that he was the brother of Saint Louis. This is but a small balance for so long a visit, but my time was chiefly occupied by gazing at the sea and the mountains.

At Rome I lost no time in visiting my friends, Dr. Ashby at the British School, Countess Pasolini at the Palazzo Sciarra, but I found that she had gone to her own palace in the Piazza San Carlo dei Catinari, one of the largest in Rome. I heard Pergolesi's *Serva Padrona* at the Teatro dei Piccoli, which showed that operas with interesting music can well be performed by marionettes, if competent actors are not forthcoming. I met there Willy Ferrero, the marvellous boy conductor whom I had seen perform at the Augusteo, and found that he was a simple merry child. I called at the Istituto Agricolo and saw there my old pupil Barrit, now a distinguished man of science, the quaker Alexander, who went to the war, unlike his brother who was a passive resister, and was killed there. I went to tea with Father Heath, who had been my companion both at Scanno and at Naples, and was now established in the College of noble ecclesiastics in the Piazza Minerva, which is the sure avenue to a Cardinal's hat. I arranged for my Secretary Ettore's education, first placing him in the hands of a Rosminian at San Carlo al Corso and then in those of the

Irish fathers in the Instituto Marcantonio Colonna which, as I had more than once occasion to experience, gives the best education in Rome. On Sunday, the third day after my return, I was able to hear a concert at the Augusteo with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Thus my life in Rome in its various aspects was resumed without difficulty. The close of the year greeted me with untoward weather, perpetual rain. I did manage a Christmas dinner, rather different to the merry one which I had with my servants last year, and on the last day of the year I called on General Ricciotti Garibaldi, the son of the great General, whom I knew personally, to condole with him on the death of his son Bruno, who had been killed fighting in the French Army. He made some prophecies about the war which did not come off but are interesting to record. He said that Bulgaria and Greece would join in February and Italy in the Spring, that the war would come to an end in October or November, Germany being exhausted, and all her Generals **bad**. He spoke most excellent English.

As we were now at war I thought it right that I should return to England to make myself useful. At my age I should be of no use in the field. I therefore offered myself for the only employments which I thought I could do well, either as an elementary schoolmaster, of which there was great need and for which I was admirably fitted, or as an interpreter, as I had a thorough knowledge of French, German and Italian. But in spite of all my efforts I got no offer of a place and therefore resigned myself to stay in Italy during the war. I could not have chosen a better

place than Rome for this purpose. We had no trouble of any kind. On one night only there was an alarm of an aeroplane, but it was entirely baseless. On January 13, 1915, there was a terrible earthquake. I was sitting in my bath and heard a strange noise, which I thought was the boy scrubbing the passage, but I soon found that it was something different. I called to my servant "Earthquake," and he repeated "Earthquake ! Earthquake !" and looked out of the window, where the trams were running as usual. It was a terrible calamity. It lasted only a few seconds and killed many thousand people. The centre was at Avezzano, in the lovely country where Gerald Balfour and myself drove some forty years before. Our palace was so securely built that all I saw were some flakes of plaster fallen from the ceiling and the portion in which I now live, which was then in building, was completely unscathed. But the Palazzo Borghese, an older building, suffered severely and a palace close by is even now scored by the traces. I suffered nothing, but some of my friends received shocks to their nerves, the effect of which lasted for some time. In the streets it was little felt, the trams ran and a schoolboy walking to school did not know that anything had happened. Scanno suffered slightly, but a little hamlet close to it lost three-fourths of its inhabitants. My friend Colarossi, who was in school at Sulmona, found the building rattling about his ears and, uninjured himself, had to stay there several months to act as nurse for the wounded, sleeping with them and dressing them. Several minor shocks of earthquake followed, and, **what was worse,**

there was extremely cold weather and heavy snow, which was terrible for the sufferers from the earthquake and prevented the discovery of the entombed. Indeed, three of my young friends who had cycled from Civita Castellana to help at Avezzano were, after sleeping several nights in the snow, obliged to return, as digging was impossible. During the whole of this season there was heavy rain, so that the Tiber was in flood and the cellars were full of water. This greatly increased the sufferings of those who were affected by the earthquake. There were rumours of Italy joining in the war, and the public funeral given to Bruno Garibaldi, which was largely attended, increased the excitement. The usual receptions continued in Rome and social life was not interrupted. I had the good fortune to meet Rodin, the famous sculptor, who had come here to make a portrait of the Pope, which ended in failure, owing to the stubbornness of His Holiness. I also lunched with Madame Duse, the actress, who was graceful and charming in all respects. At this time I saw a good deal of the Marchesa Vitti di Marco, who lived in an annex of the Villa Albani, covered with Frescoes by its Papal founder. She was enthusiastic about the English alliance with Italy and founded a league to encourage it, but the matter fell into other hands. She displayed truly American energy in her support of her husband's political advancement. He is a learned political economist, but has never attained much success in the Chamber. The spring of this year was very uneventful to me, except that I was laid up with influenza for a fortnight, and that my friend Barrit,

the Scientist, was presented with a son and heir, to whom I stood godfather. On May 22 I hired from Simonetti the apartment in which I now reside, which I have always believed to be the best in Rome. It is said that just as in Venice everyone believes that he has the best gondolier, so in Rome everyone thinks that he has the best apartment. I was to pay 196 lire a month, a very small rent. It is now impossible to get one under a thousand. Of course mine has gradually risen, but seven years later I only pay 310 lire.

On June 6 I had an audience with the new Pope. I was not favourably impressed by him. Pius X was most attractive, although a peasant by birth. He was dignified and sympathetic and looked like a saint, as indeed he was. Benedict XV was humpbacked, with no charm of countenance. He had an untuneable voice and no dignity of manner. He was dressed with special care and his gold ornaments were very fine, but this was all, in my judgment. Since his death he has gained credit for having pursued a successful policy in troubled and difficult times, but I do not think that he will ever have the reputation of having been a great Pope.

In these years I acquired some reputation as an artist's model, and was frequently asked to sit for painters and sculptors. I now sat to two sculptors for my bust. One was an English lady, Miss Williams, well known in the artistic world. She made a very good portrait of me, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy and attracted some attention. She was very kind and did me great service when I came to Rome.

She held a prominent place in our English Colony. But she spent money in building some studios, which ought to have been a success if she had not fallen into the hands of untrustworthy people who ruined her. She has now left Rome, and I do not know where she is. The other sculptor was a Dane, Lerche, a man of European reputation. He took great pains with my bust, which he made little under life size. He was very proud of it and I had it cast in bronze. It now decorates my drawing room and perhaps some day it will find a home at King's. Lerche is now dead, and the crowd of many nations which attended his funeral showed the respect in which he was held. Since that I have also sat to a Russian sculptor, by name Los. He worked very hard at my portrait, which he considered his masterpiece. It was a large bust with shoulders. I have not yet had it cast because of the expense, but my first savings will be dedicated to that object.

It was now time to think of going for a villeggiatura. I was suffering from the extreme heat, which I never do now, as I am completely acclimatized. I determined to stay at Ari, where I spent a very pleasant summer. It is a village on the uplands of the Abruzzi. It enjoys a splendid view and every foot of ground reeks with memories of Rome. Ari was, I suppose, Ara, an altar built for the veneration of the surrounding district. Here there is a palace next to the old church which belongs to Baron Nolli, of an old Abruzzese family, who has married an English wife. She kindly throws open her spare rooms to English visitors, who live there as paying guests. I was de-

lighted to make acquaintance with the peasants of the Abruzzi, of whom I had already seen much at Scanno. In my opinion the Abruzzi, sometimes called Abruzzo, is quite the most important and most promising province of Italy; It occupies the position which Piedmont occupied in my young days. While it belonged to Naples it was shamefully governed, and the inhabitants spent their spare time in brigandage. In 1875 the Roman Embassy did all they could to prevent Gerald Balfour and myself from travelling there from its extreme danger. I told them that all the brigands had now concentrated near Rome. But dangerous it certainly was. We lived among the brigands, and if any one of them thought that he would gain five francs by killing you he would certainly have done it. But happily it never occurred to him. We sat by their hearths, turned the kid on the spit, and wiped the noses of their babies. Our courier was the Sindaco of a neighbouring town, possibly as much a brigand as themselves. Our coachman was always in a terrible stew and quaked with fear. We adopted humble manners, talked Italian, spent little money and got through all right. The young men now all go to America, which is a more healthy occupation. It is quite common in this province to be addressed in English by a rough countryman who has learnt the language in America. They come home with a little money and build the first story of a house on a piece of land which belongs to them and then go out again. They return and build a second story, and so on till the house is finished. Then they marry and settle down to hear

their grandfathers talk of the briganding days with incredulous wonder. Thus they have become a really fine people. They are deeply religious, intelligent, cultured, industrious and ambitious. They are the backbone of the country, and whenever I meet an Abruzzese I always know that he is a good fellow.

To reach Ari we had to pass by Chieti, of which I have already spoken. The more you see of it the more charming it is. We had a troublesome journey in a private carriage. We had to pass over a torrential river, which is often flooded, difficult and often dangerous to cross. I hear that there is now a bridge, as there should have been years ago. The part of the palace in which I lived lay between the courtyard and the garden and I had my choice of rooms on either side. One looked straight upon the Maiella, a lovely mountain, entirely covered with snow, like a miniature Mont Blanc. In the thirteenth century it was thronged with monks and hermits, like Mount Everest. The world was so bad in those days that all good people were anxious to have as little to do with it as possible. My view from the other side was over a piece of the Adriatic, dazzling my eyes like a gem of sapphire set in a ring of golden corn. Next door to the palace was a very old church, whose noisy bells are ringing or tolling all day but always with a meaning. The "angelus" came three times, at day-break, at noon and at sunset, and was saluted by the baring of the head and the prayer. It consists of four appeals, first of three bells, then of four, then of five and then of one. I explained them to myself as the Trinity, Four Gospels, the Five Wounds of Christ, and the one God. But other explanations are given.

It is to me full of meaning, and I never hear it without emotion. I thought that it was one of the few things which were given to the church by the bad Borgia Pope Alexander VI, but I am not sure whether it was he or not. Nothing could exceed the piety of these simple villages. The Church is their life and every event of their lives is connected with it. Not to go to church on Sunday or an important Saint's day is unthinkable. The great festivals in the neighbourhood are crowded. Boys of fifteen will walk all night to a festival, amuse themselves all day, and walk back all night none the worse. Call this superstition if you like, I call it religion. All religion of the soul is mystic, and I do not know where superstition ends and religion begins. If a man says "I will believe nothing which I cannot understand and cannot give a reason for," he is not religious. The weak point is that the priests are sometimes very bad. A priest whom I saw every day, because he gave lessons to Ettore, was said to have five wives, one in each village, and I must confess that to see his sensual face close by the sacred host which he was carrying made me sick. On the other hand monks are very good and, when they come to preach a mission, are much respected.

Italy had declared war not against Germany but against Austria on May 24, 1915, so that people in the country districts began to be suspicious, and when Ettore and an English friend walked into Chieti they were arrested as spies and imprisoned, but were soon let out. During a large part of July it was very hot and I suffered from sickness and other troubles, but there was an excellent doctor who looked after

182 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

me. I did very little writing and devoted myself to the study of Cicero's letters, one of the most fascinating and instructive books in the whole of literature. On August 1, after a special service for the war, we had a "parlamento," in the old Italian style, held in the courtyard of the palace and attended by everybody. A week later another meeting was held to celebrate the arrival of some volunteers from Argentina to join the army. On this occasion a really first-rate speech was made by a young man of nineteen who had been in America; the language, the style and the manner of his address was faultless and his accent was that of a perfect gentleman. I asked what he did for his living and was told that he was a tailor. He made several suits for me at a very reasonable price and I still wear them. On the following Sunday four other volunteers arrived who had crossed the Ocean to serve the Italian army. Two came from Philadelphia, one from Buenos Ayres and one from San Paolo, in Brazil. On the day of St. Bartholomew there was a feast at Turri, a tower standing conspicuously on the hill in view of Ari, obviously the Latin Turris. It took me four hours to walk there by one road and back another and I was not tired. I could do this without difficulty at 78, but it would be impossible at 85. One of the most interesting places I visited was Guardiagrele, a large town some distance from Ari. It was the native home of every kind of art which occupied the whole population, painting, sculpture and especially metal work, some large and some fine, for which it has an unique reputation. I know of no other place where a single town has developed and preserved for several hundred years art

of every kind without any external influence. On **the** last day of August, which was the feast of San Rocco, there was a procession of 80 women carrying on their heads those magnificent copper vessels called "conche" full of maize as an offering for the Church. It was most impressive to see them walk upright without touching the conche with their hands. They ought to have been carried at the feast of St. John, a few days earlier, but as San Rocco is more popular and draws more contributions, the procession was altered to his day. It is a comparatively short distance to the coast of the Adriatic, and as Mrs. Baker, whom I have already mentioned as keeping a pension at Naples and had been staying at Ari, was now returning home, I drove with her as far as Francavilla, a favourite place on the coast, where she was to take her train. The Adriatic is certainly more attractive than the Tyrrhene Sea, and is more sought after by the Romans. We had a troublesome drive home, because the coachman was drunk.

One of our amusements in the evening was dancing in the drawing room with the peasants. In this the son and daughter of the house were especially good, because they had always lived with the people of the village. I was much attracted by a lad of sixteen who danced admirably. He was the brilliant son of a large family, twelve in number, who all slept in the same room. He talked of altering it, and to do so became a muratore or builder. His dancing was intended to attract the very pretty housemaid of the Nolli family, who treated his advances with contempt. He was very intelligent and I did what I could to help. Eventually he saved money, bought some

land, built a house with his own hands, and then asked the girl to marry him, which offer she accepted, and they lived together in the new house for a year. At the end of this time he said that it was their duty to live with the rest of the family, so that they now form part of the sleeping company of twelve, for the room has never been enlarged. Our social reformers who think that crowded bedrooms are not only unhealthy but immoral, know nothing whatever about it. They should learn a lesson from South Italy, where quite different views are taken about the matter. The peasants here were as a rule well off and frequently well educated and accomplished. I know a family of four sons, all of whom have landed property of their own and live with their mother. The youngest has studied at the University and is a good Latin and Greek scholar, as I know from having examined him. Even if they have good positions in the Army they are all peasants by birth. I drove with this youngest son, Alberto, in a gig which they call "biga," drawn by the pony "Lulu," to his University, Lanciano, which I suppose that no one out of this district ever heard of. It is a large town and has a Bishop, and a race course. We saw the races, which were very stylish. It was a long drive, eight hours there and back. Alberto was not so accomplished a whip as a scholar.

The time had now come for my departure, and I left Ari on September 22, three days before there had been the great festival of the Madonna delle Grazie, when a hundred villagers dined together in the open air. I drove to Castellamare, where I joined the railway. My friend Luigino insisted on accompanying

the whole way, and I kept up a correspondence with him, in which he told me of his success, of which I have given an account. It was a long journey and I did not get to bed till half-past eleven. In driving to Castellarftare we had great difficulty in crossing the Foro, which was in flood. The Church at Ari is under the direction of an Archpriest, who is endowed like an English Rector. He has a good house, a valuable glebe, and is well off. The post is much sought after and it is difficult to keep it out of the hands of the politicians. I used what influence I could about the matter with Cardinal Gasquet and others. The place was given to one of the de Felici family, a cousin of the scholar Alberto. He wrote me an Italian sonnet on the subject, which was so bad that I did not attempt to answer it in that tongue, but sent him instead a Latin Elegiac poem on Ari and the Abruzzi, which I venture to reproduce.

ARA

Ara ferax uvae, semper que virentis olivae,
 Ter sacer antiqua religione locus
 Insigni pietate nites, mysteria servas
 A proavis sancta consolidata fide.
 Qualia, ter felix tibi propugnacula jactas !
 Qualia defendunt noenia ab hoste domos !
 Hinc nivibus splendens nitidis Maella tuetur,
 Rupibus hinc Saxum Grande ministrat opem.
 Proxima caeruleis lavat Adria Huctibus oras,
 Addita fertilibus gemma perennis agris.
 Quantas offerimus laudes tibi, Marsica tellus
 Grande decus patriae, matris avitus honor !
 Alma parens hominum, libertatisque vetustae
 Vindex, quam timuit Roma superba diu.
 Italiae Princeps decoras Provincia frontem,
 Nobilis imperii sors tibi prima cadit.
 Aurea simplicitas, virtus sine labe decora,
 Hae tibi sunt artes, hinc tua vena salit.
 Vivida mens repetit summae vestigia famae,
 Strenuus in firmo corde laborat amor.
 Intemerata fides, nec non terrestria nactus
 Paemia, divinus spiritus intus alit.
 Nulla venenatae viget hic discordia linguae,
 Foedera amicitias inviolata tenent.
 Saecula promittunt plures ventura triumphos,
 Innumerasque tuum nomen habebit opes.

CHAPTER VIII

HOME IN ITALY

NEW APARTMENT IN ROME—ARCADIAN ACADEMY—SIR THOMAS BEECHAM—POMPEI, NEW EXCAVATIONS—MONTE CATINI—WALDENSTAN VALLEYS—CHRISTMAS AT NAPLES—SIENA—MONTE OLIVETO—BROLIO—CAPORETTO—MUSIC IN ROME—GIACINTO SPADA.

I REACHED Rome at 10 p.m. on September 22, 1915, and was presented with the keys of my new apartment, on the following day. I had already signed the agreement on July 2, and had paid a deposit for three months' rent, which I hope to recover when my lease comes to an end. The apartment was absolutely bare except that water was laid on. Gas, electricity and every species of furniture had to be supplied by me. I determined that the first objects which I bought should be a roll-top desk and a Grand piano, and I never had reason to regret that I did so. I had several offers of furniture from friends, to be acquired in a lump, but I determined to purchase the pieces separately. I was very fortunate. An Irish lady was leaving Rome, her husband had died, and I was able to get from her exactly what I wanted at a moderate price. Again, an hotel was giving up business and selling off, so I was able to complete my stock on very reasonable terms. The prices were about one-tenth of what they would have been a few

years later. I discover from my diary that during the whole of this year I was spending a great deal of time in the study of the Russian language which attracts me very much. I got to be able to read it fairly well and to translate it, but I could never speak it or understand it when it was spoken, and I have now forgotten what little I knew. I have come to the conclusion that it is very difficult to master a language after sixty or seventy. I have a passion for languages, especially for their grammar and construction, and for the way in which they deal with the difficulty of conditional sentences. The numbers of languages in which I have worked really hard, often with teachers, cannot be less than forty-three, but the living languages which I know thoroughly are only French, German and Italian. Finnish I found to be a beautiful language, though many Finlanders do not know it. Hungarian, which is said to be a relative of Finnish, I have regarded as an inexpugnable fortress. A book of mine is translated into it into two separate versions, but I cannot even understand the title page.

At this time I began to give a series of lectures on Mediaeval Italian History, which were on the whole well attended. I undertook the task for two reasons, first because History had been especially included in the objects of the British School, and as nothing had been done in it I thought that I had better make a start. Again, in consequence of the war, a Patriotic League had been founded to bring English people together. This was done by concerts and lectures, and I thought that my lectures might be useful in this connection. These lectures were continued for two

years during, the winter and were a moderate success. But when I had reached their natural termination in the Fall of Florence in 1530, I found that they caused me so much labour and expense and were so little supported either by the British School or the Patriotic League that I gave them up. I and others have spent much thought and trouble in efforts to unite the British Community in Rome together for common action, but we have not succeeded. The Germans did it admirably, the Americans do it a great deal and have taken the best rooms of a magnificent palace in producing results which are far beyond our wildest dreams. We are friendly, we do not gossip, but we do not coalesce. If anyone could have done this it would have been the Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, and his devoted wife, Lady Georgiana. If they only had a moderate success we cannot hope for triumphs. The best Salon in Rome except that of Countess Pasolini was held by Mr. and Mrs. William Miller on Sunday afternoons. He was the correspondent of the *Morning Post* and is the most popular and influential English resident in Rome, being also Chairman of the Patriotic League. His Salon was largely attended by Greeks and by members of the Baltic States, of which he had made an exhaustive study. I enjoyed the privileges of his apartment for a long time until I was called away by the attractions of the Augusteo, where we had classical music every Sunday afternoon. I have found that during my residence in Rome music wins against all rivals.

I find in my diary that on November 20 going to **hear**

La Fille de Madame Angot at a second rate theatre called the Aquario I met a young violinist to whom and to his family I was able to be of great service. The family were Italians from Arpino, the birthplace of Cicero, but were settled in Brazil. They had come to Italy to get their son Umberto taught the violin, in which an elder brother, who had died young, had been a distinguished performer. They were miserably poor as they could earn little here and could get nothing from Brazil. I did all I could for them as I discerned the lad's remarkable musical gifts and his fine character. I paid for his teaching, obtained some companions to play with him in my drawing room three times a week, educated him in the best music, especially Mozart, and thus obtained much enjoyment for myself and advantage for him. When he arrived at the age for confirmation his father wished that he should be received into the Church of England, but the Bishop refused to do so because the privileges granted to the English in Rome were accorded on the condition that we should not proselytize, I think quite rightly. So he received the Catholic Cresima for which I, by special permission, was godfather. It is a most beautiful and impressive ceremony. He took my name in addition to his own. When the war was over he and his family were able to return to Brazil, and before he did so he was able to obtain the much coveted diploma which had been the goal of his efforts and his sacrifices. That I was able to do something for a young man of exceptional talent who would otherwise have starved, is one of the consolations of my later years.

190 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

About this time I was elected a fellow of the Arcadian Academy, which I considered a great honour, especially for a Protestant. There are three Academies in Rome, the Lincei, the San Luca and the Arcadia. The Lincei, which meets and has its library in the Palazzo Corsini, is primarily scientific but also occupies itself with archaeology, for which reason the Countess Lovatelli is a member. The Academy of St. Luke is devoted to Art, and I believe is interesting, but I never attended its meetings. The Arcadia is purely literary. Its rooms, which are spacious and imposing, are in a palace connected with San Carlo al Corso. We have a large library and rich archives. Founded in the seventeenth century it naturally takes a Catholic complexion. The late Pope, Chiesa, was a member, and many Cardinals attend our meetings. We are a very democratic body and have no President; we content ourselves with a Custos, who is elected every three years. On every day in the week lectures are delivered on literary subjects. I have only attended those on Dante by Professor Salvatori, the Custos, which have been excellent. We were very active during the recent Dante celebrations. On this occasion Professor Gabrielli gave three lectures on the relation between Dante and Islam, an interesting subject on which I wrote an article in the Dublin Review. All the members are given a Latin name by the Custos : I am afraid I have forgotten mine. Once a year, on the Sunday after the Festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, we held a meeting in our villa called the Bosco Parrhasio, on the slope of the Janiculan Hill. It was given to us by

King John of Portugal. On this occasion **Latin** poems are delivered by the members, which are more or less good, and I am sorry to say are always accompanied by Italian translations. There is also music. The festival is interesting, and without being tedious has a renaissance flavour which has a certain fascination. In the room there is a large collection of portraits of members, to which I hope some day to add my own. Goethe was a Fellow and was very proud of the fact; there is a long account in the archives of his admission. When President Wilson was here we elected him a member, and Count de Salis and myself were deputed to carry to him the diploma in person. But pressure of time prevented this and de Salis attributed the mishap to the machinations of the Quirinal, which is a little jealous of the Arcadia. I have now reached the close of the year 1915, and I find in the last words of my diary: "I was never so happy in my life as now, perhaps never so well."

I celebrated New Year's Day of 1916 by a small dinner party, of which the chief novelty was a dish of buffalo, which I, in common with many Romans, had learnt to like; but I am not sure that the feeling was shared by my guests. It is now probably extinct, as I never see it in the shops. On the following day Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the concert at **the** Augusteo with marked success. Two days later I lunched with him at his hotel and we had a discussion as to which of us knew Mozart best. I beat him with Mozart's Concerto for flute and harp, which I knew better than he did, but when he played to me an air from Zaide which I never heard I confessed **that**

192 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

he had won. I was also able to hear Paesiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, a little known work, with a curious history. It is well known that Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia* was hissed on its first performance at the Argentina, and this is attributed to the presence of a large Paesiello clique who could not bear that their favourite should be eclipsed by an unknown upstart.

January 17 was my seventy-ninth birthday. I had many presents, letters and telegrams, and the fact was duly notified in the London newspapers. But the greatest honour was that I was asked to dine with the Union Club in the Piazza di Spagna, of which I was not at that time a member. We had a distinguished company, the Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd, being in the chair. The speeches were strictly limited, I made a very poor one. There was a reception afterwards which was largely attended. It was an honour which I highly appreciated but it will never be repeated. To gain it you have to be well known enough to be popular but not well known enough to have enemies. During the whole of this spring I had music in my drawing room three times a week, with a piano and two violins. It was mainly for the education of the young Brazilian of whom I have spoken, but also for the propaganda of Mozart, who although more than half an Italian is quite unknown to Italy. I am now, after seven years, engaged in the same struggle, not altogether without effect, encouraged by the success which the efforts of a whole life have produced in England, where at last Mozart is coming to be acknowledged as superior to Beethoven. This

spring was saddened by the sudden death of Count Balzani, a distinguished Historian, as well known in England as in his country, the bosom friend of Creighton. In April Asquith, the Prime Minister, paid a visit to Rome, and was very well received. He stayed at the Embassy. The Sindaco gave him a very imposing reception in the magnificent rooms of the Capitol, where I met him and talked to him. I had seen him constantly in London as a young man, as we used often to meet at the National Liberal Club, which was then in Trafalgar Square. My first connection with him was when Jowett recommended him for a holiday tutorship with Lord Lyvington, who was then my pupil at Eton. Lyvington was an excellent and well-meaning man but was over-educated for his abilities, and the first thing that Asquith did as Prime Minister was to turn him out of office, upon which Lyvington left the party and joined the opposition.

At Rome Asquith made as good a speech as I ever heard him make, which deeply impressed those listening to it. He dealt with the relations between England and Italy, and left a most favourable impression. I remember once asking Bryce to give me a full account of what passed when he first became a minister. He said that for himself the most exciting moment was when he was left absolutely alone with the Queen to receive the keys of the Duchy of Lancaster; how he might have seized her by the throat and forced her to divulge any secret. He asked me to guess what the Queen had said to him. I failed to do so, which was no wonder, because her only remark

194 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

was "What a tremendously long way they have put the ink off." She regarded the new Liberal Ministers with a look of suspicion, and said that Asquith, who was Home Secretary, seemed very young for the post. Asquith was marked out early as a future Prime Minister. The certainty that he would be so came to me when I was dining with the Eighty Club, with Gladstone as guest of the evening, and I thought that Asquith, who proposed his health, made by far the better speech of the two.

After the middle of April the weather was getting warmer, so I went to Naples for a change. My first visit was to Gutteridge's famous haberdasher's shop, which darkens a large space of the Toledo. It is certainly better than any in Rome. Mr. Gutteridge was a most able and cultivated man, but spoke very poor Italian, although he conducted the largest part of his business in that language. One of his sons was a pupil of mine at Cambridge, who after a brilliant career went to the Bar, where I hope he is doing great things. It is always a joy at Naples to eat oysters, the only place in Italy where they can be negotiated with safety. I visited Pompei for about the fifteenth time, but for the first time saw the Nuovi Scavi, which gave me a shock of surprise. They have been excavated in such a manner that everything is preserved, even the dead bodies. You walk into the street of Abundance and see everything just as the inhabitants left, as if they had gone out for a walk and were coming back. The upper stories are preserved, the inscriptions on the walls in ruddle are as fresh as the day they were made, the dinner table had not been

cleared after the feast. What surprised me was the intense political life of this little town. An empire where political passion raged so strongly, even if it was largely concerned with parochial matters could not have been effete nor could religion have been absent if so much money was spent on rebuilding temples. One also felt the enormous difference which the teaching of Christ had brought into the world. In that society there was no shame or modesty about sexual relations, a brothel held the same position in the life of a man or a boy as a Turkish Bath now. Christianity brought about this change and nothing else could have done it. Every thinking man or woman should visit these excavations, which will give them a new conception, favourable or unfavourable, of the ancient world. I returned to Rome on May 1, and was met at the station by the affectionate salutations of the Cialone family, including my Brazilian violinist.

On Empire Day 1916 our branch of the Patriotic League held a Garden Party at the Hotel de Russie, which was a great success. The hotel is excellently suited for the purpose, as there is a large garden behind on the slopes of the Pincian. Some of the College students sang songs, Miller made an admirable speech, we had a good band, and everything passed off harmoniously. We had as guests a Cardinal and a Member of Parliament, Gasquet, and Baker. During the last few years the party has always been held at the Embassy, where there is a large garden. The only drawback is that Cardinal Gasquet cannot be present, but perhaps under the

196 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

present liberal Pope this restriction may be removed. On the last occasion the King's birthday was substituted for Empire Day, which we thought an improvement, but June 3 is rather late for English residents, as many of them begin their villeggiatura before that date.

For a long time, indeed ever since I knew her, my "Mama," that is my housekeeper, had been in bad health, and she had the idea that she could be cured by a visit to Monte Catini, the most popular watering place in Italy, the favourite resort of Verdi. It is now somewhat obscured by the reputation of Fiuggi. After endeavouring by many devices to arrange this cure for her without expense, I determined to take her myself, with her two children, Ettore and Rosina. After a very hot June we set off on July 10 and arrived early in the afternoon. It is a very lovely place, laid out in the best Italian style, with walks, gardens and plantations. It is extremely hot, indeed the heat is supposed to be part of the cure, and it is absolutely level. The life is very simple and might be thought monotonous. At six o'clock in the morning we drove to the wells, for walking in that heat was impossible. There we drank the waters according to directions, for taught by my Marienbad experience, I obeyed the doctor's directions slavishly. After this we had breakfast in the same place to the music of an excellent band, and crawled home for dinner. After a slight repose, which in Italy we call a "Kilo," we go to another spring called the Rinfresco, where we drink more water to a better band. After supper we go to the theatre and

then to bed. The salient fact about Monte Catini is its ruinous expense, for which it is called Monte Quattrini, but that of course is part of the cure. We took some interesting excursions with due regard to the programme of the cure. We went up the hill to the Castles of Ugucione de Ia Faggiola and Cas-truccio Castracane. Ettore and myself took a holi-day to fascinating Lucca, which I had known in old days. I remember the Sacristan of the Cathedral many years ago talking to me with enthusiasm of his little son, who was a genius and had a "voce bianca" which was the admiration of the province. I found him out, a portly middle-aged man, with affectionate remembrance of his father, but nothing white about him except his hair. Of course I was haunted by recollections of Shelley and of Elisa Bacciochi, a statesmanlike genius who has never been done justice to. After ten days, the statutable cure, leaving Ettore and myself behind, Mama and Rosina went away. The doctor reported to me that she was extremely ill of advanced consumption, but that she might live a little longer if she came to Monte Catini every year. Now, six years later, she is better than ever, and has never been to the baths since. The doctor underrated the efficiency of his own waters. They undoubtedly did me much good. We left after an unforgettable visit to Pistoia, an enchanting town where the best Italian is spoken and the mountains are full of Pagan witches, by a very disagreeable journey from Genoa, and after sleeping at Turin reached our destination, Torre Pellice, on August 2. This is the chief village in the Waldensian valleys

198 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

which it was now my object to visit. They are three in number and are inhabited by Protestants, who for many centuries have fought nobly for their independence. After Napoleon had done his best for them they were finally emancipated by Charles Albert of Piedmont, on February 17, 1848. We boarded at the excellent Hotel du Pare, but lodged with a retired Pastor named Romano, to whose kindness, and especially that of his wife, I shall always be grateful. The valleys are full of walks and are extremely beautiful, being shaded by huge chestnut trees. My own opinion about the Waldensians is that they are a remnant of the reforming movement in the Catholic Church, which began with Bishop Bogomil, of Bulgaria, spread over a large portion of Europe, and has never received the attention which it deserves. Their name is certainly not derived from Waldo and probably means people of the valley. It is generally said that they all talk French, but that is only partly true. They all talk Italian and many of them know French, but the services are chiefly in Italian. The service is now the usual Presbyterian service conducted by a Pastor. On Sunday I always attended the large church at Torre Pellice, but in the afternoon a service was held on a mountain side in the open air, which recalls the concealed conventicles of the times of persecution. Singing is always an important part of them and the hymns, many of which are due to that striking genius Pastor Giampiccioli, whose recent death is a terrible blow to the community, are known to the whole of the Church and are often sung in families. The society is very agreeable, simple, religious and

cultured. It is a common practice to live without servants, even among those who are very well off. The whole work of the house is done by the young ladies. Waldensian servants are much appreciated when they go out and I believe that the Queen of Italy employs many of them. On August 15 the Waldensians hold their annual festival. Among Catholics it is the Assumption of the Virgin, the Ferragosto as it is called in Italy, the great summer festival and the birth of Napoleon. Naturally the Waldensians did not observe it, but their Catholic oppressors made them observe something, so they chose this day to celebrate their return to their country and the definite establishment of their Church. This year the festival was held at Bobbio, at the head of the valley, amongst the hills. I hired a carriage and I had great difficulty in persuading Romano to give the best place or indeed any place at all to his wife. The position of women in Italy is very bad. Madame Romano had all the money, but her husband claimed it for himself. The festival was largely attended from all parts of the Waldensians community and was held under a large oak tree on the slope of the hill. The service lasted for two hours, with prayer, preaching and praise, and was deeply impressive. After lunch we paid a visit to the monument of Henri Arnaud, the great hero of the Vaudois, their pastor, their historian, their coloniser in peace, their leader in war. He was born in the valley in 1641, but at the age of twenty removed to Switzerland, was educated at Geneva, and returned to the valleys as Pastor. Exiled by Victor Amedeus he took refuge first in

200 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

Holland and then in Switzerland. He found a powerful protector in the Prince of Orange, when he became King of England. On the evening of August 15, 1689, the date which we were then celebrating, he crossed the Lake Lemman with a thousand Vaudois and French refugees well equipped, traversed the Mont Cenis with difficulty, received reinforcements, and defeating the French troops who were sent to oppose him, reached the valleys in September. The last twenty-five years of his life he spent in gaining the sympathy of liberal Europe for the Waldensians and in organizing their government, establishing colonies in other countries with the Table, the Synod, a number of Pastors and a subsidy from England. He died on September 3, 1721. We took tea with the venerable Pastor of Bobbio and reached Torre Pellice in the evening, after a long day. We found that Romano's daughter had accomplished the whole excursion on foot. The valley of the Agogna which falls into the Pellice is very picturesque and has many bathing places. Although an ancient member of the Alpine Club I was too old for expeditions, so Ettore went in my place with a number of boys to the Col della Croce, which leads into France, and did not return till next day.

In the last week of August there was held a General Congress of all the Waldensian communities throughout the world. I was allowed to attend and it was most interesting. On the opening Sunday, Giampiccioli preached a magnificent sermon, and in the afternoon there was a service on the hill under the chestnut trees, which was most beautiful and impres-

sive. I was made a member of the Waldensian Guild and was treated quite like one of themselves. During my stay in the valley I was working hard every morning on my History of the World, but the afternoons were devoted to excursions and visits, where I found a most cultivated society. Luzerna is a very interesting place with a large modern palace and a Tree of Liberty which commemorated the Italian revolution of 1821. The war began to make itself felt, and one morning I saw 400 Alpini depart to Salonica and 900 arrive from Pinerolo. After dinner at the hotel, the evenings were spent with whist, music or conversation. There were two drawing rooms, one of them small and very dull, called the "English Salon," and entirely occupied by them. The ladies amused themselves with gossip, consisting chiefly of the abuse of the Italians, so that I avoided them. To understand the Italians you must know their language and this these ladies, although they lived in Italy, very seldom did. On September 6 we had our first snow in the mountains, which generally comes at this time, September 8 being the birthday of the Virgin, whence the German motto "Marien Geburt die Schwalben fort." On the hill above the valley is a fort built by the Piedmontese to keep the population in order. It is now a private house, where I have often enjoyed hospitality. Heavy rain came on and we began to think of going, but in spite of the bad weather I did not leave Torre Pellice till October 11, because I had to stay for Ettore to complete his governmental examination. A great addition to our society during the last weeks was made by the Cippico family, **the**

lady being a most cultured member of the Plowden family, the husband a gifted Dalmatian who is now Professor of Italian in the University of London, and two sons who promised distinguished careers in which I believe that they are now engaged.. Ettore and myself travelled to Rome by way of Pisa, where I refreshed my memories of the Cathedral and its marvellous surroundings and of the houses of Byron and Shelley, both haunted by the spirits of genius. I reached Rome on October 14, bringing with me the recollection of one of the pleasantest holidays I ever spent. I trust that those who read my account of it will follow my example. The rest of the year I spent quietly at Rome. I worked steadily at my History of the World, never writing less than a thousand words a day. I also continued my lectures on the History of Italy which, so far as the weather permitted, were very well attended. Two notable Englishmen entered into our society, both clergymen, one of the Church of England, the other a Nonconformist. Archdeacon Sissons was our new chaplain. He was universally popular, was not obtrusively spiritual but was full of Christian charity and common sense. His sermons never lasted more than ten minutes, but they were always worth hearing. I prefer long sermons, if I am to hear them at all. As a candidate for Parliament, the usual length of my speeches was an hour and a half, which gave me time to turn round and wearied those who merely came to interrupt, otherwise the audience did not diminish. But his chief success was in finance. The Church accounts were in terrible confusion and there was a large deficit. Every

Sunday he told us what he had received and asked for more. This was really interesting, was extremely effective, and was in accordance with the customs of the early Christian Church. He was obliged to leave Rome from ill health. His loss was deeply felt and his ministry still remains as a standard by which others are to be judged. Edwin Smith, who presided over the British and Foreign Bible Society, was a very remarkable man. I had met him at Torre Pellice, where he attended as a delegate the annual Congress of the Waldensians. He had been with his wife an early missionary to the Northern Rhodesians, and his account of these tribes is a masterpiece of anthropology, rarely if ever surpassed. After work there, which it is almost inconceivable that an English lady and gentleman should have been able to endure, the war summoned him to the trenches, where he acted as "padre" for two years, and the peace brought him here. He is now called away to serve his society in a still larger sphere. My friendship and respect for him will not allow me to enlarge on his merits. I will only say that I never met a more faultless character or a friend whose absence I more constantly feel and whose influence I more persistently value.

Christmas and the New Year I spent at Naples in my old quarters on the Margellina. The weather was lovely, so that rowing on the sea was like summer in England. I returned to Rome for my eightieth birthday, January 17, 1917. By the advice and with the assistance of my friend Miss Williams, I gave a tea party to celebrate it at the Albergo Reale in the Via XX Settembre. At least a hundred people were

204 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

present and it went off very well. I have never had the energy to repeat the experiment. My rooms were crowded with flowers and my table with letters and telegrams. Eighty seems to be an epoch in a man's life. I suppose that he has no other till ninety. The English papers were full of my name. My friends in England said, with pardonable exaggeration, that the English Press had forgotten the war for twenty-four hours and talked about nothing but me.

The Spring of 1917 passed in the usual manner with much writing of history, Russian exercises, and music consisting of Bach and Mozart. The weather was very cold and cheerless, February being in my experience the worst month of the year in Rome. On March 14 Ettore Antinori, who had been in my service for many years, was summoned to the Army, serving in the field artillery. His mother fainted and was ill for several days. Certainly military service in war time is a terrible calamity for families, when every day may bring news of the dear one's death. He was never wounded, but on many occasions the man walking next to him was shot dead. I had engaged a servant from Torre Pellice who had all the Waldensians virtues, but, being accustomed to the North, the climate of Rome did not agree with him and I was obliged to send him away.

In March I had the privilege of hearing Saint Saens play at the Augusteo. When I was in London he played twenty-four Concertos of Mozart, of which I heard sixteen. He is perhaps the only man whom I have heard play Mozart as he ought to be played. On one occasion he told us that the Concerto which

he had just given he had played first as a boy of fifteen, being then over seventy. He therefore possessed all the right traditions. The only Mozart player I now care to listen to is Busoni, but then there is much of himself. The one hope of modern music is "Back to Mozart." The Spring of 1917 passed uneventfully except for the increasing interest of the war and the part taken in it by the Italians. We had a deputation of Members of Parliament, whom I met at several places, notably at a garden party at the Embassy, where they impressed me as very provincial and very ignorant of Continental affairs. It was notable also for a series of lectures by Mrs. Strong, in which she broke new ground in the preference of Asiatic Art to Athenian. She showed how Pergamus was the progenitor of the Barocco, which is undoubtedly true. Our Classical education has led us to attach too much importance to the Art of Athens both in sculpture and in literature and the neglect of that of Asia Minor. Cicero studied at Athens but the fascination and exuberance of his style came from Miletus. Homer came from Asia, Sappho and Alcaeus from the Islands. Mithradates and Mausolus were sources of Asiatic inspiration, and the conquest of these regions by the Romans may have been a serious injury to the world. In my early days at Rome I was taught to detest all the work of Bernini, I now admire him very much and consider his Apollo and Daphne and the canopy over the high Altar at St. Peter's as masterpieces. The keynote of Athenian Art was renunciation, that of Asiatic Art and its successors was enjoyment. The danger of **the**

one is coldness, that of the other unrestrained self indulgence. We have now learned that both have their merits and that the second is the more fruitful parent. It was also notable that on Empire Day, which was celebrated as usual at the Hotel de Russie, the speech was made by the Ambassador, Sir Rennell Rodd, who invited us for the future to keep it at the Embassy, which we have done ever since. In June I began studying the Georgian language with a lady of that nation. I found it extremely interesting with a most attractive alphabet. She said that its origin was entirely unknown, and could not tell me whether it was spoken by Medea. It was very difficult and I did not make much progress, but I am glad that I began it. I also spent some time in learning Hebrew, the last of my forty-three. I wished that I had studied it as a boy and lamented the day when Greek, with which I have been familiar since I was eight years old, will be to most people an unknown language. Hebrew is a most majestic mode of utterance, no translation can give you any idea of it. If God spoke, he spoke in Hebrew. I remember Henry Sidgwick saying to me that he did not know whether the first chapter of Genesis was true, but that in Hebrew it was certainly inspired. An auction at the Farnesina gave me an opportunity of studying the pictures of Sodoma and Baldassare Peruzzi, which is rarely permitted to visitors. I carried off some memorials but there was nothing worth buying.

On July 4 I started for my villeggiatura, which I had determined to spend at Siena. I did not know that it was to be my last. I spent four months there,

not returning till November, as I could not tear myself away from that lovely place. The house I lodged in opened on to the Lizza, a public garden full of shade and flowers. I had a good view from my windows and was able to do much steady work. At the end of the Lizza rose the Fortezza built by Cosmo de Medici to keep the town in order after its conquest by the Florentines. I walked there every morning before breakfast and it is full of delightful recollections. The first morning I met a young medical student, with whom I afterwards passed every morning till my departure. I taught him English and he is now one of my most intimate friends and a rising physician. The summit of the fortress is a playground for all those who can get up early enough to enjoy it. It has a spacious view over the town and the mountains behind. I there met a school of orphan boys with their excellent masters, in whose games I joined and to whose apparatus of amusement I contributed. There was also another company who kept aloof and seemed sad. They had no fathers or mothers and their parentage was unknown. I made friends with them and visited them in their College and did what I could to increase their comforts. Siena seems to be full of these benevolent institutions which I believe are not uncommon in Italian towns. So far as I was able to see they were admirably managed. Siena is certainly the most beautiful town I have ever seen in Italy. The centre of attraction is the Cathedral. It is if any deserves the name a sermon in stone. You can sit for hours under the shadow of the matchless pulpit and let your eye

208 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

wander over every detail which meets it, and in each there will be some new charm. You scarcely remember that there is a library of service books behind you decorated with frescoes of Pinturicchio fresh as the day when they were painted. Dr. Arnold, in writing of this to a friend, gives it a hasty notice and says : " You know me too well to suppose that I care for these things."

Then there is the noble square of the Campo shaped like an upturned shell. The lofty bell tower which rises from it is called the Mangia from the nickname of a former keeper. The Palace of the Lords of the Republic which occupies one side of the enclosure is full of works of Art. It is here that I first learned to appreciate the genius of Sodoma, who certainly deserves a place in the first rank of painters. His versatility was certainly marvellous, there was no kind of Art, however humble, to which he did not apply himself with success. His two best known masterpieces are perhaps the Christ at the Pillar and the Fainting of St. Catherine, but his variety is exuberant, and all details with which he fills his panels are not equally good. The lavish generosity of his imagination has perhaps interfered with his reputation. But the glory of the " Campo " lies in the horse races which take place there twice a year, called the Palio, from the piece of embroidered tapestry which according to the custom of the Middle Ages forms the prize in these contests. The city of Siena is divided into contrade or wards, as we call them, of which there are now seventeen, but there were once many more. They are called after the names of animals. Each

contrada has a chapel, in which services are celebrated, which I have often attended. The chapels are decorated with frescoes, often by first-rate artists. Besides this there is either in the chapel or elsewhere a shrine containing the colours and uniforms of the **contrada** and the record of the victories which it has won in the Palio. The tie between the members of the **contrade** is very close and all the members are jealous of its reputation. The honour of the **contrada** would be sullied if a serious crime were committed by one who belonged to it. Thus in each **contrade** there is a kind of Ward patriotism, which deeply affects the character of the town. Each Ward is founded on Religion and Art and crowned by Sport. It is therefore easier to control the tone and the behaviour of a large city when it is thus divided, than if such divisions did not exist. Could not such a system be applied with success to a city like Nottingham? **The** Ward worship of Religion, Art and Sport was always to me a subject of deep interest, and I took great pains to inform myself about it. Only ten **contrade** specially selected run each year for the prize. Each horse and the fantino who rides him is solemnly blessed by the priest in the **contrada** chapel. Those who are to contend meet in their gorgeous uniforms with their huge flags in the square of St. Augustine and proceed to the Campo, attended by the population of the town. They march round the Campo with the Standard Bearer of the Commune at their head. **The** Palio, the prize, is borne aloft on the **carroccio**, **the** communal car which played so important a part in **the** mediaeval battles. The signal is given, the horses

race three times madly round the Campo, the jockeys beating each other more violently than their horses. At length the gong announces that the race is at an end. The Palio is solemnly presented to the victorious jockey, and horse and rider go in triumph to the church of their ward. At one time the winning horse was carried up the staircase of the Chigi Palace, which looks on the square, to the drawing room; but Marchesa Chigi told me that once being alone in the house she forbade it, and I believe that it has not been done since.

The Piccolomini family which gave Pius II to the Papal Chair and a famous singer to the Operatic stage still exists. The head of it paid me a solemn visit on my arrival and told me that he had come to greet me as a distinguished man of letters and invited me to his house, where I often went. The famous Fonte Branda, which is 900 years old, is still in vigour, the upper part forming a place for washing clothes and the lower a swimming bath. It lies at the foot of the house of Saint Catherine, which may still be seen. No doubt she has ever since her death exerted an abiding influence over the town, which is always felt acknowledged. I often went to the swimming bath, as I am passionately fond of swimming, and often gave prizes to the boys and young men for swimming and diving.

The air of Siena is very pure, as it stands on a high table land, but it can be very hot, but as it is sometimes extremely cold, it is generally avoided in winter. I had intended to pay another visit to Monte Catini, but the doctor who examined me said that Siena

would be just as good. My usual amusement was to go every evening to the Lizza, where there was an excellent band.

Siena was a very convenient place for excursions. I usually took them with my friend Alessandro Filipponi, the medical student whom I met on the Fortezza on my first visit. The first place we went to was Albacolumba, the summer residence of the Franciscan school of which he had been a master. It was high on the hills with a bracing air. The visit gave me great pleasure, as I am never so happy as in a place of education. I enjoyed seeing the boys, and especially their affection and respect for Sandro, which showed me that he might have made a high reputation as a teacher if he had not chosen to devote himself to the body rather than to the mind. On the Assunta we had a most impressive service in the Cathedral, which was without a fault. We had good music and the Archbishop gave an admirable address from the steps of the Sanctuary. At this time we ought to have had the Ferragosto Palio, but it was discontinued during the war.

A memorable expedition was to Monte Oliveto, a Benedictine Convent now suppressed. It lies in a distant and rather wild part of Tuscany. We passed on the way the small medieval town of Buonconvento, with its ancient gate and tower, where the Emperor Henry VII, on whom Dante's hopes were fixed for the regeneration of Italy, died in 1313, poisoned it is said by a chalice which he received at the altar. The Convent of Monte Oliveto is an excellent preservation and might be occupied to-morrow. Its great

212 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

attraction lies in the frescoes of Sodoma and Luca Signorelli, which decorate the galleries surrounding the great court. Anyone who studies them will come to the conclusion that Sodoma should be placed in the first rank of Italian painters. His versatility, his grace, his imagination are beyond all praise, and no one should miss them. Although the majestic halls are deserted, a few country lads are still educated by the monks who remain, who perform the services and receive a training which may fit them for a religious life. I was happy to contribute something to the good work. I parted from this most impressive spot with great reluctance and wrote under my name in the visitors' book " *Viventne ossa ista, Domine tu nostri.*" Another long drive which I took in company with Sandro Filipponi was to San Gimignano, a town generally known for the number of its towers, as the one place to which it is certain that Dante was sent as ambassador. But the visitor is surprised to find that it is a priceless museum of art. We visited the hall in which Dante appeared on May 7, 1300, still decorated by frescoes which he must have seen. We have magnificent works of Bonozzo Gozzoli, exquisite carvings of Benedetto di Maiano, frescoes of Ghirlandai, while the ascent of the Rocca or Castle affords a magnificent view. As we drove there and back our time was short, but it is a place which merits a visit of at least a week. Staggia and Poggibonsi, on the road, are well worth attention. On September 20 I witnessed a long procession of *contrade* carrying huge flags, which gave me an idea of the splendours of the Palio which I was never to see. A week later

I had the privilege of a private inspection of the head of St. Catherine of Siena which I examined carefully. I thought it supremely beautiful. This last week of September was extremely hot, as I have found it to be in Rome. At this time I received much hospitality at the Palazzo Chigi, which overlooks the Campo. The mother of the Marquess was an English lady, whose family I had known in England, and his wife was a Princess Colonna, sister of Vittoria Caetani, whom I had often seen in Rome. Marchesa Isa spends the winter in the Borghese Palace in Rome, and there I have often visited her.

At the beginning of October I made another expedition with my friend Sandro to Brolio, the magnificent castle of the Ricasoli family, where the best Chianti wine is manufactured. It took us a long afternoon, it gave me an impressive vision of the residence of a great Italian noble. We saw the whole of the Palace and also the cantine for the manufacture of the wine. Our way home lay through roads of grapes, often of a golden colour, of which we took frequent toll. Another indispensable visit was to the battlefield of Montaperti, where the Florentines were entirely defeated by the Sieneese. From the hill above we could trace the whole of the battle and the little stream of the Arbia below which was stained by blood. There were also some interesting monuments in the church.

Although the Autumn weather was bad, I could not tear myself away from Siena, which held me with a strange fascination so that I did not leave till November 6. This was the time of the terrible

214 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

disaster of Caporetto, **but** I heard nothing about it till I reached Chiusi, and then the facts were imperfectly known. I bade an affectionate farewell to all my friends, and after a velleity of stopping at Arezzo I determined to travel straight to Rome. The train was uncomfortably crowded and late, so I slept at Chiusi, which I had visited years before when I walked over the hills from Perugia with Marchie Gosselin. We found a good hotel and good food. At supper the whole conversation was about Caporetto and the disaster of the Italian Army. The general opinion was that the Italian Army had been corrupted by too much leave, surreptitious intercourse with the Austrian troops and general weariness of the war. Without examining Chiusi I took an early train for Rome and travelled comfortably with some officers from the front who had been wounded at the Tagliamento and who thought it very unlikely that 'the Italian Army would be unable to hold the Piave. I reached my house at Rome on February 7 and have never left it since, even for a single night. As I had no regular servant I was accompanied by Carlo Belleschi, the well known valet de place at Siena, who knows every stone of the Cathedral by heart, and he stayed with me till I got suited. I found a decent balance at my Banker's. At the request of the Secretary Loughnan I consented to become a member of the Union Club in the Piazza di Spagna. Its name implies that it is composed of English and Americans with a limited number of Italians. But during the time that I belonged to it the English were very little in evidence, and the greatest energy was shown by the Italians.

Of my last five years at Rome I cannot give, a detailed account, but a slight sketch may not be out of place. The regular receptions which I found when I first came to Rome had gradually come to an end, partly from a cause which could not have seemed adequate, the extreme costliness of cakes. If a guest ate ten little fancy cakes it would cost the host as much as providing him with a dinner. Circumstances allowed me to consolidate some friendships which have been a great comfort to a closing life. I will first mention Count de Salis, the English Ambassador to the Vatican, the model of a courtly and cultivated English gentleman. He is a first-rate diplomatist, probably the best we have had in Rome, and I rejoice at the wise decision which has determined not to deprive the English Government of an assistance whose loss we should immediately feel. He introduced me to the Arcadia and we often sat there together in the most prominent seats. I was often invited to the hospitable board of the Princess Teresa Colonna, in my judgment the cleverest and the best lady in Rome, whose conversation was a perpetual delight. She was the widow of Prince Marcantonio Colonna, the head of that illustrious family. Her mother had been English of the Lock family, but her father was a Caracciolo of Naples. She generally talked English and had strong English sympathies. This year I had my Christmas dinner at Mrs. White's Pension, where I had lived for two years before I came into my present house. We had a very amusing party.

My spiritual adviser was at this time a young Englishman named Reynolds, whose brother I had known

216 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

in Russia. He was a man of perfect character, a pupil of the Bede College, which now had its rooms in my street. He suffered for some years from a painful disease which eventually suddenly killed him. His memory will never be forgotten by his friends. He told me of a new club which had just been started by the Due de Luynes called the Roma-Parigi, with the idea of uniting these great cities in bonds of inseparable friendship. There was to be a sister club of Parigi-Roma in the other capital. It was to be a union of fashion and intellect. Those on the intellectual ticket were elected on a reduced fee and I was fortunately one of the number, being proposed by the Duke of Sermoneta and Count Giuseppe Primoli. We were established in the Hotel Splendide, in magnificent apartments, where everything went in perfect order, mainly owing to the genius of Madame Dora Melagari, one of the ablest ladies I have ever met. Unfortunately we were turned out of the palace by the commercial society called the Ilva and had to find a refuge elsewhere. With great difficulty we found it in the catacombs of the Hotel Excelsior. Fortunately our solitude was alleviated by loan of the large room of the Jockey Club, which made things a little better. But our prosperity dwindled until Prince Doria gave us a helping hand and settled us in his palace with rooms which are surpassed by none in Rome. Italian Clubs differ from English in several respects. They are equally open to men and women. Indeed an Italian Club is unthinkable without women as the Athenaeum would be with. They are not generally crowded except in the evening, when

I never go, unless there is a lecture or a concerto or the reception of some distinguished person or company. Still they are very comfortable places and I spend many happy hours in the Roma Parigi, which is now called the Rome, and the Associazione della Stampa, of which I also am a member.

The tragedy of the war thickened. The railway station was occupied by troops of various nationalities, mostly English, passing to and fro. English men and women, residents in Rome, were spending their lives in thinking how they could help the war, meeting soldiers at the railway, providing for their comfort and amusements in Rome, giving them lectures on the City, which I am afraid were better appreciated by the non-commissioned officers and the privates than by the officers, who regarded Rome chiefly as a place of amusement. Clubs were provided for them and no dances were complete without them. My little "bit" in this task consisted in teaching Italian to a small party of Naval Telegraphists, who were connected with the wireless station at Noumana. Their society brightened up my summer months. I had already learnt, in my work at the Cambridge Training College, the charm of common English boys, and any appreciation I may have had of them was deepened by my present experience. They were faultless in manner, in courtesy and in diligence. Some of them learned Italian so thoroughly that they could read, talk, write and even teach it themselves. Their morals were spotless, living in the most crowded streets in Rome, in the midst of every temptation, they kept pure and innocent minds. I wish I could

218 MEMORIES OF LATER YEARS

say **the** same of those who had charge of them. I was much struck with one of them, an Irish Catholic, who had a deep desire to lead a literary life and asked me to help him. I gave him a Shakespeare and a Matthew Arnold, both of which opened to him new vistas of excellence. He wrote letters of rare literary excellence, of considerable promise. But his last letter told me that, having lost three brothers in the war, and being the only survivor, he would have to marry, and must therefore take up work by which he could live, which would certainly not be literature. Another of these young men writes to me regularly in the most admirable English and has just told me that he is engaged to be married. I never come across this class without feeling that they are the backbone of England, and I wish that our public schools could produce anything like them.

I was now forbidden by the doctor to leave Rorfie, as travelling was for me impossible. With a first-class ticket I might spend the night in a corridor of a train without warmth or food, an experience which might kill a man over eighty. I have therefore never slept out of this house for a single night since November 7, 1917, and I have felt better every year. Rome is the healthiest city in the world, for those whom the climate suits. Every afternoon a breeze rises from the sea and the mountains, which refreshes and purifies everything. There are few flies and no mosquitos. To me the temperature of 100 Fahrenheit is very pleasant, provided that I do not walk out in the sun. During the war the society has slowly dwindled, so that I have had to take refuge in music.

In this city there are six musical societies known to me, and all of which I am a member. The Augusteo comes first, the burial place of Augustus and his family, till Hadrian built the Castle of St. Angelo. It is the parent of our Albert Hall, but far more beautiful. The Sala Bach was built by my dear friend Hatty Herz, and is now devoted to the object for which she intended it. The "Amici della Musica" meet in the noble Hall of the Collegio Nazzareno; the Gruppo Universitario in their own University. The Accademia affords charming concerts of Chamber music and a more varied entertainment is provided by the Philharmonic Society, sometimes called the Sala Sgambati. The only drawback of these concerts is the desire of the Italians to hear the music of their own time and country and if possible of their own friends. These I cannot stand, they make me sick. There is no living school of modern Italian music as there is of French and Spanish.

With some labour I formed a string quartet of my own to come to play once a week in my drawing room, confined as far as possible to the works of Mozart. I was content to be the only audience, "Spectator vacuo solus plausorque theatro." But we have suffered a terrible loss. At the last concert the players told me that they were leaving for San Benedetto del Tronto to perform in the orchestra of the Opera and would be absent for a month. Their leader was Giacinto Spada, twenty-five years old, deputy leader of the Orchestra of the Augusteo in conjunction with Oscar Zuccarini, who was ten years older. He was a

violinist of absolute accomplishment. It was a delight to hear him and to see him play, and I sat in the front row of the Augusteo for that purpose. I anticipated a great future for him, not only in Italy but in the world. He played for the last time a quartet on Monday, July 3, and on Saturday, July 22, I was told that he was dead, drowned that morning in the sea. His qualities were acknowledged by the whole of Italy, his funeral was attended at San Benedetto by three or four thousand mourners, most of them strangers, and behind his hearse at Rome a company of five hundred men and women walked on foot. We hope to continue our work and immortalize his memory, but it will be difficult to do so without the guiding hand of Giacinto Spada.

INDEX

Acton, Lord, 15-19
Alps, Crossing on Tricycle, 34
Antinori, Ettore and family,
159, 160, 181, 196, 197
Apponyi, 97-99
Arcadian Academy, 190
Areopagus, The, 161, 162
Ari, 178-185
Asquith, H. H., 28
 Visit to Rome, 193
Austria, Visit to, 100, 101

Baalbek, 139-141
Bancroft, Sir Squire and
 Lady, 38, 39
Bannerman, Campbell, 26-30
Baroda, The Gaikwar of, 84,
 85
Bayreuth, 57
Beck, Theodore, 83
Beecham, Sir Thomas, 192
Bentinck, Sir W., 11
Bertram, Sir Anton, 134-136
Beyrut, Visit to, 133
Boer War, 59-64
"Botticella," Dinner at the,
 12
British Academy of Arts, 14
Buckland, C. K., 67-69

Cambridge, Work at, 89
 Difficulties, 96,
 114, 115
 Training College,
 122, 123

Chamberlain, J., 59-61
Christian Science, Conversion
 to, 120
Colonna, Princess T., 215
Colyer, Douglas, 151
Conradin, 172
Curzon as Viceroy, 63, 66-71,
 75-78
Cyprus, Visit to, 134

D

D'Annunzio, Gabrielle, 171
Damascus, 143, 144
Dutch, Observations on the,
 47-50

E

Edward VII at Marienbad,
 29-31
 Death of, 136-144
Eighty Club, 93
Egypt, Visit to, 132-134
Esperanto Congresses—
 Dresden, 93
 Cambridge, 94
 Antwerp, 95
Everest, Mount, 72-74
Eversden, Robert, 154-156

F

Fox, General C. R., 13
Frisches, Haff, 53, 54

George, Lloyd, 43-47
Germany, North, Tour in, 51,
 52

Gibson' and " The Tinted
Venus," 13
Greville, Sidney, 22

H

Harrison, Frederic, 47-49
Historical Congresses—
Hague, 47, 48
Rome, 90
Berlin, 92
London, 95
Holland, Visit to, 47-50

I

India, Visit to, 65-87

J

Jebb, Sir R., 105
Jerusalem, 128

L

Lebanon, 138, 139
Leinster, Duchess of, 36
Leigh, A. A., 95
Lerche, 178
Levant, Visit to, 124
Los, 178

M

Maitland, " King " Tom, 12
" Maloja," Life at, 35-40
Marienbad, Life at, T9-33, 96,
97
Mary, Queen, 39-42
Memel, 55
Miller, Wm., 188-195
Metternich, Princess, 31, 32
Monte Catini, Visit to, 196
Morison, Theodore, 83
Moss, Mr., 44, 45
Mozart, 191, 192, 204, 205,
219
Mshabbek, 129

N

Naples, 171-173

O

Orleans, Duke of, 23, 31
Ott, Dr., 20, 21, 96, 97

P

Palestine, Visit to, 126-130
Perosi, 57
Pescara, 170, 171
Psychical Research, 89
Pompei, Excavations at, 194,
195

R

Reuss, Bathing in the, 59
Roma-Parigi Club, 216, 217
Rome, Style of living, 9, 10
Illness at, 152-154
Life at, 163-166, 173-
178, 186-240
Rothschild, Lord, on happi-
ness, 9
Russia, Visit to, 116^119

S

St. Helena, no, 111
Saint-Saens, 204-205
Salis, Count de, 215
Scanno, 167
Searle, Mr., 105, 108, 109
Sforza, Altendolo, 171
Shahs in England, 23, 24, 25
at Marienbad, 25, 26
Siena, 208-210
Sissons, Archdeacon, 202
Smith, Edwin, 203
South Africa, Visit to, 102-110
Spada, Giacinto, 219, 220
Strong, Mrs., 157
Sullivan, Sir A., 39, 40

T

Taj Mahal, The, 81, 82
Teck, Duchess of, 37-39
Tennis, Invention of, 35
Tilsit, 54-56

V

Victoria, Queen, 65
Venus, "The Tinted, 13

W

Wagner, Frau Cosima, .57

Waldensians, The, 198-201
Wales, Prince of, 42
War, European, 169 et seq.
Waterloo, Evil results of, 11
Wied, Princess of, 48
Williams, Miss, 177

